

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 31-40

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 31

Chapter 31 Misunderstand Wynter Is Poor

“Stop joking.” Ryan glanced at her without taking it seriously.

“It’s all good as long as you know what you’re doing. Let me know if you need anything. Although I’m only a general manager, I can help you deal with some things and people.”

Wynter was surprised that Ryan was the general manager. She thought he was an ordinary employee because of his appearance.

“There is one more thing,” Ryan said. “I’d like to ask you for a favor.”

Wynter raised her eyebrows. “Tell me.”

Ryan glanced around and lowered his voice. “Mr. Quinnell came to Southdale this time because his missing granddaughter was abducted and trafficked here.

“There were some clues before, but not anymore now. You meet many people as a doctor. Can you help me look for her?”

Wynter thought of the order she had rejected before. She seemed destined to be connected to the seventh daughter of the Quinnell family.

“Okay.” Wynter didn’t ask further.

Ryan didn’t want to tire her anymore. “I’d better walk you home. The street is quite dark.”

Wynter didn’t refuse and strode forward.

At first, Ryan thought she was going to the high-end area nearby. After all, someone like

her deserved to live in a house like that.

Unexpectedly, she entered a small alley. There were few people, the street lights flickered, and the ground was full of potholes.

After walking for a while, Ryan frowned. Wynter had stopped at a traditional medicine clinic.

It was right on the street, shabby and small. A sign next to the door read, "Foot Massage: 30 Dollars. Body Massage: 50 Dollars. Herbs Are On Sale!"

This was clearly a foot massage shop! And it was likely not fully licensed!

Ryan looked at Wynter. "Wynter, this is?"

"It's my grandma's house." Wynter took the bag over.

But Ryan looked distressed. "This... Wynter, if your family is facing difficulties, I can give

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you a house."

Wynter interrupted him, "Ryan, you're overthinking. I'm not poor."

Her family lived in a place like this, and she said she wasn't poor!

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Ryan took a deep breath. "Let me help you. You have to shoulder the heavy burden for the family at such a young age.

"No wonder you work as a doctor and don't go to school. You just want to make more money for your family!"

Wynter let him imagine and didn't explain. After all, it was too complicated to explain.

"Whatever." Wynter didn't confess.

Ryan looked at her as if he was looking at a naive younger sister. He narrowed his eyes, advising, "Let me tell you, the Quinnell family and that guy in the hospital are both rich.

"You can charge them a higher medical fee. Don't just ask for a thousand. Even ten million is too little!"

"Okay." Wynter nodded. Ryan's words were true. If she agreed to give them long-term treatment, then she would charge them market price.

Ryan still shook his head. "I'll figure something out for you!"

When Wynter wanted to say no, Ryan already walked away as if he was going to collect the medical fee for her now.

Wynter didn't stop him.

Anyway, it was already half past ten. Margaret had probably gone to bed, and it wouldn't be convenient to invite him into the house.

Wynter reached out to open the door, only to see a mess.

The medicine counter was the messiest, which looked like it had been ransacked.

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Herbal medicines were scattered everywhere, the medicine baskets crushed. The buckets for soaking feet had been knocked over, and the medical books were all torn.

Chapter **32** How Dare You Bully My Grandma

It was Margaret's favorite medical book, which recorded many medicinal food recipes.

She usually read it on the deck chair in the yard and told Wynter, "This dish is good. I'll make a fish like this for you today. And pumpkin soup."

It was all ruined now! Wynter's eyes darkened with a ruthless look as she strode toward the courtyard.

Seeing her, a child dressed as a masseur immediately put down the bucket and eagerly raised his hands to gesture.

Wynter held his shoulders, her eyes intense but her tone calm. "Wolf, don't panic. Tell me slowly, what happened?"

Margaret had picked up Wolf on the street. He was born mute and could only use sign language, but he could also make some sounds now. He was small and clean, about 11 years old.

Wolf raised his arms to gesture to Wynter, looking dull and tough, his eyes charming.

"Are you saying the mess outside was all done by Wanda?" Wynter's voice turned cold.

Wolf nodded and continued to gesture with a gravelly voice.

