

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 71-80

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 71

Chapter **71** Mr. **Yarwood** and Her Tested Each Other

Meanwhile, Wynter followed the guests out. She pressed her red baseball cap on calmly,

as if all of the incidents had nothing to do with her.

But Xavier was puzzled. "Miss, who do you think wields such great ability?"

Her voice was light. "I don't know."

He touched his chin. "That's right. How would you know it? Abel didn't know it either, right?"

Abel was distracted. "Yes, that's right."

Wynter glanced at him and casually said, "Good and evil deeds will be compensated. If you've never done anything wrong, there's no need to be afraid."

Xavier nodded. "Anyway, I'm not afraid. I don't even know how to treat patients. My grandpa also drinks every day. He doesn't care about these things."

Abel raised his eyes. "I'm not afraid either. I believe in my grandpa."

She smiled lightly. "My grandma always tells me that only Mr. Lopez Senior is still friends with her after that incident happened to her. Don't worry. He'll be fine."

Only then did he feel relieved and muttered, "I've long disliked the Gibsons. Last time, I taught them a lesson when they had a bad attitude and tried to bully others in the hospital. This time, an unknown hero taught them a lesson. Whoever that hero is, I can only say that they're truly chivalrous!"

“Indeed.” Wynter wasn’t embarrassed at all and acknowledged her follower’s compliments. “The Gibsons are over. So, it’s our turn to make a fortune.”

Abel nodded. “That’s right! We…”

Wait, why did her sentence sound so familiar? Could it be that he had watched too many buzzwords from the platform?

He tugged on his headphone’s in confusion.

Wynter, who was walking in front, smiled. When she was about to leave the inner hall, she suddenly realized something and turned to look toward the top floor of the manor.

There was a glass room with the best view of the entire manor.

She couldn’t underestimate **the** Yarwoods, especially the third son of the Yarwoods.

Chapter 71 M Yarwbed and Her Tested Each Oster

Wynter soon averted **her** gaze and disappeared into the crowd.

Outside the manor, Wanda, who wasn’t a part of the entourage, didn’t know what was **happening**. She enjoyed the dessert and occasionally chatted with the people next to her.

“Yes, my daughter is Madam Gibson’s new apprentice.”

Some ladies praised her, “You’re so good at raising your child: My son isn’t as good as yours.

She smiled. “I’m indeed not worried about Yve. She’s studying at the university in Kingbourne.”

“Kingbourne!”

The people who gathered around her were extremely envious.

Those entourage ladies were wealthy but were bad at getting the current news.

Only the people in the inner hall knew about the Special Operations Team taking the Gibsons away.

After all, the Yarwoods had always done a good job in privacy protection.

Moreover, Dalton, the head of the Yarwoods, knew about their actions. Otherwise, the operation wouldn't have gone so smoothly.

The Special Operations Team went to thank him.

Dalton stood in the glass room at the top of the manor in a suit and overlooked the whole garden. "Mr. Holland, you're welcome. The Yarwoods are also careless. Our system has been invaded—my men are incapable."

Ethan, who was in charge of the security system, didn't dare to raise his head upon hearing

that.

Keith Holland was experienced. "The informer has a big background. He has used ruthless methods and is very good at network intrusion. We have contacted Honker Alliance to see if they can find the informer.)

"You didn't find out who the informer was?" Dalton stroked the red beaded bracelet on his wrist. His dark eyes were deep, and he smiled slightly. He thought that this matter was a little interesting.

Chapter 72 **Aroused Mr. Yarwood's Interest**

"He is very cunning and constantly switches virtual IP addresses. The location is different

each time. The only location we can confirm is Southdale. It took our technical department

three days to crack it."

Keith frowned. "As for the other one, we **can't** find it no matter what."

It was indeed rare to find someone who could make the Special Operations Team feel helpless.

The last time the same situation happened was three years ago.

Dalton withdrew his gaze and said, "Why don't you change your ways? You can start by investigating the Gibsons' enemies."

"The Gibsons' enemies?" Keith immediately understood. "Mr. Yarwood, do you mean that

this is a personal grudge?"

