

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Suddenly, Yvonne didn't think Stefan was so scary anymore.

Stefan was afraid of chickens. She wasn't. That meant her courage i

was bigger than his.

Yvonne thought this through carefully in her little head and found it made perfect sense.

"Stefan is so pitiful," she murmured sympathetically, then added a suggestion: "We should ask Grandpa to send the chickens up to the mountam.

No way she'd let chickens bully Stefan.

Jeremy imagined the scene—two live chickens tossed into Tiger Mountain, instantly torn to shreds by the creatures that lived there. He winced. That won't work," he said, a little awkwardly. "They'll just end up as snacks.

"Oh... okay," Yvonne didn't press

At her feet, the little white fox was circling her anxiously, pawing at her legs and letting out soft whimpers as if it were one second away from breaking into human speech.

It wanted food

Specifically, it wanted those chickens.

It had been dreaming about them for days. And these weren't just regular chickens—they were brimming with spiritual energy. Extra delicious.

But no one understood what it meant. Jeremy, completely missing the signals, scooped Yvonne up and gave the fox a warning glare. "If you want to go out and play, go by yourself. Stop pawing at Yvonne"

The little fox stared at him for three whole seconds, then turned and dashed off.

Fine. It would go alone. If they weren't going to help, it would take matters into its own paws.

In the courtyard, the coop was still under construction. For now, the chickens were wandering freely, totally oblivious to their fate.

Every time someone walked past, they shrieked like alarm bells—loud, sharp, obnoxious.

The little fox, much smarter now than when it first arrived at the Holmes family, spotted Richard nearby and quietly crouched at his side to eavesdrop.

"Make sure to put the coop far from Stefan's window," Richard was saying "If they scare him again, I really will have them sent away.

"Yes, sir. I'll take care of it right away"

As the man left, Richard turned and caught a flash of white out of the corner of his eye.

He called out, "Hey, little fox But the figure disappeared without stopping

Richard didn't think much of it. Ever since it ate that blood ginseng leaf, the little fox had become frighteningly clever. It understood words now, and it could scheme—like a child of four or five.

It knew that if it ate the chickens, it would get scolded. Maybe even punished, like last time when it stole that ginseng. But...

If the chickens stared someone, and then it "heroically" jumped in to protect its human and took them down—no one

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would blame it. In fact, they'd probably reward it. Praise it. Feed it better.

It was a perfect plan.

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With its strategy in mind, the little fox darted from room to room, hunting for clues to figure out exactly which one of these humans was "Stefan."

Meanwhile, Jeremy and Yvonne were flower arranging

Yvonne handed Jeremy a lavender sprig imbued with spiritual energy and looked at him with full trust and admiration. "You got this. The rest is up to you"

Jeremy didn't even look up. "Relax. Easy peasy"

Then he proceeded to create a floral disaster.

The lavender was freshly picked from the Holmes family garden. The decorative branches were clipped at random. The vase, chosen by Jeremy, was—in his opinion—the most aesthetic option.

What was once ten thousand-dollar materials, now looked like something from a dollar store.

Jeremy held up the finished product proudly. "Looks good, right?"

Yvonne stared for a beat, then nearly passed out. "It's... it's so ugly..."

Afraid of hurting his feelings, she scrambled to explain, I mean, maybe if you look at it for a long time...."

But when she met Jeremy's hopeful eyes, the words caught in her throat. In the end, she couldn't lie. Face crumpling, voice soft and hesitant, she whispered, "It's still... really ugly."

Jeremy's heart cracked audibly. Still, he stared at the vase in disbelief and muttered, "It's not that bad..."

Yvonne, on the other hand, was horrified. They were supposed to give this to Stefan?

She may have been young, but she had her pride. How could she give someone such a mess? Put herself in Stefan's shoes—who on earth would be happy to receive something like this?

No. Absolutely not.

She grabbed Jeremy's hand, gripping it a little tighter. Her big, round eyes sparkled with sincerity and desperation. "Let's ask someone else for help. Everyone would be happy to help us, I promise."

"Nope." Jeremy refused flat-out.

He even turned the lesson around on her. "Stefan's not the kind of guy who cares about appearances. He'd definitely prefer something we made ourselves over some perfect, soulless arrangement by someone else.

Yvonne gaped at him.

Jeremy's faith in his chaotic creation was unshakable. He picked her up with one hand, the flower arrangement in the other, and started walking toward Stefan's room.

He was being so thoughtful—he knew Stefan had trouble sleeping, so he specially prepared lavender. Who wouldn't be moved!

On the way, they ran into Richard.

Richard stopped and stared at them. His brows drew together in visible displeasure. After a long pause, he called out, "Jeremy. Why are you carrying trash—and dragging your sister around with you! Put her down"

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"What?" Jeremy blinked.

He looked himself up and down, utterly confused. Nothing on him looked like trash. At least not to him.

"Grandpa's so weird," he muttered under his breath, then turned to Yvonne. "Right?"

Yvonne rested her face against his shoulder, silent and dejected, like she'd entered emotional shutdown

They reached the door to Stefan's room. Jeremy gently set Yvonne down and pressed his car to the door, listening

"Quiet. He's probably still asleep, Jeremy said.

He sounded disappointed. Yvonne, on the other hand, felt relieved. Crisis averted—for now.

"Let's go back, okay? We'll try again this afternoon," she suggested.

Jeremy shook his head, resolute. "Nope."

He carried the vase outside, then came back with a stool. Climbing on top, he tested the window. It opened. His eyes lit up, and he waved Yvonne over,

"Come on, Yvonne! You're just the right size to fit through"

Below the window was a large table. Next to it was a low chair, just enough for a small child to climb down safely.

Yvonne dragged her feet over reluctantly, moving like she was marching to her doom.

Jeremy handed her the messy flower arrangement with all the gravity of passing down an ancient artifact,

"When I help you in, just put this on Stefan's nightstand, then climb back and I'll pull you out."

The leaves jabbed her cheeks. Hugging the mess of stems and twigs to her chest, the delicate little girl looked like she was on the verge of tears.

"Do we have to give this to him?" she asked one last time, hoping for a miracle.

"Don't say dumb stuff. Come on Jeremy crouched down and lifted her through the window. "Can you reach the table? If you can, I'm letting go."

Yvonne's feet landed on the table safely.

She looked down at the monstrosity in her arms, utterly defeated.

She had never given anyone anything so hideous. She could already imagine Stefan, half-asleep, catching sight of it in the dark—and having nightmares.

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