Wynter raised her eyebrows. "She told you I'm not with the Yates now?"

Wolf hummed and gestured, meaning Margaret was worried about her.

"Why is she worried about me?" Wynter's smile became colder. "It's Wanda who should be worried."

At this time, a sigh came from inside the house. It was Margaret, who had always been oblivious to worldly affairs.

She looked up at Wynter as she came out in a wheelchair. "She's your mother after all."

"She used to be, but not anymore." Wynter's eyes were clear.

"Grandma, she took over the Yates family. You didn't fight with her for the sake of your children and grandchildren, saying you prefer your current life.

"Wanda wouldn't have been so arrogant today without Ewan's consent. He abandoned his mother after he married a wife. I'm sure you understand even if I don't say it."

Margaret glanced at the fish tank beside her, her eyes blank. "I understand. I raised an

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ungrateful son. I deserved it myself."

Hearing this, Wynter calmed down.

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Even if their son was a scum, most mothers would deceive themselves and couldn't accept any criticism about him.

If Margaret were also such an irrational person, Wynter would never interfere again, even though Margaret treated her like her own.

Whether to tolerate their bullies silently or get back at them, she left the decision to Margaret. She would then decide to stay or leave.

"Wynter." Margaret looked at her with wise eyes. "I don't want you to go. Southdale is a complicated place. The Scott family has connections in Kingbourne.

"I'm worried you will get into trouble because of me. From today onward, I'll cut ties with this son!"

As she studied traditional medicine, Margaret had always been calm and had never been so cruel.

Wynter saw her determination and knew the connection between mother and son was deep. Now that Margaret had confirmed her stance, Wynter would wait for her to let go in time.

"I'll listen to you." Wynter squatted down, her eyes clear. "I won't go if you don't want me to."

Margaret stroked her long hair. "Wynter, my poor child. If they don't want you, I'll look after

you and support your studies."

Chapter 33 Make the Scotts and the Gibsons Go Bankrupt

"Don't worry about my studies," Wynter pushed Margaret forward. "Just take good care of yourself. Listen to Wolf and eat less sweets."

Margaret muttered, "How can you not study? I heard Yvette is excellent in studies."

"Isn't that great? Your granddaughter is smart like you," Wynter chuckled.

Margaret raised her head. "What about you? What will you do in the future?"

"I can make money. I'll survive." Wynter took off Margaret's shoes and socks. "Wolf, bring me a bucket of water."

Wolf hummed a response. He lifted a bucket, ran to fill it with water, and ran back again. He was strong and energetic.

Wynter was used to it.

Margaret laughed. "Wolf only becomes stronger but doesn't grow taller. The day before yesterday, our neighbor bought a pair of lion statues but couldn't carry them. He just went and lifted them without fear of breaking his hands."

Hearing this, Wynter raised her head.

Wolf paused.

Wynter chuckled. "He's young and naturally strong."

Margaret tapped her hand. "Is that normal strength? It's scary. Susan next door turned pale when she saw it."

Wynter glanced back nonchalantly. "Did you hear that? Be careful next time."

Wolf nodded dully.

Margaret sighed softly. "I'm confused by you again. Listen to me, you're currently attending a college. It's difficult to get admitted into university. How about I go look for..."

"Grandma." Wynter interrupted her with a smile, "There is no need. I can do it myself."

Having brought up Wynter since she was a child, Margaret knew she never bragged and had her own plans.

Margaret didn't persuade Wynter anymore. She decided to brazenly return to her old social circle to find connections on the coming weekend.

Chapter 33 Make the Scotts and the Gibsons Go Bankrupt

After Margaret soaked her feet and went to bed, only then Wynter left the room.

Standing outside the door, Wolf made a couple of gestures.

“I know.” Wynter said in a calm voice, “You go to bed. I’ll find a way to get the Zenith herb and the book back.”

Wanda dared to take just about anything. It didn’t seem like she had lost her mind, but rather like someone had instructed her.

After all, she used to despise the things in the traditional medicine clinic most. This time, she had suddenly taken the Zenith herb. The Gibsons were obviously supporting her.

