# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan



Chapter 61

Chapter 64

After Ian left, he didn't return, likely getting tangled up with Victor.

The moon hung high in the sky, its pale light streaming through the attic window, casting a soft glow on the floor and brightening the room.

Yvonne was getting sleepy, her eyelids heavy when she thought she heard the door creak open.

The door opened just a crack, then closed again with barely a sound.

The room was dimly lit, the soft yellow light from a nearby lamp illuminating the space just enough.

Yvonne, snuggled in her blanket, began to doze off once more. Half–asleep, she guessed it was Ian who had quietly slipped in, but the footsteps faded as soon as they appeared, and Yvonne drifted back into slumber.

The next morning, a cool breeze, tinged with dampness, slipped through the open attic window. The wind was unusually strong, causing the fixed window to creak and groan.

This gust of wind was persistent, and it ruffled through the sleeping girl's hair, coaxing her from her deep sleep. She whimpered, pulling herself deeper into the warmth of the blanket.

Despite the large bed, only an eighth of the blanket had shifted, with no creases or folds anywhere else. Yvonne tugged at the blanket, but it was too heavy. She reluctantly opened her eyes, taking a few moments to adjust.

The sky was overcast, a thick fog hanging in the air. It was probably around five in the morning-

Groggily, she climbed out of bed, stretching her limbs before reaching for the clothes she had chosen for the day. She placed them in the warm blanket to heat them up, then, once satisfied, slipped into her clothes.

She was wearing only a thin autumn shirt when another gust of chilly air swept through the room, sending a shiver down her spine. The cold air ran up her back, causing her to shudder, her body freezing in place.

Her movements became quicker, and she hastily finished dressing before rushing to the bedside to put on her shoes.

After a moment of thought, Yvonne walked over to the wardrobe, pulled out a fuzzy coat, and draped it over herself.

It was styled like a glamorous shawl, the kind worn by the wives of wealthy families. Wrapped tightly, with her fluffy hair, she looked like a disheveled little kitten.

She opened the door and made her way downstairs.

There was a nanny upstairs, supposed to be watching over her, but she was still asleep, leaving Yvonne to roam the house alone. The garden gate was open, and Yvonne wandered out, unsure of where she was going.

The garden was blanketed in dew, the leaves and petals shimmering with tiny droplets. The wind blew, and the dew fell like rain, the air fresh and invigorating. It was the kind of atmosphere that could easily banish sleepiness.

Yvonne had already forgotten the path she had taken last night, but she didn't mind. Wrapped in her fluffy coat, she wandered aimlessly, the stillness of the morning enveloping her.

As she walked, a faint scent caught her nose–fragrant, sweet, and delicate. It was the scent of osmanthus flowers.

Following the smell, she soon came upon a large osmanthus tree planted in the middle of the colonnade. The yellow blossoms peeked out from behind the leaves, their fragrance floating in the air.

Yvonne stood under the tree, and a breeze passed by, causing the blossoms to rain down onto her. The soft petals settled on her fuzzy shawl, like delicate snowflakes, dusting her with their fragrance.

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The flowers seemed to be adorning her, as if the tree was saying thanks. Yvonne smiled sweetly, her eyes bright as she looked around. After confirming no one was nearby, she leaned forward, both hands on the tree's trunk, and, with a little concentration, sent some of her magical power into the bark.

As she did, the tree seemed to respond, almost as if it was watching her.

The autumn breeze carried the sweet fragrance of the osmanthus, filling the entire estate with its refreshing scent.

Reluctantly. Yvonne pulled her hands away and wrapped her shawl more tightly around herself, preparing to leave. But just as she turned to go, a sudden shower of osmanthus flowers fell around her, as though the tree had decided to shower her with blossoms in return.

The flowers fell softly, blanketing her with their delicate scent.

"Don't mention it," she whispered to the tree with a little laugh, feeling as though it had given her a special gift.

She turned back and smiled sweetly, shaking her head playfully, though not enough to shake the petals loose.

With her shawl covered in flowers, Yvonne skipped away from the tree, her spirits lifted by the serene moment.

Meanwhile, in the largest attic of the mansion, a woman with a cold, aloof expression opened the window to let the stale. blood–scented air inside the room escape.

"Ma'am, the osmanthus has bloomed," she said as she turned, helping a slender woman to her feet.

The woman, Wendy Malone, led the frail figure to the window and waited for her to sit in the chair that had been placed.

there.

"It smells lovely this year," Wendy said quietly. She moved around, bringing in a potted flower to place in the room.

Once everything was set, Wendy spoke softly, "Sir, I'll go have the staff come up to report the accounts."

She left the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

Inside the room, the air was thick with silence, the dim light casting a heavy, decaying stillness over the space.

The woman, Tinley Holmes, leaned against the window frame, her emaciated face stark against the dark shadows of the room. Only her eyes–long, narrow, and dark as ink–were vivid, filled with a haunting emptiness.

She had long grown bored of the view outside. Her younger brothers often tried to cheer her up by changing the scenery. but to her, everything was the same.

The past two years, especially, had made her despise the sunlight. As the first light of dawn appeared on the horizon, she squinted against the brightness, preparing to leave this room behind.

Out of the corner of her eye, something moved among the greenery, something emerging from the lush foliage.

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