

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 228

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Once the teacher confirmed the man was indeed a parent from their class, she let him in.

Hudson stood up, clutching his folded jacket close to his chest, ready to go home.

Gabriel walked over and naturally picked up his school bag, then bent down to scoop the boy into his arms—his posture smooth and practiced, like he'd done it a hundred times.

At that moment, Hudson finally mustered the courage he'd been summoning all day. Face flushed and a little shy, he gave Yvonne a tiny wave.

It was a moment he'd rehearsed over and over in his head before the end of school

"I... I'm heading out now. Thank you," he said, voice soft but brave.

Even Gabriel looked a little surprised. His brows lifted slightly as he followed Hudson's gaze to the little girl he was talking to.

Compared to Hudson, Yvonne was calm and casual. After all, she was popular—every day someone waved goodbye to her.

She raised her chubby hand and waved with a bright, sweet voice. "See you tomorrow, Hudson!"

Hudson immediately ducked his head, cheeks pink. Still, he turned to Gabriel and whispered, "Gabriel, she brought me home today when you didn't come. She let me ride in her car and even gave me lunch..."

Gabriel shifted his gaze back to Yvonne.

She looked healthy and well-loved, with rosy cheeks and a naturally gentle presence—an effortlessly likable child.

Yvonne, meanwhile, was staring back at him with wide, curious eyes. It was her first time seeing someone with white hair in real life.

At three years old, she found it magical. Her mind instantly went to her favorite fairy tales.

If a white-haired prince rode in on a white horse... he'd probably look like this.

Noticing her awestruck gaze, Gabriel's smile deepened slightly.

He lowered his eyes, and in a blink, those clear, innocent eyes gained a sudden spark—like a kitten reaching out with one soft paw to tap someone's heart.

Then, just for fun, he gave her a small, subtle wink.

Yvonne froze. She just stood there, stunned—her blank little expression too adorable for words. Gabriel's teasing faded into a lazy, satisfied smile—like a cat that had just stolen a warm sunbeam. The moment was broken when Hudson, alarmed, reached out and slapped a hand over Gabriel's eyes. His small voice, full of embarrassment and annoyance, whispered fiercely into Gabriel's ear, "You should

As the pair turned and left, Yvonne stood in a daze, hands cupping her cheeks like a girl tipsy on love.

Ian was standing right in front of her and she hadn't even noticed.

It took him calling her name multiple times before she blinked back to reality.

go. Now."

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"Oh—Ian" she murmured, a little breathles

tan frowned and touched her forehead. 14 the running a fever? Domanit feel hot hot why is her face to red?

Worried, he told the driver to hurry. They needed to get her checked out.

Yvonne, still dazed in the car, flopped with every turn the vehicle made. Her tiny body had no resistance, like a ragdoll.

In her head, Gabriel's wink replayed on an endless loop.

This wasn't a fever. She looked more like someone who had one too many glasses of juice at a party.

She even started wondering—What if Gabriel dyed his hair pink? Would she survive it?

That night, Hudson was in a bad mood.

He'd been sulking the whole ride home. And once they were inside, he finally blurted it out.

"Gabriel... She's a good person. Don't do that to her."

Gabriel had just taken off his mask. He looked over, amused—his features were almost too perfect, like a character out of a fantasy story.

"What did I do?" he asked innocently.

The little boy looked down, struggling to find the words. His voice came out small.

"I... I saw you. You winked at her.

Gabriel paused—then broke into a quiet chuckle.

Hudson's face went even redder. He hugged Gabriel's leg tightly and looked up, eyes sparkling with sincerity.

"She's really nice. She gave me cherry tomatoes."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the one tomato he hadn't eaten all day.

Bright red and flawless, it gleamed in the light like a little ruby.

Still blushing, Hudson offered it up with both hands, eyes hopeful.

"You can have it. It's really yummy. The best tomato I've ever had."

It was the first time the usually timid Hudson had shown such enthusiasm for something beyond Gabriel.

His eyes practically sparkled. His voice full of dreams.

"When my leg gets better and I'm strong, I want to be her bodyguard. I can protect her—and eat at her house."

Gabriel laughed, gently ruffling Hudson's hair before heading to the kitchen.

He washed the tomato and casually tossed it into a pot of soup.

The soup had a bit of everything. Gabriel's cooking style was simple. If it was in the kitchen and fitted in a pot, it went in.

He was used to it. Hudson was too.

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As they sat down to eat, Hudson propped his chin on his hands, thinking about the magical lunch he'd had earlier that day- the kind of food people on TV eat, he thought.

"I had royal food for lunch today," he declared, eyes shining.

Gabriel didn't respond right away. He took a bite of the soup and stared into his bowl.

"Wait... did this actually taste better than usual?" Hudson thought.

He took another bite, just to be sure.

Hudson, unaware, kept chattering—until he finally noticed Gabriel hadn't heard a word.

But he didn't mind. He just mumbled something to himself and picked up his fork.

One bite in, he froze.

He looked up in surprise, blinking at the silver-haired teen in front of him.

His soft voice was full of wonder. "Your cooking got good."

Even Hudson could taste it—Gabriel finally believed it.

A smile tugged at the corners of his lips.

Maybe... maybe he did have a knack for this after all.

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