

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

Chapter 221 Appearance of the Real Baghiand

Chapter 221 Appearance of the Real Boyfriend

Wynter didn't need two days for the exam at all. She finished all of the tests by 100 p.m.

Due to her answering speed, the teachers had to adjust the time for marking papers accordingly. Teachers of all subjects decided to work overtime to grade Wynter's papers tonight.

Wynter continued the exam until noon. The Invigilators hurriedly collected the papers and sealed them under the students' watchful eyes. This time, the graded papers would be made public to provide proof for Wynter.

After finishing the morning session, Wynter's stomach growled with hunger. Just as Victor instructed, Abel came to take her out for lunch. His arrival attracted quite a few onlookers

"Is that Wynter's boyfriend? He's so hot!"

Abel's look was in line with the current trends, as he had single eyelids and a high nose bridge. Moreover, he was young. He was only three years older than Wynter, making them seem the same age. Photos of them together were already circulating on the school's online forum.

"They look perfect together!"

"Wynter's boyfriend looks like he comes from a rich family."

"Guys, please. He's related to Mr. Lopez. He must be loaded."

In Southdale, the Lopez family's wealth was enough to make many people feel inferior. Victor was quite pleased with this situation.

However, Abel, as the person involved, was trembling when he heard people around him say they were a perfect match.

"No, no, no. I'm not good enough for Wynter the Genius."

He silently begged the others not to put him in trouble. Didn't he look humble enough? Where did they get the idea that he dared to pursue Wynter? Abel explained while paying for food, but he couldn't keep up with the rumors.

At this moment, Dalton, who had rushed back from abroad to deliver lunch, overheard these discussions. His eyes instantly darkened with cold intensity. Max followed behind him, not daring to make a sound.

Wynter was doomed this time. Dalton had caught her red-handed cheating, making it hard for her to defend herself.

Chapter 221 Appearance of the Real Boyfriend

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Dalton's striking aura, from his attire to his demeanor, made him stand out significantly. Even without his bodyguards, people couldn't take their eyes off him from the moment he stepped out of the car. There were only a few people who could park a row of cars near the

cafeteria.

Also, the least luxurious car in the line was a Mercedes SUV. Nevertheless, all the cars seemed too luxurious for a vocational school. The leading car even had a black-clad butler, adding a medieval touch.

This scene was only seen in movies. Many students stopped in their tracks to guess who this hot man was. Gasps of amazement spread from afar.

Of course, Wynter heard them. But other than food, nothing piqued her interest. The cafeteria food was indeed mediocre. Luckily, she had the tomato soup Susan had prepared for her.

On the other hand, Abel bought quite a lot. He spread all the food on the table, as though he were showing off his wealth.

Just as he wanted to give her a sandwich, a tall figure seemed to loom over him. Abel inexplicably felt a chill down his spine. Was the air conditioning too cold?

Before this thought could settle, he heard a sharp gasp. Wynter was still sipping her soup with lowered eyes when suddenly, a pair of leather shoes appeared in her line of sight. Immediately after, her head was gently stroked, messing up her long hair. 1

A man's pleasingly deep voice then came from beside her ear. "Why just soup?" He had a pleasant medicinal scent on him as well.

Wynter instinctively raised her eyes and met his deep gaze. Dalton was still wearing the black suit from the video call yesterday. But now, he sported gold-rimmed glasses on his face, looking like a refined and dignified businessman.

Chapter 222 Can You Return My Girlfriend to Me Yet

Wynter raised an eyebrow lazily. Dalton's entrance was too conspicuous. His wasn't only attractive, his actions were too intimate. The students in the cafeteria watched wide-eyed. Abel, who was the closest, was so shocked that his spoon nearly fell off the table.

Dalton didn't seem to notice him. Bent over slightly in his suit, he tucked Wynter's long hair behind her ears and chuckled softly once more. "Could you ask your classmate to give up his seat? I brought you food."

"He's not my classmate. This is Abel Lopez. He's a friend of mine." Wynter put down her spoon and propped up her chin with her hand. Looking at him, she asked, "Why didn't you tell me you came back?"

A friend? Dalton smirked slightly. Loosening his collar with one hand, he gracefully smiled. "I just got off the plane. I didn't have time to tell you."

As he spoke, his gaze landed on Abel. "Kid, can you return my girlfriend to me yet?" Dalton's tone was calm and seemingly polite. Yet, his gaze exuded a strong sense of intimidation.