Wynter’s eyes suddenly turned cold. It seemed banning the Gibson family wasn’t enough to make them behave.

The night breeze blew slowly, and the locust flowers fell and scattered in the courtyard. Wynter walked over, picked one up, and put it in her mouth. It tasted slightly sweet.

Wolf slightly raised his head next to her, wondering why she was grinning.

After a while, Wynter’s low and chilly voice came. “Autumn’s coming. Let’s make the Gibson and the Scott family go bankrupt.”

Wolf’s eyes instantly widened. He didn’t look shocked but excited. He poked his face in excitement as if he could finally pull a prank after a long time.

His eyes lit up. In the masseur uniform, he gestured quickly with his hands as a sly grin tugged at his lips.

Seeing his sign language, Wynter flicked her fingers and smiled affectionately. “I haven’t let you out for a long time. You must be bored.

“Go ahead. I want to know all the corrupt transactions and illegal surgeries by the Gibson family in three days.

“I’ll make them spit out all the money they defrauded people of. As for the Scott family, you can take care of them.”

With a hum and a nod, Wolf came out with a laptop under his arm.

Who could have thought an 11-year-old mute boy was the notorious hacker, L, who had paralyzed the entire online banking system three years ago?

Chapter 34 You Won’t Die if You **Don’t** Do It

Children had no concept of good and evil. Wolf was born with a ferocious look. After being abandoned by his parents, he didn’t know what was right or wrong.

Rather than saying Margaret had taken him in, it’d be better to say he had stayed in the clinic after Wynter defeated him.

His appearance had softened after exposure to herbal medicine in the past three years. But ruthlessness was still in his nature. Those targeted by him wouldn’t get away unscathed.

Wynter sat in the courtyard, fidgeting with the locust flower, smiling leisurely.

It was nighttime at the Gibson manor. Hilda was still lying in bed due to the stimulation.

Many of her medical apprentices were downstairs now, waiting to show her their loyalty.

Among them, Maverick Watson and Luke were the most prominent. Yvette wasn’t there because Hilda had called her and Wanda upstairs as soon as she woke up.

When Yvette saw Hilda, her eyes reddened. She felt more distressed than when she saw her own grandmother.

“Madam Gibson, what happened to you? Who angered you?”

“It’s your fault.” With the cooling patch on her forehead, Hilda was about to curse when she thought of something and calmed down. “Well, I got tricked by the young lady.”

Yvette was confused. “Young lady?”

“It’s that poor relative of yours, the country bumpkin.” Thinking of Wynter, Hilda gritted her teeth with hatred. “She had the nerve to play tricks in our hospital!”

Yvette exclaimed, "She?"

Hearing this, Wanda became furious. "That annoying brat!"

What was with her? Why didn't she return to the countryside to look for her biological parents? Despite her promise, she now followed them everywhere they went.

She talked the talk but didn't walk the walk. She just wanted more money!

"Madam Gibson, rest assured. I'll get rid of that brat," Wanda assured her.

Hilda pretended to be generous.

"I won't stoop to the level of a country bumpkin. But there is one thing I want to ask you.

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Wanda, why did you never tell me this poor relative of yours has medical skills?"

"Medical skills?"

Wanda

seemed to have heard a joke. "She? She's just a college student. How can she have medical skills?"

Hilda sighed, "That's not true. Some scheming people can hide themselves well. She just fooled Mr. Lopez with her acupuncture skills. It's ridiculous."

"Mr. Lopez?" Yvette became a little concerned when she heard this.

Wanda

disagreed, "I know that brat. Her grades in school are poor. She never takes her studies seriously. She's just learned some tricks to fool people from that poor old lady."

"Did she learn from Margaret?" Hilda suddenly sat up straight. "Didn't you say she's a distant relative? Why is she with Margaret?"

Although the Yates family was a small and newly rising family, Margaret had certain capabilities and influence. Hilda had to be on her guard against her.

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Wanda didn't understand

why Hilda was concerned about the poor old lady. She changed the subject and opened the gift box. "Madam Gibson, don't bother those people. Look what I brought you."

"Zenith herb!" Hilda stood up happily, her depression gone. "Awesome!"

