

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 191

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Wayne disliked Taylor largely because of that little golden nugget.

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He felt that Taylor had taken advantage of the situation yet still acted innocent, deliberately showing off in front of others.

What annoyed Wayne most was that Taylor actually managed to pull it off.

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Hearing the endless praise from inside the room and smelling the rich aroma of wine wafting out, Wayne couldn't stay any longer he turned and left immediately.

Wayne believed that his achievements were no less than Taylor's.

Before Taylor's research produced any results, Wayne's team was the one receiving strong support from the research institute.

As the most senior member of his team, he was naturally the most respected.

But now, all opportunities and resources in the research institute were being funneled toward Taylor.

Wayne was unhappy about this and had no interest in staying to watch them revel in their joy—it only made him feel worse.

Before today, he had always thought Taylor's apprentice was just a wealthy second-generation heir.

But after hearing Blake's praise, he finally took a serious moment to think. Taylor researched for decades without making waves, yet he had a breakthrough when he took in a young apprentice.

The Holmes family must be backing him.

'If it's really like Blake said, with the Holmes family's resources, even a pig could take off into the

Wayne tried to console himself with this thought, but it didn't help much.

People passing by saw his darkened expression and didn't dare greet him.

Wayne had always had a bad temper—perhaps even more eccentric than Taylor.

Taylor might not be talkative and was strict about his time, but as long as you got to the point without wasting it, he wouldn't make things difficult for you.

Wayne, however, was a different story.

After Wayne left, Zachary and the others finally got to taste the Jasmine-infused wine in the office.

Each person held a small, clear plastic cup. Taylor stood there, scooping wine from the jar with a spoon.

His movements resembled a cafeteria worker serving food. He barely filled each cup, and his hand trembled as he poured, almost spilling everything.

Almost everyone who entered the room got a small cup, and this pained Taylor to no end.

The moment they tasted the wine they had been longing for, their expressions were all the same—pure amazement. Not only that, but they also looked like they hadn't had enough.

Those who had finished their drink couldn't stop glancing at the wine jar.

But seeing Taylor's distressed expression, no one dared to ask for more.

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Just then, someone noticed Wayne's absence.

"Where's Mr. Rayes? Wasn't he just here?" someone asked.

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Hearing that someone else might come, Taylor immediately shielded his wine jar—he didn't want to share another drop!

Just now, handing out the wine had felt like he was bleeding himself dry.

Zachary took a small sip from his cup, momentarily pausing his blissful expression before replying, "He probably went back. to his research."

After what had just happened, his impression of Wayne had plummeted, and he no longer wanted to speak on his behalf.

Taylor didn't have much of an impression of Wayne. He always focused on his own research, paying little attention to outside matters, so he never realized Wayne disliked him.

When he heard someone mention that a person had left, he secretly breathed a sigh of relief, thinking, 'Good, now I don't have to share anymore.

This is painful—my little apprentice gifted it to me, and I haven't even had a sip yet!'

Finishing his wine, Zachary regretfully glanced at the jar and sighed, "What a shame. If I hadn't been busy with work, I would have attended your apprentice's initiation banquet."

If he had another chance, he would have dropped everything to meet that little golden nugget.

Maybe then, when the Jasmine-infused wine was being given out, he would have received a whole jar.

But it was too late now. There was no use regretting it.

After just one small cup, the director felt warm all over. Despite the chilly seven- or eight all—on the contrary, he felt refreshed and energized.

e weather, he wasn't cold at

He discarded his cup and reluctantly bid farewell to Taylor, saying, "Taylor, I'm heading back to work.

"I'll come find you for dinner tonight."

"Taylor, we'll come for dinner too," others chimed in.

Everyone's thoughts had never been so aligned before.

They looked at the wine jar with shining eyes, as if they had taken some kind of magic potion.

Their intense gazes sent a chill down Taylor's spine.

Hugging his wine jar tightly, Taylor immediately refused, "No, no way!"

"Alright," Zachary said, leading the way out.

Before leaving, he sighed and added, "Oh, right—when you host another banquet with your little golden nugget, make sure to invite me."

Since he was the leader, the others—though reluctant—followed suit once he left.

"Goodbye, Taylor," a colleague said.

Another added, "Taylor, make sure to call us next time."

Once everyone had left, Taylor peeked outside, then cautiously shut the door.

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Now that he was finally alone, he looked at the jar of fragrant Jasmine-infused wine.

He was amazed and felt a warm sense of comfort.

The brew had been sealed for about a month, meaning it had been made quite some time ago.

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Now, in mid—to—late November, if he calculated correctly, it must have been brewed around the time Yvonne went off to school.

He silently sighed, 'I once told Tinley not to waste the child's talents.

'But it turns out she was even more thoughtful than me.

This was the perfect way to handle things—when the flowers bloom, they're fragrant and beautiful to admire at home. By mid—season, they're harvested and turned into Jasmine Brew, which is not only aromatic but also beneficial for health. It's perfect for elderly people who need nourishment.'

Taylor took out his phone, snapped a picture, and proudly posted it on his social media.

'Let them all be envious to see that I have someone who truly cared for me,' he thought.

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Since Kevin left, Anna had been much happier—no one was there to disturb her and Yvonne anymore.

Occasionally, she would run into Kevin when she left class to play with Yvonne.

Since his class was next door, whenever they crossed paths, he would glare at her viciously.

At this age, girls tended to be more mature than boys, so Anna didn't care at all.

He was just frustrated because he couldn't win over Yvonne—she wasn't going to bother with him.

Until one day, when Anna was pulling Yvonne along to play, they ran into Kevin again.

She was already prepared to be glared at, thinking, 'Whatever, strong people are always envied!

But to her surprise, this time, Kevin ignored her completely and stared straight at Yvonne.

'Fine, stare if you want—but why are you glaring at her?' Anna thought.

She had been on the receiving end of his glares for so long without caring, but the moment he glared at Yvonne, she felt like a bomb ready to explode.