

## The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 141-150

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 141

Chapter **141** The Rise of the Empathy Clinic

Wolf was inexplicably excited. He stopped eating and quickly typed two words on his phone. "Destroy him!"

Wynter casually toyed with her teacup and remarked, "Keep your actions low-key and discreet to avoid drawing unwanted attention. And Mr. Hilton, your cooperation would be greatly appreciated."

At the mention of "Mr. Hilton", Larry felt a slight unease. "Um, I'm not used to that."

Wynter smiled gently. "You'll get used to it. From now on, I'll be focusing on medical live streaming, so just don't give yourself away."

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Larry nodded enthusiastically. "Boss, are we a low profile?"

"Exactly," Wynter lifted her gaze and turned to Jerry. "Jerry, the same goes for you as well. Try not to let your eyes wander every time **you** see me. Keep it natural."

Jerry nodded respectfully. "Okay, Dr. Genius."

"Alright, let's talk about where the company is headed," Wynter said and tapped open the tablet brought by Wolf.

She added, "Our livestream viewership is on the rise, so Grandma and I won't be able to manage everything alone. We'll need customer service, operations staff, and initiatives to support agriculture and education. It'd also be great if everyone we hire has some medical knowledge."

Turning to Larry, Wynter continued, "Larry, **you** can handle the agriculture and education support. There are likely many mountainous areas in Southdale without schools."

"Got it!" Larry's excitement was palpable. "What about Greg? Are we excluding him from the company?"

Wynter smiled

gently. "Exactly. He's not part of the plan. Only the Lopez family and those of us here are involved

in the company's development. If Jerry is interested in investing, he's more than welcome to join us."

"I'm in!"

Jerry straightened up. He was thrilled at the prospect of starting a new company with Wynter.

"Alright, I'll draft a partnership agreement in a couple of days. You guys don't need to worry too much about the live stream's viewership," Wynter assured them.

Larry chuckled heartily. "Absolutely. There's no need to fret about that, Boss. **You've** got the

golden touch, and

everything you do seems to turn into gold. You just started doing a live stream, and it became an instant hit!"

Larry chimed in, "**If** your viewership wasn't so high, I probably wouldn't have stumbled upon you!"

"It was all unexpected," Wynter admitted truthfully. If it weren't for Mr. Yarwood's excessively generous gift, she wouldn't have gained such rapid popularity overnight.

Wynter had initially planned to gradually build up her account, but unfortunately, Mr. Yarwood didn't give her that chance.

The Empathy Clinic's popularity remained stable thanks to the four hundred thousand dollars in meteor shower gifts and the hundred thousand-dollar defensive shield.

Meanwhile, the group of wealthy ladies in Southdale coincidentally gathered for beauty treatments. With Lilian acting as the mediator, Wanda and Zendaya finally sat together.

Each woman, with a designer handbag in tow, sipped on tea and shared anecdotes about their husbands and children while they waited for their massages.

Wanda proudly boasted about her daughter's, Yvette's, achievements. "Yvette is thriving in her studies at Kingbourne. She's fluent in three different languages and has plans to study abroad in the future."

Lilian chuckled. "Yvette's accomplishments are truly impressive. I heard that the Shepherd family's heir has taken a liking to her. Could it be that they're in love?"

With plans for her daughter to ascend the social ladder, Wanda replied, "Their relationship

is fine, but Yvette is dedicated to her studies and intends to remain in Kingbourne."

Zendaya caught her implication and took a sip of her tea before remarking, "So, the Shepherd family isn't prestigious enough, huh?"

"Mrs. Jennings!" Wanda retorted. "That's not what I meant!"

#### Chapter 142 Wanda's Regret

Lilian interjected, "Hey, take a look at this new fund I bought. It's not showing any growth. Remember how Welln Corporation talked about investing in pharmaceuticals? Why hasn't the fund gone up? Is Mr. Hilton just making empty promises?"

"Have you met Mr. Hilton?" Wanda immediately straightened up.

She did not forget her main purpose she came in the first place. "Has he mentioned anything?"

Zendaya chuckled and retorted, "How are we supposed to meet him whenever we want? Even Ewan **has** trouble with it."

"We used to collaborate with Welkin Corporation. Jerry, Mr. Hilton's assistant, has been friends with Ewan for years. It's not easy to meet him!" Wanda replied calmly.

Zendaya couldn't be bothered with her, as her words were just idle gossip.

