

## **The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 41-50**

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 41

### **Chapter 41 Meeting The Family?**

'Don't say too much,' Dalton whispered, still looking incredibly handsome.

Margaret wheeled herself closer and said to Dalton and the others, "It's the first time Wynter has brought friends to the medicine store. You kids have fun.

"There's tea in the courtyard. Drink it up to help with digestion. I'll go out and buy some shrimp to cook for you."

Margaret had a keen eye for people. She knew this young man was not an ordinary person and might not really be a friend of Wynter's. But seeing her granddaughter bring someone

home made her happy.

In the past, Wynter didn't like this medicine store. She used to say that staying here made her smell like herbs. Her classmates would tease her. So, she wouldn't stay for meals.

Wynter used to visit Margaret secretly, not wanting others to know. She was afraid that she would get a lecture from Wanda when she returned home.

Margaret understood that even though she had raised Wynter, she would naturally feel closer to her mother. And Wanda wasn't likely to speak well of Margaret in front of Wynter.

Margaret was aware of all this.

Later, as Wynter grew up, her visits became less frequent. Sometimes, only once in six months. She always said she was too busy.

But three months ago, after Wynter had an accident and hurt her head, things changed. Not only did her personality seem different, but she also helped renovate the medicine store.

Margaret was content with how things were. She never expected Wynter to follow in her footsteps and take over her job. She had raised Wynter and knew her granddaughter didn't really have the knack for it.

She just wanted Wynter to have more friends. The people they used to know were all about status. Once Wynter was out of their circle, they disappeared like they were never friends.

These young men seemed nice. At least they were still hanging out with Wynter.

Margaret was too friendly. Even Ethan couldn't keep a stern face. He just looked at Dalton,

But Dalton had a sensitive stomach. Hence, he couldn't risk eating food outside. If anything

went wrong, Ethan's job was on the line.

But then Dr. Genius smiled too. "Grandma, they all want to eat. Please buy more. And get a pumpkin. I want to make porridge."

Dr. Genius, don't... Ethan tried to refuse.

But Dalton interrupted, "We'll bother you then, ma'am."

He looked at Margaret with a faint smile, showing impeccable manners. "Let Ethan you. He can help carry things."

Margaret refused. "No need. You kids chat. I need to move around a bit."

Ethan wanted to speak up, but he couldn't find the words.

go *with*

Wynter smiled. “Grandma and Susan Perry go to the market together every day. You don’t need to go.”

“Exactly, us old folks have our friendships too,” Margaret said as she picked up an eco-friendly plastic bag.

She muttered to herself, “It’s just that Wolf isn’t here to boil the water. He’s been gone since yesterday, probably off picking mushrooms on some hill again.”

It was the season for fresh mushrooms in Southdale. There wouldn’t be any good ones left

if collected too late.

Many kids of Wolf’s age went to the hills, so Margaret wasn’t really worried about him being away.

Dr. Lopez moved slightly closer to Wynter and asked, “Dr. Genius, why do I feel like I’ve seen your grandma somewhere before?”

“You must be mistaken.” Wynter didn’t want to discuss this topic.

Dr. Lopez stood there, wiping his glasses. Could he have been mistaken?

Maybe he had been mistaken. The person he had encountered before was a quack who caused a patient’s death. That couldn’t possibly be Dr. Genius’s grandma.

Chapter 42 Treating The Stomach

“Dr. Lopez.” Wynter’s voice was calm.

Dr. Lopez immediately straightened up. “I’m here.”

“Do you know how to prepare herbs and boil water?” Wynter nodded towards the medicine

cabinet.

Dr. Lopez nodded. “I do, but I’m a bit slow.”

“Prepare jujube, Poria, and fried Atractylodes. Keep them ready.” Wynter glanced sideways. “If someone comes for a massage, come and find me.”

Dr. Lopez wondered if he, as a lead surgeon, was being ordered around as a receptionist.

Wynter smiled. “Don’t want to do it?”

Dr. Lopez rolled up his sleeves. “My pleasure.”

He was here to learn her medical skills, so being a receptionist was nothing!

After giving instructions, Wynter took Dalton into the room. The room had a soft couch in the center. As soon as Dalton walked in, he could smell the scent of mugwort.

Under the soft couch, it seemed to be connected to something. On a closer look, Dalton noticed it was linked to an outdoor fireplace.

It was similar to the old hearths in countryside homes from the ’80s and ’90s, but there was a slight difference. Beneath the couch lay a layer of mugwort, separated by a light purple gauze, which seemed more modern.

