

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 225

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“What’s wrong?” Yvonne scooted closer, her round eyes full of curiosity and quiet concern.

She slid from her own seat to the one next to Anna’s right beside the new boy, Hudson. Big eyes fixed on him, she watched carefully, as if trying to read his mood.

Hudson looked nervous. He kept his head down, quietly fingering the round little tomato in his pocket. He didn’t say a word.

Yvonne leaned her arms on the desk and spoke in a soft, cottony voice. She was unusually sensitive to people’s emotions. Even though Hudson hadn’t said a single word to her, she could tell—he didn’t dislike her.

She thought back to her own first day of school. She had been too shy to talk to anyone, too. But the kids in her class had been kind, and little by little, she had made friends.

Hudson reminded her of herself.

So Yvonne didn’t feel snubbed at all. Resting her chin in her hand, she blinked her clear, bright eyes and asked sweetly, “Are your family running late too?”

She slipped into a big–sister tone, her voice gentle and reassuring. “Don’t worry. They’ll come pick us up soon.”

Hudson lifted his eyes slowly, looking at her with a strange expression.

Of course she could say that–she was from a wealthy family. Even if her parents didn’t come, someone would. A chauffeur, a maid, a butler. Someone.

But Hudson only had his brother. Gabriel had dropped him off that morning and left right away–he was always busy. Hudson looked down again and murmured, barely audible, “My brother’s not coming… He doesn’t know.”

So no one was coming for him. And even though he knew it, he still sat here waiting.

No one knew what was going through his little head, but the way he stared at the floor, hunched over and silent, he looked heartbreakingly small.

Yvonne paused for a moment. Then she looked toward the two teachers chatting by the classroom door.

“Miss!” she called, standing up and raising her hand like the perfect student.

Her voice drew both teachers’ attention–and Hudson’s, too. He looked up, blinking, confused.

“What are you doing…” he mumbled.

Yvonne ignored him and said, “Miss, can you call Hudson’s brother for him?”

The teachers walked over. “What’s going on?”

Mimicking Anna’s confident tone, Yvonne spoke on Hudson’s behalf. “Hudson’s brother didn’t know it’s pickup time, so he didn’t come,” she explained.

Realizing the situation, the teachers immediately pulled out a phone and began searching for his emergency contacts.

now.”

One of them looked down at Hudson kindly. “Next time, sweetie, you should tell us. Hold on, I’ll call your bro

or right

Hudson tilted his head slightly, confusion flickering across his pale face. He looked a bit dazed.

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He said nothing, but turned slowly toward the girl who’d called the teacher for him.

Yvonne caught his glance and gave him a bright, dimpled smile. “It’s alright, I got it. Marisol is super nice to us

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Marisol, overhearing, grinned. If she hadn’t been wearing makeup today, she would’ve scooped Yvonne up for a big cuddle.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out some leftover gold star stickers from earlier in class, placing them all over Yvonne’s workbook.

Yvonne beamed with delight, clutching the decorated book to her chest.

Then Marisol turned to Hudson and gave him five stars too.

His eyes lit up. He held the book like it was treasure.

He had never imagined that one day, he would get gold stars–five of them, no less.”

Just then, the teacher returned, putting down the phone with a troubled expression.

“Hudson, I couldn’t get through to your brother.”

Hudson’s small smile vanished. He pressed his lips together and said in a low voice, “He’s really busy.”

The teacher sat across from him and asked gently, “Do you have anyone else at home? A nanny? A driver?”

Hudson’s long lashes trembled. Under the weight of three caring gazes, he slowly shook his head.

He was too sensitive–he couldn’t help but imagine that now the teacher knew he didn’t have a driver, she’d stop being so kind.

He hugged his shirt tightly, the edges of his lips pale.

But to his surprise, the teacher’s tone didn’t change.

She just looked a little worried. “What should we do…”

Yvonne had been listening quietly the whole time. She leaned in and asked in a soft whisper, “Do you know your address?”

Hudson nodded. They’d only just moved in last week, but memorizing things was his one strength.

“Then you can ride with us!” Yvonne offered cheerfully. “My uncle’s coming soon. He’ll take you home.”

Her voice was so certain that even the teachers felt reassured.

They all knew her uncle–he came to pick her up every day. If Hudson’s house was on the way, there was no safer ride than with him.

Right on cue, Ian appeared in the doorway.

He had a fluffy pink cloak draped over one arm. Aside from the hems of his pants being a little wet, he looked immaculate.

“Sorry I’m late, Yvonne,” he said as he stepped in. Behind him, a bodyguard with an umbrella waited silently.

Ian gave the teachers a polite nod. “Thanks again. I’ll take Yvonne now.”

He bent down and gently wrapped the cloak around her, bundling her up into a snug little pink puffball.

Just before he picked her up, a tiny hand emerged from the fluff and pointed toward Hudson.

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Under Yvonne said seriously, “Hudson’s brother is really busy. Can we give him a ride home?

tan glanced at the shy lude boy. Without hesitation, he nodded. “Of course”

He lifted Yvonne first, then bent down to scoop up Hudson with his other arm. One kid on each side–light as feathers, steady as ever.

And just like that, they headed home together.