

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 271

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Chapter 271 Fanny's Backers

Fanny recounted somewhat apprehensively, "Dickson and I wanted to sell you off as quickly as we could, but that thing around your neck

was an eyesore.

"We couldn't find a buyer. That sugilite pot glowed and had an engraving on its back."

The engraving was a single word, but it meant neither wealth nor good fortune. It was "soul". No one would dare to acquire something

like that, much less keep it.

Shuddering, Fanny continued, "I had an elder in our village take a look at the thing around your neck. He told me it was made from something deep under the earth.

"He claimed that it was cursed and told us to get rid of it quickly. That included getting rid of you too.

"Dickson and I abandoned you out of fear. We later sold the pendant to Mr. Rathbone, a jewelry collector in Southdale."

Mr. Rathbone, Southdale. Wynter stroked her chin as she considered this information. "What about that landslide that year?"

"Dickson and I ran off after we swapped you with the Yates' daughter,

Fanny said. Fear flashed in her eyes when she met Wynter's gaze."

We thought you were the cause of the landslide.

"After we got to the town, we found out that no one died in the landslide. There were only a few injured, but that was about it.

"As for you, you were mistaken for the Yates' daughter and taken away" away."

Wynter lowered her gaze. "So where did you kidnap me from?"

"Kingbourne, of course," Fanny replied. She paused in hesitation and asked, "I mean, isn't your brother..."

"My brother?" Wynter's eyes narrowed.

"The man you rescued from the cellar, he's..." Fanny broke off as realization dawned upon her.

Her eyes widened. "You tricked me! You don't remember anything from when you were young!"

Wynter didn't deny this as she rose to her feet. True to her intelligence and with the help of Fanny's story, she had already figured out her identity. In that case, Ryan's behavior earlier made sense.

It was medically discouraged for siblings to donate blood to each other because their blood was too similar. That was why Wynter's blood couldn't be used for Elliot's transfusion.

Blood from closely related or immediate family could lead to the recipient's white blood cells attacking the recipient's lymphatic cells. This might result in serious complications and put the recipient's life in danger.

Wynter clutched her pendant. Her beautiful face was impassive. After so long, she turned out to be a daughter of the Quinnell family in Kingbourne.

It wasn't as if she hadn't guessed it. She had a feeling that might be true after coming to Paradise Village. Now that she had her answer, she didn't feel any differently about things.

When the Yates first kicked her out of their home, Wynter thought her real parents were living in a village somewhere.

She had planned on making big bucks so that she and her family could thrive together, but that dream was long gone. The sugilite

charm was the only lead she had left.

Wynter didn't know why the memories were coming back all of a sudden. When she first saw Fanny in Southdale, certain images surfaced in her mind. Now, she finally found the missing links that had kept her from seeing the full picture.

However, there was still something Wynter couldn't figure out. She leaned forward and whispered into Fanny's ear, "You strike me as the money-grubbing type. You could have made a small fortune if you'd just told the Quinnells my whereabouts.

"So why didn't you tell them the truth instead of giving them false clues?"

"I- I was worried about getting caught," Fanny stammered.

She avoided Wynter's gaze as she continued, "Our livelihood would have been cut off if someone could just walk up to us and ask about

their kid's whereabouts.

"It would be fine if they were from the county. But if word got out, then we could get caught if someone simply did some digging. I doubt anyone would let us off the hook. So I kept quiet about this."

Analytical as ever, Wynter mused, "When was the last time you didn't

risk something for money, Fanny? Fear would never stop you from taking the Quinnell's money.

"I can only think of one good reason why you kept my whereabouts a secret from them. Someone offered you more money."

Fanny shuddered.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 272 It's Me Wynter

Wynter asked slowly, "Who was it?"

"I... I don't know." Fanny looked terrified as her gaze darted from left to right. "I can't say it, not to anyone. It'll be the end of me!"

Wynter observed Fanny's frantic state and incoherent muttering. The symptoms seemed familiar. At the thought of this, Wynter reached out to take Fanny's pulse. It was beating erratically.

Wynter grabbed Fanny by the jaw and forced Fanny to meet her gaze.

Her expression darkened as she asked, "Has someone hypnotized you before?"

"It'll be the end of me." Fanny began to slap herself like she had gone insane. "Keep your m*uth shut! Keep your m*uth shut!"

The next second, she broke down sobbing. "Yvette, you're my only hope. You have to do well in medicine. Once you graduate, I can

with you in the big city."

She clutched Wynter's hand. "Yvette, did you buy your brother a house like you promised? I knew I could depend on you. You're much better than that useless daughter of mine!"

Wynter stiffened at this information. "You have a daughter?"

"I had a hard time conceiving, and childbirth was rough. I had a daughter in the end, but what good was that?" Fanny muttered.

