Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 65

Yvonne, covered from head to toe in soft white fuzz, her hair adorned with leaves and fallen petals, dashed through the woods, looking like a little Samoyed puppy.

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Tinley froze for a moment, the still waters of her heart rippling just slightly.

Yvonne shook her head, feeling dizzy from the movement, but not a single leaf fell from her hair.

The little girl was starting to get frustrated.

She reached up and grabbed a large handful of leaves off her head. Why were they all falling on her?

With a determined huff, she took off her shawl and carefully patted off the leaves and flowers from it. It was a little cold, and she shivered before quickly wrapping it back around her.

In the flowerbed before her, there were several delicate flowers–three "drunken hibiscuses, though only a few were blooming.

She had never seen flowers like these before, and honestly, she hadn't seen many flowers at all. Growing up in the orphanage, her exposure to nature was limited.

Yvonne had followed the scent here, the unmistakable fragrance of a flower she herself could cultivate.

Standing beneath the tree, Yvonne looked up–and was startled to see someone standing by the window.

It was a very thin woman, pale with an almost sickly hue to her skin. Her bones were sharply defined, her features strikingly delicate. Yet her eyes were tired and weathered, as if time had carved its marks deep into her soul.

Even so, she still had an undeniable elegance.

Yvonne blinked, staring at the woman. She felt that this face was somehow familiar… but couldn't place where from.

"Hello," Yvonne called up, her voice soft and polite.

"Hello, came the reply–cool and languid, with a trace of boredom.

Yvonne, usually a shy child, wasn't one to speak first to strangers, but today something made her want to say a lot.

"Did you grow these flowers?" she asked, her voice as innocent as ever, pointing to the hibiscus.

Tinley glanced at her face, barely sparing a glance at the flowers, and answered flatly, "No."

"Oh.Yvonne said, not disappointed, since she hadn't been expecting much. She had simply been looking for something to

say.

The little girl took a few steps closer, her eyes lingering on Tinley's sharp, delicate face and translucent skin. A trace of concern appeared between her brows.

"Are you sick?" Yvonne asked.

Perhaps it was the way Tinley's head was lowered, but her features appeared softer in that moment.

"Yes, Tinley replied lazily, her voice still as cold and indifferent. I'm sick."

"Why are you sick?" Yvonne asked before realizing it might sound too forward.

Tinley, unfazed, answered casually. 'I'm unhappy

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Yvonne paused, her gaze puzzled as she tilted her head. "Are you unhappy every day?"

Tinley nodded, her voice even duller as she added. "Except for today."

Yvonne was silent for a moment, her heart heavy as she watched the forlorn expression on Tinley's face through the window. Her own mood began to sink.

"What should we do… she murmured. She didn't know how to fix unhappiness.

As she pondered, Tinley's gaze remained fixed on Yvonne, never leaving her face.

Suddenly, Yvonne's eyes lit up as if a light bulb had gone off in her head.

She tilted her head back, her big, round eyes narrowing into crescent shapes as she smiled mischievously.

"I'll show you a magic trick!" she exclaimed.

Without waiting for an answer, Yvonne spun around, plucking an unopened bud from one of the flowers behind her.

Before she did, she politely said, "I'm going to pick you a little flower."

"Go ahead," Tinley replied, her voice slow and almost bored, as if curious about what the child would do.

Yvonne held the bud in her hands, carefully lifting it for Tinley to see, her little face serious despite her youthful appearance.

"Look, it's not even blooming yet."

Then she cupped the flower in her hands, her tiny fingers closing around it gently. She adjusted the bud's position slightly to ensure it was facing Tinley.

"Watch my hands closely, okay?"

Tinley nodded, her eyes finally leaving Yvonne's face to focus on the flower.

Yvonne smiled widely, showing her little white teeth. She stretched her hands forward, holding them up high as she giggled. Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and she cheerfully said, "Now, bloom."

As she spoke those words, the flower bud blossomed at an incredible speed. Within three seconds, the petals unfolded to a size even larger than her hands,

Tinley stared, wide–eyed. She looked from the flower to Yvonne, whose face was alight with expectation.

At that exact moment, a ray of sunlight broke through the clouds, casting a warm, golden beam that danced across Yvonne's face, illuminating her sparkling eyes.

Her smile was radiant, full of pure joy.

For a brief moment, Tinley felt as though the universe had sent down a cascade of stars, filling the child's eyes with a soft, cosmic glow.

Tinley's lips curled upward in a faint smile as she reached out, her lifeless eyes momentarily coming to life.

The cold, still facade of her expression cracked, and for a split second, the winter's chill seemed to thaw,

"Here, Yvonne said with a grin, holding the flower out, "It's for you."

Yvonne walked up to the window, tiptoeing to stretch her arm up. She struggled to reach Tinley but was determined to hand

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her the flower.

Tinley leaned down, her pale fingers brushing the flower. She took it, and Yvonne stepped back a couple of paces.

