

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 260

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At the Adler estate, Carol, idle and bored, pulled Will into the sitting room for a chat.

Widi sat stiffly, her mind screaming with resistance. She hated conversations with elders, especially ones that pretended to be friendly but were just long-winded ways of showing off

She'd much rather be outside, pruning the garden with shears, than trapped here listening to Carol talk about her perfect life.

As the conversation meandered, Carol finally zeroed in on her real topic.

She took a slow sip of coffee, masking the calculation in her eyes, and asked in a light tone. "With, about that apartment your grandfather gave you--have you thought about what to do with it? Didn't your parents mention giving it to your brother?"

The moment the words landed, Widi's annoyance gave way to full-blown alertness.

She knew exactly which apartment Carol was referring to--the one Richard had gifted her for her twelfth birthday. That

Richard had told her to pick anything she wanted. Since twelve was a coming-of-age birthday in their branch of the family, he'd said she could ask for anything, no limits.

Back then, Widi had been obsessed with the reserved and scholarly Kelvin, and all she wanted was to study archaeology at Peral University like his mentor Kenny.

So, she'd asked for a place to live near the university once she got in. She had imagined a small studio apartment- something warm and quiet, perfect for studying

Instead, Richard had gone ahead and bought her a luxury penthouse within walking distance of the Peral campus.

At the time, she hadn't realized how much it was worth. But her parents had. Ever since then, they'd jokingly hinted that maybe, someday, she could gift the apartment to her brother.

Now that she was older, Widi saw it clearly: their "jokes" had been long-term conditioning. They hadn't dared ask outright- afraid Richard might be displeased--so they had disguised the idea as humor, softening her up in advance.

But Widi had nothing else. That apartment was the only thing she could call her own. She dreamed of getting into Peral next year and finally moving in.

So to her, anyone asking about that apartment wasn't making conversation--they were trying to take her life away.

She stared straight at Carol, cheeks flushed with defiance, and declared. "That's my apartment. I'm going to live there when I go to university. I'm not giving it to anyone."

Carol looked surprised. "Widi, aren't you a little young to live on your own?"

< to move out?".

Before Widi could answer, someone else walked in and echoed her mother's concern. "You're planning t

It was Laura. She sat down beside Carol with practiced elegance, thanked the servant who poured her coffee, and turned to Widi with a gentle smile. "You're still so young. The world out there is dangerous. Wouldn't it be better to stay home longer! Do your parents even know?"

Widi replied curtly, "They don't"

Laura continued with her usual sugar-coated wisdom. "You should cherish this time with your family. Once you start working or get married, you won't be able to stay with them anymore" She turned to Carol, voice turning wistful. "Mom, sometimes I don't even want to get married. I hate the thought of leaving you and Dad."

Carol immediately pulled her into a hug, visibly moved. "Don't say that, Laura. Once you're married, your father and I will visit you often.

1/4

14:30 Fr, 11 Apr

## Chapter 260

Watching their heartwarming performance. Widi felt nothing. She rolled her eyes.

She thought. Of course Laura doesn't want to leave home. At home, she's a princess. Outside, she'd be just another girl. No wonder she's clinging to it. But me? No one cares where I go. My dad barely looks at me, and my mom hasn't called in weeks.

The only one who ever gave me anything was Grandpa--and now he's gone

Laura always spoke as if she understood, but she never did. She lived in another world entirely Her sweet words weren't comfort they were quiet flaunts,

Even when they were little, Laura would try to comfort her. And every single time, Widi would end up crying harder. Back then, she didn't understand why. Now she did. When others are starving, even chewing quietly is a form of respect.

Widi hated them all equally--Laura, Jeremy, Gavyn, Carol. The only one she didn't resent was Richard

Because Richard was fair. If he let Laura choose a birthday gift, he gave Widi the same right. If he took the boys up Tiger Mountain, he secretly brought her too.

She still remembered that day--how the sight of a tiger eating raw meat had terrified her. She had cried so hard Richard had to take her home early.

Now, every time she thought about it, she wanted to slap herself. If only she'd smiled instead, if only she'd said she wanted a tiger too, maybe Richard would've stayed. Maybe he would've taken her with him.

