

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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If this little girl were a stock, her value would have skyrocketed by now.

Thinking about what Ian had just said, Nelson glanced at him and asked, "Are you sure it's Yvonne and I who are destined? Shouldn't it be you two instead?"

A few months ago, when Ian brought this child to his shop, he never would have thought that she was actually his long-lost niece.

Ian curled his lips into a smile but remained silent, thinking, 'Of course, Yvonne and I are the ones truly destined

Jeremy happened to think the same thing.

Nelson couldn't stay here for too long since his business partner was still waiting inside, so he got straight to the point and asked the question that mattered most to him: "That stew--did you really make it?"

"Yes," Ian's smile faded as he nodded seriously.

Ian replied, "Don't look at me with that suspicious gaze. Haven't you heard the saying, 'A scholar who has been away for three days must be looked at with new eyes? Think about it--how long has it been since you last ate my cooking? Isn't it only natural that I've improved?"

He spoke so naturally, without a hint of nervousness or hesitation, that if it were someone unfamiliar with him, they might have believed him.

But Nelson had known Ian for many years--he might be able to fool others, but not him.

Nelson shot him an exasperated glance and countered, "Cut it out. I know you too well."

Leaning in slightly, he added, "Cooking at this level requires talent. Even the top chefs in the country, who cook every single day, haven't progressed that quickly."

That was a fair point.

Ian knew he couldn't fool Nelson, so he wasn't surprised.

Instead, he admitted, "Alright, fine, it wasn't me. It was actually Yvonne."

He held the little girl's soft, warm hand, gently rubbing it as he looked up with a smile and said, "Surprised? Feels like a miracle, doesn't it?"

Ian wasn't worried at all--because he knew no one would believe him.

Nelson stared at him for a few seconds, frowning slightly, and said seriously, "If you had told me it was Jeremy who made it, I might have believed you."

Beside him, Jeremy's eyes widened in surprise. Excitedly, he asked, "Huh? Mr. Landstrom, do you want to try my cooking?"

Nelson had never tasted it before, but seeing the boy's eager expression, he instinctively felt uneasy. He quickly shook his head in response, "No, save it for your dad."

He shook his head, "No, keep it for your dad to eat."

Jeremy propped his chin on his hand, his clear voice tinged with frustration as he replied, "But my dad won't eat it."

Nelson could already guess as much.

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This time, he refused even more decisively. "Then I definitely won't eat it."

"Alright..." Jeremy responded, sounding disappointed.

For a child, it was a bit of a letdown. He withdrew his gaze and continued staring at the vase in the room.

It seemed Ian wasn't the one who had cooked it but only left the three- or four-year-old little girl in the room, Nelson contemplated.

He hesitated for a long time before finally looking at Ian and saying, "Fine. Let's just say you made it."

Ian couldn't help but chuckle. He nodded with a grin, "Mhm."

He thought, I knew it.

Thanks to Yvonne, I've officially become a head chef.

Seeing how happy Ian looked, Nelson had mixed feelings.

After all, aside from Ian, none of the kids in the room had the ability to cook.

He withdrew his doubtful gaze, his tone carrying a hint of helplessness as he asked, "My business partner wanted to meet you, but when they heard you had a kid with you, they didn't bring it up again. However, I don't think they've completely given up on the idea. When do you have time? Should we arrange a meeting?"

Ian was a little surprised. "Me? Aren't you afraid I'll steal your business partner?"

Nelson shot him a glance, his eyes carrying a trace of grievance, and said, "I already had someone draft the contract."

"That was fast," Ian laughed jokingly.

His older sister hadn't said anything, so he didn't plan to interfere.

But he also had no intention of going.

Nelson felt a little disappointed but didn't push the matter.

Ian had always been difficult to schedule meetings with anyway.

As he was leaving, Ian suddenly remembered something and said, "By the way, the wild ingredients for that snake stew removed and released, so Ferry House replaced them with farmed ones.

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"The girl responsible for releasing the ingredients said she was going to find you before she left. She seemed pretty crazy, so be careful"

These kinds of insignificant people were exactly the ones to be wary of--especially since Ian had a feeling she wasn't mentally stable.

Nelson nodded after hearing this. "Alright, I got it."

His business partner was still waiting upstairs, so he left first.

After Nelson left, Ian took the two kids and headed out.

They had spent a full two and a half hours at Ferry House that afternoon.

The manager knew they were leaving and wanted to stop them.

Johan had just finished his checkup at the hospital and was on his way back. After hearing that the snake stew situation had

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been resolved, he really wanted to meet Ian and was already rushing over from the hospital

If Ian had more time, he would have stayed.

But he had already promised to take Yvonne out to play that afternoon--he didn't want to waste her Sunday.

There was always time to meet, but there weren't many opportunities to take Yvonne out to have fun.

Who knew--next week, Richard might barge in unreasonably and take her away again.

'Unbelievable,' Ian thought. 'When I get old, I'm going to be just as willful!

He must act like this when he gets old.

In the end, he still took Yvonne away. The three of them went to the amusement park.

Before they even got out of the car, Jeremy's pupils shrank at the sight of the massive crowd and exclaimed, "Are there always this many people here?!"

In his memory, this place had always been empty except for the staff.

When he was younger, his classmates used to talk about how fun amusement parks were.

When he got home, he pestered his dad about going.

His dad got so annoyed that he booked the entire park for a day and brought him to play for half a day.

Back then, the place had been eerily quiet, surrounded only by a bunch of staff members.

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Jeremy had tried all the rides his classmates talked about--carousel, Ferris wheel, roller coaster and even dragged his dad along for each one.

By the end, he could barely stand and vomited until he felt dizzy.

His dad was expressionless throughout the day. Once they had gotten off the roller coaster, turned around, and started taking work calls.

After playing for a whole day, Jeremy didn't find it as fun as his classmates had described and never went back.

As he grew older, he realized his dad had booked the park.

But he never imagined that, without a private booking, it would be this packed.

Outside the amusement park, there are countless street vendors pushed carts, selling all sorts of things.

The vibrant colors were dazzling.

Seeing this, Jeremy felt like he had missed out on a lot of happiness.

Feeling regretful, he made up his mind--when he got home, he was going to bother his dad in the study for a full thirty minutes!

As Yvonne stepped out of the car, she let out a delighted "Wow!" in surprise.

From as far back as she could remember, she had never seen such a lively and bustling scene.

And there were so many children--children of all kinds!

Noticing the growing sparkle in Yvonne's eyes, Ian leaned in, rubbed his cheek against hers, and chuckled, "What's on your

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mind, Yvonne?"

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Yvonne cupped her face in her hands, her soft, marshmallow-like cheeks filled with longing as she said in her sweet, gentle voice. "I want to bring Anna here to play too."

Jeremy, who had just closed the car door, leaned in and, with a hint of jealousy, said, "I'm really envious of Anna. She's always on your mind."

But his jealousy wasn't too obvious, so the little one didn't pick up on it.

Instead, she beamed with joy and happily replied, "Anna said she'll always think of me no matter what she's doing."

Jeremy's jealousy was obvious this time as he thought, And I don't cross your mind at all, huh?

"And--"Yvonne cradled her face, looking shy, her soft little voice as sweet as honey as she added. "Anna also said she's going to marry me in the future?"

Jeremy froze, his entire body turning rigid, as if he were about to shatter.

'Crap, he thought, I was so focused on keeping the boys away that I forgot to watch out for the girls.

My adorable little sister--before I even realized it, she's already pledged her future to someone.

And it's a girl. And she's the one getting married off.

As he thought, a single tear fell down his cheeks.

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