

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 151-160

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 151

The Envable Mr. Yarwood

Max wasn't daft; he realized he was being led into a trap. Puffing out his cheeks, he replied, "Boss is kind to us **too!**"

"Oh, really?" Wynter's eyes twinkled with disappointment. She had hoped to glean some useful information, but Max, despite his loquaciousness, was quick on the uptake.

Max nodded solemnly. "Boss has no flaws!"

"Is that so?" Wynter's voice was calm. "Just a moment ago, you said I would be the one hurt."

Max's scalp tingled. "I was just talking nonsense. Boss is genuinely interested in you. He won't let you down, even if your backgrounds are different!"

"Is that so?" Wynter casually twirled her abacus, a faint smile playing on her lips. "Unfortunately, your boss and I are only putting on a show. How did you come to believe he's genuinely interested in **me?**"

Max was taken aback. "Putting on a show?"

"Lower your voice." Wynter frowned. She cast a quick glance around the courtyard, ensuring they were alone. With that confirmed, she tied up her hair and turned to the medicine cabinet. "Yes, it's all an act. So, please, don't spread rumors."

Max was baffled. "Why **are** you putting on this act?"

"It's for my grandmother's sake," Wynter replied. She deftly prepared the medicine, effortlessly measuring the right amount of each ingredient even without using the scale.

Max pondered deeply. Even if Wynter was the only one capable of curing Dalton, why would he go as far **as** reciprocating romantically? What could possibly motivate him to play along with this charade?

ed this?

Could it be that Theo's relentless push for marriage had prompted

Max's eyes lit up as he finally hit upon the right answer,

The courtyard was situated far enough from where Max and Wynter were talking to ensure their conversation couldn't be overheard.

Margaret, with her gracious manner, treated even the younger generation with respect. Despite Dalton's esteemed background, she remained composed and said, "Let's have some tea."

"Sure." Dalton's manners were impeccable, as if they were ingrained in his character. **In** **stead** of waiting for Margaret to pour the tea, he gracefully took it upon himself to prepare it. "The tea is still hot, Grandma. Take your time."

Margaret didn't reach for the tea cup. Instead, she calmly looked at him and said, "Wynter has always been independent. She never relies on others, even though her foster parents may say otherwise. Wynter would never compromise her integrity for money."

"I know her character," Dalton replied, a glint of sincerity in his eyes reflected by the tea cup. "She's genuine to the core. If it's hers, she'll want it; if it's not, she won't give it a second glance."

Margaret softened her tone. "When I first heard about your relationship, I had my doubts due to the **vast** difference in your backgrounds."

"..." Dalton started, but Margaret raised her hand to allence him.

"There's no need to rush to refute Grandma's words," she continued. "Your character isn't solely defined by wealth: It's shaped by your upbringing. While you may be welcomin

g and kind, Wynter's character is unwavering. What will you do if she truly becomes part of your family?"

Margaret smiled once more. "I'm not pressuring you. If she introduced you to me, It means she likes you.

She continued, "In fact, I'm rather pleased about it. Otherwise, I couldn't fathom how she'd come around to this. After all, she's always talked about marrying Charlie when she grows up."

Upon hearing this, Dalton's hand froze.

Chapter 152 A Heartbeat Away Left Her Flushed

Perhaps it was because the tea had been steeping for too long that Dalton could feel a bitter taste on the tip of his tongue. It lingered in his throat for quite some time.

It was quite hard to imagine that someone like Wynter had once been a little girl who dreamt of becoming someone's bride.

Though not visible on his face, Dalton seemed to have chuckled briefly.

With a deep gaze and a courteous demeanor, he sincerely said, "Madam Margaret, my family is quite simple. No one can decide my marriage for me. Therefore, I will not tolerate any mistreatment of my

partner.

"I'm glad to hear that," **Margaret** said with relief.

Even though it was obvious that Dalton and Wynter were keeping something from her, Margaret wouldn't bother about it as long as they were on the right track.

However, Dalton didn't end their chat there.

Instead, he politely poured Margaret another cup of tea. As he did so, his gaze drifted through the window to the woman bustling inside.

Despite her casual attire consisting of a white T-shirt and black pants, Wynter's graceful figure remained

unmistakable.

Her hair was pulled back with a wooden hairpin, highlighting her slender and fair neck.

She was undoubtedly beautiful, strikingly so.

