

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 71

After Charles spoke, his voice was soft but hoarse.

“Don’t worry about me, just check on Yvonne.

Sitting beside them, Yvonne’s mother quickly shook her head, her small, weak voice laced with anxiety. “I... I’m fine... really.” Jeremy lowered his phone, still puzzled by the strange situation before him. His eyes flicked between the two, trying to make sense of what was happening. What... what exactly is going on here?” he asked, his voice tight with confusion.

He walked over to Charles and, from behind, could see his shirt torn and stained with blood, the fabric soaked in the red. His gaze flickered to the collapsed clothes rack on the floor, and he quickly pieced it together.

Yet, with all this blood, Charles still insisted he was fine?

Jeremy’s face darkened, his expression shifting to something cold and grim.

Just by the amount of blood, it was clear the injury was severe. Jeremy couldn’t fathom how Melissa could have just left after doing this.

His voice was low, almost a growl as he asked, “Did she call an ambulance when she left?”

Charles coughed and shook his head. “No.”

At hearing this, Jeremy’s anger flared. He clenched his teeth, hatred bubbling up inside him for that heartless woman. He had known for a long time that Melissa had no affection for them, but hearing about this... it made his skin crawl.

The past, wrapped in the cold, biting winds of winter, came back to him, leaving a shadow he couldn’t escape. Jeremy, Charles suddenly called.

Jeremy grunted in acknowledgment, his voice betraying a suppressed, simmering fury. His gaze was dark, resigned, as though he had already given up on the world around him.

“Check my shoulder, Charles said quietly.

Jeremy hesitated for a moment, his hand hovering in the air before he finally lowered his eyes. Slowly, he reached out. His hand trembled slightly as he touched the torn fabric, his breath catching in his chest.

He gently pulled the fabric aside, his movements slow, as though he couldn’t quite believe what he was about to see. When his fingers brushed against the blood-soaked cloth, the bright red was almost too much to bear.

His breathing quickened, and he pulled the fabric a little further apart, revealing the injury beneath.

The smell of fresh blood hit him hard, and he instinctively turned his head, pulling the cloth open even wider.

“Charles. Jeremy murmured, his forehead beading with sweat. He couldn’t bring himself to look directly, only glancing with his peripheral vision at the mess of blood.

“Did you see? Charles asked, his voice calm but searching.

“Not yet, Jeremy replied, his throat tight. He paused for a moment, then, with a shaky breath, leaned in closer, pulling the fabric aside a little more.

“Anything?” Charles asked again, unable to see for himself.

1/3

Chapter 71

“Nothing.” Jeremy responded, his voice filled with disbelief. He rubbed his fingers lightly over Charles skin. “No wound

nothing.”

His eyes were wide with shock, and Charles shared his surprise.

But Charles had expected this outcome, so he quickly regained his composure.

“This is what I wanted to tell you,” Charles said, his eyes softening as he looked down at the fragile Yvonne in his wound’s healed. Yvonne saved me

Jeremy stared at him, his mind racing, trying to process the impossible.

It wasn’t that he didn’t understand—it was that he couldn’t imagine it. How could something like this be real?

Charles paused, as though searching for the right words to describe it. Finally, he said, “It’s like superpower

The word hung in the air, and suddenly everything clicked for Jeremy. The memories of Blorencia City came rushing back to him—faces, moments—like a lightbulb flicking on.

Jeremy felt like a fool. How had he missed it?

He crouched down in front of the sofa, his hands trembling as he cupped Yvonne’s weak, pale face, studying her. “Yvonne’s not feeling well,” Charles confirmed with a nod, his voice gentle but laced with concern.

He recalled the moment when he had woken up to see the tiny green specks swirling around feeding on her energy. “Using her superpower drained her body. I stopped her when I woke up.”

hand, as though they were

As for how much energy she had expended before he regained consciousness, Charles had no idea. But to heal a wound as deep as his... it must have taken a lot.

Jeremy softly called her name, leaning closer, but all he got was a faint, weak reply.

Yvonne’s voice was a shadow of its usual strength, like a newborn kitten mewing in the cold. Her words cracked and faltered, pulling at Jeremy’s heart.

Hispanic resurfaced, and the questions spilled from him like a flood.

“What should we do? Should we tell Dad? Can we take her to the hospital? Will they figure out she has a superpower?”

His frantic Googling didn’t help. The search results were all over the place, giving him more questions than answers

Charles glanced up at him, his face calm, if a little weary. “Call Dad and tell him to come back.”

Jeremy did as he was told, but his frustration was palpable. His thoughts, directed at Kelvin, were sharp.

As the phone rang, he muttered under his breath, “If he hadn’t married Melissa, our family wouldn’t have turned out like

this.

Charles’s voice, tinged with resignation, cut through the tension. “Well, if he hadn’t, we wouldn’t have been born.” Jeremy’s face darkened. He opened his mouth as if to argue but, in the end, swallowed the words.

With a heavy sigh, he stalked over to the balcony, his mood as cold as the storm raging inside him. He spoke harshly into the phone, demanding Kelvin return immediately.

When he hung up, he returned to Yvonne’s side, her face still pale, her lips pressed tight in exhaustion. He stood, grabbed a towel, dampened it with cold water, and wrapped some ice inside.

2/3

14:46 Wed, 26 Mar AM.

Chapter 71

Sitting down beside her, he gently placed the cool compress over her eyes.

“It’s cold,” Yvonne murmured, flinching slightly, trying to pull away.

Jeremy, with uncharacteristic patience, held her small hand and pressed the towel back gently. “Stay still. It’ll feel better soon. Just trust me.”

Yvonne blinked up at him, her wide eyes still dazed.

Jeremy smiled softly, though his heart ached for her. “Stop staring, just close your eyes.”

“Okay, Yvonne whispered, her voice weak, and she slowly obeyed, settling back into the cushions.

As the coldness of the towel soothed her, she finally began to feel a little better. She was still too exhausted to fight it, and the brief moments of peace were a welcome relief from the overwhelming weight of everything that had happened.

Jeremy, his heart full of worry, stood up to wring the towel out, intending to apply it again.

But when he returned, he saw Charles had let go of Yvonne and was about to stand.

I’m going to change, Charles murmured.

Jeremy’s face hardened, his expression turning icy. “No, you’re not. Let him come back and see what that woman did to you.”

He didn’t want this to pass lightly.

Jeremy didn’t understand. Was he really expected to spend his life under the shadow of a woman like Melissa? She had just walked away from a bleeding Charles and a crying child—how could he possibly still care about what happened to her?

His eyes darkened, and the words tore through his teeth.

“If he lets you and Yvonne go through this, I swear—if he lets her get away with this—I’ll hate him just as much as I hate Melissa. I’ll leave Strate City, I’ll never come back. I’ll go somewhere else, and never look back.”

Just as the words left his mouth, a sound from the door caught his attention. He froze, his body tense, but didn’t turn around.

With a deep breath, he grabbed the cold towel and continued to soothe Yvonne’s eyes, the unease growing in his chest.

3/3