

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Jeremy could see Richard calculating from a mile away and honestly didn't even feel like exposing him.

Yvonne let go of Jeremy and toddled over to Richard, hugging his leg with righteous indignation. "He's had! I asked him a question, and he just teased me!"

"That's very had indeed," Richard said, nodding solemnly with full agreement.

But as soon as he processed what she'd said, he realized this was a great chance to impress the little one. He bent down, smiling kindly, and asked, "What did you ask, Yvonne? Tell Grandpa, and I'll answer you"

Yvonne instantly forgot her frustration. Her eyes lit up, and she said excitedly, "Grandpa, can you tell me what kind of person is Stefan!"

That's it? Richard blinked, surprised by how simple the question was. He shifted his gaze to Jeremy, suspicious "Why didn't he just answer? Was there a trap!

Still aiming to score points with Yvonne, Richard didn't rush to answer. Instead, he turned to Jeremy and asked casually, "And what did you tell her, Jeremy?"

Jeremy said nothing. His silence made Richard uneasy. He had hoped to eliminate a wrong answer, but now he had no idea what landmine might already be buried.

He thought hard. Yvonne probably just wanted to know more about Stefan ahead of time. But how should he describe him? A guy who rarely came home? Someone oversensitive and petty?

Suddenly, inspiration struck. He had the perfect answer—safe, neutral, and foolproof

Looking into Yvonne's big, cager eyes, Richard straightened up and said confidently, "First of all, Stefan is a good person."

The moment the words left his mouth, the light in Yvonne's eyes vanished. She silently let go of his leg, turned around with a blank expression, and walked away. "Bye, Grandpa."

"Eh? Wait—what?" Richard called after her, genuinely baffled.

Only Jeremy seemed relaxed. He stepped beside Richard and, with genuine delight, said, "That's great, Grandpa. I feel much better knowing you crashed and burned too."

"What do you mean?" Richard frowned.

Jeremy grinned, clearly enjoying himself far too much. "I said the exact same thing earlier.

So much for Richard, master of strategy, overthinking his way into failure.

Panic creeping in, Richard hurried after the retreating Yvonne. "Hey, Yvonne, wait! I said it wrong. Give Grandpa another

chancel

Yvonne didn't look back. Her little legs churned as she bolted down the hall.

She reached the bottom of the staircase leading to Stefan's room, looked up at the closed door, then stopped a passing nanny. Tilting her soft white face up, she asked, "Is Stefan inside?"

"He is the nanny replied warmly. "He's sleeping."

She thought to herself, He's been napping for two hours. Probably time to wake him up to play with Yvonne

"Sleeping, huh..." Yvonne nodded, then gently released the nanny's hand. She lowered her head and whispered, "Let him

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sleep then

She could wait until later. But a glance at the sky outside made her frown. With genuine confusion, the tilted her head and asked. "He's sleeping during the day!"

Muttering to herself, she added, "Just like a little fox.....

Jeremy had just caught up and overheard the exchange. Feeling a little guilty for earlier, he jumped in to explain "Yvonne it's because Stefan lives somewhere that's six or seven hours behind us. His day and night are flipped:

Yvonne didn't fully understand, but she nodded obediently. "Oh

A moment later, Richard finally caught up. Seeing Yvonne with Jeremy, he rushed forward to redeem himself.

"Yonne, don't be mad. I didn't finish my answer earlier!"

Yvonne looked up at him with big blinking eyes. She wasn't actually mad—just felt a little toyed with. Tm not mad," she said. her voice sweet. "Walk slower next time."

Hearing that, Richard was hit with a wave of guilt. He really had brushed her off too casually. He reached out to pat her head, rubbing gently as remorse filled his chest.

"Good. I'm glad you're not mad," he said sincerely. "If I had to be more specific—Stefan is a clean freak, sensitive, petty holds grudges."

Of all the adjectives, Yvonne only understood one.

"Clean freak?" she repeated, thoughtful. "Oh, like Daddy's disease about being tidy!"

Richard was about to explain more,

but before he could continue, the door beside them creaked open

and

Stefan stood in the doorway, expression unreadable, hair slightly tousled from sleep. His eyes, sharp and deep, held a cold stillness. He said nothing, but his silence carried weight. Heavy, icy.

The air froze..

They locked eyes for a long moment. Richard didn't even flinch—he was long past feeling guilty about this kind of thing Too much drama in his life had numbed him.

"Oh! Stefan, you're awake! I thought you were still sleeping," he said, trying to sound casual and warm, hoping to trigger some traditional respect—for—elders instinct.

Stefan leaned back slightly against the doorframe. The sun had started to set, and its glow filtered through the hall, casting broken gold across his features. He didn't move, didn't blink.

His voice was low and flat. "What exactly did you mean by more specific?"

Seriously! Richard almost sighed. Couldn't the kid just let it go? What happened to taking the high road?

But no—Stefan had to circle back and call him out. Absolutely no emotional generosity.

Still, Richard wasn't going down without a fight.

He reached out and gently pulled Yvonne forward, crouching to meet her eye. "Let me tell you something even more specific," he said gravely. "Stefan is the most respectful grandson in this entire family. He would never give his grandfather a

hard time

Yvonne, dragged along as a human shield, looked up nervously at the stranger in the doorway. She might have been small, but even she could tell that Grandpa had just been caught bad—mouthing someone behind their back.

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When she met Stefan's cool gaze, she quickly looked away. Her big shiny black eyes blinked guiltily, and even the little hair on top of her head seemed to stiffen in fear.

Thinking fast, she peeked up at him again, face turning pink. She gave a hesitant lite smile, dingles blooming like and dents in dough. Her voice came out tiny and trembling.

"Stefan," she said, careful and wobbly, "you already scolded Grandpa, so you can't scold me too okay?