Seemingly aware of his gaze, Wynter's eyes turned to meet his.

Her lips were red, and her hair **was** silky brown, exuding both innocence and allure.

Carefully observing her swan-like neck, Dalton narrowed his eyes as his fingers ran over the crimson beads on his wrist, falling into deep thoughts.

"Madam Margaret, perhaps you could tell me about this Charlie. Understanding her situation may help me

offer her some comfort."

"That good—for—nothing Charlie..." Margaret glanced toward the Black Locust tree on the side. "It's partly

my fault. Back then, I trusted the Shepherd family, and Wynter had such a soft spot for Charlie, so

arranged their engagement.

"Initially, it was the Shepherd family pursuing this match, but over the years, they've grown disillusioned,

especially since my fortunes have waned.

"Now, they scorn Wynter's background and want to call off this engagement, making Wynter the laughingstock of Southdale..."

Dalton listened quietly without interrupting.

Chapter 152 A Heartbeat Away Left Her Flushed

As far as he could recall, Wynter didn't seem to be affected by that matter at all.

Normally, romance would mean the whole world to any teenage girl who was in the prime of her youth. **So** how could Wynter possibly not be bothered by it back then?

With that thought in mind, Dalton tightened his grip on the teacup in his hand, his eyes obscured, making it impossible to discern his thoughts.

Meanwhile, back in the house, Wynter was surprised and puzzled that Dalton and Margaret managed to chat for so long.

Noticing Dalton's glance, she couldn't help but wonder if he was requesting help.

Yet, his maneuver seemed more confident than helpless.

Apparently, he had managed to soothe Margaret's emotions after the cat was out of the bag.

Wynter's lips slightly curled, feeling impressed by this patient of hers.

While Wynter stood idly at the front desk, Max cautiously stared at her as if she were some sort of

monster.

Finally done with their conversation, Dalton walked toward Wynter, the coolness emanating from him intensified.

His charming features seemed somehow cold and sharp, casting a chill in the air around him.

Wynter could tell that he wasn't in a good mood now.

Had something gone wrong during the conversation?

Wynter walked over, her eyes flitting abruptly **as** if asking him how the conversation with Margaret had

gone.

Without a word, Dalton reached out and gently wiped away the specks of medicine powder from her face. The warmth of his fingertips, combined with the alluring sandalwood scent, mingled into Wynter's breath. He was close to her, so close that she could hear his strong, steady heartbeat...

Chapter 153 Fond of You

Contrasting his physical condition, Dalton's heartbeat remained steady and firm. It was unlike that of a patient nearing the end of his life.

It would be hard to believe that **this** good-looking man held his heart in such high regard

Wynter paused **and** slightly lifted her gaze.

With a smile still on his face, Dalton withdrew his hand and fixed his eyes on her.

Then, he turned his head and coughed. His lips were so pale that they looked nearly discolored.

But despite looking unwell and fragile, he still exuded a dangerously alluring presence.

“Madam Margaret has agreed,” he said.

Agreed?

Before Wynter could inquire further, Dalton had already turned around and taken a few steps away. His impeccably tailored suit made him appear like a figure from a painting.

Wynter thought he was leaving, so she trailed after him. However, he abruptly halted his steps.

Caught by the sudden halt, Wynter bumped into his back, and a familiar deep herbal scent filled her nose.

“I must say,” Dalton spoke in an indifferent tone, devoid of any implied meaning. “You had a terrible taste when you were young.”

Wynter was puzzled.

“What do you mean?” she raised an eyebrow, pondering on what her taste had anything to do with their

conversation.

Dalton glanced at her and said inexplicably, “It doesn’t matter now. You can improve your taste from here on, just make sure you don’t regress.”

“Huh?” Wynter couldn’t help but laugh.

She found him to be quite unpredictable. “What exactly did you chat with **Grandma**?”

With a cool and scholarly demeanor, Dalton gestured for her to come forward with his finger.

Wynter then leaned forward without a sense of suspicion.

Dalton’s fingers threaded through her hair and spoke in a casual tone, “We talked about your studies and how to improve your academic performance, which will be my main focus in the future.”

Wynter was quite convinced that he was just teasing her.

Before she could speak, Margaret came over with a smile. “Ernest is **right**. From now on, your studies will be your main priority.”

“Ernest?” Wynter’s voice was light, and there was a hint of surprise and playfulness.

Ernest? Earnest?

