

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Back he hadn’t known about Yvonne’s abilities, but now that he did, he had endless advice to give.

He was really worried.

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“Take today’s little oranges, for example. The peels could be dried and stored. You might not need them here, but if relatives or friends ever suffer from sore throats or seasonal fevers, sending them some to brew in water would be incredibly beneficial

Taylor was afraid that Yvonne’s abilities would be wasted.

If he were by her side, he’d make sure she utilized everything to its fullest potential.

After finishing the pulse reading, Taylor withdrew his hand and studied the elegant woman before him, his expression turning serious.

“Previously, you suffered from neurological dysfunction, cardiac and digestive system issues, compounded by excessive mental strain and severe physical exhaustion. Your constitution is severely depleted now. It won’t recover overnight.”

His diagnosis matched every medical report Tinley had ever received.

Her expression remained unreadable, as though they were discussing someone else.

Tan knew she had access to top–tier medicine and a dedicated medical team.

There wasn’t much he could do beyond offering suggestions.

While he was lost in thought, he heard the playful laughter outside.

A thought crossed her mind, and Taylor’s eyes lit up.

“Here’s what we’ll do—I’ll bring you a few medicinal herb seedlings. You can keep them here and let Yvonne nurture them slowly. Once they’ve matured, we’ll use them for your medicine.”

If Yvonne could cultivate any plant, medicinal herbs should be no exception.

As he spoke, Taylor could already envision the extraordinary quality of those future herbs.

Tinley frowned, a trace of concern flickering in her eyes.

“Professor Johnson, the stronger the medicine, the more energy it takes. It’s a burden for Yvonne, and it might hurt her health.”

After a short pause, she said softly, “I can source well–aged medicinal ingredients instead. The difference wouldn’t be significant.”

She had experimented before, placing ornamental chrysanthemums alongside medicinal varieties. The latter had taken noticeably longer to bloom, indicating greater energy absorption.

For medicinal herbs, the process would be even more demanding.

Her refusal was unequivocal, making Taylor shake his head with helplessness.

“It’s not that I don’t care for her. I’m not asking her to rush. If you don’t tell her these herbs are for you, she’ll take her time nurturing them. It’s far more beneficial than growing flowers.

“Her ability inherently contains tremendous vitality. As long as she doesn’t overexert herself, her body will naturally

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replenish the expended energy. It won’t harm her.”

After years of research, Taylor understood this deeply.

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Sometimes, after marathon lab sessions, simply sitting near his plants would gradually restore his energy.

Tinley fell silent, her lashes lowering as she considered his words.

Taylor added, “Compared to her, your condition is far more precarious. Besides, she lives with you daily. If you notice her energy waning, you can intervene immediately.”

As they spoke, Wendy returned with the dried flowers.

She listened to them and could guess what they were talking about.

Seeing Tinley’s hesitation, she couldn’t help but feel a little anxious.

“Ms. Holmes, Yvonne will be growing these for you, not for profit. Only when you’re healthy can you protect her better. And if given the choice, she’d undoubtedly agree.”

“She is right. That’s the point.” Taylor nodded in agreement.

Noticing Tinley’s slight concession, he seized the opportunity to settle matters.

“Then it’s decided. I’ll arrange for some premium seedlings.”

He happened to know a person who cultivated medicinal herbs, and they were friends for many years.

“I’ll ask them to pick good ones for you.” Having said that, he took out his mobile phone.

Pulling out his phone, a replacement after breaking his last one, he added, “Come on. Give me your number. I’ll notify you once everything’s ready.”

Tinley gave him her number and said, “Thank you, Professor Johnson, if you need money, just ask me.”

Taylor carefully noted her name by stroke on the phone, and waved his hand indifferently.

“Nonsense. Just send over some senior–friendly fruits occasionally.”

After putting away his phone, he stood up.

“I’ll go back first. Alex is waiting for me outside.”

Tinley stood up to see him off.

As soon as the three of them exited the door, Yvonne found them outside.

She ran over happily, thinking they were going for a walk, so she walked over.

She said very happily, “I’m coming too. Take me with you.”

Taylor stopped and rubbed her little head amusingly.

“Do you know where I’m going? I’m going back, not just playing around.”

Hearing this, Yvonne blinked her big eyes, then looked at him eagerly, and after two seconds, she skillfully clung to his leg.

“Oh, can’t you stay?” She asked softly, so cute that Taylor wanted to agree.

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But he held back.

“There are people waiting for me outside. I’ll see you next time. Take care of yourself at home.”

As they spoke, Wendy’s phone jolted, and she took two steps back silently to read the message.

Yvonne was still persuading Taylor, not letting him go.

After reading the news, Wendy came over and returned to Tinley.

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She lowered her voice and said, “Ms. Holmes, multiple pharmaceutical groups have gathered outside—the Yeager family from Mingden Pharmaceuticals, the Karans, the Adkins… They’ve all come for Professor Johnson.”

Tinley glanced at Taylor, who was pulling with Yvonne, and her warm smile vanished instantly.

“They were here for Taylor.” It wasn’t a question, but a statement of fact.

Wendy had also discerned the situation. After careful consideration, she said, “If Professor Johnson leaves now, he’ll run straight into them. Judging by their aggressive stance, they’re unlikely to back down easily.”

Tinley’s expression was frosty, her voice icy. “The Jones family has grown increasingly audacious.”

Clearly, she had deduced how the information had leaked.

It wasn’t hard to figure out. Taylor had arrived here in the afternoon, yet these groups had only appeared outside the estate in the evening.

Before that, only the Joneses had left the Holmes family.

Tinley was confident that no one in her family would have disclosed such information.

Wendy nodded in agreement.

Indeed, not only had they sold the information, but they’d sold it to multiple parties at once.

“Go get a coat. I’ll walk Taylor out.”

Wendy ran quickly, hurrying upstairs to rifle through the wardrobe before selecting a deep red jacket.

She thought, “This color is perfect. It matches Ms. Holmes’ current mood.

When she went down with the coat in her arms, Yvonne and Taylor had just finished their farewell.

Yvonne pleaded that she didn’t want Taylor to go, and Taylor’s heart melted completely.

But he had to retrieve medicinal herbs for Tinley tomorrow, so leaving was unavoidable. Steeling himself, he gently pried Yvonne’s hands away.

“I’ll come to see you when I have time. Be good,” he said, patting her head as if testing a watermelon for ripeness at the market.

After Yvonne let go, he reluctantly walked outside.

Only when he reached the gate did he notice Tinley following behind.

“Finley, why did you…”

Tinley smiled gently. “I’ll walk you out.”

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Taylor sat in his car, confused. He pressed the window and waved to Tinley outside. “Go back. Yvonne is waiting for you at home.”

Yet Tinley seemed not to hear. She simply entered another car and began following his car.

Taylor grew even more puzzled.