

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 273

## Chapter 273

1

The two little girls happily huddled together on the other side, and he lay watching them from across the hallway Occasionally, Yvonne would give him some of the delicious food she brought for Anna.

Even Anna, who had always disliked boys getting close to them, gradually acquiesced to his presence

Hudson was the witness of their happiness. How could he not be part of Anna and Yvonne's school life

Hudson held the grapes in his hand, his expression conflicted.

He really wanted to take them home for his bother to eat, but he was afraid his brother would chop them up and cook them with other food.

Oh, how frustrating. He didn't know what to do.

The two little girls noticed his sad face, whispered to each other for a while, and Anna called him over to play with them

Hudson was no longer conflicted. He put away the grapes, pulled the chair over, sat by Anna's side, and didn't even touch Anna's desk

No wonder Anna would have accepted him.

Yvonne was on the innermost side, still clutching her little fish. Her bright eyes looked over as she asked with concer. "Hudson, are you going to have surgery soon?"

She remembered Hudson had told them, but she couldn't remember clearly.

Hudson nodded. He wasn't impatient and explained it to them again

He said. "My brother said he would take me for surgery in half a month. If the recovery is good, I can walk like other kids

"I see." Yvonne withdrew her gaze and nodded seriously, looking dazed, then she spoke again. "Good luck with your surgery"

Hudson lowered his head happily and whispered thank you to Yvonne.

The last time he told Yvonne, it might have been the wrong time. Yvonne was talking to Anna, so she didn't notice him or wish him well, so he was disappointed that day.

But today, Yvonne wished him good luck with his surgery, and he was no longer let down.

The joy of children would be so simple.

The two little girls each had a small fish in their hands, and Hudson couldn't help but glance at them several times.

After noticing this, Yvonne thought for a moment, then asked him softly, "Hudson, do you want one?"

When Hudson looked over, she explained, "My uncle made this. I can ask him to make one Only Anna and I can have the little fish

for you.

but it can't be a fish.

What Yvonne wanted to say was that the little fish belonged only to her and Anna.

Anna was more than happy to hear that.

Hudson was silent for a while. Although he had long expected this to be the case, he couldn't help but feel lost

Yvonne said again, "You can choose other animals, like kittens or puppies. My uncle is very skilled. He can make any toy

Chapter 273)

animal

Being able to craft such beautiful little things was already amazing in the hearts of children.

Yvonne, who didn't know Kenny had been sent away by her grandfather, told Hudson that.

Hudson looked disappointedly at the little fish in Anna's hand, his fingertips tightening

He wanted the little fish, too.

But it wasn't that he wanted the little fish, he just wanted to be like Yvonne

Hudson knew he couldn't say that. Because of his living environment, he had been particularly sensitive since he was a child.

He knew that once he said it, it would make Anna and Yvonne feel embarrassed, and he might even lose two friends

Since he couldn't have the same as Yvonne, he didn't want it because he didn't want Yvonne's uncle to waste time making it for him. Maybe Yvonne's uncle was busy.

So, Hudson shook his head and said in a low voice, Thank you, Yvonne, but I don't want it."

But then, he thought of something else, and his low spirits vanished.

Hudson blinked, raised his face, and told Yvonne cautiously, "My brother can cut fruit into cute little animals with a knife. If you like little fish, I can ask him to cut them."

After saying that, he looked at Yvonne expectantly. After two seconds, perhaps realizing his expression was too obvious, he hurriedly lowered his head.

But even so, he still thought expectantly in his heart. If Yvonne said she wanted it, he would ask his brother to carve a lot of them.

Hearing that, Yvonne was stunned for a moment. As if thinking of something she leaned closer and asked him softly. "Like a bunny or a puppy?"

"Yeah!" Hudson's eyes brightened, a mix of anticipation and shyness in them.

Yvonne was about to speak. With her sweet and polite personality, she would thank him.

What would he say then? Unexpectedly, the words he longed to hear never came.

Yvonne just let out a thoughtful "oh," then looked disinterested. "It's just animal-shaped fruit. I have a lot at home, too."

After saying that, she snuggled closer to Anna and asked softly, "Anna, do you have any at your house?"

Anna nodded and said yes.

In the past, the maids at home would always cut fruit into animal shapes to coax them into eating more. Anna had grown tired of it, so she hadn't said anything earlier.

The two little girls continued chatting about this topic, oblivious to the defeated expression on Hudson's face.

Yvonne's voice was soft and sweet, but at that moment, it sounded particularly piercing

She added. The cookies in my house also come in many shapes. They are so cute!"

Upon hearing that, Hudson pursed his lips silently, his brown eyes flickering

Alas, there was nothing like that in his house.

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## Chapter 273

Yvonne, who was chatting with Anna, suddenly noticed his downeast expression. After monent of theght, the kindere girl comforted him.

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She started a new topic. "Hudson, your brother can make cute little animals, so he must be good at cocking

The chef at her house was a great cook, and so was the chef at Anna's hrane, which had given Yonine a stereotypical impression.

Unexpectedly, after she said this. Hudson's expression became even more dejected.

Not wanting to lie to Yvonne, he slowly uttered, "My brother is not good at cooking at all"

He became malnourished because he ate the food his brother cooked.

After he said that, Anna, who had been silent, looked over as if she had been attracted, with a puzzled look on her face

She said, "That shouldn't be the case. If your brother is good with a knife, he must have been cooking for long My mother said practice makes perfect, so your brother should be a good cook"

Yvonne didn't understand, but it didn't matter. It was enough to firmly support Anna

She was like Anna's hype man. "Yeah, Anna is right."

Both looked at Hudson, and the latter was embarrassed to meet their eye. His tone was sincere. "I'm telling the truth. He's not a good cook, but he cuts things quickly and beautifully."

"Well, then he might be better at using knives... Anna said without much thought.

Hudson sighed softly. His brother was good at carving ingredients into flowers and then making them into a mess. He was good at taking the essence and turning it into nothing good.

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