

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 249

Chapter 249

“Impossible.” Wayne instinctively denied it. How could a bottle of homemade wine be sold for that much?

“Why not?” Mike responded.

The price of wine, after all, could reach extraordinary heights. Many renowned domestic and foreign wines sold for far more, but that didn’t mean their taste and aroma were superior,

Mike thought to himself, if he were a rich man, he’d certainly buy it. But, sadly, he wasn’t, and Taylor wouldn’t sell it myway

Though Mike wasn’t wealthy, there were a few rich people in the research lab, all of whom were eager to buy wine from Taylor through the Holmes family.

When so many wealthy people were fighting to get their hands on something, it was easy to see that, in their minds, the wine was worth far more than the 100 thousand dollars.

Seeing Wayne’s disbelief, Mike wanted to tell him that different people sought different things.

Some wanted food and warmth, others sought wealth, some wanted fame, while others wanted health

It was fine not to understand someone else’s pursuit, but to doubt them and even try to report them without knowing the full picture was downright despicable.

Mike felt the need to speak firmly to Wayne.

He cleared his throat and spoke with a serious expression, “Wayne, you shouldn’t keep focusing on Taylor. Every time he does something, you’re the first to know. Instead of wasting your time on him, why not use it to build better relationships with your colleagues in your team?”

Wayne flushed with anger after hearing this. Even though he was still dissatisfied inside, he couldn’t stay any longer. He muttered a couple of words and hurriedly left.

Mike sighed, his heart still uneasy. As he continued to write his report, his mind kept returning to the grapes—grapes,

grapes, grapes...

Glancing out at the night, he calmed himself a bit.

The grapes wouldn’t run away. He’d go check it out tomorrow.

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Alex rushed home, unable to contain his excitement about the good news he had to share with his family.

His wife worked as a head nurse at a nearby hospital, and they both often worked late shifts. So, they had called his mother to help take care of the child and cook.

When Alex got home, his wife was in the room watching her favorite show, while Alex’s mother was chasing the child around with a bowl of food.

The child still refused to eat, but today, it was even worse—he wouldn’t eat a single bite.

Alex walked in, beaming with joy, and proudly showed his mother the grapes. “I brought something good home today”

His mother peeked at the half-basket of grapes and lost interest. She continued trying to feed the child and grumbled, “Who buys half a basket of grapes? Is that all you got?”

“This isn’t just any grapes,” Alex explained, his face glowing with pride. “The professor gave them to me, and I brought them

1/3

18:25 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 249

back to see if they can help with the child’s loss of appetite.”

Hearing that they were from the professor, his mother’s interest was instantly piqued.

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“Anything from the professor must be good.” She said with gleaming eyes, placing her bowl down. She quickly directed Alex, “Hurry, feed it to the child. Let’s all benefit from Taylor’s brilliance. We’ll make sure our grandson goes to a good university and even gets a master’s degree.”

Alex rinsed the grapes in the kitchen, placed them in a fruit basket, and brought them out. He plucked one from the bunch and walked over to his son.

“These grapes were picked by me and the professor. They’re very clean.”

His mother nodded repeatedly, praising the plump, glistening grapes.

“Anything from Taylor is different. These grapes are far better than what you buy outside.”

Adonis, however, was still not interested in eating. He was too focused on playing with his toy.

When Alex held the grape up to his mouth, Adonis turned his head away with an air of defiance, saying, “I don’t want to eat anything”.

Alex gently peeled a bit of the skin off the grape and rubbed it on the child’s lips.

Adonis instinctively licked his lips and suddenly looked up with the same excitement one would expect when meeting a favorite superhero. “Dad, I want a big grape!”

This was the first time in the past two days that the child had actively asked to eat something, and Alex’s heart swelled with joy. “Sure, you want the big ones. Two should be enough, right?”

Adonis shoved the large grape into his mouth, his face lighting up with satisfaction as he mumbled, “Enough, thank you, Dad. You’re the best.”

The grape filled his mouth completely.

After finishing one, he still wanted more and reached for the fruit basket in Alex’s hand.

But Alex stepped back, not letting him take any more.

He looked at his son, whose face was filled with longing, and asked, “Now, do you want to eat something else?”

Adonis shook his head, saying he only wanted the grapes.

The whole family was watching the scene, and it became clear just how much the grapes were captivating the child.

After discussing it, the family agreed to tell Adonis, “You can only have the grapes after you finish your meal. If you don’t eat your dinner, you won’t get any grapes.”

Upon hearing this, Adonis felt like the sky had fallen. He clutched his toy, clearly conflicted, like he was making a tough choice. After a while, he reluctantly nodded.

The next day, Adonis was sent to school.

His desk mate turned around and called out, “How much money did you bring today? Let’s go buy something to eat.”

Recently, a man had set up a makeshift snack shop behind the school, disguised as a small van full of snacks. The kids would run over after school to buy treats.

Adonis had been part of this snack-buying crowd.

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18:25 Thu, 10 Apr O

Chapter 249

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Adonis’ grandmother usually kept the change from her grocery shopping in a drawer beneath the TV cabinet, with coins ranging from five cents to five dollars.

She didn’t count the change and would take out a little whenever she needed it, putting any leftover change back into the drawer.

Adonis, having noticed the stash, started sneaking five-dollar bills from the drawer before school each day.

This money was enough for him to buy lots of snacks from the “snack shop.”

So, he’d been coming home full each day and couldn’t stomach dinner.

Not daring to tell his parents about the stolen money, he pretended to have a loss of appetite, fooling them into thinking he was sick.

His acting was so convincing that the family didn’t realize what was going on. They assumed he was sick and took him to see doctors.

Of course, the doctors found nothing.

That day, his desk mate invited him to buy snacks, just like before.

But this time, Adonis shook his head firmly. “I’m not going. You go buy it.”

He remembered the grapes his father brought home the night before, and with that thought, he decided to save his appetite for the grapes.

Later that day, Adonis came home, having regained his usual appetite, and ate two bowls of rice on his own.

Afterward, he sat on the sofa, happily munching on the large grapes Alex had given him.

His grandmother, watching him, was so touched that she called it a “miracle cure.”

It worked—problem solved.

Although things hadn’t gone exactly as Taylor expected, the child’s appetite was definitely restored.

The process may have been a bit roundabout, but as long as the result was right, it was all good.

To thank Taylor for solving Adonis’ problem, his grandmother even bought a gift and asked Alex to deliver it to him. When Taylor received the gift, he didn’t keep it. Instead, he passed it along to Yvonne, to help her with her health.

A few days later, a teacher at Adonis’ school discovered the snack vendor at the back gate and immediately reported it to the school.

The school sent security to keep watch, and the makeshift snack shop was never seen again.