

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 216

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A few top-voted comments had floated to the very top-right where the Chronos Legal team could sex them

The moment they noticed people questioning whether Miss Adler even existed, they panicked, Word by word, dey begao carefully typing out replies to netizens, dead serious.

[She's real. We have a Miss Adler who just turned four]

[Our boss never scolds us. He's extremely kind, warm, and approachable.]

Their painfully earnest tone made people laugh out loud. Not long after, someone in the comments posted a photo of the little girl in question-Yvonne herself, cute as a dumpling,

The image was scrubbed within thirty seconds, but not before dozens of people saved it. Sure, it couldn't be posted gy anymore, but privately? It was spreading like wildfire,

Once the internet got a look at Yvonne's heartbreakingly adorable face, everything dicked into place.

No wonder Jaxen risked a lawsuit just to steal her photo and slap it on his merch-she was too cute,

The comment section turned into a chaotic free-for-all. Memes flew, people brought out the metaphorical burlap wees, while others tried to do serious analysis. It was a mess.

Then someone who had just seen the Grizzlyworld Corp CEO's apology video earlier that day connected the dots-de penny dropped.

They had defended him that afternoon, and now they realized they'd been played.

This wasn't just any kid. She was the granddaughter of the big boss at Chronos's parent company-basically the most powerful person in the industry. And this man had gone and picked a copyright fight with them.

They felt utterly betrayed.

If someone like that wanted to fight back, you were doomed the moment they looked your way. Even when they were in the wrong, they'd argue you into the ground. But if they were in the right? You were done.

One by one, commenters began deleting their earlier words of sympathy and started roasting the guy instead.

[We pledged brotherhood and you treated us like fools.]

[Oh, I get it now. You were using us as cannon fodder to go up against Chronos Legal. Bold move, bro.]

[I always said this guy had shifti eyes. No one believed me.]

That evening, after dinner, Jaxen opened his phone, hoping to read some encouraging messages. Instead, the first thing shoved in his face was a formal post from Chronos Legal. He jumped.

Scrolling through five videos, three of them were gossip accounts talking about this exact scandal.

Even after hitting "mute," the content kept coming. His inbox showed 99+ unread messages, and his hands started shaking- he didn't even dare open it.

He just froze, staring at the screen while a marketing influencer's voice droned on, replaying the Chronos announcement over and over.

That's when he learned-through the gossip video, of all places-that the child they'd infringed upon wasn't just any child. She was the granddaughter of the top boss at Chronos's global parent company.

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His face went pale. His brain could only process two words: "It's over."

Only now, when backed into a corner, did he realize how badly he'd messed up.

And it was too late,

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Inspired by his own stunt, Chronos had bought traffic too-and they were clearly planning to push this to every feed on the internet.

Just as the buzz was hitting fever pitch, Strate City's biggest auction house, Horizon Tower, casually launched their X (formerly Twitter) account.

These days, they were very favored by Tinley, and it showed-they acted like they owned the place.

After all, Tinley had discovered Yvonne through them, which made the auction house oddly precious to her.

With someone powerful backing them, they had swagger to spare.

And the first thing they did after creating the account?

Jump under Chronos Legal's post-to claim, Yvonne. Right there in the comments, they snatched the child.

Then they posted a follow-up, clarifying: all those knock-off products and trashy merch had been collected and recycled by order of their boss, and had nothing to do with Grizzlyworld Corp.

Some people who'd come in for the drama had no idea what Horizon Tower even was. But others quickly filled them in.

[Horizon Tower is the largest auction house in Strate City. Invitation-only. The criteria are insanely strict. Just know: they're a big deal.]

Most people didn't really care about which auction house was king of what city. Still, the sheer vibe of power was enough to make an impression.

But one question remained. [So... who exactly is Yvonne's family?]

Horizon Tower replied without hesitation: [Ours. Our boss's biological daughter.]

The internet, naturally, played along. [Got it. Yours. Loud and clear.]

[Okay, but what about Chronos Legal? Who are they, then?]

[Don't tell me they're also trying to snatch Yvonne?]

People lived for this kind of chaos. Everyone jumped into the comments like it was a spectator sport.

Chronos Legal's social team was still dazed when their assistant called, voice urgent.

"What are you waiting for? Go fight back! The internet's saying we're just some fake parents. Richard's furious-he's so mad he can't even sleep."

The legal team hesitated. "But Jovanni... Yvonne is technically theirs. Can we really fight over her?"

Jovanni sighed, pure exasperation. These people had been with Richard for years, and still their moral compass annoyingly intact.

"You all need to lower your ethical standards. Does Horizon Tower represent the Holmes family? No. Tinley's asleep right now with Yvonne. This is clearly Moonferry acting on its own. We've got Richard backing us-what are you afraid of? Snatch with confidence. Whoever wins, gets the kid."

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Even Richard, who was weathering the storm at the front lines, hari'r cald a versed as utca won they be about?

Besides, Richard himself had told them Tinley was asleep

Yvonne had gone to bed early, and Tinley always followed her daughter's and for everyone for the sight w started-but mother and daughter were already dreaming peacefully

After getting thoroughly chewed out, the legal team finally snapped to action and joined the doggie do Can Bene

They'd never done this sort of thing before, but they'd seen others do it online And that we

Most netizens didn't know or care about the internal politics between the two companies. Ar die sont & was smile Whoever sounded more convincing owned the kid.

Viewers watched, slack-jawed, as two of the most powerful organizations in their respective fable filost or one to pitkic over a four-year-old. It took them a while to process what they were seeing,

Then someone commented: [So this is it... we're just spectators in their narrative.

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