

“What happened?”

“Did something happen?”

“Hurry! I think it came from Ms. Shandie's room!”

The housekeepers then made their way toward Shandie's room with all haste.

Since the door was unlocked, the housekeepers were able to get inside where they found Shandie collapsed by the side of the bed. Spasming and frothing at the mouth, she was blue in the face and looked to be on the verge of dropping dead.

“W-What's going on here?”

Recovering from their initial state of shock, the

housekeepers then swiftly strode forward to carry out a rescue.

“Hey, wait! There's a snake on the bed!” one of them cried.

“What?”

Tracing their line of sight in the direction where that housekeeper pointed, the masses were shocked to see a hissing snake spitting its tongue out at intervals.

That reptile seemed different from the other snakes. Rearing its large head and puffing its neck up on either side, it appeared poised to strike at any time.

That had the housekeepers reeling in retreat.

At that moment, Cindy and Henrick had arrived, and witnessing the scene unfolding before him, Henrick,

too, shuffled back and became wary of approaching.

Ashen-faced, Cindy's teeth clattered against each other. "What in the world... Why is there a snake here, and what are you all standing around for? Hurry up and get rid of it!"

Exchanging apprehensive looks between each other, none of the housekeepers seemed that enthusiastic about volunteering themselves for the grim task.

Upon seeing that, Cindy could only tug at Henrick. "Come on, Dear. Get in there and kill it!"

How could Henrick possibly have the gall to do that?

As the head of the household, however, he did not want to lose the esteem of all those present and in witness either.

Should word spread that he did not dare to approach a snake when his own daughter got bitten by it, how would he be able to look anyone in the eye in the future?

These bloody housekeepers! What a bunch of useless cowards! That stupid woman too, for pushing me to do it!

If not for them, how else would he have found himself in such a predicament, caught between a rock and a hard place?

Steeling himself, Henrick was about to go in armed with a broom when a crisp voice sounded out questioningly, "It's already so late, Dad. What are you guys doing in here?"

Turning around, Henrick then saw Arielle in her nighties. Her hair tousled up, and her eyes groggy.

He replied a little sheepishly, “A snake got inside the room, and Shandie has fallen unconscious after being bitten. I've got to try to get to her...”

“No way.” The drowsiness had seemingly dissipated from within Arielle's eyes as she grabbed ahold of Henrick. “You can't do that, Dad. It's much too dangerous!”

Cindy was infuriated when she heard that and aimed a backhand at Arielle's cheeks.

Initially, Arielle could have avoided that attack with relative ease, but after spending a fraction of a second in deliberation, she decided not to.

A resounding smack was heard when the palm smashed unerringly upon Arielle's face, cumulating in a rich flushness that swelled over her fair skin where it

landed.

“You're just hoping that Shandie would die, aren't you, you little b*tch? Get out of here, you vile woman! Alfred, get her out of my face immediately!”

Caught in a dilemma as to whether or not to follow through on his orders, the butler looked to Henrick for cues.

Without awaiting Henrick's response, Arielle's lashes batted, sending tears of aggrievement flowing as she spoke, “I was merely concerned for your safety, Dad. What are the rest of us to do should anything happen to you, the head of the family? I've just been reunited with you, so I don't wish to lose my closest kin!”

Those words really hit home with Henrick.

That's right. Being the man of the house, everyone's

counting on me. What would become of this family should anything untoward were to befall me? Indeed, only this precious daughter of mine understands the position that I'm in!

Hence, Henrick glared at Cindy with a stern frown.

“Why ever did you hit the girl for? She was only concerned for my well-being!”

“But she obviously wanted Shannie to...”

“Aunt Cindy!” Arielle cut her off. “If you insist on questioning my intentions this way, then fine. I'll prove to you that I bear no ill will toward Shandie!”

With that, Arielle took the broom out of Henrick's hands and strode confidently toward that snake.

“Darling, no!” Henrick reached out to stop her, for relative to Shandie, Arielle was now his favorite child.

Arielle, whoever, shrugged him off and boldly

continued her advancement.

Obviously agitated by Arielle's approach, that cobra lunged itself at her.

With “tremendous difficulty,” Arielle dodged out of the way of the snake's attack. Shifting her stance into a swift pirouette, she then pinned down the reptile's tail using the broom.

That got the snake even more enraged and hissing even more threateningly.

While everyone else was either paralyzed with fear or scrambling to get as far away from it as possible, Arielle continued to do battle with the cobra inside the vast expanses of the room.

In the eyes of the observing masses, Arielle was an absolute warrior.

A dozen odd minutes transpired and amidst “tremendous difficulty,” the exhausted Arielle was finally able to subdue the snake by securing it around its head.

“Bring me a pair of scissors, or a knife. Anything!”

“I've got a one right here!” Bravely approaching with a fruit knife in hand, a housekeeper then passed it along to her.

Swiftly receiving it, Arielle then shut her eyes in an approximation of extreme consternation while she severed the snake's noggin from the rest of itself.

Once deprived of its head, the menacing cobra became completely still.

Only then was Henrick able to muster up the courage

to approach. He asked after Arielle with tenderness, “Oh, Darling, are you alright?”

Adopting a stricken disposition, Arielle flung herself into Henrick's arms the moment she laid eyes upon him.

“I was so scared, Dad!”

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