

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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“You know how it is Grandpa’s getting old. His eyesight isn’t what it med to be Pichard hosed his head and let out a deliberately weary sigh. Time spares no one

I was a well–timed save Stelan’s eyes noticeably sofrened

He sat down across from Richard, gare drifting to the flower arrangement on the table. Ten plum blossoms, a fese unnamer sprigs, a brittle peach branch, a red winterberry holly, and the rest filled out with a random mishmash of green foliage St was, frankly, an eyesore

There was nothing aesthetically pleasing about it none of the calm or beauty that a proper floral arrangement was supposed to bring.

It was as if his entire bad day had started the moment he laid eyes on this chaotic bouquet. Just looking at it made life feel boniquer, hopeless.

With a quiet breath, Stefan reached out and plucked one of the plum blossoms, brought it to his nose for a light sniff, then gently returned it to the vase. From his pocket, he retrieved a clean handkerchief, meticulously wiped his hands, and tossed

the cloth into the trash.

Who arranged this” he asked,

Richard looked up casually. “Oh, that was Jeremy. The kid was being unusually filial today”

Filial: Stefan blinked.

Aside from the two plum blossoms, the entire thing was weeds. The kind of junk you’d step over on the street without a second glance.

If this counted as filial piety, then Richard’s standards for living had clearly dropped off a cliff,

Stefan didn’t even know where to begin. After glancing around, he stood up. “Where is he?”

Richard thought for a moment, then looked up. “He mentioned taking Yvonne skiing yesterday. Probably won’t be back until later.” If it weren’t for his old bones and creaky joints, he’d have gone skiing too. Youth–what a thing to envy.

Stefan said nothing more and began wandering through the house, getting a feel for the new surroundings.

Most of the missing guards and housekeepers from the old estate had been relocated here. They were all familiar faces- people who’d worked with Richard for years.

The estate wasn’t huge, but it had a front yard, back courtyard, and, more importantly, a sense of liveliness that the old place sorely lacked.

Everyone here was handpicked, and without the mess of unrelated outsiders, the atmosphere was visibly better.

Every servant he passed greeted him respectfully with a “Young Master Stefan”

Last time he’d returned to the old house, the hierarchy was still based on family branches–technically, that meant Laura outranked him.

But now it felt like their entire branch had been pulled out and elevated separately.

And these people were Richard’s inner circle. They wouldn’t be calling him “Young Master” without Richard’s permission

It clicked. N

No wonder Carol had rushed to poison his ears before he came back. She wasn’t being excluded–she was the one Richard had chosen to keep around. The others might still be living at the old estate, but they were the ones truly on the

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outside now.

Six months. That’s all he’d been gone. But it felt like six years.

And somehow, every single person in the family had collectively decided to forget he even exited. He hadn’t known any of this until now. How had he never realized just how unreliable they all were!

“Stefan?” A voice called from not far away.

He looked up and spotted a long corridor, at the end of which was a small pavilion with curved eaves and decorative corners. Along the corridor stood rows of potted plants, clearly well–cared for

A figure stood beside the flowers–familiar in face and aura, unfamiliar in posture and behavior.

It took Stefan a moment to recognize him, Charles was standing in the corridor, holding a large flower pot in his arms with perfect balance.

“You’re back.” Charles said, placing the pot down and aligning it neatly among the others. Anyone with a hint of OCD would have found this sight immensely satisfying.

Stefan walked over, unable to stop glancing at the plant. Then his eyes shifted to Charles’s pale, slender hands and his quiet, refined face.

“What are you doing?” Stefan asked.

“Gardening.” Charles replied, as if it were the most natural thing in the world–like this had always been his routine. The pot was freshly planted and had just been moved into the sunlight. The whole process was fluid, unremarkable even, but in Stefan’s eyes, the scene felt surreal. Something about it–about him–was off.

He chose to stick to the topic. “It’s winter. You can’t grow anything now. Spring is the time for planting.”

Even someone like him, who didn’t keep plants, knew that much.

Charles didn’t seem to mind. He smiled faintly, his voice as soft and pleasant as ever. “It’ll grow.”

Here, all it took was tossing a few seeds into the soil, and they’d fight to bloom. In the past, everything he touched withered.

Even in warm weather, his plants would die in days–leaves turning yellow, stems wilting. But now, thanks to Yvonne, these flowers were thriving.

That certainty was exactly why he kept planting more.

To Stefan, the whole situation was increasingly strange–like something out of a dream.

Even Richard earlier had felt off, and now Charles was practically unrecognizable.

Same faces, sure, but their behavior was completely different.

Just then, Stefan’s phone rang.

He stepped aside to answer it–it was a delivery from abroad asking for confirmation

He gave them an address, hung up, and returned to find Charles still tending to his plants.

“I brought you something. Stefan said.

Charles didn’t even look up. “Thanks,” he said flatly. Then he paused, as if something had just occurred to him. “Did you get something for Yvonne too? What did you bring her?”

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The moment that name came up again, Stefan’s expression shifted slightly. He pressed his lips together before replying voice low “No”

Charles, who had been crouched down, uddenly looked up His tone, usually so calm and elegant, trembled slightly. “You didn’t get Yvonne anything!”

He frowned, clearly troubled “Why not? What do you expect her to think?

Stefan looked down at him, instantly sensing the subtle unhappiness in his tone. But his voice remained smooth, and he lowered himself slightly, gaze meeting Charley’s directly.

Who told me to