

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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In the end, Brylee was persuaded and reluctantly accompanied Jaxen to the Adlers' estate.

The Adler property was massive—anyone even vaguely familiar with the elite social circle could tell you where it was. But when they arrived, they couldn't even get past the alley leading in.

A barricade had been set up outside, with a wooden sign beside it that read: Private Residence. Do Not Approach,

Since the car couldn't go further, Jaxen stepped out, bringing along a silent Brylee, and approached the lone guard standing nearby.

Just one guard? That threw him off. For a family like the Adlers, he expected layers of security. Hell, even his place had two or three guys posted at the gate.

But now wasn't the time to dwell on that. He plastered on a smile and offered the guard a cigarette.

"I'm the CEO of Grizzlyworld Corp," he said smoothly. "There's been a bit of a misunderstanding between our company and Miss Adler—and your boss. I've come to apologize in person."

The guard gave the cigarette a cold glance, then pushed it back at him without hesitation.

"Speak to Mr. Adler," he said flatly. "Without his permission, no one goes in."

Jaxen's smile froze on his face. He awkwardly looked past the guard, trying to peer into the alley just in time to catch a black car pulling out.

He waved enthusiastically, his face lighting up with a hopeful grin as the car rolled to a stop beside them.

The window came down. It was Widi.

There were originally two girls in the Adler family: Laura and Widi.

After Widi's father ran his mouth at a Holmes family gathering a month ago, Richard had banished him to Blorencia City. Her mother followed soon after, leaving Widi and her brothers behind in Strate City to study.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked, sizing him up from the car window.

From the car and her features, Jaxen guessed who she was. He beamed like a fool, his chubby face folding in on itself with every ingratiating smile.

"Miss Adler, I'm the CEO of Grizzlyworld Corp," he said. "I'm here to personally apologize to your family."

Last night's incident had gone viral. Even though Widi usually turned in early, her friends had bombarded her with messages about it the moment she woke up. Over breakfast, Carol's staff filled her in again—it was impossible not to know. Now looking at the man standing outside with gifts in hand, Widi gave him a polite but clear correction.

"You've got the wrong person. You should be apologizing to my grandfather."

The moment he heard who he had actually offended, Jaxen's eyelid twitched, and his heartbeat kicked into overdrive.

"Th—then Miss Adler, could you maybe..." He trailed off into a whisper, voice trembling with fear.

But Widi heard him loud and clear.

She pouted, her tone laced with sarcasm. "My grandfather doesn't even come home anymore. I haven't seen him in over a month. How am I supposed to help you?"

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Jaxen blinked, thrown off. Then forced an awkward laugh. "You're joking, right?"

Widi gave him a withering look. "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Seriously, what was Richard even thinking? He had a whole mansion to himself but chose to squat in that tiny house across from the Holmes family.

At home, he had chefs cooking elaborate meals, rare medicinal tonics, and a house full of vintage cameras, antiques, and taxidermy to keep him entertained.

But over there? Nothing.

Word was, Richard had stooped so low, he now mooched meals off the Holmes family. The man who once had meals tailor-made by nutritionists now relied on someone else's kitchen.

Gavyn had tried everything—pleading, negotiating, even sending his grandfather's personal dietary team over to coax him back. But Richard, as if under some kind of spell, stubbornly refused.

Worse, he even accused Gavyn of interrupting his fun and deployed a team of bodyguards to keep his own family out. No one from the Adlers could get within spitting distance of that street.

Widi herself had gone with her brother two weeks ago. They weren't even allowed into the alley, let alone the house. They left bitter and defeated.

Now she'd heard that because of Yvonne, Richard's most trusted aides had gotten into a public battle with the Holmes family's camp on X—and actually won, even making it to the top of the trending list. Last night, Richard had even posted triumphantly about it on Instagram.

Widi's feelings were... complicated.

She was jealous, obviously. She was Richard's biological granddaughter, and yet she'd never been pampered like that. Meanwhile, a three-year-old girl with zero blood ties to him—just because she was cute and from the Holmes family—was now nestled in the palm of his hand.

Where was his pride? The mighty head of the Adler family, practically throwing himself at the Holmes family's doorstep without a shred of dignity.

But she was also a little happy. If Richard still had the energy to stir up drama online, that at least meant his health was holding up.

Widi didn't have time to chat—she had class—so before leaving, she pointed Jaxen in a direction.

"My grandfather doesn't live here anymore. Try across from the Holmes family's place."

She

gave him the direction, but whether he could actually get in was his own problem.

Jaxen was thoroughly confused, but, didn't think she had any reason to lie. After she left, he asked the guard again—and got the same answer.

Different social circles, outdated intel—he had no idea Richard had moved out.

Carrying his gift boxes, Jaxen got back in the car and headed for the Holmes residence.

The two families didn't live especially close. When he finally reached the Holmes estate, he found the exact same setup: a long alley, blocked off to outsiders.

Only this time, the number of guards posted outside had at least tripled.

It was Monday morning—school and work rush hour. Jaxen saw several cars coming and going from the alley. He wanted to

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flag one down, but was afraid of stopping the wrong person and making things worse.

As he hesitated, he suddenly caught sight of a familiar face in the passenger seat of a car. His wife

A lightbulb went off in Jaxen's head.

He turned to her sharply. "Why are you just sitting there doing nothing? Get out and stop one of those cars."

In his mind, it was the perfect setup. If the people inside got annoyed, he could blame her and walk away clean. After all, what was a wife for, if not to take the fall?