The little girl's voice was soft, almost as if she were coaxing Tinley. "I did a magic trick for you. You can't be unhappy anymore, okay?"

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Tinley's slender fingers twirled the flower, and her gaze drifted from Yvonne to the delicate petals. In the child's hopeful eyes, her lips parted slightly, speaking in a quiet, yet final tone.

Yvonne's face fell, her big eyes welling up with tears. She looked at Tinley like a lost puppy.

Tinley's eyes, cold and distant, focused on the flower in her hand. Her voice was deep and controlled, as if every word held power.

"If this magic trick is just for me, I'll listen to you."

Yvonne's eyes widened in surprise, her mood instantly lifting. She straightened up, all energy returning to her small form.

Til only do it for you. I won't do it for anyone else, Yvonne said.

She raised her hand to her temple, her expression serious as she said, "I swear."

Tinley rested her

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er chin on her hand, and the flower in her grasp seemed to breathe new life, its colors more vibrant.

Do you want to come up?" she asked, her tone almost playful, though still restrained.

Yvonne was about to nod in excitement when a distant explosion sounded from the far side of the sky.

It wasn't very loud, as it was far away, but it was enough to make her stop and look up.

Fireworks bloomed across the sky, their colors flashing.

The sun had just begun to rise, casting a faint glow over the horizon, and Yvonne watched as the fireworks exploded one by one, forming words.

The final, largest firework created an image of a round–faced child, her hair in braids, wearing a flower dress–a little girl.

Standing outside the Holmes family wall, Victor directed the bodyguards to set off the fireworks.

As the last firework exploded, the words flashed: "Ian, give the child back to me."

Victor only allowed one display, positioned so that it would be visible to Tinley but wouldn't disturb her.

In the car beside him, Kelvin turned his head, avoiding the display. His voice was calm. Are you sure this will work?"

"It will," Victor replied, his voice rising with anger, his finger pointing toward the Holmes family estate. "Tan is shameless. Tinley will definitely do something when she sees this."

Just last night, Ian had had the gall to have Victor's men thrown out. Enraged, Victor had commissioned these fireworks

overnight.

Kelvin, uninterested in the drama, leaned in to whisper to the driver, "Head to the main gate.

After Victor had vented, he turned around, only to find that Kelvin had already vanished.

Inside the attic, Tinley had indeed seen the fireworks.

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She lowered her gaze to the child below, her voice soft but emotionless as she asked, "Did Ian bring you here?"

– "Yes"" Yvonne clenched her fists, her face pouting as she recalled the story, angry at the memory.

Although she had only just met Tinley, she felt an impulse to share the story with her.

She hadn't even realized it, but deep down, she believed Tinley would believe her.

"It was Mr. Holmes. He stopped my brother by the airplane and then ran, holding me like this, bringing me here."

Tinley understood, her gaze flicking from the flower in her hand to the potted plant Wendy had just brought in. She now had a sense of what was going on.

The door creaked open, and she didn't look back as Wendy entered.

"Take the child back to her family, Tinley ordered flatly. "And bring me Ian."

Wendy nodded and left to fetch Yvonne.

As Yvonne was being lifted up to leave, she waved at Tinley, her voice sweet and childish.

"Be happy every day, okay?"

Tinley nodded, her voice just as emotionless as ever. "Remember what you promised me.

"Okay!" Yvonne said loudly, with an exaggerated cheerfulness.

A few minutes later, Wendy returned. She quietly opened the door, letting Ian in.

Ian had learned what was happening on the way. As he entered, he lowered his head, unable to meet Tinley's gaze.

Tinley leaned against the chair, turning the flower in her hands. Since she was facing away from the light, Ian couldn't see her expression.

That child–did you steal her?" she asked after a long pause.

Her voice was distant, void of emotion.

Jan nodded, his voice urgent.

Tinley, the child has special abilities. Those flowers came from around her. Did you smell the osmanthus outside? That's…"

He was cut off as Tinley raised her head. Her face remained pale, but her expression was as cold and empty as a frozen lake, sending a chill down Ian's spine.

Tinley said, "No

Ian froze. His clenched fists tightened and loosened.

"Let me explain," he said desperately. "I know I wronged her, and I'll make it right, but her ability is extraordinary. She could stay here for a few days, and it might help more than a month's worth of your medicine."

The room fell silent.

Wendy, standing by the door, lowered her head, doing her best to remain unnoticed.

Tinley's grip on the flower tightened, her gaze as cold as ice. With a calm, detached expression, she uttered two words. Tinley said, "Come here."

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Jan's heart skipped a beat. His face hardened as he walked toward her. When he was close enough, he dropped to one knee.

on the cold floor.

Tinley set the flower aside, then raised her hand and struck him with a sharp slap.

The sound of the slap echoed through the room, and Ian turned his face away, his eyes welling with tears.

Tinley's expression remained unchanged, her eyes locked onto his. Her dark pupils churned like ink, deep and unreadable.

Her lips parted slightly, her voice cold and steady, each word deliberate and precise.

Tinley said, "I said, no."