

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 21-30

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 21

Chapter **21** She is Actually an Attending Physician

“You really know medicine?” There was astonishment in his tone.

Hilda sneered. “Dr. Lopez, have you lost your mind? How could this little girl understand medicine? She must have heard about the symptoms from a nurse.”

“Dr. Gibson, she just arrived. We haven't had a chance to talk to her yet,” the nurse explained.

Hilda turned. “So what? How old is she? Barely out of school, right? Does she have a license to treat patients?”

Without saying a word, Wynter slapped her medical license onto the chair. Not only that, but her medical license was also at the level of an attending physician!

Anyone who had studied medicine knew how difficult it was to obtain the title of attending physician! Now, who dared to say she wasn't qualified?

Hilda felt embarrassed by this revelation.

Doctors and nurses couldn't believe it. “An attending physician? In Southdale, that's almost at the level of a professor... She's so young. How did she achieve that?”

Confronting Hilda, Wynter said, “Move aside.”

Hilda's face turned pale as she examined the license, questioning its authenticity.

Meanwhile, Ryan had already accompanied Wynter into the ward.

Sergio was also getting ready. Even some nurses who usually avoided crossing Hilda were pitching in. They all wanted to save the patient with every passing moment.

Hilda looked on viciously, realizing that no one had ever embarrassed her like this in the hospital before.

“Let her handle it. I want to see who will cover for her if things go wrong!” Hilda was scheming.

She had listened to Sergio’s words and suspected that the patient’s condition was challenging.

She had her reasons for stepping back.

Poor patients often came with complex issues that didn’t yield much profit and carried significant risks.

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Since Wynter enjoyed being in the spotlight, she hoped she would mess up and cause trouble

When the patient’s family arrived, it would be quite a show,

As far as she knew, the patient’s family hadn’t signed the consent form yet. Wynter wouldn’t have a chance to turn things around if something went wrong!

“You all, turn on the video recording equipment in the emergency room.” Hilda’s voice was sarcastic. “But don’t let anything happen, or let our hospital be responsible.”

Due to the special circumstances, this medical treatment had attracted a lot of attention,

In the emergency room, Wynter had donned a medical mask and sterile clothing.

Standing by the patient’s bed, she worked methodically, exuding professionalism.

“Do we have the patient’s chest X-ray?” Wynter asked.

“We do.” Sergio immediately handed it over.

Wynter took it and said calmly, “Large lobar pneumonia, accompanied by heart failure.”

“Yes!” Sergio nodded.

She opened the medicine box. “Report the patient’s underlying diseases and previous medications.”

“The patient is 78 years old, with several underlying diseases, including coronary heart disease, hypertension, and urinary tract infections,” Sergio reported. “The challenge is that the patient is allergic to many antibiotics, so we can’t use them recklessly.”

Wynter didn’t panic upon hearing this. She just rolled up the patient’s sleeve. “As expected.”

Sergio was shocked. “This is...”

“A tick bite,” Wynter said lightly.

The doctors and nurses in the observation room all widened their eyes.

“We checked for so long and didn’t notice this wound.”

“It’s too small to see, right?”

“But how did she know?”

“I’m not sure, but she’s amazing. She rolled up the sleeve, confirming the tick bite at a glance. She’s imposing!”

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Hilda sneered, “Don’t be so surprised. She’s from the countryside, so she’s naturally familiar with the symptoms after being bitten by these bugs. She’s just fooling you all. Let her try using a surgical knife!”

Wynter didn’t use a surgical knife but took out silver needles from the first aid kit.

Those hopeful about Wynter’s medical skills were disappointed after witnessing this scene.

“Acupuncture treatment? For such a serious illness, she’s going to use acupuncture treatment?”

“She’s just playing around too much!”

“It’s also possible she doesn’t know how to use a surgical knife. Dr. Lopez believes a young girl? We’re in trouble now.”

Hilda boasted, “I told you so. She’s just pretending. She probably has no real skills, and that license might be fake.”

