

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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After confirming his suspicions, Behram felt that Richard was essentially out of his hands as a patient. There was no need for him with that mysterious young apprentice around him.

He reviewed Richard's medical records and prescriptions, significantly reducing the medications. He kept only the essentials, canceling the rest.

Once he finished, there were just three remaining medications, each to be taken once a day.

Looking at the printed prescription, Behram felt a mix of emotions.

What had once been a stack of over a dozen boxes of medicine was now down to just three in a month. It was staggering, even hard to believe.

If only every patient could recover like Richard, Behram thought, "The world would be different."

Suddenly, he realized what he was thinking and couldn't help but feel a sense of relief.

It wasn't his usual nature to be so idealistic, but sometimes, as a doctor, he couldn't help but imagine better alternatives.

They'd probably be ecstatic if the public knew there was a way to heal without pain or medication.

Thankfully, Richard was from the Holmes family.

Taylor was the type of person who rarely ever posted on Instagram.

Due to work, his phone had many contacts, including some from higher-ups. But he rarely had anything worth sharing, so he never used the Moments feature.

He would, however, occasionally check out what his friends posted.

When he received the jasmine wine from the Holmes family around lunchtime, it was the first time in his life that he thought about showing off.

The research institute had strict checks in place now, and everything that came in had to be inspected.

Before the bottle of jasmine wine was handed to him, it had been sent to the lab for testing.

The lab technicians, all wearing masks, had solemn expressions. But as soon as they opened the jar, their eyes changed noticeably—a look of awe.

Even through the masks, the fragrance of the wine seeped through, its aroma impossible to contain.

The technicians exchanged glances, captivated by the scent.

Even those who weren't familiar with alcohol couldn't help but stop and take a breath.

"Wow, it smells amazing. So this is how the real wine drinkers live."

"Correction, not all wine drinkers get to drink something this good."

"This is from the Holmes family for Professor Taylor. The small oranges they sent last time were just as impressive."

As they discussed, the technician continued to collect some of the liquid for testing.

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Meanwhile, outside in the hallway, a group of people passed by.

A few days ago, Mike, who had just returned from the hospital, was part of the group passing by the lab.

Walking past the testing room, they were immediately struck by the strong scent of wine drifting out.

It was as if an invisible rope had tied them together; they stopped in unison, moving in—perfect sync.

Mike was the first to take the lead, walking toward the lab and mumbling as he found an excuse to go in.

"Why does this lab smell so strongly of wine? They aren't drinking in there, are they? I should go check..."

Mike followed closely behind, nodding in agreement. "You're right, no drinking during work hours."

The others didn't even bother with an excuse and followed into the lab.

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By the time they entered, the technicians, who had been waiting for the results, had already closed the lid on the osmanthus wine jar. But the fragrance still lingered in the air, refusing to dissipate.

When the group entered, the technicians, who had been casually chatting in the other room, were caught off guard and quickly stood up. They were fully masked and dressed, looking nothing like people who had been drinking.

Mike's eyes immediately landed on the exquisite jar of wine on the table.

"What's inside this?" Mike asked, though he already had a good idea.

The technician, being honest, replied, "It's something the security at the entrance intercepted. It's a gift from the Holmes family for Professor Taylor. We're just checking it to make sure there's no issue."

Hearing that it was a gift for Professor Taylor and seeing that the lid was already sealed, Mike didn't need to inspect it further.

Despite the tempting scent, he resisted, but with one request: they should bring the jar over to him once it's confirmed safe.

The group waited patiently in the lab.

At that moment, an older man in the group seemed a bit irritated. His solemn expression and narrow eyes gave him a somewhat unapproachable look.

"Didn't we say we should be extra cautious lately? Why is the Holmes family sending gifts every few days?"

He was the eldest in the group and, by all accounts, should have commanded respect, but surprisingly, no one responded to him.

Mike, hearing this, wiped the smile off his face and fell silent.

Mike, amused, looked at him and replied, "Wayne, it's a good thing when a disciple cares about their master. Have you ever heard of someone poisoning others with their real name?"

The notion of poisoning someone and openly flaunting the source was completely unheard of.

Mike knew Wayne's personality was harsh, but didn't take offense. Instead, he calmly explained, "Professor Taylor has no children, so it's good to have a disciple looking out for him. We can afford to loosen the rules a little."

His tone was polite, but the reality was that the disciple had effectively become part of the institute's family, and family members weren't stopped from sending gifts. There was no reason to interfere.

Wayne was the type to be lenient with himself but strict with others. Though his son and daughter-in-law frequently brought him gifts, he felt that others sending gifts violated protocol.

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"He's sending things too often, and now he's even sending alcohol to the institute. Don't you think that's a bit much. Mike?"

Mike, now directly called out, felt it was an unreasonable complaint.

What was wrong with that?

The wine smelled so good, he almost wanted to try some himself.

Perhaps Mike's longing was too apparent, as Wayne's already sharp gaze grew even more intense.

"Mike!" he snapped. "He's getting too close to businessmen now. I've heard he's planning to send the flowers he's raised to that Holmes family's child. Those flowers were all cultivated with government funds—his actions are a serious breach of conduct!"

Mike was already irritated and felt a headache coming on. He realized if he didn't take Wayne's side today, the man would continue his tirade.

"You need to write a report on this and escalate it to the higher-ups," Wayne insisted, his voice steely, his demeanor impossible to ignore.

Wayne's nature scrutinized every detail, but only he knew that his reasons for attacking Taylor today weren't as righteous as he pretended—a hint of jealousy tainted them.

"If you don't write the report, I'll report him myself!"

The words hung in the air, sending a wave of tension through the room. The surrounding staff visibly stiffened, and even Mike, who had been watching from the sidelines, grew anxious.

If Wayne fulfilled his threat, Taylor wouldn't be the only one facing the consequences. The director, all six vice directors, and the entire leadership team would be under investigation. It was no small matter.

"Why do this, Wayne? Taylor never sent any flowers out."

"Exactly. The experimental flowers are numbered, and the Adler family returned the one sent out. Remember you saw it yourself—there was even a big celebration that day?"

The people who had left the argument before now spoke up, urging caution. But Wayne remained stubborn, his expression still hardened, and for some reason, their words only seemed to make him more furious.

"Fine then. Let's investigate everything thoroughly."

After Wayne finished speaking, the others visibly fell silent.

With just a casual comment about a "thorough investigation," he wasn't facing any consequences, but the rest of the leadership was in a bind.

Mike endured it for a while, originally planning to give Wayne some leeway for the sake of the institute's harmony.

But this man wasn't making it easy for him at all.

Finally, the director couldn't hold back any longer. He forced a smile that lacked any warmth and asked, "Professor Yao, do you know where the biological sensor that your research center received from overseas two weeks ago came from?"

"Professor Yao, do you know where your research center got the biosensor from abroad half a month ago?"

Yab Chengxian was stunned by this question, and then answered without thinking.

"Of course, it is funded by the state and equipped for us."

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The dean smiled angrily.

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This person is old, how can he still be so innocent!

They are not the only key research institutes in China. Why do they have the latest equipment, but not elsewhere? Do you want it elsewhere?

He looked at Yao Chengxian with a smile and said.

"It was donated by the Holmes family. Because Miss's master is in our research institute, he donated 500 million yuan to us and found a way to get two new biosensors from abroad."