

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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strange trio not cartoon make stepped into the flea market.

Jeremy had been landing over the forced mask choice, but the moment he took in the scene before him, his frustration melted away

The stalls were shrouded in darkness, yet they were bustling with people, vendors crouched on either side, their wares sprawled across the ground. A lantern flickered at each stall, its faint glow seemingly designed to add an air of mystery

Gemstones lay hidden among the mundane, waiting for the discerning eye to recognize their worth

With the dim lighting, a quick glance might be all it took for an item to be solid.

Jeremy had arrived with high hopes of discovering a rare and priceless artifact.

If fate had taught Jeremy anything, it was that the shabby stalls always held the most shocking discoveries.

A protagonist would pick up a seemingly worthless trinket for next to nothing only to turn it around for an unimaginable

The mere thought of it sent a thrill through Jeremy

But there was just one problem—he knew absolutely nothing about antiques.

Jeremy turned to Yvonne, who looked utterly adorable in her cartoon mask, and leaned in expectantly. “Do you sense anything special among these stalls, Yvonne

After all, Yvonne was the daughter of the head of the Holmes family, renowned for their expertise in treasure appraisal. With pure blood running through her veins, Yvonne had to have inherited the gift.

Bringing her along tonight was definitely the right call.

But when Jeremy turned to Yvonne expectantly, Yvonne tilted her head in confusion, looking completely lost behind her mask.

After thinking for a moment, she shook her head. “I don’t sense anything, Jeremy

“That doesn’t make sense, Jeremy muttered, perplexed.

Yvonne should have had an innate talent for finding treasures. Tonight, she should be sweeping through the flea market, uncovering hidden gems, then flipping them for a fortune. With that, she’d be able to support all of her brothers and rise to the pinnacle of her life, he thought,

That was the right approach

Jeremy refused to give up, staring at her intently. “Yvonne, take another good look. There’s definitely something special in this Beamer market. Close your eyes and rely on your instincts.”

Yvonne closed her eyes as instructed, but all that greeted her was darkness. She felt no trace of the mystical intuition Jeremy had promised

Her long lashes quivered, and she said in an adorable voice. “It’s so dark.. Can I open my eyes now?”

“Alright.” Jeremy replied, sounding disappointed.

He felt a sense of frustration, as though a golden opportunity had just slipped through his fingers

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Those damned web novels they had the nerve to deceive met Jeremy thought angrily

He was not about to leave empty-handed. When one idea failed, another quickly popped into his head.

Jeremy leaned closer to Stefan and whispered, “How about video call Tinley? Maybe she can help us pick something out”

The idea seemed promising.

Stefan gave Jeremy a brief glance, taking in the eager look on the latter’s face before responding with a nonchalant tone “Cheating is prohibited here. Besides, you don’t have Tinley’s contact,”

“Yes, I do” Jeremy quickly took out his phone to show Stefan.

Aside from Kelvin and Richard, he was the only one who had Tinley’s WhatsApp contact. It was definitely something to be proud of

“And whenever she posts on Instagram, I’m always the first to leave a comment. Jeremy added.

“Alright, but still, don’t bother her, Stefan said.

Jeremy disagreed. He believed that adding someone important like Tinley on WhatsApp was exactly for situations like this, when he could conveniently ask her for a little help

He quickly typed on his phone, intending to say that he had taken Yvonne to the flea market.

For some reason, his mind went blank, and he ended up sending a strangely worded message instead. [Yvonne is in my possession.]

It was only after sending the text that Jeremy realized how weird it sounded, and he hurriedly deleted it.

“Thankfully, Tinley hasn’t seen it yet,” he thought.

As soon as this thought crossed his mind, Jeremy noticed that the spot where the contact name had been displayed now showed a line of text, indicating the other person was typing.

Two seconds later, Tinley replied: [Come back soon

The tone was quite gentle, so Jeremy figured Tinley likely had not seen the text he had sent earlier.

He sighed in relief and briefly explained his situation before he added, “Can we do a video call, Tinley! Can you help us see if there’s anything valuable?”

He was respectful when talking to Tinley and refrained from sending his usual abstract memes.

After much thought, he sent a chubby cat sticker, which looked a lot like Yvonne.

Tinley replied: [The flea market has its rules; you’re not allowed to do that.]

With his final plan dashed, Jeremy gave up on the idea of treasure hunting and started to wander around the flea market

instead.

Both of them were looking ahead, while Yvonne, resting her head on Stefan’s shoulder, was facing backward.

That was when Yvonne noticed a man in a cow mask had been following them for quite a while.

Yvonne did not pay attention to anything else around them but found the man in the mask interesting and could not stop

She thought, “That mask looks a bit like a bear from a cartoon I’ve watched before...”

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A few steps behind them, the man in the cow mask—Devon Strong—raised his hand to his mouth and whispered into his communicator. “Ms. Holmes has spotted me. I can feel her studying me, her senses are sharp”

After a moment, a man’s voice came through the earpiece. “Of course, she’s Madam Tinley’s daughter. Keep your distance: stay out of her sight. We’ve been instructed not to disturb her.”

Devon simply replied, “Understood,” before disappearing into the crowd.

“The bear’s gone...” Yvonne mumbled softly.

“What did you say?” Stefan did not catch her words.

Yvonne turned around and started checking out the items at the stalls on both sides of the street.

Something about the place felt oddly familiar, like she had been here before, but she could not pinpoint why.

It was not until Yvonne saw Jeremy squatting by a stall, picking up a piece of antique from the ground, that everything clicked

As Yvonne watched Jeremy handle the emerald ornament, it dawned on her that many of the objects here were things she had seen around her own home.

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