

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 81-90

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Will Return to Kingbourne

Margaret stood up using her cane. "I'll need time to carefully consider whether to reopen the Empathy Clinic."

Wynter chuckled. "Grandma, you don't have to worry. I just think that with more good doctors, there will be fewer bad doctors. What do you think?"

She paused. "You're right. I've lived for so long, but I have never figured out as much as you did."

Wynter stopped persuading her and gave her time to think. She didn't need Margaret to make an immediate decision.

After all, a patient had once died under her care. It was a difficult hurdle for doctors. to overcome, especially those who wanted to save lives and heal the wounded.

Wolf also knew what Wynter was up to..

At midnight, when Margaret fell asleep, he assembled his pile of scrap metal into a mini laptop.

A wolf-like dog barked outside, but after Wolf glared at it, it immediately became silent.

The dog stretched its paws forward and shrank, shivering a little.

Susan, who lived next door, had seen Wolf holding his laptop and thought that it was

a toy.

In fact, after having received Wynter's training, he could turn it into a laptop or a drone, but the assembly method and parts used differed.

After Wolf found the location on his laptop, Wynter took a look and **raised** her eyebrows. "The person who framed Grandma back then wasn't in Southdale but in Kingbourne?*

Wolf nodded vigorously.

Wynter stood under the tree and held onto the black locust while she pondered.

"Kingbourne... I haven't gone back for a long time now."

She threw the black locust into the teacup and said calmly, "Put it aside first. Let's wait until Grandma opens the Empathy Clinic."

Wolf carried a rocking chair and a big stone to sit in the courtyard. Then, he gestured to ask her if she wanted Margaret to regain her confidence as a doctor.

She sat in a rocking chair and held onto a hand fan. She looked beautiful in black clothing. "It's not just for

He was sitting on the big stone while holding onto the root herb and chewing on it. He raised his eyebrows, as if asking her if she had anything else to say.

"It's time for you to go to school," Wynter said calmly, "Also, you need to dye your hair. Didn't you notice that it's already turning white?"

Wolf was shocked when he heard that. He sat upright and even ignored the good root herb, gesturing anxiously.

She spoke slowly, "No, there aren't any jobs that you can take on. If we reopen the Empathy Clinic with you there, it'll be regarded as child labor. If the Industry and

Commerce Bureau finds it, they'll close down the clinic. If our home is gone, where

do you th

you'll live? Moreover, it's abnormal for an 11-year-old kid to not go to school."

He became despondent—he absolutely despised going to school.

Wynter looked at him. "Your household registration problem also needs to be solved.

If you go to school in Southdale, you may scare the teachers. I'll send you to Kingbourne since you're more suitable there."

Wolf's eyes lit up. He could go to Kingbourne to make trouble!

She didn't correct his thoughts and averted her eyes. Then, she threw the black bag at him. "Let's get started."

He nodded and grabbed a small shovel.

Wynter's slender figure was shrouded in a halo under the bright moon, with long black hair **and** a beautiful face.

Chapter 81 Will Returns to King

Wolf was following her, carrying a big black bag with his eyes widened.

For such a girl in ordinary clothes and an 11-year-old boy, no one could imagine that **their** identities were extraordinary.

Taking advantage of the darkness, they went out and targeted the deep mountains of Southdale.

Chapter 82 Save a Life

Since they planned to revitalize the Empathy Clinic, they couldn't lack herbal

medicine.

Southdale was located at the border of two provinces with a humid climate and dense shrubs. They could dig out mushrooms and other things there, such as wild truffles and root herbs.

Those two were Wolf's favorites, so he went to dig them out as soon as he smelled them.

Ordinary people generally made a living according to the environment.

Usually, it was good enough to collect a few wild root herbs, but they successfully cleared half of the mountain.

On the way down, they met Harry Lane, a mushroom collector who got up early to collect mushrooms.

It was his first time seeing someone who had arrived earlier than him. He looked surprised. "It's still dark. The two of you are way too bold!"

Although it was a peaceful era and most animals were trapped, it was still a wild mountain. There were also prohibition signs at the bottom of the mountain.

Harry wondered why they were here, and even went as far as to guess if they were backpackers.

Wolf was yawning. When he heard someone speaking, he became more energetic and gestured.

"Are you mute?"

Harry didn't mean any harm. He approached with a flashlight and asked Wynter, "Did you come to the mountains to pick mushrooms because of a shortage of money?"

She smiled lightly. "Yes"

He let out a long sigh. "What nonsense! Come with me. I'll take you both down. There are wolves on this mountain."

Chapter **82** Save a Life

Wolves?

Wolf straightened his body, **and** his eyes shone.

But she frowned. "There are wolves?"

"Yes." Harry raised the flashlight. "I don't know how they appeared, but if you want to pick mushrooms, you should go to the mountain near the city center. It's much safer there."

"But there's no root herb there," Wolf thought. He had already visited that mountain.

Wynter responded, "Okay, we understand. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Are you siblings?" Harry asked as he walked, "The both of you don't look that old. Where are your parents?"

How could parents let these two children go up the mountain at midnight? That was ruthless.

She smiled lightly. "We don't have parents. We only have Grandma."

"Then you have to head back early."

The more he listened, the more distressed he became. "If your grandma knew you were here, she would be worried to death!!

Wynter motioned for Wolf to put his bag on his back and smiled. "You're right."