Instead of directly answering her question, Dalton replied in a low voice, "It's my middle name "

Unlike other prominent families, the Yarwood family had upheld the tradition of using middle names for

generations.

Since middle names weren't as prevalent as they once were, most people didn't know that the head of the Yarwood in Sorzada City went by the full name of Dalton Ernest Yarwood.

Margaret frowned and asked, "Don't you know his name is Ernest, Wynter?"

"I've never heard of his middle name." Wynter responded quickly. "Honestly, I never realized that people

still used middle names nowadays, so I didn't ask."

Margaret smiled. "It's still quite common among the families of scholars. If you follow Ernest's lead, I'm sure that you'll pass the upcoming exam

"You can count on me, Madam Margaret. I'll certainly teach her well Dalton assured while his warm palm naturally held onto hers, as if it were his habit

Wynter glanced at their joined hands his fingers were intertwined with hers—neither too tight nor too

loose.

Before she could pull her hand away, Dalton whispered into her ears. His voice was husky and seductive. "You don't want to let Madam Margaret down, do you?"

Wynter had to admit that Dalton knew her weakness all too well

She relaxed her grip and replied in a lazy tone. "You should be thankful that you have a pretty face"

With that, she playfully hooked her thumb with his offering a casual smile

Her extraordinary beauty seemed capable of making one's knees weak it made Dalton's Adam's apple bob subtly

A fleeting thirst lingered in his heart, yet dissipating so swiftly that even he wasn't fully aware of it

Chapter 154 May I Take a Bite of You

Astonished by the somewhat competitive yet unexpectedly compatible dynamic between Dalton and Wynter, Max was left speechless.

Having worked alongside Dalton for many years, Max had never seen his aloof and restrained demeanor falter for anyone until Wynter came along.

Wynter never backed down or spoke in sweet, soft tones when facing Dalton. Instead, she exhibited a delicate charm with her light chuckle.

She even **had** the nerve to tease Dalton about his middle name.

Max couldn't help but wonder if she had ever witnessed Dalton's cold and ruthless expression, hands covered in blood.

Every time Dalton dealt with **people**, Max and the others couldn't help but tremble.

Despite Dalton's fair and rational approach to rewards and punishments, no one dared to get close to him.

Noticing the signs of exhaustion on Dalton's usually composed face, Wynter decided not to keep them for

dinner.

Instead, she prepared some buns and herbal soup for him to eat at home.

"I've added some medicinal herbs to the bun filling as seasoning. It should stimulate your appetite," Wynter said.

She then started to sound like a doctor again, "I've written down the dietary precautions you need to follow. Have your household staff take a look and ensure the instructions are followed."

"Alright," Dalton replied with a smile, indicating his cooperation with the treatment.

With a dumbfounded expression, Max lost count of the number of shocks he experienced that day.

Dalton glanced at Max, then shifted his gaze to Wynter. "There's something I'd like to discuss privately." "Privately?" Wynter thought for a moment and said, "Follow me."

She led him to a secluded corner in the mugwort room. While the view was excellent, it remained hidden from others' sight.

"What do you want to talk about?" Wynter asked casually.

Dalton looked into her eyes and asked, "How long have you been like this?*

"Like this?" Wynter was puzzled, by his words.

Dalton gently pressed her wrist and turned it over, leaning closer to her in the narrow space.

He asked in a gentle tone, "How long have you been struggling to control your strength, inadvertently causing harm to others? Or perhaps, I should say, unable to contain the turmoil within your heart?"

"What's this? Have you studied psychology before? Wynter allowed him to continue holding her wrist.

Even though she was pressed against the wall, she showed no signs of anxiety, only a beautiful yet. meaningful smile. "Are you trying to treat me?"

Dalton's fingertips grazed her wrist, his voice slightly heavy. "In the future, if anyone crosses your line, you can just tell me I'll take care of them for you."

"We'll see." Whenever Dalton gazed at her like that, Wynter felt an inexplicable annoyance

It was as if the closer he got, the more irritated she became.

It had been a long time since Wynter had felt this way – a feeling like a steak had suddenly appeared and chased after her, urging her to eat it, when she could really eat a whole cow

Wynter took a quick glance at Dalton's face, reminding herself that he was different from anyone she had

encountered so far.

He was way out of her league, not suitable to be kept around,

"Stop being irritated. Stay calm as much as possible, okay?" Though tinged with a hint of helplessness, Dalton's voice sounded even more pleasant than usual, as if he were coaxing a rebellious child.

