

Six Brothers 1251

Chapter 1251 Checking on Reuben

Wynter clenched her fists nervously. She didn't feel such anxiousness when reuniting with the Quinnell family.

Despite already arriving at the Whitman residence and meeting Taylor, she just realized she needed a plan to resolve the longstanding conflict.

She resembled her mother, and Wynter knew that Noah and Taylor wouldn't dismiss her appearance as a mere coincidence.

At that moment, Taylor put the phone conversation on hold and started to turn around. However, his attention was immediately captured by Kenton's deep sigh.

"What are you hesitating for, Taylor? We've known each other since childhood. You know that no doctors out there can cure Mr. Reuben's illness. Don't keep the old man suffering.

"I spoke with Evan about Mr. Reuben last time, and he insisted on Mr. Reuben's immediate surgery. His condition will only worsen with delays, but I'm sure you're already aware of that," Kenton urged.

He paused briefly and continued, "I understand you might have concerns about the Chamber of Commerce, but that's nothing to worry about. You're not a stranger -you are and will always be my close friend.

"Besides, there's nothing wrong with welcoming foreign investments. Grant them some power, and money flows in! It's a win-win for everyone, and we can make profits together!

"Once we've sorted things out with the Chamber of Commerce, Evan will be able to visit Mr. Reuben and provide treatment more easily. Otherwise, Mr. Reuben might continue to suffer. It's not easy to bring Evan in for treatment."

At that point, Kenton's words could be interpreted as a subtle warning. As a fellow businessman, Taylor recognized the underlying implication.

However, Taylor would never risk Reuben's life on a gamble. He stated sternly, "We still have time, so let me think it over. But if I do agree, you must ensure Evan will keep his

temper in check and abide by the Cascadian rules.

Kenton gave a hearty laugh and reassured him, "Don't worry, I've already spoken with Evan about that. I understand Mr. Reuben's a conventionalist, and I respect that.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, Taylor—our generations have a different way of conducting business. It's all about international connections now.

"No one cares where you're from; you're considered a friend if you can bring in profits."

To think there came a day when the Whitmans were offered business advice from the Wrays. The times had regrettably changed, and now they required the Wray family's assistance.

That said, Taylor didn't share Kenton's sentiment and cut the conversation short. "Call me once Evan arrives in Hawford. I might need to convince my father..."

As Taylor's voice trailed off, Wynter came to a sudden realization from the phone call. She had previously wondered why the Whitman family heeded the Wrays' suggestions on certain matters.

She sincerely doubted that the Whitman family had fallen so far behind that the Wrays had emerged as the leading force in Hawford's business industry.

At that moment, Wynter finally grasped the whole situation.

While the Whitman family remained standing, they required the Wray family's assistance in treating Reuben's illness. That dependence left Taylor and Noah at the Wrays' mercy.

Upon noticing Wynter listening to Taylor's conversation, Jesslyn approached her with a low and disapproving tone.

“I assume Dr. Harper has been too busy to brief you on the Whitman family’s rules. You’re advised to ignore any distractions and focus solely on your work.

“However, it seems Mr. Taylor is rather busy. Let me show you upstairs—Mr. Taylor will see you afterward. By the way, Mr. Lockwood will be overseeing your examination of Mr. Reuben.”

As Jesslyn rambled, she turned to head upstairs. Wynter followed suit without sparing another glance at Taylor. At present, her top concern now was to check on Reuben’s

condition.

Chapter 1252 Destined for Great Things

Kenton seemed to be in high spirits after the call with Taylor.

Things had gone awry in the past two days—the scandal at Lynette’s club, the murder case at Club Solstice, and even the weird request from that person” of the Darnell family. Such incidents pushed Kenton into a more passive stance.

Fortunately, Reuben’s failing health left Taylor in desperate need of Evan’s treatment. If Taylor wished to save his father, he had no choice but to heed Kenton’s words.

To bolster his ego, Kenton had befriended the esteemed Yvette Yates courtesy of the Winston family.

He was amazed when Yvette’s guidance led him to double his stock earnings—a substantial gain he had never achieved before.

