

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Richard thought to himself, This must be the worst news I have heard all month. No wonder I always found Behrami annoying; it turns out he is Taylor's apprentice.

As for Taylor, his job should be growing flowers. But why does he have so many apprentices?

As if he had guessed what Richard was silently complaining about, Behram spoke casually. "Mr. Johnson originally studied medicine, and his research is also in the medical field. He is a pioneer in this area, and it is my honor to be his apprentice."

Behram's words were sincere, filled with genuine pride. Richard could not find anything to retort. All the things Richard had wanted to say were stuck in his throat.

Richard's face even turned a little red from holding back. In the end, perhaps feeling that his reaction was not magnanimous enough. Richard forced himself to act indifferent. "Oh, that is pretty impressive."

Looking at it from another angle, the more remarkable that Taylor is, the more it highlights Yvonne's brilliance. With that thought, Richard felt a little better. 'My granddaughter was taken in as an apprentice by an academician when she was only three years old. That is something to be proud of for a lifetime!

Behram had no idea that, in the beginning, his son had persuaded Taylor with outright bribery.

Behram glanced at Richard's ever-changing expressions with a strange look in his eyes,

Earlier, Kelvin's assistant had called Behram, saying that Richard was secretly eating sweets at home and asking him to check in

Now that Behram was here, he saw it with his own eyes. However, the oranges Richard was eating seemed to be a special kind.

Behram was not entirely sure of the details, but since there were no immediate issues, he decided not to stay any longer.

Before leaving, Behram gave one last piece of advice. "No matter what, you should eat fewer oranges. You need to practice moderation."

Looking at the old man like that, he obviously didn't listen carefully.

The doctor took his suitcase out, took out his car keys, turned around and left here after starting it.

Taking out his car keys, Behram started the engine, turned around, and drove off, not back to the hospital, but somewhere else.

At the research institute, after undergoing multiple security checks, Behram was finally allowed inside.

The institute looked much the same as it had during Behram's last visit, except that the security was noticeably tighter.

A guard stood at the office door, checked Behram's credentials, and then opened the door to let him in.

Inside, two people were in the middle of a conversation.

The moment Behram stepped in, his eyes were first drawn to the bright-colored oranges on the table.

The basket holding them was exactly the same as the one Behram had just seen at Richard's house, delicate and well-crafted.

Hello, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Davis, Belaram greeted politely as he withdrew his gaze.

Taylor smiled and waved him over, signaling for Behram to come closer.

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When Behram stepped forward. Taylor casually grabbed a few oranges from the basket and handed them to Behram. "Behram, you are here. These were just sent over by Yvonne. Try some."

Taylor's generosity was a stark contrast to Richard's stinginess

Behram was momentarily stunned, holding the oranges with a bit of uncertainty.

Is Mr. Johnson giving all of these to me? Behram wondered. Behram carefully examined them. When he had walked in, there had been no citrus scent in the air.

There were also no orange peels on the table or in the trash bin, which meant that Taylor had not tried them yet. No wonder Mr. Johnson is being so generous, Behram thought.

To prevent Taylor from changing his mind after tasting them, Behram quietly stuffed the oranges into his pocket.

Behram could not bear to eat them just yet, so after tucking them away, he remained silent and listened as the two men continued their conversation.

During the discussion, Taylor glanced at Behram, puzzled as to why he was not eating the oranges.

These were all sent over by Yvonne. She cares a lot about me. The restaurant has plenty of them, by the more, just take them yourself, Taylor said.

way. If you want

After showing off Yvonne's thoughtfulness, Taylor shifted his attention back to his conversation with Howard.

Behram picked up an orange and studied it carefully. 'It looks just like a regular orange, so why does it taste so extraordinary? He pondered.

The reason Behram came today was to ask Taylor about this.

Behram could not shake the feeling that these oranges, like the flowers Taylor cultivated, had some kind of positive healing effect on the human body.

Taylor had been talking for quite a while and was starting to feel a bit thirsty. Naturally, he reached for an orange and also gestured for Howard to take one. Howard smiled and picked one up.

As Taylor peeled his orange, he was still smiling. "Oranges are sold in plenty of fruit stores. I did not expect Yvonne to specially send some over for me."

Taylor's tone was light, and the joy on his face was unmistakable. Still, he could not help showing a bit of pride.

Howard, who rarely said anything unnecessary, spoke up for once. His handsome face remained calm, and his tone was neither warm nor cold. "She treats you very well. She is a thoughtful girl."

Taylor's smile deepened. He peeled the orange, popped a piece into his mouth, and started chewing. Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly froze.

At that moment, it felt as if a wave of cool water had washed over his brain, leaving it completely refreshed.

"Oh, no Taylor stared in shock at the basket of oranges on the table, utterly speechless. "These oranges-

Behram, having already experienced this sensation earlier at Richard's place, could completely understand what Taylor was going through

And just like before. Behram quietly hid the orange in his hand, doing his best to shrink his presence.

There was no way I Behram was returning that handful of oranges.

Howard, unaware of the situation, looked at Taylor and asked, "Taylor, what is wrong?"

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Taylor did not answer. His expression was odd as he waved a hand, caught in a moment of confusion.

I should have known Yvonne comes from such a wealthy family. She would not send me something ordinary. But these oranges are too special: She even sent me an entire dozen baskets, Taylor thought.

As Taylor recalled how generously he had handed out a whole bunch earlier, his expression became rather resentful.

I regret it. Is it too late to take them back Taylor wondered.

Behram answered with his actions. No, it was not possible. He spread his hands, showing empty palms, and gave an innocent look. "I already ate them all. Mr. Johnson"

Taylor's face darkened a few shades. How did he eat them so fast? he wondered.

Howard glanced down at the orange in his own hand. He realized that Taylor's change had started the moment he took a bite.

Slowly, Howard peeled the orange. As he did, he could feel Taylor's intense presence watching his every move.

Once Howard had finished peeling, he put a piece into his mouth.

And just like that, Howard finally understood exactly what Taylor had felt.

Howard was always emotionally steady. Only matters concerning Tinley could stir any real reaction from him. But now, there was something else.

Under Taylor's resentful gaze, Howard swallowed calmly.

After finishing, Howard simply stated, "Yvonne treats you very well."

"Of course Taylor was immediately distracted. He was in the middle of an emotional moment and launched into an enthusiastic speech about all of Yvonne's good qualities.

The two men in the room simply listened patiently, letting him talk as much as he wanted.

When Taylor finally finished, Beliram spoke up about the reason for his visit. "Mr. Johnson, do you find the energy within these oranges somewhat familiar?"

"They are too perfect. The benefits and taste of an orange are fully expressed in them. Just like the flowers you cultivate, it is as if they have been refined, Behram said.

Taylor was quick-witted. He only needed a moment's thought to realize the same thing.

Gazing at the oranges on the talde, Taylor felt as though an answer was about to surface in his mind, he just needed to break through that last barrier.

"I am wondering how such oranges were cultivated, Taylor murmured.

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