Dalton lowered his gaze. "So **far**, no organization has claimed responsibility for this incident. Since he appeared as an informer, he doesn't seem to be very righteous."

"Indeed." Keith pondered before instructing the same group of plain-clothed police

officers. "Check the social connections of the Gibsons, especially those whom they have

had grudges with."

"Yes, sir"

Dalton whispered, "Actually, you don't have to worry."

"What?" Keith felt confused.

He put on the beaded bracelet, and his eyes were bright and clear. "The matter isn't over

yet. With the style of that informer, I bet he'll appear again."

Appear again?

Keith felt his heart skip a beat, feeling inexplicably uneasy.

After the Special Operations Team left, someone opened the glass room's door.

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Theo appeared at the door **unpleasantly**. "You brat, I knew you were involved!"

"I really can't hide anything." Dalton walked over to support him and smiled.

Theo glared at **him**. “**Don’t** change the topic! **Who** am I holding this seminar for?”

“For me,” Dalton replied, not forgetting to hint at the bodyguards.

The bodyguards got the order and immediately retreated.

Theo pouted. “**Stop pretending** to be obedient. You know your body well. Don’t support me

if you **don’t** feel well.”

“I’ve been recovering well these past two days.” Dalton felt cold and coughed lightly as he

spoke.

The itching in his throat reminded him of the cooling lozenges Dr. Genius had fed him that **day**. He planned **to** take time to go to the clinic again.

He hadn’t been there for three days and wondered if she remembered him.

Theo didn’t know what his grandson was thinking and only felt regretful. “The Zenith herb

is such a good thing, but you don’t want it.”

“Didn’t you also refuse it?” Dalton helped him sit down. “It’s just a Zenith herb.”

He sighed. “The Gibsons are so ruthless.”

Dalton poured him a cup of tea. “Yes.”

“They deserve it. Don’t help the Special Operations Team catch the informer.”

He stirred the tea, saying, “Grandpa, I have no such plan.”

Theo snorted. “You haven’t? You’ve installed so much surveillance in the inner hall. Do you

think I’m blind?”

Dalton lowered his eyes. “I’m just interested in it.”

Theo didn’t believe his cunning grandson. “I don’t care what you think. The most important thing is your health! How could you use the seminar to arrest the Gibsons? You’ve scared away all those renowned doctors. No one will dare to treat you in the future!”

“All of them are scared?”

A bright and attractive figure appeared in Dalton's mind. He couldn't help but chuckle.
That shouldn't be the case."

Chapter 73 Fable About Mr. Yarwood

Theo observed his grandson. "You seem to be in a good mood."

Dalton paused. "Am I?"

He picked up the teacup and said, "Our system has been hacked, but you're still smiling.

You're obviously in a good mood! You brat!"

Dalton knew that Theo was still angry with him for not taking his treatment seriously, so he

poured a cup of tea. "Grandpa, Ethan should have told you about my recent physical condition and the people whom I met."

Theo looked at the ceiling and refused to admit it. "Ethan is your bodyguard. How could he

tell me these details?"

"Well, fine. You're right." Dalton smiled meaningfully.

He really couldn't be bothered to talk nonsense to his grandson.

Everyone in the Yarwoods was straightforward except for this cunning brat!

"Alright, just tell me! Which one is the Dr. Genius that Ethan mentioned?"

Theo wanted to chat with and thank Dr. Genius.

Although many renowned doctors had diagnosed that Dalton wouldn't live past 27, his appetite had increased at least. That was great news for the Yarwoods.

Dalton still kept it a secret. "Try to guess it."

Theo immediately took out the recorded list. "Could it be the doctor from the Lopezes?
But

his medical skills aren't good enough. Or the Shepherds?*

everyone

Theo guessed almost from the younger generation except for Wynter.

“It can’t be that interesting girl.”

He leaned on his cane and shook his head. “Apart from the Yarwoods, you’re allergic to every other girl!”

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“But that girl is indeed Dr. Genius!” Ethan shouted in his heart. He was right beside them

but he couldn’t tell Theo.