Now, dressed in a tailored suit, Kenton made his way to the center of the banquet.

He had been apprehensive of confronting Albert, who was known as the New Legend of Winnow Street. After all, stock investments weren’t his forte.

But to Kenton’s delight, the Quinnells and Whitmans had been obviously left out of the banquet. He no longer needed to humble himself in front of Taylor. Soon, Taylor would be under his command!

With that thought in mind, Kenton grabbed a glass of wine from the passing waiter and raised for a toast.

“There’s no need for formalities. This is just a casual gathering for us stock traders. I hope everyone enjoys themselves tonight. Cheers!”

Following his lead, the guests downed their drinks in one gulp. As Kenton basked in praises and admiration, he poured himself another glass of wine.

“Let’s raise a toast to the brilliant Ms. Yvette Yates. Without her, we would never have made such impressive profits in the stock market.”

Instantly, all eyes turned to Yvette. Already an acclaimed figure, she found herself increasingly at the center of attention.

“I’ve invested in gold as you’ve advised, Ms Yates. True to your expectations, its value has soared, and I made a fortune!” A guest commended her.

“Me too! The stocks I bought based on her advice have been rising steadily. I’ve been raking in a profit! You’re amazing, Ms. Yates. From now on, your concerns are our concerns as well.” Another guest gave a hearty laugh.

The influential businessmen soon gathered around Yvette, their eyes shining with admiration as they discussed stocks.

Dressed in a beautiful evening gown, Yvette gracefully held her wine glass and replied, “ Thank you for the kind words, but I believe it’s more than I deserve. Consider my advice a gesture of my appreciation.”

Noting her indifferent tone and calm countenance, the guests couldn’t help but praise Yvette’s poise in the face of flattery and wealth. Clearly, she was someone destined for greatness.

At that moment, the guests’ admiration toward Yvette only deepened.

Little did they know that Yvette was secretly elated.

Back in Kingbourne, Wynter always thwarted her attempts to showcase her brilliance. However, she was now a different person—she could finally perform divination in Hawford!

Upon learning that Wynter had arrived in Hawford, Yvette vowed to make her pay for the suffering and humiliation she caused.

She was determined to give Wynter a taste of her own medicine, and she would address her with the utmost respect.

Chapter 1253 Meeting Her Grandfather

As the sun set behind the Whitman residence, the Frendan-style door creaked open to reveal a cozy study.

Exotic decorations aligned neatly on the embroidered tablecloth, and the wall lights were ingeniously arranged in various corners.

Yet, all Wynter could sense was the air of lethargy that enveloped the room. Despite the faint aroma of rose lingering, the poor air circulation had left the room feeling musty and uncomfortable.

Suddenly, Wynter heard a violent cough that left the person gasping for air. Clearly, their respiratory systems had been infected.

Wynter doubted she could manage an examination on Reuben, her grandfather whom she had never met.

Once a powerful and influential figure in the business community, he was reduced to a sickly old man dependent on others' care.

Wynter knew she needed to check Reuben's pulse before determining his fate.

She had left Wolf behind, fearing his hostile aura would worsen Reuben's health. Plus, she could tell that Reuben had been suffering from his illness for a long time.

While cancer itself wasn't the most frightening aspect, its potential to spread and metastasize was concerning.

At the sound of the movement, Reuben forcibly suppressed his coughs and inquired, "What's the matter?"

"The doctor is here for your routine checkup, Mr. Reuben. They'll also be refilling the medications for your nebulizer," Jesslyn replied respectfully. Her conduct remained impeccably professional in front of her employer.

Unbeknownst to Jesslyn, Wynter had secretly examined her as well. However, she found no traces of suspicious fragrances and medications on Jesslyn.

In other words, Reuben's illness had been building up inside him for some time.

Though Reuben was gasping for breaths, his presence remained as intimidating as ever. "Send Dr. Harper in. I've been feeling extremely uncomfortable today," he instructed.

When Wynter entered the study, she found a white-haired elderly man seated in an antique chair. Dressed in a shirt with suspenders, he rested an arm on the table for support.