"If you ever need anything, just give me a call. You shouldn't resort to violence given your intermittent explosive disorder."

No one could ever imagine that Mr. Yarwood, the dominant figure in the entire business industry, would speak in such a tone.

The gentle coaxing from someone as cold and aloof as Dalton often conveyed an indescribable sense of implied desire.

Wynter looked at him, feeling an impulse swirling within her.

The paranoia caused by her impulse control disorder was rushing in her blood, leaving her almost out of

control.

“I think I’ll take something else as payment for today’s medication.”

Wynter spoke in her usual nonchalant tone, tinged with a hint of restraint..

Chapter 155 Own up to Your Actions, Doc

“With what?” Dalton asked Wynter, his wrist adorned with crimson beads, giving off an air of nobility and

aloofness.

His chill demeanor somehow ignited her thirst to dismantle it – especially since he was dressed in finely

tailored suits

Wynter reached out, her fingertips landing on his diamond cufflink, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. “Let me take a bite out of you. How about that?”

She had never made such requests before. Even when her intermittent explosive disorder flared up, she would endure it to the extent of dousing her head with freezing water.

However, for some reason, she couldn’t suppress her urge to test whether his neck was as cold as it appeared – with her teeth.

Normally, no one would agree to such an odd request, yet Dalton chuckled and asked, “Where do you

want to bite?”

“Your neck,” Wynter replied with a charming smile, her tongue sliding across her lips as her anticipation

grew.

Wrapping his arms around Wynter’s waist, Dalton lifted her slightly, his breath drawing closer. “This height should make it easier for you to bite.”

“Indeed.” Wynter was too preoccupied to bother about how intimate their positions were, especially in

such a confined space.

Dalton pressed Wynter against the wall, his tall figure shielding them from view.

Unbeknownst to him, no one would come to this corner, since the place had neither sunlight nor

medicinal herbs stored.

This corner was basically deserted, only Wynter would occasionally come here to take a puff of smoke.

Hence, the only concern for Wynter now was, how to suppress the agitation in her blood as soon as possible.

She didn't even notice his Adam's apple bobbing.

Without giving Dalton a chance to back out, Wynter leaned toward Dalton's pristine neck and sank her teeth into it, feeling a slight chill yet strong sandalwood scent spreading between her teeth.

Almost instinctively. She pressed deeper, emitting a faint, muffled moan.

It sounded soft and satisfying as if she was enjoying herself while also feeling perplexed, sparking infinitely alluring imagination.

Dalton glanced at the woman in his arms, his hands on her waist exerting a gentle pressure as her lips.

landed on him.

Not only did he feel no pain, but he also hoped that she could remain like this a little longer.

However, Wynter soon regained her composure, the volatile urge in her blood gradually fading away, replaced by an indescribable sense of tranquility.

It felt as if her long hunger had finally been satisfied

The feeling was too subtle and difficult to describe, not to mention a little awkward.

She was aware that she was the one who was off, not Dalton though.

Nesting in Dalton's arms, Wynter felt her legs weak and unable to stand.

"There's something in your blood," she said, breaking the silence

Supporting her, Dalton brushed her long hair behind her ear, his deep, captivating eyes seeming to draw

people in “What is it?”

“Maybe poison, or maybe something else.” Wynter wasn’t quite certain what it was, but what she can be

sure was “It smells nice to me though.”

As if discussing something mundane, Dalton spoke casually, “If you ever want it again, you can bite me anytime you want. It covers the medication expenses anyway.

“No thanks: One time is more than enough.” Wynter could feel her body temperature rising and a thin layer of sweet forming

“If I keep on getting involved with you like this, it would be hard to-” She abruptly stopped.

What? Dalton asked, his eyebrow raised.

Wynter shook her head, leaving the “hard to get rid of you” part unsaid.

She then pushed off the wall, trying to stand up, but Dalton pressed her back down. “Own up to your actions, Doc. Shouldn’t you take some responsibility after biting?”

Chapter 156 A Token of Love From Dalton

Wynter stared at the mark she left on Dalton’s neck and chuckled. He already told you that this is your payment for today’s medication. What responsibilities do I hold?”

“I can pay for today’s medication.” Perhaps he had a slight cold, Dalton’s voice sounded slightly tense

When he chuckled softly, his breath tickled her ear. “If you bear the responsibility, you can bite me anytime.”

