

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 255

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Widi glanced at Hollie’s hopeful expression and shook her head. “I can’t help you with this. You’ll have to talk to someone from my grandfather’s side,”

Although they got along well at school. Widi wasn’t the type to make promises she couldn’t keep

Maybe once, she could’ve pulled a few strings, but now? Her grandfather probably barely remembered he even had at granddaughter.

“Are you sure, Widi?” Hollie clasped her hands together, her tone earnest. “I can pay more.”

That made Widi blink. She stared at her, tone tinged with disbelief. “You want to add more? Seriously? Wasn’t it already at hundred thousand dollars? Was there no upper limit?

She had planned to stay out of it—but now, she hesitated.

She was terrified someone might report her grandfather one day, and as reckless as dread. She wanted to talk to him, to convince him to stop.

was being, she couldn’t shake the

But she knew her place in the family was almost nonexistent. Her grades were average, her presence barely registered. Her words wouldn’t matter. Only Gavyn and the others could get through to him.

With those worries swirling in her head, Widi couldn’t sit still. The online backlash had mostly died down, but her grandfather was growing bolder by the day. If something did happen, could he really handle it at his age?

She said goodbye to Hollie, declined the gifts she brought, got into the car, and told the driver to take her home.

On the way, she called her mother, Teresa, who was far away in Blorenc City.

She had hoped her parents might find time to come back and talk to her grandfather, but Teresa’s tone was sharp with resentment.

“Why do we still care what he does? His heart’s clearly not with us anymore. He dumped your father and me in Blorenc and hasn’t even bothered to check in. Not once...

Widi had barely brought it up before Teresa launched into a bitter rant. It was clear she was holding a lot in, and now it was spilling out, more and more harsh with every word.

Unable to take it, Widi cut in quietly. “Forget it, Mom. Let’s just drop it. I know you’re busy.”

The call ended. Silence returned. Widi stared out the window, her thoughts drifting, and for the first time, she began to understand—just a little—why Richard didn’t want to come home.

The car was quiet the rest of the way. It wasn’t until they were nearly there that the driver finally spoke. “We’re home.”

At the gate, a security guard stepped forward to open the door. Widi got out. She was just about to head inside when another car turned onto the road. She froze. That definitely wasn’t one of theirs.

No one in her family would ever buy something in a color that loud—bright red? Seriously?

The Adler family’s street, like the Holmes family’s alley, was under tight security. No one came in without an invitation, no matter who they were or what kind of car they drove.

Even her own friends had to be cleared with the butler ahead of time.

That was why she stopped. No one had mentioned a visitor today.

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Something felt off. The contrast was too sharp. She had to see who was in that car.

I pulled up right in front of her and stopped.

-The door opened, and out stepped a young man—early twenties, dressed neatly, composed, with long, defined fingers that cloud the car door with a casual grace.

He exchanged a few quiet words with the driver—probably about where to turn around—then turned toward her.

Their eyes met, and Widi’s jaw dropped

That face—it was both familiar and distant.

The man walked toward her. His eyes were calm, unruffled, and his voice was low and smooth. “Have you stared enough, Widi

That voice. That same detached tone. Just like the other three.

Widi hit her lip, blinked, and finally came back to her senses. “Stefan? Why didn’t you call ahead? Didn’t you have the driver pick you up at the airport?”

She paused, then quickly followed with. “Does Grandpa know you’re back? What about Kelvin? Is school on break?”

Stefan didn’t answer. He passed by her, his steps unhurried, but when he reached her side, he paused for a moment.

His presence radiated distance, as if warning others to keep away. His voice was cool and dismissive. “Why are you asking so many questions?”

Widi was left speechless.

The air felt heavy, but only to her. Stefan didn’t seem affected at all. He walked straight into the house without another word. Widi stood there for a few seconds, then hurried to catch up. “You still didn’t answer me—does Grandpa know you’re back? Did he say anything?”

What she really wanted to ask was whether Richard would come back too now that Stefan had returned.

If he did, everything would return to normal. Richard had always insisted that the family should gather at the estate for holidays, but this year, the very man who made the rule hadn’t shown up himself.

She pressed on. “Christmas is coming soon. Is your school on break? How long will you be home?”

Stefan ignored her. The only time he responded was when she got too close. Then, with a sharp look and a cold warning, he said, “You know I have a thing about personal space, Widi”

Widi went quiet again, grumbling under her breath two minutes later, wishing he’d trip and fall face—first into the din. Maybe that would fix his oh—so—precious germophobia.

In the main hall, Carol and her husband stepped out, their expressions slightly stiff. Just moments ago, they’d been in the room complaining about Richard and Kelvin. They hadn’t expected Stefan to suddenly appear.

Carol froze for a moment, then quickly recovered, plastering on a warm smile as she approached. “Stefan! Why didn’t you tell us you were coming? You must be tired from the flight. What would you like for lunch? I’ll have the kitchen prepare something”

Stefan took a small step back, his expression calm and unreadable. “No need”

Everyone in the family was used to his cold, distant demeanor. No one found it awkward anymore.

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Carol kept up her polite front. “Well, if there’s anything you need, just let me know. Don’t be shy”

At that, Stefan lifted his eyes and looked at her, not rudely, but with a calm sharpness. His voice remained elegant and composed, but his words cut through. “You’re being very polite. For a second there, I thought I’d been exiled from the Adler family.”

Carol stiffened. She realized too late how her earlier words had sounded—like she was the mistress of the house. That, coming from someone who didn’t even carry the Adler name.

She forced a laugh, trying to recover. “Stefan, I misspoke. Don’t take it to heart.”

With Richard absent and Anthony transferred to Blorenc City, only the three kids were left in the estate. Kelvin, of course, barely made appearances—his section of the house was practically empty. With no one else around, Carol had naturally started making decisions, taking on the role of hostess without even realizing it.

She hadn’t meant anything by it. But the words were already out, and all she could do now

was be

e more careful next time.

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