“Dr. Gibson is right. How could there be such a young attending physician?”

“I hope she’s not a fraud.”

As people discussed, Wynter raised her hand and swiftly inserted the first needle!

The needle landed precisely on the head, penetrating an inch into the scalp.

With each insertion, Wynter recited the names of the acupoints. “GV 20, GV 23, GB 16, GB 18. “Her voice remained steady as she worked, her hands skillfully maneuvering the needles.

Palpating with the left and needling with the right, she executed her technique smoothly and precisely.

The people in the observation room were amazed.

In Southdale, where cultural knowledge was limited, there were very few doctors with expertise in traditional medicine. Watching Wynter’s graceful and rhythmic movements, they were unsure how to respond.

This was like a perfect example from an acupuncture textbook!

Even Hilda’s expression changed. She murmured, “S— She really knows acupuncture treatment... How is that possible...” And that needling technique, she had never seen before. Wynter lifted the needles before inserting and with drawing them with precision. Her eyes

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were calm as if this were just another day for her.

As the doctors watched in shock, they couldn’t resist the urge to jot down her needling technique! Even Hilda, an expert in the field, might not match her skill!

Hilda glanced around at the onlookers and persisted, “All flashy. Clearly just random poking. How effective can it be?”

2/2

In the emergency room, the monitoring nurse exclaimed excitedly, “The fever’s gone! The patient’s temperature has dropped! It’s now 99.8!”

“The patient’s pupils are normal-sized, and his consciousness is improving.”

“How’s his heartbeat?”

“Stable!”

The observation room erupted in excitement!

Ryan jumped with joy. “I knew that genius doctor could do it!” He glanced at Hilda and added, “She’s way better than a certain expert!”

Hilda felt like she had lost all dignity, stinging with humiliation!

Despite Wynter’s miraculous achievement, she remained calm. She didn’t stop there but carefully punctured the tick bite wound, squeezing out the toxins.

Fabian murmured, “Little princess... Is it my little princess?” With a sudden burst of unknown strength, he clumsily grabbed Wynter’s wrist!

Hilda sneered. Even if they managed to save him, what good would it do?

For an old man from the backwoods, what help could he really provide? He might just end up being a burden.

With these thoughts, Hilda found some reassurance.

At the same time, in the VIP-exclusive elevator, the hospital’s president, Victor Penton, and vice president, Jeremy Clark, stood in awe of the man at the center, their bodies trembling slightly.

The man was dressed in a finely tailored suit, and his pale complexion made him appear both noble and fragile.

However, no one regarded him as a typical patient because of the intimidating vibe coming from his eyes—an undeniable presence that couldn’t be ignored...

Chapter **23** The Two of Them Felt a Spark

As he stepped into the elevator, the air around him grew icy cold.

When he didn’t make eye contact, he appeared calm and composed. But when he did, he exuded danger and allure.

“Speak up,” he demanded.

Victor wiped his cold sweat and said, “Mr. Yarwood, rest assured. Dr. Gibson is a specialist in this field in our hospital. With her treating Mr. Quinnell Senior, everything should be fine!”

If not Dalton Yarwood, the head of the Yarwood family, then who else could be causing such fear among prominent individuals?

Dalton turned the beaded bracelet on his wrist, his eyes slightly raised. “The news I received doesn’t match.”

“Mr. Yarwood, we really didn’t lie to you,” Jeremy stuttered. “Even if we had the courage, we wouldn’t dare delay Mr. Quinnell Senior’s treatment. He’s from the Quinnell family!”

Dalton remained quiet. He just stood and waited for the elevator to reach the 6th floor.

The more he acted like that, the more intimidating he became.

Victor’s legs were beginning to feel weak. Finally, they reached the 6th floor, and Dalton let them exit first!

They understood. He didn’t want to reveal his identity.

But nobody could tell them why Hilda was in the observation room.

Dalton halted his steps, his gaze falling on the attending physician collecting needles in the emergency room. With a cold tone, he asked, “Wasn’t Dr. Gibson supposed to be performing the surgery? Then, who is she?”