After all, Dalton had considered sending him to Astana after knowing that he had leaked information about Dr. Genus to Theo. He couldn’t talk too much.

Dalton remained calm and held onto the beaded bracelet. He raised his eyebrows slightly.” Grandpa you seem satisfied with that girl.”

wind interesting.”

When Theo talked about what had happened in the consulting room, his mood finally improved a little. He smiled. “You don’t know how smart she is. She was the one who diagnosed me, but she let others take the credit.”

That was indeed her style. Dalton suppressed his smile. “Who would refuse such credit?”

This gal probably thinks that the three of them are a team and that it’s not good for her to stand out.”

Theo spoke with appreciation. “She’s calm in facing honor and disgrace, knowing how to advance and retreat with her members. She’s ambitious, and her medical skills are good.

It’s a pity that she is a girl, so she can’t get close to you.”

That was what wanted him the most. His grandson had never been close to anyone since

he was a child.

He sighed. “What should I do with your marriage?”

Grandpa, don't worry," Dalton said calmly, "I've already mentioned it to Mr. Quinnell Senior. My health is bad. I won't marry his granddaughter."

When Theo heard that, his anger grew. "I never asked you to break off the engagement! I want you to think about your relationship issues!"

"I've thought about it. Whether intentionally or not, Dalton coughed a few times. His face was pale, and his breathing became weak. "Grandpa, you know that I can't give others happiness.

Ethan suspected that Dalton was acting, but he didn't dare to expose it.

Theo knew that this brat did it on purpose. He soon thought of the fortune teller, Atwater Munoz, who gave his grandson a fable when he was only one month old.

Chapter **74** Who Is the Yarwoods' Turning Point

Dalton **had** a noble but short-lived destiny.

Since Theo felt bad about it, he let Dalton off the hook.

Fabian hadn't found his granddaughter. So, it was better to let the Quinnells decide the marriage after they had found her.

He just felt that it was a pity that no one could accompany his outstanding grandson from

childhood.

Theo sighed with a rare sign of guilt. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have..."

"Grandpa." Dalton interrupted him with a faint, warm smile. "I've never hated you. If the Yarwoods need someone to take on something, I'd rather it be me."

Holding the dragon cane, Theo trembled slightly. He didn't speak for a long time and looked at his bright and lovely grandson before sighing helplessly.

Everyone envied the Yarwoods for their wealth, but no one knew of the troubles they went

through.

His grandson had been willing to suffer for so many years.

Atwater also once said that everything would have a turning point. But they had waited for so many years. Where was their turning point?

Dalton knew what Theo was thinking, but he only sat beside the tea table calmly and looked out of the manor.

The afternoon light swept past him and casted a layer of halo around his figure. It made **him** look even more cold and noble, just like the son of an aristocratic family in the medieval times. His every move was filled with light.

He guessed she should have received the gift he gave her by now. Even through the video,

he could tell that she wanted the Zenith herb.

Dalton smiled lightly.

At this moment, Wynter had already walked out of the inner hall. While she was responding to Abel, she secretly sent a message to Wolf in her pocket.

The content was simple, and there was only one sentence—Retreat, the Yarwoods.

Intervened!

When Wolf **received** her notice, he **was** eating toast on the street. He ate it in big mouthfuls, **filling** his entire mouth.

Since he didn't implant any extra IP addresses, he immediately wiped them out and left no **trace for** the other party.

He stood up and thought, "Hmph, the Yarwoods are so annoying!"

Margaret shouted over there, "Wolf, come and take a look! What's going on with this TV? It keeps buzzing!"

Biting down on the toast and holding onto wooden buckets, he headed toward the inner courtyard.

No one would have thought that the person who caused an uproar in Southdale and turmoil on the internet would be a little boy.

After all, they had never linked the Gibsons' trouble to Wynter, so they were even less likely to notice the clinic hidden in the alley.

At the same time, the Southdale ladies were still talking in the reception hall outside the manor.

Wanda had become the center of their attention. "Speaking of Kingbourne, we plan to move there by the end of the year."

Mrs. Lipsey was surprised. "Going to Kingbourne? What about your business?"

