

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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After some discussion, the two men came to a conclusion.

"The pulse is weak, and when pressed, it feels hollow—this points to a deficiency. But the child's health has generally been fine. This sudden weakness is likely a transitional phase, which is what caused the irregular pulse we found earlier.

They laid down the medical reports and walked over to explain the current situation to Kelvin.

"It's like someone who's been bedridden for a long time, their body slowly draining of strength. But in this case, the little girl. suddenly became this way."

Kelvin lowered his gaze, his large hand reflexively ruffling Yvonne's hair, his heart full of mixed emotions.

Taylor, seeing Kelvin's thoughtful expression, couldn't help but grunt in displeasure.

"Such a young child, and yet who knows what's been done to her..."

Kelvin didn't respond, his side profile partially visible, looking as though a child had been caught being scolded at school.

Yvonne, seeing Taylor's stern face, pouted slightly and weakly accused in a soft, childlike voice, "You're scolding my daddy again..."

Taylor's face, which had been so cold, froze for a moment.

This child was really something—he was clearly defending her father, yet she thought he was scolding him.

Zachary, hearing the exchange, let out a relieved chuckle.

Taylor, so you're her master? I thought there was something... off about this..."

He paused, suddenly struck by an epiphany.

"Wait, Taylor?" Zachary's voice was filled with disbelief.

At over fifty years old, there were few things that could shock him, but now he was completely dumbfounded,

"Taylor?" he repeated, clearly not believing his own ears.

When he had first walked in and seen Yvonne, he had instinctively thought of her as his own granddaughter.

Enzo, who had been silently observing from the corner, chimed in with a teasing smile.

"Let's not bring age into the academic world. Don't be too surprised—Taylor must have taken her under his wing because the child has exceptional talent."

Once Enzo finished speaking, Taylor, as if something had pricked at his conscience, turned around and nearly splashed his coffee everywhere.

"Just drink your coffee and keep quiet," he snapped.

Enzo, momentarily chastised, fell silent and sipped his drink. Watching other people's drama certainly had a refreshing

effect.

Taylor's expression was complex. He wasn't in the mood to explain himself right now, so he simply muttered, "I have my

reasons

Zachary, utterly bewildered, glanced at Yvonne's innocent face. He rubbed his forehead in frustration, feeling a headache

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coming on.

Let's

put this aside for now," he said, his voice tinged with exhaustion. "We need to get the child settled."

Turning to Enzo, he added. "Enzo, prescribe the medication. I'll contact the ward and get her moved upstairs."

Just then. Uram, the assistant, spoke up cautiously. "It's already been arranged. She's in the VIP ward. I'll take everyone there."

Serenity Hospital's VIP ward was top-tier, with several levels of exclusivity beneath it.

A stay there cost 10,000 dollars a day, comparable to a luxury hotel. However, booking it was notoriously difficult. There were so many wealthy people vying for it that even money wasn't always enough to secure a room.

Yet, in less than fifteen minutes of Yvonne's arrival, her room had already been prepared, despite no confirmation on whether she'd need to stay.

Zachary, contemplating this, glanced back at his teacher, a realization dawning on him.

Taylor caught the look, his heart sinking. He wasn't here for the money, not at all.

Just as they reached the ward, a doctor arrived with Yvonne's medication. After briefly stepping out, Uram returned with a nutritionist and a nanny in tow.

Inside the ward, Zachary gave instructions to the nutritionist on how to manage Yvonne's diet while Yvonne, pale as a ghost, lay on the bed. A nurse came by to draw blood for tests.

Taylor, watching Yvonne, couldn't help but feel a pang of concern. He didn't know how the little girl was before, but seeing her now—her face so unnervingly pale—he instinctively felt the weight of her fragile health.

At just three years old, looking this frail, he couldn't help but worry if she would make it through, let alone grow up safely. He sighed heavily, then turned to Kelvin, his voice softening.