“Take off your clothes,” Wynter said as she opened her first aid kit and casually picked up a wooden hairpin to tie up her waist-length hair. “Lie down.”

What?

Was she asking Dalton to take off his clothes in this place? And lie down?

Ethan, carrying a wooden bucket, had a very conflicted expression on his face!

Dalton hadn’t let anyone touch him since he was four. He did everything himself, and even,

the maids kept their distance from him. Even abroad, Dalton stayed in his own estates.

And now, Dr. Genius was asking Dalton to undress and lie down in a medicine store?

Chapter 47 Tresung The Escenach

Ethan couldn't help but worry. Dr. Genius shouldn't put her own life on the line to treat Dalton.

Wynter didn't think much and continued preparing the medicine concoction.

Dalton, standing by the soft couch, raised an eyebrow. His eyes grew darker. "Are you sure you want me to take off my clothes here?"

Wynter turned up the heat and smiled brightly. This is the best place for your treatment. The gauze on the couch is sterilized, so it's clean."

Dalton didn't move, just looked at her.

"You don't have to be shy." Wynter dipped her hands into the medicine concoction. She looked serious as she said, "No one will come in."

Ethan wondered if Dr. Genius had forgotten that she was a woman. He was certain Mr. Yarwood would not take off his clothes.

But then Dalton laughed and started to take off his coat.

Ethan was stunned.

Wynter looked back at Dalton, "Take off your shirt too."

Dalton hesitated for a moment but did as he was told. His eyes darkened. When he got to

the second button of his shirt, he glanced to the side.

Ethan felt a chill down his spine and left the room immediately!

Once it was only the two of them, Dalton took off his shirt and lay on the soft couch.

His black trousers and well-defined muscles made him look thin yet sturdy under the dim

light. His dark hair fell over his forehead, making him look very dangerous.

No one would think he was a chronically ill patient. He looked more like someone in command.

Wynter smiled faintly and touched his stomach directly.

Dalton narrowed his eyes and raised an eyebrow.

“Relax,” Wynter said professionally, “I’m treating your stomach.”

Then she placed her hand on Dalton’s stomach. Centered on the navel, she started to gently rub in a clockwise direction.

## Chapter 43 Too Ordinary To Catch Your Eye

Dalton tilted his head and closed his eyes.

Each time Wynter lowered her head, the tips of her hair brushed against his arm,

When being massaged, senses tend to heighten. Dalton’s gaze intensified as he saw her hair parted to one side.

The massage was only twenty minutes, but he found himself wanting to play with her long hair several times as if he were under a spell.

“All done,” Wynter said calmly. She completed the massage with thumb pressure on acupuncture points below the knee. “You can wear your clothes now.”

It was then that Dalton noticed he was sweating a lot. But this wasn’t the cold sweat he was used to with his illness. His body felt warm and cozy instead.

He looked up at Wynter. His eyes were dark, gaze inscrutable. “Thank you.”

“We had limited time today. So, I just worked on stimulating your appetite.”

Wynter was sweating as well. Her face glistened with sweat, and her long hair lay damp against her neck, making her lips look even redder. She seemed aloof and captivating.

Dalton felt an odd itch in his throat and adjusted the shirt he had just buttoned up.

Wynter turned to pick up a needle. Then, she placed her hand on Dalton again, seemingly pressing on acupuncture points.

Now sitting up, Dalton could feel her breath even closer.

She inserted the needles into his neck, inch by inch. The sensation was cool and gentle, making his heart race.

Wynter seemed to notice his pulse. “Your breath is a bit uneven. Are you feeling hot?”

“Hmm,” Dalton said softly, turning his handsome face to the right.

“How much longer?” he said in a low and husky voice.

“Not long, just six needles. Hang in there,” Wynter replied professionally.

Dalton fixed his gaze on her face. "Dr. Genius, you seem quite familiar with this treatment,

method."

### Chapter 43 Too Ordinary To Catch Your Eye

This treatment method?" Wynter raised an eyebrow.

Dalton reminded her, "You're too close."

"Oh, sorry." Wynter realized her position might be a bit inappropriate.

He sat there with his shirt partly unbuttoned. His slightly pursed thin lips and messy black

hair added to his stunningly rugged beauty.

But his pale face was flushed by the heat of the mugwort. Wynter's hand was on his wrist while she leaned forward. She probably touched his leg by accident.

In the mirror, she did seem like a temptress from a dark tale, teasing a restrained and virtuous angel.

And all because this man was too handsome. No matter what she did, it seemed suggestive.