The person by the patient’s bedside wore a medical mask and cap. She swiftly and accurately collected needles. Despite her skilled and professional technique, the youthfulness in her eyes was obvious.

“S—
She...” Jeremy wiped his sweat, almost frightened out of his wits, unable to come up with a reasonable explanation.

Victor lost his composure, grabbing Hilda, who was standing in the observation room. His voice trembled as he explained, “Dr. Gibson, why aren’t you in the emergency room? Why is the little girl treating patients?”

Chapter 23 The Two of Them Felt a Spark

Hilda's expression initially softened at the sight of Victor. Then, she said, "Mr. Lopez, I was just about to report this to you. Dr. Lopez has been too audacious. The patient's family member hasn't even signed yet, and he dares to let an amateur treat the patient!"

At this point, Victor didn't want to hear any more excuses. He knew Mr. Yarwood was watching, so he couldn't help but shout, "I'm asking you why you're not in the emergency room!"

"The family member hasn't signed; besides, it's just a normal patient. Do I need to personally attend to it?" Hilda didn't care, almost wearing disdain on her face.

Victor was livid. "A normal patient? Did you say it's a normal patient? Hilda Gibson, are you out of your mind? That's Mr. Quinnell Senior from the Quinnell family in Kingbourne!"

The Quinnell family in Kingbourne... Mr. Quinnell Senior...

When Hilda thought about it, everything blurred before her eyes, and she collapsed straight to the ground.

"How is this possible... How is this possible..."

Victor waved his sleeves. "How is it not possible? Y-You! You can't even seize an opportunity to save an important person!"

After hearing this, Hilda regretted it deeply!

She looked toward the emergency room. She had given away such a good opportunity to the little girl.

If she had saved Fabian, then...

Hilda became more and more anxious and suddenly collapsed from a stroke.

Victor didn't want to see her anymore and had the nurses carry her out!

In the emergency room, after finishing treating the patient, Wynter wiped her hands with alcohol and glanced sideways, looking through the glass.

Dalton stood there nonchalantly, his intense gaze captivating. His handsome face was framed by gold-rimmed glasses, exuding both calmness and an unsettling aura.

Since just now, Wynter had felt his gaze on her, and sure enough...

Maybe Wynter had such an insistent stare. It prompted Dalton to raise an eyebrow and tilt his head slightly. Their gazes met subtly...

Chapter 24 Scion of the Yarwoods

Chapter **24** Scion of the Yarwoods

Their eyes met. Neither of them averted.

Wynter, especially, stared at Dalton blatantly.

Given her obsession with good looks, Wynter knew plenty of handsome men, but none could compare to Dalton.

That sickly pale face was perfectly adorned with a pair of bottomless eyes, giving off a natural chill. There was a rare, bookish air about Dalton, noble yet frail.

Amidst the hustle and bustle, he remained tranquil. With his ethereal aura, Dalton was akin to a young scion from an ancient aristocratic family.

The plump Ryan immediately went over to talk to Dalton excitedly.

Across the soundproof glass, Wynter couldn't hear their dialogue. She raised her eyebrows.

The next moment, Dalton glanced toward her again.

Shrouded in dim light, his facial features appeared vague yet enchanting.

"Dr. Genius?" Dalton's voice was cold.

Ryan continued enthusiastically, almost flatteringly, "Yes! I found her in the community square. Although she's young, her medical skills are amazing. Mr. Quinnell's fever cooled down in ten minutes!"

When Dalton was about to ask further, Wynter emerged from the ward.

While walking, Wynter instructed Sergio beside her, "Monitor the patient's temperature these two days. He doesn't need antibiotics. Give him more nebulization. I'll write you the prescription later. I'll come over for the treatment at the same time tomorrow."

As the most talented doctor among the young Lopezes, Sergio only found himself being the mediocre one. He had never admired anyone so much, nor had he ever been so excited, even when he had won an award abroad.