Wanda stepped forward. "And this, that poor old lady's most precious book."

Acupuncture? No wonder Wynter's technique was so special. So, it was Margaret who thought

her!

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Chapter 35 Fabian Quinnell Met **With** Wynter

Clearly, Madam Gibson got it wrong. Her eyes sparkled as she looked through the medical book.

She said, "Wanda, you always do the right thing. With these two things on hand, we can definitely cure Mr. Yarwood's illness!"

"Really?" Wanda was overjoyed.

She continued, "When can we visit Mr. Yarwood? I mean, can you take me along to learn more? You know, only the medical families were invited by the Yarwood family. The Yates

and Scott families don't have that kind of connection."

Now that they had the Zenith herb, Madam Gibson readily agreed without putting on airs. "Of course, we'll go together. After we heal Mr. Yarwood, I'll introduce you to the Yarwood family."

Hearing this, Wanda got even more excited and started cozying up to Madam Gibson.

On the other hand, Yvette stood aside, not saying much. She lowered her head, lost in thought. But Madam Gibson didn't care about what she thought.

So what if they missed out on the Quinnell family? Once she cured Dalton, the Gibson family

would walk tall in the medical world.

Even if the Heavenly Medical Guild wanted to silence them, would they dare to go against the Yarwood family?

Madam Gibson had it all figured out. She completely ignored Margaret and Yvette. She started to immerse herself, reading the medical book right in front of them.

Upon seeing this, Yvette's frown deepened until she left the Gibson house.

“Mom.” Yvette thought it over and felt something was off. “Could grandma have passed on some real skills to Wynter?”

Wanda scoffed, “What kind of real skills could that poor old lady have? All she knows is how

to mess with her worthless herbal residues. She even caused someone’s death with her treatments in the past.

“Yvette, you better not say such things in front of your master. She doesn’t get along with your grandma.”

“But my master’s behavior seems odd.” Yvette was full of doubts. “Should we look into it?”

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Wanda waved her hand dismissively. “What’s there to investigate? If that poor old lady had any real skills, would she be cooped up in a foot massage shop? You haven’t seen her place. It’s tiny and shabby.”

“Well, what about Wynter?” Yvette tilted her head.

“Mom, how did she suddenly learn acupuncture? Didn’t you and Dad always say she’s not quick on the uptake? She couldn’t grasp math, no matter how much we tried to teach her.

“Even with a math tutor and extra classes at home, she still ended up last in her class. She had to repeat grades until she could only get into a technical secondary school.”

Wanda frowned too. “That’s true. But we should really check on that girl. I want to know why she’s staying in Southdale and not leaving.

“If she’s up to no good, we might just have someone beat her up and dump her in the suburbs!”

Wanda was getting annoyed with Wynter always hanging around them. If money couldn’t settle it, then it was time for Wynter to learn her lesson the hard way!

Hearing this, Yvette felt relieved. She giggled and hooked her arm through Wanda’s. “I always knew Mom was the best.”

“Yvette, what you need to do now is to learn well from your master. In a few days, when you meet Mr. Yarwood, make sure to impress him.”

Wanda was confident in her daughter’s looks. Her gentle and delicate appearance was the most endearing. Unlike that fake one, who was so rebellious!

“One day, you’re going to be Mrs. Yarwood. Wynter will only go from bad to worse. You’re simply not in the same league. From now on, don’t mention her often, understand?”

Yvette smiled sweetly. “Understood.”

They had their heads in the clouds, dreaming away. Little did they know that the Gibson family they were relying on would soon be in ruins.

The next day, Wynter walked to the Traditional Medicine Hospital, carrying only a black bag and nothing else.

As soon as she entered room 601, she heard a loud laugh. “So this is our lifesaver, the genius doctor?”

Chapter 36 Fabian Recognized Wynter?

Wynter glanced up, looking in the direction of the voice.

Fabian was awake, resting on the hospital bed. Despite his age, his eyes didn’t show signs of aging. Instead, he exuded a calm and steady demeanor.

It was a vibe only some could possess, resulting from years of ups and downs in the business world.

Even in the business world, when it comes to temperament, ten Ewan Yates put together might not measure up to this elderly gentleman.

