

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Child

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As Stefan entered the house, he immediately noticed how much quieter it was..

Not only were there fewer servants, but there didn't seem to be any family members around either

He glanced over at Carol and asked. "Where's Grandpa?"

The expression on everyone's face became a little uncomfortable at the question.

Carol, with a furrowed brow and an air of feigned concern, began to explain, "Stefan, you've been away for so long, so you wouldn't know, but Grandpa hasn't been home for nearly three months. He's been staying across from the Holmes family, abandoning both his position and his dignity."

By "position," she referred to the family rules, which were numerous for large families like theirs.

"Dignity" referred to his role as the head of the Adler family, eagerly seeking out others.

Carol went on, "Forget about the Adler family rules, we can't control Grandpa, but the Holmes family has their own rules too. This behavior is so out of line; I don't even know what the Holmes family thinks of us."

Stefan's return had given them a glimmer of hope.

They shared their frustrations with him, hoping he could convince Richard to return

"We've visited him several times, but he's becoming increasingly impatient with us. It's like he's a different person. During the holidays, we went to see him, but he wouldn't even let us meet him. The rules he set himself are now out the window."

"Exactly, Stefan, what kind of behavior is this? And don't even get me started on how much he spent to buy land in Strate City and built that vineyard. It's his money, and he can spend it however he wants, but now that the grapes are ripe, they're selling for 100 thousand dollars per bunch. Isn't that ridiculous?"

As they vented, their words carried an undeniable sense of resentment

Finally, they turned their hopeful gaze to Stefan Stefan, Grandpa likes you. Please, try to persuade him. The New Year's coming soon -no matter how much he likes the children from the Holmes family, he should come back for the New Year, or the Adler family will be made fun of

It was more about the embarrassment they d face; no one would dare mock Richard, and there was no reason to,

It would be a scandal if Richard didn't come home for the holidays but instead spent them with someone else.

The elders in the family would certainly reprimand them for being unfilial.

So, the closer the holidays got, the more anxious they became.

Stefan's return was like a breath of fresh air, and Carol couldn't help but think she had never been more appreciative of Kelvin's children.

But, as often happens when 100 much is said, Stefan caught on to her true feelings.

He knew Carol wasn't truly as concerned as she made herself out to be

With no one else he wanted to speak to. Stefan stood up and left.

Widi, who had been quietly standing in the back, called out to him, "Stefan

He stopped, and she quickly approached him. But, keeping in mind his cold, aloof nature, she respectfully kept a little

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Widdasped her hands together, arare and earnest plea in her sce. "Stefan, please tell Grandpa to stop selling those grapes Concerto dangerous Really

Borfan didn't respond, he took his eyes off her and passed by, saying. Tll look into it."

He had taken Carols words seriously, using them to get a basic understanding of the situation

During his absence, it seemed a lot had happened.

It was strange how, in just a few months, a stubborn and headstrong old man had changed so much

Even more incredible was that no one had bothered to tell him about it.

He knew nothing.

anwhile, Richard was at home, going over some accounts with people sent by the Holmes family.

The business had grown significantly, and Tinley had chosen a few people to take over the management work, likely with plans to create an independent team.

After all, with a growing number of people, it would no longer be appropriate to keep relying on Richard.

Just then, the butler Henry walked in, his face glowing with excitement.

Richard glanced at him, sensing something odd, as though Henry had overdosed on some kind of supplement.

Henry stood by, watching Richard with a look of eager anticipation, but said nothing.

Feeling a little weird, Richard looked up. "What's wrong with you? If you've taken too many supplements, go for a run in the yard to burn off some energy

Henry shook his head and remained silent, continuing to look at Richard with intense, almost burning eyes.

Richard, now feeling more uncomfortable, ignored him and continued his conversation with the people at the table.

Unnoticed, a shadow suddenly loomed over him, blocking the light from his desk.

Annoyed, Richard looked up, frowning. "Who's blocking my light?"

What he saw was a familiar face—handsome, with clear, defined features, exuding a cold, distant air, as if carrying an aura of aloofness and imperviousness,

Richard instinctively squinted, his first reaction being that this face seemed very familiar. He thought he had seen it before. but his mind was occupied with business.

"Hey, kid, move aside. You're blocking my light," Richard said in an irritated tone.

The man visibly stiffened, pressed his lips together, and stepped closer, lowering his head slightly as he spoke in a calm. clear, and elegant voice.

"Grandpa, take another good look at me," Stefan said.

At the sound of 'Grandpa, Richard froze, his eyes widening in disbelief as he finally recognized the man.

Wait a minute... This was his overly sensitive, vengeful oldest grandson.

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And he hadn't recognized him just now

The awkwardness hit him like a ton of bricks.

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Richard's face reddened with embarrassment. A family reunion should have been a warm and joyful moment, but because he had failed to recognize Stefan, it had turned into a heart-pounding, terrifying scene.

"Stefan, you're back? Why didn't you let me know beforehand?" As he spoke, Richard couldn't help but shoot a glare at Henry, who had been grinning until now.

Henry, who had tried to surprise Richard, was now frozen in place, unable to smile.

If he had known Richard wouldn't recognize Stefan, he would have just told him outright.

Stefan may appear cold and indifferent, but he was actually quite sensitive and held grudges. Even as a child, he was good at reading others' intentions.

Richard recalled how, when Stefan was only seven or eight, he had a knack for winning at games like rock-paper-scissors.

Curious, Richard had asked him how he did it.

as no trick to it.

But Stefan had shaken his head and said there was

He would read his opponents' personalities and expressions. guessing what they might play, and then use misdirection to predict their moves, choosing the counter-move.

At such a young age, he had already mastered the art of playing games with a clever mind.

Now, Richard couldn't help but worry—having failed to recognize Stefan, he knew his grandson would remember this for a long time.