Wanda was about to say more because Zendaya didn't seem to believe her. All of a sudden, Lilian exclaimed while browsing her phone, "The Empathy Clinic! Oh my goodness! Mrs. Yates, isn't the Empathy Clinic in Waterview Alley owned by your family? I'm certain of it!"

"That shabby massage parlor? It's not related to us," Wanda felt embarrassed as she expected the conversation to turn to the live stream. "My mother-in-law runs it."

Zendaya chuckled even more. "Oh, it's definitely not your thing. I mean, it's become so popular, and I can't imagine you pulling it off."

With that, she stood up and followed the masseuse into a private room.

Wanda was still puzzled by Zendaya's remark. She slammed her teacup down in frustration.

"Can't you all see how overbearing Mrs. Jennings is? She's always monitoring me, just waiting for me **to** slip up! Does she really think I'd ever want my mother-in-law to start live streaming? How is that any different from begging for money!"

Feeling uncomfortable with the tension, Lilian handed her the phone. "Why don't you take a look **at** this live stream?"

"What's so interesting about it? It's just a small-scale..." Wanda's words trailed off as she watched the video, "Is this trending?"

Since Wanda wasn't completely clueless, Lilian clarified, "It's not just trending, there are also tips involved."

"**Tips?**" Wanda quickly grabbed her phone, **eager to see for** herself how popular the Empathy Clinic **live** stream was.

**But** Lilian **got** straight to the point. "The profit is nearing half a million dollars."

Wanda wasn't sheltered, but recently, **the** Yates family was struggling financially. How could a livestream rake in that much money?

Lilian looked at the dumbfounded Wanda and frowned deeply. "Mrs. Yates, is your relationship with your mother-in-law really that bad? She's become so popular in Southdale, and you didn't even know?"

Over the years, Wanda had always projected the image of a virtuous wife and caring mother in public.

Despite feeling bitter about Lilian's comment, Wanda could only grit her teeth and swallow her pride, saying, "My mother-in-law does as she pleases, and I don't pay it much mind. I simply fulfill my duties as a daughter-in-law."

However, Lilian was skeptical of Wanda's words and concluded that she was insincere. As for their friendship? Lilian couldn't be bothered to engage with her any further.

Wanda had yet to realize that her carefully cultivated social circle had been completely destroyed.

As the profits of the live stream surged on her phone screen, she tightened her grip on the device, longing for it to be her own.

The livestream had actually raked in half a million dollars in just one and a half hours. She couldn't bring herself to imagine what the next day, or the day after, would bring. What other business could generate money so quickly?

Wanda suddenly remembered Margaret's request for a loan. Now, she deeply regretted not agreeing to it.

She blamed herself for not lending Margaret the mere five thousand dollars she requested.

As the thought sank in, Wanda felt increasingly suffocated with regret.

If she had lent the money to Margaret, the livestream would undoubtedly be hers now. Wanda glanced at the phone screen once more, and a malicious gleam flashed in her eyes.

## Chapter 143 Wanda's **Malicious** Thoughts

Even if she hadn't lent the money, the livestream should have been hers.

With that thought in mind, Wanda rose from her seat. She couldn't continue with the massage.

At that moment, Ewan called her, urging her to come home quickly.

He got straight to the point and briefed Wanda on what had just happened.

Wanda gritted her teeth resentfully. "I should have destroyed her face when she left!"

Ewan frowned. "I mentioned all this to encourage you and Mom to socialize more. If she's happy, she'll surely put in a good word for us with Wynter."

Wanda scoffed angrily, "She doesn't seem picky at all, even openly flirting with older men during the live stream. And it's no surprise she's raking in so many tips; it's all thanks to Mr. Hilton."

Well, that explanation really cleared things up. Otherwise, she might have started to believe Wynter was some kind of medical genius to rule the world with her miraculous healing

powers.

Ewan grew impatient. "Alright, let's not dwell on this now. Are you going to Mom's place or not?"

Wanda wouldn't dare to truly upset Ewan. "Oh, I didn't say I wasn't going," she responded. After all, if she didn't go, how else could she convince Wynter to come over?

"Hurry up then. Bring some gifts along," Ewan reminded Wanda as he finally remembered

his mother.

When Yvette returned, she caught Ewan and Wanda's conversation. "Mom, why are you and Dad heading out?"

The servant came forward to take Yvette's things and smiled. "Mr. and Mrs. Yates are going to Mrs. Yates Senior's place."

