

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 146

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When the two little girls first sat together, they were unfamiliar with each other, so their interactions were polite and reserved.

Yvonne was grateful that Rachel had let her sit there. After thinking for a moment, she opened her backpack, pulled out a handful of beautifully shaped candies, and offered them to Rachel.

These were a gift from her master, very precious to her—she only ate three a day, and there were still more than thirty left.

Since it was her first day at school, she brought them all, wanting to share with the other kids in the class.

However, since the others didn't seem to like her, she decided not to share them with anyone except Rachel.

Yvonne carefully placed all the candies on Rachel's desk, then gently pushed them toward her.

She also took out some other snacks from her bag and stacked them into a small pile on the table.

Rachel was both surprised and touched, watching her. She felt that the scene of Yvonne pulling out so many snacks resembled her pet hamster gathering food in its cheeks.

"Thank you," Rachel said sincerely. "You're so cute."

Yvonne shyly pressed her lips together. When she was around unfamiliar people, her expression remained composed, but the pink tint on her face betrayed the excitement she felt inside.

"You... you're cute, too."

Because Rachel had likened her to her hamster, she suddenly felt a sense of familiarity and warmth. She quickly rummaged through her own backpack with her small hands, looking for some treats to share with Yvonne.

But Yvonne was distracted by the design on Rachel's bag.

She pointed at it and said in a soft voice, "Cat."

Rachel placed the chocolate on the table and adjusted her bag to show it to Yvonne, correcting her, "This is a tiger, Yvonne. You got it wrong."

"Ah?" Yvonne tilted her head, her big, clear eyes growing increasingly confused.

"This is a big tiger, very powerful. They're really, really fierce, but I think they're so cool."

Yvonne, still looking puzzled, felt like what she was seeing didn't match what Rachel was saying.

"My grandfather said he has a friend who loves raising tigers, but it's too dangerous, so we kids can't go see them. He has an entire mountain just for them," Rachel said with a tone of awe, her face lit up like a little fangirl.

Yvonne didn't fully understand, but she joined in the admiration, "That really sounds... amazing."

This common topic helped them bond further.

As the two girls chatted, the other kids around them couldn't help but eavesdrop. After all, they were talking about things most kids would find interesting. They also wanted to join in, but were afraid of Yvonne's mom and uncle.

A few kids in the distance whispered to each other.

"I feel like the new girl isn't scary at all. She even gave Rachel a bunch of snacks."

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"Rachel gave some to her, too."

"I heard them talking about tigers. I like tigers, too."

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Hearing this, Kevin sneered and glanced over at them. "So what if she brought snacks? We don't need any snacks at home?"

"And how could a girl like tigers? They'll probably cry when they see one."

But this time, his words didn't get much agreement. Everyone was watching Yvonne.

A boy sitting behind Yvonne carefully poked her with his finger.

The little girl, who had been talking to Rachel, turned around, looking confused. "What's up?"

When she turned, the boy's face reddened, and he hesitated for a while before awkwardly apologizing to her.

"I'm sorry, I also said I didn't want you sitting next to me earlier."

His apology was completely unexpected by Yvonne. She furrowed her brow and looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"You didn't do anything wrong, so why are you apologizing?" Yvonne didn't understand.

She continued, speaking as if it was the most natural thing, "You don't have to let me sit next to you. If a boy is supposed to sit next to me, I wouldn't let him either."

Her brothers always told her that boys were like dirty little bags, and holding hands with them would get dust all over her. She wouldn't be the sweet-smelling Marian anymore; she'd become a dirty little bag herself. So she preferred to sit with clean girls.

The boy seemed to misinterpret what she said, his face showing a mix of confusion and regret.

"Will you forgive me?"

"I'm not angry with you," Yvonne repeated what she had just said.

"If you're not angry, then you've forgiven me?"

Yvonne widened her eyes slightly, opening her mouth, but didn't know what to say.

Rachel grabbed Yvonne's arm and leaned closer, whispering in her ear, "Yvonne, you really aren't mad at us?"

Yvonne shook her head sincerely and said, "Really not mad."

"Then why did you cry earlier?" Rachel still felt a bit guilty. At her age, she thought making a little kid cry was a big deal.

Yvonne pressed her lips together, a little embarrassed. She had been unable to accept that so many people didn't like her, but saying that out loud seemed odd.

Seeing her new friend's curious expression, Yvonne stuttered as she tried to explain her feelings.

After she finished, Rachel was stunned. Her vocabulary was limited, but all she could say was, "You think so wisely."

Her praise was sincere and enthusiastic, and the other kids could hear it.

Girls of the same age were always a bit more mature than boys, and Yvonne's words caught the attention of many of the girls.

The boy who had apologized was still confused about whether the new girl had forgiven him.

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They listened intently, whispering among themselves.

"She makes so much sense?"

"I want to apologize to her, too, but she said she's not mad."

"She's so cute. She even said she has an uncle who can turn into a cat?"

Finally, the kids couldn't hold back anymore and gathered around to talk to Yvonne.

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At that moment, Yvonne took the opportunity to brag about her uncle, making Rachel's eyes light up with admiration. Her longing for Yvonne's uncle was almost overflowing,

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