With a quill in hand, Reuben seemed to be practicing calligraphy. Despite his physical frailty, his haggard face reflected a profound solemnity.

Reuben was momentarily stunned upon seeing Wynter entering. Their gazes met, and an indescribable expression passed between them.

In particular, Reuben couldn't shake off the odd sense of familiarity from the young doctor before him. However, he quickly dismissed the thought and flashed a smile at Wynter, gesturing for her to sit.

"It seems Dr. Harper isn't available today. Are you his assistant? May I know your age, young lady?" Reuben asked gently.

Knowing that Reuben was examining her, Wynter met his gaze with a bright smile. "I'm not his assistant. I'm a capable doctor in my own right."

Reuben chuckled at her response. He suddenly recalled something and shook his head.
"Unfortunately, my illness is beyond the doctor's capacity to cure."

"There's no harm in trying," Wynter replied professionally and calmly. Although she was concerned about Reuben's health, she had to steady herself and regain her composure.

Wynter listened to Reuben's heartbeat with her stethoscope and gently pressed on his abdomen, asking if he was experiencing any pain. She handled Reuben with the utmost care for fear of bringing him discomfort.

Throughout the examination, Wynter occasionally studied Reuben's expression to pick up on any subtle hints. At one point, Reuben seemed to be lost in a daze as he stared at Wynter.

Chapter 1254 Their Fate

Reuben must be muddled by his illness today. Even though the

young doctor in front of him was far younger than Marie, he

actually thought she had returned.

Reuben shook his head lightly. Their appearances weren't even similar.

Marie's beauty was like the gentle rain, soft and misty. However, Wynter had an overall aloof and enigmatic charm, yet not in an off-putting way. On the contrary, she seemed calm and professional.

Reuben felt a rare sense of calm. It was likely due to the acupuncture points Wynter had been massaging.

"This treatment method is different from what I've had before," Reuben said.

His breath was still labored as he spoke, but his eyes showed no signs of cloudiness despite his serious illness. Instead, they still reflected the politeness and grace of his youth.

It was no wonder Fabian frequently mentioned that Reuben was the most scholarly gentleman he had ever met. It was indeed true.

Wynter chuckled softly. “Dr. Harper practices modern medicine. I practice traditional medicine. Our treatment methods are indeed different.”

As she spoke, her hand rested on Reuben’s wrists as if taking his pulse. She then withdrew her hand and scribbled on a piece of paper. It seemed like a prescription but not quite.

“Your condition is not as hopeless as the rumors suggest. In my opinion, treating it isn’t too difficult, though it will take some time,”

Wynter continued.

Upon hearing this, Reuben’s indifferent eyes glanced over at Wynter again. He couldn’t help but laugh. “Young lady, do you know that I am someone who has been given a death sentence by lung specialists?”

“Not even the director of the number one hospital in Hawford

dared to give me such promises. You should take back your words.

Wynter wasn’t bothered by Reuben’s skepticism. She knew her youthful appearance lacked credibility.

“You are not aware of my abilities because it’s your first time meeting me. You’ll understand once we get to know each other better.

*Please rest assured, Mr. Whitman Senior. I wouldn’t claim to have confidence in curing you if I wasn’t certain.”

Reuben couldn’t help but smile at Wynter’s words. Her way of speaking was quite interesting. She was ambitious. If it had been someone else, Reuben would have thought they were boasting.

But the fact was that she was just a young lady, chewing on the end of a pen while writing down some precautions for him. No matter how he looked at it, there was a certain spirited

determination about her.

Reuben didn't know why, but looking at Wynter made him feel at ease. "Young lady, have you found anything in your examination?"

"If there's no way to help, just say it. I'm aware of my condition. I'm getting older, and my health declines day by day. I'm old, and I'm at peace with it."

"That won't do. You might be at peace with it, but I'm not. I want to

cure you. As long as I'm here, no one can take you away," Wynter said earnestly, her needle kit already laid out.

Seeing this, Reuben looked at her. His gaze was filled with

admiration of an elder toward a younger person. It was rare for young people nowadays to willingly put in the effort into learning traditional medicine.

