

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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At first, Charles did not understand why Richard suddenly changed his expression, but after tasting the orange, Charles understood.

It is delicious. No wonder Grandpa wanted to take all the oranges for himself. If it were someone else, they would probably have the same thought. Charles thought.

Silently, Charles tightened his grip on his basket and cast a wary glance at Richard.

Charles' concern was not unfounded. Richard did, in fact, glance at his basket several times over the next few minutes.

But for some reason, in the end. Richard let Charles' oranges be.

Taking advantage of the moment, Charles hurried back to his room with his basket.

Once inside, Charles immediately sent Kelvin a message, detailing everything that had just happened.

Charles knew he could not win against his unreasonable grandfather, but his father would surely have a way to deal with him

Meanwhile, downstairs, Richard was still blissfully unaware that he was about to face consequences. He happily sat there, hugging a basket of oranges, eating away.

Yvonne is truly a sweetheart. The oranges she grows taste this good, Richard wondered,

Thinking of the bananas, oranges, and grapes in his own orchard, Richard was already looking forward to them.

Feeling full of energy, Richard even skipped his afternoon nap, choosing instead to sit on the couch and devour oranges one after another.

Just then, a bodyguard walked in from outside and delivered a statement as if announcing some terrible news. "Mr. Adler, Dr. Jonathan is here. He is waiting at the door"

Richard suddenly froze. He glanced at the small mountain of orange peels beside him and his hands, now stained yellow. His expression shifted rapidly. He was doomed.

When he was younger, Richard feared nothing. But as he aged and his health declined, various illnesses started catching up with him.

His doctor, Behram Jonathan, was a strict and dedicated professional who came every two weeks to check if Richard was feeling unwell.

If Behram ever caught Richard ignoring his medical advice, he would not hesitate to scold Richard fiercely.

At first, Richard had not taken Behram seriously. When Richard was supposed to quit smoking, he sneaked off for a cigarette. Behram found out and lectured Richard for half an hour.

Once. Yvonne had given Richard a small cake, and he had refused to eat more than a single bite just to avoid being reprimanded.

That was how terrifying this doctor was.

Now, panic set in Richard jumped up, grabbed the half-eaten oranges, and scurried around, trying to find a place to hide, them.

After stuffing them away, Richard frantically cleaned up the peels.

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When Richard finally finished, he felt confident that he had covered all traces.

But the strong scent of oranges in the room completely betrayed Richard.

A bodyguard led Behram inside.

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Behram looked like he had just come straight from the hospital. He was still in his white coat. In one hand, he carried a cold. metallic-looking medical case.

As soon as he stepped in, Behram caught the overwhelming scent of oranges and frowned.

Behram seldom smiled. He always wore a stern expression, and with his tall stature, he was not someone to be trifled with.

Without setting down his medical kit. Behram asked directly. "Did you eat oranges? How many?"

Richard's brow twitched. He held up two fingers. "Two."

Behram paused and glanced at Richard, his gaze briefly stopping at Richard's yellow-stained fingers. His face remained expressionless. "Tell the truth"

Richard hesitated. "I lost count."

Behram stared at Richard in silence for a long moment. Neither of them spoke.

After a while. Behram took out a blood testing device from his case and pricked Richard's finger to check his blood sugar. Behram watched the screen for a few seconds before asking. "When did you

eat them?"

Tfinished my meal, then sat here eating for about ten minutes, Richard replied.

Behram frowned slightly, a hint of surprise in his tone. "Your blood sugar is normal."

Behram put away the device, closed his case, and tilted his head slightly to ask Richard, "What kind of oranges did you eat? Are they high in sugar?"

"Pretty high. I guess. They taste really sweet, Richard replied.

Behram extended his hand naturally. "Give me one. Let me take a look."

For Richard, giving up one of his beloved oranges felt as painful as cutting off a piece of his own flesh.

But Behram was Richard's doctor. Richard had no choice but to comply.

Richard walked over, dug out the oranges he had just hidden, and randomly picked one to hand over.

The cool, smooth orange landed in Behram's hand. Behram held it and examined it closely.

At a glance, it looked just like any other orange, perhaps a bit more attractive.

Richard had been eating them for over ten minutes, and yet his blood sugar had not changed. That was unusual.

Unable to figure it out, Behram decided to try one himself.

As Behram calmly peeled the orange and popped a piece into his mouth, Richard watched with deep heartache.

After Behram chewed twice, his expression shifted.

Behram looked at the orange peel in his hand with a complicated gaze. His face remained stoic, but compared to before, his demeanor seemed noticeably softer.

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When Behram finally spoke, Richard thought he was about to explain something about his condition.

But instead, what Behram said was. This orange tastes pretty good. Where did you buy it?"

Richard was momentarily stunned before replying proudly. "You can't buy this outside. My granddaughter sent it to me"

Richard's face was full of pride and smugness, so much so that it made one want to punch him.

Behram glanced at Richard and then ruthlessly struck a nerve. "Is she your biological granddaughter?"

Richard immediately disliked the question.

However, he qui

quickly noticed something even more peculiar. "How did you know Yvonne gave it to me? Do you know her?"

Behram nodded casually, his tone indifferent. "I know her, but she does not know me."

Richard did not quite understand and pressed further. "How do you know Yvonne? You spend all day in the hospital, and sh has not been there recently."

Determined to get to the bottom of it, Richard kept pressing until Behram started getting a headache.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, Behram said, "Does Yvonne have a mentor?"

Richard paused for a moment, his expression turning somewhat unnatural as he thought of that guy. Taylor. He nodded stiffly. "Yes, why?"

Back then, Richard had assumed Taylor was just an ordinary gardener. But after witnessing his abilities firsthand, Richard had been completely stunned and awkward.

Behram took note of Richard's discomfort, his tone becoming somewhat lighter.

Behram then spoke in an even, steady voice, delivering a piece of information that completely floored Richard. "We have the same master.

Richard was utterly dumbfounded. He froze for two full seconds before finally reacting, his voice filled with disbelief. "So that means you are Yvonne's senior brother?"

Behram nodded. At that moment, his mood seemed particularly good. Behram even tugged the corner of his lips into a faint but noticeable smile. "Yes."

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