Sergio looked at Wynter with sparkling eyes. "Noted, Dr. Genius. Can you teach me the acupuncture technique?"

Also interested in it, other doctors quietly gathered around, though without high hopes for the genius doctor to pass on this exclusive skill to outsiders.

To their surprise, Wynter nodded and said calmly, "Sure. You all take notes. I won't repeat it."

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"I'll highlight the key points, and you can study yourselves."

2/2

She seemed used to teaching others, not just once, nor just one person. The doctors could picture a large group of students listening to her lectures.

But she was apparently just a young lady. What was with this demeanor of a wise, old doctor? Could there be a century-old soul in her body? Otherwise, how could her behavior be explained?

Outside the crowd, Dalton nonchalantly watched the scene with rare enthusiasm in his eyes.

Victor nervously approached Dalton to explain the situation while wiping the cold sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

Dalton put one hand in his trousers pocket and raised the finger of the other hand to his lips. His voice was low and pleasant. "Don't disturb me listening to the lesson."

Victor was rendered speechless.

As the majestic overlord of Sorzada City, Dalton controlled the wealth of countless prominent families. The entire business industry in Southdale was in his grasp. Why on earth would such a rich and powerful figure listen to acupuncture lessons?

Meanwhile, Wynter paused before giving the lecture. "We need a human subject."

A human subject? Before Victor could react, Wynter's eyes fell on the scion of the Yarwoods next to him!

Chapter 25 Who Is She Messing With

Seriously?

Victor had his eyes wide open.

The genius doctor couldn't have chosen Dalton to be the human subject, could she? How dared she! Was she seeking trouble?

Victor turned sideways slightly to show himself, “How about you choose...”

Before he could say “me”, Wynter had strode up to Dalton.

Only then did the bald Victor realize Wynter was taller than him!

With a height of five feet seven inches, Wynter had a slender waist and long legs. On her elegant face were a pair of enchanting eyes and exquisite features,

When she stood next to the six-foot-tall Dalton, the atmosphere became ambiguous.

Because their temperaments were in contrast with each other, it was akin to an encounter between an ascetic and a nymph.

Dalton was well-dressed, his eyes tinged with the coolness of dusk.

Wynter stopped at a respectful social distance from Dalton.

Then, she took off her medical mask, revealing a relaxed, beautiful face with naturally red lips and a mole at the corner of her eyes.

She chuckled lightly and asked, “Are you the patient’s family?”

When Ryan was about to clarify, Dalton coughed softly with a faint medicine scent and replied in a low, cold voice, “Sort of.”

It was either yes or no. What did Dalton mean by that answer? Wynter raised her eyebrows.

She then said decisively, “Whatever. You can learn about the treatment process on behalf of the patient’s family. Anyway, nobody signed.”

“Dr. Genius, actually...” Ryan opened his mouth.

At Dalton’s clear reply of “okay“, he swallowed the rest of his words.

Even the Yarwood family’s bodyguard, Ethan Yarwood, was stupefied on the spot upon his

arrival.

What did he just hear? Dalton actually consented to a woman touching him?

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2/2

Dalton's mysophobia had been around since childhood. Because of his physical condition, even his grandfather, Theo Yarwood, had to wash his hands before touching him.

What was wrong with him today? Had he been bewitched?

Everyone's expression was dramatic, except for Dalton himself.

In a black shirt and black pants, he leaned closer to Wynter with narrowed eyes. "What do you need me to do?"

"Stand still." Wynter raised her eyes, smiling faintly. "Don't worry, it won't hurt."

"That's a relief." Dalton was still coughing. Because he had been ill for a long time, his breathing was weak despite his cold voice.

Wynter could smell medicine, accompanied by the sandalwood of his beaded bracelet.

Seeing Dalton's face flush from coughing, Wynter somehow felt sorry for him.

She put her left hand on his wrist while her right hand unwrapped a candy. "Open your mouth."

Dalton raised his eyebrows in confusion but followed Wynter's instructions with aloofness.