Mrs. Jennings took a sip of tea. "You know nothing. Mrs. Yates' maternal family is now in Kingbourne."

All the ladies were envious.

Although Southdale was good, and its economy was developing rapidly, it was still far behind Kingbourne.

"Business is trivial." Wanda pretended to be modest. "Yve is outstanding. We can't be a hindrance to her, so we'd better move to Kingbourne..."

Just as she was talking, Yvette was pulled out by a bodyguard. Her hair was messed up, and she looked frightened.

"Mom."

She was about to cry, but when she saw all the ladies in the entourage, she immediately hid

her emotions.

Chapter 75 Wanda's Embarrassment

Wanda stood up abruptly and shouted, "Yve! What's wrong with you? Why did you come out alone? Where is Madam Gibson?"

Yvette took her hand and whispered, "Mom, let's talk about it later."

Wanda wasn't stupid. Realizing that something was wrong, she anxiously said to the ladies, "Yve has anemia. I have to take her back quickly."

The ladies looked at each other.

None of them was a fool. Anemia? Could it be that she was eliminated early?

Yvette could see through their thoughts, so she pretended to be weak and leaned against Wanda. "Mom, I'm a little out of breath. Don't worry, I didn't embarrass you. The consultation is over.

After such a serious incident had happened, the medical consultation wouldn't continue.

Yvette was smart enough to analyze the situation.

In five minutes, the inner hall door opened wide, and the renowned doctors came out one

after another.

The ladies all stood up and stopped paying attention to the Yates.

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Yvette quickly took the opportunity to run away with Wanda.

They ran out of breath to a further distance as Yvette didn't want to be embarrassed in public.

Wanda lost her elegance. "What happened?"

Seeing no one was around, she whispered, "The Gibsons are doomed! Madam Gibson was arrested! Mom, we won't be implicated, right?"

What?

Wanda lost her balance and almost fell. She couldn't believe it. "No way! The Gibsons and

Mr. Carter have..."

"Mr. Carter was also arrested!" Yvette resisted the urge to yell, "Special Operations Team has arrested him! Mom, think about it! The Yates have nothing to do with them, right?"

Wanda was stunned and shook her head. "With your dad's financial level, he's not qualified

yet."

She breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good."

Wanda still couldn't accept it and shouted, "How could Hilda be caught? We spent so much effort on her! Your dad gave her one million and even snatched Margaret's Zenith herb for her! How could anything happen to her!"

Thinking about how she had been serving Hilda like a maid these days, she couldn't control her anger.

"That damn Hilda! If they weren't reputable and we needed to rely on them to get to the Yarwoods, I wouldn't have been so humble-"

Before Wanda could finish cursing, Yvette covered her mouth.

“Mom, keep your voice down! The Southdale families are cutting ties with the Gibsons right now. Just forget about that one million. You must never mention it again!”

Sometimes, she even wondered how she could have such a stupid biological mother.

If it weren't for the fact that the Yates had money and could help her get a high status, she

wouldn't have even returned.

Wanda didn't notice her daughter's sinister eyes. She gritted her teeth and whispered, “That's one million! But you're right. We can no longer have anything to do with the Gibsons.”

They wanted to take advantage but suffered a loss instead. She needed to tell the Scotts the news as soon as possible.

The Yates were indeed unqualified to associate with Gerard, but not the Scotts. Fortunately, her maternal family was in Kingbourne. There was always a way to avoid

trouble.

Yvette didn't pay attention to her distraction as she was concerned with another matter. Mom, how are Grandma's medical skills? I saw that Wynter became different...”

Chapter 76 Mr. Yarwood Invites Her

“I've told you not to mention her!”

Wanda seemed unable to bear having Wynter as a fake daughter, and her voice became

louder.

“Yve, you're still young, so you don't understand. Once she becomes poor, she'll find ways to cling to you. You said that she has changed? That's because she wants to make a living!”

Yvette frowned. “But she does know medicine. Even Mr. Yarwood Senior showed up just

now.”

She was shocked. “You mean that the Yarwoods chose her?”

Yvette bit her lips. "Not really. She is in a group with the Lopezes. The scion of the Lopezes

is more outstanding."