Wynter sighed inwardly and pulled her hand back. "I'll be more mindful."

"It's nothing." Dalton adjusted his shirt. "You see so many patients. It's normal to overlook

these details."

Wynter nodded, her eyes clear and pure. "Indeed. Don't worry. I'm not lusting after you. me, whether you're a man or a woman, it's all the same."

Wynter said that to make sure her patient felt comfortable.

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But Dalton took it differently. He smiled, his eyes intensely dark. "So I'm just too ordinary to catch your eye."

Wynter was at a loss for words.

Just then, Ethan walked in and heard what Dalton said. His eyes widened in shock at their posture before him.

The wooden bucket clattered to the floor!

Ethan stammered, "Dr. Genius, what... what are you doing to Mr. Yarwood?"

"I..." Wynter wanted to explain, but suddenly, a loud shout came from outside.

"Oh, no! Wynter! Someone's blocking your grandma in the alley, saying she's responsible for a patient's death!"

#### Chapter 44 Wynter Got Into A Fight

As soon as she heard this, Wynter dashed out from the door before anyone could react. She moved fast, grabbing a wooden stick nearby. Her eyes were cold and fierce.

A crowd had gathered in the alley. All of them were neighbors who had just returned from

the market.

"What's going on here?"

"They've come to find Margaret Yates, saying she had caused someone's death."

"It can't be."

"Why not? Traditional medicine is hard to tell."

"I just had my neck treated by her yesterday. Could something have gone wrong?"

"If this is true, we can't go to her anymore."

Margaret listened to the murmurs around her. Her hand clutching the cane had turned white, and her legs were trembling.

The accuser laughed arrogantly, "No wonder you're living so carefree here. Seems like nobody knows about your past deeds."

He shook his head and mocked her, "You think it's still the same as before? Traditional medicine is on the decline. And you dare to compete with the Gibson family?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Move over!" Margaret said coldly, trying to walk



away.

The man blocked her path and verbally abused her, "Stop pretending, old cripple. Wasn't it your idea to send that girl to the hospital?"

Wynter? Margaret abruptly raised her head. "Are you talking about Wynter?"

"I don't care what her name is," the man sneered.

"I wouldn't be here if my aunt hadn't asked me to come in person. Old cripple, you must be

eager to attend the Yarwood family's medical seminar, right? Here, take this!"

He threw an "invitation" at Margaret. "If you think you're capable, then go treat Mr.

Yarwood. Let's see if you old hag can..."

Chapter 44 Wypiter Gat intri A

Before he could finish his sentence, Wynter kicked him. The kick landed him on his knees, hitting the ground hard!

"Who dares to kick me..." The man tried to turn around in pain.

Wynter pressed her hand on his shoulder. She said indifferently, "Me."

"You!" The man couldn't stand up and tried to swing a fist.

Wynter leaned down and pressed harder. She said slowly, "Who did you just call 'old hag'?"

The man was in so much pain he started sweating. The pressure on his shoulder felt like a mountain. He couldn't move even a tiny bit.

"What... what does this have to do with you?"

"I don't have much patience. Better watch your tone, or else..." Wynter got close to his ear

and said, "I'll dislocate your bones."

The man sensed that she was serious. The joints around his shoulder were already out of place. He widened his eyes in pain. "Miss... Miss, let's talk nicely."

"Wynter." Margaret was worried that the neighbors around were all watching, which

wouldn't be good for Wynter's reputation.

But Wynter didn't care about it. She said calmly, "Grandma, such wicked people should be punished, so they can't harm others."

"Look who it is, the fake heiress who got kicked out!"

The man was sweating but scoffed, "You better let me go. Grandma's got a shady past, and the granddaughter's got no shame. Let's see who can leave when the police arrive!"

The word "police" made Margaret step forward to pull Wynter away.

She took a deep breath and looked at the man. "George, you're here for me. If you have something to say, say it. Leave my granddaughter out of this."

"I've given you the invitation" George Gibson shook his arm and said arrogantly, "The Gibson family is generous.

"We're not sneaky like you, treating patients secretly. Now, my aunt is giving you this chance to openly suck up to the Yarwood family."

Margaret looked at him and asked, "What's Hilda up to now?"

#### Chapter 44 Wynter Got into A Fight

"You've ended up like this. Who would bother with you?" George sneered.

"If you're not confident in your medical skills, just admit it. You're probably afraid of using the wrong medicine and killing someone again, right?"

His words stirred whispers and accusations around them.

Margaret's hands froze, not moving.

George laughed mockingly, "I knew you wouldn't..."