Slightly tempted by his suggestion, Wynter’s lips curved into an alluring smile, I think about

“Seriously, give it some thought. While you need a boyfriend, Dalton chuckled lightly, “My family is urging me to settle down too.”

Wynter raised her eyebrow. “Then why did you call off the engagement?”

She hadn’t forgotten the words **she** heard in the hospital.

Dalton explained, his voice clear and steady. "I have to right to choose my own bride too , dont ? Besides, with my health condition, do you expect someone to marry into loneliness?"

"You have a point." Wynter nodded solemnly, her beautiful face carrying a sense of seriousness

Dalton chuckled softly, seemingly helpless, "That was rhetorical."

He had said it to humor her, not to gain her empathy.

But there was one thing he genuinely meant he had the right to choose his own bride

He would resolve the issues with the Quinnell family appropriately.

If it weren't for the old man's drunken words claiming that someone in the Quinnell family could dispel Theo's personal burdens, Theo wouldn't have agreed to the engagement in the first place, especially since he was intoxicated at that time.

Back then, Dalton was just a year old baby, yet they had arranged a marriage for him without even considering whether the Quinneys had a daughter or not.

However, since it was partly the Yarwoods' fault too, Dalton would definitely compensate the Quinneys properly. As for other matters...

Dalton cast his gaze at the face lying in his arms, **his** smile clear and profound.

Thanks to this woman, he started to take certain inconsequential matters into consideration.

Unaware of his thoughts, Wynter was playing with the pendant hanging from his waist with her fingers.

"I don't often see people wear a sugilite pendant with a suit, if any."

Well, it was understandable though, since not everyone had Dalton's physique, bearing, and strikingly handsome face.

Wynter had to admit that no matter how many times she looked, Dalton's cold yet charming face ever once failed to captivate her

Not to mention his unique yet stylish taste in fashion, which complemented his overall demeanor perfectly.

anyone were to dress like him, they might end up either mismatched or hideous

Noticing Wynter's gaze fixed on his pendant, Dalton unfastened it and placed it on her palm. "Here, you

can have it,"

"Me?" Wynter raised her eyebrow. "I don't have any suitable clothes to match it with."

Her inexpensive T-shirts would only diminish the elegance of this pendant

Dalton didn't want her to return

it. "You can match it with whatever clothes you want. After all, it's just an

accessory

As a matter of fact, Dalton had been wearing that sugilite pendant since he was a month old and had rarely taken it off.

The pendant had come as a set with the red beaded bracelet on his wrist. While the beads were crimson red, the pendant was deep purple

Dalton was quite impressed by Wynter's taste, picking out something that special

Wynter looked at him, her voice sounded lazy. "This isn't some kind of engagement token, is it?"

"No." Seeing her hesitation, Dalton took the pendant and wore it around her waist.

He said indifferently,

"I wouldn't use just this as an engagement token. My engagement token will definitely be something grand and extravagant.

"Very well then," Engrossed in admiring her new pendant, Wynter wasn't paying attention to his words. She **was** deeply fond of the color of the pendant. Not only was such pure purple sugilite rare, but it was also known for promoting healing and protection

"I **won't** take it for free. How much is it? I transfer the money to you later."

Dalton slightly furrowed his brow, his tone devoid of warmth. "You've given me so many lozenges, all

made with top-

quality wild root herb, and you haven't taken even a cent from me. Yet, you want to pay me for my gift?"

Chapte 157 He had fe

Chapter 157 He Had Feelings for Her

Dalton didn't like how Wynter always kept him at arm's length, whether it **was** about his investment in her

clinic or his gift to her.

It seemed like Wynter always wanted everything to be clear and transparent between them.

People often said Dalton was aloof and distant, but that was because they hadn't seen Wynter.

While Wynter often wore a light smile and engaged impeccably with others, she always seemed to maintain a certain distance, preventing anyone from getting too close to her.

Dalton's pale fingertips touched the beaded bracelet on his wrist.

Although his charming face remained stoic, the warmth in his eyes gradually faded away.

Noticing his subtle emotion, Wynter smiled and decided to accept the gift. "Alright, I'll take the pendant."

She looked at her new waist chain attached to the pendant, her eyes curved with satisfaction. "It suits me well."

Dalton nodded in response, finally feeling less suffocated than before.

