

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 263

No Ads

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Stefan didn't say a word, but everyone around him could sense his mood had dipped even further.

Those present in the private lounge weren't your average party crowd—they were the polished, socially adept elites of Strate

In a place where status was measured both by wealth and age, this group skewed older and calmer than the usual noisy bunch surrounding someone like Jeremy.

If he had been in a bad mood tonight, his crowd of chaotic friends would've immediately started throwing out useless ideas like over-eager advisors to a teenage king

But Stefan's friends were different. They knew how to read a room, and right now, no one dared to interrupt

this silence.

The truth was simple: Stefan couldn't sleep. By this hour, everyone back at the Adler estate was already fast asleep, and the entire place was oppressively quiet. He had originally planned to walk in the courtyard for a bit, but for reasons beyond

comprehension, someone in the family had decided to raise chickens in the backyard—roosters, no less.

And those roosters, apparently equipped with some sort of sixth sense, would crow the moment they detected any

movement.

Whatever they had eaten, it must've been supernatural. Their cries weren't just loud—they were earth-shattering, echoing across the compound like it was sunrise in a medieval village.

Worried they'd wake the whole house, Stefan had gotten in his car and left.

He'd only texted one friend, hoping for a quiet chat, but news spread fast. Within twenty minutes, half a dozen people had shown up.

He hadn't objected. He simply sat in a corner, silent and brooding, while the others—picking up on his mood—held back, unsure how to approach.

Still, they'd all come here for him. Everyone wanted to stay in his good graces, so they couldn't just let him sulk the night away. Someone slipped out and brought in a few women, dearly hoping to lift the mood the oldest, most time-honored

way.

But Stefan didn't even blink.

And that's when the room really got confused. A man like Stefan—born into prestige, raised to inherit legacy, cool and aloof by nature—what problems could possibly be weighing him down?

Too rich to spend all his money? Burdened by over-achieving relatives! Come on.

What else could make a man like that sulk in a nightclub corner if not.. heartbreak?

One friend tried his luck. "Stefan, don't be depressed. There are so many good girls out there. Just tell me your type—I'll introduce you."

Stefan turned his head slowly, eyes cool and flat. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

The guy blinked, caught off guard. "So... it's not love trouble!"

If it wasn't about romance, then it was even more mysterious. Their curiosity flared. Questions flew, theories bounced off walls. Everyone talked at once, unable to give him even a moment of peace.

Finally, Stefan stood up from the sofa, picked up his coat, and left.

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One of his closer friend's jumped up after him. "Hey, where are you going? I'll go with you"

"Home, Stefan replied.

"But didn't you say you couldn't sleep?" the friend asked.

By the time the words left his mouth, Stefan was already gone.

Truth was, Stefan couldn't sleep. Every time he returned to the country, the first week of jet lag hit him like a truck. His sleep schedule was always a mess.

He drove aimlessly through the quiet city, eventually passing a 24-hour pharmacy. He went in, bought some sleeping pills, and returned to the estate. And there they were

The two roosters in the Adler family's backyard—fully alert, fully vocal. At the slightest sound, they began to crow again like they were announcing the Second Coming.

forward. "Stefan?"

Stefan froze in place, too tense to move fo

A familiar voice called out behind him. He turned and saw Henry's face in the dim light.

Henry had gotten up in the middle of the night to use the restroom and, hearing noise outside, had stepped out—only to find exactly who he expected.

"It's fine, just walk past them," Henry said, completely missing the point. "They don't peck."

Of course he didn't get it. But Stefan was used to that.

Only after they had left the rooster zone did Stefan finally speak, his voice laced with exasperation. "Whose idea was it," he muttered, "to raise chickens here?"

Henry escorted him back, answering matter-of-factly, "Yvonne's martial arts teacher sent them over. Said they're good for her health. But Mr. Richard said they were spiritually gifted and insisted on keeping them"

Richard—forever convinced that he alone could detect the 'spiritual energy of animals. If he ever thought a rooster had at soul, he'd house it. If he thought a plane had feelings, he'd adopt it too,

Stefan clearly didn't understand—but understanding didn't matter. He paused, glancing sideways at Henry through the

wind.

"You can go back now," he said.

I'll walk you," Henry offered.

"There's no need," Stefan replied. "It's late. Go get some sleep."

Henry didn't argue. He wrapped his robe tighter and returned inside.

Once indoors, the warmth hit like a wave. The room was over twenty degrees. After hours in the night air, the sudden heat was both welcome and jarring.

Having grown used to the dark, Stefan was momentarily stunned by the explosion of pastel pink that greeted him inside. His room, still unmistakably Yvonne's.

He unpacked the sleeping pills, took two, and prepared to try sleeping again.

At some point, someone had placed a pale green blanket on the bed—it was new.

The pink baby quilt, complete with tassels and embroidery, had been folded neatly and stored in the cabinet. Stefan had

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arranged it himself, replacing the bedspread and pillows too, folding everything so precisely it looked like it had come straight from the store.

The color scheme of the room was now mismatched, but tolerable.

He lay down, mentally bracing himself for another battle with sleep. The pills didn't help much. It wasn't until the first light. of dawn crept over the horizon that Stefan finally drifted off.

During breakfast, a servant quietly knocked on his door. No response. Assuming he was asleep, she left without disturbing him

Later that morning. Yvonne wandered into the Adler estate, curious as always. Overhearing the servants whispering about Stefan not showing up for breakfast, she tilted her head in confusion.

"Why didn't Stefan eat?" she asked, looking up at the two nannies. The pure white baby fox at her feet followed closely, its little tail twitching.

"Mommy says we're supposed to eat breakfast every day," Yvonne added solemnly.

Just then. Jeremy appeared. He ran over, scooped her up, and nuzzled into her soft, scented hoodie like a fox himself.

"Morning. Yvonne! Were you looking for me?"

Yvonne, still fixated on her question, blinked and asked again. "Why didn't Stefan eat?"

Cradling her in his arms, Jeremy headed inside and replied lazily, "Stefan's still asleep. He hasn't woken up yet."

"Oh. She didn't quite understand—but she accepted it.

The little fox padded along behind them.

Inside, Jeremy suddenly asked, "Hey, what kind of flower makes people fall asleep when they smell it?"

Yvonne blinked, totally lost. "Yvonne doesn't know," she replied in her usual soft, milk-sweet tone.

She was good at growing flowers, not studying them. There was a big difference.

Jeremy had overheard Richard and Henry talking at breakfast. Apparently, Stefan had still been out wandering around at one in the morning And—this was the highlight—he'd frozen in place, paralyzed by fear of chickens.

Henry had to walk him past the coop like a security escort.

Jeremy had never imagined that someone as cold and untouchable as Stefan could possibly be afraid of chickens. It was a revelation. Hidden so well—how had he never noticed?

Outside, workers were hammering away, reinforcing the chicken coop.

And that was how rumors began. With nothing better to do, Jeremy leaned in and began telling Yvonne Stefan's "secret"

"Actually," he whispered, "last night Stefan got scared of the chickens. That's why he couldn't sleep and only went to bed this morning

"Wowww..." Yvonne gasped, eyes wide in awe as if she'd just heard a forbidden legend.

The baby fox sitting beside her twitched, drooled a little, and anxiously circled in place—no one was paying it any attention.

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