"Three days later? At the Yarwood family?" A teasing laugh interrupted him.

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#### Chapter 45 Wynter Decided to Take Action Herself

It was Wynter. She held the invitation card between her fingers, her eyes cold.

“Go back and tell Mrs. Gibson Senior that we, the Empathy Clinic, will be on time for the appointment. Hopefully, the Gibson family can hold on and won’t get into any trouble.”

“What *do* you think the Gibson family is? Can we even get into trouble?” George looked as if he had heard a joke.

He was extremely haughty. “Let me tell you, no one in Southdale dares to lay a finger on the Gibson family. The Gibson family is the law of Southdale. You better remember this, young lady.”

“I always remember.” Wynter was eating a sweet, and the look in her eyes darkened.

George only thought that Wynter didn’t know much about the Gibson family. He then left arrogantly.

Wynter looked at George’s back and slightly squinted her eyes.

George didn’t take his twisted arm seriously in the first place. But after he walked out of the alley and got into the car, his expression suddenly changed.

Why did he feel like he had lost sensation in his arm?

He tried to swing his arm but found that the joints seemed to be completely broken. His arm was so limp, and the joints couldn’t even be connected.

“Hurry! Let’s go home and find Aunt Hilda!” George shouted, breaking out in a cold sweat.

He wondered if he was disabled.

“No. I’m not,” George murmured to himself, looking pale. “Aunt Hilda will definitely heal me!

His driver didn’t know what happened. He turned around and looked at him. “Is something

wrong, Mr. George?”

“Quick! Drive faster!” George yelled anxiously.

From the entrance of the alley, Wynter withdrew her gaze. There was still hostility in her eyes.

The onlookers were still staring at them. Margaret was obviously looking a little out of state.

Wynter picked up the shopping bag from the ground and smiled at Margaret. “Let’s go home, Grandma. My friends are still waiting to eat the shrimp that you cook.”

Margaret came back to her senses and replied, “Let’s go home now. Look at me. I’m so forgetful.”

The crowd was still there. Wynter greeted them while holding Margaret’s arm to help her walk. “Did you buy a pumpkin too, Aunt Ruth?”

“Yeah. That’s right.” Ruth Webb looked a little awkward. “Hurry up and help your grandma to walk home, Wynter. I think she’s worried about something.”

Wynter replied with a brief smile, “Okay.”

Given her attitude, the people gossiping earlier said nothing. They were all neighbors after

all.

Susan even helped her to pick up the groceries. “Don’t take it to heart, Wynter. Ruth and the other neighbors don’t have any bad intentions.”

“I know,” Wynter said indifferently. “I’ll put the saddle on the right horse.”

She knew very well who she should pick the bone with.

Susan let out a breath upon hearing Wynter’s words. But actually, she was still a little scared. Everyone else avoided walking past the clinic.

Margaret had lived in the neighborhood for such a long time. But this was the first time Susan heard Margaret caused someone's death during treatment.

How could the others not be afraid? The clinic suddenly became very quiet.

Sergio had followed Wynter with a conflicted expression. After Wynter sent Margaret back to the house, he couldn't help but ask, "Is your grandma Margaret Yates, Dr. Genius?"

Wynter closed the door and glanced aloofly at him. "What? Have you heard of her name before?"

"1..."

Sergio was timid due to Wynter's powerful presence. "Some older family members mentioned some rumors."

Wynter smiled, but her eyes turned cold. "What are the rumors? I haven't heard any of

Chapter 45 Wynter Decided to Take Action Herself

those. Can you tell me?"

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Sergio was frightened. He paused for a while before answering, "You don't really have to

listen to those rumors. They're unreliable!"

"What if I insist I want to know the rumors?" Wynter persisted unhurriedly while her fingers

were tapping on the wooden stick she was holding.

Sergio took a deep breath and stated, "The rumors say there were not four, but five

medical families in Southdale. And the most outstanding one was actually your grandma, Margaret Yates.”

## Chapter 46 The Gibsons Were Going to Die

Sergio

stopped talking because Dalton was listening as well. He wasn’t sure whether the words he was about to say would affect the image of Wynter in her patients’ minds.

But Wynter raised her chin, indicating Sergio to continue.

Sergio lowered his voice and whispered, “I heard my grandpa say that she was a rising star at

that time. The Yates family wasn’t very outstanding. Yet she was rather talented and cured many patients with complex diseases.

“I’m not sure if she became too conceited. She had received the same patient as the Gibson family at the same time. She insisted on treating the patient with traditional medical methods and caused the patient’s death.”

