

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan Novel

Chapter 6

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Lillian stood off to the side for a moment, listening in. She couldn't quite get why Yvonne was so attached to that withered plant, but seeing how much it mattered, she decided to step in and help.

"Well, if you like it that much, let's keep it, she said, taking the dead jasmine from the servant's hands and turning to Yvonne. "Where do you want it, Miss?"

"Can I put it in my room?" Yvonne asked, batting her big, innocent eyes.

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"Of course, sweetheart," Lillian smiled,

Gently cradling the plant, Lillian led Yvonne to her room. Once inside, she placed the jasmine on the balcony where it could catch the first rays of the morning sun.

After that, she patiently showed Yvonne how to use some of the things in the room, making sure she understood everything. But, with other things to take care of, Lillian couldn't stay for too long.

After Lillian left, Yvonne checked to make sure the door was locked, then quickly ran over to the dead jasmine.

The balcony was a little too high up for her, so she had to drag a chair over. After climbing onto it, she could finally reach the plant.

She kicked off her shoes, stood up on the chair, and carefully touched the plant's leaves with her little, scarred hand.

She poked at one of the leaves and, with a soft voice full of pity, murmured. "Poor little flower ..."

Suddenly, the leaf she touched twitched just a little, as if the plant was responding to her, using its last bit of energy to reply.

Yvonne carefully extended her other hand, gently cupping the drooping leaves. Slowly, a soft green glow started to shine

from her hands.

Tiny glowing specks, like fireflies, darted into the jasmine's branches and leaves, blending in and disappearing without a

Trace.

A couple of minutes later, Yvonne pulled her hands back, a little wobbly on her feet, almost losing her balance.

She slid down from the chair, her face pale as a ghost, sweat dripping from her forehead, and clearly too weak to stand. But her eyes - those eyes were shining like two polished black jewels, glowing with an unnatural brilliance.

On the balcony, the jasmine plant had noticeably changed. It no longer looked dull and lifeless.

Completely drained, Yvonne climbed into the bed Lillian had made for her and collapsed into a deep sleep.

She didn't wake up until lunchtime. The table was still set with breakfast dishes, but her brother was already gone. She was alone.

Maybe it was the magical energy she'd transferred to the jasmine. Either way, she ate like she hadn't seen food in days.

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Once she'd stuffed herself, she dashed back to her room, locked the door behind her, kicked off her shoes, and climbed back onto the chair like a tiny grown-up.

She got back to her "work", this time sticking with it for about five minutes.

Afterward, the jasmine had clearly changed again. Yvonne bent down, gently kissing one of the buds.

Her pale face, although still weak, seemed to glow. "My little flower, hurry up and bloom, okay? Don't let me down!"

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Saying goodbye to the flower, Yvonne crawled back into bed, completely exhausted. She was a little hungry, but after the huge lunch she'd just had, she didn't want to bother Lillian again.

The next time she opened her eyes, a knock at the door woke her. A young, somewhat shy voice called from outside, Yvonne, can I come in!"

Yvonne rubbed her sleepy eyes, her vision still blurry when that familiar voice rang out.

The moment she heard it, a lock of hair on her head shot straight up. It was Jeremy

She quickly slipped on her shoes and bolted to the door, swinging it open in a flash.

Jeremy was standing there, holding a small cake with a pink bow, looking a little awkward as he handed it over. "Here. Lillian said you did a great job today. This is your reward, like I promised."

Yvonne's eyes practically sparkled when she saw the cake.

She tilted her soft, pale face up and flashed a sweet, grateful smile. "Thanks, Jeremy!"

She cradled the little cake in her hands like it was a rare treasure, carefully placing it on the table. It was the prettiest cake she'd ever seen - way more gorgeous than anything she'd seen on TV.

Jeremy followed her into the room. When he looked around, his brow furrowed. The place was bare and dull - basically a guest room with zero personality.

His eyes shifted to Yvonne's happy, innocent expression, and his frown deepened. He hadn't really noticed it before, but this was definitely not a room for a little girl.

He promised himself he'd talk to Lillian later and figure out a way to redo the whole place.

Jeremy's eyes drifted around the room before landing on a wilted jasmine plant on the balcony. It stuck out like a sore thumb - impossible to miss.

He walked over, stared at it for a beat, then turned to Yvonne.

"Isn't this the one Charles had? What is it doing here?" Yvonne bit her lip nervously, her big eyes blinking up at him. "A lady said she was gonna throw it out, so I just took it."

Jeremy blinked, a little confused. "But ... it's dead."

Yvonne quickly ran over, looking up at him with a hopeful expression. "It's alive, Jeremy. Please let me keep it. I really like it." She'd already pleaded so sweetly, there was no way he could say no. He sighed, giving in.

"Alright, you can keep it." Seeing her grin made his heart feel lighter, like a kitten had playfully scratched at it. She was so easy to make happy. Before he even realized it, a small smile tugged at the corners of Jeremy's mouth.

When Yvonne saw that smile, she beamed and grabbed his hand, dragging him toward the table to eat cake together. But as they walked, Jeremy suddenly noticed something odd. Her stride was a bit off. She was limping.

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