

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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All the voices that spoke against Yvonne were silenced. Even if people were upset, they had no choice but to swallow their anger.

During dinner, Teresa and Anthony exchanged confused glances as they watched their kids.

Something felt off. The three of them were unusually quiet, almost eerily so.

Later, while Vic took Richard for a walk, the couple pulled Jack aside, desperate for answers. Meanwhile, Jeremy carried Yvonne back to their courtyard.

The Adler family's estate felt like something straight out of history.

Their courtyard had a square fish pond in the middle, filled with red and white koi swimming lazily through the clear water.

The pond had jagged rock formations sticking out, giving it an old-world charm, though the greenish hue at the bottom made it look a little murky.

As they passed by, Jeremy slowed down. "You're not allowed near the water alone," he said firmly.

Yvonne nodded, all serious. "I know. I can only go near it when an adult is around."

Jeremy looked satisfied with her answer.

After settling Charles inside, he stayed outside with Yvonne still in his arms.

His eyes drifted to the pond, and a memory surfaced, Yvonne used to have two koi of her own.

The Adler family had fish experts taking care of this pond, yet somehow, it still didn't look as good as the ones she had raised. The difference was pretty obvious.

Yvonne crouched down beside him, staring at the water. She dipped her fingers in, swirling them around, and instantly, all the koi swam toward her.

Jeremy raised a brow. "Looks like you're the Koi Queen."

Yvonne pulled her hand back, frowning. "I'm not!"

Jeremy smirked. "I know. I was just making a wish. If you were a koi, maybe I'd get some good luck too."

Yvonne blinked at him, considering it. 'Huh. That might actually be true,' she thought.

After washing her hands, Jeremy carried Yvonne to the back garden to play.

She loved flowers and plants, and this place had plenty.

Sure enough, the moment he put her down, she gasped. "Wow!" Her eyes lit up like little gems.

Jeremy smirked, settling into a pavilion nearby. He propped his chin on his hand and waved her off. "Go on, have fun. I'll wait here. When you're done, we'll head back."

He wasn't about to chase after her, too much effort. Instead, he scrolled through his phone, barely glancing up.

He had seen this garden for over a decade. Lush greenery, little bridges, big ponds... nothing exciting.

Every now and then, he peeked at Yvonne. She twirled around, darting left and right, her small frame barely reaching the shrubs around her.

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Then, after a few more swipes on his screen, he looked up again, and froze. She was gone. Jeremy stood up fast, scanning the last spot he saw her. His pulse slowed when he finally spotted a small white hat poking out from the greenery.

Turned out, she was just crouching down. Jeremy leaned back against the fence, relaxing with a smile.

She must've found something interesting. Probably a bug. He used to catch crickets here as a kid too.

The garden was well-kept, no dangerous animals, no reason to worry.

Meanwhile, Yvonne was squatting, eyeing something long and motionless in front of her, head tilted in curiosity.

"What's your name?" she asked softly, eyeing its triangular head. "I think I've seen you on TV, but I forgot."

If any adult had been there, they probably would

And not just any snake, a venomous one.

lost their mind. "Kid, that's a snake!"

But this one wasn't looking so good. It laid motionless, part of its body swollen and covered in pus. It must've dragged itself a long way to get here.

Yvonne noticed. She picked up a stick and carefully poked it. "You're hurt," she whispered.

The ignorant were fearless. And kids, who didn't know any better, were often the bravest of all.

"What's your name?" Yvonne set down her stick, still trying to figure it out.

She was sure she had seen something like this on TV back at the orphanage.

It felt familiar, but no matter how hard she thought about it, she just couldn't remember.

While she was lost in thought, the snake slowly inched forward and nudged the little stick in her hand with its head, almost like it was trying to be friendly.

Yvonne, completely unaware, dropped the stick and stood up.

She wobbled a little as she ran back to the pavilion, heading straight for Jeremy. Grabbing his hand, she pointed to where she'd just been.

"Jeremy," she said, her voice filled with excitement and curiosity. "I found a soft stick."

She tugged at his hand, hoping he would come check it out, but Jeremy wasn't interested.

'A soft stick?' He ran it through his mind and finally came to a conclusion. 'Oh, must be a flower vine.'

"Take it and play with it," he said lazily, barely paying attention.

Yvonne paused, blinking up at him. "You mean... I can really play with it?"

"Yeah, go ahead. It's just a flower vine. Do whatever you want with it," Jeremy said, sounding way too sure for someone who hadn't even looked.

Still confused, Yvonne let go of his hand and slowly walked back.

She stood in front of the snake again, hesitating. Jeremy said she could pick it up and play with it... but something about that felt off.

After a long moment, she crouched down again. "Is your name flower vine?" she asked softly.

The snake didn't react: It just lowered its head, silent.

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That was when Yvonne finally noticed the wounds on its body. Something was definitely wrong

Without a second thought, she turned and ran back to Jeremy.

She really wanted Jeremy to come take a look, but he was too caught up in his game.

"Hey!" Yvonne tugged at Jeremy's sleeve, her voice soft. "That flower vine is injured. Come look

Jeremy didn't even glance up. He just raised a finger and muttered, "Shh. Footsteps"

Yvonne blinked. 'Huh?'

Meanwhile, Jeremy took out another enemy in his game and finally registered what she had said. Injured flower vine? Oh, probably one of the trimmed branches.

That was a new one, calling a broken branch "injured." Yvonne's imagination really had no limits.

"So cute," he murmured, ruffling her hair. "It's fine. Go play. I'm right here."

Yvonne didn't move. She just stood there, watching him. Jeremy, still staring at his screen, mumbled something about game strategy.

A few seconds passed. He finally looked up and saw her still standing there, eyes full of expectation.

With a sigh, he gave in. "Alright, bring it here. Let's see what kind of flower it is."

"Okay!" Yvonne spun around and clattered back to the "flower vine," clutching her little stick.

She still felt like something was off about this "flower vine," but if anyone could figure it out, it was her brother.

She didn't like how dirty it was, though, covered in bits of leaves and grass. After a moment of thought, she decided to grab it by the very tip of its tail.

Her tiny hands. Her cute little determined face. The way she carefully shuffled back over. It was all adorable.

Except for the thing she was holding.

"Look!" she said happily.

Jeremy sighed, found a safe spot in his game, and finally looked up.

He nearly had a heart attack. "What the hell!"

His brain short-circuited. His whole body jolted like he'd been electrocuted. His mouth opened, but all that came out was a strangled, choked sound.

That damn "flower vine" was a freaking venomous snake. And it was still alive.