

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 208

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As the Ferris wheel rose higher into the night sky, Yvonne pressed her face to the glass, eyes wide with wonder.

“It’s so high up,” she whispered, awe shimmering in her gaze.

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Jeremy pulled out his phone and started snapping pictures from every angle. He’d actually spent the past few days studying photography tutorials online, taking it surprisingly seriously—and now it paid off. The photos turned out beautifully.

After admiring them for a moment, he picked a few of the best shots and sent them to Tinley, then slipped his phone back into his pocket and sat beside Yvonne.

Watching her gaze longingly at the lights below, Jeremy leaned in with a hopeful smile. “What are you thinking about?” he asked.

It was such a romantic moment—if Yvonne said she was thinking of him, he was sure his heart would take off like a rocket.

But she didn’t. Still staring down at the crowd below, she murmured in her soft little voice,

They look so small... like tiny ants.”

“Yeah, Jeremy replied, though in truth, he remembered his own first time on the Ferris wheel being far less magical—there hadn’t been a soul in sight. The entire park was deserted, and the only person with him had been his father, sitting in cold silence across from him.

Nothing about it had felt romantic.

He pushed the memory aside and looked back at Yvonne, just as she turned toward him with wide, puzzled eyes.

“Why didn’t Ian want me to talk earlier?” she asked, her voice soft and sweet, but laced with.

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Jeremy paused, surprised she’d caught on. He reached over and gently ruffled her hair. “You noticed?”

She nodded seriously. She wasn’t a clueless little kid.

Scooting closer, she set her snacks down, then wrapped her arms around his and tilted her delicate face up to look at him.

“Did I say something wrong?” she asked, genuinely concerned. She’d thought about it for a long time, but couldn’t figure out what she’d done that was out of line—so she asked.

“Can you tell me? Then I won’t say it next time.”

Jeremy’s heart melted. He raised his hand and gently brushed his knuckles against her soft cheek.

“It’s Okay, Yvonne. You didn’t say anything wrong. None of this was your fault.”

Then, with the serious tone of a man presenting a case in court, he began listing names.

“First, it was that other kid’s fault. Then his mom’s, for not raising him right. Dad’s to blame too—who fires a gun in front of a kid? Totally out of line. And Grandpa? He’s not off the hook either.”

After a brief pause, he added, “Honestly, Ian and I are guilty too. I shouldn’t have been chatting with those two people for so long, and Ian... well, he should’ve handled things better.”

One by one, he laid the blame on everyone involved—those who were there, those who weren’t—everyone but Yvonne.

Yvonne’s mouth parted in surprise, her pretty little face frozen with disbelief.

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“R–really?” she asked.

Jeremy nodded solemnly. “Yes. Really.”

She stared at him for a few seconds, then hugged his arm even tighter, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Thank you... I understand now.”

She didn’t want to cause trouble for her family.

Back in kindergarten, she’d overheard a conversation that stuck with her—some kids were saying Kevin was transferring schools, and it was all because of her.

She hadn’t believed them at first, so she took Anna and went to find Kevin herself.

She found him in another class, but he looked at her like she was the villain in his story.

He said her mom and grandpa were bad people, worse than the villains on TV, and that he had to leave because of her.

Yvonne had wanted to argue. In her heart, her mom and grandpa were good people—her mom had brought her into this world and searched high and low to find her again, and even though Grandpa liked to tease her, he was always kind.

But Kevin had cried when he said those things. And somehow, that made her start to doubt.

Later, Anna told her that everyone has secrets. She even shared one of her own: her parents often fought at home, even talked about divorce, but they stayed together for her.

They still loved her.

That was her secret.

So Yvonne decided she would keep her own secret too.

She wouldn’t ask questions. She wouldn’t tell anyone—not even Jeremy.

Only Anna knew. That was enough.

Even though she was little, Yvonne could sense the way people looked at her.

She had a vague understanding of who she was and what her family meant to others.

Her mom and grandpa were powerful, and they loved her more than anything. Maybe their ways were harsh, maybe even scary sometimes—but they were adults. They had to know better than she did.

So she never blamed them, never got angry.

What she could do was watch her words, stay careful, avoid hurting others or bringing more trouble down on the people she loved.

She’d realized something important—because her family loved her so deeply, every word she said mattered to them.

No matter what happened, no one ever believed she was at fault. Just like today.

All she did was ask a simple question—and Jeremy?

He was ready to go to war with the whole world on her behalf.

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