Wanda sneered. "Ah, she's now clinging onto the Lopezes now! I underestimated that poor

old lady. She's finally willing to use her connections!"

"Mom, Grandma's medical skills are good, right?"

She snorted. "She has caused a patient's death. Even if she has some medical skills, she has ruined her reputation in this circle. Only the Lopezes are still in good relations with her."

Yvette lowered her head and went deep into her thoughts.

"Yve." Wanda took her hand. "Don't worry. Even if the Lopezes help Margaret, she wouldn't

be able to do anything. The most important thing for us right now is to find a way to get close to the Yarwoods."

Yvette raised her head. "There is a way."

Her eyes lit up. "What's it?"

Yvette looked away. "I deliberately left the Zenith herb at the Yarwoods, so I'll have an excuse to go into the manor again. Mom, is it fine for me to do that?"

"My babe! What's wrong with this? You're so smart!"

Wanda looked at her with satisfaction. "That fake girl can never compare with you! Her IQ isn't even on the same level as yours!"

When Yvette heard her mention Wynter again, she revealed a hint of cruelty.

Wanda didn't know why her daughter always paid attention to that fake daughter. To make Yvette focus on the Yarwoods, she tried her best to belittle Wynter.

In fact, she was telling the truth-Wynter was indeed stupid.

She spent so much effort back then but could only get into college. It was an embarrassment to Wanda.

Unlike Yvette, who studied medicine at a university in Kingbourne and would soon be able to get close to the Yarwoods.

Wanda believed that she would enjoy happiness soon.

She was happily dreaming of being successful by marrying her daughter into the Yarwoods..

But Yvette suddenly said, “Mom, who did the Gibsons offend to cause their downfall so badly? Could it be related to Grandma’s Zenith herb?”

“The Gibsons have accumulated grudges all these years!”

Wanda hated Hilda to death. “Don’t always link that old lady to everything. With Hilda’s way of taking bribes, maybe one of her apprentices reported her!!

Yvette thought so. Since the Special Operations Team was here, there must be an informer

-perhaps it was the trainee doctor in the video.

She should think carefully about using that Zenith herb to make the Yarwoods change their opinion of her and give her a chance to meet Mr. Yarwood.

After all, it didn’t matter if Wynter knew medicine.

They were still too arrogant to think that it wouldn’t have much impact on them even if Wynter had changed.

However, at the same time, Wynter, who was about to leave the manor with Abel and Xavier, was stopped by the black-clad bodyguard of the Yarwoods.

The other party was polite and even respectful. ‘Hello, Ms. Yates. Mr. Yarwood is looking for you.

Chapter 77 Great Gifts From Mr. Yarwood

“Mr. Yarwood? Xavier’s eyes widened in surprise. “Why is he looking for her?”

His sentence attracted everyone who hadn’t yet left to turn around.

Did they hear wrongly? Mr. Yarwood was looking for that “fake daughter”?

The bodyguard responded, “Mr. Yarwood wants to return the things belonging to the Yates.”

It turned out that he wanted to return something to her.

Everyone looked at each other and felt relieved.

That made sense. How could Mr. Yarwood know a ‘fake daughter’ from a small town?

Abel stood before Wynter. “I’ll go with her.”

After all, he had promised his grandfather to protect her.

The bodyguard spoke stiffly, “Sorry, sir. Mr. Yarwood only invited Ms. Yates.”

“My surname isn’t Yates.” Wynter, who had been silent all this time, squeezed the phone in her pocket. “Please lead the way.”

Mr. Yarwood was looking for her, but it was probably not because he found Wolf.

Maybe she was accidentally captured by a hidden surveillance in the inner hall.

If so, it would be easy for her to make up an excuse. She kept guessing his intentions as she followed the bodyguard.

Abel was worried about her. ‘Miss, don’t be afraid. The Yarwoods are reasonable!’

Wynter waved as casually as ever.

He thought. “What if the Yarwoods are unreasonable? We can’t fight the Yarwoods!”

Abel looked around. Those bodyguards could hit both of them to the ground with just a punch!

