

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Ian hadn't gone far; he was at a friend's house nearby, having coffee.

Over the years, Tinley had been sick, and whenever something came up, Ian would handle the socializing for the family, so it wasn't an exaggeration to say he had acquaintances all over Strate City.

This was one of those times.

He wasn't feeling at ease about Yvonne, so after leaving the school, he thought he'd find something to do. While driving around aimlessly, he happened to run into a familiar face nearby.

The acquaintance invited him to have coffee at their house, and Ian figured he could have a cup, and after that, check on Yvonne's situation at school, so he agreed.

As soon as the coffee was poured and only a few words were exchanged, Ian's phone rang.

He excused himself and stepped outside.

When he saw the unfamiliar number on the caller ID, he couldn't immediately recall who it was. He was distracted, but when the voice of a teacher came through the phone, he straightened up.

"Sir, something's happened with Yvonne at school. I can't explain it clearly over the phone, but please come to the school as soon as possible."

The teacher spoke hurriedly, and Ian was stunned. He glanced at the time on his phone and thought, It's barely been ten minutes—how could Yvonne be in trouble already?

Without wasting another moment, he hung up, gave a quick explanation to his friend, grabbed his car keys, and left.

On the drive to the school, his thoughts were consumed with Yvonne.

By the time he arrived, Yvonne had already been taken to the teacher's office. She was sitting in a chair, small and motionless, surrounded by many adults trying to speak with her.

But the little one didn't say a word. Her head hung low, and she sat completely still.

Just seeing this scene made Ian feel as if his mind was about to explode.

He squeezed past the teachers in his way and knelt down in front of Yvonne, his voice trembling with concern. "What happened, Yvonne? Who made you upset?"

Yvonne finally responded when she saw Ian. Her eyes reddened, tears immediately welling up, and she collapsed into his arms, sobbing into his chest. "Ian..."

At that moment, she seemed completely dependent on him.

But Ian wasn't happy at all. He took a deep breath to suppress the wave of pain that surged in his chest.

"Don't cry, don't cry, I'm here," Ian whispered, trying to comfort her. But as he did, his eyes turned cold, hidden from Yvonne.

The teacher explained what had happened.

"After Yvonne introduced herself to the class, we tried to find her a seat, but none of the kids in the class..."

None of them?" Ian's voice was sharp and filled with danger.

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"They all refused to sit next to Yvonne, so we had to take her out quickly,"

The teacher's words made Ian's face turn pale with anger. His teeth clenched as his neck flushed red with rage.

Yvonne was so adorable.

He thought, 'If she slapped me, I'd still be happy for days, let alone sitting next to her all the time. What kind of broken kids were these?'

His family had given strict instructions to take care of her, yet these kids had dared to make Yvonne upset.

Seeing Yvonne clutching his shirt and crying softly, Ian felt like his heart was being stabbed with needles. His fury grew stronger, and he nearly wanted to storm into that classroom and destroy it.

He held her tighter and gently rocked her, his large hand resting on her back.

"Don't cry, Yvonne, I'll take you home, okay?"

Yvonne raised her tear-streaked face, her big eyes filled with sorrow. Through her sobs, she managed to say, "I didn't do anything. Why don't they like me?"

Ian felt a pang in his chest and hurriedly wiped away her tears.

Her sadness made him just as sad, and hearing her words only made him angrier.

When did it become their right to not like Yvonne? They were lucky she even gave them her attention.

Trying to contain his frustration, Ian spoke softly, "Don't be sad, Yvonne. I'll find out what happened and ask them what they really think."

Yvonne leaned against his shoulder, muffling her response as she nodded. She, too, wanted to know why everyone didn't like her.

At times like this, she missed Anna even more, though at that moment, Anna was peacefully asleep on a plane.

When Yvonne finally calmed down, the teachers breathed a sigh of relief and led Ian to the classroom.

The sight of a beautiful child crying made everyone feel heartbroken.

After the teachers took Yvonne away, the class resumed its usual lively chatter. The kids couldn't stop discussing what had just happened.

The two children who had rejected Yvonne earlier now felt guilty. They were sitting close to each other and had seen clearly how hurt Yvonne had looked. And she didn't seem like the daughter of a bad person.

Finally, someone spoke up.

"She... she's so pitiful."

"Yeah, we didn't let her sit next to anyone."

"But her mom is so bad. She must be a bad person too."

"You can't say that. After all, Kevin hasn't actually seen her mom gouging out eyes."

At first, it was fine, but when Kevin noticed people questioning him, he got defensive.

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He snorted arrogantly. "Don't be fooled. Didn't your parents teach you not to judge people by their looks?"

Kevin, thinking of himself as mature, began telling the other kids about cases where people judged others by appearance.

As he was talking, a group of people passed by the window, drawing everyone's attention.

Among them was the little girl from earlier, along with some teachers and the principal

The door was pushed open, and a tall man carrying Yvonne walked into the room, with the principal following behind.

When Ian entered, he quickly scanned the room, taking note of the children's expressions.

His thoughts immediately went to the way they had treated Yvonne. He walked up to the kids with a frosty look on his face, his voice ice-cold.

"Why is it that no one in the class wants to sit with my Yvonne? What did she do to make you all dislike her?"

The children looked down, avoiding eye contact. They shifted uncomfortably, but none of them spoke.

Ian's lips curled into a sarcastic smile. "So no one's talking? What did your parents tell you?"

His words hit like a hook, dragging the blurry memories out of the kids' minds.

They remembered clearly now—their parents had repeatedly warned them not to bully this girl. They still recalled their parents' serious expressions as they told them.

Looking at Yvonne's tear-streaked face and the man standing up for her, the kids who had spoken earlier became uneasy.

Ian was about to lose it. His Yvonne's first day at school, and the entire class had rejected her.

Kids wouldn't do this on their own—it had to be something they were taught. Children are a reflection of their parents.

If the parents were behind this, it was a huge issue. It wasn't just targeting Yvonne—it could be aimed at the Holmes family as well.

Ian glared at the class and spoke coldly. "Fine, no one's talking? Then I'll go have a word with your parents."

Those words hit hard, as though the parents were about to be called in for a school offense.

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