Wynter, despite her youth, displayed patience and steadiness in her every move. She was bound to achieve great things and become an excellent doctor.

Reuben had always held a deep respect for medical practitioners, especially those of traditional medicine. Although some bad apples were tarnishing the reputation of doctors, Reuben was not narrow-minded.

Five years ago, a contagious disease had spread worldwide.

Hospitals were overwhelmed, with the ratio of doctors to patients being utterly disproportionate. Hospital beds were in short supply, and medical workers were on the front lines' every day.

It was then that Reuben was touched by a young lady who

reminded him to take precautions when he was donating supplies. She also gave him a few pills afterward.

At that time, he didn't realize that the pills she gave him had saved his life.

Chapter 1255 Turns Out to be Wynter

Later, Reuben learned from a friend that if it hadn't been for those pills back then, he might have indeed gotten infected.

As Reuben recalled the events of those years, Wynter withdrew her hand. She did not directly answer his question. Instead, her eyes curved into crescent moons with a smile.

"When I first came in and saw you, I was a bit surprised. I

wondered if we had met somewhere before. You donated supplies to Southdale, didn't you?"

Wynter remembered something while examining Reuben's body. Many of her memories were missing, just as Atwater had once told her. When she met the right people, some memories would return.

She had always thought Atwater meant she would remember things when she returned to the Quinnell family. She hadn't thought he was referring to the Whitman family instead.

Reuben's eyes lit up upon hearing her words. "You were that young lady back then!"

He had thought Wynter looked familiar. It seemed that Wynter was the girl who had given him those life-saving pills!

"It was me." Wynter also thought it was an amazing coincidence. She tapped her nose, not expecting that she had already had an encounter with Reuben back then.

Reuben straightened his posture. He was thinking of pulling her to sit down, but then remembered his condition and refrained

himself. He didn't want to pass his illness to others.

“Those were unusual times, I couldn’t find you afterward. I wanted

to thank you personally when the lockdown was lifted, but no one recognized the name you gave me

“Then, I realized you must have been doing good deeds without wanting recognition and gave me a false name.”

Reuben was genuinely happy. “After all the twists and turns, we’ve finally met again.”

“Indeed. Mr. Whitman Senior, your health has declined since I last saw you,” Wynter said, shifting the conversation. “Back then, I advised you not to worry too much, but it seems you didn’t heed my advice.

“Your bodily functions have deteriorated. Your breathing is

disordered, you find no joy in food, you lack energy, and you cough up blood.”

Reuben was impressed by Wynter’s medical skills. She had merely examined him briefly without asking about his recent condition yet had accurately diagnosed all his ailments.

*Grandpa Reuben,” Wynter changed her form of address. “As someone from the younger generation, I want to call you Grandpa.

“Forgive me for being blunt, but treating your symptoms with inhalants or medication won’t address the root cause.

“I can gradually restore your physical health. Yet, a wounded heart can only be mended by tending to its inner wounds.”

Wynter looked at Reuben after speaking.

Reuben was about to pick up his teacup when his hands trembled slightly at her words. He then turned his gaze to Wynter:

“Young lady, your mention of tending to the inner wound to heal a wounded heart had piqued my curiosity. Can a doctor diagnose

such things?”

Reuben had never spoken about these matters to anyone.

Every famous doctor who had visited his home had given similar advice to Wynter’s initial comments. It was always about taking care of his body, eating a bland diet, taking medicine on time, and controlling his temper.

But none had ever mentioned anything about tending to his inner wounds.

“This isn’t something I discovered through examination, but rather something you showed, Grandpa Reuben.

“When I entered the room, you were holding a pen, and there was a letter clip on the table. Underneath it was a photograph.

“You kept staring at that photograph, yet you hadn’t written a single word with the pen in your hand.

“This showed that you had something on your mind, but for some reason, you couldn’t put it into words. Instead, you quietly turned to look at the photograph.”

Chapter 1256 Past Misunderstandings

“And in terms of pathology, a person’s mental health directly affects their body. Cells also need to be activated by a positive mood,” Wynter said as she continued to massage Reuben,

invigorating his blood and energy.