Particularly when he looked down upon Abel like that, his eyes gleamed with a chilling darkness, emanating the kind of dignity that would tolerate no disrespect.

Abel gulped, feeling inexplicably intimidated. "Have a seat. Please, have a seat!" This man was terrifying!

Before Abel left, he stole a glance at Dalton's wrist. There, he noticed beads encircling Dalton's flawless skin. Who would wear beaded bracelets, especially in such a sinister hue?

Wynter raised an eyebrow, wondering why Abel was so timid. Dalton was pretty good-looking and amiable. She only had a problem with the way he addressed her.

"Next time, don't bring that up in public," Wynter whispered.

Dalton's fingers paused in mid-air. His tone remained calm as he replied, "We'll see."

The other students had already stopped paying attention to those details. Dalton's "Can you return my girlfriend to me yet" remark was simply too awesome.

"When did Wynter get herself such a rich boyfriend?"

“I don’t know, but wow, he’s really handsome! His looks are exquisite!”

“He’s probably just playing around. How could someone of his background fall for Wynter?”

Chapter 222 Can You Return My Girlfriend to Me Yet

However, Dalton simply sat beside Wynter and unpacked the lunchbox he prepared, effortlessly evoking envy from onlookers.

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“I dare say, if it were anyone else, they wouldn’t stand a chance. Wynter is just too beautiful.

They complemented each other well, one exuded tranquility and composure, while the other radiated beauty and charisma.

Despite their ordinary interaction, they seemed like a pair who would have a passionate connection if they were truly a couple. Some students blushed as they watched them, while others were unable to look away.

Behind them, Max’s expression shifted dramatically. He wondered if his boss and the genius doctor were really together.

If they were merely in a contractual relationship, Dalton was playing his role with an unusual level of detail. However, if they weren’t, then why hadn’t Dalton disclosed his identity to the genius doctor yet?

Not to mention, if the group of Kingbourne socialites who were Dalton’s admirers stumbled

upon

this scene, it

it would definitely lead to a big fight.

In the past, everyone in that circle got along well because Dalton never gave them the chance to get close to him.

However, now that Dalton had the genius doctor, Max wondered how Wynter was supposed to go against the socialites. Max had more worries than he did about his own love life.

Abel moved to Max’s table. Even though he tried his best to hold back, he eventually blurted out, “Your boss?”

Through broken Scandonese, Max responded, “Yes, you should advise

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Before Max could finish his sentence about him advising Wynter against the folly of love, Abel gave him a thumbs up.

“Your boss is a brave man for pursuing Wynter. It’s hard to comment, but I wish him success!”

Max was dumbfounded, thinking he must have lost his ability to understand Scandonese.

Chapter 223 Mr. Yarwood Can’t Keep His Jealousy In Check

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Chapter 223 Mr. Yarwood **Can’t** Keep His Jealousy In Check

Inside the spacious canteen, Wynter bit into her meat stew while Dalton, seated beside her, watched. It seemed his presence was solely to deliver her meal.

Nothing else seemed to matter to him, not even the flurry of attention from the female students who gathered to watch.

He merely raised an eyebrow at them and occasionally cleared his throat, appearing distant and unapproachable.

Only Wynter could get close to him. “You’re not eating?”

“I have a business lunch later.” Dalton was unlike the surrounding students. With an air of dignified grace, he stood out distinctly, his presence commanding attention.

On his phone, Dalton started recording a voice message. He spoke in Frenese, and it sounded enamoring to the ears.

Seeing that Dalton was busy, Wynter focused on her meal instead. She much preferred the meat stew, chipotle chicken, and prawn croquettes that he had brought.

Since Dalton had a weaker stomach, drinking soup was better for him. Thinking of this, Wynter passed him her tomato soup and nodded at it.

Still on the phone, Dalton smiled and took a couple of sips from her spoon. Their interaction was natural and intimate as Dalton continued recording his voice messages in Frenese, discussing business matters.

Wynter found it impossible to interject. Giving up, she decided to not make a big deal out of

1. it.

Max, on the other hand, was gobsmacked. Deep in thought, he finally made up his mind and quietly took a photo of the two. With a determined heart, he sent it to Theo.

Dalton noticed that Wynter was almost done with her meal. He got up and looked at the time. "What time is your exam later?"

"Soon." Wynter was satisfied with her meal, grinning. "The shrimp croquette was fried to perfection."

Max muttered to himself, "How could it not be? The Michelin chef is still outside waiting."

Dalton, however, chuckled. His intent was clear when he said, "It's not even close to the medicinal food you make."