"To Grandma's?" Yvette's eyes widened with curiosity, but then she smiled again. "Dad, Mom, I'll come along."

Wanda pulled her aside. "Why do you want to go? Grandma has everything she needs; you don't have to worry."

Yvette's tone softened. "But why do you need to **go**, Mom? And why the rush?"

Wanda narrowed her eyes. "It's because of Wynter. She's stuck to your grandma like glue, and her family is even weirder. They didn't even bother to come **get** her."

However, Yvette's hand subtly tightened in response to her mother's words.

"You've only been back for a few days, sweetheart. Make sure to dress nicely and spend some time with Charlie," Wanda advised as she adjusted Yvette's hair. "Getting into the Yarwood's circle is tough, but if you can impress the Shepherd family, that would be quite an achievement."

Yvette blushed and lowered her gaze. “Mom, Charlie and I have only just started getting to know each other.”

“I’m not that conservative, dear,” Wanda whispered to her daughter. “If you genuinely like each other, it’s okay if things progress.”

Yvette gently squeezed Wanda’s hand and bit her lip. “Mom, what are you talking about? I’ve only just come back.”

“Alright, alright, I won’t interfere, but just be sure you’re making the right choices,” Wanda said with a satisfied smile. “How could Wynter even compare to you? You’re meant to marry into the Shepherd family as their young mistress, while she’s entangled with an older man.”

It was only then that Yvette’s expression shifted slightly. “An older man?”

“I won’t delve into those disgraceful matters,” Wanda declared as she grabbed her bag. “I’m off to check on that old lady.”

Yvette tactfully avoided asking to join them. Instead, she went upstairs and skipped her customary favorite lobster bisque. When the servants asked if she needed anything, she just said she wanted to rest.

With the departure of Wanda and Ewan, the house finally quieted down. Yvette reached for her phone from the bottom drawer and dialed a number.

Soon, the call connected. “Yvette! You finally called! How’s everything over there? Are settling in? Why haven’t you been in touch with us?”

you

Yvette skirted the question and whispered, “You mentioned last time that someone came looking for her. Did you talk to them? Do you know where she is?”

## Chapter 144 The Hidden **Motives**

“I didn’t let anything slip!” The middle-aged woman stood on the hillside and glanced around warily. “You made it clear not to spill anything when you left.”

Yvette narrowed her eyes. “But what if they **offer** you money to spill everything?”

“We’ll pocket the cash,” Fanny retorted with a sardonic grin. “But we’ve been feeding them false leads. Plus, there are others who paid to keep her whereabouts hidden.”

Yvette felt a wave of relief wash over her. “Mom, you did the right thing.”

As it turned **out**, the middle-aged woman was none other than Fanny Yalaman, who had initially taken the wrong child.

Fanny teared up when Yvette finally called her “Mom” after so long. “Yvette, we did everything you asked,” she said. “And thankfully, **you** warned us that admitting what happened could land us in jail for human trafficking. We owe you for that.”

“Got it.” Yvette **got** the information she needed and swiftly changed the subject. “Mom, we need to stay alert. Once this whole situation blows over, **I’ll** come fetch you and Dad to live in the city.”

Fanny’s eyes lit up. “Really? Then your brother has to come too! You promised to buy him a house!”

“Absolutely,” Yvette reassured with a grin. “Just relax and enjoy yourselves.”

Yvette certainly wouldn’t be buying him a house. She also couldn’t help but disdainfully regard them as a bunch of freeloaders.

Despite her dissatisfaction with them leeching on her, Yvette comforted her mother. “Remember, don’t reveal anything about me. If it comes down to it, just claim her as your own daughter.”

“Don’t worry, **I’ll** do as you asked,” Fanny assured, then lowering her voice she asked, “But Yvette, whose child is she? How did she cause such a commotion?”

Yvette’s eyes turned frigid. “It doesn’t matter whose child she is. If they find out, **I** can’t protect you and Dad.”

“We’ll make sure they never find out,” Fanny declared confidently. “After all, this village is packed with our people.!!

Yvette nodded knowingly. With a smile, she said, “With the village head supporting us, everything should be fine. Mom, if there’s an emergency, remember to reach out to me first.”

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“Of course, darling!” Fanny’s focus then turned to her son. “And what about house?”