This was the first time Reuben had heard such a notion. Activating cells and such certainly sounded like something only young people would say.

“Young lady, you have keen observations. This seems to be

beyond the realm of a doctor.”

Reuben would have been wary if it were anyone else probing into the Whitman family’s privacy.

But Wynter was different. He had witnessed her quietly saving many lives while setting her school bag aside. She had already disappeared when he tried to find her.

Hence, Reuben had complete faith in Wynter’s character.

He shakily got up from the bed. The sunlight streaming through the window bathed him, highlighting his dignified posture despite his elderly state.

“I do have concerns, but it’s been so long that I thought it might be better to let it go. Yet, I still don’t understand.” Reuben sounded like he was asking someone else yet also sounded as if he was talking to himself.

He couldn’t grasp why Marie, the daughter he personally brought up, became so different from his memories. How could she abandon her family for a man?

“You should ask directly if you don’t understand,” Wynter said instinctively without much thought,

Reuben looked at her with surprise, “Ask directly?”

“Yes. Seeing photos or hearing stories might not reveal the truth. Isn’t asking the person in question better?”

Wynter was worried about revealing too much as she spoke. Disclosing her true identity wasn’t ideal given the current situation. After all, the heartache in Reuben was tied to Marie.

Reuben lowered his gaze. “I did meet her in person and asked her everything back then. I’ve laid everything out clearly. Only then did I come to terms with it.

“Maybe it’s true that daughters leave once they marry. We as parents shouldn’t constantly interfere with their lives.”

Wynter responded earnestly, “I actually think that as children, we might say things we don’t mean. Who doesn’t want their parents to be their forever supporters?”

“There must be some misunderstanding. Maybe the other party is also trying hard to reach out to you.”

Reuben pondered her words. Over the years, everyone seemed to have agreed to not mention Marie in front of him. It was Fabian instead who constantly wanted to discuss things with him.

Perhaps realizing that he might not have much time left, Reuben’s heart, which had been closed off for many years, began to soften. Could there really be some misunderstanding in all this?

Seeing Reuben’s expression, Wynter knew she had to give him more time to think things through.

Wynter had noticed a picture frame that was hung in the innermost

part of the room since she walked in.

Although Isabella had passed away many years ago, the frame was still pristine. It reflected the owner’s care for it.

The relationship between her grandparents, Reuben and Isabella, might have been a source of Reuben’s heartache over the years.

Just as Wynter was about to move closer to examine the picture, Jesslyn pushed open the door. She looked around and smiled politely.

“It will be time for Mr. Whitman Senior’s dinner in 15 minutes. Do you need to wait for Dr. Harper?”

Jesslyn was addressing Wynter. It didn’t sound like much on the surface, but in reality, she was subtly urging Wynter to leave.

Jesslyn had been standing at the door earlier. Even though she couldn't hear the specifics of their conversation, she sensed that the timing of Chester's visit seemed different from before.

Chapter 1257 Wynter Saving Her Grandpa

"There's no need for that." Wynter noticed the surveillance outside the room earlier.

She had tested the soundproofing and knew that Jesslyn hadn't heard anything. Otherwise, she wouldn't have chosen this time to walk in. It was obvious she wanted to listen in.

Wynter smiled faintly. "I noticed that Grandpa Reuben's digestive system hasn't been functioning well lately when I was taking his pulse.

"Sometimes, continuing to eat when a person hasn't fully digested their food can actually be a burden on the body."

Jesslyn had been with the Whitmans for many years, and every visiting doctor had always followed her scheduling instructions

But Wynter seemed oblivious to the underlying meaning of her words. And why was she calling Reuben "Grandpa Reuben"? Why didn't she just aim for the stars with how desperate she was to climb the social ladder?

Jesslyn couldn't help but roll her eyes. "You don't understand Mr. Reuben's habi-"

But just then, she was interrupted by Reuben, who spoke with a note of displeasure in his voice, "Jesslyn, listen to the doctor.

Dinner can wait."

Reuben wondered what had gotten into Jesslyn, who had never been this inconsiderate to visitors before. Or, perhaps he had been too preoccupied with other matters over the past two years to notice the little things.

