

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 214

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Ever since Grizzlyworld Corp.'s products were pulled from shelves the night before, CEO Jazen Massey had a gnawing feeling that something was very, very wrong.

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His team kept trying to calm him down, insisting the child on the packaging was just some random kid—nothing to worry about.

But now, staring at the official subpoena from Chronos Legal, Jaxen erupted in fury, flipping chairs and slamming his desk before turning on his design director, Cody Cantu.

“You told me she was just a kid! So why the hell am I getting sued by Chronos Legal?!”

Cody stood frozen, pale and trembling, taking the full brunt of the verbal assault.

He didn’t even dare respond. Thirty minutes of relentless shouting later, all he could do was lower his head and replay the beginning of this mess in his mind.

It had all started with a casual scroll on X. He’d stumbled upon a wallpaper account that had posted a picture of a smiling little girl—round face, bright eyes, healthy glow.

She looked so warm, so pure, so... marketable.

Cody, seeing an opportunity, thought: Parents will love this. Their products were designed for moms and children, and this girl's face was practically made for packaging.

He'd messaged the original poster, asking about the source. The reply? “All images from the internet.”

That was all the green light Cody needed. He saved the high-res version, sent it to the printer, and slapped the girl's face across an initial test run of snacks.

To his surprise, the reaction was overwhelmingly positive. Distributors reported higher sales, retailers praised the new packaging—and that was when Cody came clean to Jaxen: the image had been pulled from the internet and wasn't properly licensed.

Jaxen hesitated. No one had complained. No lawsuits had come. The profits were rolling in. So he gave in to temptation, greenlit full-scale production, and watched the money pour in.

They expanded the line. Launched new flavors. Even started seeing their products on endcaps in major shopping malls.

To add to the illusion, they gave the girl a name—Jolene Case—and labeled her as their “brand ambassador” right on the packaging, with a full backstory to boot.

Soon, other companies in the children’s sector reached out, wanting “Jolene” to endorse their products too. But Jaxen, riddled with guilt, dodged every offer with vague excuses.

He thought they’d gotten away with it.

Then came the legal hammer.

As soon as Jaxen saw the name Chronos Legal, his knees went weak.

Not just any firm—the top-tier, take-no-prisoners legal unit known across the industry as Richard Adler’s personal war machine.

If they wanted to destroy you, it wasn't a matter of if. It was when.

Jaxen, overwhelmed with dread, kicked Cody again. “Who the hell is that girl?!”

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“I... I don't know...” Cody stammered, clutching his ribs.

He pulled out his phone and used Google's reverse image search. Nothing came up. He then went back to the original X account, but the post was gone. Panicked, he messaged the wallpaper poster again.

Minutes later, a reply came: [That post was flagged and removed. Every time I try to re-upload the image, it's auto-blocked. System says it violates policy.]

Both men froze. That... wasn't normal.

It finally dawned on them: this girl wasn't just some random kid. They had messed with someone untouchable. Jaxen was on the verge of collapse. “You did this. And now I'm gonna lose everything.”

So far, no one else at the company knew. The two locked themselves in the office, frantically brainstorming

And then—a knock on the door. They jumped.

It was the secretary, oblivious to the tension inside. Smiling, she held up her phone.

“Our official account is blowing up. That thing we did—buying back the snack bags with Jolene’ on them at full price—it’s gone viral. Everyone’s talking about it.”

Their account had ballooned from 5,000 followers to over 70,000 overnight.

Suddenly, Cody’s eyes lit up.

“I’ve got it,” he blurted. “Let’s apologize online. Publicly. If we control the narrative, we might get the public on our side.”

Jaxen gave him a cold glare. “What the hell good would that do? All it'll do is make us look guiltier.”

“No, no—listen,” Cody pressed. “These days, the internet’s full of bleeding hearts. If we admit fault and act sincerely, people will follow the outcome. And if Chronos tries to crush us, the public might start sympathizing with us. Maybe even pressure them to back off.”

Jaxen didn’t respond right away. He paced. Frowned. Weighed his rapidly shrinking options. Finally, he gave a stiff nod.

Fine. No harm in trying. In fact, best-case scenario? Maybe another company who’d been crushed by Chronos Legal in the past would speak up and rally behind them.

That hope was all he had.

So Jaxen filmed an apology video in his office, with Cody holding the phone. He spoke slowly and somberly, eyes red-rimmed, voice trembling with regret.

He claimed ignorance—that it was all the design department’s fault—and admitted they’d violated a child’s image rights. He pledged to return all profits made from the infringing products.

The moment the video went live, it hit the feeds of their new followers.

Comments poured in.

[Ohhh so that’s why they were buying back all the packaging at full price—makes sense now.]

[Poor guy. He didn't even know. At least he's owning up to it.]

[Honestly? He seems sincere. The kid's image is already off the market, and now he's willing to pay back all the profits? Respect.]

What the internet didn’t know was that the whole recycling—at-full-price initiative wasn't even Jaxen’s idea.

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He had no part in it. But that didn't stop public perception from twisting in his favor.

As he sat there reading the flood of supportive comments, Jaxen felt a wave of cold sweat slide down his back

He couldn't let the truth come out.

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He hesitated, debated internally, then finally forced his fingers to move. Under one of the top-liked comments, he replied [No matter the cost, we'll do everything we can to make this right.)

He hadn't technically confirmed anything—but he'd said enough.

Then, for good measure, he pinned that comment to the top.

Now, every new viewer clicking into the video would see it: the fake remorse, the implied full cooperation, the illusion of integrity.

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