

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 206

15:35 Tue, 8 Apr

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Ian thought, "Thank goodness, linle girls are so wonderful.

770

And Anna is clever, quick-witted, and incredibly brave. Their personalities complement each other perfectly. If nothing unexpected happens, they'll be friends for a long time!

As they spoke, they unknowingly attracted the attention of many people.

Their looks were simply too outstanding—they could pass for movie stars.

Jeremy was clearly used to this.

It wasn't that he was vain—it was just a fact that he was this handsome.

He might have looked aloof, but whenever someone complimented his looks, he would silently think, 'Good eye

Just as they were walking in, a little boy suddenly pointed at Yvonne and shouted in surprise, "Mom, look! It's the girl who sells cheese sticks!"

Ian turned his head in confusion, his mind going blank.

He wondered."Who?

"Who's selling cheese sticks?

The boy's mother quickly covered his mouth, looking a bit embarrassed as she explained, "She's a model, don't shout nonsense"

Ian shifted his gaze back and exchanged a look with Jeremy.

The latter caught on immediately and hurried forward to stop the mother and son from leaving.

"Excuse me, could you wait a moment?" Jeremy blocked their path, waiting for Ian to catch up before asking, "What did your son mean when he said 'the girl who sells cheese sticks'?"

"Was he talking about my sister?"

The woman glanced at the delicate little girl in Ian's arms, nodding absentmindedly as she thought, "My god, this whole family is ridiculously good-looking!

'And they give off such a distinguished aura—you could tell from a distance that they were different, and up close, it was even more obvious.'

Even though the handsome young man had spoken politely, she couldn't help but feel nervous,

Her son, however, had no such reservations.

The chubby little boy pointed excitedly at Yvonne and exclaimed, "It's you! I eat your cheese sticks all the time!"

The little girl puffed up her soft, fair cheeks, tilted her head, and said seriously, "But my family doesn't sell cheese sticks."

The woman lightly patted her son's backside and corrected him again, "I told you, she's a model."

Ian felt an ominous premonition and couldn't help but press further, "Ma'am, could you explain this more clearly? We've never let our child work as a model"

"Huh?" The woman gasped in surprised but, seeing their genuinely puzzled expressions, explained, "It's a brand of cheese

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Chapter 206

sticks.

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"The packaging has this little girl's face on it—she's just too adorable! Every time I go to the supermarket to buy snacks for my son, I can't resist picking the ones she endorses"

Jeremy stiffened, turning his head slowly to stare at Ian before asking in a strained voice, "You... sent my sister to be a child model?"

He looked at Yvonne, who was staring blankly with her big, round eyes, and began to question everything. He asked, "Has the Holmes family gone broke?"

Ian thought, "Broke? No. And even if we were, I'd be the one supporting the family!

His lips pressed into a tight line, and he shot Jeremy an irritated glance.

He pondered. If we were truly broke, my sister would sell the three of us brothers before ever letting Yvonne become a child model

Td have to be insane to do that," Jeremy muttered.

As the two spoke, more and more people gathered around them without them noticing.

"Isn't this the kid from the rice crispies commercial?" someone asked.

"Wow, I thought that was All Didn't expect her to be real, another person commented.

The parents are stunning too," a few bystanders whispered in awe.

Hearing these murmurs, Ian's sense of dread deepened and he realized, 'Wait... it's not just **

cese sticks?

Just how many products is she on?

A nearby vendor, who was selling colorful snacks, stared at Yvonne for a few seconds before suddenly rushing back to his stall. After rummaging through his inventory for a while, he grabbed a bag of potato chips and ran back excitedly as he exclaimed, "I found it!

"You're Yvelin, right?

Ian took the bag from him, and sure enough, there was Yvonne's face printed on the bottom right corner.

Jeremy immediately recognized the outfit she was wearing and gasped, "This was that day—the day a white egret landed at the Holmes estate!

"Dad even clipped those little oranges onto her hair one by one."

That was also the day his grandfather had taken a photo of him looking like a soot-covered chimney sweep and then called him ugly.

Because of that, Jeremy would never forget that day.

Ian's grip on the bag tightened to the point where it seemed like it might burst, and he thought grimly, 'Case closed!

His expression darkened, and he gritted his teeth, "Mr. Richard Adler."

"Who else could it be? Ian thought, 'Sure, my sister took the photos, but she would never let them be released.

'She keeps them all on her phone for herself.

The only person irresponsible enough to do this is that old man—Richard!"

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That man had submitted every photo he took to photography competitions.

Ian even remembered the butler laughing about it once, saying, "Mr. Richard even submitted them to some university photography contests. It didn't matter whether they wanted them he insisted on sending them in.

Hearing this, Jeremy also recalled something.

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One evening, after school, he had come home to find his grandfather sitting in the living room, grinning maniacally at his computer.

Jeremy had found the look so disturbing that he had gone over to check, only to catch a glimpse of a file name.

[Photography Contest – Richard Adler's Entry: 'A Child and a Bird' .zip)

Jeremy had been at a complete loss for words.

If he had known this would happen, he would have smashed his grandfather's computer that very night.

The two of them stood at the entrance of the amusement park, silent.

In this moment, joy had nothing to do with them.

Yvonne, still unaware of what was happening, hugged the bag of chips in Ian's hands, her eyes widening in delight.

She exclaimed, "Wow, it's me!"

The little girl held the bag like it was a treasured doll and grinned, "I'm going to take this to Anna!"

The vendor who had handed them the chips chuckled and waved his hand, "That one's on

ouse, little one.

There were still many people eager to take photos with her. Snapping out of their daze, Ian and Jeremy exchanged a look—this time, they were completely in sync.

"Sorry, everyone. We're not taking photos," Jeremy stated firmly, "My sister isn't a child model. Her pictures were used without permission.

Jeremy had never talked so much to anyone before.

Most people, upon hearing the truth, respectfully put their phones away.

Some were disappointed, though—after all, it wasn't every day you saw a child this cute.

But there were always exceptions.

As Ian carried Yvonne into the amusement park, he overheard a woman mutter sourly behind them, "What's the big deal?

"She's just a child model, acting like she's some celebrity. My son could be a model too, but I don't need to exploit my kid for money?"

Jeremy's eyebrow twitched, and he turned around to look at the woman.

Her face was just as sharp and unpleasant as her words.

Then, his gaze lowered, and he saw the child she was holding—who looked suspiciously like a rural child.

The kid dug his nose, casually rolling the snot between his fingers before popping it into his mouth.

Jeremy fell completely silent.

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The latter caught on immediately and hurried forward to stop the mother and son from leaving.

"Excuse me, could you wait a moment?" Jeremy blocked their path, waiting for Ian to catch up before asking, "What did your son mean when he said 'the girl who sells cheese sticks'?"

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