

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 248

Chapter 248

Wayne had been keeping an eye on Taylor for a long time, so he naturally knew that every now and then, someone would bring him a lot of delicious food.

People in the lab would say that Taylor had taken in an apprentice and treated her like a granddaughter, more dutiful than many children.

Even those who had never met his little apprentice would speak highly of her when mentioning her, especially the elderly.

At this age, the thing that moved them the most was the child's sincere filial piety.

Even though the child was only three or four years old and couldn't do much, so what?

She was already so caring, constantly bringing food and drinks to honor her master. If it were them, they'd be happy too.

Especially those who had tasted the food sent by the Holmes family, each one of them would rave about it as if they had been enchanted.

Wayne was incredibly jealous, and as a result, he knew more about Taylor's affairs than Taylor himself did.

When he saw the grapes mentioned on the website, the first thing that came to mind was the Holmes family, who often sen fruit to Taylor.

First, they usually sent fruits and vegetables.

Second, there were some online voices claiming that the food made from those grapes was extraordinary, with people exaggerating it to the point of saying that eating one bite would leave you regret-free for life.

Coincidentally, the people who often hung around Taylor at the research lab had said the same thing.

And on top of that, selling grapes for 100 thousand dollars—putting all the clues together, Wayne was almost certain that the grapes being hyped up online were sold by the Holmes family.

After learning this, Wayne thought that Taylor's outing tonight had to be related to this.

So, he decided to wait outside.

The heating had already been turned on in Strate City, and the indoor warmth was nice, but Wayne had braved the cold for over an hour just to find some dirt on Taylor.

An elderly man had been exposed to the cold wind for over an hour—he was nearly frozen.

But as they say, patience pays off, and Wayne finally got what he was waiting for.

He saw Taylor carrying a large basket of grapes into the office. A few minutes later, Alex came out, skipping happily, carrying a plastic bag.

The reason Wayne could clearly tell they were grapes was simply because the bunches in the basket were so large and beautiful. When the streetlight hit them, it was easy to recognize.

It wasn't the timing that was suspicious—grapes weren't given earlier or later, but now, at a crucial moment, they were being delivered. It didn't take a genius to figure out that there was something shady going on behind the scenes.

Wayne was sure that this time, he'd found something solid.

Rubbing his frozen hands, he turned and slowly walked toward Mike's office.

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Chapter 248

It was so cold that when he stepped indoors, he had to adjust to the warmth, like a dead body suddenly thrown into an incinerator. It felt strange, though Wayne didn't know why he thought of it that way.

Mike was hunched over his desk, writing furiously with a pen, when he heard no knock before Wayne entered.

He was about to complain about the lack of manners when he saw Wayne and immediately relaxed.

"Oh, it's you. Never mind, it's fine, Mike said, barely looking up,

Wayne had become a familiar nuisance to him, always trying to pick fights with Taylor, even though Taylor had no idea.

Last time, Wayne had even threatened to report him to higher-ups,

Mike had no clue what personal grudge Wayne had against Taylor, but it seemed like the old man just couldn't leave him alone,

"Let me guess," Mike said with a sigh, "you're here because of Taylor again, right?"

Wayne nodded but didn't say anything. The most important thing was finding some dirt on Taylor.

Mike, seeing the old man's cold and trembling hands, decided to show some human concern. He asked, "Wayne, are you alright?"

Wayne shook his head, but not as a denial—he was simply saying that the topic was off-limits.

The only thing on his mind now was finding some dirt on Taylor.

Mike walked over and poured him a cup of hot water. As Wayne held the cup, his hand still shook.

Mike suggested kindly, "Wayne, you should get checked out at the hospital. Honestly, it looks like a stroke."

The water shook so much that Wayne ended up not drinking it. He came straight to the point. "Mike, I want to report something"

Mike pushed his glasses up and responded with a look of indifference. "Oh, again? Let me guess—this time, it's about Taylor?"

"Yeah, it's him."

"Why now?" Mike asked, as if he had already anticipated it.

Wayne recovered his composure and spoke more fluidly, "Taylor is definitely involved with the Holmes family in some shady dealings. I saw it with my own eyes tonight. He came back carrying a huge basket of grapes."

Mike frowned, looking at Wayne with a helpless expression. "Wayne, didn't I tell you before? The Holmes family's little darling is Taylor's apprentice. What's wrong with her bringing him a basket of grapes?"

After saying that, Mike suddenly realized something.

Wait a second—Taylor brought back a large basket of grapes? It seemed like it was time to show some concern for him again.

Wayne snapped back, "No, it's not like that." He walked over to Mike's computer and urged him to search for grapes and the keyword '100 thousand dollars!

Reluctantly, Mike typed in the search terms.

There was a lot going on at the lab, and Mike was the only one there most of the time. The other two colleagues weren't around much, so Mike had to deal with all the little things.

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Chapter 248

After the search results appeared, Wayne told Mike to check out the articles.

After reading everything, Mike didn't find anything unusual.

Wayne sighed and tried again. "The Holmes family is selling grapes for 100 thousand dollars a bunch, and it's under investigation. And now, at this very moment, Taylor brings back a basket of grapes. Doesn't that suggest something?"

Wayne was getting more and more agitated, but Mike remained completely indifferent.

"What does it suggest?" Mike asked, genuinely confused.

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"Clearly, Taylor is colluding with the Holmes family to cover up this investigation," Wayne insisted, with great confidence. "After all, a single bunch of grapes is worth 100 thousand dollars. If the Holmes family has a vineyard, just imagine how much profit they'd make."

After speaking, Wayne noticed that Mike's expression hadn't changed one bit.

"Mike, you're not going to let this slide, are you?" Wayne demanded. He couldn't believe that Mike, after all this, would still side with Taylor.

Mike sighed, signaling for him to calm down, and took another look at the webpage.

He even checked the X-comments section before finally looking up at the fuming old man.

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"Wayne," Mike said, a calm tone in his voice, "I'll be honest. The price is high, but it's not necessarily a scam. Remember that jar of wine the Holmes family sent over? If Taylor wanted to, he could easily sell a bunch of grapes for 100 thousand dollars."