

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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After enough teasing. Yvonne clung to Jeremy’s arm, her voice soft and sweet as she asked, “Jeremy, can making me try on clothes?”

Though it sounded like a question, it was really more of a playful whine.

you please stop

Jeremy propped his chin up, a faint smile curling at his lips. He deliberately dragged out his response, “Well, I suppose I could let you off the hook…”

Yvonne, oblivious to the teasing tone in his voice, focused intently on him like a curious kitten, ears perked, waiting anxiously for his answer.

Jeremy, fighting back a chuckle, continued, “How about…”

“Not making Yvonne try them on anymore!” Yvonne blurted, finishing his sentence for him, her face filled with anticipation as she looked up at him.

Jeremy could no longer hold back a smile. He reluctantly tore his gaze away from her adorable face, his eyes shifting to the brand representatives in the living room, all wearing smiles that could rival those of proud aunts.

“Let’s keep everything,” he said with a grin.

The representatives faces lit up, clearly pleased.

But Yvonne, on the other hand, was completely stunned. She turned her head, looking at the piles of clothes in the living room, and suddenly, a thought flashed through her mind—What if I had to carry all these clothes and open a store?

“Jeremy…” she said, her voice full of panic.

“Alright, alright, Jeremy said, trying to calm her down. “We’ll donate anything we don’t wear. Nothing will go to waste.”

He lifted Yvonne in his arms, then waved to the representatives, signaling that they could leave. Once the room cleared, Jeremy finally put Yvonne down.

“Good girl,” he said softly, ruffling her already messy hair.

He then got up from the sofa and went to grab a glass of water, his favorite drink. Afterward, he realized leaving all the clothes in the living room wasn’t ideal, so he began pondering where to store them.

He walked through every empty room, finally stopping in front of a door.

This bedroom, the largest in the house, boasted the best lighting and view. However, it had never been occupied. Leaning against the doorframe, Jeremy found himself staring blankly at the room. He pulled out his phone, opening his dad’s WhatsApp, and typed a message. [Dad, I turned the room Melissa liked into Yvonne’s walk-in closet.]

Not expecting a reply right away, he was about to close his phone when a message popped up. [Go ahead.]

Jeremy stared at the two simple words, and all the tension in his chest melted away.

He looked back at the pristine room, the walls untouched by anyone’s presence. The space was enormous, and it seemed just right for Yvonne’s closet.

He turned around to find Yvonne. He had originally planned to call Uram, but then thought a quick trip outside would help clear his mind. So, he dialed the driver instead.

“Yvonne?” He called out to the little one, who was still sitting on the couch with her back turned.

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She didn’t respond, her small head buried in the cushion as she sulked.

“You’re ignoring me?” Jeremy teased, poking her plump back. “Really not talking to me?”

Yvonne didn’t budge. With a sigh, Jeremy stood up from the couch, walked to his room, and changed into a thicker sweatshirt. Before leaving, he stood by the door, calling out to her.

I’m going out for a bit. I’ll be back soon. Be good and watch TV if you’re bored.”

Yvonne, hearing the door click, looked up but was a second too late. She only saw the door closing behind him.

For a moment, she stood there, puzzled, then slid off the couch and walked around the room, avoiding the piles of clothes.

She wandered through the house, hoping to find some greenery or a plant to liven the place up, but the home was mostly bare. The only splash of green she could find was a small dinosaur onesie hanging on one of the clothes racks.

Feeling bored, Yvonne sighed, and then remembered that Charles had brought his jasmine plant when he visited. It should be somewhere in the house now,

With that thought, Yvonne started knocking on doors, looking for him. Her dad had mentioned this morning that both Jeremy and Charles were home.

She knocked on door after door, pressing her ear to the wood, listening for any sounds inside.

No response? Move to the next one.

When she reached the next door, the one she’d just knocked on suddenly opened.

“Charles!” she called out, running back to stand beside him, looking up at him with wide eyes.

She had originally planned to play with her toys, but now that she saw Charles, she changed her mind.

“Charles, do you want to come out and play?” she asked eagerly.

Charles held out his hand, and Yvonne took it with a beaming smile.

“Where’s Jeremy?” he asked, his voice soft..

Yvonne paused, thinking back to what Jeremy had said before leaving. “Something about… renovating?” she said, uncertain.

“Which room?” Charles asked, still holding her hand.

Yvonne tugged him along happily. Tll show you, I saw it!”

They walked down the hallway until they reached the door to the large room. Yvonne pointed to it excitedly. “This one, Charles!”

Charles looked at the door for a moment before suddenly coughing lightly. It wasn’t severe, but it was enough to make Yvonne’s heart tighten in concern

Seeing her worried expression, Charles pressed his lips together, trying to hold it in, and gently rubbed her head.

“He didn’t mention anything else, did he?” he asked, his voice soft, almost like a whisper.

Yvonne shook her head quickly, smiling brightly. “No, no! He didn’t mention anything like that.”

Just as they were about to walk in, the doorbell rang.

Yvonne immediately turned towards the door, eyes wide with surprise. “Is that Jeremy?”

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Charles shook his head, his voice calm. “No, it’s not,”

Is it a bad person” Yvonne asked, nervous.

*84%

“No,” Charles replied reassuringly. “Whoever comes into this neighborhood has to be either an owner or with someone who lives here. And if they’re not an owner, security follows them everywhere until they leave. It’s fine.”

He felt a gut instinct that it was someone from his father’s side, so he walked toward the door, Yvonne trailing behind him. As he reached the door, he opened it carefully.

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