

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Even though the park manager had just watched this family get on Jeremy's bad side, he still approached them with perfect politeness.

Wearing a pleasant smile, he said in a courteous tone, "Excuse me, may I ask for your cooperation? We'd like to record both of your names for our system."

Technically, the couple could've refused. But in reality, they didn't dare.

Things had already spiraled far enough. Whether or not their names made it onto the blacklist, they both knew they wouldn't be coming back.

Pale-faced, they muttered their full names to the manager, then fled with their child, scrambling into the car like criminals on the run.

Inside the driver's seat, the man was breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling in panic.

After a long beat, he twisted around to glare at his wife, a mixture of shock and frustration in his voice. "You told me they were just normal people. How the hell did they end up owning the entire amusement park?"

The woman looked just as shaken. Her words stumbled out in a mess.

"I-I mean, they looked normal! Who lets their kid be a child model if they're that rich? I didn't know..."

Still clinging to hope, she tried to soothe him, "It's fine, honey. It's just one amusement park. Your boss is a real CEO. He's on a whole different level..."

The man said nothing. The cigarette he'd been holding all this time finally lit with trembling fingers. He shut the car door and exhaled a heavy cloud of smoke, worry etched deep into his brows.

"Let's hope so..."

But then he remembered—his name had just been given to that man.

His fingers started shaking, the cigarette bobbing unsteadily between them. Time seemed to warp as the ember slowly crept to the filter.

He didn't even notice until the glowing tip burned his skin.

"Shit!" He hissed and instinctively pressed it out—with his bare fingers.

"No, no, no..." he muttered, desperately trying to push the thought out of his head. "He wouldn't... he couldn't..."

But his heart was pounding faster and faster. The longer he thought, the colder his scalp felt.

The guy looked dazed, like he'd been hit with a brick, and it scared the woman in the back seat. Even the kid looked ready to burst into tears.

"Honey, what's wrong with you?" she asked nervously. "He's just the owner of an amusement park—why are you freaking out like this?"

The man swallowed, then turned to her with a low growl in his voice. "What the hell did you say to that guy before I got there?"

It was the first time he'd ever spoken to her in that tone—gruff, harsh, and loaded with fear. She froze.

Her guilty conscience flickered across her face, and she didn't dare tell the truth.

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Back then, she'd mocked them to her heart's content. She'd even thought about blocking their way just for fun.

But there was no way she could admit that now.

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"I... I didn't say anything," she insisted. "I really only said a couple of things. Come on, you know me. And anyway, if he is someone powerful, he's not gonna waste time going after people like us. Don't you always say rich people have better things

to do?"

The man thought of his boss—kind, generous, patient with everyone from top executives to janitors.

If that guy from earlier really was cut from the same cloth... maybe this would blow over,

After all, with that kind of money, who cared about a couple of snide remarks?

Both husband and wife clung to that shared hope.

Outside the park gates, Ian watched their car disappear down the road, then turned back to Jeremy with a raised brow, "You really like this place, huh?"

Jeremy coughed lightly, not even pretending to play it cool. "I do," he admitted. "Honestly, if he'd told me sooner, I would've liked it even more."

For some reason, that struck Ian right in the funny bone. He burst out laughing, the kind that made his shoulders shake.

Yvonne and the other child looked at him with wide, confused eyes, unsure what was so funny.

Ian calmed down a little, still grinning as he half-mocked, half-joked, "Typical overbearing CEO behavior. They never explain anything to their kids. You ever see one of those guys talking about their feelings?"

Jeremy, a veteran of online web novels, nodded solemnly. "Ian, that's so accurate."

The CEO trope was real.

Kelvin was practically the living embodiment of a silent, emotionally-stunted male lead straight out of a drama.

Jeremy made a mental note to read more CEO web novels when he got home—he had to learn how to decode his dad's silent affection.

As they walked toward the parking lot, Ian carrying Yvonne and Jeremy at his side, the conversation never stopped flowing. Then Jeremy paused, struck by a pang of guilt.

"Actually... my dad's not that bad," he said softly.

Ian nodded, serious for once. "He's really not."

'Especially not with a son like you,' Ian thought silently.

In the hierarchy of unreasonable people across their two families, Richard still held the crown. But Jeremy was a strong runner-up.

Right now, everyone's attention was focused on Richard, so Jeremy had escaped scrutiny for the time being.

But once Richard's access to Yvonne got restricted, Jeremy would definitely be next in line for correction.

A flash of inspiration hit Ian. This was his chance—to purify the boy.

"You know," Ian said smoothly, "you should give your dad a break. And don't forget us uncles either—we've all had a tough

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time raising you. Try not to follow in your grandpa's footsteps, okay?"

If he could properly straighten out Jereiny, that was one less competitor fighting him for Yvonne's affection. A win-win.

But Jeremy wasn't listening. He only heard what he wanted to hear.

Selective hearing at its finest.

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By the time they reached the car, Jeremy had finished his moment of reflection and moved on to new, shameless ambitions. His eyes landed on Ian's license plate, and without skipping a beat, he said, "Ian, when I turn eighteen, you should give me this license plate as a coming-of-age gift. I really like it."

Ian stared at him in silence.

This kid was beyond help.