The tip of his tongue felt cool as he tasted mint with an unknown sweetness, magically relieving his itchy throat.

A trace of astonishment flashed across Dalton's charming eyes. "You..."

"It's lozenges for you. You poor thing," Wynter said nonchalantly with a smile.

Hearing this, Ryan broke out in a cold sweat.

Why couldn't the genius doctor just shut up? Did she even know Dalton was the overlord of Sorzada City? How could she call him a poor thing?

Victor felt somewhat suffocated. Perhaps he should take lozenges!

As for Ethan, his expression was beyond words.

Seemingly enjoying the lozenges, Dalton leisurely fidgeted with the red beads on his bracelet.

The look on his pale, handsome face was unreadable.

Could he be musing over how to deal with the genius doctor later?

Chapter 26 They Are **Too Close**

Ryan dared not think further.

He was the one who brought the genius doctor over. Not to mention, she was the savior of the Quinnell family. He couldn't watch her dig her own grave!

"Dr. Genius may not be an eloquent speaker. Haha..." Ryan looked toward Dalton with a pleading look. "Please don't mind her."

The taciturn Dalton faintly hummed a response.

Wynter raised her eyebrows, puzzled. "Mr. Lloyd, why are you nervous? Did I say something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong." Dalton flashed a bewitching smile. "What you said is right."

Wynter's eyes lit up. "Good-looking people do talk sweetly."

Then, she turned sideways to look at the doctors.

They just returned from getting their notebooks and phones without any idea of the drama.

Wynter asked, "Is everyone here?"

"Yes!" the doctors shouted in unison. They were seemingly back being interns.

Wynter suddenly raised her right hand and undid the first button of Dalton's shirt.

With a frown, Dalton lifted his eyebrows slightly. She never mentioned undressing!

She smiled. Her right hand still held his shirt.

They were so close that her breath nearly blew against his Adam's apple.

"I'll teach you an acupuncture point to relieve cough." With that, Wynter put her fingertips on Dalton's neck.

Her eyes were clear and professional. She did not have any ulterior motives on him.

"Insert the needle an inch. One each below the mouth." She changed the position of her fingers as she spoke.

"The effects of acupuncture depend on the needling technique and the combination of a cupuncture points."

Wynter's slightly cool fingertips slid along Dalton's neck and landed behind his ears.

“For example, there’s an acupuncture point here for heat dissipation. Today’s patient has

Chapter 26 They Are Too Close

symptoms in the lungs with dampness and heat in the body. There is a technique in ‘Acupuncture Collections’ called Cooling Needling...”

As Wynter went deeper, the doctors became more focused. Nobody noticed the subtle strangeness in Dalton’s eyes.

Because Wynter’s fingers tapped on his body, Dalton felt the specific acupuncture points directly,

It was noteworthy that she didn’t give him a rash. It seemed there were people without germs,

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Dalton’s eyes lay on Wynter’s stunning face, Whenever she leaned forward, the tips of her long hair would brush against his hands.

In her eyes were not him, only his acupuncture points. Her voice went up and down, and the main points of her explanation were as prominent as the force of her fingers.

The doctors were all fascinated. Even Victor was no longer concerned about Dalton’s identity.

He kept nodding, getting satisfied.

This was indeed a potential talent.

That was right! He could invite the genius doctor to join their hospital!

Victor was suddenly enlightened.

The doctors enthusiastically asked for details until Wynter withdrew the needles at the end. “That’s it?”

“I haven’t had enough.”

Some people were murmuring.

Dalton also felt lost for a moment.

After those cool fingers left his body, his throat seemed itchier.

Chapter **27 You Won’t** Live for Long

A wave of heat washed over him.

Dalton couldn't help gulping, and his Adam's apple bobbed. In the dim light, he looked sexy with such gestures. It was a rare sight.

Everyone in Sorzada City knew Dalton was abstinent and a vegetarian.

No one had ever broken his other-worldly grace.

