

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 283

Chapter 283

It was not just Vonne—Jeremy himself found the scene oddly familiar

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As die examined the items at the stall, a man in a mask crouched down beside him. The man seemed interested in a pair of cups with black glaze and brown spots.

The flea market had strict rules one could look at the goods but not ask about their origins.

The man did not speak, simply holding a flashlight in his hand and carefully turning the cups over. After a moment, he began to bargain with the vendor.

Jeremy glanced at the cups again, his expression turning increasingly strange.

Fearing he might let something slip, Jeremy quickly stood up and walked off.

Once he was a good distance away, Jeremy turned back to look at the man, still haggling with the stall owner, and could not help but let out a sigh

“Now I get why this is a flea market. There sure are a lot of fake goods here,” Jeremy muttered.

Stefan turned to him and asked, “How can you be sure it’s fake?”

Jeremy answered without hesitation, “Because we already have those at home. There’s no way ours could be fake.”

Jeremy was quite aware of his family’s financial standing, unlike Yvonne.

As he mentioned the cups, a hint of wistfulness crossed his gaze.

“When Yvonne was taken back to the Holines residence, I was thinking of going to their house with a bowl and acting like I was in a tough spot. But I couldn’t find it, so I grabbed a cup and chipped it on purpose. I hit it too hard, though, and it shattered right in my hand, Jeremy said.

The atmosphere became a little tense for a moment, and Stefan felt somewhat at a loss for words. He bit his lip and spoke, his tone slightly annoyed. “How can you be so extravagant?”

Devon, who had blended into the crowd could not have agreed more.

It was not just extravagance—it was outright recklessness!

A valuable antique had been destroyed by this troublemaker. How did the Adler family raise their children to be so wild and untamed If Lever have the opportunity to speak with Madam Tinley, I will definitely bring this up.

A kid like this should not be anywhere near Ms. Holmes. If Ms. Holmes grows up learning to smash antiques like him, what’s to become of her?’ Devon thought.

When Stefan accused him of being extravagant, Jeremy could not help but feel a little unjustly blamed

When he broke the item, neither Richard nor Kelvin intervened. Hence, Jeremy thought it was not worth much

Suddenly, Jeremy felt a bit disillusioned by the flea market.

Perhaps it was the familiarity of some of the items here that made Yvonne feel as though she were back home, and after a while of looking around, she began to feel sleepy.

Yvonne nestled against Stefan, let out a soft yawn, and her eyes grew misty.

“I want to sleep, Stefan, Yvonne mumbled in a sofi, babyish voice.

14:39 H, 11 Apr

Chapter 283

Hearing her soft mumble, Stefan stopped walking. He glanced at her before calling out to Jeremy Let’s head back”

Yvonne still had that silly little musk on, and it was anything but comfortable for sleeping

> Jeremy was not ready to leave. He had yet to find a rare, forgotten treasure among the vendor stalls, just like in those novels, and he could not bring himself to leave empty-handed

He turned back and tried to cheer Yvonne up. Don't sleep yet. Yvonne Give me a moment to find something valuable Once I do, I'll sell it and buy you some treats"

But Yvonne was not interested. She instinctively tried to nuzzle deeper into Stefan’s embrace, but the mask pressed uncomfortably against her face. Beneath it, her eyes quickly filled with tears

“I don’t want to eat. Yvonne said.

Right now, all she longed for was the warmth of her mother’s embrace as she drifted off to sleep.

Jeremy responded absentmindedly. “Alright, alright, strawberry cake it is.”

Yvonne, ever the easygoing child, simply went limp against Stefan, making no further fuss.

“A truly deepy child can deep anywhere. Honestly, if it weren’t for me, Yvonne might have never known what it’s like to sleep in such a harsh environment.” Jeremy quipped, the sheer smugness in his tone enough to drive anyone up the wall

Stefan stared at him expressionlessly. “Do you even realize what you’re saying?”

Devon, who was lurking nearby, could not agree more. Exactly! Does this guy even hear himself? he thought

The more Devon observed Jeremy, the more he found Jeremy insufferable. Not only did Jeremy smash antiques, but now he was keeping Yvonne from sleeping. He wondered, How could someone be so heartless?

Kieliculous. Ms. Holmes has probably never suffered like this in her life, and now she’s getting the full experience, thanks to

Adjusting his earpiece, Devon muttered, “Have our people ahead slow him down. Toss him something valuable so he takes the bat and leave”

After receiving his order, the people below hurried to make arrangements

Not long after, a few more items were discreetly added to one of the stalls.

Unlike the neighboring vendors who remained composed, this particular stall owner appeared restless. He kept stretching his neck to glance behind him as if waiting for someone, clearly on edge.

Behind his stool sat a box draped in black cloth its contents carefully concealed. After waiting for what felt like an eternity, he finally spotted his target approaching,

Just as he was about to pile his best wares onto the counter, Jeremy abruptly veered off course, drawn toward a different stall.

Jeremy moved with such agility and determination that one might think he had stumbled upon an extraordinary find. But to the vendor’s horror, Jeremy rushed toward a stall, picked up an obvious knockoff, and asked for its price.

Even in the dim lighting, years of experience told the vendor—there was no doubt about it. That thing was a knockoff

Will this thing be taken back to the Holmes family? This is completely unacceptable! the vendor thought. Fearing that the naive Jeremy might make an impulsive purchase, the vendor quickly orchestrated some noise.

Just as he hoped, Jeremy—who was about to hand over his money—was immediately distracted by the commotion and

14.39 FII, ITAPE

Chapter 283

pulled his gaze away once more.

Still holding the item he intended to inquire about, Jeremy hesitated for a long moment, caught between the res ships After a while, he gave in to the distractions from the neighboring stall and wandered over

The vendor breathed a sigh of relief. While Jeremy scanned the stalls contents, the vendor’s paze occaiistally shifted toward the sleeping child.

So this is Ms. Holmes... This will probably be the only time I ever get this close to her. I should snor this moment while I can, he thought to himself.

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14:39 Fri, 11 Apr