Reuben narrowed his eyes. Without needing Wynter to point it out, he had already started scrutinizing Jesslyn more closely.

Wynter observed everything silently, admiring Reuben's sharpness. He could pick up on subtle details with just a few words. If it weren't for his health issues, the Wray family wouldn't have dared to be so arrogant.

But Jesslyn didn't notice these subtleties. She was visibly taken

aback.

After all, Reuben usually seemed indifferent when facing doctors, as if he had resigned himself to his condition. Yet today, his willingness to cooperate with the treatment was the best it had

been in months!

Wynter didn't concern herself with Jesslyn's thoughts. Her purpose, in coming here today was to find an opportunity to check on Reuben.

Now that she had seen him and found out about their fated encounter from years ago, she understood that some emotional knots couldn't be untied by her alone.

Her main priority was to help Reuben's body recover to the point where he could take medication. She had to at least stop him from coughing up blood

"Grandpa Reuben, we might need to postpone or even cancel your dinner tonight. Alternatively, you could have some easily digestible boiled vegetables. Your digestive system is too weak.

"I'll start with acupuncture to help your body absorb nutrients and alleviate your urge to cough," Wynter said before gently helping Reuben lie down.

She then opened her needle kit, revealing rows of silver needles of

various sizes. Selecting the two thickest ones, she raised her hand.

Seeing this, Jesslyn exclaimed in shock, “Doctor, Mr. Reuben has never been treated this way before. How about I call Dr. Harper

first?”

“Why do you need to call him when I’m the one who’s giving the treatment?” Wynter turned to look at her.

Her eyes were deep, fierce, and intimidating. “Get out.” Her words were firm and commanding.

Jesslyn was momentarily stunned but quickly remembered that this was the Whitman household. She didn’t need to tolerate Wynter’s attitude.

“You! How can you do something so reckless? Who will take responsibility if something goes wrong with Mr. Reuben?”

Right after Jesslyn’s questions, it became clear to Reuben what was really going on.

He looked over, his voice frail but still carrying enough authority to be threatening. “I’ll take responsibility for myself. I trust this doctor. You can go.”

Jesslyn wanted to say more, but Reuben continued, “Go now. Collect your pay, and leave.”

Chapter 1258 A Good Turn

Jesslyn was stunned. She never thought she would lose her job over such a trivial matter.

She believed that her years of experience should grant her a higher status in this household.

In her eyes, Wynter was merely an assistant with a fancy title.

Chester hadn’t even arrived yet, and she was just here to oversee things. How could Reuben fire Jesslyn because of this girl? She couldn’t accept it.

As the bodyguards dragged her away, Jesslyn continued to yell. Her eyes were filled with venom as she glared at Wynter.

Wynter paid no attention to her. After carefully disinfecting the silver needles, she inserted them into Reuben's LU11 and LI1

acupoints.

"These acupoints help alleviate coughing. Have the butler prepare honey lemon tea for you twice a day to soothe your throat and reduce coughing," Wynter advised while performing the

acupuncture.

The acupuncture's effects were immediate, although it would take more than a few needles to cure Reuben completely.

Nonetheless, he already felt a sense of unprecedented relief, as if a -heavy weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

His abdomen felt warm and comfortable. This was not only due to the acupuncture but also Wynter's massage technique.

Whatever the illness was, it was essential to first regulate the spleen and stomach, as their imbalance could cause numerous

A Good To

health issues.

"Grandpa Reuben, I noticed a floral scent in your room. The roses outside your window could use some trimming.

"With your respiratory issues, you should remove the carpets and keep the right-side door open frequently," Wynter continued.

Besides addressing the medical issues, Wynter also used this chance to examine the Whitman residence's geomancy.

While there were no major problems in Reuben's room, she sensed something amiss further inside the house. However, given her current status and the presence of Easton, she refrained from investigating further.

Wynter was certain that Jesslyn wouldn't let this matter rest. She would likely complain to Noah and Taylor, who might come over.