Wynter also observed the layout of the manor. She never thought of using force to solve the problem but her IQ.

“Ms...” the bodyguard was hesitating about what to call her.

‘I’m Wynter Quinnell.’

“Ms. Quinnell.”

The bodyguard opened the door and said, “Please come in.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Aren’t you going in?”

The bodyguard didn’t say anything but stood by the door responsibly.

Wynter quickly removed the communication card from her pocket, which made the phone freeze.

It seemed like a study built in an open-air attic. The open-air area was filled with plants, and a screen was placed in the middle to create a medieval-style viewing. There was a medicinal incense lit on one side.

That was the first thing she smelled when she came in.

No one was in the study. It was empty and bookish, but the screen on one side showed the scenes of the inner hall.

In other words, Mr. Yarwood had been sitting here, watching their every move in the inner hall.

Indeed, he had used his own means.

Wynter smiled. The tea was still warm, and there was a chessboard. It seemed that the person who played chess was temporarily away, and that the game wasn't over.

She didn't move and only glanced at the wooden box in the center with a piece of hot stamping paper placed on it.

The handwriting on the paper was smooth, vigorous, and powerful.

"Ms. Yates, please accept them."

Accept them?

There was a hint of amusement in Wynter's eyes.

She knew what was in the wooden box-it was the Zenith herb that the Gibsons had grabbed.

But was she allowed to take the things outside the wooden box as well?

Phase 1 Great Gifts Pens Mr Varwend

There was a black card, a truffle, and a bunch of root herbs.

Wynter raised her chin slightly and looked at the surveillance nearby before making a move.

She only took the wooden box. But she took a fancy to his herbal tea, so she poured herself a cup of it and ate a piece of macaron on a plate.

It just so happened that she was hungry after consulting the patients.

While eating, Wynter picked up a pen and wrote a reply on the same paper.

“I’m not surnamed Yates. Thank you for the hospitality. I will only take what I should. The dessert is good. In return, I would like to remind Mr. Yarwood that it’s not good to smell medicinal incense for a long time.”

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Chapter 78 **Medicinal** Incense Is **Polsonous**

Wynter picked up the wooden box and walked out after leaving a message.

As for her handwriting, regardless of whether Mr. Yarwood could understand it, it was terrible.

She did things **based** on superficial etiquette.

He gave her gifts as if he had discovered her.

So, she thought that she’d better avoid him in the future. Then, she recalled the beautiful pen which was encrusted with diamonds.

Cultural people were indeed wealthy.

Dalton didn’t know yet that his actions had backfired.

As soon as Wynter left, he entered the room. After watching the surveillance all afternoon, he felt somewhat tired.

The bodyguard in black approached, “Sir, Ms. Wynter Quinnell didn’t take anything else. She only took the Zenith herb.”

Wynter Quinnell?

Dalton raised his eyebrows slightly. It turned out that her name was Wynter Quinnell.

He walked into the study while taking off his beaded bracelet. Glancing at the remaining things on the table, he asked lightly, “Did she drink the tea?”

The bodyguard was shocked. "Sir, we haven't had time to change things yet. I'll get rid of

them!"

What Dalton hated the most was people touching his tea set.

When Ms. Quinnell from Kingbourne stained his coasters, he had ordered them to replace

them.

They had learned their lesson the last time, and naturally would not dare to make such a

mistake again.

This time, however, the bodyguard didn't expect Wynter to have the guts to drink Dalton's, **tea** and eat his desserts. She didn't do things according to common sense!

Dalton had already picked up the hot stamping paper. "Just leave it. The tea has just been brewed, so it would be a pity to change it."

The bodyguard was shocked. He even had some suspicion that there was something wrong with his ears.

"Ms. **Quinnell** seems to have touched the macarons. I'd better tell the pastry chef to..."

"No need." Dalton picked up the financial report and said calmly, "She didn't touch the **other** side."

The bodyguard was scratching his head. He wondered whether Dalton was angry and felt

that Wynter was a little too unruly.

Dalton seemed to have read through his thoughts and turned slightly cold. "Samson, remember, she is my guest."

