

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Seeing the overwhelming support online, Jaxen finally let go of the last bit of guilt gnawing at him.

A few dissenting voices popped up in the comments, but they were quickly drowned out. Relieved, he paid to promote his video, letting the platform push it to a wider audience.

Setting his phone down, he turned to Cody, feeling more at ease. "Looks like most people on the internet still have common sense."

Cody gave a sheepish smile, trying to keep him in a good mood.

To boost engagement further, he even launched a giveaway under the official account, and sure enough, it pulled in even more attention.

They were biding their time—waiting for the topic to peak—before dropping their trump card: revealing that Chronos Legal had tried to sue them.

It was a classic underdog move. Big-name law firm picking on a small business? No matter how you spun it, it would look like bullying. Public opinion would be on their side.

Jaxen had the whole plan laid out, and he and Cody spent the afternoon in the office going over every detail.

What he didn't anticipate was that the video would be discovered earlier than expected—by exactly the wrong person.

Because he'd bought traffic, the platform's algorithm pushed the video to highly active users.

And by sheer luck, it landed right on Jeremy's screen.

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Jeremy had just come back from skiing with friends. Slouched on the couch, he pulled out his phone, untouched all day, intending to check what his friends had been up to.

Instead, the very first thing on his feed was a chubby middle-aged man with an oily face and teary eyes, acting like he'd been terribly wronged.

Jeremy watched for two seconds—and recoiled. Disgust twisted his expression as he swiped away with lightning speed.

The moment that man's face disappeared from the screen, he felt like he could breathe again.

His feed was usually full of friends and old connections from Blorence City.

One of them had just posted a video of a pickup game with the usual crew.

Everyone looked like they were having a good time, though a few jabs made it into the audio.

"If Jeremy were here, we'd be unstoppable."

"Please, that guy ditched us for girls without even blinking. I'm flying to Strate City this break and I'm

gonna

dunk

on him."

"Count me in. Let's roll deep."

Jeremy chuckled, then typed seriously into the comments: [Not girls—my girl. Sixteen years old. Prime age for prong my little sister.]

He gave the post a like and kept scrolling.

And then, bam, the same pathetic middle-aged man popped up again.

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Jeremy flinched. His phone instinctively drifted farther from his face. Who the hell is this guy?

The man hadn't even finished his first sentence before Jeremy felt his eyes had been assaulted. He swiped away like he was under attack.

But the algorithm was relentless.

A few scrolls later—third time's the charm—the same video surfaced again.

This time, Jeremy was too annoyed to ignore it. He decided to watch, just to see what this guy had spent so much money promoting.

He'd seen that kind of face before—scheming and sly, the kind that triggered instinctive distrust. That's why he'd been repulsed from the start.

But the more he listened, the more familiar it all sourced.

Copyright infringement? A demand for an apology? Wait a minute—wasn't this about his sister's case?

He kept watching, his face hardening.

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There it was. The man, red-eyed, putting on an Oscar-worthy victim act, while twisting the narrative completely. Jeremy was livid.

Where did this guy get the audacity?

Jeremy opened the comments and was floored by how shameless the lies

were.

Claiming they'd repurchased all the products on the market—including ones already thrown away?

That was Ian's doing. Since when did that become their company's credit?

He scrolled further, only to find waves of praise for the man's so-called sincerity.

Jeremy let out a bitter laugh, equal parts furious and amused.

He saved the video and immediately dropped it into the family group chat—one that included both his family and the Holmes family, but notably not the Adlers or Anthony.

To be safe, and to make sure Richard saw it, he even tracked him down in person, phone in hand.

Richard, who was already nursing bruised pride over recent events, was instantly enraged. He'd seen cheap tricks before—hell, he invented most of them. And this? This was amateur hour.

Buy traffic? Stage a giveaway? Try to manipulate public opinion?

Fine. Since they had money to throw around, they could afford to pay compensation—generously.

He forwarded the video to the in-house legal team with a cold, curt message: [You know what to do.]

And that's how the legal department found themselves burning the midnight oil once again.

Online drama meant nothing to them. Especially when they had the moral high ground. Since joining Chronos Legal, they'd never had a case so solid.

They immediately set up a new X account (yes, a brand new one), timed precisely with the evening rush when traffic was at its peak.

Then they bought ad space—real ad space. Across every major platform: social media, browsers, forums, you name it. This

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was true full spectrum exposure.

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Why? Simple—Richard was loaded. And