

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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"What do you mean by that? How can you talk like this?" The woman was getting agitated and exclaimed.

To most parents, their children were like little angels, flawless in every way.

She was like a powder keg, and her son was the fuse—one spark and she would explode.

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(+50)

The woman continued to yell, "Do you know how many people have said my son is handsome? Letting him take a picture with your kid is a privilege for you! Otherwise, do you even deserve it?"

The little boy in her arms sucked on his finger, his face messy, and added, "Yeah, yeah!"

Jeremy's face darkened significantly.

His father was a bit of a neat freak, and that trait had been passed down to his second and third brothers. He himself hadn't inherited it—until now.

Looking at this filthy little boy, he suddenly felt like he had.

Compared to this kid, his little sister was practically a fairy.

From her perfectly clean fingernails to the tips of her hair, just standing near this boy made it feel like she might catch something.

Perhaps his expression was too obvious because the woman got upset again and spat, "Honestly, your kid isn't even that good-looking.

"Don't act so high and mighty. You use your kid to make money, yet you refuse to let other oke pictures with her? Stop being such hypocrites."

Jeremy's brow twitched, and his handsome face turned cold. He licked his lips, his expression icy, and repeated, "Didn't you hear me?

"I said, my sister's pictures were stolen."

He couldn't help himself—he gave the child in the woman's arms a once-over before curling his lips into a mocking smile.

He calmly stated, "We don't rely on our child to make money, but even if we did, your kid wouldn't be able to earn a cent."

He didn't hold back at all. The woman's eyes widened in rage as she pointed a finger at him and shouted, "You—you're saying my child is ugly?!"

The boy in her arms immediately copied her, pointing a finger at Jeremy and exclaiming, "Did you just call me ugly!"

Jeremy remembered very clearly—that was the same finger the boy had just used to pick his nose.

He took a step to the side—not because he was scared, but because of an inexplicable surge of non-existent germophobia.

Unfortunately, this action was immediately misinterpreted by the mother and son..

The boy glanced at his own finger, feeling rather smug, and extended it even further as he thought, 'I knew it!

I'm so powerful that even this big guy is afraid of me.

Feeling proud of himself, he suddenly turned his finger toward Yvonne and demanded, "I want to take a picture with her!

"I'll show it to my classmates! Make her take a picture with me!"

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Yvonne shook her head, then snuggled against Ian's shoulder, hiding her face behind him while clutching her bag of chips tightly.

She shook her head again, her soft little voice full of resistance as she protested, "No, no."

She didn't want to take a picture with this person. She had seen him—he had picked his nose and sucked on his fingers.

She didn't like dirty things, and she didn't like dirty boys either.

She liked clean things, things that were white or pink, like Anna.

"Did you hear that? My sister said no," Jeremy repeated, utterly disgusted but still standing protectively in front of her, blocking that finger. His expression remained blank, but his sharp, well-defined eyes were ice-cold.

"And put your filthy hand away," he added.

The woman wasn't intimidated and she thought, 'A cold face? Please. Who didn't know how to act tough?'

Noticing the crowd that had gathered around them, she suddenly felt emboldened.

Straightening her back, she shouted, "Why are you acting all fierce? Letting your kid take a picture with mine is doing you a favor! Do you even know who my husband is?"

Her son was a fast learner—he mimicked her haughty expression almost perfectly and shouted, "Yeah! Do you even know who my dad is?"

Jeremy was momentarily stunned. That line was so unfamiliar—he had never heard anyone say that before in his entire life.

He didn't even know whether to be angry or laugh and chuckled, "Why would I care? Who gives & damn?"

He was already sixteen. He was way past the stage where people settled arguments by bragging just childish.

ttheir dads. That was

Ian patted his shoulder, unwilling to waste any more time on this ridiculous mother-son duo, and said, "Let's go, Jeremy. It's a waste of time arguing with them."

"Alright," Jeremy agreed, realizing it too.

People like this were experts at stirring up trouble. Engaging with them would only drag him down to their level—also known as a loss of brain cells.

Seeing them about to leave, the woman became even more agitated. She stood on tiptoes, scanning the crowd for her husband while continuing to shout.

"If you have guts, don't leave! You're just scared now that my husband is coming, aren't you?" she taunted.

Her son joined in, "Yeah! Don't leave if you dare! My dad is super awesome—he can knock you out with one punch!"

