

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 266

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After walking Yvonne to the door, Stefans watched Jeremy rush over to take her into his arms.

“Im really sorry, Yvonne...” Jereiny lowered his head, looking utterly deflated and guilt-ridden.

Yvonne, startled by his sorrowful expression, immediately pounced forward and wrapped herself around his leg like a little koala—warm and clingy.

Yvonne said, “Jeremy, I don’t blame you at all

Her tiny hands clutched him tightly, her soft, fair face looking like a steamed lam—downright pinchable.

“It was my own fault. I lost my balance—it wasn’t you,” she assured him.

But now, seeing how down he was, Yvonne’s laps posted slightly as she clung to his leg, looking quite aggrieved herself.

Honestly, even if she had fallen, she still wouldn’t have blamed Jeremy.

Now he was officially the villain in this story. Just wonderful. That kid’s had impression of him probably went from “mildly annoyed” to “must be stopped at all costs.”

And right then—as if things weren’t chaotic enough—a loud, high-pitched rooster crow echoed from afar, slicing through the air like a battle cry.

It sounded like the poultry version of a bodybuilder.

But that wasn’t just imagination. The crowing got closer. And shakier.

All three instinctively looked down, just in time to catch a white blur flash past them.

Yvonne and Jeremy instantly knew what it was. Stefan, however, was still in the dark.

In a blink, that white blur—specifically, a very excited fox with a chicken in its mouth—charged right up the stairs.

Despite it being just one fox and one chicken, the noise and chaos rivaled a whole classroom of sugar-high toddlers.

The little fox was practically radiating joy. According to its brilliant plan, it was supposed to toss the chicken into the room. upstairs, wait for the inevitable screams, then dash in and heroically “save” the human inside.

A foolproof plan. Except... the plan hit a snag

The fox froze in place, locked in the world’s most awkward staring contest with the three people standing in front of it.

Yvonne’s mouth dropped open slightly, staring in utter disbelief. Jeremy’s eyes narrowed with a glint of cold steel—he seemed to be connecting the dots.

Meanwhile, the chicken—clueless as ever—kept squawking like its life depended on it

Well... it kinda did..

The fox slowly, painfully, unclenched its jaw. Chicken feathers flew everywhere, drifting down like confetti in a snowstorm.

The freed chicken shrieked in triumph and promptly launched itself straight at them.

In a flash, the once-depressed siblings moved in perfect sync. One thing out her arms to shield Stefan. The other shoved him backward into the room because... Stefan was scared of chickens

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Yvonne braced for impact, eyes squeezed shut, and got a

got a nice slap to th

to the forehead from a flailing chicken foot

81%

Using her head as a launchpad, the chicken yeeted itself straight onto Stefan

At that moment, both Yvonne and Jeremy had the exact same thought. “Oh no. Stefan’s gonna freak out”

And Stefan did look like he was losing i—but not from fear. It was his crippling OCD kicking in.

Expression blank, be raised a hand and smacked the airborne chicken mid-flight like a volleyball serve

The bird flapped wildly, squawking in shock, and sailed off the second floor like a feathery missile.

Stefan stared down at his palm, eyes narrowing in visible disgust

Then his gaze shifted to the stunned pair in front of him. “What are you two doing?” he asked coolly

Yvonne tilted her head up and exchanged a bewildered glance with Jeremy. Their expressions were blank, adorably dumbfounded.

You’re not scared of chickens?” Yvonne’s voice grew smaller and smaller until it was practically a whisper. Even she wasn’t buying what she’d just asked.

Who told her Stefan was scared of chickens again! It was Jeremy.

But he, too, was still in shock. His voice came out choppy. “Wait... Stefan...y—you’re not afraid anymore?”

“Afraid of chickens?” Stefan raised an eyebrow, staring at them like they were the crazy ones.

He seemed to genuinely be thinking hard, as if trying to remember when he’d ever done anything to give them that impression.

After a few seconds, he gave up, muttered something unintelligible, and headed back to his room to shower—leaving the two statues behind.

Only once the door shut did reality finally hit the siblings.

Forget where the “chicken phobia” rumor came from—what really mattered now

What the heck was that fox trying to pull? The little fox was quietly trying to slink away. But Jeremy moved like lightning, grabbing it by the scruff. The fox squirmed a little... but it was caught.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and gave a tight, dangerous grin. “You were right there when I told Yvonne Stefan was afraid of chickens, weren’t you?

He remembered it clearly—the fox had been tugging at Yvonne’s clothes at the time, whining for attention.

He’d even kicked it out of the room, thinking it was just being clingy. But no.

It turned out that the furry little thing had a master plan brewing.

Jeremy tapped its round little head, voice low and ominous. “Pretty clever, huh? Keep this up, and in two years you’re gonna be a real demon.”

Yvonne puffed her cheeks, clearly unimpressed, and scolded the fox as she and Jeremy walked downstairs.

“That was so mean of you! How could you try to scare Stefan on purpose?”

The fox, knowing it had royally screwed up, went into full damage control—pawing at Yvonne, whining, purring, begging, and pulling every cute move in its arsenal.

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