She then stared at Wynter, belligerent. "How did I only end up with a

daughter? She was a curse to me, and she was sick all the time. I decided she was better off dead and smothered her.

"I must have a boy this time!" She looked around wildly and grabbed a pillow, raising it. "Look, Dickson! It's a boy!"

Seeing this, Wynter knew she wouldn't get any more answers out of Fanny. Such was the ugly truth of Paradise Village, and Wynter could do nothing to change it. The whole reason she came here was to

reveal its true colors to the world.

This was why young women had to be educated and be brave enough to broaden their horizons. They had to know there was a bigger world

out there.

No soul should be trapped in the depths of these mountains, hidden from the real world. At least Wynter's trip here had been meaningful.

She had ended up saving someone's life.

As for the spell that had been put on Fanny, Wynter figured that a

local tribe could have been behind it. Perhaps it was the Mesano

Tribe, who was known for practicing witchcraft in this day and ag

Her long fingers drummed against the edge of her bed, a telltale sign of her pondering. It was expensive to engage a voodoo master at this

time and age. For someone to use voodoo on Fanny, the person must have been desperate to keep Wynter's identity a secret.

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A smile curled on Wynter's lips. It was easy enough to find out who would do something like that.

However, with so many interests to consider, the most important one was to find the sugilite charm. It was either that or seek out the old man under the bridge. Wynter thought the latter option was the more practical one.

She lowered her gaze and typed out a text before sending it out.

Meanwhile, Abel was gnawing on his pencil.

Victor had gotten into his head that Abel and his brother had to work to attain the same results before they could leave the house. Until then, they had to go over Wynter's papers and copy her work.

Just as Abel was losing hope, a familiar beep that he hadn't heard in a while sounded through the room. "Crap, it's Boss!"

He bolted upright and quickly typed his replies in quick succession.

"You finally texted, Boss! Do you have any idea how much I've missed you?"

"If you hadn't texted me, I'd have thought you'd abandoned me.

"I met someone the other day who spoke just like you. I was so spooked that I nearly called her 'Boss' too!"

Wynter decided to cut him off before he could go on his usual texting spree.

She sent him a voice note. "Help me find a jewelry collector in

Southdale. His last name is Rathbone, and he probably operates through the black market.”

When Abel listened to the voice note for the first time, he hadn't noticed anything amiss.

On his second listen, though, he realized that Boss' voice was not modulated. If anything, he thought the voice sounded oddly familiar.

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But just as he began to wonder if he was imagining it, Wynter sent him another voice note. “You didn't imagine it. It's me, Wynter.”

Chapter 273 Abel's Boss Dr. Miracle

Abel's phone cluttered to the floor as his jaw dropped open. All the things he had said to Wynter before suddenly crossed his mind.

He recalled their first meeting when he had treated her like a little sister. He even told Xavier and the others that he would always have Wynter's back.

He remembered the amused look on Wynter's face as she smiled at that comment. The memories made his knees buckle.

He never expected Boss to be someone close to him. If anything, he imagined Boss to be an elite who presided over a business empire from an upscale office.

However, the person he had been working for all this while turned out to be younger than him.

Not only that, she was so pretty that she should have been an actress instead of a doctor. She also happened to be what the Shepherds called a “false heiress”.

There was an intense roaring in Abel's head as he processed this new information. He bent over to pick up his phone and began typing

furiously.

Wynter did not give him the chance to ask questions. "Find Rathbone, pronto," came her order.

Was it true? Was Boss and Wynter the same person? Wynter's response was confirmation enough,

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Abel shot to his feet. It was no wonder he had felt a chill down his spine when she told him of her identity earlier. He owed that to

instinctive fear.

When Victor saw the dazed look on Abel's face, he thought the latter was slacking and nearly slapped some senses into him.

At the sight of Victor, Abel threw his arms around him and exclaimed, "You're brilliant, old man! You've got an eye for talent, I'll give you that! I can't believe the Shepherds lost out on a treasure like this! Haha!"

Indeed, if the Shepherds found out that they had called off their son's engagement to Dr. Miracle herself, they would likely kick themselves.

The more Abel thought about it, the more excited he got. He couldn't imagine how Wynter had kept her identity a secret despite all the mockery and humiliation she had put up with.

If it were him, he would have tattooed "I'm Dr. Miracle" across his forehead and swaggered through the streets.

He finally understood why Wynter never liked going to class. A genius like her did not need formal classes!

Abel began to see how Wynter operated. "Grandpa, you should educate your students based on their strengths, you know.

"If one of your students doesn't like going to classes for credit, then. give her a long break instead of making her attend classes."

"Don't give me all that poppycock. Why did you come to Kingbourne if not for school?" Victor shoved his grandson, who was behaving as if

he were spastic, away.

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Abel waved a finger at Victor and mused thoughtfully, “You don’t understand, old man.”