The coldness in his brows and eyes also began to melt away as he looked down at the deep purple pendant swinging on her delicate waist, contrasting against her fair skin, creating a stunning sight.

He couldn't help but tighten his grip on her waist..

Wynter looked at him in confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Dalton released his hand from her waist, standing in the shadows. His eyes were as deep as

the ocean, his voice inexplicably hoarse, "Shall we go?"

"Let's go." With the pendant in **hand**, Wynter's attention was focused on the purple sugilite pendant.

around her waist, completely unaware of the subtle movement in Dalton's throat, or the restraint in his

eyes.

When the sexual desire of a reserved individual was aroused, he would often become exceptionally sexy

and dangerous.

As Dalton followed behind Wynter, his right hand slightly **lifted** and touched the spot she had bitten, his

eyes growing deeper.

The red beaded bracelet on his wrist seemed to darken as if sensing his emotions.

Las

To prevent certain deeply buried emotions from surfacing, the beads emitted a faint light, as if to securely bind his true emotions within in a deeper place....

Nonetheless, it was time for Dalton to leave.

In fact, Dalton had arranged his schedule before his return, but he made a detour before his meeting to see a certain woman.

Max **was** taken **aback** too when his boss was willing to deviate from his plan for someone.

When Ethan joined them, Max and Dalton were finally ready to leave.

As it was getting colder outside, Ethan came with a black trench coat in his hand, intending to help Dalton put it on.

Dalton was particularly prone to illness during seasonal changes.

Thankfully, they now had Wynter, the genius doctor.

When Dalton put on the trench coat, he regained a sense of nobility, evoking the image of royalty. Every movement he made exuded an icy elegance.

"I'll come by again tomorrow," Dalton **said** to Wynter.

"Okay." Wynter waved goodbye to him while playing with the purple sugilite.

As the wind blew, the black locust flowers fell from the tree, adding a subtle sweetness to the air.

While others might have overlooked the pendant, Dalton's bodyguard Ethan couldn't help but be stunned when he spotted it in Wynter's hand.

His surprise was mixed with a hint of fear.

After all, Dalton had worn that pendant since he was a year old. It was a gift from a renowned fortune teller to shield him from external influences.

Few were privy to this knowledge, not even some branches of the Quinnell family.

It was said that Dalton carried countless personal burdens, an unusual circumstance for someone like

him.

Back then, the fortune teller had given the Quinnells two items: the crimson beads and the purple sugilite, each serving its own purpose.

Wouldn't it be a problem now that Dalton had given one of them to Wynter?

Chapter 158 Sir, Are You In a Contract Relationship

Even though Ethan wasn't a superstitious person, he'd rather be cautious than regretful when it came to safety matters.

Most importantly, why would Dalton give such an important sugilite pendant to Wynter? This didn't make sense!

Ethan kept the question to himself, not daring to inquire further with Dalton.

Max, however, didn't hold back. "Boss, Dr. Genius has figured out that I'm your subordinate."

"Figures." Dalton paced, recalling that Wynter had always been a clever woman, his lips curled. "She pays attention to the smallest details."

Max let out a sigh of relief, then quickly reassured Dalton, "Don't worry, I won't tell Mr. Yarwood Senior about your little secret."

"Secret?" Dalton stared at his **fingertips** and asked calmly, "What secrets do I have?"

Max thought that Dalton didn't trust him, so he spilled everything he knew.

"Dr. Genius has already told me that you and she were just pretending. In fact, you're in a contract relationship. You're doing it to fulfill her grandmother's wish

Contract relationship? **What** contract relationship?

Ethan was dumbfounded upon hearing that term

Stopping his pace, **Dalton's** hands were slightly stiff on his sides.

Yet, Max continued to talk as if he had the full picture of what was going on.

"I get it, Boss. **You** agreed to act with Dr. Genius to avoid Mr. Yarwood Senior's arranged marriage, right?"

The joy in Dalton's **eyes** gradually turned cold

As **his charming** face revealed a hint of coldness, his lips slightly pressed, **asking** with indifference, "She

said it was fake?"

"Uh—huh," **Max** nodded, completely unaware of the trouble his words had caused

Dalton turned to him, his glance and voice becoming lighter, as if they could be blown away by the wind. It'll be real one **day**."

Huh?

Max didn't catch that clearly, so he quickened his pace, wanting to get closer to Dalton.

