

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 262

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Betaling thing the day or owed humbe went to

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A prater his sign is the top, when every invertingend early shaggy, and wegged protectively in front of

where'

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tall on

He said it with leading he Morand sets w Waning so fuger au froer of his face, Jeremy added

one demnly. In the Adler family, we des

der former gedry

Medan stared then withenat wery expeting frommy, stund, begeucking

I'll

Germany,

Since this is your first externe bele Your pride is that your honed from taking one out to play until you leave for school being pergame with her as a consequence?

He said it with a smirk tugging at the corners of fat lips, and his eyes died with sement. He barely made it a few

glinted sering eps before he cracked full-on feet – held post the hottery

As Jeremy grinned orally, Sertan lifted a hand

Jeremy froze on instinet. He knew that look Both Bertan and their father had the same aura–cool, imposing and more than capable of smacking sense into you. He'd been hit by both before, and neither had gone easy on him

But with Yonne behind him, Jeremy braced himself and red his ground, ready to take the blow

Instead, Stefan pinched his cheek.

making the skin turn white. With a blank face and an

His clean, pale fingers clamped down with surprising for unnervingly calm tone, Stefan said, "Whatever demon in poening Jeremy's body, get out now!

Jeremy swatted his hand away, rubbing his fane

Ir didn't even hurt. He knew Stefan was just messing

with him, but he still grumbled, "You'se officially gone off the rails at school

Stefan's gaze did downward and landed on Yvonne

She had witnessed the whole exchange and was now staring at him wide-eyed, clearly spooked. She clamped her hands over her town cheeks as if the frated he'd come for her next.

She covered her mouth in the process, and her soft little voice came out squashed and muffled. Im not a demon please don't pinch my face.

Stefan stared at her for a long moment, then let out a quiet sigh. Jeremy was a terrible influence–this poor linle marshmallow had already caught his stupidity.

Still, given the family she was growing up in, it wasn't exactly her fault.

With a helpless expression, Stefan said dryly, "I'm not going to pinch you. You can put your hands down"

Yvonne obediently lowered her hands and then, with the practiced stealth of a shy little fox, scurried behind Richard and pecked out from beside his leg

She was naturally drawn to pretty faces, and Stefan was very pretty–but when someone like that stared directly at her, she got embarrassed. So she looked but only from the safety of a partial hiding spot

From the courtyard below, Charles happened to glance up and spot people on the second floor. He called out, "Grandpa is Yvonne up there?"

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harda leg and tipeced inver is the railing the squeezed her fâre

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Curug sigh of gork furry hd poking through the railing and smiled. This face softened, histone dripping

(were up to."

Bechard and fervom barely rearted—they were used to Charles sappy tone Stefan, however, visibly twitched. He walked

thing down

Yip was Charles

nd backed

narrowing

Jeremy casually clapped Stefan on the shoulder "Alright, go back to sleep We're going down to see Charles

torfan

But was already to wake Without a word, he followed them down.

The momente sow Charles, Wonne perked up. She giggled and skipped toward him, chattering to herself. Just one more

Eryone chuckled–pe Solan His steps faltered for just a second

Karand's carlier words weren't wrong. Stefan was sensitive,

Falling behind the group, he frowned deeply. His expression turned frosty, so unapproachable that he might as well have been carved from scr

But in his head, his thoughts were surprisingly childish.

Jeremy had explained that the time difference meant Stefan's country was six or seven hours behind theirs. That was why he

sleeping when everyone here was already having lunch

Yvetted between Charles and Jeremy like a tiny emperor with two attendants, tilted her head in confusion as she tried to grasp the concept of time zones."

Charles patiently explained it, using the simplest example he could. "Let's say you've already eaten breakfast and gone to school. At that exact time, Stefan is just getting ready for bed."

That lacked Yvonne nodded seriously. "I understand now. Thank you"

She didn't actually understand a thing

In her head, all she thought was, Wow, Stefan really sleeps a lot?

But that didn't stop her from enthusiastically calling both boys "brother" and asking them dumb lute questions with full sincerity. Stefan didn't interrupt—he forced himself to redirect his focus. Yvonne, however, remained intensely curious about him and clearly wanted to talk.

Later that evening, in a private lounge of an upscale club, the atmosphere was hazy and dim, the lighting soft and

he was the

In a corner booth, a striking young man lounged with a wine glass in hand. Though seated away from the center, he was one everyone's attention gravitated toward:

He looked effonlessly elegant, his posture languid, lus gaze distant as it lingered on the chandelier. There was a noble detachment in his presence—classic old money confidence—but no one could tell what he was actually thinking

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He sat in that clusive space between adolescence and adafihend, just enough mystery to make women want to unemet hint

A few of the women present clearly couldn't resist the temptation One of them, emboldened wathed over and hear down. slightly, offering him her phone under the pretense of sharing something The anate way tale fee nome nel fut display

Stefan blinked, coming back to himself. With a polite unite, he filed his wine glass and gently pushed the phone mode

"Sony he said, cool and brief, no explanation given.

The woman hesitated for a second, clearly disappointed, before retreating with lingering dances.

Across the room, a few of Stefan's closer friends exchanged looks and gathered near him, though they kepe distance.

One of them leaned in. "Stefan, man... what's up with you tonight?"

Yeah, ever since we got here, you've been zoned out. You nursing a broken heart or something"

"If something's bugging you, just say the word. We'll help you sort it out

Stefan set down his wine glass on the coffee table in front of him. His expression didn't change, his gaze still unreadable eyes half-bidded as he stared into the dimness. He didn't respond.

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