

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 145

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“Ian...” A faint voice called out to him from the corner.

Ian turned to look, and saw a little girl nervously biting her lip. “Let Yvonne sit with me, please. I'd like to sit with her.

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At that moment, her parents had only said not to let her bully the new student who was transferring tomorrow, but they hadn't specified which family the new student was from.

When she saw Ian, she realized that this new student was from Ian's family.

+58

The things Kevin had said earlier were pushed aside in her mind, because Ian had been to their house before, and he was a nice person.

She also felt sorry for Yvonne, who hadn't done anything but was being rejected by everyone.

Ian stared at her for a moment, then suddenly remembered.

She was Rachel, Victor's older brother's child.

His anger eased a little as he looked down at Yvonne in his arms. Yvonne had stopped rubbing her eyes and was now nodding, her eyes red.

She hugged Ian's neck tightly and said, “Ian, I'm okay with it too.”

Yvonne gently patted his back with her small hand, knowing that Ian had been angry earlier. She comforted him softly, “Don't be mad. They didn't do anything wrong. They just don't want to sit with me.”

Since being taken into the Adler family, her life had been smooth, and everyone she met had been kind to her.

She had unknowingly been influenced, so when the classmates earlier said they didn't want to sit with her, she had trouble accepting it.

Now, Yvonne had come to understand that not everyone had to like her, just as she didn't like everyone she met.

She had to accept that some people might not care about her, or even dislike her.

Although it made her feel uncomfortable, she reassured herself.

“It's Okay. When Anna comes, everything will be fine. She'll like me, and I'll still be happy at school.”

Ian stood frozen, his mouth slightly agape, and stared at her for a long time.

Yvonne, with her arms still around his neck, pressed her cheek to his and kissed his side face. “Thank you for coming back. I'm giving you a kiss so you don't stay mad.”

Yvonne was always sensitive to emotions, and now, pressed against Ian, she could feel his intense heartbeat and knew that he was still angry. She also knew that Ian liked her to be close, so she gave him a soft kiss, hoping it would calm him down.

But after she spoke, she noticed his heartbeat seemed to grow even stronger.

It was so intense that it couldn't be ignored.

Yvonne tilted her little head in confusion, her eyes becoming more puzzled.

She thought, ‘No... does it not work? Should I kiss him again?’

Ian hugged her tightly. A sensation he had never felt before spread from his heart to his fingertips, making his fingers tingle.

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He was silent for a long time, and just as he was about to speak, his side face was kissed again.

His hand trembled as if he had been burned.

“Another kiss, don't be mad,” Yvonne said.

“Yvonne, you...” Ian looked at her, his voice trembling slightly.

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Coming from a prestigious family but growing up in an orphanage had shaped this little one into a remarkably thoughtful child among her peers.

For a moment, Ian felt like he was seeing Tinley when he was little.

Not just Ian, but the teachers behind him were also surprised by Yvonne's words.

They still couldn't believe that such words were coming from a little over three years old,

When Yvonne noticed all the teachers staring at her, she became a bit shy.

She wasn't sure if what she said was right; she just said it because she had thought of it.

Yvonne buried her head on Ian's shoulder, curling up like a little quail.

Ian patted her back with a sigh in his voice.

“Thank you, Yvonne. You've taught me something today.”

Hearing this, Yvonne's ears perked up. She looked up at him with excitement and asked, “You're going to take class with me?”

Yvonne seemed to have misheard.

Ian cleared his throat and leaned close to her ear, whispering, “I'd love to take class with you, but I'm afraid I'll be laughed at.”

“Oh.” Yvonne glanced at the other children in the class, and then compared Ian's size in her mind, fully agreeing with him.

She muttered to herself quietly, “If you were like Kenny, no one would laugh at you.”

Kenny could turn into a little cat, and everyone would love him, fighting to pet him.

Yvonne even imagined how cool it

who could turn into a cat and a habe if she could bring Kenny to class. Then everyone would know she had an uncle

Seeing the longing look on Yvonne's face, Ian clearly thought of the little misunderstanding between them.

He ruffled Yvonne's hair and then looked at Rachel, who was still standing in her seat.

His tone softened, and he said, “Rachel, you and Yvonne can sit together. She's new to the school, and she's not familiar with it. Please look after her and play with her, alright?”

When Rachel heard Ian's words, she stood up from her seat.

She suddenly felt a sense of responsibility, her face serious as if she was making a promise. “Ian, don't worry. I'll always take Yvonne with me wherever I go.”

Putting aside what Kevin had said, the new Yvonne seemed like a delicate and adorable child, and Rachel couldn't even imagine how happy she'd be to have such a cute Yvonne following her around.

Rachel glanced at Yvonne, and coincidentally, Yvonne was also looking at her with curious eyes. The two little girls exchanged a shy glance.

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Ian put Yvonne down and helped her tidy up her desk. After everything was arranged, he squatted down beside her.

“Be good. I'll pick you up at noon.”

“Mm—hmm.” Yvonne obediently waved at him, then softly reminded him before leaving, “You mustn't stay mad anymore, okay?”

Ian froze for a moment, then smiled and said, “Alright.”

He stood by the window outside the classroom for a long time, his eyes filled with Yvonne's figure.

It would be a lie to say he wasn't angry.

Yvonne had just been found and was making her first appearance in public today, so why were all the kids in class rejecting her as if they had all agreed?

Children didn't understand much; their words and actions were influenced by adults.

Could he interpret it as these children being taught to do this by someone behind them?

If that's the case, this was a big problem.

Inside the classroom, Yvonne, who had been chatting with her new friends, seemed to sense something. She turned her gaze toward Ian through the glass.

She wrinkled her little nose and made a fierce expression, as if saying, “You promised me you wouldn't be mad.”

Ian couldn't help but laugh, his finger pulling at the corner of his mouth to form a helpless smile.

He waited for Yvonne to stop looking in his direction before the smile remained on his face.

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