“How about I slap you and show you whether or not I understand?” Victor snapped. “Go get changed. You’re coming with me to meet an old friend.”

Puzzled, Abel asked, “Why did you suddenly come to Kingbourne anyway, Grandpa?”

“Wynter is a prodigy. With her score, I can’t let her waste away in that academy of mine. She needs to go to a better school that can properly prepare her for her university entrance exams,” Victor explained.

He did not want to hold a prodigy back from realizing her full potential.

Besides, even if his friendship with Margaret was an obstacle for him in Kingbourne, he still had to try pulling some strings for Wynter’s sake.

Abel laughed. “Grandpa, Wynter doesn’t need you to help her get into a better school. She’s...”

Before he could finish his sentence, he and Victor heard a gentle female voice somewhere. “Quinton, hope I’m not intruding.”

The person who greeted Victor was none other than Yvette. When she heard Victor was in Kingbourne, she was eager to visit him and give him a warm welcome.

She was no longer the same person she had been. Now that she was famous in Kingbourne, everyone who met her would address her as

Dr. Yates.

Naturally, she hoped that the Lopez family would spread the news of her success upon their return to Southdale.

The Yates might have fallen from grace, but Yvette was thriving better than ever. No one in Southdale could come close to having her success and reputation.

Even the Shepherds had changed their mind about her and made sure Charlie spent time with her every day

Yvette looked up at Victor with sparkling eyes. "Mr. Lopez wouldn't mind my visiting, would he?"

Chapter 274 A New Leash On Life

Quinton had not reached out to Yvette since the test incident. However, the moment Yvette got word that the Lopezes were in Kingbourne, she booked their accommodations and planned a leisurely tour for them. Quinton didn't have the heart to turn down her kind arrangements. Don't worry, Grandpa isn't the stuffy type who'd make a fuss over formalities."

Victor had no idea what young people were thinking these days, but the fact that Yvette had not visited him once since her reunion with the Yates made him dislike her.

Still, Victor wasn't going to chase Yvette out of the house now that she was here. He maintained his decorum as he addressed his grandson, "Quinton."

Quinton stepped forward. "Grandpa, Yvette's here to see you."

"I'm afraid I

Victor nodded. He turned to Yvette and said with a smile "won't be able to stay and chat, Yvette. I've got an appointment."

He then glanced at his good-for-nothing grandson. "Take good care

of our guest.”

Quinton had no idea where Victor was going. Yvette, on the other hand, muttered dejectedly next to him, “I knew Mr. Lopez didn’t like me.”

Alarmed by her crestfallen remark, Quinton was about to reassure her when his brother came downstairs.

Abel whistled. “You’re not married into this family, so what does it matter to you whether Grandpa likes you or not? Time to give up the act, Yvette.”

Abel was already dressed and ready to leave with Victor. He was making his way downstairs when he overheard Yvette playing the victim right after Victor went out the door.

As such, Abel decided to switch back into the role of the cavalier scion, though it didn’t suit him one bit.

Yvette blushed at the admonishment. She glanced at Quinton and said, “I’m sorry for coming here uninvited. It won’t happen again.” With that, she grabbed her purse and left.

Quinton thought Abel had been too harsh. He wanted to chase after Yvette, but his fear of getting punched by Abel held him back.

Meanwhile, Yvette had only been acting. She didn’t think Quinton would just let her leave. However, she was wrong. He did not come after her at all.

It wasn’t as if she hadn’t noticed the change in Quinton. He used to worship the ground she walked on, and for every text she sent him, she would receive a dozen replies from him.

Ever since the Yates went bankrupt, Yvette felt Quinton’s feelings for her had waned.

Her face darkened at the thought of this. “Whatever. It’s not like I need the Lopezes anyway. Plenty of people in Kingbourne would love to be associated with me.”

The Lopezes were considered prestigious in Southdale, but they were

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nobodies in Kingbourne. Yvette only visited them today for old times' sake. Yet, they snubbed her.

She snorted. Earlier downstairs, she thought she had heard Victor mention looking for a new school, though she wasn't sure what that was about.

She figured Wynter must have done so poorly on her exams that even Victor couldn't turn a blind eye to it anymore. He must have been

wanting to get rid of Wynter.

Yvette thought the Lopezes rather deserved the trouble for helping a loser like Wynter.

But not that it mattered to Yvette. She hadn't heard about Wynter since the last incident. Then again, someone as useless as Wynter

never deserved her attention anyway.

Yvette was thriving happily in Kingbourne now, and she saw no reason to look back on her old life. She had been too cautious before

Yvette was pulled out of her thoughts by an incoming call. When she saw that it was Arianna Winston calling her, she beamed.

The Wintsons were on their way to becoming the most prestigious family in Kingbourne. They would be the last ones standing once the

dust settled.