Even though he had not fully recovered yet, you could sense the authority in his tone.

Aside from Fabian, that handsome patient from yesterday was also there.

He sat by the bedside with his legs crossed, not wearing a suit today. He exuded a sickly charm, placing his slender, pale hands on his knee.

It looked like he was playing chess with Fabian. He smiled when he saw her enter the room.

Wynter gave him a polite nod. Then, she put down her black bag and walked over to Fabian. She smiled politely and said, “I wouldn’t dare to call myself a lifesaver. It’s our duty as doctors to treat patients.”

However, Fabian's hand froze when he saw her exceptionally beautiful face. He completely forgot to make a chess move.

This genius doctor looked so much like his lover when she was younger!

If he hadn't been so busy starting his business in the past, his lover wouldn't have left Kingbourne to move to Florida.

Fabian sank into thought, but his eyes couldn't leave Wynter's face. He wondered if she was his little princess, as she looked so similar.

Fabian got excited and couldn't help but blurt out a question, "Dr. Genius, are you from Southdale? Have you ever visited Kingbourne or perhaps visited the Empire State Building?"

When he asked this, he gripped the chess piece tightly, like he was hoping for something.

This made Dalton, who was always perceptive, pause for a moment as well. His good-looking eyes turned towards her.

Wynter put her bag down and avoided his gaze.

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"Yes, I'm a local, I haven't left here yet. I've seen the Empire State Building on TV. My classmates say you have to see it in person to understand how magnificent it is,"

Saying this, Wynter smiled. "Someday, I'll take my grandma there."

She didn't need to share her family's matters with the patients. Besides, the reason "Dr. Miracle" could keep her whereabouts a mystery was because Wynter chose to stay hidden.

Although Fabian had anticipated the answer, his hand holding the chess piece drooped after hearing it. It was as if his whole spirit had deflated.

He calmed his emotions before saying, "It's just my old eyes playing tricks on me and my mind getting muddled. Dr. Genius, please don't mind me."

"Not at all." Wynter couldn't bear to see the old man distressed.

After a moment of thought, she added, "Mr. Quinnell, your family has been doing good deeds for generations. Your descendants will not suffer. I'm sure your little princess will come back safely."

Hearing this, Fabian sat up straighter and gave her a crinkly-eyed smile. "I hope so."

Seeing the old man happy, Wynter also smiled.

Suddenly, Dalton spoke up. His voice was calm and somewhat indifferent. "How did you know the Quinnell family was looking for someone?"

It was a tricky question.

Wynter narrowed her eyes slightly. When she looked at Dalton again, the corners of her eyes curved into a smile.

"Just a guess. Yesterday, when I was treating Mr. Quinnell with acupuncture, he kept mumbling 'little princess' over and over."

"I thought Ryan told you." Dalton tilted his head and smiled at her, continuing to play chess. "It doesn't matter how you know. You're one of us."

Chapter 37 Dalton Wanted to Break Off the Engagement

When Fabian heard the words "one of us", he found it quite strange. "Since when do you consider someone 'one of us'?"

"Mr. Quinnell, now I'm just like you. My life *is* in the hands of Dr. Genius." Dalton brushed off his sleeve. "Of course, I have to befriend her."

Fabian couldn't tell if he was telling the truth or not.

Dalton was hard to figure out. Although he looked weak and sickly, he was cunning on the inside.

Fabian also wondered if he had made the right decision by arranging the engagement between his little princess and Dalton.

To be fair, this little brat was quite handsome. Every young woman in their circle liked him.

No, he had to keep him for his little princess. He couldn't agree to his attempt to break off the engagement!

"So you're saying your illness can be cured?" Fabian huffed, "Then why on earth are you here talking about calling off the engagement?"

Dalton frowned. "Mr. Quinnell, let's keep matters separate."

"I won't agree anyway."

Fabian didn't care what he said. "If you really want to call it off, wait until my little princess returns. Say it to her face!"

Dalton understood what he meant, knowing there was room for negotiation. "I'll have The Shadows and Ryan Lloyd continue the search."

"That's more like it."

