

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 151

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‘Will I marry Anna in the future, or this boy I don’t even know? What kind of question is that?’ Yvonne thought

If she hesitated for even a second, she would go home feeling so guilty toward Anna that she wouldn’t be able to sleep.

The little girl pursed her lips, her eyes meeting Anna’s, her soft and innocent face unusually serious.

She didn’t quite understand what those words meant yet, but she said firmly, “Anna, of course I’ll marry you!”

It was the answer Anna had expected, but seeing Yvonne choose her so decisively still made her incredibly happy.

She turned to Kevin, whose face was frozen in shock, and said smugly, “You heard her, right? Yvonne picked me!”

She had already told her dad back in Blorencence City that she was going to marry Yvonne. She even went to Yvonne’s house to meet her father and brother.

That meant she was the one who would be with Yvonne forever.

She couldn’t believe some chubby little boy she had just met thought he could take Yvonne away.

Kevin’s face was a mix of numbness and disbelief, looking a little comical.

He couldn’t understand why Yvonne hadn’t chosen him. His father had told him the girl would marry him in the future.

He didn’t think his incredible father would make a mistake.

The three girls just ignored him. Yvonne held onto Anna’s hand and asked softly, “Anna, what were you talking about just now?”

Anna pouted disdainfully. “He said I can’t play with you and that he’s going to marry you.”

“Huh?” Yvonne was stunned.

She looked at Kevin in shock, and he immediately straightened his back, as if saying, “Yes, that’s right!”

Yvonne stared at him for two seconds, clearly unhappy. She clenched her tiny fists and asked, “What’s your name?”

Kevin’s eyes

lit

up.

This was the first time Yvonne had spoken to him. He’d never noticed it before, but now he realized her voice was really nice.

Since Yvonne was asking for his name first, he couldn’t help but wonder if she had noticed how handsome he was and was regretting it.

Back home, Carlson always said he was good-looking, that he looked exactly like him as a child.

Even the maids praised him. So naturally, he assumed Yvonne thought he was handsome too.

Brimming with confidence, he proudly announced his name.“Kevin Jones!”

His loud voice startled Yvonne for a moment. Then, as she collected herself, she silently committed those three syllables to memory.

Her brother had told her that when a boy said he wanted to marry her, he was bullying her. So when she got home, she’d have to tell her brother Kevin’s name.

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Anna had felt a little jealous at first, but after Yvonne whispered her explanation to her, all her sour feelings disappeared in an instant. She even strongly approved.

The three girls went back to playing, skipping off to another part of the playground.

Kevin was left standing there, completely bewildered.

He thought Yvonne wanted to start a conversation with him and didn’t expect her to just walk away after asking his name.

Watching them from behind, his confused expression suddenly cleared up. ‘Oh, I get it now! She’s just shy because there are too many people around! No problem. I’ll just find a chance to talk to her when she’s alone.

But despite waiting all morning until school ended, he never got that chance

Yvonne was always surrounded by others. The new girl, in particular, stuck close to her all day, practically guarding her.

The newcomer gave off such an intimidating vibe that approaching her felt like asking for trouble.

The only time the two girls were apart was when school ended, and their parents came to pick them up.

Ian helped Yvonne into the car and noticed that she was in an exceptionally good mood today, which made him smile along the way as well.

When they arrived home, Ian was about to carry Yvonne inside when she glanced at the new house her father had bought across the street and shook her head.

She raised her face and said softly, “Uncle Ian, can you tell Mommy that I’m going to find my brother?”

“You miss Charles, don’t you?” Ian understood immediately. He bent down and asked gently, “Do you want me to go with you?”

“No, no.” The little girl waved her hands and pushed against his leg from the side, trying to steer him toward their house.

“You tell Mommy. Don’t let her worry.” Yvonne used all her strength but couldn’t move Ian an inch.

The cute little girl had a soft grip.

Ian chuckled and said with a smile, “Are you worried your mommy will be anxious if you come home late?”

“Mm–hmm!” Yvonne nodded.

Ian sighed lightly and ruffled her little head with affection.

“Alright, I’ll walk you to the door,” said Ian.

His long legs and wide strides carried him to the entrance of the new residence in no time.

Only after seeing the little girl safely handed over to the bodyguards inside did Ian turn and leave.

Inside the Adler Residence, a beautiful row of potted flowers lined the covered walkway leading to the backyard.

The midday sun wasn’t hot, and there was no wind, making it a perfect time for a stroll.

Charles was dressed in light green loungewear, looking natural and comfortable.

He held a dark green watering can in his hand, which stood out vividly against his pale, cool-toned skin. His fingers tightened slightly, the veins on the back of his hand visible.

His refined elegance, marred only by his unhealthy paleness, would certainly draw the admiration of many.

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As Charles was watering the flowers, he suddenly caught sight of a small figure running toward him out of the corner of his eye

He paused, setting the watering can carefully between two flower pots. One hand rested on a nearby pillar, his face angled towards the soft sunlight, making his eyes shine.

“Charles!” Yvonne ran over and skidded to a stop right beside him.

“Charles, why are you outside?”She grabbed his hand, looking a little worried.

Charles eyes were much clearer than before. “The weather is nice, so I’m out out for a walk. Did I make you worry, Yvonne?” he asked in a gentle voice.

“Yes!” Yvonne had been really anxious when she saw him outside.

She placed his hand on her head and said sweetly, “Charles, I’ll help you back inside.”

Charles pressed his lips together, a faint smile appearing on his face.

As they walked back together, he asked, “Yvonne, do you need something from me?”

“Mm–hmm!” Yvonne nodded heavily.

There were some words she didn’t know how to say, so she spoke slowly. “Charles, you said if someone bullies me, I should tell him, so I…*

But it wasn’t Charles who had said that. It was Jeremy.

Jeremy had this unshakable confidence that his little sister would be harassed by some mischievous boys once she started school. So in his free time, he made sure to give her extra lessons on how to deal with it.

He even quizzed her randomly afterward. Any other kid would feel that it was torture, but with her gentle nature, Yvonne just went along with it.

As soon as she finished speaking, Charles stopped in his tracks.

The smile on his lips froze, but fearing that Yvonne might feel unwelcome, he kept smiling, though it looked very forced.

“You’re saying someone at school is bullying you?” asked Charles.

“Mm–hmm!” The little girl was still full of energy, looking no different from before.

Yvonne also stopped walking and tilted her head up at him in confusion. “Charles, what’s wrong?” For some reason, she thought his smile looked a little scary.

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