

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 209

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Yvonne swung her pale little legs gently back and forth, turning her head to gaze out of the Ferris wheel.

Jeremy leaned forward, resting his chin in one hand as he openly stared at her fair, delicate profile.

When Yvonne turned back and caught him staring, she jumped slightly. Jeremy was handsome, sure—but anyone would be startled to find someone just silently watching them like that.

Jeremy,” she called out sweetly.

He smiled, soft pink lips curving up. “What are you thinking about?” he asked, still leaning in, eyes crinkling with a bright, amused sparkle.

Yvonne’s legs paused for a beat, then resumed swinging more slowly.

She looked away, a bit flustered, then turned her gaze back to the view.

As the cabin began to descend, she mumbled, “I wasn’t thinking about anything.”

Jeremy’s smile didn’t waver; he seemed to know something—but also pretended he didn’t. His eyes lingered for a moment on her motionless legs.

Yvonne felt a little awkward. She looked down, not sure where else to focus, and stared at her own legs instead.

She liked soft, fluffy things. Most of the clothes her mom bought her were fuzzy and pastel, cozy and warm. She loved burying her face in her sleeves—it always made her feel safe and happy.-

She gave her legs another absentminded swing, just as a warm shadow passed beside her.

The next second, a gentle hand landed on her head.

Yvonne turned to look at him, her eyes clear and bright.

She still remembered—it had been Jeremy who took her from the orphanage just a few months ago. He’d sat beside her in the car, quietly wiping her tears.

They’d been this close then, too.

Yvonne adored him more than anyone—but she didn’t say it out loud. Jeremy gave her hair a gentle ruffle.

A few days ago, while scrolling through videos, he came across someone poking at a fuzzy little square that looked unbelievably soft through the screen.

At the time, he really wanted to poke it too. But now? He realized Yvonne was kind of the same.

Soft. Fuzzy. Not square, though—more like a round, squishy puffball.

The thought made the corners of his mouth curl higher and higher... until he actually let out a laugh.

Yvonne looked up at him, blinking in confusion.

Jeremy quickly wiped the dopey grin off his face and reached out with both hands to gently cup her round cheeks.

“You’ve got something on your mind, Yvonne,” he said with certainty.

She blinked, startled.

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‘How did he know?’ she wondered.

Jeremy, meanwhile, thought anyone with a pair of eyes could see it.

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He leaned a little closer, his voice unusually soft and serious. “It’s okay, Yvonne. If something’s bothering you, you can tell me. If I say you didn’t do anything wrong, then you didn’t. End of story.”

Yvonne hesitated. “But I...”

Her mouth opened, but no words came out.

Jeremy had never comforted a girl before, but somehow, the skill came naturally.

“You’re smart, and you’re thoughtful. You haven’t done anything wrong. You have no idea when I was your age, I threw tantrums at Dad every single day. Grandpa said I was the most annoying kid in our whole circle. Adults and kids alike wanted nothing to do with me.”

Yvonne had never thought of herself as smart. That was Anna—Anna was the one who always knew the answers, learned everything fast, and wasn’t afraid of anything.

People listened when Anna spoke. Anna never said the wrong thing... because everything she said was right.

Yvonne was a little jealous.

She often thought that if Anna were her mom’s daughter instead, everyone would like her better.

But... she didn’t want her mom to be someone else’s mom.

When Jeremy noticed the light dimming in her big eyes, he realized—this wasn’t just som sing nood. Something was really bothering her.

The old Yvonne would’ve smiled at him shyly. But lately, she didn’t smile as much anymore.

Jeremy let go of her cheeks and softened his voice—so gentle, even he was surprised at himsel

“Yvonne, we’re family.”

As the Ferris wheel continued its slow descent, he looked into her evasive eyes and said, clearly and carefully, ‘No matter what happens, no matter what you do—we will always love you. Every single second you’re in this wor, we love you. Unconditionally.”

He leaned in again and smiled, looking right at her. “Because we’re family”

Turns out, when it comes to comforting a girl he cares about... men can figure it out on their own.

Yvonne stared at him in a daze as Jeremy continued, “Forget what other people say. Just think of me as your real brother, okay? My dad is your dad, my grandpa is your grandpa—so how am I not your real brother, hmm?”

“Okay,” Yvonne nodded seriously, following his logic.

Jeremy was pleased with himself. He thought that speech was so good, he ought to print it out, frame it, and hang it by his bed.

Just for him. Just for their memory.

He couldn’t stop smiling. From this moment on, he was sure—he was the most important person in Yvonne’s heart.

When the Ferris wheel came to a stop, Jeremy wrapped an arm around her, while Yvonne hugged a bag of snacks that had her cartoon face printed on the front.

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Ian was nowhere in sight, so Jeremy just stood there, holding her. But being the shameless show-off he was, he couldn’t help himself. His eyes sparkled with mischief as he asked, “Yvonne, between me and Charles... who do you like more?”

The other two weren’t even worth mentioning. Only Charles gave him a sense of competition—because Jeremy knew, deep down, he couldn’t beat him.

Charles had a natural talent for playing the fragile, soft-spoken little victim.

Yvonne hugged her snack bag tightly and stared at Jeremy for two full seconds before replying, with absolute sincerity.

You

Ian had taught her well—when someone asks you a question like that, just say you like whoever’s present.

It was useful advice. Jeremy looked absolutely delighted.

Yvonne smiled too, dimples forming on her soft cheeks.

Jeremy saw that smile, rubbed against her shoulder, and let out a heartfelt sigh. “How are you this adorable, huh?”

Even without filters, he could say with full confidence—Yvonne was the cutest kid in the whole wide world.