Having an engagement called off wasn't something to be proud of. But Fabian took it in stride and shifted his gaze to Wynter. "Sorry, Dr. Genius. Please don't mind."

Wynter shook her head and brought over her first aid kit. "Shall we start today's treatment?"

Seeing this, Fabian was even more impressed with this unnamed genius doctor. Indeed, just as his people said, this young lady was extraordinary.

From the moment she walked in, her eyes had shown resilience. No matter what they said or how much crucial information was exposed, her gaze never wavered.

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It was as if her sole purpose today was to treat them, regardless of their status.

Fabian had been in business for many years. He had met all sorts of people and admired those who knew exactly what they needed to do and did it.

This young lady had a broad perspective at such a young age. Even if she wasn't the savior of the Quinnell family, her future was undoubtedly promising.

"What did you eat this morning? And what medications have you used? I need to know your diet and prescriptions before I proceed with the acupuncture," Wynter said professionally.

Fabian couldn't remember such trivial details, so he called for Dr. Lopez from the hospital.

Dr. Lopez was keen to grab this chance and came quickly.

After checking the records, Wynter started the acupuncture. Her hands seemed to precisely measure every joint and acupoint in the body.

At first, Fabian didn't pay much attention. But when her silver needle touched his skin, a cool sensation flowed from the bottom up, refreshing him and clearing his mind.

The heavy burden he had felt these past days seemed to lift. His chest felt lighter, and the dull pain he had been feeling miraculously disappeared!

Fabian looked up

in astonishment!

But he saw Dalton beside him, appearing as if he was used to this!

Dr. Lopez, who had come to assist, was wide-eyed. He looked at Wynter as if she were a live research subject.

What was going on?

Wynter twirled the needle and said, "Mr. Quinnell, you should take care of yourself. Cut down on cigarettes and eat more vegetables."

Fabian nodded and couldn't help but ask, "Dr. Genius, where did you put that needle? How come I feel like all my illness is gone with just one prick?"

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Chapter 38 Dr. Genius Was **Poor**?

"Detox acupuncture points." Unlike the emergency treatments, Wynter used only three needles on Fabian, and each one made him crave more.

It was an incredible feeling, as if all the blockages in his organs were gone, making him feel rejuvenated!

Fabian was full of admiration. "A true genius! You're so young yet possess such medical skills. Traditional medicine won't decline with talents like

you."

"It's all thanks to my grandma." Wynter placed her palm against his back and pressed down as she spoke.

Before Fabian could even react, he heard a dull "crack".

"This is... bone-setting?" Fabian turned to look at her.

Wynter

nodded. "Yes. When I applied the needles, I noticed your thoracic vertebrae were protruding a little. Try moving it now."

“It’s not stiff anymore.” Fabian didn’t expect that this young lady would cure his chronic problem.

Other traditional medicine practitioners had treated him before. As they were all cautious because of his status, they dared not twist and press his body too vigorously.

This problem wasn’t serious. It was just that sitting for long periods and being in long meetings made him stiff and uncomfortable when trying to sleep.

Now, as Fabian moved his arm, he felt relieved. Strangely enough, he was sweating profusely, his patient gown soaked through.

Initially, Dr. Lopez thought this was abnormal. That was until Wynter said, “As you’re sweating now, I can remove the needles now.”

It was then that Dr. Lopez realized this was all deliberately done by Dr. Genius.

“Can acupuncture points really induce sweating?” Dalton, who had been quiet, leaned in closer. His voice was right behind Wynter’s ear.

Wynter turned around and saw his captivating face. He looked curious and eager to learn.

“There are 12 meridians and 362 acupuncture points in the human body. Among them, LR-3 and GB-21 points are specifically for detoxification.”

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Wynter packed up her needles, closing her first aid kit. “Mr. Quinnell, that’s enough for today’s session. After another round of acupuncture tomorrow, you’ll be ready to leave the hospital.”

Fabian looked at her gratefully and then glanced at his assistant, Hugo Wright. Hugo quickly took a card from his suit pocket. “Dr. Genius, here’s a million. Please accept it.”

“That’s too much,” Wynter said calmly, sticking to her principles related to payment.