Chapter 023 Mr Vavood Can Keep the dealoney to Check

"Come visit the clinic. I'll return the favor then," Wynter responded nonchalantly

Dalton agreed before asking, "Are **you** nervous?"

"Huh?" Wynter didn't immediately catch on

"About your exams," Dalton clarified.

Wynter was left speechless. Was it supposed to be in her character to be nervous? "Not really." Wynter massaged her neck, looking charming while doing so. "I should be able to perform well."

Dalton smiled. "No need to feel pressured. With your skills, it's alright even if you flunk." "Thanks. That's very comforting," Wynter muttered to herself sarcastically.

It seemed like her image as a mediocre student had left a deep impression. Even her smartest patient had fallen for it.

While she was mocking herself, Dalton suddenly pulled her into a polite hug, untimely and unexpected.

He pulled her lightly into his arms. It was a

She caught a whiff of the pleasant medicinal aroma emanating from him, an oddly intoxicating scent.

"I'm still your boyfriend, even if it's just for show." His deep voice was pleasant to her ears. "You don't seem to have reservations around that kid."

Dalton figured out that Wynter actually treated those close to her differently, despite her seemingly aloof demeanor. This subtle distinction was especially hard to notice since it was reflected in small gestures and details.

Victor and Abel shared the same last name, but she was much friendlier to Abel. She didn't refuse when Abel put food on her plate, and she even commended him previously.

Dalton shifted his gaze back to the innocent-looking Abel, betraying no emotion. "He's too immature. He doesn't suit you."

Dalton straightened up, appearing frustrated. Although he maintained a friendly tone, it lacked warmth. "You might have had bad taste in men when you were younger, but you should know better as you mature."

Chapter 224 Only Wynter Was Affected After That Day

How dare Dalton mock her taste in men again? Wynter was not going to let him put her down. She was about to say something when she noticed him staring at Abel.

Wynter finally understood and smiled. "You think I'm interested in Abel?"

Dalton looked at her silently, his gaze unfathomable.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "You don't like Abel?"

"The Lopez family raised their children well," Dalton answered indirectly.

Wynter chuckled. "So you don't like him? Abel is a kind man. He's naive and full of youthful energy."

"Oh?" A smirk played at the corners of Dalton's mouth. Yet, the frostiness exuding from him intensified.

Wynter didn't mince her words. "I simply regard him as a younger brother."

'A younger brother?' Dalton thought to himself. As he pondered over the meaning of her words, the cloud of darkness shrouding his gaze disappeared.

Dalton had acted out of character. He blamed it on the scene he encountered upon walking through those doors, nearly causing him to lose his composure.

It appeared like he would have to pay an early visit to the chapel. The beaded bracelet on his wrist, seemingly attuned to his thoughts, darkened in color in response.

"Oh, by the way." Wynter seemed to have remembered something and whispered, that day..."

Dalton raised an eyebrow. "What about it?"

"After

"It's nothing," Wynter said, lost in thought. It seemed like it only affected her and not him. She was now sure about it—there was something unusual about his blood. Wynter looked up at him. "Let's get you a blood test some other day."

Dalton flashed her a restrained smile. "Alright."

It puzzled Max greatly that their relationship sometimes felt distant, resembling merely that of a doctor and patient.

Wynter still had to take her exams in the afternoon, so Dalton left her to her own devices. He even arranged an SUV for her to rest in.

Chapter 224 Only Wynter Was Affected After That Day

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The butler arranged to look after Wynter's needs took his job seriously. He plated up fruits, snacks, and tea for her beautifully.

What mattered the most was that the SUV was spacious. It was the type of SUV commonly used by celebrities, offering exceptional comfort and privacy. Folding down the back seat would turn it into a bed.

Wynter rested in the SUV while two bodyguards and a butler stood outside. The service was so good that Abel had nothing left to offer.

Abel told Victor about this, "Wynter's boyfriend is taking care of her. She doesn't need me."

"Boyfriend?" Victor was puzzled. He swept a gaze over to them and froze. "Mr. Yarwood?" Victor exclaimed to himself.

Abel was still oblivious to the situation. "Grandpa, what's wrong?" Didn't he say he was going to see Wynter? Why was he just standing there?

"Watch your words next time!" Victor had turned around to face Abel and rebuked him sternly, "What do you mean boyfriend? That man is Wynter's patient. He's not your ordinary person.

"If you spread such baseless rumors again, I'll make sure you won't be able to talk again!"

That man was Dalton Yarwood for God's sake! Abel must have been crazy to spread such baseless rumors!