Samson White trembled. "Yes, sir!"

Dalton drew back his gaze and said lazily, "Throw away that medicinal incense."

Ethan came in and happened to hear this sentence.

“Sir, you can’t throw it away.”

He blocked Samson’s hand. “Ms. Yarwood bought it for you. It’s a rare medicinal incense.”

Dalton glanced at him and handed the paper over. “Read it yourself.”

“It’s not good to smell medicinal incense for a long time?”

Ethan frowned, finding it hard to read it. “This handwriting is too terrible.”

Dalton took a sip of his tea. After drinking, he seemed to remember something and paused. Then, he looked at the teacup. “She wrote it.”

Ethan knew who “she” was, and his voice became even louder. “Dr. Genius said that? Then

we have to believe it! I’ll throw it away!”

Samson deadpanned and thought, “So, the Dr. Genius who Mr. Yarwood Senior has been

waiting for all day turned out to be a girl?”

After Ethan threw the medicinal incense, he was still confused. “**Sir**, it’s not like Dr. Genius’

style to remind you like this.”

“Yes.” Dalton turned the teacup and poured the tea.

Chapter 20 Medic

Wynter wouldn’t have done that unless the medicinal incense wasn’t only useless but also

harmful.

But it was Lydia who bought the thing, so there was no way she could have harmed him. He looked out the windows in deep thought.

Chapter 79 Steal Something From the Yarwoods

It was 6:00 pm-the rush hour for getting off work.

Cars were going back and forth on the road. There was no traffic in Waterview Alley, but there were a lot of people gossiping.

“Did you hear that?”

“What’s it?”

“The doctor from the opposite hospital was arrested!*

“It’s the Gibsons who came to cause trouble last time!”

Susan just came back from shopping for groceries. “I think they came to bully Mrs. Yates Senior on purpose last time!”

“I think so! It’s said in the news that the Gibsons are bad! Many patients have suffered from

them!”

“She also suppresses her colleagues. Mrs. Yates Senior must also have suffered!”

Susan looked over. “Now you know! But you’ve said something you shouldn’t have in front

of Wynter!”

“Mrs. Yates Senior has lived with us for so long and nothing has ever happened here.”

“I had a stomachache before and couldn’t afford the medicine from hospitals. But Mrs. Yates Senior made me some soup and added something else-I don’t know what it is. I only needed to pay 50 dollars to cure it!”

While they were discussing, Wynter returned with a wooden box and smiled slightly. “Aunt Susan, what are you talking about?”

“Oh, Wynter, you scared me!” Susan said enthusiastically, “We’re talking about your grandma! Her medicine can cure our illnesses!”

She smiled. “Did my grandma prescribe medicine for you?”

“It’s diet therapy,” Susan said, “I know your grandma’s rules-to only maintain our health and not cure diseases.

Wynter put down the wooden box. “Why are you all gathered here?”

Wynter put down the wooden box. “Why are you all gathered here?”

“They want to apologize to your grandma!” Susan glanced at the neighbors. “But they’re too embarrassed to enter.”

She smiled slightly. "We're open for business, so you can all come in as you please."

"That's great! I want to ask your grandma to massage my neck!" someone said, "I haven't been here for the past few days and it feels swollen and painful!"

Wynter responded to them while opening the door. Wolf, who was squatting in the inner courtyard to light the fire, immediately stood up and ran over fiercely.

Sensing that she had looked at him, he stopped abruptly and raised his hands. His eyes widened, as if he was asking what had happened.

"Wolf!" Susan stroked his head. "Where is your grandma? We're here to have a massage!"

Wolf hated it when others stroked his head, but he resisted the urge to hit her and pointed to the back aggressively.

She went inside happily, not knowing that if Wynter hadn't been there, Wolf might have knocked her over!

A group of neighbors were talking in the backyard. Even if they didn't ask for a massage, at least the shop had returned to its usual bustle.

Wynter was responsible for coaxing Wolf. Otherwise, he would have to dig a hole in the floor while carrying the bucket in his current state.

"I brought you your favorite."

She opened the black bag and gave him the gifts from the Yarwoods.