Right now, his collar was open, his hair messy.

Ryan was terrified to see this sight.

The genius doctor had really offended Dalton!

Ryan had worked under Fabian for a long time.

The Quinnell family and the Yarwood family had been acquainted for generations. In order to break off the engagement, Dalton visited Quinnell Corporation often.

However, in all these years, Ryan had never seen such a menacing look from Dalton.

High and mighty, he always appeared aloof. Nothing and nobody could seem to stir his emotions.

Where did the genius doctor get the nerve to unbutton Dalton's shirt?

Ryan held his head in distress.

Wynter didn't realize the severity of the matter. After the lecture, she was ready to pack up and leave.

The doctors wanted to keep her but didn't know how.

Victor said, "Dr. Genius, would you be interested in working in our hospital? The salary is negotiable."

Tying up her long hair, Wynter refused bluntly. "No, I don't like to get up early."

"You can work in the afternoon!" Victor was so eager that he couldn't even care about the distinguished guest, Dalton.

Wynter remained unmoved. "Medicine is just my hobby. And... Mr. Lopez, have you for gotten?"

She had slapped many people in the face with her statement that medicine was just her

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hobby.

Victor lamented. "What's that?"

"I'm a college student." Wynter grabbed her black bag. "Isn't that school yours?"

Victor was dazed momentarily.

2/2

He did run such a school that suffered losses all year round. Due to poor management, the students they recruited were so— so. Since people in Southdale were willing to attend it, and he wanted to give weak students a chance to study, he barely maintained the school.

Did the genius doctor just claim to be a student of his school?

Victor was dumbstruck. "How could you be a college student?"

"I'll sit for the university entrance examination this year," Wynter answered calmly.

He clenched his fists. Was this the point? The point was that a college student had an attending physician certificate and incredible medical skills!

He took a deep breath. "Won't you consider it? I can give you full credits."

Hearing

this, Wynter flashed a playful smile. "You may not know me well, Mr. Lopez. I usually arrive late and leave early, and I never care about credits."

Victor was rendered speechless.

A faint smile emerged on Dalton's face as he listened. It wasn't cold or dangerous but rather warm and captivating.

Wynter was confused. "What's so funny?"

Dalton left his

collar open as it was. His body was slightly bent, revealing his conspicuous collarbone. There seemed to be something like a tattoo on it.

Wynter couldn't see it clearly, except that it was dazzlingly red against his fair skin.

"You almost gave Mr. Lopez a heart attack." Tinged with joy, Dalton sounded pleasant when he said that.

Wynter put her hand on his wrist again, her gaze intense.

He could see how serious she was.

"You..." Wynter's eyes were clear, her voice calm. "You don't have many years left. Do you know that?"

Chapter 28 She Can Cure Him

Chapter **28** She Can Cure Him

The surroundings fell silent as soon as Wynter finished speaking.

Dalton looked at her calmly. His deep eyes reflected the light, elegant and aloof.

The doctors didn't know Dalton's identity. But in the medical field, they all knew a traditional medicine doctor's frown upon pulse check was a bad sign.

Wynter's smile faded, her eyes intense. She looked serious.

Was it really like the genius doctor said, this man couldn't live for long? His face was indeed a little pale, but he shouldn't be dying soon.

The doctors all looked over. Exchanging a glance, Victor and Jeremy waved to dismiss them.

Ryan's heart skipped a beat, having the urge to pull Wynter away.

Dalton's health had become a concern for all the Yarwoods. He had arrived in this town because of the rumor that the miracle doctor was in Southdale.

A rumor alone had brought the entire Yarwood family to Southdale. The severity of Dalton's illness was evident.

Wynter had touched upon a sore subject.

Next to them, Ethan exploded with rage. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

He strode up to Wynter. With his muscular body, he could lift her up.

But Dalton reached out to block Ethan. Coughing softly, he lightly warned, "Ethan."

Ethan clenched his fists. "She's cursing you, Mr. Yarwood."