Abel muttered to himself, "Rumors? The man said it himself."

"Old stickler! He must think it would be detrimental to Wynter's reputation to have a boyfriend at her young age." But Abel chose not to expose his old man's thoughts..

Victor, on the other hand, couldn't calm down. If Dalton himself was willing to travel to their secluded school to be treated by Wynter, that meant that once Wynter passed her exams, even more important figures would be visiting!

The more Victor thought about it, the more excited he became, urging the invigilators to set

up

their schedules well.

well.

Meanwhile, inside the SUV parked under the shade of the trees, Wynter heard a man giving out orders softly before drifting to sleep. It was already 1:50 p.m. when she woke up.

The butler prepared a basin of water for her to freshen **up** before passing her a freshly brewed Americano. The aroma of coffee always helped to clear minds.

"Where is he?" Wynter asked casually while sipping on her coffee.

Chapter 225 Theo Found Out That Dalton Is Dating

The butler answered politely, "Dr. Genlus, Mr. Yarwood is currently in a meeting. He mentioned that you can call him on his private number once you wake up. He'll make sure to

answer.

"That won't be necessary I won't disturb his meeting" Wynter continued with a smile, "I'm leaving to take my exams now. Thank you for the coffee. It's very good"

The butler smiled. "It's my pleasure to serve you." He found it remarkable that the genius doctor remained this calm and composed even after being cared for so attentively by Dalton.

Wynter arrived at the examination hall five minutes early. She was usually less sharp during afternoon exams. But since she had rested exceptionally well, she answered the questions even faster than she did in the morning session.

By 4:00 p.m., Wynter had submitted the papers for all of her subjects. The invigilators had been waiting for her to finish her last question.

After collecting the papers, Victor announced over the PA system that Wynter's results would be posted on the bulletin board the next morning and that interested students could head over there to check.

Meanwhile, Theo had received Max's message.

He had been contemplating how to gracefully decline the persistent advances from esteemed families seeking marriage alliances. Thus, Max's message came as a delightful surprise.

Looking down at his phone, he announced calmly, "I really can't do anything about it. It's because my grandson is already taken."

"He's taken?"

At a prestigious banquet in Kingbourne, a frenzy erupted among the attendees.

"Since when did Mr. Yarwood start dating?"

"It must be a lie. How could Mr. Yarwood... He even broke off the engagement with the Quinnells."

"Mr. Yarwood Senior said it himself. He can't be lying!"

As the socialites whispered among themselves, their discussions gradually reached Naomi's

Chapter 225 Theo Found Out That Dalton Is Dating

ears.

Naomi had come with Lydia. Both of them were dressed in formal gowns. Yet, their styles were starkly different. They were holding hands as their conversations were interspersed by laughter.

Showing no sign of her previous haughtiness in Southdale, Naomi appeared pure and innocent as she stood next to Lydia. When she heard about the news, her bright eyes

dimmed.

"It's Naomi, stop talking."

There wasn't a single lady from a prestigious family who wasn't interested in the young head of the Yarwood family. However, none of them dared to act on their feelings.

Despite being of the same age, Dalton always seemed unattainable. There were hardly any ladies like Naomi. She was just like an innocent *lad*

and her crush was an open secret to

everyone.

Seeing her upset, Lydia felt bad for her and patted her shoulder gently. "Don't overthink it. I know Dalton well. He would never let any girl get close to him." Being in a romantic relationship especially was out of the question.

Naomi felt a strong sense of unease, but she couldn't rush things. She bit her lip and said, "It's okay if he's in a relationship. I'm fine as long as I can watch him from afar."

"I- I don't expect him to notice me either." The more Naomi put it that way, the more others felt sorry for her.

The other socialites expressed their willingness to help her. Compared to an "unknown" person who popped out of nowhere, they would definitely stand by Naomi's side.

At the very least, she was the Quinnells' little princess. They didn't even know who the other party was.

However, Lydia frowned at this, keeping her thoughts to herself. If Dalton had really gotten himself a girlfriend, then he must have chosen her himself. Nothing could influence his decision, except for his preferences.

She had been rooting for Naomi because Dalton was single then. But if he was truly in a relationship now, it wouldn't be appropriate for Naomi to continue with her behavior.

It was one thing to have a crush, but it was another to pine after someone else's man.

Yet, from everyone's reaction, it appeared like they hadn't realized their wrong behavior. How could they continue backing Naomi and belittle a girl they hadn't even met? It was truly strange...