Hearing this, Yvonne peeked out from Ian's shoulder. She stared at the smug little boy behind her, contemplating for a moment before puffing up like an angry little pufferfish and declaring, "My dad is super awesome too!"

Her voice was soft and sweet, but her tone was firm and unwavering.

The little boy didn't believe her. He waved his tiny fists and challenged, "Well, my dad knows how to fight! He could send a kid like you flying with one punch!"

Yvonne froze for a moment, her little mind imagining herself getting punched and flying through the air like a cartoon character.

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She shook her head quickly, trying to erase the ridiculous image from her brain.

But even so, to Yvonne, her dad was still the most amazing person in the world.

She blinked her large eyes and spoke in a slightly fierce tone. "So what? My dad can shoot, and he can-

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Before she could finish her sentence, Ian's brow twitched. Without thinking, he reached out and pinched her small mouth shut.

The little girl looked like a duck with her lips pinched. She tilted her head in confusion, completely unaware of what had just happened.

As he loosened his grip slightly, she looked at him, puzzled, and mumbled in her soft, childish voice, "Uncle, wha-

Ian Holmes let go, rubbed her little head, and said softly, "Yvonne Adler, let's not argue with them, let's go play that Ferris wheel, okay?

Ian released her, gently ruffling her small head, and spoke in a warm tone, "Yvonne, let's not argue with them. How about we go on the Ferris wheel instead?"

The little girl paused, her eyes dimming slightly. It was as if she had forgotten what she had wanted to say earlier. Then, obediently, she nodded. "Okay!"

A woman behind them let out a mocking snort, her face filled with disdain. She challenged. "Acting tough when you've got nothing to back it up. I thought you'd be impressive, but you're just a little kid who already knows how to lie. Not much to brag about."

Ian's steps faltered for a moment. He stopped in his tracks and turned around.

Looking at the woman's arrogant expression, his voice was slow and even, each word deliver manner. "Shut up. That's enough."

flat and deliberate

The woman froze. She wanted to say something, but for some reason, the words got stuck in her throat.

Ian turned back, picked up Yvonne, and walked away. Once they were far from the crowd, he frowned and muttered under his breath, "What the hell is Kelvin doing, firing a gun in front of a child?"

He pulled out his phone and handed Yvonne over to Jeremy, murmuring, "That guy is just..."

Jeremy, delighted, rubbed his cheek against the fluffy fabric of the little girl's coat. From the moment he took Yvonne into his arms, his smile hadn't faded.

"Mr. Holmes, are you calling my dad?" Jeremy asked.

Ian nodded, then shook his head, glancing at the bag of snacks Yvonne was holding.

He said, "Not him. I need someone to clean up all this junk."

After saying that, he patted his pockets and pulled out a card decorated with fireworks and stuffed animals.

"Take Yvonne to play. Show them this card, and you won't need to buy tickets. I'll wait for you down here," he instructed.

The Ferris wheel ride lasted twenty-five minutes. By the time they finished, Ian would have taken care of his business.

"Got it!" Jeremy cheered.

As long as he could spend time alone with Yvonne, there was no way he wouldn't be happy.

Hugging the little girl, Jeremy dashed to the ticket booth. With the card, he successfully got them both on the ride.

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Watching the two board the Ferris wheel, Ian found a quieter spot and made his call.

Nearby, he spotted a snack wrapper with Yvonne's face printed on it. Covered in dust, it had clearly been trampled by countless feet. The once bright and clean image was now dirty and blackened.

He walked over, bent down, and picked it up, seething with the urge to run back and kick Richard.

Ian silently fumed, 'What kind of grandfather does this?All he does is make things difficult for her.

If he weren't so damn bored, would my Yvonne's face be printed on some wrapper and thrown on the ground for people to step on?'

In the time it took for his phone call, Ian had picked up more than a dozen of them—various snack packages, all featuring Yvonne's image, piling up in front of him.

He wasn't throwing them away. He was taking them back to confront Richard.

While he was at it, he planned to reduce the old man's time with Yvonne—better yet, revoke it entirely. Let him stew in his nonsense instead of causing trouble.

Meanwhile, Richard, who was confidently giving directions at another company's boardroom, suddenly felt a chill down his spine. He sneezed twice in a row.

The people in the meeting room immediately expressed their concern, but Richard raised a hand and stopped them with an air of authority.

Rubbing his nose, he muttered to himself, 'Who's cursing me behind my

No need to guess—it has to be that ungrateful brat, Kelvin!'

back?'

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