

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 229

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When Jeremy got home that evening and heard that Yvonne had brought home a little boy earlier that day, his whole world collapsed.

He always thought he'd done a good job raising her—so how had this mysterious boy managed to sneak into the pictures

The moment he stepped out of the car, he didn't even grab his phone. He charged straight into the Holmes family estate like a man on a mission.

At this point, walking into the Holmes house felt just like walking into his own. He didn't even knock.

Dinner hadn't started yet. Aside from Kelvin, who wasn't back yet, the entire family was already gathered. Everyone was doting on Yvonne, who was snuggled in Tinley's arms like a little bundle of joy.

The room was warm and glowing with soft light. Yvonne's cheeks were pink and plush, her tiny body tucked in Tinley's embrace like a living plush toy.

Jeremy had barely stepped through the door when he spotted her. To him, she looked like a floating pink cloud—soft, warm, and heartbreakingly adorable.

“What's going on?” he asked as he stepped closer, trying to squeeze his way into the group.

That was life in the Holmes family now: if you came back late, you didn't even get a chance to touch a strand of Yvonne's hair.

Fortunately, Jeremy was tall. Even from the outside, he could still see everything.

“Why's her face so red? Does she have a fever?” Jeremy asked.

Yvonne spotted him immediately. Her little head popped up, and the cowlick on top of her head bounced right along with it. She beamed at him, eyes curving into happy crescents. “Jeremy!”

'What a good girl,' Jeremy thought, feeling his heart melt.

But before he could soak up that sweetness, she added with the most innocent tone, “A boy with white hair winked at me today! He was really, really handsome!”

She cupped her cheeks, still curled in her mother's arms, looking like a baby version of a girl smitten with her celebrity crush.

Jeremy was speechless.

There was a terrible crashing sound in his ears—the sound of his own heart shattering into exactly 49 pieces, scattered irreparably across the floor.

He took a deep breath and stared into Yvonne's sparkling eyes, his stern face softening in spite of himself.

“It's just a wink. I can do that too,” he said earnestly.

He lowered his long lashes, then fluttered them back up with an air of righteousness, like a gentleman performing a holy act rather than a flirtatious one.

Yvonne stared blankly at him. Her reaction? Nothing.

Jeremy was handsome—no doubt about that—but she saw his face every day. She was immune.

Plus, he wasn't smiling. His eyes didn't have “hooks” in them like the other boy's.

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After a moment of hesitation, Yvonne decided to be honest. Her expression was serious, her tone sincere. 'It's not the same?

She paused, thinking back carefully to what had happened earlier.

“That young man... he was smiling when he winked. And his smile was really, really nice!

Ian let out a sigh of relief nearby. Finally. He'd been worried sick on the road earlier thought she was coming down with a fever. Turns out it was just another classic case of Yvonne being a total face.com.

Jeremy wasn't surprised. He'd known Yvonne was a sucker for good looks for a long time. Back when they were in Blorenc City, the signs were already there.

Like when Robin, their fluffball of a cat, first arrived at their house. He was so clean and cuddly, Yvonne immediately doted on him like a baby. But once Robin started eating like a beast and turned into a filthy fur monster at the dinner table? Yvonne never once called him cute again.

Even when she saw Robin again at the kindergarten—looking pitiful, skinny from hunger—not a single ounce of pity crossed her face.

Honestly, Jeremy had always been grateful he was good-looking. That alone had won him so many points with her.

What he hadn't expected... was for her to get bored of him.

That really hurt.

Just as Jeremy was processing his heartbreak, Richard stepped in, shoving him to the side like yesterday's news. “Move. Let Charles in.”

Useless child. When it came to a battle of faces, how could he let their own family lose to some nameless punk?

Richard had been devastatingly handsome in his youth. People lined up for blocks just to get a second glance. Even when it came to political marriages, he had endless options.

If it weren't for the fact that he was older now and too proud to act cute, he would've stepped in himself.

But seeing how easily Yvonne could be swayed by a pretty face, Richard felt a mounting sense of danger. He imagined his precious, innocent granddaughter being tricked by some two-bit heartthrob when she grew up—and he wanted to punch

someone.

So he turned to Charles, gave him a not-so-gentle push, and muttered under his breath, “Go. Raise her aesthetic standards. If she's used to beauty, she won't fall for any pretty punk who smiles at her.”

Charles stepped closer, cheeks a little flushed. He wasn't used to this sort of thing. He'd never done something so... suggestive before. But when he thought about the white-haired mystery boy and the growing threat, he firmed his resolve.

With a deep breath, he pushed his dark hair slightly over his forehead. His long, pale fingers gently cradled his face, veins tracing elegant lines along the backs of his hands.

He tilted his head ever so slightly—and with a quiet, almost bashful charm, he gave Yvonne a slow, soft wink.

It was as if a live-action anime prince had just stepped into the room.

arly short- Yvonne, ever the face-con, felt like she'd just won the lottery. It was better than her birthday. Better than Christmas. She was wrapped in her mother's arms, watching this real-life beauty unfold before her eyes, and her little hear circuited with happiness.

Seeing her dazed expression, Charles lowered his hands and spoke in a careful, gentle voice. “Yvonne, I know I'm probably not as handsome as the guy you saw today. But... I just wanted to make you smile. If I don't look good, I hope you won't hate me for it.”

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Every time he got close to Yvonne, he couldn't help for curly wedde full arsenal. His mere presence sent every man in the family into an internal hearty competi

Jeremy—who loved clinging to Yvonne—had long found Charles imposible to bed with. But today! Today, he saw the

truth.

This is Charles' true value. A weapon of mass distraction A deterrent against all outside predators, Jeremy thought.

Yvonne, sweet and naive, completely fell for his fake innocence

She reached out with her chubby little hand, her face dead serious

“Charles, you're super handsome. You're the third-best-looking person I've ever seent

No need to ask—first was clearly her mom, and second was probably Kelvin

Still, Charles was satisfied. Top three wasn't bad. He could live with losing to Tinley and his dad

As long as he outranked the random pretty guys out there, his mission was a success.

Thanks to his flawless execution, Yvonne completely forgot about the white-haired Gabriel

That was the good thing about kids—they forgot everything quickly, good or bad.

Outside the circle of attention, Jeremy watched with narrowed eyes, his heart souring.

He raised a hand to ruffle his own hair, then muttered darkly, 'If Grandpa would just let me dye it, I'd go straight for pink

Then Yvonne would have eyes only for him.

Fueled by this brilliant idea, he ran to Richard and whispered, eyes shining with hope, “Grandpa, what if I dyed my hair pink? Yvonne would definitely love that!”

Richard, who had just been pushed out of Yvonne's circle of affection, gave him a sharp look. His gaze went from Jeremy's face... to his hair... and a strong sense of crisis hit him like a truck.

“No.” Richard shut it down instantly.

This boy didn't do anything useful all day—just schemed about how to steal Yvonne's affection.