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Chapter 226 Wynter Values Her Career Over Men

Meanwhile, Wynter had just completed her exams, unaware that she had become the center of attention among the elite socialites of Kingbourne

After all, it was practically impossible for their worlds to collide. Wynter was a CATERE oriented woman and placed greater value on financial success than on dating

As soon **as** Wynter exited the examination hall, she got back into the SUV where Larry went over the details of the acquisition with her.

“We can lower the price a little more.” Wynter then drew a circle as she continued, “Reta in the Yates Group’s operations manager, Zoey Simmons, and fire everyone else.”

Larry nodded in response. “I’ll make the necessary arrangements.”

“There’s no rush.” Still seated in the car, Wynter rested her chin on her hand and fiddled with her purple sugilite pendant.

“You can make your move once Ewan is out of options.”

Before long, her words manifested. The Yates Group plunged into a full-blown crisis. Yesterday, it was their partners who turned their backs. Today, even the four major banks refused to extend them loans.

Instead, loan sharks came knocking, which troubled Ewan deeply. “You’ve fallen from grace, but you’re still trying to act like the president? Please, even beggars **won’t** spare you a second look.”

“Get lost!”

Ewan’s ashtray was smashed into pieces. To make matters worse, the cleaners kept pressing for their wages, and the finance department could only respond with a sneer.

“Wages? Even we’re not getting paid, let alone you guys!”

With Margaret sidelined, the talents of the Yates Group had all left the company, leaving only Zoey persisting bitterly.

She stormed into Ewan’s office. “Returning the management rights to Madam Margaret is the best course of action to appease the public now.

Ewan flew into a rage at her words. “Never! The Yates Group belongs to me! She refused to relinquish control when she was younger. Even on her deathbed, she still won’t let up? Dream on!”

Zoey took a deep breath. “You’re not going to return it? Are you just going to watch the Yates Group go bankrupt? What about the employees who have been with the company for over a decade?”

“They can do whatever they want!” Ewan continued ominously, “Zoey Simmons, I know you’ve always been dissatisfied with

me. My mom valued you the most as her successor at the time. Keeping you in the company was her way of going against me!"

Clutching her employee ID tightly, Zoey snapped, "You and Madam Margaret are incomparable! If it wasn't for the sake of the Yates Group, I would have left long ago! But now, I quit! I'm done serving you!"

All the effort Zoey had put into business discussions and attending business dinners over the years had all gone down the drain thanks to that good-for-nothing, ungrateful scoundrel. With Zoey's departure, the Yates Group lost its final hope

Ewan thought about asking Yvette for the 2,000 thousand back first, but he couldn't reach her on the phone. He told himself that she must have missed his calls because she was still

in class.

Ewan was feeling at a loss when someone **from** Welkin Corporation suddenly called. "Mr. Hilton is willing to spare you a few minutes to hear you out."

"Thank you very much! I'll be right over!" Before Ewan could get up, he heard Larry's voice on the other end of the call.

"That won't be necessary. We can talk over the phone. I have other meetings to attend to."

Feeling the pressure, Ewan stuttered as he spoke. Little did he know that he was actually dealing with Wynter, and Larry was merely conveying her intentions.

"The Yates Group is saddled with debt exceeding 100 million dollars. We simply cannot afford to help out." Ewan's heart sank at this.

"However," Larry continued impassively, "we'll consider an acquisition."

Ewan's expression lit up. "That works too! I'm willing to sell!"

Back in the car, with one hand propping her cheek, Wynter's eyes grew cold. Chapter 27 Aced

Ewan couldn't believe his ears.

"50 thousand dollars?" he blurted out, stunned. "Mr. Tilton, I run such a large company, and you're only offering me fifty thousand dollars?"

Larry shrugged indifferently. "Not Interested? Sult yourself." With that, Larry abruptly ended the call, leaving Ewan feeling utterly confused.

Ewan had spent the whole day reaching out to all the influential families he knew. But not one of them was willing to give him the time of day.

It was the first time Ewan had felt the gut-wrenching feeling of hitting rock bottom. The satisfaction he had felt when he ousted Margaret was now replaced with deep discomfort.

Having been used to everyone addressing him as "Mr. Yates", Ewan suddenly lost everything overnight.

Feeling overwhelmed by the pressure, especially with debts looming and over a hundred employees waiting for their pay, Ewan quickly called Larry again, saying, "50 thousand, Mr. Hilton!

"I'm ready to sell! But I need to sign the deal right now!"