However, Dalton spoke no further. His tall and straight figure exuded a chill, his coat tails fluttering in the

wind, appearing cold and aloof.

His limited—

edition Maybeck was still waiting for him in its original spot, discreetly avoiding unnecessary

attention.

However, they still attracted notice, as Dalton had just returned from overseas with an unusually large number of bodyguards.

A group of conspicuous and imposing men in black stood in a row. As Dalton approached, they respectfully opened the car door for **him**.

Exuding an air of power and nobility in his dark trench coat, Dalton looked like a mafia boss

He had never shown this side of himself to Wynter.

To Wynter, Dalton Yarwood was just a patient with ailing health and a pale

*Choose a different car next time,” Dalton said casually as he sat in the back seat.

His new special assistant, Franklin Lynch, quickly handed him a pen and documents. “Yes, Sr. What kind of care should I arrange for next time? Deluxe version? Or a more comfortable one

Folding his legs, Dalton glanced over the documents in the car, then smoothly signed. “One that is more

economical.”

Taken aback by Dalton’s reply, Franklin carefully said.

“But Sir, the cheapest car at your residence over 400 thousand... We’ll need to purchase a new car if you’re looking for something more economical”

“Mm—hmm, I’ll leave it to you,” Dalton replied calmly, concealing his intentions

Franklin, who had just reported for duty a few days ago, was quite shocked upon receiving such a task

Although puzzled, he didn’t ask further, instead, he marked this task as a priority

After all, the previous special assistant was dismissed for interfering with Dalton’s affairs and taking matters into his own hands.

Franklin wouldn’t be so foolish as to meddle with the head of the Yarwood family

Moreover, although Franklin wasn’t aware of what had happened in the alley, Dalton was obviously in a

Chapter 159 Something Fishy About Dalton’s Blood

Wynter was still playing with the purple sugilite pendant she had obtained from Dalton in the clinic in Waterview Alley.

Something fell off that day. It wasn’t just her intermittent explosive disorder; there was also this piece of purple sugilite that seemed oddly familiar to her.

If her memory served right, this pendant should be hers, so how did it end up being Dalton’s personal possession?

Feeling confused, Wynter rubbed her temple with her fingers, her eyes shimmering faintly.

Though only some fragmented images, she was gradually recollecting her memories now. But it still required some time.

Wynter hung the purple sugilite pendant back to her waist, her fingertips grazing her lips.

She couldn't help but wonder what exactly the blood of that patient of hers had that could make her act

so abnormally.

--

After all, Wynter's medical skills were honed by using herself as a lab rat she **had** tried both good and bad medicines on herself.

Not to mention that her cultivation of Zenith herbs had made her immune to all kinds of toxins.

Unless... there was more than just toxin on Dalton.

Wynter's slender fingers rhythmically tapped on the table, her lips curled slightly. "Interesting."

Dalton was indeed someone marked by the Grim Reaper.

Wynter wondered who the Grim Reaper favored more, Dalton or the scion of the Yarwood family.

But one thing was certain: no one could take away the person she decided to save.

Wynter lowered her gaze, reorganizing her treatment plan once again.

Meanwhile, Wanda, who had been driven away, still harbored resentment.

Sitting in the car, she pounded the steering wheel again and again, her glare vicious.

"I knew we shouldn't **have** kept Wynter from the start. Look at her, she won't stop until she ruins our family!"

Feeling the pain in his back, Ewan's eyes glimmered with a hint of perplexity.

Back

then, no matter how he had badly behaved, Margaret would still care about him even when he had

irritated her.

Yet, Margaret had shown no signs of concern for him at all a moment **ago**.

"I'm talking to you. Don't you have anything to say?" Wanda pinched Ewan's arm. "Stop spacing out!"

Ewan frowned and asked, "Don't you think something was off about the old lady?"

"She's just grown more stubborn, that's all." Wanda scoffed. "Now that she's got her live stream, she doesn't give a damn about us anymore. How ridiculous!"

The more Ewan listened, the more annoyed he felt. "That's my mother you're talking. I've told you not to go too far before, but did you listen? No, and you drove her back into the alley!"

"Me, go too far?" Wanda's face flushed with anger. "Remember how arrogant your mother used to be? She was old but still refused to let you take over the company, saying that you would end up ruining the Yates Group with your pitiful management skills.

"If **she** hadn't caused someone dead during the treatment, she might still be as arrogant now. And you wouldn't have lived so luxurious as **you** are now!"

