

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 143

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When Yvonne walked into the classroom, the noise suddenly ceased.

Old memories began to resurface.

The words her parents had repeatedly reminded her of echoed in the minds of all the children simultaneously.

There were only twelve kids in the class, and they were already familiar with each other. So, when they saw the teacher bring in a new child, they immediately recognized her.

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She was the child their parents had warned them about yesterday the one who was transferring schools and whose parents had made it clear that anyone who bullied her wouldn't be going home.

Curious eyes fixed on Yvonne, with more than a hint of intrigue.

As the teacher introduced Yvonne, the children began whispering among themselves.

"Did your dad tell you that you can't bully this child?"

"He did. Last night, my dad stood next to me holding a stick and said it."

"My dad said the same thing."

"Is her family really that powerful?"

The kids in the class were older than Yvonne, and coming from prestigious families, they were keenly aware of status.

As they discussed, a chubby child suddenly spoke up.

"I know why."

All eyes turned to Kevin, intrigued by his statement.

"Kevin, what do you know?"

"Yeah, tell us!"

"Is her family really that strong?"

Kevin was the class's little bully, and while each child had their own sense of pride, they all respected strength.

He was bigger and stronger, so some kids listened to him.

Now that everyone was looking at him, he felt a sense of superiority.

"You guys don't know, right? Her mom can dig out people's eyes, she's really fierce, that's why our parents told us not to bully her."

The moment those words left his mouth, the other kids were shocked.

"No way, Kevin..."

"Yeah, don't scare us. Is her mom really that scary?"

Feeling questioned by the other kids, Kevin became displeased and snorted arrogantly.

"I'm not lying. My dad told me all about it. If you don't believe me, you can ask your parents."

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His tone was so confident that most of the kids believed him.

41%

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The elders in their families weren't exactly known for clean business practices, but they made sure to protect their children.

So when they heard about something as extreme as digging out someone's eyes, they were frightened.

When they looked at Yvonne standing next to the teacher again, their gazes had changed.

Marisol led Yvonne to a beautifully dressed little girl and asked with a smile, "Sweetheart, would you mind letting Yvonne sit next to you?"

Since she was new and didn't know all the kids' names yet, Marisol addressed the child casually.

She had thought it would be a simple matter, as she had done the same when Yvonne was seated in Blorencia City. She had asked Anna, and without hesitation, Anna had agreed.

But to her surprise, after the teacher spoke, the little girl suddenly became agitated. "No."

She looked nervous, her voice rising with rejection. It was almost grating to hear.

"I don't want her to sit here."

The teachers froze, taken aback by her response.

Yvonne stood by the desk, clutching her backpack straps tightly, her delicate face full of confusion.

The teachers exchanged looks, trying to smooth things over.

"It's Okay, maybe this child is used to sitting alone. Let's find her another seat."

Marisol quickly looked at Yvonne's expression.

Yvonne lowered her head, silently twisting the strap of her backpack in her fingers. Her long lashes drooped like little brushes, hiding the hurt in her eyes.

The teacher gently patted her head, reassuring her that everything was fine.

She turned to look at another child, one who seemed shy and likely more agreeable.

"Sweetheart, would you mind letting Yvonne sit next to you?"

But unexpectedly, that child also shook his head in fear.

"No, I don't want to sit next to her."

Since the classroom was unusually quiet, his voice rang clear, and everyone heard it, including Yvonne.

She lifted her head to glance at the child, and he shrank back, as though he had seen something terrifying.

This was the first time Marisol had encountered such a situation. She had intended to pair Yvonne with a fellow girl so that she wouldn't feel too lonely, especially before Anna arrived.

But this wasn't going as planned.

When she had met with the other teachers before, they had assured her that the children were all friendly.

Marisol scanned the classroom in confusion, her eyes sweeping over the kids.

However, her movement made the children think she wanted to seat Yvonne next to herself.

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It wasn't long before one of the kids spoke up.

"Don't let her sit next to me."

"Me neither."

"Not me either..."

The children were afraid that if they didn't voice their refusal quickly, Yvonne might end up sitting next to them.

This was the first time these little ones had faced such a situation.

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Hearing the repeated rejections and seeing the hostile looks aimed at her from all directions, Yvonne couldn't hold back the tears and pouted her lips, feeling hurt.

She didn't understand why everyone was acting like this.

She hadn't done anything wrong. She had just introduced herself.

Seeing her distressed expression, the teacher quickly picked her up and carried her out of the room.

Two teachers stayed behind to investigate the cause, while the others went outside to comfort Yvonne.

In the classroom, the remaining teachers smiled kindly at the children and asked, "Why don't you want to sit with Yvonne? Can anyone tell me?"

After the question was asked, the room fell silent, with not a single child speaking.

The children weren't afraid of the teachers, but they had already developed a strong sense of self-protection.

The new teachers had only been with them for a few minutes, and trust had yet to be established, so no one spoke up.

No matter how the teachers tried to coax them, the children remained silent.

Outside, Yvonne crouched against the wall, her back resting against her soft little cat backpack, the crinkling sound of the snack bag inside echoing.

Three teachers crouched beside her, trying to comfort her, but Yvonne wasn't listening.

She hugged her knees, burying her face in the crook of her arm, not saying a word.

Marisol stood up and walked off to make a phone call to Ian.

AD

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