

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan Novel

Chapter 7

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Yvonne froze, her heart pounding as she looked back at Jeremy's stormy expression. Panic set in, and she felt like she couldn't breathe.

For a split second, she wanted to tell him everything - to just spill the truth. But as certain memories flashed in her mind, the words got stuck in her throat,

If even Mrs. Harrison, who raised me, doesn't believe me, how is my brother, who's only known me for a day, going to trust me? she thought, dread crawling up h spine.

She was terrified that Jeremy would see her as a liar and a bad kid, and send her back to the orphanage.

Yvonne couldn't bring herself to speak. She adored this brother who brought her beautiful cakes, and the last thing she wanted was for him to hate her.

After a moment of hesitation, she forced a smile, trying to cover up her uncane with a sweet, childlike act.

She tilted her soft face up and said in her sweetest, most innocent voice, Jeremy, relax.

I'll be here in a couple of days.

Jeremy's lips pressed into a hard line, his handsome face colder than ice. Without saying a word, he scooped her up and laid her on the bed.

"What's wrong?" Yvonne jumped in surprise at his sudden move, her voice trembling as she saw him crouch down to check her leg.

Her reaction hit Jeremy like a punch to the gut. If there wasn't something seriously wrong, she wouldn't be acting this scared.

He carefully rolled up her pant leg, and then froze, shock spreading across his face.

Her calf was covered in cuts, and her knee had a massive, ugly bruise, standing out against her pale skin like a warning sign.

His expression darkened, his grip tightening around her hand. Her palm was red, dotted with scabs that hadn't even fully healed yet.

This wasn't from some simple fall like she said. No, this was fresh, deep scratches, and there was a nasty gash near her wrist.

Jeremy's eyes narrowed, his voice as cold as a winter storm. "When I asked you at the orphanage... were you lying to me?"

Yvonne's gaze s

hifted, her guilt clear in the way she lowered her head. She barely whispered. I'm sorry.

"

He sucked in a breath, his chest tightening, but he wasn't mad at her. He was mad at himself.

He should have pressed her more when she first told him about falling. He should've asked more questions.

If I hadn't noticed this, how long the hell would she have kept it hidden? he thought.

He gently put her hand back under the covers and turned to leave, quietly shutting the door behind him.

Yvonne held her breath, too scared to even move. When the door clicked shut, her eyes filled with tears, and her body shook.

Is he pissed at me?

' she thought, terrified that her lie would make him think she was a bad kid - a liar - and that he would leave her like everyone else had.

As she stared at the closed door, her tears started to fall, one by one,

She wiped them away desperately, jumping off the bed with a pale face, determined to go after Jeremy.

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She needed to apologize to explain that the hardnit meant to deceive him - that she was just scared.

fou as da raded the door, Jeremy, who had left moments ag came back, carrying a first aid kit and a paper bag.

tering her landing by the dow, he frowned slightly. "What are you doing out of bed? Get back under the covers."

"Jeremy, I thought.

Vormne's once cracked as the blinked back fresh tears, her eyes red as she obediently sat back on the

Jeremy set the first aid kit on the table, then opened the paper bag

He pulled out a soft yellow dress, tore off the price tag and handed it to her. "I had someone grab this. Just wear it for now?

Yvonne blinked, will a little stunned

Jeremy raised an eyebrow, his concern still there. "You know how to put it on, right?

If not, I'll have Lillian help you"

"I can do it I can Yvonne snapped out of her daze, nodding eagerly, two dimples popping up on her soft cheeks as she

smiled at him.

Jeremy gave a nonchalant grunt, then stepped outside, closing the door behind him. Leaning against the wall, his mind was still heavy.

He couldn't shake the feeling that Yvonne had been hurt at the orphanage. It made sense why she was so cautious, so much older than her years. Too mature for a kid her age.

A knock at the door brought him out of his thoughts. He opened it just a crack, his voice calm. "You dressed yet?"

Yvonne's voice echoed from inside. "Yeah"

Only then did Jeremy open the door and step > in.

Yvonne, now in the new dress, looked absolutely adorable.

Her pale skin seemed to glow in the soft yellow fabric, making her look like a tiny dumpling wrapped in sunshine - so cute it almost hurt to look at

That was what he thought, but his words came out more casual than he felt. "Not bad. You're starting to look more like someone from the Adler family."

Yvonne's eyes lit up, and she flashed him a big grin. "Thanks, Brother! I love it!"

Jeremy bent down, scooping her up and walking her back to the bed.

He placed the first aid kit on the table, then knelt down to treat her injuries. His golden hair fell into his eyes as he concentrated.

Yvonne felt a cool sensation on her legs. She couldn't tell if it was the medicine or his touch.

Before, she had been wearing long sleeves, but in the dress, her delicate arms were fully exposed. That's when Jeremy noticed the cuts and bruises on her arms too.

He silently applied the medicine, the dark, purplish ointment standing out against her pale skin like ugly bruises, marking her arms with large, blotchy stains.

After tending to all the visible cuts and applying the medicine, Jeremy Adler lowered his voice and asked. "Are you hurt anywhere else?"

Yvonne Adler shook her head, her voice sweet and soft. "Nope, I'm good. Thanks, Jeremy!"

"

He placed the first aid kit carefully on her bedside table, then pulled up a chair and sat down facing her. He had something he needed to ask.

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"Did anyone ever pick on you at the orphanage he asked gently.

Yvonne blinked, caught off guard by the question. She shook her head, clearly confused. 'No Mrs. Harrison always sed no fighting. If we fought, we'd get no food.

Jeremy's expression softened as he looked at her innocent face.

"Then how'd you end up with all these bruises?

Not wanting her to give him the same excuse again, he quickly added, "Don't tell me you fell down. I've never met a kid who's that careless."

Yvonne's eyes widened, feeling embarrassed. But it was true. She had tripped and fallen all on her own

"Ugh, I'm such an idiot..." she mumbled, pouting.

Now it was Jeremy's turn to go quiet. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You really fell by yourself?"

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Yeah ...

Yvonne whispered, not meeting his eyes.

He stared at her for a second, trying to figure this out. Is this kid really this accident-prone?

Of course, there was also the chance she wasn't ready to tell him everything yet - after all, they barely knew each other. But he didn't want to push her, not wanting to make her uncomfortable.

His attention shifted to the unopened cake on the table. He walked over and carefully took off the wrapping.

With expert ease, he sliced off a piece of the cake and handed it to her. "Here, but don't eat too much. We still need to eat dinner later."

Yvonne didn't reach for it right away. Instead, she gently pushed the plate back toward him, smiling sweetly, showing off her adorable dimples. "You eat first."

Jeremy hesitated for a moment, then placed the plate back down and cut another piece. This time, she happily took it.

She took a bite with her fork, her eyes closing in contentment. This was so good.

After another bite, Yvonne suddenly looked up at him with an idea. She whispered, "Jeremy, should we send some to Charles? Does he like cake?"

Jeremy blinked, a little surprised, as he thought about it. He remembered that Charles had always loved sweets.

His eyes fell to the half-eaten buttery cake, his grip on the fork tightening. "Maybe. I should send him some after all!

He considered it, his face showing a hint of hesitation.

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