Yvette’s gaze sharpened. “Once you’re here, **I’ll** take you to choose one.”

your brother’s

Of course, that was just to placate Fanny, and Yvette certainly wouldn't be buying that house for her brother. After hanging up the phone and powering off her device, she finally felt at

ease.

With everything settled, whatever commotion Wynter stirred wouldn't make a difference.

And the status of the young lady of the Yates family belonged to her alone.

At the Empathy Clinic in Waterview Alley, Margaret, wielding a cane, promptly ushered Wanda out before she could even step into the yard.

The neighbors watched without intervening, as they too shared a dislike for Wanda.

"Get out!" Margaret, unlike before, had no desire to engage with these scoundrels.

The typically pampered Wanda exclaimed, "My Chanel coat! Mom, could you please stop acting irrationally? Have you ever seen another mother-in-law treat her daughter-in-law in such a manner?"

"You're up to no good!" Margaret's eyes darkened. "What do you want from me this time?"

Ewan tried to keep his cool despite his frustration. He intervened, "Mom, we simply want to have a conversation with Wynter. It's not suitable to discuss this out here where everyone can see. Let's go inside."

"Oh?" Wynter, clad in black pants and a white T-shirt, walked over. A baseball cap crowned her head, accentuating her captivating dark eyes. "What do you want to talk to me about?" she asked.

## Chapter 145 The Fall of the Yates Group

Kwan instinctively glanced behind him, wondering why Larry wasn't there,

Wynter smiled nonchalantly, "Looking for someone?"

Kwan

put on a fake smile and said, "Wynter, there was a misunderstanding between us before."

"What misunderstanding?" Wynter's lips curved slightly. "The one where you almost killed me, or the one where you forced me to leave town?"

Amid the murmurs of the neighbors, someone commented, "Are they even acting like parents? How could they treat their child like this?"

Unable to tolerate the gossiping neighbors any longer, Wanda exploded, "She's not even our biological daughter! Why should we tolerate her? She's like an annoying thorn in our side!"

Seeing the trouble Wanda was stirring up, Ewan quickly intervened.

"Stop it," he said, shooting her a meaningful look as a reminder of the purpose of their visit.

Wanda simply rolled her eyes and said, "I mean, look at her! She's flunking her studies, can't even handle a book, and now she's flirting with older men on live streams! What on earth are we supposed to do with her?"

Margaret's blood boiled at the accusation. "You're spouting nonsense!"

"I'm not. Isn't she out dining with some rich businessman today?" She smirked coldly. "Let's be real here. Mom, are you really that clueless, or just pretending? Why else would a wealthy man like him bother with a girl like her, if not for her youth and beauty?"

"You..." Margaret clutched her chest.

Wynter instinctively took Margaret's cane and gently reassured her, "Grandma, you're getting agitated again. I've told you before, they're not worth it."

Clutching Wynter's hand tightly, Margaret replied, "I'm not concerned about them, Wynter,

dear granddaughter. How could they speak so ill of you?"

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Wynter calmly remarked, "Their hearts are tainted. They see everything through a dirty lens.

11 Her gaze

then shifted to Ewan. "Given that you're Grandma's son, I won't harm you, but

perhaps it's time for the Yates Group to meet its end."

Under Wynter's penetrating gaze, Ewan felt a chill run down his spine, leaving his hands and legs as cold as ice.

Wanda scoffed, “Who do you think **you** are? Do you think **you** can just bankrupt the Yates Group with a few words?”

Wynter subtly lifted her eyes and responded, “Try me.”

Wanda gritted her teeth, hating the fact that this brat dared to mention bankrupting the Yates Group.

“And you claim you have no connection with Mr. Hilton? If it’s not him giving you confidence, how dare a brat like you be so arrogant?” Wanda’s tone grew more aggressive.” Do you think sleeping with an older man will bring us down? You-”

“Smack!” Wynter delivered a firm slap across Wanda’s face. She smiled beautifully and sneered, “So what?”

Wanda froze, then clutched her throbbing face. Her eyes widened in shock as she yelled, How dare you! You’re just an insolent country girl! I’ll take your life!”

Wynter struck again with another beautifully executed slap, her eyes indifferent as she remarked, “You’re really annoying.”

Wanda’s hair flew loose from the force of the slap. Shouting like a madwoman, she accused, “After cozying up to Mr. Hilton, you’ve got some nerve! I’ve underestimated you! Ewan, why are you just standing there? Hit her back!”

Wynter smirked.