Even the formidable Yarwoods in Sorazda City would fall from grace

after the death of their third son.

Yvette only knew this because she had been given a new leash on life.

The person had gotten lucky in the past. This time, Yvette was going to enjoy all the splendor she could have.

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The sound of rain filled the air. Wynter left the detention room after

interrogating Fanny.

Meanwhile, Ryan had been going around Havenlight Hospital looking for Wynter. Now that he had finally found her, he couldn't bring

himself to call out to her.

What had he been thinking when he considered treating Wynter, the

true heiress of the Quinnell family, as his little sister?

#Spin to

to Claim Your Surprise

ward!

Play

Chapter 275 Grabbing Pizza

Ryan still couldn't wrap his head around it. To think he had asked for Wynter's help in finding Ms. Quinnell, only for her to be the person he had been looking for all along. Ryan couldn't help cringing in

embarrassment at the recollection.

Wynter behaved as she usually did. When she saw Ryan, she said, "Hey, Ryan."

He choked and burst into a coughing fit, feeling awkward. His

reaction caused Wynter to raise a brow.

Regaining his composure, Ryan attempted to offer a courteous smile. However, it came off as more of a grimace. "Uh, would you mind if we talked privately?"

"I have a feeling I know what you're going to tell me, Ryan, but can it wait?" A nonchalant laugh escaped Wynter as she explained, "I'd like to grab some pizza with the Quinnells' distant relative first."

Performing surgery was hard work, and Wynter was starving after she had worked off the medicated noodles earlier. She also needed some

time to think about her identity.

Ryan nearly pointed out that Dalton was not the Quinnell family's distant relative, but he dared not do so in front of him.

More importantly, he wondered what Wynter had meant when she said she knew what he was going to tell her. Could it be that she had already guessed the truth?

Ryan's eyes widened as he considered this. But in the absence of proper confirmation, he simply told her, "Mr. Quinnell Senior is on his way here."

"Got it," Wynter answered with a smile. "Do you want to join us, Ryan? Your body can't function without regular meals, you know."

She didn't behave differently than usual. Even if she did figure out that she was a daughter of the Quinnell family, she didn't seem to let that get in the way of her friendship with Ryan.

Ryan was touched by her gesture. He understood she was being considerate of him. Patting his stomach, he chuckled and said, "No,

thanks. I'm not hungry. Go and have your pizza."

"All right, then. I'll get a slice for you," she offered. A pause later, she added, "The guy who's in surgery right now is resilient. The anesthesia

will wear off in a bit.

"When it does, keep him on a plain diet and nothing else. His body might resist solid food after going so long without it."

Ryan nodded, making a mental note of what she had just told him

Wynter was incredibly perceptive. She knew what he was about to say and what might be bugging him.

He understood she was doing all this to keep him from feeling awkward.

He let out a breath. If the Quinnells, his employers, were still skeptical of Wynter's identity, then he wouldn't hesitate to take care of her as if

she were his sister.

He might not be able to provide her the finest luxuries, like the Quinnells could, but he could still take care of her needs. However,

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judging from Elliot's reaction earlier, he already saw Wynter as his sister.

In that case, Ryan needn't worry that the Quinnells would give Wynter a hard time.

Now, they could only sit and watch what Ewan and Wanda would do next. Ryan would like to hear them explain how their so-called adoption and sponsorship of Wynter became such a mess.

The couple had told the public Wynter was their adoptive daughter. If they hadn't been so intimidated by Fabian, Ryan had a feeling they would show up and demand that the Quinnells compensate them.

Ryan considered how things would pan out in the long run. He had seen how these wealthy families battled each other. He made up his

mind that he would be Wynter's pillar of support from now on, regardless of her choices.

Dalton had noticed Ryan's strange behavior earlier. Presently, he assessed the young lady seated across from him. She was chewing

on her candy while waiting for her pizza.

He could tell she was hungry, or she wouldn't be staring at the pizza that was currently being cooked in the furnace.

With the weather in Kingbourne growing chilly, there was nothing more comforting than a slice of piping hot pizza slathered in meat, sauce and dripping with cheese.

Wynter leaned forward and picked up a slice of pizza the moment it was served.

Dalton smiled at the look on her face. He took the scrunchies that his

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bodyguard handed him and used one of them to secure Wynter's hair into a ponytail.

Grabbing another slice of pizza, Wynter said in between bites,"

Thanks."

As for the other scrunchie Dalton did not use, he slid it onto his wrist and wore it above his red beaded bracelet.

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Chapter 276 Atwater Munoz's Fable

Perhaps it was because Dalton had such nice wrists that he made wearing a scrunchie look fashionable and elegant.

Wynter couldn't resist glancing at his wrist a second time. Suddenly, she asked, "So what's the Quinnells' stance on this whole Ms.

Quinnell business?"