Sergio feared that Margaret might come out, so he leaned closer to Wynter and continued, That matter was a really big deal at that time. If it weren’t for someone from Kingbourne to protect her, she might go to jail.

“But the matter couldn’t be settled like this since it would bring bad influences. Hence, the Gibson family suggested kicking your grandma out of the Medical Family Alliance. I never expected Margaret Yates to be your grandmother, Dr. Genius.”

Once Wynter finished listening, she looked up at Sergio and asked, “Then how do you think

I got my medical skills? Do you think I was born with these skills?”

Sergio rubbed his chin. “I never thought of that.”

Wynter stared at him again. “Who did you say was conceited just now?”

Sergio responded quickly, "Me! It was me! I am the conceited one!"

He saw Wynter beating George earlier. But how exactly did George stand after getting kicked by Wynter?

It was strange. Supposedly, George shouldn't be able to leave in a healthy state.

Wynter didn't say any more to Sergio. She flicked the invitation card that she was holding between her fingers and said, "Go and light up the fire. It's time to cook our meal."

She acted as if nothing had happened just now.

Ethan noticed the card in her hand. He quietly came up behind Dalton. "Sir, the invitation card that Dr. Genius is holding seems to be a fake one."

"

Ethan was in charge of sending out the invitation cards on behalf of the Yarwood family. Thus, he was familiar with the card.

The look in Dalton's eyes became gloomy and ambiguous. "Go and steal the fake one. Then put a real one in her bag."

"Okay." Ethan lowered his voice and remarked, "I didn't expect Dr. Genius to go to the seminar too. You two seem to be destined."

Dalton felt the word "destined" sounded pleasant for no reason. He rubbed the beads on

his wrist with a smile.

However, Ethan had not finished speaking, "But, sir, I'm afraid that the matter of her grandma causing someone's death during a treatment is true."

He didn't dare to risk Dalton's safety. If Wynter really did learn her medical skills from her grandmother... What if something went wrong during the treatment?

Dalton shot daggers at Ethan and expressed in an icy tone, "This will be the last time I hear you talking about gossip, Ethan."

"I'm wrong!" Ethan wanted to kneel. "I..."

Dalton reminded him, "This is not the Yarwood Estate."

He then walked into the backyard after finishing his words.

Ethan's heart was pounding fast, and he didn't dare to spout any more nonsense.

If Dalton was siding with Wynter, he had to prepare in advance.

In the backyard, Wynter was preparing to cook under the Black Locust tree.

Margaret tried to burn wood, but Wynter pushed her back to the rocking chair. "You can rest today, Grandma. I'll do the cooking."

"You're cooking?" Margaret didn't believe in Wynter. "You're a picky eater for sure. Do you know how to cook?"

Wynter took the teapot, walnuts, and a hand fan for her, "I'll try. You can watch and tell me

what to do."

Margaret was happy. "Okay! Let me see how my granddaughter is going to cook."

Wynter didn't say anything more. She put the chopping board on the table and cut the zucchini into pieces. Then she put the spaghetti, peas, and mushrooms into the pot to boil.

She worked so fast. While the spaghetti and vegetables were still boiling, she had already finished cutting the remaining vegetables.



She put gingers and shallots into *the pan* with hot oil. Soon, there was the smell of delicious food in the backyard.

## Chapter 47 Dalton's Stomach Was Conquered

Sergio wasn't hungry, but the smell of the food made his mouth water.

Margaret was smiling. "It's not bad."

Wynter didn't stay idle. After she put all the materials in the pot, she made some pancakes

with raisins.

She decided the meat stew and mashed potatoes weren't enough, so she made a salad with olive oil.

The smell of the food made Ethan keep turning around to look.

Margaret cooked the shrimp toward the end while Wynter made the dipping sauce.

All the food was served on the table, looking colorful and tasty. The bread rolls that were fresh from the oven were still steaming.

Sergio wanted to eat the food so badly, but he was afraid to eat.

Margaret grinned and said, "You can start eating now. Let's try and taste the food that Wynter cooked."

Both Sergio and Ethan couldn't wait to try the food. But Ethan didn't forget about Dalton sitting beside him.

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Dalton had never eaten food cooked by someone else before. He was also unable to eat with the other people due to his stomach problem.

"Mr. Yarwood, why don't you..." Before Ethan could finish his words, Dalton had already picked up the fork.

Ethan was a little perturbed. What if Dalton had a stomachache or fever after eating these?

Just then, Wynter walked over with a tray of food that included pancakes and pasta primavera. She put the tray in front of Dalton. "These are for you."