With each day that went by, Ewan felt the weight of his problems piling up. Taking the money and leaving seemed like the smartest choice.

He could go find Yvette in Kingbourne. With his abilities, Ewan was confident he could make a fresh start and succeed in Kingbourne.

Inside the car, Larry glanced over at Wynter. With a nonchalant smirk, Wynter said, "Just say yes."

Taking her advice, Larry said over the phone, "Alright, bring all the documents to the Chamber of Commerce building."

Ewan was in no mood to wait around. As soon as the call ended, he hit the road. The SUV conveniently stopped at the end of the alley.

Who would've guessed that after finishing her exam, Wynter would end up acquiring a company on her way home? Entering the clinic, she remained casually indifferent as usual.

Margaret asked about her exam and how difficult it was.

Wynter chuckled. "I think I did pretty well."

Chapter 227 Aced

Margaret visibly let out a sigh of relief but ended up burning the fish while cooking that evening's dinner. Wolf, who hadn't been home for dinner in a while, frowned as he ate.

At the school, the grading teachers sat together in a group. To ensure fairness, they kept surveillance cameras running throughout the process.

As they took turns grading papers, they usually didn't encounter any issues with scoring.

However, the accuracy was unusually high. It was so impressive that Ivana, one of the graders, couldn't help but pause and take a deep breath.

"I have to ask, has Wynter made any mistakes up to this point?"

"Not in math!"

"And not in Emstian either!"

"Her handwriting in language arts is a bit messy, so she might lose points for presentation. And there's a spelling mistake in the recitation section, which seems like a careless error, but then—"

Ivana interrupted, "So, apart from some minor issues in language arts, she hasn't made any mistakes in other subjects?"

The office fell silent. The teachers suddenly grasped the significance of this revelation. They were almost done grading the papers, with only the final major questions in each subject

left.

If Wynter hadn't made any mistakes even in those major questions... The grading teachers exchanged glances. Their excitement was clearly written all over their faces.

It was pure enjoyment. They each

at first, it felt like working overtime. But now, it was pure joy. They continued to review the answers.

The language arts teacher tried to speak, but the math teacher cut in. "Full marks! Wynter aced math! No, she's even better than perfect! She even got the bonus question right!"

The Emstian teacher stayed quiet, but her beaming face said it all. She'd been rooting for Wynter all along, and now her eyes practically sparkled with joy.

As the language arts teacher kept going on about Wynter's handwriting, everyone else ignored him. They were grabbing their phones to call Victor. They couldn't afford to let such a promising student like Wynter slip away.

After Karina failed to mentor her properly and the unjust way she treated Wynter, they were committed to giving Wynter the recognition she deserved.

He wouldn't care the slightest about a business he didn't establish.

As Wynter raised her hand slightly, Larry responded immediately, "50 thousand."

Chapter 228 Top Scorer

On this particular day, Victor just couldn't sleep well. He approached Abel for a chat. "Do you think Wynter will pass?"

Abel, visibly tormented, replied, "Grandpa, you've asked me this like ten times already. Yeah, she'll pass!"

Victor couldn't shake his worries. "Did I perhaps set the bar too high with a CGPA of 3.5? Your brother didn't even score that much."

Abel, stifling a yawn, quipped, "Grandpa, you can't exactly compare Quinton to Wynter."

Quinton was left speechless. Quinton remained defiant, his voice cold, "Grandpa, I just don't understand why you're standing up for her."

"Yeah, they both share the last name. But compare Yvette's grades to Wynter's. It's not just about being at the bottom. Wynter cheats too!"

"Remember how she confidently copied answers to those tough questions? She's not even afraid of getting caught."

"Shut up!" Victor exploded in anger. "If I ever hear you spouting this nonsense again, you're out of the Lopez family!"

Quinton stood his ground. "We've all seen how she treated Yvette before, acting all different behind closed doors. Right, Abel?"

"Don't drag me into this." Abel quickly waved off. "I barely know Yvette."

Quinton couldn't figure it out. "Abel, why do you always seem to have a problem with Yvette? Don't you see how talented she is? She's already treating patients in Kingbourne."

"Uh-huh," Abel replied half-heartedly. When it came to treating patients, he firmly believed that no one could compare to his boss.

Even though Wynter hadn't replied to his messages in ages, she definitely wasn't someone Yvette could match up to.

Victor had never looked this serious as he warned, "Stay away from Yvette."

Quinton felt annoyed. He couldn't believe his brother and grandfather couldn't seem to see people for who they really were.

