

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 246

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Taylor carried a small basket in his hand, his expression visibly more relaxed. Ever since Tinley had called him, he'd been waiting outside with Alex. Five minutes had already passed.

had been several days since Taylor had left the research facility, and Tinley had mentioned today's task was to inspect some grapes,

She told him to bring a basket so he could pick whatever ripe fruit he fancied to snack on later. Such a thoughtful young lady was a rare find these days.

He patted the plastic bag in his pocket, filled with anticipation. Alex caught the movement in the rearview mirror and couldn't help but chuckle.

"Tinley probably guessed you wanted an excuse to get out for a stroll," Alex teased. "She's killing two birds with one stone- no, three. You get fresh air, a fun task, and fruit to bring back"

Taylor nodded, the faintest hint of smugness crossing his face. "Smart girl," he said. "She's always one step ahead."

The car left the research facility and drove into town.

Nearby, Yehuda stood clutching his phone, his tense shoulders finally easing as he spotted the vehicle. "He's here, someone muttered beside him, echoing Yehuda's thoughts.

"Taylor actually agreed to help us inspect the grapes," said another team member, disbelief clear in their voice.

"His expertise is unparalleled in this field," a third chimed in. "With him on board, we can wrap this up quickly."

Excitement buzzed through the group—Taylor's involvement was a game—changer. No machinery could match his intuition.

He was a living legend, a rare talent no one could convince to help without powerful connections.

It raised another question: why would the Holmes family risk inviting someone so authoritative? What if the grapes weren't worth their price? A fine might mean little to them, but the PR damage from this highly publicized ordeal would be massive. Why risk in?

While the investigators wrestled with these thoughts, the car led them out of town and toward a brand—new estate. Once they arrived, the group's nerves spiked. After all, they were in the presence of a heavyweight.

Taylor, however, looked as unbothered as a retired grandfather out on a leisurely errand. With his little basket swinging at his side, he hurried inside, less like a world—class expert and more like a bargain—hunter on his way to a supermarket sale.

The estate stall greeted him and guided the group through the well—maintained grounds.

As soon as Taylor stepped into the orchard, his nose twitched. There was a faint fruity aroma in the air. At his age, he was still the brat to catch the scent, and it made him pick up his pace.

The basket in his hand bobbed enthusiastically as he approached the vineyard.

Alex followed behind, taking in the scenery. Though the orchard was sparsely planted, the landscaping was immaculate. He glanced around at the expanse and thought. All this space for just a few trees? Must've cost a fortune."

When they reached the grapevines, a staff member Ripped a switch, and the entire area fit up

The grapes already huge and perfectly round—gluered under the lights like clusters of amethyst, casting a soft purple flow.

Taylor's eyes lit up. The staff handed him a pair of pruning shears and set up a small ladder, ensuring he could reach the

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finest bunches. Taylor climbed up with surprising agility, snipping clusters while Alex stood below, expertly catching them in the basket.

Alex called out, "There's another ripe one over here. Move the ladder."

Obliging, Taylor descended. With a bit of help, the ladder was repositioned, and he set to work. This new bunch was magnificent, nearly filling the basket.

The harvest was going well.

Taylor, a man who could sniff out good produce from miles away, was thoroughly satisfied.

He couldn't wait to sample the fruits of his labor. He knew he'd be eating well for days—assuming, of course, no one tried to steal his share.

Watching them pick grape after grape, the investigation team couldn't help but do the math.

If the supposed price of 100,000 dollars per bunch was real, then the basket they just filled must be worth at least 300,000 dollars.

By the time Taylor's basket was brimming, his appetite for inspecting grapes was not. Instead of heading back, he asked the staff to show him other parts of the orchard.

When they reached a large greenhouse, Taylor's brows furrowed. For all the space available, it held just two lonely trees.

"What's going on here?" he asked, gesturing at the vast empty areas. "Why only two trees? Didn't you hire enough staff?"

The staff member replied, "We have a full—time team of five, plus a professional consultancy group."

Taylor blinked. "Five full—time employees... for just three trees?"

He was about to say more, but then a thought struck him. Perhaps it wasn't about efficiency. Maybe it was about quality. Maybe it was all for Yvonne.

Still, it felt wasteful to see so much empty land. On his way out, Taylor paused by a water spigot, staring at it thoughtfully. His mind replayed what he knew of Yvonne's abilities.

Could her energy be infused into the water here? If so, they could dig a well, enrich the water, and use it to nurture all the trees in one go. No need for her to personally care for each tree.

He rubbed his chin, lost in the idea. A self—sustaining orchard fueled by enchanted water. No more straining Yvonne's abilities. No more limits on how many trees they could plant.

It was an intriguing thought. Perhaps worth mentioning later—once he'd had a chance to test the grapes.