Dalton looked up at her.

Wynter nodded and explained, "These are good for your stomach. You can eat the pasta

when it's cooler. It's best to eat the pancakes first."

Ethan was marveled by Wynter's thoughtfulness. She was indeed a doctor. She even noticed the details.

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But Dalton felt that she was taking special care of him. He was beaming with satisfaction.

For a moment, he had forgotten that Wynter said that it didn't matter to her whether her patient was male or female.

Margaret only began to eat after making sure everyone had started eating.

Sergio thought that the *food* was luscious.

The meat was stewed nicely, and the mashed potatoes were so silky and creamy. Sergio never knew that mashed potatoes could be that delicious.

Initially, Dalton just wanted to show some respect and eat some since his appetite had always been poor.

But when he ate the pancakes, its wonderful taste lingered in his mouth. The salad was so refreshing, tasting just right with the meat stew.

He ate three pancakes and two plates of pasta before he knew it.

He tried to eat another pancake, but Wynter put her hand out to stop him. "Just eat until you're 80% full. Don't eat more."

But why was everybody else allowed to eat more than him? Dalton raised his eyebrows.

Wynter laughed lightly, "Let's go and have some tea?"

"Okay." Dalton stood up from the chair.

Wynter grabbed a handful of peanuts and gave them to Dalton. "Eat them with the seed coat."

Dalton took the peanuts in his hand. He looked like he didn't like to eat such things.

Wynter added, "This is the last medicinal food of the day. The raw peanuts."

Ethan happened to hear that after finishing his meal. He was surprised that everything Wynter did today was to treat Dalton.

As expected, Wynter wrote a list of medicinal food and recipes and gave it to him.  
"Follow

the recipes to cook for him at home."

Ethan quickly kept the paper well. He had never seen Dalton eat so much in any meal.

He would eat more to make his family members happy during Christmas. But he would feel ill for a few days after that.

#### Chapter 47 Dalton's Stomach Was Conquered

In the past six months, Dalton's appetite had gotten worse. The Yarwood family had tried every method they could think of. They even hired more than ten Michelin Stars chefs, but nothing really worked.

Unexpectedly, Dalton had a great appetite today. Moreover, his face had become ruddier, *and* there was no sign of regurgitation at all. Instead, he was sweating a lot.

It made Ethan feel a kind of unspeakable joy. He must tell Dalton's grandfather about this when they went back!

#### Chapter 48 Found the Fatal Weakness of the Gibsons

Just then, a thud of footsteps came from outside the yard.

Wolf, who had disappeared all day, stepped into the house carrying a duffle bag.

It seemed like he didn't expect so many people in the house. He stopped and looked at Wynter.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "You're back? Grandma has been asking about you the whole afternoon. You can go and eat your meal first."

Wolf nodded and walked into the house.

Sergio noticed that Wolf was carrying a big duffle bag. So he went up, trying to help. "It's heavy, right? I'll help... you!"

He rattled the last word out. The blue veins stood out on his neck. But he still didn't lift the

bag.

*"Thi*

is quite heavy," Sergio said awkwardly. He then tried to lift the bag again with both of his hands. His facial expression turned into a grimace!

Wolf stared at him silently without moving.

Sergio gave up on lifting the bag. He dropped his arms and panted, "What did you put inside the bag? Why is it so heavy?"

How did a child have such great strength?

Wynter walked over. She took the duffle bag up and threw it into the storehouse. "Alright."

She did like it was easy work. It was as if she just threw away a small bag of trash.

Sergio was frustrated. "I... This..."

Was he such a weakling?

Margaret laughed out loud. "Wolf was born with great strength. Wynter usually likes boxing. Look, there's a sandbag there."

Sergio laughed awkwardly. Wynter's hobby was quite unique!

Dalton didn't say anything. He sat at the stone table, his cuffs slightly rolled up.

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of the Cibsons

He was fiddling with the teacup, and his eyes were thoughtful. His reservedness and coldness added a sense of oppression to the yard.

Wolf noticed him immediately. He asked using sign language, "Who is he?"

While Margaret went into the house to slice fruit, Wynter took the chance and answered,

"He's a patient."

Wolf turned to look at Dalton again.

Dalton looked aloof. He wore a beaded bracelet on his wrist. Although he seemed pristine

and spotless, his eyes were wild and untamable.

Wolf didn't like him. He felt as if he had met him before, but he couldn't see through him.

Wolf gestured in sign language to express his feelings forcefully.

Wynter remarked casually, "He pays a lot."