Adding to his frustration, Yvette had raised the question in the group chat about whether the Lopez family needed her to facilitate connections in Kingbourne. Now they were all up

Chapter 228 top scorer

late, waiting for Wynter's results.

Quinton wasn't even interested in the whole thing and was about to leave when, out of nowhere, the phone on the table started ringing.

As Quinton was about to leave, he couldn't help but overhear Victor's anxious tone as he answered Ivana's call, "Hello, Ms. Kowalski, **it's** me. How did she do? I can handle it, just tell

me...

Suddenly, Victor's voice boomed, "What did you say?"

"Except for language arts and history, she aced everything else!" Ivana spoke rapidly.

"Mr. Lopez, you've got to figure out a way to keep Wynter. She's not just the top scorer in our city but in our whole state! "She could easily aim for a top university!" Ivana exclaimed excitedly.

Victor braced himself against the table, taking a deep breath. If Wynter aced it again this time, then last time... it wasn't just luck!

He realized that Wynter had always had this talent. She just kept it hidden. As Victor pondered this, his hands trembled slightly. If that were the case, their school would be on the brink of something incredible!

They wouldn't have to worry about next year's admissions at all. Even though they were a vocational school, having the top scorer at the state level was a big deal.

Despite Victor's expertise, especially in the medical field, nurturing a top academic achiever like Wynter would make his lifetime worth it.

Quinton observed his grandfather's struggle to speak and knew immediately that Wynter had messed up.

It was pretty obvious. Wynter could only practice medicine online. There was no way she could achieve a CGPA of 3.5. Quinton scoffed and sent a message to Yvette.

"She messed up the exam. The old man is probably figuring out how to cover for her now."

"I should have shared my notes with Wynter."

te, you're too kind. Even if you share them with her, she won't understand a thing."

Chapter 229 Family Reunion In the Mountains

When Yvette received the message in Kingbourne, she finally felt a sense of relief. She noticed Ewan's missed call in her inbox, but she had no desire to respond. The profit from the Empathy Clinic was too promising to ignore.

Coincidentally, her family in the mountains was once again asking for money. Compared to Ewan, her true family were the real bloodsuckers, especially since they knew her secrets. Yvette couldn't keep ignoring them.

Fanny's voice sounded urgent over the phone. "Yvette, when are you going to meet us? People are asking about that girl again in the village. Your father and I can't keep living in fear. Why don't you come to the village and take us away?"

Yvette's mind raced. "Mom, I remember the village chief's son has been looking for a wife." Bringing up this topic made Fanny uneasy. "But you were not keen on marriage, and now he's taken an interest in you."

Yvette chuckled softly. "Mom, he's simply drawn to beauty. You underestimate how striking your supposed daughter truly is."

"Really?" Fanny's interest was piqued. "Then what about-"

Yvette interrupted her. "If this marriage truly materializes, with the village chief supporting our family, no one will dare to meddle in our affairs. You'll be able to hold your head high in town. And as for Gary, he'll have good job prospects too."

“But your father and I are still keen on going to the city,” Fanny admitted bluntly. “Gary mentioned the villas there are luxurious!”

Yvette sighed deeply. “I did want to bring you all to the city as well. But now, the Yates family is bankrupt. Aunt Wanda has been imprisoned, and Uncle Ewan is hiding away. Even debt collectors are coming after me. I’m afraid I’ll only drag you down.”

“Is that so?” Fanny was shocked. “But everything was fine...”

Yvette put on a sorrowful expression. “That’s just how it is in the city. It’s full of uncertainties. There’s nothing like the peace and stability we have in the countryside.”

Fanny’s expression shifted decisively as she heard this. “Yvette, you’re absolutely right. You take care of yourself. Your father and I will head to the city soon!”

“Alright. Given that she’s now a wealthy streamer, she shouldn’t be hard to locate,” Yvette said with a sly smile. “**Just** search for the Empathy Clinic.”

Chapter 229 Family Reunion in the Mountains

“A streamer? Oh, she’s one of those popular internet celebrities we often see, isn’t she? She’s really something!” Fanny exclaimed. In this era of the Internet, Fanny was no stranger to popular platforms.

Yvette lowered her gaze. “Yes, she’s quite impressive.” Yvette truly hoped they would suck her dry, and preferably, dispose of her altogether.

Despite Yvette’s disdain for her biological family, she occasionally found herself

begrudgingly admiring their cunning tactics. Once Wynter reached the mountains, there would be no escape for her.

