

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 219

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As the car pulled out of the alley, the driver spotted a woman standing in the middle of the road.

He glanced at the rearview mirror. “Mr. Adler, there’s a woman blocking the road up ahead.”

The car slowed slightly, waiting for instructions.

“Go around her,” Richard said flatly.

He’d gotten up early that morning—much earlier than usual. After last night’s chaos on X, he suspected Tinley might confront him, so he slipped out of the house by 7 a.m., planning to check in at both the office and construction site. He wasn’t just early. He was strategic.

Yvonne didn’t leave for school until 9 a.m., which meant Tinley wouldn’t have the time to argue with him until after that.

By figuring out the Holmes family’s schedule, Richard had basically unlocked cheat mode: leave before Yvonne’s day starts, come home after she’s back, and as long as the little one’s around, no one would give him a hard time.

At the moment, he was feeling rather smug. He’d show Tinley just how sharp a seasoned man could be.

The driver began to turn the wheel, but the woman ahead must’ve realized she was about to be bypassed.

A flicker of hesitation crossed her face, then she gritted her teeth and charged toward the car with desperate resolve.

The bodyguards waiting near the alley quickly stepped in to block her.

She struggled, clearly unwilling to give up.

Richard’s good mood vanished. His expression darkened. “Ask her what she wants,” he said.

Seeing the car stop beside her, the woman’s eyes lit up with hope. Just judging by the car model, she could tell whoever was inside was someone important.

Once the driver asked, the bodyguards eased their grip.

She leaned in, speaking loudly with pleading eyes: “Sir, my husband is the CEO of Grizzlyworld Corp. I’m here to apologize.”

The driver relayed her words verbatim.

Richard looked out the window, his brows knitting. His voice was cold.

“What, the company’s run out of men? Had to send a woman to say sorry?”

The driver scanned the area. “Mr. Adler, looks like there are others.”

Sure enough, parked nearby was another car. Inside it, Jaxen had been hiding.

The moment he saw Brylee successfully stop the car and speak to someone inside, his eyes lit up.

She actually managed to do it—maybe she wasn’t completely useless after all. He jumped out and rushed over.

“Mr. Adler,” the driver murmured, “he’s coming.”

Richard recognized that bloated face instantly.

Jeremy had shoved his phone in his face last night, replaying the man’s apology video on loop. The disgust from then hadn’t

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faded one bit

Now, seeing that he’d stayed in the car while sending his wife out to beg? Richard’s opinion tanked even lower.

Oblivious to who was inside, Jaxen put on a smile and tried to smooth things over

“I apologize for my wife stopping your car, I’m the CEO of Grizzlyworld Corp—I’m here to apologize in person to Mr. Adler. May I ask if he’s in this vehicle?”

The driver glanced at Richard’s stone—cold face, then turned back.

“Mr. Adler does not accept private apologies. If you have something to say, wait for court and speak with our legal team”

Jaxen panicked and quickly took a few steps forward.

“Wait, please!” he raised his voice, trying to peer inside. “Mr. Adler, I know we made a mistake. I came here today in full sincerity. Whatever conditions you set—I’m willing to accept them.”

The car remained silent. But Jaxen was sure—someone inside had heard him.

He stood there, anxiously searching the window for a reaction.

Finally, the driver responded, voice clipped.

“Sorry, sir. Take your wife and leave.”

It was clear from Richard’s expression—he despised this man.

So did the driver. Sending your wife to stop traffic while you sat hiding in a cap? That was a whole new level of low.

Desperate, Jaxen stepped in front of the car. As the bodyguards moved to drag him away, he shot Brylee a look.

She hesitated—then, before everyone’s eyes, dropped to her knees in front of the car. “Mr. Adler, please… we’re begging you for another chance.”

Even the driver flinched. He immediately looked to Richard for a reaction.

Already in a foul mood, Richard’s expression turned downright stormy.

“Get her up. What is this? You think my life’s too peaceful and want to drag me into a scandal?”

The driver barked to the guards, “What are you standing there for? Get her up—now!”

‘Do they not want their jobs anymore?’ he thought.

Brylee let herself be pulled up, limp in the guards’ hands.

But Jaxen, ever the opportunist, thought he saw a crack in the wall.

“Mr. Adler,” he quickly added, “we know we hurt you and Miss Adler. This is our sincerity.”

Then, turning toward his pale, trembling wife, he barked, “Mr. Adler hasn’t forgiven us yet—how dare you Brylee’s body gave a visible shudder. She looked like she might collapse right then and there.

stand up!”

Even the driver couldn’t take it anymore. He leaned out the window and snapped, “What kind of man treats his wife like that?”

Even as a bystander, it made his blood boil.

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The woman clearly wasn’t in good health—thin as a twig, trembling like a leaf.

Jazen gave an awkward laugh, face thick with denial.

“We just wanted to show sincerity. My wife agreed to this. She volunteered

Richard had heard enough. He was visibly annoyed. “Get rid of him

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He couldn’t stand men like this—men who let women clean up their messes. He’d seen a few in his day, but Jaxen was in a league of his own.

In Richard’s seventy years of life, he’d never seen one of those men end well.

As soon as he gave the order, the driver waved toward the guards. They dropped Brylee and went straight for Jaxen, grabbing him hard.

The man cried out, clearly in pain.

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“Okay, okay! I’ll walk! Just let go, I’ll walk!”

But the guards didn’t listen. They dragged him far off, his groans trailing behind.

Brylee stood in front of the car, dazed. She wiped away her tears, staring after her husband.

The driver leaned out gently. “Ma’am, you should head back too. Mr. Adler’s on his way to work.”

Brylee instinctively stepped back. Then, red-eyed, she asked quietly, “Is there really no way to help my husband?”

The driver sighed, clearly pitying her.

“Mr. Adler had considered showing leniency. But he ruined that himself. Court is in thirteen days. You’d best think about protecting yourself.”

With that, the window rolled up slowly.

Only after the car drove off did Brylee fully process what he’d said.

She looked at the vehicle shrinking in the distance, then back at her husband waiting by their car.

One line echoed in her mind: “Protect yourself.”

There was no doubt—Grizzlyworld was about to be gutted in court.

And Jaxen? After offending the Adlers, no company in Strate City would dare touch him.

The idea of starting over somewhere else? Laughable. Jaxen didn’t have what it took.

And they still had three children to feed.

How was she supposed to protect herself—and her kids—in all this? Slowly, she walked back to their car.

And as expected, the moment she climbed in, she was met with a storm of blame. Jaxen ranted, shouted, tore into her like she’d ruined everything.

Brylee sat in silence. She was used to it. Every time he failed out there, he came home and took it out on her.

But this time....she wasn’t sure how much longer she could keep living like this.