

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan Novel

Chapter 8

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At this thought , Jeremy's gaze landed on the remaining half of the cake .

Yvonne , standing on her tiptoes , grinned widely , Jeremy , cut here ! This piece is the prettiest ! "

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Jeremy followed her request , cutting the most delicate slice of cake . He grabbed a knife and fork from the tray , mumbled something to the little one , and then turned to walk out .

Charles's room was at the end of the hallway , oddly quiet .

Jeremy knocked softly , then gave it another tap .

After a second , the door handle slowly turned , and the white door creaked

open without a sound .

Standing in the doorway , he held the small cake with both hands and softly called out , " Hey , Charles "

Charles glanced at the cake in his hands , his long lashes uttering just a little , but he didn't say anything

Jeremy cleared his throat , " Uh , this is the cake I got for Yvonne tonight . Want to try a bite ? " He paused , then added with a smirk .

It's super sweet "

Charles lifted his eyes , then asked , as if out of nowhere , " Her name's Yvonne ? "

" Yeah . Mentioning Yvonne made Jeremy's words come our fast . I went to the orphanage with Dad this morning to adopt her . She's really well - behaved . By the way , have you met her ? "

Charles , resting his hand against his lips , coughed a few times , his voice quiet . " Yeah , I've seen her . In the garden . "

" Oh , okay . "

The silence fell again .

It wasn't until a while later that Jeremy nally spoke up to break the awkward pause . " Well , if you don't want the cake , I'll just take it out . "

He was fully ready for rejection , but to his surprise , Charles raised his hand and , with an almost delicate motion , took the cake from him . Thanks . "

After the door clicked shut , Jeremy stood frozen for a while , not quite able to process what had just happened .

He hadn't expected Charles to actually accept the cake , and even thank him .

His hand , which had been hanging at his side , unconsciously tightened into a st , and his eyes sparkled with excitement .

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At dinner , Kelvin didn't return , so it was just Yvonne and Jeremy at the table .

Yvonne had been holding back for a while but nally couldn't help herself . " Jeremy , is Mr. Kelvin Adler not coming back for dinner ?

"

Jeremy , in a great mood , casually turned to answer , " Well , when work's crazy , sometimes he doesn't get back until late at night .

" Oh , got it . Yvonne lowered her eyes and stared at her bowl , not saying another word .

She still had a healthy appetite at dinner - she hadn't eaten much since lunch .

By the time they were done , it was already seven . Jeremy had to go out for something , and Yvonne went back to her room .

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10:59 Tue , 25 Mar

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She closed the door , walked on to the balcony , and wared or the painture plate

With nothing

The jasmine , which had looked party or dead in the morning to sound whe wings we

of the evening , its leaves owaying lady in the Renew

Yvonne reached out and gently soured the brave sgmasking with down in die dingeng money get better soon .

You've gotta muke Churle happy shay

The jasmine seemed to understand brushing in lease against her nger the young sex ante lug

Earlier , it had born bare , most of its leaves goose , a benches day and the ends had band wires

been parar , ina Randi

But now , the day roots seemed to be pulling with fresh lite , sending NEW ANAYES MAS The temedes

The buds , which had looked frostbatten betoon were now manding price onent for your and you kn enough , you could smell the ttest , sweetest fragrance

Yvonne stood there , holding the branches just like the hard that ring

What she had gured out was that the little green yers on her were able to bring glans week to the soveteng the discovered while at the orphanage

Back in her room , she noticed the vibrace roses in a vase on the sable Liften had plant them there we thinking the room was too plain .

Yvonne moved in slow , deliberate steps , her small hands gently reading the story docet ind

The moment her ngertips brushed against it , a soft green glow tickered so life , casting a real shutter over the pealls

The rose , already stunning now seemed almost sindf in its heavy - whery , mod and dripping with code l trigger exploded through the room , saturating the air with a heady sweetest

She inhaled deeply , a satis ed smile tugging at her lips .

Perfect the only would the towers stay for longer has the scent would also grow richer , more-intoxicating ,

With that thought , the padded off to the bathroom , took a quick shower , and then dipped sader the converting mo a dreamless sleep .

At least , until hunger came knocking

darknes

Her stomach's loud , imistent growl startled her awake .

Groggy , she pushed herself up , blinking against the dafon

At some point , the room's lights had gone out , leaving only the warm glow of the tiny nigam by her bed , casting so shadows against the walls

She swallowed . She was starving Then she remembered - the cake . The one from arber

ne

Jeremy had suggested tossing it , but she'd insisted on keeping it . If the remembered right , it should will be in the fridge

downstain .

Carefully , she cracked open the bedroom door , peeking outside like a cautious little cat .

The hallway lights were still on the place was dead ulient .

Moving with the precision of a seasoned thief , she slipped out , her bare feet making no sound against the oor . The iniving room was dark except for a faint nightlght , casting just enough glow to make out the furniture

She reached the fridge , pried open the heavy door , and scanned the shelves .

There - her cake , sitting ugly on the top

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shelf .

Her eyes lit up , her ngers stretching toward it . And then ... nothing .

Her ngertips barely grazed the edge of the plate .

She let out a frustrated sigh , leaning against the fridge , debating her options . A chair ? Too risky . She'd make noise , and if the woke anyone up , she was screwed .

Just as she was chewing over her dilemma , a shadow loomed behind her .

A long , veined hand reached over her head , plucking the cake off the shelf like it was the easiest thing in the world

Yvonne stiffened . Her head snapped back , her neck craning as she looked up - way up - only to nd herself staring straight into a pair of deep , unreadable eyes .

It was Kelvin .

Dressed in a crisp black suit , he looked effortlessly sharp , his features cut from marble - high cheekbones , a sharp nose , thin lips that always seemed like they were one breath away from smirking .

But tonight , there was something else - a quiet exhaustion softening his usually intimidating presence

" Is this what you were after ? " His voice was deep , smooth , but rough around the edges , like he hadn't spoken in hours .

Yvonne's heart nearly leapt out of her throat - not just because she'd been caught red - handed , but because , well , him . Her face instantly burned . She stammered , " H - hi , Mr. Adler ...

Kelvin gave a slow nod , his gaze icking over her before turning away . Without a word , he stepped back , cake in hand . He moved toward the dining table , the dim glow of the nightlght stretching his shadow impossibly long across the oor . " Didn't eat enough at dinner ?

" he asked casually , setting the cake down . His tone was even , but something about it carried weight , like he was used to being listened to .

Yvonne shifted uncomfortably . " I did . But then I got hungry again . "

Kelvin didn't say anything to that . Truth was , he'd just gotten home and planned to sit on the couch for a bit before heading upstairs .

But just as he was about to close his eyes , he saw her - a tiny gure sneaking down the stairs , all soft - footed and cautious .

So , he'd watched . Watched her move through the dark . Watched her struggle to reach the cake .

And then , nally , when it became clear she wasn't going to give up , he sighed and got up

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