

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 66

Chapter on

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Tan knew she was angry. He didn't dare say a word, head bowed, voice soft as he apologized, "Tinley. I know I was wrong. Please dont be mad"

Tuley withdrew her hand, her eyes fluttering closed as she slumped, her sickly expression tinged with a faint redness at the siges. Her exhaustion showed, her pale face drained of color.

She despised everyone who took children away--no matter the reason, no matter the compensation, no matter who they were. No one was excused.

ving her shut her eyes, lan's lips pressed tight, and he felt a knot of guilt in his chest. He had known how fragile she was. vet he'd let himself get carried away in that argument earlier, as if possessed by his own anger.

He stood up, voice barely above a whisper, as if afraid to disturb her with the slightest sound. "Tinley, I'll go now."

Once outside the attic, lan reached up and lightly touched his face, wincing in pain as the slap he'd received earlier hit him like a blow to the gut. He had swung with all his strength, in his anger. Now his cheek ached--if it hurt him so badly, then surely her hand had hurt too,

Tan wasn't just feeling the sting on his cheek--his heart ached, too. Next time, he'd make sure to let Wendy take the slap for him so Tinley wouldn't hurt her hand.

A few moments ago. Yvonne, carried out by Wendy, had seen her father in the living room of the Holmes family estate.

Her eyes lit up, and she raised her tiny arms, her voice sweet like honey, "Daddy."

Kelvin, who had been talking to the family's butler, Ronnie Banks, stopped and turned to look at her.

Yvonne was gently set down, and she immediately ran to him, wrapping her little arms around his legs. "I knew you'd come to get me!" she said, her voice filled with innocent joy.

The familiar scent of osmanthus surrounded him as she hugged him tightly.

Kelvin bent down lifting her into his arms, brushing leaves from her hair before turning to bid Ronnie goodbye.

"Mr. Adler, safe travels. Wendy said with a smile.

Kelvin paused slightly as he caught sight of her, surprised that it was one of Tinley's people sending Yvonne off. He nodded curtly, holding his daughter, and turned to leave.

On the drive home, Yvonne, still a little sleepy, looked up at him with wide, curious eyes. "Where are we going, Daddy?" "Home" Kelvin replied briefly, his voice steady.

After a brief pause, perhaps realizing his tone might seem a bit cold, he softened, adding, "To our house in Strate City. Your brother's already there."

Yvonne, still groggy from her late night and the wind that had woken her this morning, gazed out the window, her eyelids. growing heavier by the second

The car turned left at a traffic light, and Yvonne's body swayed with the motion. Kelvin noticed and reached over, gently placing his hand on her back to steady her.

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His hand was large, dry, and firm as it rested on her. Yvonne's little body shifted closer to him, her head almost brushing against his chest.

As she leaned toward him, her tiny head almost bumped into the hard armrest between the seats. Kelvin quickly adjusted. using his hand to cushion her head.

She nuzzled against his palm, sighing contentedly, her eyes fluttering closed as she fell back into a peaceful slumber.

"Yvonne?" Kelvin whispered softly, keeping his hand in place.

Yvonne didn't open her eyes. Her voice, soft and sleepy, came out with a touch of a whine. "Daddy, I'm tired."

"Then sleep," he said gently.

Kelvin didn't move his hand, holding her head securely in place as they continued their drive to the house.

The mansion was a grand, luxurious home with a view of the river, situated right across from Strate City's bustling financial district. Not only was the view breathtaking, but the property itself was worth an eye--watering sum

Kelvin carried Yvonne, one hand firmly holding her, the other pressing the button for the elevator. Yvonne, sound asleep. had no idea that a small osmanthus blossom had somehow found its way onto her nose.

As the elevator chimed and arrived at the floor, Yvonne stirred slightly, her eyes blinking open just long enough to see--the surroundings before slipping back into sleep.

Jeremy was at the door when they arrived, ready to greet them.

"Dad, you..." He started, but upon seeing Yvonne asleep in Kelvin's arms, he stopped mid--sentence.

Kelvin nodded and walked past him, heading straight for one of the bedrooms. He gently laid Yvonne down on the bed, tucking her in. Once she was settled, he turned to Jeremy.

"Dad called. He wants you to come over, Jeremy said, a hint of urgency in his tone.

Kelvin patted the osmanthus blossom that had stuck to his clothes, the fragrance lingering on him.

"Oh, and something else," he added, recalling Lillian's request. "Yvonne didn't bring many clothes. We need to buy her some

more.

"Got it," Jeremy said, not asking questions. He knew his father was the type to just hand over the money and leave the rest to

others.

Kelvin pulled out his phone, quickly calling his assistant to have some children's clothing brands brought over.

Once the call was done, he turned to Jeremy. I'll stop by the old house. Don't know when I'll be back. If Yvonne wakes up, You and Uram can handle things. There's a nanny and a chef coming around ten. If I'm not back by noon, you guys can eat

without me."

"Sure

Around 7 p.m., Yvonne woke Up

She was disoriented at first, but as soon as she saw the unfamiliar room around her, her eyes snapped wide open. She scrambled out from under the covers, threw on her shoes, and ran to the door.

The door handles here were higher than in her room back in Blorencence City, so she couldn't reach them. So, the little one began knocking on the door, calling out, "Is anyone there?"

Jeremy, passing by, heard the noise. He opened the door, looking down at her.

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You're awake"

Jeremy Yvonne's face lit up when she saw him, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "It's you! I'm home!"

Jeremy smiled and bent down to pick her up. He could smell the sweet scent of osmanthus as he lifted her. "Yep. Dad brought you back. This is our home in Strate City"

He called downstairs to have breakfast brought up, then quickly contacted his assistant to arrange for the clothing brands to be delivered.

gazed

A few minutes later, after Yvonne finished her meal, she wandered out of the dining room, her face puzzled as she around the transformed living room. The once--empty space was now crowded with people, and piles of clothes were scattered everywhere.

Jeremy?" She turned to him, her little face full of confusion.

With a grand gesture. Jeremy waved his hand as if he were picking up the entire tab for the room, as though the shopping spree were all on him. "Go ahead, pick what you like,"

Several brand representatives surrounded her enthusiastically, showing her their clothes.

Jeremy, sitting off to the side, watched with amusement. At first, he'd wanted to help her pick, but after a few outfits, he got a little carried away.

Try this one, then this one, then this one..." he started giving increasingly random suggestions.

Yvonne, exhausted from trying on so many clothes, came out of the room, and upon seeing the dozen or so outfits waiting in line for her, her vision darkened in disbelief.

She turned to Jeremy, just in time to hear him say, "Take the white bear one, and the yellow one, too--actually, just grab every color and try them all on..."

Yvonne huffed in frustration, her little face flushed with indignation as she marched up to him, her tiny fists shaking. Jeremy, you're bad! I'm going to hit you!"

The brand representatives, who had been watching the exchange, couldn't help but smile, silently thinking. These two siblings have such a good relationship.

At that moment, one of the senior saleswomen from one of the brands took the opportunity to slip behind a partition and, quietly, began recording the playful scene of Yvonne and Jeremy on her phone.

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