

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 222

After finishing the photos, Mariana leaned back, fully satisfied with what she had seen.

“Not bad, not bad. He’s definitely handsome.”

She thought to herself, ‘If Tinley gave me this guy as a year–end bonus...

It could only be said that great minds think alike—these two clearly had similar ideas.

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Tinley, on the other hand, had a blank expression on her face as she flipped through his profile, moving on to the next page.

Selly, standing nearby, jumped in with an explanation, “He’s trapped in a twenty–year contract with his current company. Plus, he has a sick younger brother who’s never been to school because of health problems.”

“His deal with the Albert family is simple: find his brother a safe school, and while they’re at it, sort out his work issues.”

“Trapped in a mess, but still good–looking with a sick brother? Talk about stacking the odds in your favor.

With a hint of personal interest, Selly casually suggested, “Once he’s free from that contract, he won’t sign with anyone else. We should have our people grab him. We could train him and turn him into a cash cow.”

Tinley glanced up at her with a look that left Selly suddenly feeling guilty.

She fell silent, her enthusiasm quickly deflating. ‘Well, that was a bit too obvious, wasn’t it?’

Tinley still indulged her, though. She turned her gaze away, her voice calm as she said, “Go ahead and handle it.”

“Thanks!” Selly’s eyes lit up, overwhelmed with gratitude in the blink of an eye.

After dropping Yvonne off at school, the rain began to fall.

Sitting by the window, Yvonne watched the raindrops tap against the glass, her thoughts drifting to the ants back at home.

They moved so slowly, she wondered if they’d ever make it back to their nest.

Her soft, rounded profile seemed to radiate sadness.

That was, until Anna burst into the scene.

Anna ran over with her bag, excitement practically radiating from her as she gave Yvonne a huge hug.

“Yvonne, it’s been two whole days! I missed you so much.”

Two days felt like two years to her.

As soon as Anna appeared, Yvonne brightened up immediately. The classmates who had been hesitant to approach, thinking Yvonne was in a bad mood, now crowded around her.

These kids were surprisingly mature for their age. Plus, last Sunday’s drama involving Yvonne had gotten so much attention that even their parents had shared the news with them.

Curious glances shot Yvonne’s way as everyone asked.

“Yvonne, did you really get printed on a snack bag?”

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“Yvonne, my dad said you got your rights violated?”

“Are you alright, Yvonne?”

Yvonne shook her head, reassuring them with a smile. She was much more confident now, far from the shy girl she once was when faced with a crowd.

She looked up, her face soft and bright, her voice a little childish but earnest, “Thank you all for caring. I’m fine.

With that, the kids stopped asking more questions, settling in for a little chat.

Then, a boy pulled out two birthday party invitations from his bag and handed them to Yvonne and Anna.

With a cheeky grin, he invited them, “Next Saturday’s my birthday! The details are on the card. Are you two coming?”

His dad had given him a stack of invitations to hand out to the whole class.

Yvonne didn’t immediately respond, glancing at Anna, her large eyes blinking as she hesitated. “I’m not sure... I need to ask my mom first,” she said, before adding, “I’ll let you know tomorrow if I can come.”

“Okay!” The boy smiled and nodded, then turned to Anna, “How about you, Anna? Will you come to my party?”

Anna, confident as always, didn’t need her parents’ permission. She could make her own decisions.

“I’ll go if Yvonne does,” she said seriously.

The boy nodded, waving as he turned to leave. “Well, I’ll be waiting for you two. Hope you can come.”

As he left, Rachel, who had also received an invitation, turned around.

She wasn’t sure if she was going or not either.

Rachel had been at this school long enough to know that at their age, birthday parties were rarely about the kids themselves.

The adults were always the ones making the decisions and handling things.

She couldn’t decide on her own, so she’d have to ask her parents first.

After hanging around for a while, Rachel leaned over to Yvonne’s desk, speaking in a hushed, mysterious tone.

“Yvonne, Anna, guess what? We’re getting a new classmate!”

Yvonne wasn’t too interested in the new classmate, but Rachel’s ability to gather gossip always fascinated her.

How did Rachel always know things before the teacher even mentioned them?

It felt magical and mysterious.

Rachel was her second role model at school, after Anna, of course.

Sure enough, Rachel’s tip–off turned out to be true.

About ten minutes later, the teacher brought in a small boy dressed in black and introduced him to the class.

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