

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Inside the room, the recording brought by Wilson was playing. It had been played countless times.

Wendy stepped outside for a moment, her phone pressed to her ear as she made a long call, continuously giving instructions to the person on the other end.

After about 10 minutes, she hung up.

Wendy was about to head back in when her phone lit up and started vibrating again.

She checked the caller ID before answering the call

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A voice came through on the other end, and Wendy listened carefully. Her furrowed brow gradually relaxed, and in the end. she said calmly, "I understand."

With that, Wendy put away her phone and walked back into the room.

Wendy approached Tinley, who was sitting by the window. She lowered her head and whispered. "Our people say they spotted Ms. Holmes at the flea market, and they sent me a few photos."

She found the photos that were sent to her and selected the clearest one.

Tinley raised her eyelids slightly, her cold gaz

softening as she observed it

The photo on Wendy's phone was sharp and clear. In the center, a child was being held by someone. The child wore an adorable cartoon mask that covered their face, leaving only tiny holes for the eyes--making it impossible to tell who they

were.

But Tinley recognized her at once.

There was no mistaking that chubby, adorable face--it had to be Yvonne.

ching those of the two men from the Adler family across

The two men next to Yvonne were equally familiar, their builds matching the street.

Tinley's eyelids fluttered slightly as her protective instincts took over. "Keep an eye on Yvonne, but don't make it too obvious, and don't disturb her," she ordered.

Wendy nodded and went out to give orders.

It was Yvonne's first time drinking coffee, and in the afternoon, while they were at someone else's house, Richard had been too busy bragging to his elderly friends to keep an eye on her.

Yvonne went over to play with the family's dog. When she got thirsty, she came back to Richard and drank cup after cup of

coffee.

After dinner, Yvonne did not feel the slightest bit sleepy, so she wandered across the street and encountered Jeremy, who also could not sleep.

Tugging Stefan with him, Jeremy swung by to tell Tinley they were taking Yvonne out for some late--night fun before they

headed off.

Tinley never expected them to end up in the flea market.

The place itself was not a problem. If Jeremy had been alone with Yvonne. Tinley would have already them back.

sent someone to bring

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But with Stefan tagging along. Tinley felt that letting Yvonne go for a walk and burn off some energy did not seem like such

Jeremy looked around, eyes wide with amazement as he gazed at the lively street before him.

He could not help but feel a pang of regret, wishing he had discovered this earlier. Jeremy sighed. "If I'd known the flea market was this fun. I wouldn't have wasted time going to the company to find Dad earlier."

When they left their house earlier, their plan was to pick Kelvin up from work, but by the time they got to the office, it was already empty.

They quickly called Kelvin, only to find out he had just left a few minutes before.

With no particular destination in mind, the three of them drove aimlessly around the city.

Though there were plenty of nighttime entertainment options, Stefan and Jeremy were with Yvonne and could not go anywhere too wild.

The trio eventually ended up in the heart of the city. Originally, they had planned to take Yvonne inside, thinking there would not be many people at night, but the area was still busy, and before they knew it, they had wandered into the flea

market.

The flea market--a name that evoked a sense of mystery.

Jeremy also vaguely remembered hearing from a friend that the place was filled with illegal items, and both the sellers and buyers there had a certain daring boldness about them.

Stefan had initially been against the idea, but Jeremy persistently begged him, clinging to his arm and refusing to let go.

Eventually, the three of them made their way to a small stall at the edge of the alley, picking out masks.

This was a gray zone where all sorts of dubious items could be found, both real and fake mixed together. To avoid potential conflict, everyone was required to wear a mask before entering the flea market

The small stall was piled high with an assortment of masks.

Jeremy was drawn to the ones with sharp fangs and menacing faces, thinking they reflected his own intimidating side.

Despite his usual playful demeanor, Jeremy saw himself as quite a frightening person deep down.

He picked up one of the masks and carefully examined the intricate patterns when, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a set of cartoon family masks tucked away in the far corner.

Jeremy paused for a moment, then scoffed. "Whose kid left these here?"

They are gathering dust, and who'd even choose these? A real man should go for something bold like the one I'm holding he thought.

While Jeremy was lost in thought, Yvonne's voice, full of joy, cut through the silence. "Wow! Look at that!"

Jeremy glanced over, noticing Yvonne nestled in Stefan's arms, her fascinated gaze fixed on the cartoon masks at the stall.

A sense of dread crept into his heart.

Sure enough, the next moment, Yvonne pointed at the set of family--themed cartoon masks in the corner.

"Let's get these masks!" she chirped, her voice sweet and full of enthusiasm. She immediately started assigning roles. "Jeremy, you'll be the dad, Stefan will be the mom, and I'll be the baby!"

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Jeremy and Stefan fell silent.

Normally, if it were any other situation, Jeremy would have broken into a goofy smile, rushing over to compliment how cute

Yvonne was

But right now, he felt like he was on the verge of breaking down.

"No. Yvonne, I don't want to be a dad yet....

Jeremy tried to come up with some nonsense to change Yvonne's mind.

The sweet and kind--hearted Yvonne was easy to persuade, and after a moment's thought, she happily agreed.

Just as Jeremy thought he was off the hook, she added. "How about you guys switch? You can be the mom, and Stefan can be the dad!"

Jeremy was, of course, still reluctant. As he continued to reason with Yvonne, the perceptive Stefan had already asked the stall owner to bring over the "Dad" role mask

Stefan could not wear it at that moment because he was holding Yvonne.

But he was content just having it in his hand.

Jeremy sighed, still unwilling. This isn't about who plays what role--I'm 16 years old! Isn't this mask a little too childish for me!

Yvonne's mouth parted slightly, staring at him with a dazed and surprised look. "I don't understand what you're saying

Her adorable and innocent expression melted the coldness off Jeremy's face.

Forget it. Yvonne is freaking adorable. Guess I'm losing this battle today, as usual, Jeremy thought.

Jeremy had been stubborn before, but somehow, he had caved into this whole cartoon family game.

He turned to the stall owner, ready to claim his "Dad" mask

However, the stall owner merely gestured toward Stefan, making it clear where the mask had gone.

Jeremy followed the direction and spotted his mask--securely in Stefan's hands.

His eyes widened slightly as he firmly asserted his role. Tm the dad!"

Stefan, ever composed, simply moved the mask behind his back. "Not anymore," he replied with cool indifference.

Jeremy never imagined the composed and dignified Stefan would actually fight him over something so childish.

But Jeremy refused to back down--there was no way he was taking the "Mom" role.

Yvonne already decided earlier. Jeremy insisted, his voice filled with conviction. "Tm the dad"

"You said you didn't want it, so she reassigned the roles," Stefan said.

"Yes, I did say that--but this was not what I meant at all! Jeremy thought

For a few seconds, Jeremy was struck speechless. At that moment, Yvonne, nestled in Stefan's arms, solemnly took on the role of mediator.

said.

"Stefan's right. You said you didn't want to be the dad, so no changing your mind now," Yvonne sai

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