Ewan was about to raise his hand, but before he could, he was kicked over.

Ewan winced in pain as he crumpled to the ground. He was completely immobilized.

## Chapter 146 **Meeting Mr. Yarwood**

Wynter’s kick struck brutally, leaving Ewan bloodied and sprawled on the ground.

Wanda, trembling with **fear**, dared not speak a word.

Wynter’s eyes simmered with anger as she half-bent to lift him up. She said, “I never wanted to resort to violence in front of Grandma, but someone like you truly deserves it.”

Ewan cowered. **He** cast a desperate glance at Margaret and begged, “Mom, do something, please!”

“Only now you decide to call her ‘Mom’?” Wynter’s eyes blazed with crimson fury as she lifted his face. “When you tossed Grandma out, did **you** conveniently **forget** she’s your

mother?”

“Thud!” Wynter’s next blow reverberated like thunder. The tangible hostility emanating from her sent shivers of dread down the entire alleyway.

Being by Margaret’s side, she had suppressed her emotions for too long, always putting on a

facade.

She wasn’t exactly a saint to begin with, and this sudden outburst shook everyone to the

**core.**

Downstairs at the Chamber of Commerce, Wolf stopped next to Larry.

Before Larry could ask anything, Wolf looked up, and his eyes returned to their usual **color**.

In the rugged terrain of Southdale’s deep mountains, a dark omen unfolded as a flock of ravens soared ominously toward the city, eclipsing the once bright sky.

Wanda’s hands shook as she reached for her phone to call the police. “You’re going to kill

him!” she exclaimed.

Wynter’s gaze narrowed as she was poised to strike.

Out of nowhere, a cold, pale hand delicately enclosed her wrist, suffused with the soothing scent of medicine. A voice, cold yet melodious, reached her ears, “Has someone been mistreating you?”

As Wynter turned, she was met with the sight of a face so impeccably handsome, belonging

to none other than her patient.

His demeanor exuded regality, his skin akin to moonlit snow, and his eyes held depths as profound as ancient chants, captivating her soul completely.

Chapter 146 Meeting Mr. Yarwood

As she locked eyes with him, her once tumultuous heart gradually **quieted**, likely soothed by the calming essence of the beads he wore.

After a moment's hesitation, she nodded in response.

Max Smith, who had flown in from Emstia, couldn't help but wonder who was the victim there.

So, it appeared this was the weak friend Dalton had been **so** worried about.

Max, being Emstian, couldn't help but doubt his grasp of the local language as he pondered which aspect of Wynter appeared vulnerable.

With one foot still planted on Ewan, Wynter greeted casually, "Is this your friend?"

"Sort of," Dalton replied, "I brought him here for treatment."

Wynter turned to Smith and greeted him with a casual "Hi." Her attitude toward the paying client was consistently friendly.

However, Smith couldn't help but feel somewhat intimidated by her demeanor, unsure whether or not to intervene.

"Ethan, take the troublemakers away," Dalton interjected coldly.

Wynter lifted her **foot** from where it had been on Ewan and chuckled lightly. "No need, just a family matter," she remarked casually.

**With** those simple words, "family matter," everyone understood it was best not to interfere.

Wynter gave Ewan another kick. "Dare to come back again?" she asked.

Ewan could only mumble incoherently.

Wanda glared at Margaret and scolded, "Mom, are you just going to stand there and watch **your** son get beaten?"

"We no longer have a mother-son relationship," Margaret said. She let out a sigh and turned to Wynter. "Wynter, let them go."

Wynter, still wearing a smile, obediently complied.

Wanda's expression darkened as she shot Wynter a malicious glare.

However, this time she didn't act upon it. Instead, she silently helped Ewan up and left without a word.

Despite the troubles recently, the Scotts could easily handle someone like Wynter.

Chapter 146 Meeting Mr. Yarwood

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Chapter 146 Meeting Mr. Yarwood

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She was curious to see if their live stream could withstand scrutiny from those who might come to investigate.

Chapter 147 Mr. Yarwood’s Jealousy

She had plenty of ways to tarnish someone’s reputation online

Dalton cast a meaningful glance at Ethan before shifting his gaze.

As Dalton’s personal bodyguard, Ethan grasped his implicit instruction to trail Wanda.

Yet, Wynter astutely intercepted him with a gentle smile. “Grandma said to let them go.”

Ethan hesitated before looking up.

“Listen to her,” Dalton calmly instructed.