“For Mr. Quinnell’s treatment, ten thousand a day should cover it.” That was her standard charge for treating noble and virtuous families.

Fabian looked at Wynter and pretended to be serious. “How is that too much? Is my life not worth a million?”

“It is.”

Wynter didn't refuse further. The repeated refusal wasn't her style. If the patient was willing to pay, she would

she would accept.

"Dr. Miracle" typically treated people based on the price they were willing to offer. After taking the card, she chuckled, "I'll have to think about how to spend this million."

After all, there were still many who thought she was poor and wanted to take advantage of that, like the nearly fallen "Gibson family" and "Scott family".

Dalton didn't know what she was thinking but remembered what Ryan had said that morning after hearing her words.

"We thought Dr. Genius didn't care about anything, but actually, she's had a tough life."

While serving them breakfast, Ryan continued, "Well, I sent Dr. Genius home yesterday. Mr. Quinnell, Mr. Yarwood, guess what?"

"That old alley was pitch black, not a streetlight in sight. Her place isn't a clinic but just a foot massage shop. She sleeps there at night.

"Alas, they say a poor man's child matures early. At her age, Dr. Genius should be in school. Instead, she goes around treating people for the sake of her family.

"You don't know. When I saw her in the square, she was drenched in sweat, providing free treatment to the elderly. She said she doesn't charge the poor. Such a kind heart."

Ryan's words were still fresh in his mind.

Dalton's brow furrowed as he looked at the young woman before him. He suddenly said, "You have not charged me for my treatment yet."

Chapter 39 She Was Really Poor

Wynter didn't know Ryan had told everyone she was "very poor" after taking her home yesterday.

She gave Dalton a puzzled look and said, "I have not treated you yet. Why should I charge a treatment fee?"

"It's for the lozenges you gave me yesterday," Dalton said. Then, he gave a signal to Ethan.

Ethan actually meant to ask when Dr. Genius would treat Dalton. He quickly handed her a black card with gold lettering. "Dr. Genius."

“Let’s talk about it after I’ve treated him.” Wynter packed up her first aid kit.

Ethan thought she was about to leave and asked, “Dr. Genius, what are you doing?”

“Packing up.” Wynter was puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

Ethan blushed and said, “You haven’t treated my master with acupuncture yet.”

“Him?” Wynter walked up to Dalton. “Are you in a hurry?”

Dalton’s voice was pleasant. “It’s up to you.”

Wynter hummed thoughtfully and then said, “Then you come with me.”

Come with her? Where were they going? Both Ethan and Dr. Lopez were a bit stunned.

But Dalton just calmly said, “Okay.”

Wynter turned to say goodbye to Fabian.

Fabian also wanted to follow, but Hugo stopped him. “Mr. Quinnell, you’re still recovering. Dr. Genius said you need to rest.”

Fabian stood up, leaning on his cane. He looked out the window at the beautiful young woman. “If my little princess were here, she would be about her age.”

“Mr. Quinnell, Ms. Quinnell is blessed with good fortune.” Hugo looked down and continued, “We’re already in Southdale. We’ll eventually locate Ms. Quinnell.”

Fabian’s eyes flared with the suppressed urgency from before.

“Go, send people to Havenlight County again. Make it high-profile this time. Pay anyone who provides information. I need to know what’s really going on here.”

“Yes.” Hugo accepted the order.

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The wind rustled through the treetops outside the window. The weather had turned a bit cooler.

The group walked along Daisy Alley outside the hospital.

Dr. Lopez, who had been working at the hospital for quite some time, had never noticed such a rundown alley in the area before.

“Sir, please walk slowly. Watch your step,” Ethan couldn’t help but speak up, lifting and lowering the umbrella that he was holding.

Dalton had never walked on this kind of path before. His custom-made leather shoes looked distinctly out of place on the bluestone pavement.

But in demeanor and posture, he was the most extraordinary, seemingly unaffected by his surroundings..

“We’re here.” Wynter stopped.

Under the backdrop of green tiles and white walls, Dalton, with his star-like face and tall stature, almost seemed like a model.

“Wynter, is this your friend?” Susan, who had come out to pour water, was surprised.

