

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 259

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Stefan's gaze swept over the blanket—lense pink fluff, delicate lace trim stitched along the edges with meticulous detail.

There’s a way to get to know a person just by observing the things they use in everyday life. From the look of this room, even without having met her, he could already sketch out a rough image of the owner in his mind.

Despite all the pink, the decor didn’t feel tacky. Everything was thoughtfully designed, coordinated in color and texture. The sheets were a soft blush, the shade of ripening peaches, with little green tassels hanging from the hem—like a blooming flower, sweet and dainty, overflowing with girlish charm.

Whoever this Yvonne was, Stefan could already picture her: small, pink, fluffy—and considering Tinley’s genes—probably very pretty too,

But still this blanket? Absolutely not

Standing beside the bed, Stefan watched as Henry carefully tucked the blanket into place. His voice was calm, but his words were pointed. “This thing is so short.. if I cover my upper body, it’ll barely reach my thighs. If I cover my legs, it’ll end around my stomach. So tell me, Henry, which half should I be covering?”

Henry paused, looked Stefan straight in the eye for two solid seconds—then his face lit up with sudden clarity. “Ah. Cover your waist, of course.”

Stefan blinked, momentarily at a loss, and waited. Henry, perfectly serious, continued, “You’ve just been abroad too long. That’s why you’re overthinking it. Blankets aren’t meant to cover both ends—they’re for the belly. As long as your stomach’s warm, you’re good.”

Stefan stared into his eyes. Henry was not joking. After confirming that, Stefan looked away, bored out of his mind. “You’re right,” he said flatly, offering the rare gift of a compliment.

Henry grinned like he’d just solved world peace. “You’re too kind, sir.”

He finished tidying up, then turned to leave. “Stefan, try to rest. Shake off the jet lag a bit. If you need anything, just call”

And just like that, he left. No hesitation, no sense of irony. Leaving Stefan alone... with the pink baby blanket.

Stefan was speechless.

He walked over to the bed, his long fingers reaching out to lightly pat the small blanket—mostly to calm the damn thing’s soul.

The texture was soft. Luxuriously soft. He patted it again, then gave it a curious squeeze.

The pink blanket was deeply confused. It had mentally prepared itself for a giggly, milk-scented baby—not a blank-faced adult who looked like he hadn’t slept in three years.

The more he touched it, the more Stefan hesitated. The blanket was just too small. Too pink. Too fluffy. It felt... wrong. Like he was somehow violating it just by laying a hand on it.

Clearly, he wasn’t tired enough. He thought back to the vase of “floral chaos” on his grandfather’s desk—the one that looked like someone jammed weeds into a bottle—and decided he might as well go deal with that mess while he was at it.

Just as he was about to leave, Henry returned, holding a fruit platter.

“Stefan, if you’re too tired to eat a full meal, have some fruit,” he offered.

Noticing a bunch of grapes in the middle, Stefan suddenly remembered what Widi had said earlier.

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