Max was completely taken aback, pondering when Dalton had ever heeded others’ words,

He couldn’t shake off his curiosity about Wynter’s background,

Wynter nibbled on a piece of candy and said, “I believe in forgiveness, and everyone deserves a chance to change for the better.”

“Oh?” Dalton raised an eyebrow, twirling the beads on his wrist as he expressed clear skepticism toward her words.

Wynter was indeed lying; she didn’t want Ethan to ruin the plan.

For Wanda, the prospect of losing everything was even more daunting than losing her life.

"You're doubting me," Wynter deliberately shifted the topic, and she gracefully tossed a bag of candy to Dalton. "Thanks for earlier. Your beads are quite lovely."

Dalton looked at the candy in his hand and casually popped one into his mouth.

Max was dumbfounded; he had never seen Dalton have such a conversation with anyone.

And Wynter didn't seem afraid of Dalton at all.

He was incredibly surprised and began to ponder further about Wynter's true identity.

Wynter glanced at Max, who was still sizing her up. She raised an eyebrow inquisitively and asked, "What seems to be ailing you?"

Dalton's suggestion of treatment served as a cover. Having flown back from Emstia on a private plane the previous day, Dalton's intentions had left Max puzzled.

However, he likely understood them now. Max nodded proudly. "I've got a backache."

"A backache?" Wynter glanced at his round belly. "Then come in."

Chapter 147 Mr. Yarwood's Jealousy

2/3

Margaret was visibly upset.

Wynter approached Margaret and said, "Grandma, there's someone here for a consultation."

Margaret gazed at Wynter, her eyes suddenly welling **up with** tears as she reached out to touch her face. "My dear, you've sacrificed so much for me."

If Wynter hadn't brought it up today, Margaret wouldn't have known that Ewan and Wanda had actually kicked her out.

"Grandma, it's all in the past," Wynter said. Today, she lost control. It had been a while since her intermittent explosive disorder flared up. Yet, the constant rain in Southdale had been irritating, and it triggered her outburst. "I won't behave like this again."

Margaret felt sorry for her. "I'm not blaming you. It's those who are disrespectful who deserve reprimand, not you..."

Luckily, Margaret didn't mention in front of everyone that Wynter might need to resume taking her medication.

While others may have remained oblivious, the perceptive Dalton quickly picked up on the unusual atmosphere, and a flash of mystery crossed his eyes.

The more outspoken neighbors couldn't resist asking, "Wynter, is it true that a big shot is here today?"

Despite their curiosity, they didn't doubt Wynter's character. They acknowledged her as a genuinely good person, albeit a bit lacking in academics.

After all, imperfections were simply part of being human.

"Yes, indeed," Wynter admitted. "It's Mr. Hilton. He's the one you see on TV. He came to Southdale with an interest in investing in pharmaceuticals. After stumbling upon my live stream, he found the Empathy Clinic promising and made the decision to invest in us."

Everyone exclaimed at the news.

"I've seen him around. Several media outlets have interviewed him," someone remarked.

"They say he's from the capital! He's rich!" another neighbor chimed in.

"Then our alley will surely benefit! Mrs. Yates Senior, don't forget to invite them all to my restaurant for a barbecue!" the barbecue shop owner interjected.

"Didn't Wynter just bring them to your place earlier?" the vegetable stall owner teased.

The neighbors were in high spirits as they chatted.

Chapter 147 Mr. Yarwood's Jealousy

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Suddenly, a slightly deep voice whispered in Wynter's ear, "Did you agree to his investment?"

Chapter 148 Dalton's Dual Sentiments

"Indeed, I did," Wynter replied nonchalantly, paying little mind to his question.

Dalton, however, subtly frowned. Wynter had turned down his investment offer but accepted Mr. Hilton's.

He chuckled softly, then leaned closer to her. The scent of medicine, mingled with the crisp air, reached Wynter's nose. It was as if the cool weather had made his presence equally cold. "Why not choose me?" he asked.

A flicker of confusion crossed her eyes as she glanced at him. Still, she offered a straightforward explanation. "The Welkin Corporation's upcoming projects align better with the pharmaceutical sector. Plus, the Quinnell family's businesses are mostly international. It's not suited for traditional medicine."

The words sounded perfectly reasonable.

Dalton's smile deepened, but his eyes remained cold and distant. He absentmindedly played with the beads on his wrist. "You're correct," he replied. "The Quinnell family isn't compatible with traditional medicine."