"Mr. Quinnell Senior spent many years searching for her," Dalton began with a smile, pushing the plate of pizza toward Wynter. "Why the sudden curiosity?"

She feigned nonchalance. "I figured I'd get to know my patient a little better. You're a distant relative of his, after all."

Dalton was adding a few splashes of tabasco to his pizza when

Wynter's answer made him pause.

He confessed pleasantly, "Technically, I'm not. Our grandfathers just knew each other. If we were related, then I wouldn't have been engaged to Ms. Quinnell in the first place."

It was only then that Wynter was reminded of the engagement. She gave Dalton an odd look.

To avoid her getting the wrong idea, Dalton quickly explained, "The engagement's been called off. There's no bad blood, though, now that the Quinnells have found their long-lost heiress."

"Oh," Wynter said. She took another bite of her pizza. She didn't mind that the engagement had been called off. She had no intention of getting married young anyway.

Dalton chuckled lightly and elaborated, "I've never met Ms. Quinnell

before. The whole engagement happened when we were children, all because my family believed in a so-called fable and wanted me to live longer.

“What fable?” Wynter’s interest was sufficiently piqued.

had to know everything about herself. Besides, her old job had been to dig deep for information.

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Loosening the top button of his shirt, Dalton surveyed Wynter in amusement, his dark eyes glittering. “There was this great fortune-teller who told my family that I would not live past the age of 30

unless I married Ms. Quinnell.”

Wynter laughed. “Fortune-teller? More like a charlatan.”

Dalton pressed his fingers to her lips to quiet her. “Hush, you’re still too young and healthy to need to consult a fortune-teller.

“Also, you’re probably too young to know that Atwater Munoz was a great fortune-teller whose predictions had saved lives. He was a master of his craft. So don’t badmouth him or you’ll bring terrible

fortune upon yourself.”

There was a warning gleam in his beautiful, dark eyes as he said this.

Wynter, however, gave him a cynical look. “Atwater Munoz?”

“Yes.” Dalton laid another slice of pizza onto her plate.

But Wynter did not eat the pizza. If her memory served her well, Atwater’s last name was Munoz too. She silently cursed the old man for telling the Quinnells some ridiculous fable he made up.

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At that moment, she remembered Atwater’s drunken soliloquy from a while ago.

He said, “My child, you won’t be waking up anytime soon. I’ve found you somebody that I think you’ll like based on your past preferences. He’s got a really strong aura. How about you marry him?”

He kept calling her “my child” after that. Wynter never took him seriously, But looking back, she wondered if he had lied to the

Quinnells for her benefit.

She stared at Dalton, who indeed had a face she quite liked, and found herself at a loss for words. “You shouldn’t get so hung up on what a fortune-teller said. Proper medical treatment is rooted in

science, not fables.”

Dalton couldn’t help sputtering at her somber demeanor. He put a fist to his m*uth and coughed to hide his laughter. “I know. That’s why

I’ve put myself at your mercy.”

“Right...” For some reason, Wynter felt like he wasn’t just talking about treatment.

She quickly steered the conversation back on track. “I’ve met the Quinnells’ adopted daughter before.

Dalton set his pizza down and gave her his full attention.

She continued evenly, “There are some things I don’t quite understand. If Mr. Quinnell was so desperate to find his lost. granddaughter, then why did he adopt another one?”

Dalton explained calmly as if speaking from a neutral standpoint, Technically speaking, she was the Quinnells’ charity project.

“Mr. Quinnell Senior has never stopped thinking about his

granddaughter. The same goes for Elliot, as I’m sure you can tell. As for the others, I don’t know them well enough to speak for them.”

“I understand,” Wynter replied with a small smile.

He met her gaze. “About the Quinnells today-”

But before Dalton could finish speaking, an announcement came for him. “Sir, Mr. Quinnell Senior is here!”

Chapter 277 Reunion

Dalton didn’t think much of Fabian’s arrival, believing that the old man. was here for Elliot. As such, he rose to greet Fabian.

Fabian hurried over to their table, gripping his dragon-headed cane. Raindrops glimmered on his gray hair and shoulders.

He did not look as imposing as usual, but he still looked every bit the patriarch of a prestigious family. Even more noticeable was the

hopeful look in his widened eyes.

Out of courtesy, Dalton stepped forward to greet Fabian.

However, Fabian brushed past him. He cast a gentle and almost desperate look at Wynter, surveying her face. He spoke so quietly that his voice trembled. "Little princess, I've finally found you!"

Dalton was preparing a plate for Fabian when he heard this, and his hand froze mid-air. At once, emotions flurried past Dalton's

handsome features.

His gaze fell on Wynter, who looked indifferent. Little princess? Could it be that Wynter was his former mysterious fiancée?