Wynter lowered her gaze and glanced at the time before deciding it was best to leave now. She needed to subtly warn Noah and Taylor, as there were probably more spies like Jesslyn.

Wynter suspected that the misunderstandings between Marie and the Whitmans over the years were partly orchestrated by others.

Confronting both her uncles now wouldn't be wise. Besides, she already had a trump card with Reuben on her side.

With that in mind, Wynter removed the needles one by one and handed a note to Reuben.

“Grandpa Reuben, I trust no one else with this. You should

investigate the Whitman residence, including the food you

consume,” Wynter whispered, ensuring only the two of them could hear.

Despite not having formally acknowledged each other as

Chan 125 A Good Tum

grandfather and granddaughter, there was a deep mutual understanding between them.

Easton Lockwood, the butler, was craning his neck to see what was happening.

Reuben coughed at the right moment. “I’ll take my medicine on time. Don’t worry.”

“That’s good.” Wynter stood up straight and shouldered her black bag. “Grandpa Reuben, I’ll take my leave now. I’ll come back the day after tomorrow to visit you.”

Upon hearing this, Reuben quickly suggested, “It’s getting late. Stay for dinner. It won’t take too much of your time.”

need to go back and prepare your medicine. Some of the herbal medicines aren’t available here in Hawford and need to be brought over,” Wynter explained.

What Wynter said was true. Most of the herbal medicines were kept at Empathy Clinic. It had been convenient when they were in Kingbourne, but now they needed to be brought over here.

Reuben felt a tinge of disappointment. He had hoped to chat more with Wynter, his life savior, and also wanted Noah and Taylor to meet who he had praised as a heroine before.

Chapter 1259 Wanting to Trick Wynter

But it was alright, as Reuben knew there would be a next time.

He felt a sense of relief and comfort from his pent-up frustration after seeing an old friend.

Perhaps it was because someone had kept him company and talked things out with him, or perhaps it was the acupuncture working its magic, but he felt better than he had in a long time.

“Since that’s the case, I won’t keep you here any longer. But how should I pay you for this consultation?” Reuben recalled Wynter’s attitude and suspected that she might not be on great terms with

Chester.

Reuben was quite imaginative in this regard. He thought that Wynter, who was new to Hawford, had no connections in the hospital.

She might even be facing workplace bullying. Hence, he wanted to lend her a helping hand.

Wynter's expression froze for a moment at the mention of a
consultation fee.

Seeing this, Reuben chuckled. "Feel free to tell me if you need anything. The Whitmans have some connections in the hospital. I have a great relationship with your hospital president."

His words were almost a direct offer of support.

Wynter realized his intent and found it amusing but refrained from explaining.

Wolf was very caring and kept his distance as per Wynter's

presence would affect Reuben

ter in a bit of a bind, he trotted over and

fulled out a new phone from his pocket. The screen displayed a

QR code on the screen for Reuben to scan.

Reuben was taken aback for a moment before he burst into hearty

laughter, feeling a rare joy. He wanted to retrieve his phone and glanced at Easton, who quickly understood and began searching the desk.

But Wynter extended her arm and grabbed Wolf by the collar before pulling him back.

"Grandpa Reuben, don't listen to him. He's just a little money-

grubber. We'll discuss the consultation fee once your health has improved."

This was merely an excuse. Wynter had no intention of taking money from her grandfather.

More importantly, this consultation had already made Reuben aware of certain things, evident from his gaze. Wynter didn't linger any longer as the herbal medicine's urgency was indeed pressing.

Reuben found Wolf's round and chubby face endearing and wanted to pat his head, but Wynter stopped him.

*Grandpa Reuben, anyone who touches him will have bad luck.

Once you're better, he can come over to bless your house."

Reuben laughed it off as a joke. How could a child bless a house? After all, he's not the big stones by the entrance that were used for

fortune.

Throughout this time, Easton stood by and watched the whole scene. He would occasionally smile at Wynter.

When he was seeing her out, his attitude completely changed, and he was full of flattery. "You truly have a way with things. After all this time, it's the first time I've seen Mr. Reuben look so energetic after a treatment."

