

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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While the grandfather and granddaughter enjoyed their time together, the old butler watched from the corner, envious.

The butler thought, 'I genuinely envy Richard—he gets to hold Yvonne and play with her.'

The butler, about the same age as Richard, was slightly different. His body wasn't as strong—years of hard work and lingering health issues had taken a toll.

Although he had recovered somewhat during his stay with the Holmes family, he still lacked the strength to hold Yvonne.

The butler thought, 'If I lose my strength and drop Yvonne, I'll never forgive myself!'

For now, he could only watch from the sidelines, a quiet observer.

He glanced at the clock on the wall—lunchtime had arrived. It was time to remind Yvonne to eat.

As expected, Richard stayed at the Holmes residence for lunch, and when he sat down to eat, he casually took the nearly finished jar of jasmine wine with him.

By the time they were eating, the bottle was placed right in front of him. Richard enjoyed the meal so much that he drank the entire bottle himself.

Feeling utterly satisfied, he even forgot about his scheduled checkup for the afternoon.

The best part was that the wine wasn't decisive. Despite drinking so much, Richard still felt sharp and alert, without a hint of dizziness.

When the time came for his appointment, he leisurely went to the hospital. The scent of jasmine wine lingered in the air, leaving a trail wherever he went.

As Richard walked through the hospital, the scent of the wine seemed to draw people's attention, causing them to stop and stare.

To the casual observer, Richard was just an ordinary older man, yet somehow, he turned heads wherever he went.

Some even braved the watchful eyes of his bodyguards, walking up to ask him where he had gotten the wine.

It was a question he got asked several times on his way, but Richard never grew impatient. With a hearty laugh and a smug smile, he proudly told everyone it was wine made by Yvonne.

When people complimented the scent but walked away with a look of regret, Richard only felt more pleased. Of course, Yvonne's creations were always the best.

But as soon as he entered the doctor's office, his smile vanished at the sight of the stern-faced doctor.

He'd gotten carried away and forgotten how intimidating this doctor could be.

The fragrance of the jasmine wine filled the air when he entered the room. If Behram didn't recognize it, he'd have to question his sense of smell.

"You've been drinking?" the doctor asked, his tone sharp.

Richard first shook his head, then paused, as if reconsidering, and gave a slight nod.

"How much did you drink?"

Behram already had the medical forms ready and held them in his hand.

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"Just... just a small bottle," Richard replied.

Richard thought, 'How did those words even come together?'

Behram thought, 'Dealing with a patient who ignores medical advice is such a headache. He couldn't help but frown in frustration.

"I told you to quit smoking and drinking," he said, clearly frustrated.

Behram thought, 'He's a grown adult! This person doesn't listen—no matter how much I say, it's useless.'

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Behram flipped through the medical forms in his hand. Because of Richard's drinking, many of the scheduled tests couldn't be done and would have to be postponed for three days.

Richard knew he was in the wrong but kept silent, letting Behram say whatever he wanted.

Richard thought, 'I look calm on the outside, but in my mind, I'm wondering if I should buy this hospital. If I buy the hospital, will I get less criticism?'

'After all, who would let their employees criticize them if they were the boss?'

Behram glanced at him, sensing something was off, but not knowing what exactly. His gut feeling told him it wasn't anything good.

When they reached the examination room, Behram directed Richard inside and informed the technicians.

The results would be available immediately, and by the time they returned to the office, they had already been uploaded to the doctor's computer.

Behram clicked through them while Richard wandered around the office.

Richard was unusually energetic this afternoon, pacing restlessly.

He wandered over to the window, eyeing the two potted plants, and couldn't resist commenting.

"Pathetic. They don't even look as good as the weeds in my garden."

Still at his desk, Behram furrowed his brow as he scanned the results. He thought, 'Something isn't right.'

He turned to glance at Richard, who was still aimlessly wandering around, and then quickly focused back on the screen.

Behram thought, 'Something's off. Compared to last time, his health indicators have improved.

Behram could understand since all five of the recent checkups in the past month had shown improvement, one after another. Behram thought, 'He just drank so much. How is there no effect at all?'

It was too baffling. Behram called out to Richard. "I need to check your pulse."

Richard reluctantly turned away from the two potted plants, rolled his sleeves, and extended his wrist. He wasn't the least bit concerned about his health results.

After all, he knew his own body better than anyone else.

As Behram's fingers touched his pulse, his expression shifted several times. After a long pause, he withdrew his hand and fell into deep thought.

"What's wrong?" Richard asked, curious, as this was the first time he had seen this sharp-tongued doctor so serious. "My pulse is bad?"

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Behram shook his head. Though he didn't fully understand what was happening, he was happy that his patient's health was improving.

"Quite the opposite," Behram said. "Your health is excellent—so much so that I find it unbelievable."

Richard paused, then burst into laughter. He knew what was going on.

With a smirk, Richard leaned forward, eager to teach the doctor a lesson. "What's so unbelievable about it? You'll probably see more of it in the future. I might even be able to turn back time and become young again!"

He stood up, not bothering to look at the rest of the test results, and beaming with energy, he left.

Before leaving, he commented, "Don't ever say I drink too much again. That little drink I had is worth more than a whole season's worth of medicine!"

Seeing Richard's smug look, Behram couldn't help but feel a restless energy in his hands.

After sending Richard off, Behram sat alone in his office, replaying the earlier events in his mind.

When Richard had first entered, Behram's nose was filled with the rich scent of wine, but then he was immediately irritated by Richard's blatant disregard for medical advice. He hadn't thought much of it at the time.

Behram thought, 'Now that I think about it, that bottle of wine was probably the key. Such a rich, fresh scent—could it have come from that mysterious young apprentice of mine again?'

Behram pulled out his phone, planning to ask Richard, but when he opened his WhatsApp, something caught his eye—his teacher, who had never posted on social media, had shared a moment on Instagram.

Without thinking, he clicked on it.

[The first cup of autumn jasmine wine, a gift from my little apprentice. This child always thinks of me./picture/]

At that moment, Behram's mind clicked into place. He thought, 'No wonder

Meanwhile, Richard, strolling confidently out of the hospital, was basking in his success. He thought, 'No matter how much I eat or drink, the doctor will never be able to pick me out.

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