

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 59

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What do you intend to do?" Grayson quickly rushed over to its side.

The moment he saw it desperately trying to jump out of the fish tank, his eyes welled up with tears.

Anna chimed in. Grandpa, it looks like it wants that lavender vase.

Sure enough, once the vase was placed beside the tank, the fish calmed down

"Anna. I remember you mentioned yesterday that the flowers Yvonne was going to give you got stolen by someone, Fred

said.

Anna nodded, clenching her little fist, and said seriously, "It was their nammy—she secretly took the flowers and sold them?"

Fred and Grayson exchanged a look, and the joy in their eyes was nearly overflowing.

They had found it.

At the Biotech Research Institute on Tissolp Road, Strate City, Kelvin had been waiting for over half an hour. The person he was waiting for finally walked in, escorted by someone else, taking their sweet time.

Kelvin stood up from his chair, nodded, and said, "Prof. Johnson."

Taylor, now seventy-two years old, had a head full of graying hair, a bit messy, giving off a slightly unkempt air. His face was lined with deep wrinkles, and his stooped back revealed the marks of time. A pair of glasses sat on his nose, behind which his eyes gleamed with sharp intelligence.

He walked in and immediately plopped down in a chair, took a sip of his cold coffee, and ignored Kelvin, his mood clearly

sour.

Well, who could blame him? No one would be in a good mood if they were pulled out of an experiment halfway.

Taylor didn't want to come at all, but the head of the institute had gone to find him, saying that someone wanted to invest a huge sum of money into their work.

He brought along a few junior leaders, who spent half an hour convincing him, filling his mind with thoughts of money, money, money.

Taylor had had enough. He put down his instruments in frustration and came.

He was curious to see what this investor wanted with him.

Taylor said, "If you have something to say, just say it. My experiment isn't finished."

Kelvin could tell that Taylor wasn't exactly thrilled to see him, but he didn't let it affect him. His tone remained calm and

unhurried.

Understanding Taylor's eccentric temperament, Kelvin didn't waste time with pleasantries. He got straight to the point. "Taylor. I hope you'll take my daughter on as an apprentice. In return, I'll invest a sum of money in your institute. We can discuss the details.

Upon hearing this. Taylor's expression shifted to one of "figures." He had expected nothing less.

He knew how these capitalists operated.

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Kelvin, speaking with measured calm, added, "You can think about it. It will be just an honorary title; I won't let her disturb

your work."

Taylor slammed his coffee cup down. He thought to himself. This man really has no self-awareness."

His tone sharpened. "I can't stand people like you—full of that stench of copper."

But halfway through his rant. Taylor's gaze landed on Kelvin's demeanor, and the words caught in his throat.

Taylor's face turned red.

There was no stench of copper on Kelvin. He couldn't continue his insult.

Taylor grumbled. "Money can't buy everyone. I, for one, won't do something against my will for the sake of your money."

These wealthy people only wanted to gild their daughters with success, a common sight in the institute. He had colleagues who had simply been given honorary titles, and some had even taken the backdoor route to get in.

When you asked them about their research, they didn't know a thing, just causing trouble at the institute.

Thinking of this made Taylor's head hurt. He waved his hand impatiently, rejecting the offer.

"I'm not interested in honorary titles. Find someone else. It's people like you who are breeding this academic dishonesty."

His words were sharp, and it was clear he didn't care about the other man's status.

Kelvin's expression never changed. He didn't react to the cold dismissal, his composure never wavering.

Someone who could remain calm in such situations often earned others' respect.

But respect aside, his experiment wasn't finished. He still had work to do.

Taylor stood up, his tone still hostile, though not as harsh as before.

"Go back where you came from. I need to get back to my work."

Kelvin had expected the rejection. On his way here, he had already read through Taylor's detailed profile. An academic old-timer—no one had ever managed to change his mind.

But even knowing this, he still called after him.

"Taylor, wait a moment."

Taylor instinctively stopped, turned around, and in an unkind tone said, "What now? You still have something to say?"

Kelvin picked up a long wooden box from the table, opened it, and showed him what was inside.

Taylor, take a look at this before you decide."

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