Dalton frowned. What had he told her earlier? That the engagement to

Ms. Quinnell had been called off, and that Wynter had nothing to

worry about. He gripped the plate tightly as his dark gaze flickered.

Meanwhile, as Fabian drew closer to Wynter, he assessed her and

remarked, "You've grown up a lot better than I expected." His voice cracked. "I couldn't sleep after you were kidnapped. I kept having

nightmares of you screaming and starving. Thank goodness, you're

still..."

Alive. He couldn't bring himself to say the word. He recalled how

worried he had been the year following Wynter's kidnapping.

He wouldn't let go of a single lead, whether it was a girl of similar age.

that had been found or a body that washed up by the river.

There were even times when Fabian had comforted himself that no

news was good news because that meant his granddaughter was still

alive somewhere.

He had feared that if the traffickers found out about his frantic pursuit, they might lash out and do terrible things to his granddaughter.

Fabian reached out tentatively to caress Wynter's face. His eyes turned red with tears. "You don't have to be afraid anymore, little princess. I'm here to bring you home."

Wynter stood there and quietly listened to Fabian, not at all minding his outpouring of love and regret. However, she didn't seem overwhelmed either.

Instead, she told Fabian, "If only you'd shown up a little sooner, Grandpa. Even three months ago would have been good enough."

He couldn't understand why she said this. He wanted to know what had happened in the last three months, but he realized he didn't have the right to ask her about it.

"I'm doing well," she added.

She couldn't bear to see him sad, especially since he had yet to recover. "And as you can see, my grandmother loves me dearly. I

don't think it's feasible for me to go back with you now, but you'll always be my grandfather."

The tears that had been welling up in Fabian's eyes finally rolled down his cheeks when he heard the last part of Wynter's sentence.

"I read up on the village when I arrived. It's practically a smugglers' haven," he explained. "It's my fault for coming too late, little princess. It's my fault that I let this go on for over a decade."

Wynter had grown up without her real family for over a decade. The Quinnells had as good as abandoned her.

It was hard for adults to take down a village like Granite Village. Most of them might have ended up joining the smugglers and their ilk, if not been broken by them first.

Even someone as strong as Elliot couldn't handle the villagers. Fabian decided Wynter must have survived here and grown up only by some miracle.

He remembered what Ryan had told him at the hospital. Wynter might have seemed cold and indifferent, but she had grown up tough.

She had treated patients to make ends meet, not to mention juggling between studying and caring for her grandmother.

Fabian had admired Wynter for being so strong and responsible despite her young age. At the time, he had expected her to become someone great.

His heart ached at the memory, and every breath he drew threatened to shatter him.

Chapter 278 She's the One

No young lady should have to bear a breadwinner's burden. Life had been too hard on Wynter, who should have grown up sheltered and loved like a princess.

She shouldn't have had to run around treating patients just to make ends meet. Nor should she have been targeted by those despicable traffickers once more and taken back to that village in the mountains.

Fabian's hand trembled. He was in such a daze that he almost fell.

Thankfully, Wynter was quick to catch him and helped him stand upright. She swiftly took his pulse and frowned when she felt it. "Did someone change the prescription I gave you?"

"No, no!" Fabian rasped in between coughs. Alexis and Ryan looked.

worried.

Wynter quickly popped a candy into Fabian's m*uth and asked slow "Did you get rained on earlier on your way here?"

The old man managed to catch his breath and nodded in respons

"Your breathing's labored," Wynter observed as she felt for his meridian points, She chuckled softly. There was no mockery in it, only

comfort. "You have to learn to take it easy and try not to get caught in

the rain.

"You can't abandon me now that you've found me, Grandpa. I'm still young, and there will be days when you'll have to stand up for me."

That was obviously a white lie told to reassure and comfort Fabian.

Chang 27 Soes the One

Wynter didn't need anyone to stand up for her.

Alexis, who had come with Fabian, couldn't resist giving Wynter another look after hearing what she'd said. Alexis had heard from Ryan about the way Wynter treated her patients.

It was only after witnessing it in person that Alexis realized how good she was at putting her patients at ease. She was kind to Fabian for no other reason than to cheer him up.

Sure enough, Fabian was stunned by her words at first, but he broke into a grin soon after. "Oh, I wouldn't abandon you. Don't worry, little princess! I have plenty of gifts saved up for you at home.

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"I can't wait for you to go back and see them. I won't let those rascal brothers of yours take any of it!"

"Well, in that case, you ought to rest up and get better," Wynter chided playfully. "You have to follow your doctor's orders and take your prescription. No angry outbursts too, all right?"

Fabian guffawed. "All right, I'll listen to you. I promise I'll take n

medicine as instructed and I won't have any more angry out

With Wynter by his side, Fabian didn't mind swallowing that bitter medicine. He might even put up with seeing his bratty grandsons

every once in a while.

