Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 94

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At the entrance of Ferry House, Robert glanced out the window, his expression puzzled. "Why are there so many guards here today?"

Nina leaned over, curious. "Let me see."

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After eyeing the black cars lined up outside, she turned back with a surprised look. "They're all government vehicles. What's going on in there?"

In Strate City, high security wasn't exactly shocking, but still, this seemed like a big deal.

Robert just clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Damn shame. I was looking forward to eating here, but I guess that's not happening today."

They were in town for Thanksgiving and had been told Ferry House was a must–try. The owner had once been a royal chef, and his dishes were supposedly a favorite among the city's elite.

Oliver, on the other hand, wasn't impressed. He stared out the window, idly counting the black cars.

"If we can't eat here, let's just go somewhere else," he muttered, sounding uninterested. After a moment, he leaned back, done with the whole thing.

The girl sitting next to him nudged closer and whispered, "Who do you think is inside?"

Oliver flinched and instinctively scooted away, making the girl's face fall.

Realizing he might've overreacted, he cleared his throat and tried to play it off. "I have no idea. Not exactly the kind of thing we should be asking about."

"Oh." Marian pouted, clearly unsatisfied.

Lately, she had been desperate to rub elbows with the rich and powerful. But ever since she got kicked out of the Adler family's event, Nina had been keeping her at arm's length.

No matter how much she tried to act sweet, Nina wasn't falling for it. Probably still traumatized from last time.

Marian couldn't help but feel a little bitter.

She was convinced Nina had something against her, probably because she was adopted and not a real Yates.

In her past life, she had befriended a wealthy woman from Strate City through an online game. The woman had treated her like a casual confidant, spilling all sorts of details about her life.

Apparently, she had never been to school because her family prioritized networking. They even had a monthly budget just for socializing, pushing her to meet young gentlemen and ladies from even more powerful families.

Back then, Marian had been jealous. That was the life she wanted, the kind of glamorous, effortless wealth straight out of the novels she used to read.

Now, as the young lady of the Yates family, she had expected Nina to take her out and introduce her to the right people.

Sure, her body was only three years old, but inside, she was twenty–four. Compared to other kids, she was practically a genius.

She was sure she could charm the elites and build her own connections.

However, that dream had been crushed because Nina refused to take her anywhere. That resentment sat heavy in her chest.

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Still, it didn't matter. Marian never planned to stay with the Yates family for long. Once she joined the Holmes family, the same people ignoring her now would be scrambling to win her favor.

Lost in thought, she barely noticed Robert and Nina discussing their next move.

The driver was just about to pull away when two cars appeared in the distance.

Robert, sitting in the front seat, narrowed his eyes at the license plate. "Hold on," he said. "Stop the car."

The driver wasn't sure why but stopped without hesitation.

"What's wrong?" Nina asked, curious.

"Look at the license plate," Robert said.

At first glance, it was just another car, nothing out of the ordinary in Strate City. He had seen plenty like it on the way.

However, the last three numbers caught his attention.

"916?" Nina read them out, puzzled. "That's not a special number or anything." She frowned. "What's so important about it?"

Their own license plate had 8888, which was way better.

"It's Holmes family's car," he said.

Robert's expression darkened slightly, his gaze fixed on the car ahead. His voice was calm but firm. "916 is the birthday of their

lost daughter."

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