

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 210

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Ian had just handed off the armful of “trash” he’d picked up to the driver when he spotted the two kids waiting for him beneath the Ferris wheel.

He said a few words to his assistant and immediately walked over.

Jeremy was still holding that brightly colored card, lost in thought.

76%

(+50)

“Tan seems to have a card for everything,” he mused aloud. “I wonder if my dad has one too. If he does, I’ll just borrow it and sneak you in next time.”

After all, his dad was never going to come to an amusement park on his own. Leaving the card with him would just be a waste.

When Ian walked up, Jeremy blurted out, “Hey, where’d you get this card?”

Ian tucked a handkerchief back into his pocket and took Yvonne into his arms. “Your dad gave it to me,” he replied, looking genuinely puzzled by the question.

Jeremy blinked. “My dad did? So he has one too?”

Ian nodded. “Yeah. The whole park belongs to him. If he wanted, he could print a thousand of those cards.”

Jeremy froze, mouth slightly agape. “Wait… this place is his?”

Ian sighed. “Didn’t you love this place as a kid? He bought the whole thing just so you could come whenever you wanted. But after he did, you never mentioned it again.”

Jeremy’s breath hitched, and his heart skipped a beat. ‘Wait… my dad did all that… for me?’

He felt shaken. Moved.

He made a silent decision: tonight, he wouldn’t go bother his dad in the study.

Instead, he turned in a slow circle, taking in the entire park with fresh eyes, standing there like a dazed fool.

“This…” he said reverently, “this is the kingdom my dad built for me. I’m the crown prince.”

Ian stared at him like he’d grown two heads. ‘What even goes on in that brain of his…?’

Still glowing with newfound pride, Jeremy turned to the wide-eyed Yvonne and took her hand. “Then I hereby name you a princess.”

Yvonne stared at him in silence.

Feeling all the curious eyes on her, her cheeks flushed pink. She reached out her chubby little hand and gently covered Jeremy’s mouth.

“Jeremy, can you maybe wait until no one’s around to play this game?”

Ian smacked the back of Jeremy’s head and started pushing him through the growing crowd. “Even Yvonne thinks you’re embarrassing. Get moving, crown prince.”

From the moment Jeremy realized the park was technically his, he couldn’t stop lamenting what a shame it was.

“If only I’d known earlier…” he muttered. “I could’ve brought all my friends and played everything twice.”

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But hey it wasn't too late. Even if he was too old for the rides, he could still bring Yvonne to enjoy them.

Jeremy was practically glowing with joy, his smile wide and completely unguarded.

By around 3 PM, they'd gone through every kid-friendly attraction.

On the way out, as the crowds funneled toward the gates, Jeremy noticed the snack vendors out front were rummaging through their carts like they were looking for something

Ever sharp-eyed, he quickly realized they were pulling out snacks with Yvonne's cartoon face printed on the packaging.

Curious, he walked over to ask what was going on.

It turned out to be the same kind vendor who had given Yvonne snacks when they first entered the park. The man was friendly and didn't hesitate to answer.

70%

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“Oh, we’re not allowed to sell these anymore,” he explained while digging through the snack pile. “The supplier says they’re recalling everything with Yvonne’s image. Not allowed on the market anymore.”

By the time he’d sorted through it all, half his stall was empty.

Jeremy looked at Jan. “Wow. That was fast.”

Ian simply smiled.

At that moment, Yvonne, still hugging her snack bag, looked a little worried.

She glanced at the vendor with big, concerned eyes. “But… what if you don’t have money now?”

She remembered—she hadn't paid for the snacks she was holding.

And she could guess, vaguely, that this whole thing had something to do with her.

So if they were taking his stock back, and he didn't get paid for it, how was he supposed to earn a living?

The vendor froze for a second, then laughed brightly as he looked at the sweet little girl.

“Don’t worry, kiddo! They’re paying us back—and at full price. I’m actually making more money this way!”

The snacks he’d given her had cost 3.2 dollars to buy, and he usually sold them for 3.5. But the company was buying them back at full market price.

To him, it was like selling every last item instantly. He was thrilled.

Hearing that, Yvonne relaxed. She lay against Ian’s shoulder and, after a moment, peeked up at him and asked softly, “Ian… was it you?”

Ian smiled and leaned in. “Give me a kiss and I’ll tell you.”

Yvonne leaned up and gave him a sweet little smooch on the cheek, then quickly ducked her head again, her face turning pink as she clutched her snack bag tight.

Satisfied, Ian nodded and said, “It was me.”

He also added, “Even the empty wrappers on the ground will be bought back—full price.”

He didn't want to see Yvonne's face trampled underfoot, even if it was just on a crumpled snack bag.

Yvonne beamed, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder like a happy little kitten.

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“You’re the best.”

Just as the moment turned warm and sweet, someone had to ruin it.

A sharp, shrill voice rang out—a woman's voice Ian vaguely recognized.

“Honey, over here! That’s the guy who bullied me and my son earlier!”

76%

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He turned around. Sure enough, it was the mother and son pair they’d bumped into at the park entrance—only now she had a burly man with her.

The guy was built like a truck, muscles bulging beneath his jacket. Ian scanned his face—it looked familiar, but he couldn’t place him.

He’d met so many bodyguard types over the years, it wasn’t surprising he might’ve confused one with another.

The man looked at Ian, frowning. He also seemed to find Ian familiar.

The woman had overheard on their way out that all of Yvonne’s endorsed products were being pulled from the shelves. She was ecstatic.

‘Serves them right, she thought. ‘Acting all high and mighty earlier, refusing a simple photo!’

Her smile was smug as she sneered, “Well, well, if it isn’t the snobby little child model. What were you even acting so proud about? I asked for a picture, and you acted like a princess. Guess what? Now your products are being pulled. Bet you’re not so special anymore, huh?”

Meanwhile, Jeremy had pulled out his phone and quietly walked off to one side, dialing his dad’s assistant through WhatsApp.

He had nearly forgotten—this woman. She’d just reminded him of something.

He quickly got the number for the park’s general manager, dialing while keeping a close eye on the woman. He didn’t want her running off before he was done.

Back at the scene, the burly man gave Ian a once-over and smirked. Seeing that Ian wasn’t wearing any recognizable designer brands, he immediately dismissed him.

“Look, man,” he said casually, “it’s late. Just apologize to my wife and kid so we can all go home. No need to make a thing of it.”

The woman, chin tilted arrogantly, added with pride, “Didn’t I tell you? You messed with the wrong person. My husband’s a big deal.”

The man, pleased by her flattery, stuck a cigarette between his lips and grinned.

“Aw, I’m not that impressive. Just workin’ for one of those big-time bosses who calls the shots, makin’ a little cash on the side.”

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