Wynter retracted her hand on Dalton's pulse.

Having been a doctor for years, she had encountered such situations at times. After all, no patient's family would like to hear about death.

Similarly, she had a principle. She wouldn't treat whoever didn't believe her.

Wynter took Dalton's pulse on a whim because he was different from other patients. The same reason went for having him as the human subject.

From his countenance and demeanor, she could tell he was a noble, virtuous being. Unfortunately, such a person was terminally ill.

Ever since she was five years old, her grandfather had told her to help those with a noble yet

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unlucky destiny if she ever met any.

2/2

Wynter's idea was simple. This was the first time she had met someone with such an otherworldly, noble aura. She would do her best to save him.

But since his family had strongly opposed it, she wouldn't force it.

She had just withdrawn her hand when Dalton spoke, his voice pleasant and cheerful. "I

know."

He knew? Everyone was shocked. How could he be so calm knowing he wouldn't live for long?

"Did you choose me because you could diagnose my illness?" Being good at reading people, Dalton could easily guess her intention.

Without hiding it from him, Wynter nodded. "Your illness seems to be from birth or something else. I've never encountered such conditions. I need to observe more before making a diagnosis."

Hearing this, Ethan released his hands, looking at Wynter in disbelief.

She was right about Dalton's illness originating from birth! The disease was complicated . It was the Yarwood family's secret that no outsiders knew.

Ethan stepped forward excitedly. "Doctor..."

"Ethan," Dalton called him again, his low voice chilly. "Don't be rude."

Risking to be punished, Ethan said boldly, "Mr. Yarwood, since she can tell the illness from your pulse, she can definitely cure you!"

Chapter 29 Do You Know Who He is

"It may not be curable," Wynter leaned against the wall, yawning lazily. "The cause is unknown, the diagnosis is unclear, and="

With a chuckle, Dalton chimed in, "And you'd like to call it a day because you're tired,"

"It's easy to talk with clever people." Wynter looked at him, smiling.

Her fingertips fell on his wrist again as she took his pulse carefully. "Your treatment can't be rushed. Take it easy."

Dalton was someone whom even the Grim Reaper didn't welcome. That was why he could survive until now. He had to have an excellent character, believing in himself more than the gods.

The beaded bracelet on Dalton's wrist was filled with tranquilizers to help him sleep, Wynter was close enough to him to smell it.

"Improve your sleep and diet first."

Out of weariness, Wynter rubbed her neck with one hand. "Eating and sleeping well will help with your treatment."

Looking at her sleepy eyes, Dalton agreed quietly, "Okay,"

By the time Wynter had noticed it, Dalton had taken the bag from her hand.

"Ethan, send Dr. Genius home." Dalton's voice was light yet authoritative.

Ethan knew Dalton would be displeased if he continued to pester Wynter. He lowered his head and said, "Yes."

"No need. The place I'm going is just opposite the hospital." Wynter didn't want to get too involved with her patients. "Mr. Lloyd can take me there."

“Yes! I can take her!” Ryan shouted, “I’ll send her home, don’t worry!”

With a hum in response, Dalton said nothing more.

Ethan couldn’t help suggesting, “Mr. Yarwood, how about getting Dr. Genius’ contact number?”

Dalton glanced toward Wynter again.

Wynter took out her phone and handed it to Dalton without hesitation. “Just enter your number. I’ll check on you when I check on Mr. Quinnell next time.”

Chapter 29 Do You Know Who He Is

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Dalton’s number?

Usually, people rushed to ask for Dalton’s number, only to receive a message from Vincent

in the end.

Never before had the high and mighty head of the Yarwood family lowered his eyes and typed his number until now.

Victor’s short and chubby body inched closer quietly. He stood on tiptoes, trying to sneak a peek. He’d also like to have Dalton’s contact number!

Wynter covered the phone, her eyes cold. “Mr. Lopez, what are you doing?”

“I... Why don’t you take my number too? You can call me if anything happens at school!” Victor never thought his competitiveness would come from a rundown school one day.

