

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Jan saw it. The guy was flashing that car key so deliberately, it was impossible to miss.

He glanced away, refusing to give the man the reaction he clearly wanted. Instead, he chuckled lightly and said, echoing the man’s earlier words, “You’re right. Nothing impressive.

The man choked on his cigarette—literally. He coughed so hard he turned beet red, humiliated on the spot.

Men, after all, cared about face—especially in public. Trying to save a little dignity, he pulled out another cigarette but didn’t light it this time. He just held it between his fingers, trying to look composed.

His tone, though still forced—casual, was noticeably colder. Clearly, he wasn’t thrilled. Still, he pretended otherwise, as if nothing had fazed him.

“Just got that car a month ago,” he said, voice tight. “Already getting bored of it—planning to upgrade soon. What about you, man? What do you drive? Give me a recommendation. If it’s decent, maybe I’ll get one too.”

He tried to make it sound like idle chit—chat, but it reeked of challenge.

Ian’s smile widened. His favorite car was actually a gift from Tinley—his first ever, given on his eighteenth birthday. That was the one he’d driven today, but he didn’t have the keys on him.

His eyes dropped to Yvonne, who was still hugging her snack bag, utterly oblivious.

Ignoring the three people across from him, Ian reached out and gently tapped her nose. When she looked up at him, he leaned in and said with a soft smile, “My favorite car is the one Tinley gave me. The license plate has your birthday on it.”

The one with the closest number match to Yvonne’s birthday was still with Tinley, but Ian had a near—identical plate, gifted to him by a former partner who clearly knew how to curry favor. Just one digit off.

Somehow, in that detail, he felt subtly connected to both Yvonne and Tinley.

Yvonne didn’t fully understand, but she nodded blankly, then whispered a quiet, “Thank you.”

Probably thanking him for liking Tinley’s gift.

Ian’s smile deepened, warm and unbothered.

But the man across from them? He was very bothered.

Feeling ignored, he furrowed his brow and blurted, “Hey, are you stupid or what?”

He’d asked a question about cars and got completely brushed off.

Had this guy dodged it on purpose because his car was embarrassing? That had to be it.

And if Ian didn’t respond, how was he supposed to show off?

Beside him, his wife gave Ian a dismissive once—over, scoffed, and sneered, “Look at him. What kind of fancy car could he possibly drive? Even if he has one, I bet it’s bought with the money that kid earns.”

She firmly believed her son could do the same job Yvonne did, but unlike these people, her family didn’t rely on a kid to earn a living.

Her husband had just been hired as a bodyguard to a very wealthy boss—wealth beyond anything she’d imagined before. They now lived in a luxury apartment provided by the boss, their kid’s school was fully covered too.

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In her eyes, they were no longer just regular people—they were different now.

Honestly, she’d been itching to brag about her husband’s job for a while. But having just moved to Strate City a month ago, she didn’t know anyone here.

So instead, she bragged to old friends online… who, after a while, simply stopped responding

Her thirst for validation had gone unquenched.

But today? She ran into a few soft targets and she wasn’t about to waste the opportunity,

Still, Ian remained completely unfazed. He looked at the burly man again, his gaze cool and calm.

“You’re a bodyguard, aren’t you?”

The man froze. His face stiffened, eyes narrowing with suspicion. “You in the business too?”

Ian looked down at his outfit—a soft pastel sweater that matched Yvonne’s, with a light pink shirt collar peeking out. He looked perfectly casual and polished.

He’d even heard two ladies whisper earlier that he looked like a young dad. A handsome one,

He’d spent forever fixing his hair that morning, had his clothes dry—cleaned by the Adlers, so he’d smell like Kelvin, all just to make Yvonne feel more comfortable with him.

And now someone mistook him for a bodyguard?

He felt… mildly defeated.

Still, he was in a good mood, so he decided to interpret the comment as a compliment to his height.

He lifted his gaze, the corners of his eyes curving ever so slightly.

With this kind of face, no matter what he wore, he still gave off husband—material vibes.

Usually in public, he didn’t bother arguing. In private, though? Whole different story.

“What’s your boss’s name?” he asked suddenly.

The man stiffened, his expression faltering. He opened his mouth but… nothing came out.

He didn’t know why, but something about Ian’s question made his gut twist.

He normally would’ve said it proudly. But right now… he hesitated. Hard.

At that moment, Jeremy returned from his call, still holding his phone—a brand—new limited—edition model released just last month, with only 100 units in all of Strate City.

The man’s unease grew. That phone…

If Jeremy found out what he was thinking, he’d probably laugh himself to death.

The phone looked like a flex, but it was honestly the cheapest thing Jeremy owned. He’d barely used it since buying it. The reflective logo caught the light just right—unfortunate timing.

As the crowd around them thinned, the amusement park’s manager came rushing out with two security guards, scanning the entrance anxiously.

Jeremy, being taller than most, waved casually to get their attention.

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The manager recognized him instantly. Even as a kid, Jeremy had been striking and handsome

Back then, he’d been the one to personally welcome the boy. And not much had changed

Except, well, he hadn’t gotten promoted in ten years.

After the boy left that day, the entire park got sold.

Still out of habit, he greeted, “Sir! If we’d known you were coming, we would’ve cleared the place for you ahead of me

Jeremy ignored the flattery. He jerked his chin toward the stunned couple and said coolly, ‘Get their names and got them on the blacklist. Make sure they can’t buy tickets ever again”

The woman panicked, stumbling back a step, her voice rising in panic. “Who even are you? What gives you the right to han us?!”

Jeremy had been waiting for someone to ask that question.

He grinned lazily, lifted a hand, and gestured toward the luxurious amusement park behind him.

“My dad bought this whole place,” he said, voice light, casual, almost bored. “Thought I liked it. So he bought it for me!

He added, even more nonchalantly, “And I don’t like you. So you’re not allowed in.”

Because if they were here, he wouldn’t be happy—and his dad bought this park to make him happy.

He was proud, smug even.

After all, in all the social circles he knew, no one else could say, “My dad bought me an amusement park because he thought I liked it.”

He was the crown prince—the one and only heir to this entire playground kingdom.