"You remember the flower you gave me last time? I've grown two pots from it—one I gave away, and I'll have my assistant bring the other one to you. Just put it by her bedside."

Kelvin hadn't expected this. A flicker of surprise crossed his dark, penetrating eyes. He remembered how Taylor was almost obsessed with flowers—he wouldn't have sold himself out just for a flower otherwise.

Suppressing his surprise, Kelvin's respect for Taylor grew. "I'll find another way to help Yvonne. You keep the flowers, Taylor."

"You're impossible... Taylor muttered. Without further explanation, he pulled out his phone and dialed the research

institute.

His phone was old and lagged terribly, and as he scrolled through his contacts, it froze repeatedly

He accidentally dialed several wrong numbers and became increasingly frustrated with the device, walking off to battle with

Yvonne, watching his back as he fumed, turned to Kelvin and whispered curiously, "Daddy, why is Master so strange?" Kelvin didn't comment on Taylor's eccentricities. People like him, who had never married and dedicated all their energy to research, often had quirky temperaments.

But he smiled at Yvonne. "He's actually very kind to you."

Maybe, deep down, it was because he had no children of his own. Suddenly gaining a three-year-old apprentice—though he pretended to dislike it, who knew what he really thought?

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Yvonne nodded, though she didn't fully understand, but since Kelvin said it was good, she accepted it.

"I'll be good to him too," she said earnestly.

Kelvin ruffled her little head, then turned to watch her fall asleep. He looked around the room. Taylor was still struggling with his phone. The nutritionist was taking notes, and the new nanny was listening to the doctor explain how to administer the medication.

The room had quieted down, likely because everyone had noticed Yvonne had fallen asleep.

Kelvin stepped out of the room, walking with Uram to a platform at the end of the hallway.

Uram handed him a different phone. Jeremy's been trying to reach you. Ive already returned his calls"

Kelvin

gave a quiet hum, rubbing his temple. His pale arm tensed, veins rising under the skin.

"As for Melissa..." he said coldly, his gaze devoid of warmth. "Send her and her family abroad. Don't let her come back"

Uram was stunned but quickly nodded.

It was clear now—Kelvin was planning to monitor them.

Uram didn't waste any time. That evening, he went to take care of it himself.

Melissa, now with another son who was in elementary school, was returning home when Uram blocked her car. He stepped out, gesturing to a nearby café.

"Ms. Baker, a word?"

Melissa, knowing this moment would come when she had confronted Charles, had the driver take her son home and went alone with Uram.

Once seated, she casually crossed her legs, not even looking up from her manicured nails.

"Did Kelvin send you? What's he offering me now?"

Uram smiled politely. "He's given you two options: you take your family abroad and never return or we help you..."

Before he could finish, Melissa grabbed her bag and threw it in his face.

"Go away" she snapped, her cheeks flushed with anger. I'm not choosing either."

Uram, relieved they were in a private room, didn't lose his cool. He stood up, smiling thinly.

Uram said, "I understand. You've chosen the second option."

He stood, his smile chilling. "You'd better pack your bags tonight.

Melissa, equally defiant, stood up and looked Uram in the eye. Her aura was as strong as ever.

"Go tell him if he dares send me abroad. I'll kill myself

Uram was taken aback, unable to hide his exasperation. She was always resorting to suicide threats.

But Melissa's expression was so mad, he knew he had to deliver this message to Kelvin.

Later, in the cafe, Uram stood by the window, speaking quietly into the phone, while Melissa sat at the table, humming contentedly.

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She knew her threat would work and wasn't worried in the slightest.

Two minutes later. Uram returned.

Melissa glanced at him, speaking first

"My bottom line is that Charles apologizes to me. Anything beyond that, don't bother."

Uram couldn't help but smile a genuine smile this time. He had been waiting for this.

"Ms. Baker, Mr. Adler said you must go abroad."

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"And he also said that if you do decide to go through with it, make sure you tell him first. He'll send someone to collect your body—he doesn't want any issues with international transportation."

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