Previously, Reuben's treatments involved nebulizers and IV drips with painkillers and sedatives, which naturally made him want to rest and regain his energy. That was a normal reaction.

What wasn't normal was Easton.

“Please don’t take offense, but usually, Dr. Harper handles everything. Seeing a new face, and you using acupuncture...

“It worked out this time, but you should be cautious when Mr. Whitman and the others are around next time.”

Wynter chuckled. “Are they difficult to deal with?”

“Not at all!” Easton’s voice rose a little. “That’s not what I meant. I

just meant you’re not from around here and are still young.

“I don’t know who you learned it from but your skills in traditional medicine are impressive. I’m just worried you might not be careful enough and run into trouble.”

Easton wore an expression of concern. He seemed to be speaking out of goodwill, but his real motive was to probe for more

information about her.

Chapter 1260 Not Fools

Wynter’s lips curled into a mischievous smirk. “Then your concern is unnecessary. I practice medicine with great caution. I’ll see you the day after tomorrow.”

Easton was rendered speechless.

Wynter had managed to offend everyone she needed to in just one visit. Easton’s face darkened. After all, Jesslyn was someone he

had recommended. He had lost a key ally with Jesslyn gone.

As Wynter had anticipated, Jesslyn wasn’t content with the outcome and had gone to complain to Taylor.

“Mr. Whitman, I don’t understand what kind of doctor she is. She insisted on giving Mr. Reuben acupuncture right away.

“She told me to get lost when I questioned who would take responsibility. Mr. Reuben even dismissed me. I really ...” As she spoke, Jesslyn lowered her head and started sobbing pitifully.

“I’ve been working at the Whitman residence for so many years without a word of complaint. I was there no matter how late Mr. Reuben got up at night.

“Mr. Whitman, I was just waiting for you to decide whether to try the new treatment. How could Mr. Reuben fire me just like that?” Jesslyn’s eyes were filled with tears.

Taylor looked at Jesslyn as he pondered her words. Jesslyn thought her emotional display had worked. Usually, a bit of crying would convince employers to keep their employees.

But to her surprise, Taylor’s expression turned cold.

“Jesslyn, you’ve indeed been with the Whitmans for many years, and we’ve paid you twice the rate offered by other households. I hired you to take care of my father, including his nightly needs.

“You claimed to have medical knowledge and can work under pressure. Are you currently saying that my father, as your employer, has no right to dismiss you?”

Jesslyn hadn’t imagined that this would be Taylor’s response. She

had underestimated the Whitmans values.

Wynter’s uncles were not the soft-hearted types she had assumed, especially Taylor, who worked in the business industry. Of course, he wasn’t someone an employee could easily sway with a few words.

“Zachary, escort Jesslyn out. Give her the severance pay according to my father’s instructions,” Taylor ordered and headed upstairs without another glance.

Jesslyn was breathless with shock and anger. She never expected

this outcome.

Her resentment festered after practically being thrown out of the Whitman residence. To her, the Whitmans might look wealthy, but in reality, they were stingy.

Their dining table never featured imported delicacies, just simple dishes like fish and bacon, which they claimed Reuben liked.

It was nothing compared to the Wray family. Every time Lynette visited, she would bring root herbs and truffles.

Jesslyn spat on the ground. After ensuring that no one else was around, her gaze was filled with disdain. “The Whitmans don’t need me? Fine. As if I wanted to stay.”

As Jesslyn muttered to herself, she dialed a number she had memorized. She sounded obsequious over the phone.

“Hello, Ms. Wray. It’s me! I’ve taken care of everything you asked. The Quinnells didn’t show up, and Marie Whitman hasn’t been

seen, either.

“Rest assured, there’s no way the things she sent will ever make it into the Whitman residence.”

Lynette felt much relieved hearing this but was still puzzled. “Then why are you calling this time?”

“So, what happened was...” Jesslyn continued and recounted her day’s ordeal.

Lynette listened impatiently. “That young doctor really doesn’t

know her place. I understand. I’ll speak with the hospital president and have her medical license revoked.”

Jesslyn's eyes lit up upon hearing that. She knew contacting Lynette was the right move!