But he wasn't a Quinnell, and the Welkin Corporation had been actively seeking foreign investment lately.

As Wynter's dishonesty grew, it raised questions. Did she feel distant from him, or did she simply see him as a patient?

Dalton lowered his gaze, yet he exuded an air of danger and melancholy.

Ethan sensed Dalton's displeasure, but he couldn't quite grasp the reason behind it.

As Max stepped into the pharmacy, he couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, these cabinets are like something out of a historical drama! Is this the essence of traditional medicine that's been passed down for centuries?"

As he observed the counter's layout, he couldn't help but admire it. Pointing at the scale for weighing medicine, he inquired, "Dr. Genius, do you sell that? I'll pay any price for it."

Without even lifting her head to see what he was pointing at, Wynter replied curtly, "Not for sale."

Max's excitement waned, but then an idea sparked in his mind. "I heard you're looking for investment for this clinic. I can invest!"

Surely, as a shareholder, he could get what he wanted.

Chapter 148 Dalton's Dual Sentiments

“There’s no need,” Wynter replied with a dismissive gesture. “We’re fully funded.”

With a **tilt** of her chin, her face took on a cold yet alluring expression. “Lie down,” she instructed.

Max was taken aback. He had previously mentioned his back pain from long work hours as the reason for his visit.

However, he hadn’t expected to receive treatment, especially since his family doctor had assured him that he was fine.

“Do you feel the pain here?” Wynter asked as she pressed a finger against his back.

Max winced in pain. Yet, in the next moment, Wynter applied pressure to his back with her palm, eliciting a satisfying crack.

“It’s not just your back,” she remarked calmly, pressing down on his back. “Your neck and thorax are also affected.”

Max was still in awe when he heard a couple of cracks as Wynter adjusted his neck. Then, Wynter declared, “All done.”

“This is it?” Max asked incredulously. He instinctively touched his lower back and then looked at Dalton. “It’s really loosened up!”

He believed Wynter truly lived up to the title “Dr. Genius,” which explained why Dalton had flown back specifically for her.

“Wow, this is incredible!” Max exclaimed, his initial curiosity turning into admiration. “How did you do it?” he asked Wynter.

Wynter grinned mischievously. “You can consider it the enigma of traditional medicine. How do you plan to settle the bill?”

“Settle the bill?” Max was a bit slow to catch on.

Wynter glanced at Dalton who had been silent since earlier. “Hey, **is** your friend trying to get me to give him a free consultation? You might get it for free, but not everyone else.”

## Chapter 149 **The Intimate Hug**

The words “You might **get** it for free, **but** not everyone else,” echoed in **Dalton’s** mind.

Dalton’s typically cold expression softened ever so **slightly**.

“No problem,” Dalton responded. His usual imposing demeanor softened in response to Wynter’s words. “Max, pay up,”

Max nodded and immediately pulled out his bank card.

“Max, increase the amount,” Dalton said calmly, **yet** his authority remained palpable.

Wynter glanced at him before redirecting her focus to the compliant Max. “Are you two friends?” she inquired,

Dalton didn’t hide the truth. “He’s a colleague from another office.”

Max quickly adjusted his posture and said, “We’re colleagues from the branch office.”

Wynter didn’t seem bothered. “We can’t take credit cards yet, but online payments work. Just scan this code.”

Max shifted his gaze toward Dalton. He asked, “How much should I pay?”

“Do you have to consult your friend about how much you should pay for treatment?” Wynter chuckled.

Max promptly paid ten thousand dollars. He believed it was a reasonable amount for medical expenses.

Wynter raised an eyebrow at the transaction. “You should bring in more friends like him next time.”

Despite what she said, Wynter refunded nine thousand nine hundred dollars to Max. She

then tapped on the promotional board. “Bone alignment is just one hundred dollars.”

Max was astonished. “Just one hundred dollars?”

As a Frendan, Max found this quite unusual.

Back in his hometown, even basic antibiotics at a local pharmacy cost several hundred dollars.

“Oh my, that’s so affordable!” Max exclaimed.

As they bid farewell to their neighbors, Margaret, who had just arrived, wondered what was

happening. "Wynter, is he in pain after the treatment? That doesn't seem right," Margaret asked.

"He's marveling at the traditional medical knowledge passed down through generations," Wynter explained.

