

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 267

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When Richard learned what happened, his face instantly darkened like a thundercloud.

He yanked the little fox up by the scruff and tore into him. “So that’s why you ignored me earlier? Been busy brewing up trouble in that little head of yours, Inh?”

Knowing there was no escaping this time, the little fox pulled out all the stops, wagging its tail in full-blown damage control mode.

But Richard wasn’t having it. Completely immune. Unbattered. Unforgiving. Unless your natne was Yvonne, even the cutest little antics in the world wouldn’t move him one bit

Without hesitation, he handed the fox off to a passing bodyguard. “Lock him up. Let him think long and hard about his actions

And just like that, the poor little troublemaker was carried away, face full of despair like he was on his way to execution. If I’d known this would happen, I wouldn’t have touched that stupid flower, he thought bitterly.

With that nuisance out of the way, Richard returned to Yvonne’s side.

His big, weathered hand gently ruffled her hair as his entire expression melted into affectionate warmth. “Don’t be mad, sweetheart. I’ll take you out for some fun.”

Right on cue, Stefan came downstairs, freshly showered, hair damp and tousled. He slowed for a brief second, his gaze flickering past Yvonne to rest pointedly on Jeremy.

“Take him with you,” he said.

Jeremy blinked, surprised—but before he could feel even mildly touched, Stefan added coolly. To a flower arrangement class. I’ll send the address.”

Yesterday’s flower incident had technically been resolved—Stefan had rearranged the bouquet himself and moved on.

But this morning, someone had yet again sneakily placed another monstrous creation by his bed.

A hideous mix of dried flowers and random twigs—truly offensive. Stefan was done playing nice

Jeremy balked. “No way.”

As if he’d go to some class, His flower arrangements were a whole vibe—untamed, unpolished, artistically chaotic, with at spiritual aura that couldn’t be taught.

Stefan clearly couldn’t replicate that kind of genius, and now he was being petty about it. Obviously jealous.

Everyone else in the house, however—including his own dear sister Yvonne—agreed with Stefan. So off he went, dragged against his will into flower bootcamp.

The teacher, a friend of Stefan’s, greeted Jeremy with beaming enthusiasm, calling his name like they were best friends. But once class started, the mask came off—strict, relentless, no room for nonsense.

Every time Jeremy managed to finish a piece, the guy would snap a photo and send it off. No need to ask who was on the other end. It had to be Stefan

Turns out, Jeremy wasn’t leaving until Stefan gave his stamp of approval. It was torture. Actual psychological warfare.

By the time he got out—past ten at night—his soul had withered. And when the teacher waved cheerfully and said. “See you next weekend! Jeremy nearly collapsed on the spot.

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Joy! Never heard of her Happines’ A distant memory.

He even started getting a little paranoid. What if this was all Stefan’s revenge! A punishment for being too close to Yvonne What if this flower arrangement hell was never about flowers at all

Fuming, Jeremy stormed home, practically levitating with rage. As soon as he stepped inside, he made a beeline for Stefan’s

House was quiet, Richard already asleep, and no one could stop him—not even the bodyguards.

He pounded on Stefan’s door.

A few seconds later, it opened. Stefan stood there, just out of the shower, black hair dripping, looking calm and maddeningly

He pounded on Stefan’s door. A few seconds later, it opened. Stefan stood there, just out of the shower, black hair dripping. Looking calm and maddeningly unfazed.

“What?” he asked, eyes steady.

Jeremy didn’t even answer. He pushed past him like a hurricane. I’m here to get my stuff.

If he could rewind to this morning, he would’ve never arranged that damn vase. That one act of generosity had set off a chain reaction of misery.

He’d had plans—horseback riding with Yvonne, a full week of fun already mapped out. And now? All ruined by one cold-hearted, flower-hating tyrant

His eyes landed on the vase at Stefan’s bedside—the one he had arranged that morning. Still the same lavender. unmistakably prepped with Yvonne’s touch.

The scent filled the whole room. But… something was different.

He stepped closer and realized a few of the awkward sticks and dried decorations were gone. What remained was clean, minimal, two simple tulips standing out as the centerpiece.

He hated to admit it, but it looked better than before. It even matched the room’s aesthetic. Infuriating.

Without saying a word, Jeremy scooped up the vase, cradled it to his chest, and turned to leave.

Stefan stepped in front of him. “What are you doing?”

Jeremy glared. “Since you clearly don’t like it, I’ll just take it back. Good Night

The way he bit off every word of that good night was practically a declaration of war.

Stefan looked at his sulking face, let out a sigh, and said softly, “I never said I didn’t like it.”

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