Suddenly, he was reminded of Dalton's presence. His attention turned to the young man as he asked, "What are you doing here? Didn't you

say you wanted to call off the engagement?"

That was fine by Fabian, who was happy to keep Wynter by his side for a while before letting her marry.

With her fine looks and medical prowess, he doubted she would have a hard time finding a boyfriend. Besides, he had yet to know her preferences when it came to men.

Dalton was an excellent candidate, the finest in all of Sarzoda City. However, a young man like him would have plenty of women fawning at his feet, and he might have been cocky because of it.

Fabian would eliminate anyone who didn't love Wynter with all his heart. She deserved a man who would give her the moon if she asked

for it!

Fabian only had his precious granddaughter's best interests at heart.

Until now, he was convinced that no man in this world could ever be worthy of Wynter.

Meanwhile, this was the first time Dalton understood what a dilemma felt like. He was seriously kicking himself for calling off the engagement.

However, it was a well-known fact in Kingbourne that Dalton had a rather dark sense of humor.

The next second, he let out a low chuckle as he met Wynter's gaze. His dark eyes were like a depthless sea. He mused in his husky, attractive voice, "I'm still yours in the end."

Fabian's brows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

Dalton explained, "You should know I've always had feelings for Dr. Genius."

Fabian fell speechless. He had indeed known about this. But Dalton had certainly never brought it up!

Cup 218 Shes the One

“No wonder Mr. Munoz had told me to make Ms. Quinnell my betrothed when we were both children,” Dalton continued in

amusement. “Mr. Quinnell Senior, the great fortune-teller himself had predicted that I would fall in love with someone.”

Chapter 279 Sweet Interaction

Wynter raised a brow when she heard this. “I just told you not to get

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so hung up on a fortune-teller’s... Mmph!”

Dalton came up behind her and clamped a hand around her m*uth. He pulled her into his arms. She heard him chuckle as he said quietly,

“We’ll talk later.”

Wynter narrowed her eyes, which brought out the mole in the corner of her eye.

Dalton’s l*ps brushed against her hair, a restrained and polite gesture. “You can bite me after I show up on your doorstep. I bet your

grandmother’s worried about you.

“Even though you made it out of the village, she’ll be furious with you, for taking such a bold risk in the first place. You’ll need a buffer. I’ll go back with you and vouch for you.”

He murmured these words slowly. His voice was so hushed that it was almost coaxing. Dalton’s beauty and charm persuaded Wynter, who nodded after briefly considering his suggestion.

She was so distracted by him that she hadn’t even realized how close they were.

Fabian, on the other hand, glowered at Dalton with wide eyes. Dalton glanced at the old man and flashed him a ch*eky smile. “I doubt Mr.

Quinnell Senior will tear us apart.”

Such vicious words! Fabian gripped his cane tightly, his gray brows knitting close. He never knew how shameless Dalton could be.

“We can discuss the matter of your relationship some other time. If Wynter has no objections, then neither do I,” Fabian declared.

He was far too sharp to fall for Dalton’s trap, and he wouldn’t allow his naive granddaughter to fall for it either!

Wynter paid no mind to Dalton and Fabian’s unspoken duel. She had other things to concern herself with.

After getting a read on Fabian’s vitality, she glanced up at Alexis and asked, “Alexis, are you sure Grandpa’s prescription is still the same?”

“Yes, I’m sure. I make it a point to source the ingredients for his medicine myself,” Alexis answered, knowing Wynter wouldn’t ask him this without reason. “Is there something wrong with Mr. Quinnell’s

body?”

Wynter hummed in response. “His breathing is more labored now, which is unusual if he’s been taking his medicine as prescribed. I’d

like for you and Grandpa to return to Southdale with me.

“I’ll give him a new prescription, and I’d appreciate it if you could keep an eye on Grandpa’s diet after that, Alexis.”

“Very well. Thank you for being so considerate, Ms. Quinnell,” Alexis

liked working for Wynter as her instructions were clear and

straightforward. Her respect for the working class was a bonus too.

Fabian was over the moon today, though he repeatedly tried to rile

Dalton up throughout the meal. If he could make Dalton snap, then Wynter would see Dalton for what he was—a scheming punk.

However, Fabian’s efforts fell flat, for Dalton remained perfectly composed despite the old man’s provocation.

He even went the extra mile to put Fabian at ease, such as by telling him, “Elliot’s fine, don’t worry.”

In a show of well-trained charm, Dalton said, "Let us have a drink to celebrate your reunion with Wynter, Mr. Quinnell Senior. I'm glad you'll get to have her brilliant company for the rest of your life."

Fabian snorted and clinked glasses with Dalton. "I don't need you to tell me how brilliant my little princess is."

Wynter wasn't sure what to make of the two men's interaction. She simply brushed it off and went off with Alexis to check on new

prescriptions.

