

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 70

Chapter 69 Chapter 69 Melissa's slap struck with the force of years of resentment, shattering Charles's fragile health in an instant. He crumpled to the ground, his body trembling uncontrollably, as though the very breath of death hovered around him. In that moment, Charles couldn't help but think of all the countless bowls of medicine he'd swallowed over the years. All of it, completely in vain. Melissa stood over him, her eyes void of warmth, filled only with disgust and indifference. "Charles. I gave you life. When I gave birth to you, the pain was far worse than anything you're feeling now. Even if we signed that severance agreement. I'm still your mother because the blood flowing in your veins is mine." Charles felt a chill wash over him, his eyes vacant, staring at Melissa's face. The tears in his eyes blurred his vision, the moisture dampening his lashes as his gaze dropped downward. His pale lips quivered slightly, but the words wouldn't come. He could only hear the sound of a child's heart-wrenching sobs. He turned his head slightly, seeing Yvonne standing beside Melissa, trying to shield him from her approach. Melissa, growing impatient, shoved Yvonne aside with ease. Tell Kelvin when he gets back. If he dares marry that home-wrecker and bring this bastard into the Adler family, don't blame me for making a scene Although Melissa had remarried, she couldn't stand the thought of Kelvin having anyone else after she left him. She didn't love him, but her possessiveness was fierce. Charles didn't understand this kind of mentality, but in that moment, he refused to bow to her will. He opened his mouth, his voice barely a whisper. Melissa leaned in, her brow furrowing as she tried to make sense of his words. "It's impossible. My dad really likes her. He'll bring her into the Adler family..." With every word Charles spoke, Melissa's anger flared higher, her fury barely contained. It was obvious to her what he was doing "You're doing this on purpose, siding with this bastard just to defy me," she hissed, her voice low and venomous, just like the cold expression she wore before slapping Charles. Yvonne, having gotten back to her feet, rushed over upon hearing Charles's words. She reached him just in time to hear his confession "She's not a bastard. She's my dad's daughter. He really likes her." Charles was sharp enough to know exactly how to break Melissa. He did it on purpose, fueling her rage. He even briefly entertained the dark thought of just dying in that moment. "Charles Melissa's eyes turned red with fury. She reached out, as though about to strike him again. Yvonne didn't hesitate: She threw herself between them, gripping Melissa's extended arm with both hands, her voice breaking with sobs. "Don't hit him! Please don't hit him Yvonne's face was swollen from crying, her vision blurred as tears continued to fall, soaking her clothes. Her voice cracked, hoarse and ragged, as she pleaded with Melissa Chapter 69 "He's lying. I'm not my father's daughter..." Melissa froze, her gaze narrowing in disbelief as she looked at the sobbing child. Yvonne's voice came out in sobs, words struggling to get past her tears. "I'm an orphan. No one wanted me. It was Dad who took me in..." At those words, something seemed to shift in Melissa's expression. The sharp edges of her anger seemed to dissipate in an instant She turned to look at the pale figure on the floor, her voice tinged with uncertainty. "Is what she's saying true?" Charles didn't respond. His eyes closed tightly, and a sharp pain pierced through his chest, his heart aching in rhythm with the labored breaths For the first time in his life, Charles felt a deep, bitter disgust toward his own origins. The room grew eerily quiet as Melissa stood up. After a brief moment of thought, her expression softened, but a trace of guilt remained. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? If you'd just said you were an orphan, none of this would have happened... Her words were like a dagger, cutting through the tense air. A flicker of doubt crossed her face. She turned her gaze back to Yvonne. "And you. You should have said so earlier." Yvonne, still crying, whispered a broken apology, her hands clasped together in desperation. Charles finally opened his eyes, his gaze hollow, his breath shallow. He couldn't see Yvonne's face—only her back as she trembled beside him, the bear ears on her coat shaking in time with her fear. Why did they have to hurt her like this? She had already lost everything. "Are you happy now?" Charles's voice was weak, a hoarse rasp, as his body struggled to stay conscious. Melissa furrowed her brow in irritation, her lips curling with a sneer. "What are you saying?" She could barely contain her sarcasm at the sight of his broken body. But seeing him in this state made her hold back the harsh words she'd wanted to say. Her expression hardened, and she asked, "Where's your medicine? I'll go get it." Charles's face twisted in pain, his eyes clouded with the ashes of despair. "Don't worry about me, he murmured, his voice utterly exhausted. "Just go." Melissa, caught off guard by his indifference, felt her anger flare again, but she bit her lip. She gave one last cold glance at the chaos in the room, then turned and walked away without another word After all, there was still a child here. She would call Kelvin and make sure nothing went too far The door slammed shut with a heavy thud. Yvonne wiped her tear-streaked face and collapsed beside Charles. She stared at the blood, her body trembling with fear. 2/3 14.45 weu, zo Mar Chapter 69 AM 84%1 "Charles, do you have your medicine? Let me get it for you." Yvonne gripped his hand, her voice raw and hoarse with crying. "Please... please don't die..." Charles's vision blurred as he gazed at her face, his surroundings fading into an indistinct haze. He opened his mouth, his voice barely audible. I'm sorry..." He closed his eyes, like a wilting flower, his spirit slipping away. Yvonne, frantic, shook him, her face filled with panic and helplessness, She stood up and dashed into Charles's room to find the medicine. But the room was eerily clean, and there was nothing but an empty bowl on the nightstand. The remnants of medicine were stuck at the bottom of the bowl. Yvonne, confused, climbed onto the bed and grabbed the bowl, cradling it in her arms as she rushed back to Charles. She held the bowl to his lips, her voice breaking. "Charles, take the medicine... She tilted the bowl, the liquid spilling onto his face, soaking his clothes. Tears streamed down her face as she desperately tried to feed him, but the medicine never reached his mouth. Yvonne's voice cracked, trembling with panic. "Please... someone save him... Save Charles... The vast, empty room echoed her words, but there was no reply. The silence became deafening. Her voice grew hoarse, her last desperate cry fading into nothingness. She looked at the empty bowl in her hands, her fingers trembling, watching the green specks fall into the bowl. She placed it down, staring at her hands, the only hope she had left. She didn't know if it would work, if these little green particles could save him. She had never tried. "Please, please save Charles..." she whispered, her voice trembling as she begged her hands. Then, she knelt beside him, placing her hands on his shoulders, her body shaking with fear and uncertainty. "Please... don't leave me... E