“He doesn’t look like someone from around here.”

Ethan turned to block her gaze.

Susan was taken aback. “My goodness! So fierce.”

Seeing the scar on Ethan’s face, she quietly pulled Wynter aside. “Wynter, if your family is in trouble, just say it. It’s okay even if someone is chasing you for debts.”

Wynter chuckled, “Susan, you misunderstood. He’s a patient.”

“A patient?” Susan exclaimed, “He must be here for your grandma’s massage, right?”

Wynter didn’t deny it. “Yes.”

Susan urged, “Then you better hurry!”

The patient looked so fierce, and the other one was extremely handsome! They seemed very wealthy, which must be a big deal for the Yates family!

Dalton did not pay attention to this small matter but fixed his gaze on the signboard for five seconds. Then, he came to a conclusion. She was really poor.

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The medicine store looked much better inside than outside.

Initially, Ethan was worried that the place was too dirty for Dalton to get treated. But it was clean and neat, with an old-fashioned layout.

There were wooden cabinets in the middle, making it look like an old house in Kingbourne, resembling a pharmacy from the olden times.

Dalton looked around the store before his gaze landed on a painting. He casually played with the beads on his wrist.

Seeing this, Wynter walked over to him and said, "It's a replica."

"But could it be real?" Dalton said with a playful look.

Wynter smiled. "What if it is?"

Dalton stayed silent, staring at the painting as his eyes darkened.

Even in her tangled sleeping pose, Marie's youth and beauty stood out, mirroring the deep emotions Picasso poured into his painting.

If he hadn't known that the real "Nude, Green Leaves and Bust" had been purchased by an overseas collector, he might have thought this painting was the real deal.

Dr. Lopez was intrigued. "Opening a foot massage shop like this in a modern city is quite an idea!"

"Medicine store," Wynter corrected him.

Dr. Lopez quickly rectified, "This medicine store is quite something!"

"Wynter, is that you?"

Margaret walked out of the room with her cane. She was surprised to see so many people, but then she smiled. "Are all of you Wynter's friends?"

Ethan was quick to respond, "Yes, friends!"

Margaret nodded and then glanced at Dalton. "And this gentleman too?"

"He..."

Before Wynter could speak, Dalton nodded and said, "Yes."

"Wynter, you have so many friends over, but you didn't even tell Grandma," Margaret

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jokingly complained while looking at Wynter.

"I could have asked Wolf to buy more ingredients and prepare a nice meal for you all."

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Wynter brought over a wheelchair for Margaret to sit in, "Grandma, they're not here for a meal. My friend is feeling a bit under the weather . I brought him here for some moxibustion.

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As an experienced doctor, Margaret could tell a lot from Dalton's complexion. "Wynter, your friend, he's just feeling unwell?"

"Just unwell," Wynter's eyes twinkled.

"He has a weak spleen and slow digestion. I'll give him a massage. Don't worry, Grandma, I won't do anything reckless."

Margaret patted her hand and said, "You must remember Grandma's words."

"I remember. For minor ailments, we do massages. If there's a serious problem, we don't prescribe medicines or do massages.

"We send them to the hospital across the street. Our medicine store doesn't treat serious illnesses." Wynter smiled softly.

Wynter didn't remember much about her past. She did recall Wanda whispering it in her ear when she had just woken up.

Wanda said that Margaret had once caused the patient's death and warned her to stay away from the medicine store. This incident weighed heavily on Margaret's mind.

Ever since Wynter started getting involved with the medicine store, Margaret had been worried. She was afraid that another accident might occur. 1

Wynter lowered her gaze, feeling that this matter wasn't as simple as it seemed. However, it had been a long time since it happened. She needed to find the right opportunity to investigate further.

Margaret didn't know what Wynter was thinking. She thought Wynter just got distracted again. She gently touched Wynter's hair and smiled. "My granddaughter is such a good girl."

Wynter bent down a little to let Margaret touch her hair, looking very obedient.

Dr. Lopez was shocked watching this. Was this the same Dr. Genius who usually looked at everyone so seriously?

Ethan also looked concerned. "Sir, her grandma's leg..."

