

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 68

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“Charles? What are you doing here in Strate City?” The woman’s voice was cold and laced with suspicion.

Charles’s hand lingered on the door, and he hesitated for a long time before saying anything.

The woman stepped into the house, her tone naturally turning accusatory. “Why are you running around when you’re not well? Didn’t your dad take you to Blorenc City? Why aren’t you staying there like you’re supposed to?”

“Everyone at home is worried about your health. Do you enjoy making everyone worry?”

Charles lowered his head, his eyes dull and clouded, as if covered in dust.

His voice came out small, like a child caught doing something wrong. “No, it’s just that Dad didn’t want me to stay home. alone.”

The woman studied the way his eyes stayed lowered for a few seconds, her expression subtly shifting. But surprisingly, the words that left her lips were the opposite of what one would expect.

“It’s only been seven days. You’ve got plenty of servants at home. What’s the worst that could happen?”

Charles glanced up at her briefly, his lips parted, as though he wanted to say something but couldn’t bring himself to..

Instead, his head dropped lower, his shoulders slumped even further.

One of his hands still held onto Yvonne’s, but his fingers, weak with hesitation, let go.

Melissa’s gaze hardened, a flash of impatience crossing her face.

She had always thought Charles was spineless. Every time she reprimanded him, he would lower his head and stay silent, a far cry from the obedient, sweet boy he used to be before he got sick.

Now, he had become someone unappealing, a shadow of the person she once knew.

She shifted her gaze, looking down at the little girl standing by Charles’s side. The child’s skin was soft and rosy, her tiny hands tightly gripping Charles’s, her large eyes nervously glancing up at her.

“Hello...” The girl’s voice was barely audible, and after speaking, she quickly hid behind Charles.

Melissa’s mind flashed to the video she’d seen earlier, and a wave of anger surged within her. The video, sent by one of her close friends, showed Jeremy holding another young girl, their interaction far too intimate for comfort.

“Who are you, and what are you doing in the Adler family’s house?” Her voice was icy and sharp, her gaze full of suspicion.

Yvonne, stunned by the question, was about to answer, but before she could, Charles’s grip on her hand tightened slightly. pulling her back toward him.

He raised his head, his voice steady yet kind. “She’s my sister.

Melissa’s face darkened instantly, her voice rising, becoming sharp and biting.

“Sister?” Her eyes narrowed as she stared at Yvonne’s delicate face, her teeth clenching. A surge of anger flooded her chest.

“Are you telling the that Kelvin had a child with another woman?”

Charles stayed silent, and from Melissa’s point of view, his lack of protest seemed like confirmation.

Her rage exploded. She slammed the door shut with a resounding crash that sated both Charles and Yvonne jump.

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“Is that woman here?” she harked.

Without waiting for a reply, Melissa pushed past Charles, knocking him off balance.

“Charles... Yvonne called out in concern, holding onto him.

Charles reassured her. Tin fine, and gently led her into the living room.

When Melissa saw the countless clothing racks scattered throughout the room, she froze. Her eyes quickly scanned the labels on the clothes, and then she turned to face Charles, her expression dripping with sarcasm.

Her anger was palpable now, her face as cold as ice.

Yvonne, sensing the hostility aimed at her, began to shrink back, fear creeping into her.

Charles instinctively moved to shield her, pulling her behind him.

The sight only infuriated Melissa further. She was sick, struggling to even walk, yet here she was, watching Charles defend this child—the child of another woman

For a brief moment, Melissa felt like an outsider in her own home.

Unable to hold back, she sneered, her words cutting through the silence like a knife.

“Charles, I’m your real mother! I gave birth to your Yvonne’s eyes widened in shock. She looked up at Charles, her face pale with disbelief. Then she glanced at Melissa, trying to piece everything together.

But Charles had told her when she first arrived that they didn’t have a mother.

“You’re telling me that your father had a child with another woman? I see now. You’ve been sick so long, your brain’s become mush. Don’t tell me you don’t know what that means.”

Melissa’s voice dripped with venom, her gaze colder than ever.

Charles felt the weight of her words like a physical blow. He lowered his head, but instead of apologizing, his voice trembled as he spoke.

Charles said. “This is a family matter. It has nothing to do with you.”

His words, however, only deepened the storm in Melissa’s eyes.

“What did you say? she hissed, her voice now a low, furious growl.

Melissa took a step forward, narrowing the distance between them.

Her voice was sharp, full of anger as she gritted her teeth. “You went to Blorenc City, and now you dare speak to me like this? Do you think you can talk to me this way after everything I’ve done for you? I gave you life! You wouldn’t even exist if it weren’t for me, and now you’re calling me the outsider?”

Her gaze was full of hatred, colder than any mother’s should be when looking at her child.

Charles felt like he was choking, and he lowered his head in submission. But even as he did, his words remained defiant.

“Dad gave you money. We signed an agreement to sever ties. There’s no mother–son relationship anymore.”

“Charles!” Melissa’s face flushed red with rage. She was breathing heavily, her fury evident. “You never dared to speak to me like that before. Is that woman teaching you these things?”

Her gaze darted over to the trembling little girl beside hers, her teeth gritted in disgust.

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“Has she manipulated you into turning your back on your own mother? Choosing her over me, the real mother?”

Charles’s voice grew sharper, his usual gentle tone now replaced with an urgent edge.

“You don’t get to call her a bastard!” He coughed, trying to suppress the tremor in his chest. “She’s my sister. Even if my dad is with another woman, she’s not the one who destroyed a home. Their relationship is... legitimate.”

Melissa’s hands trembled with fury. Her teeth ground together as she clenched her fists, the knuckles whitening with each passing second.

Rage, disappointment, and disgust churned within her like a storm.

Before Charles could finish, she lashed out, her hand cracking across his face in a violent slap.

The sound echoed through the room, followed by the crash of a nearby clothing rack being knocked over.

The frail boy, already weakened by illness, collapsed into the rack, his bloodied lips pale, his body shaking violently as he coughed hard.

The stench of blood filled the room as Charles clutched his shoulder, his thin frame trembling as crimson stained his white

shirt.

“Charles...” Yvonne rushed to his side.

Her face drained of color as she saw the blood spreading on the floor, her legs buckling beneath her. She dropped to her knees, her voice broken with fear.

“Charles... she sobbed..

Unlike the quiet, restrained tears she’d shed before, this time her cries were loud, raw, and full of pain, as if her heart was being torn apart.

Through her tear–blurred vision, she saw Melissa moving toward them.

The slap still echoed in Yvonne’s mind, and she instinctively feared that Melissa was coming to hit someone else.

Without thinking, she scrambled to her feet and ran to block Melissa’s path.

“Please don’t hurt him, Yvonne cried out, her voice desperate.

Melissa stopped, and just then, Charles’s weak voice came through, barely audible. “Yvonne...”

She turned around, her heart aching at the sight of him.

“Go to your room, Charles said, his face ghostly white, beads of sweat dotting his forehead.

Yvonne’s eyes were red and swollen from crying, but she shook her head fiercely, “I won’t leave you.”

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