

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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That morning, Anna didn't make it to school

By the time she and her mother arrived at the hospital, Grayson had regained consciousness.

His eyes fluttered open, and with great difficulty, he lifted his hand to press over his chest, as if trying to reassure himself.

Noticing his movement. Skylar rushed over, his voice filled with concern. "Dad, how are you feeling?"

Grayson didn't respond immediately. A wave of unease washed over him, a sensation so familiar it brought him back to the moment years ago when his wife passed. It was that same unshakable feeling—a deep, inexplicable dread.

"Skylar, my heart hurts," he said quietly.

Skylar's heart tightened. For a moment, he hesitated, his gaze faltering as he looked away. He had hoped to keep the truth hidden for a little longer, but it seemed Grayson could sense something was wrong.

"Skylar, is something going on at home?" Grayson's voice, low and serious, cut through the air. His eyes, heavy with worry, bore into his son's.

Skylar didn't answer at first. After a long pause, he sighed and reluctantly replied, "A few minutes ago, Keenan called. He said the fish... jumped out of the tank..."

He took a breath, the words hard to utter. "It... it died."

Grayson remained silent, his expression blank as the weight of those words sank in. Skylar watched him, anxiety building in his chest.

Slowly, Grayson's body slumped back onto the bed, his eyes closed, his face losing all expression.

He lay there, utterly still, as memories of the past flooded his mind.

Ever since the fish had fallen ill, he'd sought out every possible treatment, every doctor he could find.

Each time he fed it medicine, the fish had obediently opened its mouth, a sign of its fierce will to survive.

But as soon as its health improved, it would test the waters, leaping toward the edge of the tank, though its weak body never succeeded.

Maybe, at that moment, the fish had known. Maybe it had sensed danger looming over him, and its instinct had driven it to leap once more, trying to save him one last time. It was as if it had prepared itself for the final act of heroism, waiting for the right moment

And then Yvonne had come to its rescue.

The fish had recovered, and it no longer attempted to escape.

It seemed to know that the next time it leapt, it would succeed. But it didn't. Instead, it quietly stayed with him, keeping him company during those final days.

Now, this morning, when Grayson had been in the accident, the fish had gathered all its remaining strength and made the leap it had always wanted to. It had saved him once again.

There were many inexplicable wonders in the world. People said fish were smart, but his? His fish had been foolish. Yet, somehow, after all the years of feeding it, this foolish fish had given its life to save his

Grayson's eyes filled with tears, and they slowly trickled down his weathered face. The room was silent except for his quiet

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sobs, and the others, feeling the weight of his grief, slowly stepped outside, leaving him alone.

Yvonne waited for Anna at school the whole day, but Anna never showed up..

Finally, gathering the courage to ask, she approached the teacher. Marisol informed her that Anna's family had excused for the day.

Yvonne's heart sank as she trudged back to her seat, her shoulders slumped, and her spirit heavy.

After school, she walked out with the other kids, her mood as low as a wilted carrot. She slumped into the car, barely noticing Jeremy helping her inside.

Jeremy, she mumbled.

Jeremy gave her a quick glance and, noticing her downcast mood, leaned closer, concern in his voice. "What's wrong? Did someone bully you at school?"

He could only think of that as an explanation.

Yvonne shook her head, her small frame resting against his shoulder as she spoke softly, her voice thick with disappointment. "Anna didn't come to school today."

Jeremy blinked, realization dawning on him. "Ah, so that's it."

He noticed how miserable she looked, and without a second thought, he picked her up and sat her on his lap, unusually tender. "Don't worry, Anna's family is a bit complicated. It's normal for her to miss school sometimes. This might even happen more often in the future. You'll have to get used to it..

Yvonne lay back against him, her eyes blank. "Don't comfort me," she murmured.

Jeremy scratched his nose awkwardly, not quite sure what to say. His attempt at comforting her had only made things worse

Once home, he carried Yvonne into the living room, where several nannies were packing up two large suitcases.

"Lillian, what's going on?" Jeremy asked.

Lillian smiled, just as Kelvin descended the stairs, overhearing the conversation.

"We're heading back to Strate City," she explained. "You two have things to pack."

Jeremy stared, dumbfounded. "What? Why so suddenly?"

It was only Tuesday—there were still two more days until the short holiday.

He hesitated before asking, "What about school?"

"The assistant already took care of your leave, Kelvin replied, causing Jeremy to raise his eyebrows in surprise.

Jeremy didn't object. In fact, he was secretly thrilled—he could leave early, skipping out on the last-minute homework assignments. No work, just play for the next ten days.

He suppressed his excitement, putting on a disappointed expression as he set Yvonne down and headed upstairs to grab his

gathing console.

Just as he was leaving. Yvonne, now perched on the couch, noticed his odd expression.

Jeremy's acting so strange, she thought but didn't give it much attention. Instead, she slowly walked over to Kelvin, looking

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up at him with big, sad eyes.

"But Dad, I haven't told Anna yet, she said, voice soft and pleading.

Kelvin sighed heavily and looked down at her. "She'll find out."

Her eyes brightened. 'Did Dad talk to her about it?'

Kelvin nodded. "Yes, her brother came by earlier.

Yvonne, relieved to know Anna was okay, happily followed Lillian upstairs to pack her things.

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In the study, as Kelvin was sorting through papers and files, his hand brushed against something cold that fell to the floor. He bent down to pick it up, staring at the number "749" etched onto the object.

It was a badge from the National Security Bureau, Division 749, with a contact number for someone named Shang Ran

This had come from the Lawson family—the vice director's contact. Kelvin knew how difficult it must have been for them to secure this.

Though he understood their goodwill, Kelvin was conflicted. If he sent Yvonne there, she might never fully understand the consequences and might even hold a lifelong grudge.

He couldn't bear the thought of seeing Yvonne's trusting eyes filled with resentment. So, he locked the badge away in the study's safe, deciding he would only reveal it if things became truly unavoidable.