

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 284

Chapter 284

Jeremy squatted in front of the stall for a while, then stood up disinterestedly.

It's nothing special. The emerald pendant I saw earlier was more appealing, he thought

The vendor, still processing what had just happened, thought to himself, Huh? Is he leaving already?"

Anything from this stall would have been enough for Jeremy to wrap things up and take Yvonne home.

But after just two minutes, he's walking away? This guy is unbelievable, the vendor thought

Thinking about Yvonne, who was still suffering, the vendor was determined to keep Jeremy from leaving

"Wait a minute. The vendor's sudden words successfully stopped Jeremy in his tracks.

Out of all the stalls Jeremy had passed tonight, this was the first one where the vendor took the initiative to speak to him.

Hence, Jeremy turned back and squatted in front of the stall.

Stefan, meanwhile, stood quietly at the side, Yvonne nestled comfortably in his arms.

Jeremy crouched in front of the stall, visibly surprised. "You guys actually take the initiative to talk?" he asked, intrigued.

The vendor, half-hidden in the dim glow, felt his face twitch in silent frustration.

'Of course we talk, we're not background NPCs he grumbled internally.

Still, instead of voicing that, he stuck to the classic NPC script. "Young man, I feel like fate has brought us together. I'll tell you what-whatever you buy today, I'll give you a 20% discount."

Rather than being excited, Jeremy eyed him suspiciously and asked, "Is this same kind of new marketing tactic?"

Or maybe this guy just has way too much unsold junk and is using fancy sales tactics to clear out his stock?' he thought.

Thinking himself rather cautious, Jeremy shook his head and casually dropped a line that nearly made the vendor pass out from sheer frustration. "No thanks, cheap stuff is never good."

The vendor's smile stiffened instantly. Outwardly, he maintained a polite demeanor, but inside, he was already fuming. A perfectly good deal right in front of you, and you're turning it down? Serves you right if you get scammed elsewhere!" he thought.

Under normal circumstances, the vendor would have gone stone-faced and kept his mouth shut. But today was different

Yvonne was still in Jeremy's hands, and as long as Jeremy did not get his hands on something worthwhile, she would not be able to return home for a proper rest.

Thus, no matter how angry the vendor was, he had to coax Jeremy.

As the vendor tried to think of the right words to persuade the young master to stay, a faint, sleepy voice suddenly reached his ears.

Yvonne was awake.

She stirred uneasily, her sleep restless. Upon waking, Yvonne instinctively reached up to remove the mask pressing against her face.

Stefan gently grasped her hand-it was warm, like holding a little pocket heater.

1/4

14:39 Fri, 11 Apr AA.

Chapter 281

Stefan shot a cold glance at Jeremy, who was still squatting by the stall "Are you done yet he asked imponently

Meanwhile, Yvonne whined pitifully, "Let's go home, Jeremy..."

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Still hesitating over whether to make a purchase, Jeremy dismissed her plea without hesitation. Five mates, wit five more minutes, Yvonne."

The vendor gawked at him, eyes wide with disbelief.

'Monster! What kind of cold-blooded creature is he? Ms. Holmes is so unbearably rude, yet he can still say something so heartless? This is unacceptable!' the vendor thought

For a moment, the vendor seriously considered flipping his entire stall over and beating the living daylight out of Jeremy and then personally carrying Yvonne back to the Holmes residence, where Yvonne could sleep peacefully under Tinley's

care.

The vendor was seething with anger.

But Jeremy was not completely heartless-he was getting anxious too.

He examined the goods at the stall for a while before finally deciding on the cheapest one.

"I'll take this. He made up his mind and looked up at the vendor. "How much does it cost?"

Jeremy had chosen an antique coin with an intricate design on the back. If sold, it could fetch around 20 thousand dollars. However, the vendor gritted his teeth at the thought of Yvonne being in Jeremy's hands and said, 170 dollars""

"170 dollars?" Jeremy started to feel uneasy-it seemed too cheap. Maybe he really had bought a fake. He started to hesitate again.

