

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 258

Chapter 258

"Who told me Stefan thought, suppressing the flare of annoyance rising in his chest Who ever told me I had a sister?"

If anyone had the right to be upset, it was him. He had spent the past few months alone on the other side of the ocean, barely able to keep in touch with anyone back home because of the time difference. His phone remained eerily silent—not just on ordinary days, but even during holidays.

The only exception was Jeremy, who would mass send cheerful holiday greetings to the family group chat, including him in the list almost as an afterthought.

The messages were obviously copied from somewhere—emotionless, generic, sometimes even leaving the original sender's name at the bottom. And yet Stefan still read them seriously, replying with something polite

Most of the time, he received no response. Either Jeremy was asleep, or "getting sleepy, let's talk tomorrow—except tomorrow never came.

Even so, every time Stefan flew home, he carefully picked out gifts for everyone. And now, after all that, he was being guilt-tripped for not bringing a present for someone he didn't even know existed?

He felt exhausted. Not just tired—defeated. Like one of those overworked moms in sitcoms who bust their backs all day at work, come home to cook, clean, bathe the kids, and finally sit down to rest, only to have one of the children point at a cartoon sheep on TV and tearfully ask why she didn't cook dinner for the poor, hungry lamb on screen.

The only reason Stefan even knew about Yvonne was because Carol happened to mention it before he came back. That was the first time he heard he had a younger sister.

And so, bearing gifts, he took an international flight back home—only to discover the entire family had moved, and not a single soul thought to inform him.

They added a new family member, changed addresses, and no one said a word. And now, because he didn't bring a gift for a stranger, the brother he'd grown up with was mad at him.

Charles had gone quiet for a while before softly saying, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Stefan replied. Of course he wasn't actually mad at Charles. Straightening up, he reached out to pull him up as well. "It's cold outside. Let's head back in."

Charles was the kind of person who just looked clean and serene. Stefan didn't mind being close to people like that.

As they walked together back into the house, Charles suddenly turned to him. "Where are you staying now that you're back?"

"Here," Stefan replied naturally. His family was all here—there was no reason for him to return to the cold, empty old estate alone.

Charles stared at him for a couple of seconds, hesitating. "I don't think there are any spare rooms left."

"No?" Stefan frowned slightly. He thought back—true, the house did feel a bit crowded these days.

Charles eventually walked him back to his temporary room. His long fingers pressed lightly against the door. "I'll ask Grandpa later

Of course, Richard had no clue who was staying where. He was technically a guest himself—everything in the house was managed by Henry,

"Yeah, we're out of rooms," Henry said after checking. "There are two guest rooms left, but they're small and on the shady side. Not suitable for Stefan."

Stefan couldn't stand rooms without sunlight. A dark, damp space made him feel like he was drowning in moisture. The 11/3

Chapter 258

mere thought of it gave him chills.

After a moment of silence, Henry suddenly said. "What about Yvonne's room? She's never used it—it's still empty"

Richard let out an "oh finally remembering. That sunny room next to Charles's had been reserved for Yvonne. She'd never stayed here, and probably never would

live back when Kelvin moved in with just a few servants, the place had been roomy, so they fixed up a room for Yvonne as well. Later, when Richard moved in and brought half the world with him, the house nearly burst at the seams

Richard glanced at Stefan, visibly reluctant. "Sigh... call Jeremy. Ask Yvonne if she's okay with letting Stefan stay there for a bit"

It wasn't like Stefan was staying long—just over a month. Forty days, max, and he'd be back at school. The room would be available again, a symbolic placeholder for Yvonne's potential return.

Sensing the obvious reluctance in his grandfather's tone, Stefan didn't even know what to say. His return already felt extra

Meanwhile, Jeremy was out having fun—and for once, he happened to notice a call.

He was snowboarding, with Yvonne sitting on the board in front of him, clinging to his legs as they slid down a beginner slope. His friends flanked them on either side, filming from different angles. The whole ski field was nearly empty except their little crew.

Normally Jeremy wouldn't be caught dead on a beginner slope, but Yvonne had said the steeper hills made her butt bounce too much, so here they were—him patiently pulling her board around like a sled.

His friends, solid wingmen that they were, documented the entire "big bro takes little sis sledding journey from every possible angle.

One of them, holding Jeremy's phone, noticed the incoming call and shouted, "Jeremy! Call for you!"

Jeremy stopped, and the wind rushing past his ears fell away into silence.

"Who is it?" he asked, turning his head.

"Richard, the guy replied after checking the screen.

Jeremy pulled off his gloves and took the phone. Yvonne shifted her tiny frame and hugged his leg even tighter. She was having a blast and had no intention of stopping.

After a brief conversation with Richard, Jeremy lowered his gaze and looked down at Yvonne. "Yvonne, our big brother's back. He doesn't have a place to stay. Can he borrow your room for a while?"

Yvonne looked up, big eyes peeking out from behind her ski goggles. "Huh?" she said, a little hesitant. "But I live with Mommy."

"This is the other house," Jeremy explained. "The one where we live."

Yvonne had no memory of it, but she nodded enthusiastically. "Okay!"

Once the call ended, Jeremy handed the phone back to his friend, pulled on his gloves, and Yvonne latched back onto his legs like a koala.

After a moment of silence, she looked up and asked, "Who's the big brother?"

Jeremy didn't even blink. "A brother is just... a brother."

Yvonne blinked, speechless

Chapter 258

Stefan officially moved into Yvonne's room. Henry found the keys and led him upstairs.

When he opened the door, Stefan was met with an overwhelming wall of pink. His face remained expressionless, but his eyes widened in silent horror

"Why is it... this color?" he asked, his voice oddly flat.

"Yvonne likes pink," Henry replied with perfect composure.

"This is very pink," Stefan argued weakly

"She really likes pink."

"Fine."

So many thoughts, and all of them boiled down to one word: Fine.

After all, he was only borrowing the room. He wasn't in a position to be picky. If Yvonne—lover of pink and gracious loaner of bedrooms—was willing to let him stay, he should be grateful. And honestly, after a while, the color kind of grew on him. At least it was clean.

"This is a spare key," Henry said, walking over to the closet,

As he opened it, he pulled out a fuzzy pink blanket and placed it on the bed, shaking it out with practiced ease.

Stefan's eye twitched violently. "What's that?"

"A blanket," Henry said simply. "Custom-made for Yvonne. Normal ones are too big—she can't drag them around at night"

Noticing Stefan's visible discomfort, Henry added, "Don't worry. Yvonne never used it. It's clean."

But Stefan wasn't concerned about cleanliness.

He was 6'2". That blanket was barely four feet long. What kind of person his size was supposed to sleep under that?

E