When Wolf saw his favorite truffles and cordyceps, his eyes widened. Then, he gestured with a smile.

"Well, the Yarwoods are very generous." Wynter looked at him and said slowly, "No, you can't steal them."

He tilted his head and squinted his eyes, as if asking "why not?".

She also gave him the wooden box. "Mr. Yarwood is a bit dangerous."

He gestured and asked if he was more dangerous than her.

She answered casually, "You can't compare me to him."

He looked at the truffle, but his intentions remained unchanged.

Seeing his expression, she raised her eyebrows. "Wolf, I taught you to obey the rules when you first came. What did I say?"

Wolf opened his mouth and showed his sharp teeth. He gestured-No stealing, no robbing.

Wynter nodded. "You can't steal or rob, let alone eat randomly."

Just as he was about to nod to show his obedience, she suddenly pinched his face.

She checked on him, and her expression darkened. "Why are your teeth growing so fast?"

Chapter 80 Reopen Empathy Clinic

"Wynter!"

Margaret interrupted Wynter and smiled. "Ask Wolf to bring some more water to soak Susan's feet."

Wynter naturally retracted her hand. "Okay."

She temporarily put Wolf's matter aside. There was no rush anyway. As **long** as she used a lot of herbal medicine, no one would have any suspicion of him.

At night, the dinner's aroma filled the alley.

It could be seen today that it was Margaret's happiest day.

She wore her reading glasses and massaged her neighbor's shoulder seriously. As long as the patient got better, she would giggle along.

Wynter raised her eyebrows. After Susan and the others left, she supported Margaret and said, "Grandma, let's reopen the Empathy Clinic."

Margaret's expression froze. "Why are you mentioning it suddenly?"

"Is it sudden?"

Wynter said casually, “Grandma, I’ll take the correspondence college entrance examination. I must have some practical experience and background. Otherwise,

others will look down on me when I go to the city in the future.”

Wolf’s eyes widened, seemingly shocked to hear her words.

Wynter glared at him to make him stop his gestures. “Wolf, the toast is ready. Go and eat it.”

He ate his toast with satisfaction—it was a toast with truffles!

Margaret pondered for a moment and said, “Well, you’re right. You need to take the college entrance examination seriously.”

“I’ll watch you while you do medical consultations. That’s the best way to learn.”

Peopen Empatny

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Wynter pointed at Wolf. “Wolf also eats a lot. So, we need to make more money if we want to afford raising him.”

While eating the toast, he moved his ears to express his approval.

Margaret’s mind wandered a little further, and she suddenly asked, “Wynter, you went to the Yarwoods today. Did something happen?”

She didn’t hide it from Margaret. “Yes. During the medical consultation session, the police broke into the manor and took the Gibsons away. It looked pretty serious.”

“They arrested the Gibsons in public?” Margaret leaned on her cane. “None of you received any news in advance?”

Wynter shook her head. “No.”

She pondered. “I wonder who can destroy the Gibsons in one go.”

Wolf grinned and pointed at himself seriously.

Margaret was amused. “You? Stop joking. Hahaha, how could a child like you knock down the Gibsons? Don’t make me laugh.”

He tilted his head and frowned while looking at Wynter, indicating that Margaret didn’t believe him.

She didn't say anything but flicked his forehead. "Sit back."

He pouted.

Margaret was still laughing. "Are you angry? Okay, it was my fault. I'm sure you did that. You're so amazing!"

Wolf's eyes widened. He made it clear that he didn't believe her.

She looked at the wooden box that Wynter had brought back. "The Gibsons have been acting far too recklessly in Southdale over the years, even taking human lives with no regard. God finally saw their crimes and punished them."

Wolf turned away and snorted. He thought, "It's me who punished them!"

Wynter straightened her face and warned him. Then, she replied to Margaret, "You're right."

Margaret couldn't figure out what sort of signals they were making behind her back. and only showed a helpless and doting smile.

"Wynter, you can take note of the pros and cons in other industries. But you can't do that in the medical field. We're facing patients, and there are various different kinds of patients. Our casual diagnosis may end up affecting a person's life."