Wynter's words made Wolf stop signing. He served them tea in a hospitable manner. Then,

he put a paper with a bank account number written on it on the stone table.

Dalton raised an eyebrow. His voice was deep and pleasant to hear. "Take the card out,

Ethan. Dr. Genius might accept it this time."

"This is what I deserve." Wynter smiled frankly.

Sergio was impressed by what he saw. Why did the tricks seem like the style of an unscrupulous shop?

However, Wynter's little brother seemed unable to speak. Sergio looked at Wolf with pity.

Wolf took the card. He blew the card and then kept it in his pocket carefully.

When he noticed that Sergio was looking at him, he signed. "What about you? How are you?

going to pay?"

"He's not a guest. He's a doctor from the hospital across the street." Wynter said nonchalantly.

Wolf raised his eyebrow. Then he decided that Sergio wasn't worthy of the tea because he

was one of their competitors.

Sergio was stunned when he saw Wolf taking away his teacup.

Fortunately, Margaret was there to keep an eye on Wolf so that he could be obedient.

## Chapter 40 Found the Fatal Weakness of the Gibsons

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It was just that his eyes seemed naive and cute. Yet he kept eating the bread rolls with a huge appetite.

When they walked out of the clinic, Ethan looked hesitant.

Dalton could tell that he had something in his mind. He stopped and stood still. "Just say it.

"The younger brother of Dr. Genius is not an ordinary boy, sir." Ethan chose a better wording to sound more pleasant. "There's something wrong with him."

The *look* in Dalton's eyes was indifferent. He fiddled with the beads with his finger and replied, "It's okay. He's not harmful."

Meanwhile, at the clinic, Wynter opened Wolf's duffle bag. There were hard drives, shopping cards, medical equipment, account books, and several name lists.

"The Gibsons have quite a lot of cracking stories," Wynter sneered.

The look in her eyes became frosty. "No wonder they said no one in Southdale dares to lay

a finger on them. They have someone covering their back."

## Chapter 49 Someone Was Pretending to be Dr. Miracle

Wolf signed and passed Wynter a piece of paper.

"So you're saying that she took the Zenith herb to treat the scion of the Yarwood family?" The look in Wynter's eyes darkened.

Wolf nodded.

Wynter rested her chin on her hand lazily and smiled. "Then I'll see how she's going to use the Zenith herb in front of me, the real Dr. Miracle."

Wolf emitted a sound naively, "Mmm!"

Wynter tapped on one of the name lists and gently laughed, "It's time to change some rules

of Southdale."

The Gibson family had been dominating the academia in Southdale for many years.

Those who had abilities but were poor hadn't been able to experience the internship opportunities at the hospital.

Those who were rich also had to know the ropes. The opportunities were only in the bag once they became an apprentice of the Gibsons.

Not only did the Gibsons obtain money from deceiving the patients, but they even bullied the newcomers and were riddled with corruption.

Wynter practiced medicine. She understood they were fastidious about medical factions. Therefore, the relationship between those aristocratic families naturally became close.

She didn't care about how complicated and dirty the medical circle was. She wanted to cleanse the circle inside out.

She wanted to let the patients have a chance to get treated and let those who had abilities have a great future.

Wynter looked up at Wolf and ordered, "Go and find out if the Gibsons had anything to do with the matter of Grandma causing someone's death during treatment."

Wolf's eyes were like saucers. He signed angrily. "Grandma wouldn't cause someone's death during treatment! She must've been framed by bad people!"

"I'm thinking the same thing as you." Wynter stood up with a cold look in her eyes.

But in reality, no one would simply believe you. If Grandma is to stay here, we have to silence the public with the truth."

Wolf lowered his eyes, indicating that he accepted the order.

Wynter picked up the invitation card on the table. "This is the case that I rejected. But since

I received it again, I will go there myself to teach the Gibsons a lesson."

Wolf was excited upon hearing Wynter's words.

When he was about to sign something, Margaret pushed the door open and walked in.” What are you doing sneaking around the storehouse here again?”

“Wolf collected some components that need to be assembled,” Wynter answered steadily.

Wolf nodded in agreement.

Margaret was smiling but sighed after seeing the invitation card Wynter was holding. “Are you really going, Wynter?”

“They had sent me the invitation card, so I have no reason not to go.” There was *no* trace of fear on Wynter’s beautiful face.

Margaret looked at her sensible granddaughter and felt warm inside.

She couldn’t hold back Wynter for the rest of her life just because of her own reasons.

It didn’t matter before. But now that Wynter had shown an interest in treating patients, she shouldn’t stop her.