When she returned to the table, Fabian and Dalton had already started e on drinks. However, Dalton, her beautiful patient, drank tea instead of

alcohol.

Alexis paused before pointing out dryly, "Ms. Quinnell, your grandfather is a lightweight."

Sure enough, Fabian broke down in tears after one drink, though he was crying out of joy.

He clutched Wynter's hand, his drunkenness laced with guilt as he slurred, "Your parents might have messed up, Wynter, but I didn't. I won't ever mess up. I'll give you everything I can.

Wynter picked up on several things from Fabian's drunken words. The first time she treated him, she had felt his affection for her. It was

strange. Affection was something only Margaret had ever given her.

And now, she had a grandfather and a brother, who was presently lying in a hospital bed, who would love her.

Wynter might not go home with the Quinnells, but that didn't mean she would reject their unadulterated kindness.

Especially since Fabian had braced through the rain to see her today, an event that nearly caused his pneumonia to relapse.

Wynter wouldn't bring up anything too serious to Fabian, even if she still had some doubts.

Chapter 280 What Comes After the Reunion

Wynter had woken up in a daze and soon after developed intermittent explosive disorder. For a long time, she suffered through an identity crisis. Her memories were in tatters, and she was left to piece them

back together.

Atwater was the only person she remembered. She felt that the sugilite charm she had as a child would be the key to unraveling this mystery. Now all she had to do was track it down.

Fanny had gone mad, so there was no way of getting any useful

information out of her.

As Fanny's husband, Dickson surprisingly knew very little about her, such as who had paid her to feed the Quinnells misleading

information.

Wynter had tried looking into this but found all the records wiped clean. Even the transaction had been paid for in cash. No average person would take such elaborate precautions. She pondered on this vital information before going to bed for the night.

Meanwhile, Dalton made sure that the Macintoshes got what they deserved. Hubert, in particular, was left in a daze after going through intense interrogation..

Dalton had all of Hubert's crimes, which totaled no less than 100, listed down and sent to the top brass.

Following this, an entire criminal network was uncovered. The officers asked them questions such as why those kidnapped children had been able to register under different households and where their birth certificates were procured.

After rounds of interrogation, the traffickers were led away by the officers.

When the mastermind, who remained well-hidden in Kingbourne, sensed that things were off, they quickly did damage control.

Meanwhile, everyone on the internet was waiting for the press release on this case. The wait was over by midnight.

The present case saw no less than 30 kidnapped children rescued from human traffickers. Now, the children could finally go back to

their families.

The main suspects, namely the married Yaleman couple and the Macintosh father-and-son duo, had confessed to their crimes.

With so many persons involved in the case, the authorities decided that the details would be withheld from the public for now.

The witness in the case was reportedly safe and would receive public commendation from the City Bureau in due course.

Without her, the crimes that went on in Granite Village would never have been uncovered. Her kindness and bravery made her a hero.

The person who wrote the press release lauded Wynter with praise. The viewers of Wynter's livestream immediately screenshotted the press release and reposted it.

"What did I say? Our streamer's a real star!"

"I read the press release and I felt so sorry for the kids who were

kidnapped! Down with those filthy traffickers!"

"Our streamer is an angel! She's been saving lives since she started

this livestreaming channel, but now, her services go beyond medical treatments. She's like a vigilante!"

"She's a defender of the weak!"

"Finally, someone saw her for her brilliance! Sobs. I can't even right

now. She's incredible!"

The Empathy Clinic was no ordinary livestreaming channel. It was a place of meaning.

The Empathy Clinic's sudden rise to fame took the platform's higher-ups by surprise. Wynter did not need anyone to watch her back at all. She was perfectly capable of making it on her own.

Her fellow streamers, and even the rest of the cyberspace, could tell that a streamer like Wynter was rare

The higher-ups immediately held an emergency conference, during which they considered their boss' as well as the platform's overall interests. They decided to protect Wynter at all costs and keep her on their platform.

After drawing up the terms and conditions for an ongoing collaboration, they assigned Mod007 to negotiate with Wynter.

Wynter did not go online that night and missed all the comments that praised her.

Everyone was tired that night. With the downpour outside, Wynter had gone to sleep earlier than usual. She even dreamed, which was unusual given her ability to sleep soundly through most nights.

GamesAther the Reuniti

The dream felt real. She dreamed that the Quinnells had brought her back to Kingbourne after the Yates kicked her out.

In her dream, her oldest brother had picked her up, though she was unfamiliar with him.

The Quinnells cherished her and loved her after being reunited with her. They arranged for dozens of household staffers to attend to her and gifted her with a lot of jewelry. They even got her a flashy sports car.

It seemed that the Quinnells were content to give her whatever she wanted.

Alas, all good things must come to an end. At some point in Wynter's dream, the Quinnells began to compare her with Naomi.