As the night deepened outside the window, Margaret remained unaware of Wynter’s perfect exam score. She had awakened several times during the night, eagerly anticipating the dawn of the new day.

Finally, the rooster crowed, and Wolf trembled in fear in the corner.

Margaret didn’t even bother making breakfast. Instead, she borrowed a senior mobility scooter from Susan and intended to accompany Wynter to school to check her grades.

Following Wynter’s past habits, a text notification would suffice. There was no need for her to personally rise early.

Standing by Wynter’s bed, Margaret watched her with a fond smile, while Wolf tried to imitate her.

“You all must be nervous for my correspondence college entrance examination,” Wynter teased lightly as she revved up the electric scooter and zoomed away.

The school building was swarmed with students, all eagerly anticipating the announcement of the test results.

Chapter 230 The Astonishing Scores

“Why haven’t they announced the results yet?” a student impatiently inquired.

“Could it be that the scores were too low and difficult to grade?” another speculated.

“How ridiculous was it for her to ask you to kneel and apologize earlier?” someone teased.

“Country folks love to boast, and now she’s even brought her smelly grandmother along,” remarked another.

When Margaret heard the last comment, her eyes dimmed slightly. Wynter, on the other hand, glanced at the taunting group with a chilling smile playing on her lips.

Just then, someone shouted, “Ms. Kowalski is here!”

Ivana was the teacher responsible for grading the papers. To quiet the crowd, she promptly posted the results along with the test papers on the bulletin board. In an instant, even the air seemed to still.

As the students gazed at the scores, their eyes widened in disbelief. Every subject had a perfect score, just as it did last time, except for one language subject.

“Is this even possible?” someone exclaimed.

Quinton was also present, and upon witnessing the results himself, he was rendered speechless.

He turned to glance at Wynter, who stood beside Margaret. In an instant, embarrassment flushed across his face. However, Wynter didn’t even spare him a glance.

Margaret, being too short to see the bulletin board, couldn’t make out what was posted. Yet, when she overheard someone mentioning a perfect score, she turned to Wynter in astonishment. “My dear, am I hearing correctly?” she asked.

“You should be. I didn’t slack off this time,” Wynter replied with a faint smile. “You wanted me to perform normally, didn’t you?”

After those words were uttered, a tense silence filled the air, leaving everyone wondering what she meant. Could they interpret it as her insinuating that her previous low scores were due to laziness?

The students were stunned into silence by the revelation.

Meanwhile, Wynter lifted the score sheet and placed it in Margaret's hands. "Grandma, I told you I could do it," she said confidently.

Chapter 230 The Astonishing Scores

Tears shimmered in Margaret's eyes as she gazed at the impressive scores, feeling as though she were dreaming.

Margaret's words came out in a jumble as she tenderly caressed Wynter's hair. "M—my dear, let's go home. I'll make you something delicious!"

At that moment, no one dared to complain about the medicinal scent emanating from them.

Wynter scanned the crowd and said indifferently, "Whoever who just accused me of boasting, come forward. It's time for an apology."

Angela and her clique, who were attempting to flee, paused in their tracks. The other students made room for them to come forward, leaving them with no choice but to stay.

Angela and her clique were notorious for bullying others. They often mocked girls for being overweight or poor.

However, no one dared to challenge Angela's authority as she flaunted her status from the esteemed Shepherd family. People like Wynter, who stood up to her without hesitation,

were rare.

The classmates were concerned about Wynter's situation. They exchanged glances and hesitated on whether or not to lend a hand.

"Wynter, you've gone too far!" one of Angela's friends objected, jabbing her finger in Wynter's direction.

With a swift twist of her wrist, Wynter elicited a yelp of pain from Angela's friend.

Despite supporting Margaret with her left hand, Wynter flawlessly executed a kick that was both graceful and impactful, her long hair streaming behind her in the wind as the kick connected.

"You talk too much," she said nonchalantly.

The girl whose hand was twisted winced in pain.

Angela screamed, "Do you even know who I am, Wynter!"

"I'm not interested to know," Wynter replied casually.

Angela glared at her fiercely. "You've crossed the line, Wynter! The Shepherd family will make you regret this!"

"Oh," Wynter responded disinterestedly. "So *you*

trying to weasel out of apologizing.

You've got quite thick skin." Wynter's words had a knack for getting under people's skin.

Chapter 230 The Astonist

Angela's chest heaved with frustration. To make it worse, she had to endure the stares of their surrounding classmates.

At that moment, she wished she could vanish into thin air. She was so overwhelmed by embarrassment that she covered her face as she fled,