“If you want to go, just go.” Margaret’s hand was warm.

She placed her hand on Wynter’s head and said, “It’s good for you to see the world. The Yarwood family from Sorzada City is prestigious. They have been protecting our country

since medieval times.

“There are many talented people, and you can make new friends too if you go. If you meet some doyens, you must take some photos and tell me, especially the one who’s very famous recently!”

Margaret became very excited as she spoke. “If you actually meet him, it’ll be very worthwhile!”

“Who is that?” Wynter asked casually. She didn’t really care about that.

Margaret gleefully took her phone out. She opened a webpage and enlarged it. She

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introduced, “Let me show you, Dr. Miracle!”

Wynter was completely speechless!



Did they call that person “Dr. Miracle“?

Wolf’s eyes widened too when he saw the photo. He looked as if he had just eaten something bad.

He turned to look at Wynter, then glanced at the webpage again. His eyes then drifted away.

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Wynter placed her finger on the phone screen. She took a deep breath and smiled briefly. “Are you sure this scruffy, bearded man is Dr. Miracle, Grandma?”

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“Wynter! How can you say that about Dr. Miracle?” Margaret would not let Wynter say that. He is a good lens with a bad frame.”

As Margaret spoke, she held her phone closer. She was looking at the picture with admiration, acting just like a fangirl.

Wynter rubbed her forehead helplessly.

She had been practicing medicine for many years. This was probably the most serious defamation *for* her reputation. “He’s definitely fake, Grandma.”

“Fake?” Margaret pushed her reading glasses, wanting to take a closer look.

Wynter held her arms and assured her, “Don’t worry. I won’t stir up any trouble.”

“I’m *not* worried about that,” Margaret sighed. “It’s my bad reputation that would get you into trouble. Don’t mention the Empathy Clinic when you’re there.

“I will ask my friend’s grandson to take you with him so that you *two* can look out for each

other. And it’s best to avoid the Gibsons.”

Why should she go if she had to avoid the Gibsons? But she didn’t tell Margaret that. Instead, she replied with a smile, “Okay.”

Everything was just as usual. Only Wolf knew that the Gibsons would have nothing left.

Before going to bed, Wynter told him, “I’ll hack into the National Defense System with you.

found.” I’m going to report them with the information you

Wolf nodded.

In the meantime, the Gibsons were enjoying great success.

“Since we got the Zenith herb, the Yarwoods have treated us differently.” Hilda was holding

the box, looking enraptured.

Luke was sitting beside her, flattering her with his words. “You are so shrewd, Madam. Gibson.”

Everyone in the Gibson family was thrilled.

“Now we just have to wait for the seminar to start!”

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“We will definitely shine by then!”

However, the eldest son of the Gibson family, Jason Gibson, had a grim look on his face.

He asked, “What actually happened to George’s arm? Haven’t you healed him yet?”

His son only went out to deliver something but came back with his arm dislocated and couldn’t be set back. Jason found it hard to feel excited.

Hilda didn’t take it seriously. “I’ve checked George’s arm, Jason. There’s nothing serious about him. He’ll be fine by tomorrow.”

“But...” Jason wanted to say something more but was interrupted by an old, low voice.”

Don’t dwell on such a trifle, Jason.”

The one who had spoken was the most powerful person in the Gibson family, Arthur Gibson.

Over a hundred years old, he was a little hunched with gray hair. His sullen eyes made him seem like a snake hiding in the dark.

“Dad!” Both Jason and Hilda were surprised. “Why are you back? Aren’t you busy in Kingbourne?”

Arthur didn’t answer them but asked the others to leave instead.

Once no more outsiders remained in the manor, he thumped his cane heavily and raged, "The Gibson family will collapse if I don't come back!"

Hilda and Jason were startled.

Arthur looked at them and asked, "Did you know someone in Southdale is investigating us?"

"Investigating the Gibsons?" Hilda sneered. "Who should we get rid of?"

Arthur took a teacup and threw it directly at her. It made a loud bang. Hilda lowered her head after getting hit by the teacup.

"What an idiot!" Arthur had to take a puff of a cigarette after he finished every word. He was old, and his breath was unsteady.

"How many times have I told you before? You have to be careful with every word you say

and every action you make. Even if you despise someone, don't let it show!"

Hilda was already in her seventies but still replied in a tremulous voice, "I was wrong, Dad."

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"I'm not going to say much else." *Arthur squinted* and continued, "I've made some

arrangements in Southdale. Nothing will be exposed. I'll *only do* this once. You have to do things with clean hands in the future!"