

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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By the time Jeremy finished talking, the other bodyguards had already reached the pavilion and captured the injured snake. One of them, clearly experienced, took one look at its belly and sighed.

"It was bitten by another venomous snake," he said. "The wound is rotting, this thing won't make it."

Jeremy spotted the pattern on its scales and immediately felt his skin crawl. Without thinking, he ducked behind a bodyguard.

The bodyguard who had first spoken to him guided him out of the pavilion while giving orders. "Tell the butler to call pest control. We need to check the entire Adler residence for more snakes!"

Snakes usually avoided crowded places, relying more on their sense of smell than their sight to find food, hunt, and hide.

The estate was inspected regularly, and repellent powder was always used in the corners. So it was weird this one ended up here.

Luckily, Jeremy and Yvonne were fine. If anything had happened to them, everyone here would've been in deep trouble. As the snake was dropped into the catcher's net, it lifted its head slightly, almost like it was looking in Yvonne's direction.

Jeremy wasn't paying attention, though. He was already walking forward, only to bump straight into a group of people coming through the garden arch.

"Dad!" His eyes lit up the moment he saw the man in front.

Without thinking, he ran straight to Kelvin, still holding Yvonne. Now that he was finally facing his family, a rush of emotions hit him, and suddenly, he just wanted to let it all out.

Kelvin's piercing stare locked onto him, making him hesitate for a second.

Vic, who was walking behind Kelvin, saw Jeremy looking completely unharmed and raised a brow. "Jeremy... you okay?"

Jeremy swallowed. "I-I'm fine..."

Kelvin didn't say a word. He just took Yvonne from Jeremy's arms, his expression unreadable.

The little girl looked up at him with big, sparkling eyes and a bright, cheerful smile, completely unfazed.

Jeremy quickly noticed something weird, every person around him was staring at him with the same wide-eyed expression, asking the same question.

"I'm really fine," he muttered, already tired of answering.

Kelvin, however, wasn't letting it go. "Then why did the butler say you and Yvonne got bitten by a snake? What happened?"

Jeremy huffed. "I wasn't bitten. Neither of us were. Yvonne just picked up a half-dead snake and scared the hell out of me."

Kelvin's eye twitched. He lowered his gaze to Yvonne in his arms, her face the picture of innocence. Somehow, he was struggling to connect the dots between Jeremy's panic and the giggling child who had apparently caused it.

"It's a flower vine, Dad!" Yvonne pointed at the snake net in the bodyguard's hand, her little face serious. "Jeremy said it was a flower vine!"

The people around them looked confused. Jeremy, on the other hand, froze as a sudden chill ran down his spine. 'Crap!

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Without thinking, he reached out to cover Yvonne's mouth, but Kelvin stopped him mid-motion. "Why are you panicking!

Let her talk."

Jeremy quickly pulled his hand back, stiff as a board. "What? I'm not panicking..."

He frantically tried to signal Yvonne with his eyes, but the kid was completely clueless. Instead, she thought he was making funny faces at her.

"The flower vine was hurt. Jeremy said to show it to him, so I picked it up," she said matter-of-factly,

Jeremy wanted to drop dead on the spot. He knew it. He was doomed.

Kelvin's gaze turned ice-cold as he slowly shifted his attention to Jeremy,

Just then, as if the situation wasn't bad enough, a bodyguard, completely oblivious to the tension, handed Jeremy his phone.

The game he had been playing earlier was still running.

Jeremy glanced at the screen, then at the people staring him down. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he forced an awkward grin. "Uh... I can explain."

Kelvin didn't say a word. Instead, he passed Yvonne to someone else and turned back to Jeremy. "Alright. Explain."

Jeremy's heart sank.

Before getting dragged away, he threw a desperate look over his shoulder. "Vic! Grandpa! Help me!"

Neither of them even flinched. They just looked away, pretending they hadn't heard him.

After all, this guy was so busy with his phone that he let his little sister run around with a deadly snake. If he got chewed out for it, that was on him.

Once Jeremy was pulled away, Richard ordered the bodyguards to check the rest of the Adler residence.

As for the snake, he planned to release it back into the mountains, but the bodyguards reported that it was already too injured to survive. It barely moved inside the net.

Vic took a closer look and immediately recognized it as a short-tailed viper, a venomous snake.

Surprised, he glanced at the little girl in his arms. "Wow. You're braver than I thought."

Yvonne, completely oblivious, just blinked at him.

Yvonne was still thinking about the snake's injury when she looked up at the man in front of her. His face seemed a little familiar, kind of like her dad's.

"It's hurt," she said.

Vic glanced at the snake in the net. "Looks dead to me."

"No, it's still alive!" Yvonne insisted. She didn't know why she was so sure, but she just knew.

It was like the jasmine plant Charles had given her. Everyone thought it was beyond saving, but deep down, she knew she could bring it back to life.

"Then we should send it to a wildlife rescue center," Vic said.

Yvonne stared at the net, then turned back to him. "Can't we keep it?"

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Vic blinked. "Keep it?"

She nodded, holding up her pinky like she was making a promise. "Yeah! We can raise it like a puppy. Then we'll have a new friend!"

Vic stared at her, completely baffled. 'Who makes friends with a snake?

He cleared his throat. "Snakes aren't like puppies. They don't get attached. They only care about survival and making more snakes."

Yvonne frowned, confused. "Huh? What do you mean?"

Vic sighed. "They're dumb. A dog will love you and listen to you. A snake won't. And this one is venomous."

Yvonne looked a little disappointed but still muttered, "I still wanna be friends with it."

Lately, she had been fascinated by strange, cool animals.

Richard, who had been watching, raised an eyebrow. A sharp glint flashed in his eyes as he studied the little girl.

He somehow saw himself in her. 'What a fierce little thing. I like her!

He turned to the butler. "Find someone to check on the snake's injuries."

Richard had never been afraid of snakes. He had even raised a few himself, pythons, to be exact.

Once this little one recovered, he figured he would get a professional to train it. If that didn't work, he would let it go back to the mountains.

But if it did work, he would have its venom glands removed and keep it around to catch mice.

The butler sighed and made the call to the wildlife rescue station, clearly not thrilled about it.

Vic had already put the pieces together. "Grandpa... you're actually planning to keep this thing, aren't you?"

Richard nodded like it was the most logical thing in the world. "A snake coming into the house means money's on the way. This one got bitten by another snake and still managed to find its way here from the suburbs. That must've meant something."

Vic exhaled sharply. People would justify anything when they wanted to do it.

He could already feel a headache coming on. 'I didn't want to come back to the Adler residence before, and now I really don't want to.'

Richard might have been ruthless when he was younger, but at the end of the day, he was just an old man with eccentric hobbies.

Back when stricter laws cracked down on exotic pets, he didn't give them up, he just bought an entire hill on the outskirts of the city and turned it into his own private animal sanctuary.

It was basically a personal zoo, and he visited whenever he felt like it. The problem, no one in the family ever wanted to go with him.

So, he would drag the butler and a few bodyguards along, take his little nature walk, then come back sulking cause none of them actually cared about his animals.

His kids and grandkids only cared about inheriting the family business. Not a single one wanted to take over his little wildlife collection, and he refused to hand it over to an actual zoo.

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But now, as Richard studied Yvonne, his eyes lit up. For the first time in a long while, he saw hope, Maybe, this little girl was the one who got it.

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