

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 110

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A fleet of speeding cars rushed down the street, carrying the shocked voices of pedestrians with them.

All were bulletproof models, with a starting price of five million dollars each.

Artp.m, every worker on their way to work couldn't help but stop and stare,

It was only after the convoy passed that they snapped out of it, replaying the stunning scene in their minds,

All they could say was, "This is Strate City, after all" Even scenes straight out of a novel could happen here. For these workers, it was truly an eye opener

Most drivers, when faced with such a situation, would choose to yield.

But there was one exception.

Inside one of the cars, Wendy's earpiece beeped twice. She glanced outside, then lowered her gaze and listened attentively.

"Boss, there's a white Audi at our rear flank. It's been following us since the fork before White Bridge."

Wendy looked in the direction he mentioned. The car was accelerating, rushing straight toward them.

She frowned and ordered coldly to the person on the other end of the earpiece.

"Pick up the speed and alert everyone to watch that car. Stop it at the first sign of trouble. Miss Yvonne just got back. If she gets hurt, none of us will make it out alive."

The person over there responded. "Alright!"

The Holmes family's license plate number was so recognizable. Almost everyone in their circle knew that their plates were based on the birthday of their long-lost daughter.

This made it easy for anyone who wanted to target the Holmes family. All they had to do was find the license plate.

This was also why the Holmes family only used bulletproof cars when they traveled.

One of the most recognizable among them was Tinley, whose one was Yvonne's full birthday.

Since the child went missing, it had been used for more than three years.

Just a minute after Wendy gave the order, the white Audi slammed its accelerator to the floor, as if it were about to take off.

The driver seemed to have the intention of taking them all down together, speeding straight toward Tinley's car.

A loud crash echoed through the air.

The tires screeched against the ground as a black car intercepted it halfway, blocking the path between the white Audi and the car Tinley was in.

Immediately after, another car from behind charged forward and collided with the side of the white Audi.

After the white car flipped over, they finally backed away.

There was no obvious damage on the two black cars, but the white cars looked miserable.

The car windows shattered with a loud crash, and the front of the car was severely deformed from the impact.

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The headlights were all smashed, like those hopelessly scrapped cars in an abandoned garage.

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The bodyguard opened the car door and walked to the white car that rolled over. He vigorously opened the deformed door, unfastened the seat belt, and dragged the bloody person out of the driver's seat.

He already had a fierce and intimidating appearance, and with the bloodlust radiating from him now, standing in front of Yvonne and showing his aggression would surely frighten her to tears.

"Damn it, you dare to hit our boss's car? Are you tired of living?"

The others also got out of the cars, and by chance, someone recognized the man's identity.

He was on the verge of breathing, his consciousness was blurred, but he was still shouting.

"Give me back my painting! I don't want money, I want my painting!"

The man who had caused trouble at Horizon Tower this morning now had a crazed look on his face. Combined with his grotesque wounds, he resembled a demon from hell.

"You bandits! I want my painting!"

He had been beaten into the hospital by the people at Horizon Tower this morning. After falling unconscious, he dreamt of his deceased father, along with his grandfather, great-grandfather, and several generations of ancestors above them.

Without exception, they all raised sticks to beat him, accusing him of being wasteful, calling him an unfilial son, and threatening to throw him out of the family.

After waking up in fright, he glanced at his phone and discovered that the people from Horizon Tower had transferred over 30 million dollars to him.

When he saw the huge sum of money, his phone fell to the ground, his face turned pale, and his heart sank.

He knew the auction had ended, and his family heirloom had been sold to someone else. That's why Horizon Tower had given him a share of the proceeds.

Overwhelmed by regret and anger, he spent money to rent a car.

After the noon bell of Horizon Tower rang, many members of the Holmes family went to the hospital, so he waited at a corner outside the hospital.

After waiting for four hours, he finally spotted them.

He lost his sanity and drove straight into them.

After learning what had happened, Wendy headed for Tinley's car.

The car window slowly rolled down, and her voice was low and calm.

"Mrs. Holmes, this man signed an auction contract at Horizon Tower, but the day before the auction started, he suddenly regretted it and went in to make trouble with the invitation letter sent by the auctioneer. Kenny dislocated his arm, and he was later thrown out by the staff at Horizon Tower. After the auction ended in the morning, the Horizon Tower deducted part of the handling fee and gave him the rest of the money."

Yvonne looked out curiously, but she couldn't see anything from her angle, so she tried to climb onto Tinley.

Tinley quickly reached out and supported her, afraid that she would fall.

She really enjoyed watching Yvonne's lively expressions: curious, happy, excited, and all kinds of others.

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Even when holding her, the sound of her heartbeat seemed to slow down.

Her daughter was the cutest, no matter what,

In her indulgence, Tinley shielded her, turned to the person outside the car, and asked, "What was his auction items

58%

Wendy took out her phone, scrolled through it for a few seconds, then clicked on a high definition of a painting and handed it to Tinley from the car window.

"Take a look. It's this one."

Tinley stared at the image for a long time, examining the craftsmanship, composition, technique, the poem inscribed on it, and the material of the painting.

She didn't lift her head, but her voice seemed to carry something strange. "What's the name of that person?"

Wendy thought for a moment, recalling that her subordinate had just shown her the information.

"His name is Ben Martin."

"Who bought this painting?"

"Armand Jefferson. He loves ancient paintings, and his daughter-in-law bid on it."

Tinley gave the phone back to Wendy with a light hum. "Buy it as a private collector."

Her voice was cold and elegant, without any emotion.

Wendy was taken aback. Although there was a rule in the Holmes family not to ask too many questions, she had spent a lot of time with Wendy, so she felt she could occasionally cross that line.

Therefore, she asked in confusion.

Tinley truly didn't mind. Her speech was slow and deliberate.

"During the Early Renaissance, there was a corrupt official named Samuel Thompson who loved collecting famous paintings. To avoid drawing the emperor's suspicion due to the large number of famous paintings in his household, he hired a famous forger from the common people."

"Besides making fake paintings, the master had another special skill. He could hide the true image of a famous painting by covering it with a slightly lower-quality one. Today, we would call it a 'painting within a painting.'"

Upon hearing this, Wendy suddenly understood.

She had heard that story before; her master had told her about it when she first started. "Mrs. Yates, I remember that forger's name was Yale Martin."

"Mm, the same surname as that person outside."

Yale's forgery skills not only deceived the world but also fooled the corrupt official Samuel.

Therefore, this painting was kept by them, passed down from generation to generation until now.

If it wasn't for Ben's greed and taking the painting to Strate City for auction, no one knew how many more years its true form would have remained hidden under the veil.

However, it seemed that this person did not know.

Thinking about the situation at the time, it was understandable. After all, corrupt officials were in power.

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After Yale switched the paintings, he lived in constant fear. Not long after, he died from excessive worry, passing away so suddenly that even his family didn't have time to be notified.

Wendy quickly went to handle it, but just as she was about to turn around, Ben, who had been thrown to the ground, suddenly found some strength from somewhere. He crawled up and viciously cursed in Tinley's direction.

"You deserve to have your daughters die! Heaven has opened its eyes! You band of bandits should be wiped out, with no descendants left!"