

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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At first, the group didn't feel anything unusual after entering the alleyway. They were still dazed and confused, moving as if they weren't quite present.

Yehuda didn't bother to explain anything. His mind was elsewhere.

Since they were heading to the Holmes family estate anyway, he figured it would be better to speak with Tinley first and clarify the situation.

When you hold a certain position, some responsibilities are simply unavoidable. Tinley wasn't an unreasonable person—if he explained things to her properly, this matter would become much easier to handle.

With that in mind, Yehuda led his four teammates to the gate of the Holmes estate.

After exchanging a few words with the guards, they were smoothly allowed in.

Once inside, the group was finally struck by the grandeur around them—ornate buildings, carved beams, elegant water pavilions. Only then did they realize this was no ordinary place.

As they were escorted to the main hall, Yehuda turned to his teammates with a serious look. "Listen carefully. Do not touch anything here. I'm going to step out for a bit, and while I'm gone, stay in this room. Don't wander around, and absolutely do not go into the back garden."

When he said those words outside, his teammates hadn't taken him seriously.

But after seeing the opulent interior, they didn't dare move even without Yehuda's warning.

Only now did they understand—his warning wasn't to protect the house. It was to protect them.

Everything around them screamed unaffordable. It all looked like one accidental bump could cost them their life savings.

After making sure they'd taken his words to heart, Yehuda turned and followed Ronnie, who was waiting outside.

On the way to the back garden, Ronnie teased him with a grin. "When I got the call, I thought I must've heard wrong. I figured you guys knew the grapes belonged to Yvonne and would send someone else to avoid suspicion. Turns out—you didn't know."

Yehuda gave an awkward laugh but didn't respond.

When they received the tip-off, they hadn't investigated thoroughly enough.

Had he known in advance, he wouldn't have come—even if no one had officially asked him to recuse himself. Just the thought of it now made him sweat.

On the walk over, his mind kept spinning with how he was going to explain things to Tinley. But his gaze kept drifting to the garden around him.

He couldn't help but comment, "Ronnie, this place looks even better than when I came last year. The whole environment's improved."

Ronnie narrowed his eyes with a smile. "It has. When the place looks good, Tinley's mood is good too. You came at just the right time."

Yehuda wasn't sure what he meant by that. He decided to test the waters and ask about Yvonne. "Is Yvonne... home right now?"

"No," Ronnie replied, glancing at his watch. His expression softened into something almost fatherly. "But she'll be back soon."

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Land's already gone to pick her up. They should be back any mime now?

Just as they neared the garden, they saw Vendy walking from a distance, holding a white creature in her arms.

Her face was stormy. The little thing in her hands squirmed restlessly, clearly not inclined to behave.

Seeing this, Ronnie quickly stepped forward and took the white fox from her arms.

"What happened? Did Whity sneak into Tinley's room again?" he asked.

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Whity was the name Yvonne had given it. She was only four years old, so her naming skills were, understandably, a bit lazy.

Holding the fluffy fox in his arms and thinking of Yvonne returning soon, Ronnie hurried to smooth its fur.

Whity, ever the drama queen, nestled against him and whimpered pitifully. Wendy gave it a cold glance. That alone wouldn't have made her this angry.

"This fox ate the leaves off the blood ginseng plant, she said flatly.

Foxes were omnivores. They didn't just eat meat—they snacked on greens too, sometimes.

Ronnie's face changed instantly. He gave Whity a light slap on the rump. "I thought we locked it in the cage at noon. How did it get out again?"

Wendy dusted off the fur clinging to her clothes and replied calmly, "You'll need a sturdier cage. It knows how to open the latch by itself

They had no idea how it learned to do that. After being locked in for just two days, the current cage couldn't hold it

anymore.

Earlier, Wendy had seen the little white blur squirming near the blood ginseng from upstairs and nearly had a heart attack.

That plant was being grown specifically for Tinley—courtesy of Yvonne. Its value was beyond words.

Of all the plants in the courtyard, that fox had to go for the rarest one.

Knowing that Yvonne was almost home, Ronnie took the fox to wash its paws and left Yehuda in Wendy's care.

As he cleaned Whity's feet, he scolded it in a half-amused, half-frustrated tone. "You're only still here because Yvonne likes you. With the chaos you've caused these past two days, you should've been kicked out ages ago."

The fox sprawled in his arms, its body slightly warm. It let out an indignant huff, as if it understood exactly what he said.

It was too full of energy and couldn't stand staying in the cage. It had been bouncing off the walls, wasting all its energy.

A passing maid, hearing the thuds and crashes from the room, couldn't help but peek through the door crack.

Inside, the white fox was zipping around like it had lost its mind. Its leaps were so high, it practically flew.

After breaking out of the cage, it found the room too small and—somehow—opened the window and jumped out.

The maid, having seen the whole thing, stood frozen in shock.

This fox has got to be possessed. People in the courtyard rushed to catch it, but the fox was too fast. It darted from the back garden to the front, a streak of white lightning.

Yvonne arrived just as the fox zipped past her.

She froze for several seconds before realizing who it was. Then she shouted at the top of her lungs, "Whity!"

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The fox paused briefly—then kept running, never even glancing back.

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"What's wrong with Whity?" Yvonne stomped her little feet in frustration. Her baby voice trembled with urgency. "Ian, put me down quick! I have to go catch Whity!"

Ian bent down and set her on the ground, watching as the little one wobbled off in hot pursuit.

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He turned to a staff member and asked, half-joking and half-serious, "What the hell's gotten into that fox today? It's running around like it just escaped from a psych ward."

The bodyguard shook his head. "No idea. But Ronnie said it just ate the blood ginseng leaves from the back garden."

That ginseng had been grown specifically for Tinley. And as someone with a serious sister complex, he couldn't take that lying down. He immediately joined the fox-catching squad.

Inside the main hall, the group of visitors were sipping coffee when they heard the commotion outside.

Curiosity got the better of them, and they stepped out for a look.

The courtyard was a whirlwind of bodyguards and housekeepers, all busy chasing something. No one even acknowledged their presence.

The group burned with questions but didn't dare interrupt. Suddenly, they spotted a chubby little child dashing along in the chaos. Their eyes lit up.

"Look! That chubby kid—we'll ask her!"