

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 226

No Ads

82%

Chapter 226

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The bodyguard held a large umbrella, perfectly shielding them from the rain. Not a single drop hit lan or the child in his arms.

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Hudson clung tightly to lan's jacket, instinctively afraid he might fall. The rain hammered against the umbrella in a steady rhythm, a dull roar mixing with the wind around them.

He glanced at the little girl being carried beside him.

Yvonne looked over and flashed him a bright, proud smile, her voice tinged with playful pride, almost like she was showing off. "My uncle's really strong, right?"

Hudson didn't reply, still a bit stunned. But lan, hearing her, quietly lifted the corners of his mouth in a smirk.

After placing both kids into the car, lan loosened his cloak and explained to Yvonne as he settled her in. "I was at a friend's house this morning. The traffic was horrible—we were stuck for more than ten minutes."

"That's Okay," Yvonne replied sweetly. "I knew you'd come get me."

lan reached over to ruffle her hair, then turned to the quiet boy next to her. "Hey, kid. Where's your home?"

Hudson softly murmured his address.

lan nodded, thoughtful. "Ah, that area. I know it—those apartments are pretty new, right? You guys just moved there?"

Hudson nodded again.

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"Figured," lan said. "I've passed by there a few times. The building's on the first floor, right? Easy to find. I'll walk you to the door later."

At that, Hudson quickly shook his head. He didn't want to trouble them

any

further.

"... I can go myself. Thanks," he whispered, voice barely audible.

But the car was quiet enough that lan heard him clearly. He glanced at the downpour outside, then looked back.

"How would you get there in this weather? Your neighborhood's full of narrow alleys—I can't drive through. You'd have to walk."

lan spoke like a local cab driver who knew every alley in Strate City. And maybe he did.

He added dryly, "With the wind picking up like this, even if I gave you an umbrella, you'd probably get blown away— umbrella and all."

Hudson blushed. He was thin—lightweight, really. lan could feel it earlier when carrying him. He wasn't even as heavy as Yvonne.

Soon they arrived. lan got out first, still shielded by the umbrella. Before closing the door, he turned to Yvonne and said, "Wait in the car for a few minutes, okay? I'll be quick."

"Okay!" Yvonne waved cheerfully at Hudson. "Bye—bye, Hudson!"

She stayed in the car, gazing through the window at the rainy world beyond. Her mind wandered back to t morning. She wondered if they'd managed to find their way home in this weather.

A few minutes later, the other car door opened—and to her surprise, Hudson was back.

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lan had carried him again, and this time, he looked a little embarrassed.

"No one's home," lan said simply. "We're taking him with us.

Hudson slid awkwardly into the seat beside Yvonne, cheeks a little red.

He lowered his head and quietly explained, "Gabriel's at work. He didn't know I was coming home for lunch"

Yvonne nodded seriously, clearly understanding. "That's fine. He's probably working hard to make money for you. My daddy doesn't come home at lunch either—he's working too

Hudson looked up, and Yvonne gave a small, heartfelt sigh, her soft voice full of tiny troubles. "They all work so hard."

Hudson agreed. Gabriel really was working hard.

Back in their small town, the doctors had told them Hudson needed to be treated at the best hospital in Strate City, and only the top doctors would do.

To save money, Gabriel took on whatever jobs he could—even though they paid very little. Hudson never told him about the bullying he faced at school. He didn't want to add to his brother's burden.

Not long ago, Gabriel had said he found a new job—one that could earn them enough to finally get proper treatment.

Then he brought Hudson here.

Hudson lowered his eyes, staring at his leg.

He couldn't help it—he started to hope.

Everyone else seemed healthy. Only he walked differently.

Sometimes, even when no one was looking, the weight of it made him feel so small.

While he was lost in thought, the car came to a stop.

He looked up and saw the house outside—and immediately froze. 'Was this... a palace?'

Just then, an elderly man opened the car door. He blinked in confusion when he saw Hudson, his excitement quickly turning to puzzlement.

"Who's this?" asked Henry, the butler. "Where's Miss Adler?"

Yvonne had already been carried inside through the opposite door.

lan called back casually, "Yvonne's classmate. I'll explain later—just bring him in first."

One of the bodyguards lifted Hudson gently from the seat. The boy's wide eyes darted around, taking in the grand halls, the sweeping staircases, the glowing light.

Even the palaces Gabriel worked on for film sets weren't this beautiful.

Inside, it was warm—wood-paneled walls, polished floors, a massive display shelf on the right filled with beautiful vases and sculptures..

Hudson didn't dare look around too much. He kept his head down, stiff and nervous.

Where the bodyguard placed him, he stayed. He didn't move an inch.

Meanwhile, in another room, lan unwrapped Yvonne's cloak and checked her head to toe. No rain. Not a single drop had

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touched her.

Finally satisfied, he relaxed. Then the door opened again.

Wendy entered, holding an umbrella. Right behind her—Tinley.

The moment Yvonne saw her, she ran over like a beam of sunshine. "Mommy!"

Tinley caught her, smiling gently, her sharp, elegant eyes softening as they curved with affection.

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Her voice was calm and warm. "Cold, sweetheart? lan told me you seemed a little upset this morning. Want to tell me what happened?"

She listened patiently as Yvonne recounted her tiny heartbreak about the ants. To any adult, it was a silly, childish story—bor Tinley didn't interrupt once. She looked at her daughter with full attention, not a trace of annoyance in sight.

Hudson stood in the back, watching. And for a long while, he couldn't look away.

He felt envious. Sensing an unfamiliar gaze, Tinley glanced his way. Her eyes—so sharp, so unreadable—met his.

Hudson flinched and instinctively stepped back.

But his weaker leg gave out, and he fell—straight onto lan's foot.

Before he could react, lan scooped him up again and looked him in the eye with a teasing smile. "What are you so scared of? Tinley's gorgeous."

Obviously, lan had seen the whole thing.

Tinley turned to him with a faint smile. "Yvonne's friend?"

"Yep," lan replied. "His guardian's at work, so I brought him home."

She gave a small nod and said nothing more. Just turned and led the children toward the dining room.

As she passed Wendy, she gave her a glance.

Wendy gave the slightest nod and quietly slipped away.

Word traveled fast in the household. People were already peeking around corners to get a look.

Yvonne had never brought any friend home before—except for Anna.

And this was a boy. Hudson, already nervous, now felt like an exotic animal in a glass cage—everyone watching him like he didn't belong.

And he felt it too.

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