

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 60

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Taylor had only glanced at the box in passing, but somehow, it completely captivated his attention.

With swift steps, he moved toward Kelvin, practically flying across the room. As he got closer, the intense fragrance of the flowers hit him like a wave, making his eyes widen in awe. His hand reached out instinctively, a mixture of excitement and amazement written all over his face.

Kelvin watched him closely, waiting for his reaction. As Taylor's expression shifted with shock and excitement, Kelvin's brow relaxed, and with a soft click, he closed the box—careful not to pinch Taylor's hand.

“Hey,” Taylor's voice was filled with a new intensity, his earlier stubbornness replaced by something softer. “Let me see it... just one more time.

Kelvin wasn't surprised by his reaction. His tone remained calm as he gently reminded him. “About my daughter”

At the mention of the word “daughter, Taylor's face froze. While he definitely didn't support the spread of corruption in academia, he couldn't deny his overwhelming curiosity about the flower.

His face, lined with age, went through several expressions before he finally relented. Just let me see it first, and we'll talk about your daughter afterward.”

Kelvin had heard this kind of excuse countless times, from people who didn't want to say “yes” but couldn't resist. He didn't budge, just watched Taylor, his expression calm.

This flower,” Kelvin began, “is a gift I prepared for my daughter's apprenticeship. If her matter isn't settled first, I may not be able to give it to you.”

Taylor hesitated. The conflict in his mind was evident. He gave Kelvin a gentle pat on the arm, pretending to chat, but secretly trying to tug at the long wooden box.

He tugged—nothing.

He tugged again—and this time, the box shifted, but attached to it was a hand. He accidentally pulled the hand over with it.

Kelvin glanced at him, a slight smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “Taylor, can I take that as you accepting the apprenticeship gift?”

Taylor's heart raced. He clenched his fist, his emotions a whirlwind of excitement and reluctance. Finally, he exhaled heavily, defeated, and yanked the box free.

“Fine, fine, I'll accept, Taylor muttered under his breath.

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Without wasting a second, he tore open the box. When he saw the almost perfect rose inside, his eyes lit up with wonder. He couldn't help but gasp in admiration.

“To cultivate a flower like this... it's been my lifelong dream.”

When Taylor was a young boy, he had gotten lost on a mountain. There, he had encountered a fragrance so enchanting it seemed not of this world.

It calmed the anxiety and fear that gripped his heart in that moment. Following the scent, he ventured deeper into the forest, until he found a patch of white flowers growing between the cracks of a large stone.

He had been mesmerized, intent on approaching them when suddenly, two tigers appeared, fighting over the flowers.

Their battle was wild, and the roar of their struggle startled the birds into flight. Eventually, the bigger tiger won. It grabbed the flower in its mouth and ate it right then and there.

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The young Taylor, hidden beneath a tree, had been terrified.

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The tigers hadn't noticed him, but once they finished with the flower, they would surely scent him out next. His legs turned to jelly, and he could barely move.

But as the flower's fragrance began to dissipate, his strength slowly returned. Carefully, he snuck away, running in the opposite direction as fast as he could.

When his family finally found him, he has left the mountain, but he never forgot that strange, beautiful white flower

It had sparked a deep interest in plants—a fascinations that had stayed with him throughout his life.

Though the fragrance was long gone from that day, Taylor could still remember how it made him feel—pure, refreshed, as if his soul had been cleansed!

It was the kind of feeling that infused him with new life, something he had always dreamed of recreating. But now, with the years catching up to him, there was little time left.

And now, here it was again—the flower he had once dreamed of.

How could Taylor's emotions be described? Ecstatic? Thrilled? No, it was far more intense than any word could capture.

“This flower, Taylor's voice trembled with age and emotion, “means everything to me.”

After speaking, he carefully closed the box, as though afraid the scent might escape.

With the deal struck, Taylor, though still hesitant, was a man of his word. He looked at Kelvin, his eyes full of gratitude. “I don't know where you got this flower, but I promise you—whatever I promised will be done. I'll go to your daughter's school, say hello, and fulfill my part of the deal”

To his surprise, Kelvin shook his head. “She's not in college.

Taylor blinked, taken aback. “She's still in high school? You're already paving the way for her? Isn't that a bit premature?”

Though slightly puzzled, Taylor felt a sense of relief. High school meant she wouldn't be a bother at the research institute. not yet

Kelvin's calm gaze seemed to read his thoughts perfectly. “Not high school”

Taylor frowned. “Middle school?”

“Don't tell me she's still in elementary school.

“Well, actually, she's in kindergarten.

Taylor's face froze. His eyes widened in shock, almost as though the ground beneath him had disappeared. Kindergarten? Was Kelvin blatantly telling him that he, the ever-righteous Taylor, had been bought?

He looked at Kelvin with a mix of anger and disbelief. “You're not messing with me, are you? She's in kindergartent What can she possibly understand?

Kelvin's expression didn't waver, completely calm and collected. “It's just an honorary title. But if any media contacts you later, I hope you'll cooperate”

Taylor, still clutching the wooden box to his chest, felt as though his entire world had just crumbled. He was being played. His long-held reputation for integrity was about to be destroyed in one fell swoop.

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Just go.” Taylor muttered in frustration, his patience completely worn thin. “I don't want to see you right now.”

If he stared any longer, he felt like he might grab a broom and sweep Kelvin out of his office.

Kelvin, unbothered, gave a calm reply. “As you wish. Prof. Johnson. Please take care.

Taylor turned his back, refusing to look at him, and waited until the shadow of Kelvin's presence finally disappeared. Only then did he clutch the box tightly, hurriedly making his way back to the lab, as though it was the only thing left in the world that mattered.

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