Waving his hand, Ewan said, "Why do you have to bring up the past?"

"If I don't bring it up, you might have forgotten all about it by now. And don't forget that you agreed to let Margaret move out of our house too," Wanda said with a cold smile.

"If she hadn't made **that** sacrifice back then, could the people have let go of the Yates Group that easily?"

Wanda suddenly laughed and said, "Ah, yes. How could I forget? Margaret **has** caused someone's death. Yet, she's doing a live stream now..."

She then took out her phone to make a call.

Ewan pressed her hand, looking weary. "Forget it. The young man who came to see Wynter today isn't someone to be messed with. Although I don't know who he is, he seems dangerous."

"What powerful friends could Wynter possibly have? Wanda sneered. "If he's really someone powerful, then he would have come by car. But I didn't see any cars at the entrance when we left the alley just now. He's probably some poor guy Wynter had known from somewhere. He didn't even wear any brand on him, for crying out loud!"

Chapter 160 Embarrassment at the Chamber of Commerce

Indeed, Dalton didn't wear any brand. Instead, he wore a suit custom made by a renowned French

designer

This designer exclusively crafted attire for the myal family, making an exception only for the head of the

Yarwood family.

People like Wanda wouldn't have been aware of such secrete,

Even though the Scoff family was influential in Kingbourne, Vianda was only from a collateral branch of

the family, after all.

Normally the **Scott** family in Kingbourne couldn't care less about Wanda; they now reconnected with her because Yvette managed to get into a university in Kingbourne,

Wanda had to assert herself in Southdale now so she could blend into higher circles.

"Why must you pick on Wynter?" Ewan started to get a little Irritated, "She already stayed of our way, now staying with the old lady. They're just trying to make a little living.

Wanda sneered and scrolled her phone to the living streaming page. "A little living? Have you ever seen a little living' that earns 70 thousand in profit a day?"

Ewan snatched the phone, his eyes gleaming at the number. "That's what they made in two days?"

"All this while, that old lady has been keeping this trick to herself **and** only used it for the sake of that ungrateful Wynter," Wanda said viciously.

I

"Yvette is her real granddaughter, but what has that old lady ever given to her? So, do you think I should get my hands on this live-streaming platform **now**?"

Staring at those crazy figures, Ewan couldn't help but exclaim, "Yes! What's your plan?"

"To fight for it legally, of course," Wanda tapped the phone screen. "If this figure keeps growing, we won't stand a chance to get it from them. Now that they've started it, it's the best time for us to strike."

Ewan hardly hesitated, his eyes fixed still on the numbers. "Let's do as you say!"

Ewan and Wanda had done almost everything for the sake of money, and they didn't mind adding this to

their list.

Wanda had her own way of manipulating the internet. She began by reaching out to the troll army, then dialed a number she hadn't called in a long time.

"That cheap Wynter has relied on us for so long that she forgets who she is. Serves her right," said Wanda

in a low voice, even after she had finished making **her** calls.

Now she wanted to see what a naive countryside girl could do without the backing of the Yates family.

Meanwhile, rows of black-clad bodyguards stood imposingly and meticulously at the Chamber of Commerce building in the city center.

The top executives of the entire Chamber of Commerce had been alerted and burned to the entrance while adjusting their ties.

Nelson, who happened to visit the Chamber of Commerce, was curious about the commotions and inquired at the front desk.

"I'm not sure either, sir. This is the highest level of reception, and we aren't allowed inside, the receptionist apologized,

The Chamber of Commerce building was surrounded inside and out, with various restrictions in place, giving an impressive appearance from afar.

Knowing that college students were allowed to visit the Chamber of Commerce, Yvette dressed *up* specially and went to visit Charlie, who was not yet her official *francé*

Since visiting the Chamber of Commerce was considered a worthwhile experience, she took some photos and posted them on her social media.

Her classmates all complimented the **photos**, calling her a diva. Even her aunt from the main branch of the Scott family left her a comment.

Having discovered the key to attracting more views with her photos, Yvette couldn't resist taking a few more.

However, as soon as she struck a pose, a Chamber of Commerce staff member came and said, "Miss, we don't allow photography here. I'm afraid you have to leave."

Embarrassed, Charlie blushed and stepped forward to hold Yvette's hand. "Let's go somewhere else." Before they could leave, the staff suddenly stopped him. "Sir, do you have an invitation?"