Wynter didn’t refuse, as she treated everyone equally.

Before entering the elevator, Wynter glanced back at Dalton standing in the dim light.

Seemingly seen through everything in life, he just stood there, keeping a respectful distance from people.

When the doctors around talked to him, he didn’t oppress them with his family’s power. Despite being far more knowledgeable and well-informed, he was still willing to listen to

others.

With such characteristics, it was no wonder Dalton didn't lose his grace. Otherwise, as someone plagued by diseases all year, his appearance would have deteriorated.

Most people on long-term medication would have gloomy eyes. Although Dalton was somewhat cold toward others, he never blamed anyone. And his eyes were beautiful.

He was gentle, knowledgeable, and magnanimous. It would be a pity if he died at such a young age.

"Dr. Genius, are you really going to treat that person?"

Chapter **30** That Person's Identity Is Not Simple

"That person?" Wynter heard the undertone of his words. "Isn't he the son of the Quinnell family?"

Ryan did not dare reveal Dalton's identity. He stuttered, "Sort of... He's a distant relative, not a Quinnell though."

Wynter lowered her eyes and ate a piece of candy, smiling faintly. "I thought you would insist and claim the old man inside wasn't Mr. Quinnell."

"I regard you as part of us," Ryan said eloquently. "What's more, you're a good person. I have nothing to worry about. My boss is indeed from the richest family in Kingbourne, the Quinnell family."

Pressing the tip of her tongue against the candy, Wynter hummed a response. Ryan laughed

at her disinterest.

"As expected of you, Dr. Genius. You're not surprised at any of these. I worried too much earlier. I apologize to you.

"Employees should protect the boss' privacy. You did the right thing."

Wynter stopped, looking toward the alley not far away. "You can just walk me until here. I'll

be there on time tomorrow."

"Don't you want to know why the Quinnell family has come to Southdale?" Ryan didn't leave.

Wynter chuckled, "This is not something I should ask about as a doctor."

Hearing this, Ryan admired Wynter even more, not only for her medical skills but also for her personality.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to be friends with you!" Ryan was straightforward. "If you ever go to Kingbourne, I'll protect you!"

Wynter had to return to Kingbourne sooner or later. After all, Heavenly Medical Guild had

started there.

She did not reject Ryan's enthusiasm. She liked to work with this kind of people who were neither flattering nor cowardly and had business sense.

"Then, I'll call you Ryan." Wynter smiled sincerely.

Ryan was happy to hear that. "Sure! I'll call you Wynter!"

Chapter 30 That Person's Identity Is Not Simple

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He actually regretted saying those words earlier.

After all, Wynter had treated Fabian. She was the savior of the Quinnell family. Why would

she be friends with him?

He hadn't expected her to agree immediately. But Ryan knew this was how Wynter was. She was different from some snobbish socialites in Kingbourne.

From her action of giving treatment to the elderly on the roadside, he could tell she was righteous. Because of this, he had to protect her even more.

"Wynter, there is something I must tell you as a friend." Ryan looked solemn.

"That man has a powerful family background. If you can cure his illness, you will rise to the top. If you can't, you will be in trouble. But don't worry, I'll help you.

Hearing this, Wynter smiled. "Ryan, don't worry. There is no disease that I can't cure so far."

Ryan was shocked. "Can you really cure him?"

“Of course.” Wynter was calm. “It just takes some time. I wonder if you’ve heard of a rumor.”

Ryan was curious. “What?”

The miracle doctor could delay the Grim Reaper. However, Wynter didn’t tell him but just smiled lightly.

“If one is too prosperous, one will die young. That man is overly prosperous, and his body cannot take it. That’s why he is weak and suffers from chronic illness. I’m the best at treating this kind of illnesses.”

“Wynter, what you’re talking about has nothing to do with illness. It’s more like tarot,” Ryan muttered under his breath.

Wynter smiled even brighter, looking beautiful and enchanting. “Maybe I really can read tarot.”