Just then, he felt a hand on his shoulder, followed by a sleepy voice. "Let's go with this one, Jeremy"

Hearing Yvonne's voice, Jeremy turned around, a bit surprised and delighted. "Did you just sense something. Yvonne?"

Yvonne did not say anything-she had not sensed anything special; she was simply overwhelmed by sleepiness.

Since Yvonne had spoken, Jeremy naturally would not hesitate any longer.

Even if it was a fake, it did not matter-they would not be able to buy anything with 170 dollars anyway.

Paying without a second thought, Jeremy took the copper coin and was finally ready to leave.

Half-asleep, Yvonne vaguely heard them saying they were heading home.

Even though she was so sleepy that she could barely keep her eyes open, she still forced herself to perk up and cheered in her soft, drowsy voice. "Yay..."

She could finally go home and sleep next to her mother

On the way back, Stefan drove up front while Yvonne dozed off, slumping from side to side. Jeremy held Yvonne's head steady with one hand while carefully examining the copper coin he had just bought with the other.

"If Yvonne had not patted me earlier, I'd have definitely asked the vendor for a different item-this one looks way too questionable, Jeremy thought

As he thought to himself, he absentmindedly ruffled Yvonne's hair.

By the time they arrived at the Holmes residence, the Holmes family's butler and Wendy were already at the door, waiting to take Yvonne inside.

1440

Chapter 281

After handing the sleeping Yvonne over. Jeremy stopped Wendy before she could leave

He leaned in mysteriously and slipped the copper coin he had just bought into her hand.

"Can you check if this coin is real and how much it's worth, Wendy!" he asked

At the same time, Jeremy gestured toward a nearby bodyguard. "Hey, buddy, help me shine a light on this"

Wendy did not even bother to look. "It's real," she said:

The information had already been relayed ahead of time, otherwise, Wendy would not have been waiting at the door for them.

Word had it that their men at the flea market were especially displeased with Jeremy-their grievances practically seeped through their messages.

They had offered Jeremy a discount, but Jeremy had assumed they were selling him a fake

The stall was filled with treasures, yet Jeremy was fixated on the smallest, most inconspicuous copper coin in the corner

After one trip to the flea market, Jeremy successfully earned himself the reputation of a reckless spender.

Fortunately, the copper coin was genuine. Wendy answered honestly, "It's real-worth 17 thousand dollars"

While that amount was not a substantial sum-less than his usual weekly allowance-it was remarkable considering he had purchased it for just 170 dollars, and its value had increased a hundredfold

Jeremy's eyes lit up with excitement. He beamed as he cradled the coin in his hands and ran off happily.

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He could not bear to sell the coin. The next morning, he had a custom display case made and personally instructed the bodyguards to place the coin in Richard's collection room.

Lately, Richard had not been sending his newly acquired treasures back to the Adler residence; instead, he stored them all here.

The collection room held cameras, auction pieces from charity galas, and other high-value items

Jeremy's gaze landed on the prime spot at the very center of the room. Without hesitation, he removed a priceless antique worth 10 million dollars and replaced it with his own copper coin worth 17 thousand dollars.

The bodyguards hesitated. After a moment, one of them cautiously spoke up. "Mr. Adler are you sure this is a good idea

Jeremy raised a brow. "Of course."

This is my first-ever self-earned fortune. It deserves nothing less than the spotlight, he thought

The bodyguard had no choice but to comply, carefully placing the coin in position.

Early the next morning, as Richard returned from his morning walk, he was stunned to see Jeremy in the courtyard

This lazy kid usually sleeps until at least 9 am: why did he get up so early today? Richard wandered.

He walked over, wanting to call out to Jeremy, but the latter rushed off, disappearing in a blur

Richard was left baffled.

Just then, the butler approached and whispered in his ear, "The bodyguard says Mr. Jeremy Adler placed the coin he bought last night from the flea market in your collection room"

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Chapter 284

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The curious Richard went over to take a look. The things that truly held artistic value were squeezed into a corner, while a small copper coin, excessively packaged, occupied the center position.

Such an item would typically never qualify for a place in the collection room, but thanks to its shameless owner, it not only made its way in but also claimed the prime spot.