As Wynter reached for Margaret's shopping basket, Margaret stopped her with a raised hand, "You tally up today's earnings and see if we need more supplies. I'll have a talk with your boyfriend," Margaret instructed.

Max was stunned. He wondered when Dalton had become her boyfriend.

Wynter realized her earlier fib wasn't so smooth after all.

Her usual mischievous expression faltered, and she attempted to explain herself.

Then Dalton's pleasant voice chimed in, "Of course, Grandma."

Max's jaw dropped, and his expression dramatically shifted.

But then again, it wasn't surprising. Dalton had never really shown much interest in women.

Socialites or actresses, there were always plenty of people chasing after Dalton's attention.

During Dalton's recent inspection trip to Frenda, even Princess Savannah had shown interest in him.

Yet, Dalton gracefully declined the princess and mentioned he already had a girlfriend.

Before this, Max had always dismissed it as an excuse. If Dalton truly had a girlfriend, how could Theo not be aware?

Max glanced at Dalton and then at Wynter. If this news got out, it would cause a stir.

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Wynter didn't worry about Max's view of their relationship. She smiled lightly and said, "Grandma, what do you want to talk to him about? If you have any questions, just ask me."

"If I ask you, will you be honest with me?"

Margaret was sharp. "Furthermore, since he's here in our house, isn't it only fair for him to have a chat with me first?"

Dalton reached out and pulled

## Chapter 150 Flutter of the Heart

His voice was as smooth as aged wine, leaving a gentle intoxication in its wake. His touch carried a warmth that felt unlike anything else.

Wynter couldn't see his face from where she stood, but she felt his breath on her neck, sending delightful tingles down her spine.

He didn't smoke, so there was no tobacco smell on him. Yet, there was a faint hint of sandalwood, perhaps from his regular medication, that was strangely alluring.

Even though she was used to medicinal scents, his aroma was unexpectedly delightful.

His hand still held hers, and as he drew closer, his presence grew more pronounced.

Wynter's heart fluttered as a strange and somewhat familiar sensation washed over her.

Raising an eyebrow, she attempted to push him away. However, he beat her to it.

His voice was husky and tinged with a cough. "Wait for me here," he said.

Perhaps because of their proximity, his breath brushed on her ear, leaving a sensation that

was oddly enchanting.

Margaret chuckled. "That's more like it."

Wynter silently urged, "Grandma, don't let him deceive you."

But she chose to overlook it; he was clever enough to choose his words wisely. Yet, honesty with Margaret might suffice, and Wynter inclined toward the latter. "Be honest."

She hoped he would understand her implication.

Still feeling the warmth of her fingertips, Dalton gazed at Wynter's pale face and smiled softly, agreeing in a low voice, "Okay."

This assurance seemed solid to Wynter, so she didn't pay much attention to the courtyard.

Meanwhile, Max paced back and forth, clutching his curly hair, muttering in Frenlese, What's happening? Why would Boss pick a girl from a small traditional medicine shop as his girlfriend? It's like a real-life Cinderella tale. Does she even know who Boss is?"

Max glanced at Wynter and then stomped his foot. "Clearly, she doesn't know. If she did, she wouldn't dare treat Mr. Yarwood this way."

After a brief moment of hesitation, Max firmly declared, "I have to put an end to this meaningless romance. Otherwise, the only one who'll get hurt is that innocent girl!"

## Chapter 150 Flutter of the Heart

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As Wynter was engrossed in analyzing the future development trends of the live stream, she ignored him, but he continued to talk incessantly.

After all these years, Frendans remained as romantic and delusional as ever.

Sighing, she knew she had to speak up.

Wynter rested her chin on her hand and smiled faintly. "Max, why don't you start by telling me who your boss really is? Then I'll decide if I want to end things with him."

"Boss is... Hey, you speak Frendese!" Max stuttered, his eyes darting around frantically. It was indeed Frendese, and quite authentic at that.

"Boss didn't tell me you speak Frendese!" Max looked on the verge of tears. "I'm finished. Knowing Boss' temperament, I won't make it through tonight!"

Wynter glanced at Max. "He's quite easygoing. Why do you describe him as so domineering?"

"Easygoing?!" Max began to doubt his understanding again. "Maybe that's how he is with **you**, but Boss is..."

"Well?" Wynter's interest was piqued. Her handsome patient seemed considerate and attentive, and she couldn't help but wonder why his subordinates were so afraid of him.? Ethan was like that, and now this Max too. There was definitely something off.