Now Richard was gone. No one else cared. His even-handed love hadn't changed the others--they had love from everyone else anyway. But for Widi. Richard's fairness had been her only glimpse of real affection. And now it was gone.

She stared at Carol and Laura, still caught up in their mother-daughter glow, and mentally slapped them both across the face. She imagined each satisfying smack with the righteousness of a Greek deity of slapping.

Just then, a servant entered the room. "Carol, Pedro Bush from Mr. Richard's team has arrived."

The mother-daughter pair jumped to their feet, faces glowing with delight..

But Widi moved faster. She darted to the door like lightning

Pedro had just stepped into the foyer, carrying a large fruit basket, when Widi ran straight into him. Startled, he reached out to steady her. "Widi."

She looked up at him, eyes shining. Is Grandpa back?"

Pedro hesitated, then shook his head. "Mr. Richard hasn't returned."

In an instant, her hopeful face collapsed. Pedro barely had time to register the shift before she spotted the fruit basket.

"For me?" she asked, gaze flickering

Pedro lifted it slightly. "Yes, this is for you."

Her eyes lit up again. "From Grandpa?"

Pedro hesitated, then decided honesty was best. "Actually... from Stefan."

And just like that, her face dropped again. "I knew it."

Of course Richard wouldn't send her anything special. She wasn't special enough.

She took the basket without a word and turned away, walking slowly back to her room.

Stefan's useless foo, she thought angrily. 1 asked him to bring Grandpa back, and he couldn't even manage that. What a waste

2/4

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Back inches room, With read the true backer deck and logged into the bed in frustration

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Her head full of worker Had toetan even talked to Michard Had he convinced line to stop selling those grapes?

was

Last night, the had dreamed Richard laring thrown into jail. In the dream, he stared at her from behind bars, silent and.

lotojail

Suddenly, Wadi sat up. Her gaze landed on the front banker.

she niedower and inspected the grapes carefully They were flawless--glossy, plumps, arranged neatly.

Her heart skipped the could almost be sure these were the grapes Richard had been selling

She didnt understand what fan meant by sending them. She leaned over the basket, looking for a note, a tag anything. Nothing

After staring for a long while, she finally plucked one out, washed it, and put it in her mouth.

The Bayot exploded on her tongue--and with it came tear.

She cried, duulders shaking, the knot of anxiety finally loosening

Thank God Richard wasn't selling something dangerous after all.

Between sobs, she made a solemn vow. "From now on, I won't slap Stefan in my mind anymore.

Before evening had even fallen, Jeremy was already bark with Yvonne. They arrived home at exactly four o'clock.

As soon as he stepped out of the car, he scooped Yvonne up in one arm, turned toward the Adler family estate, and said with agrin, "C'mon, little sis. Let's go see Stefan."

"Okay Yvonne chirped.

By now, she knew that "big brother" referred to Jeremy's older brother.

Until today, no one had ever mentioned Stefan to her. She had no idea she had another brother. You could imagine her shock

Funny thing was, it went both ways--today was also the first time Stefan learned of her existence.

As they stepped inside, Yvonne looked up, her round, soft face curious. In a sweet, milky voice, she asked, "Jeremy, what kind of person is he?"

Jeremy answered simply, "He's a good man."

Yvonne let out a soft "Waaah," as if impressed--but then dropped the subject completely. She started squirming in his arms, insisting he put her down. She didn't want to be carried

That exact moment, Richard happened to be strolling aimlessly around the courtyard--and caught the scene in full.

His precious granddaughter's cheeks were flushed as she stubbornly tried to push Jeremy away, while Jeremy, grinning like a scoundrel, kept trying to pull her back into his arms.

Richard didn't need to ask. He was a wise, discerning man--he knew exactly what was going on.

14:30 Fri, 11 Apr

## Chapter 260

With the full force of a retired general, he shouted across the yard, "Jeremy! How

How dare you bully your little sister?"

Both of them froze and looked his way. Before Jeremy could get a single word of defense out, Richard dropped the hammer.

"Your punishment no more taking your sister out to play. From now on, I will."