"If your family conditions are bad, apply for a subsidy. Now that the policy is better, you won't have to suffer. My daughter also went to school this way."

Harry sent them to the mountain entrance. "Okay, it's safe here. Go down that path, and you'll be able to reach the national highway. Don't come back again next time."

Wynter observed Harry and did not leave immediately. Instead, she chuckled. "Sir, we actually have a clinic. I came here to help my grandma pick up some herbs since she has bad legs."

"Collecting herbs?" Harry was confused, "Uh, you just..."

Wynter lowered her eyes. "It's midnight. I was worried that you were a bad person, so

I didn't explain too much. I'm sorry for overthinking."

Chapter 82 Save a Life

He smiled. "That's alright. **You** should think more for the sake of your safety."

Seeing that he didn't care, she stopped him again. "Sir, have you always felt chest tightness and shortness of breath recently? Do you often feel dizzy?"

'How do you know?' Harry turned around abruptly with a shocked expression.

Wynter held Wolf's hand. "I learned some medicine from my grandma. If you insist on going to collect mushrooms, make sure to stop in time. Don't force yourself if you don't feel good. You'd better do an electrocardiogram tomorrow to understand the specific situation."

Chapter 83 Playing Tricks With Mr. Yarwood

Harry hesitated. "Electrocardiogram? Is it severe? It only happens occasionally..."

"You must go." Wynter handed over a business card. "Or you can come to the Empathy Clinic at Waterview Alley."

He accepted the business card and continued to mutter under his breath.

The two of them had already descended the mountain and walked quickly, as if they were more familiar with the mountain roads than the mushroom collector, who often went to the mountains.

Wolf was unwilling to go home, especially when he heard that there were wolves on the mountain. He looked eagerly excited.

Wynter picked him up and threw him onto the back seat of the scooter before putting the black-red helmet on his head. "Take the bag."

He sits upright. "Hmm!"

"You can come over yourself another day."

She started the scooter, and her black hair flew. There was a trace of fatigue on her

beautiful face. "It's 4:30 am. Grandma will wake up at 6:00 am and call us for breakfast."

Wolf gestured happily and asked if she would sleep in the clinic.

Wynter leaned over and grasped the handlebar, saying lightly, "I'll be there these few days.

She drove her BMW Tomahawk handsomely while he held the big black bag. The bag seemed to be made of a special material and wouldn't wear out. They soon drove off the highway.

Meanwhile, Dalton was in the most luxurious Caesar Hotel in Southdale's city center.

The Special Operations Team was investigating seriously before they finally locked onto a location.

Playing Tocks With

24

Ethan was also among them. "Sir, we found it!"

Dalton looked over indifferently. He was obviously not resting well. "Tell me, then."

"It's not far from the city center, about 20 kilometers. After the highway, go north..."

Ethan's voice trailed off at the end. "A wild mountain?"

Hearing that, Dalton looked away and stood up from the sofa.

"Mr. Yarwood?" Although there was little hope, Keith still hoped that he could give some clues.

He played with his beaded bracelet and said lightly, "Just back down for now."

Keith was unwilling to give in and wanted to check out the other surveillance.

But Dalton said coldly, ‘Don’t do useless work.’

Keith then gave up.

Fortunately, the Gibsons’ evidence **was** solid, and their main task wasn’t to **find** the informer.

In fact, they couldn’t find the informer at all. The other party was playing tricks on them.

At the same time, Harry was staying on the mountain. He was using a flashlight to illuminate the mushrooms as usual when he felt dizzy all of a sudden, as if he couldn’t breathe.

He patted **his** chest and sat down, finally remembering what the girl said just now.

“If you insist on going to collect mushrooms, make sure to stop in time. Don’t force yourself if you don’t feel good.”

If it were as usual, Harry would wait for the mushrooms to show up, regardless of whether he was dizzy or not.

But he didn’t continue today. After drinking some water and stabilizing his breathing, he carefully went down the mountain.

Once there was a signal on his phone, he checked his condition online. He found out

Chapter 83 Playing Ticks With Mr. Yarwood

that if he had continued to collect mushrooms in his situation, he would have fainted on the mountain due to insufficient blood supply to the myocardium. It could risk him from ever waking up!

Harry broke into a cold sweat and gradually became frightened.

Fortunately, he met those two children.

Thinking of that, he took out the business card from his pocket.

What did that girl say? Oh, go to the Empathy Clinic at Waterview Alley!

Chapter 84 Last in Academic Performance

The next day, the sun shone in nicely. Before Wynter got up, there was a lively atmosphere outside the clinic.

Wolf came in twice and started gesturing next to her bed.

She didn't even bother opening her eyes until Margaret called her, "Wynter, **It's** Thursday today. Why didn't you go to school?"

Wynter finally tidied herself up and walked out. Even without makeup, she was fair and beautiful. "There aren't any classes in the morning."

Margaret seemed to have read through her thoughts and let out a long sigh. "If you're struggling to learn, just tell me, alright? It doesn't matter. I heard from Susan that there is extracurricular tutoring. How about you sign up for one as well?"

Was she struggling? Wolf heard that and looked at her playfully.

Wynter smiled and tied her hair into a ponytail. Her tear mole became much more obvious with her hair now out of the way. "There's no need for it. I can learn."

Margaret was still a little worried. She lowered her head and looked for her outdated phone. "You got last place in the exam last semester. Your teacher said that she'll meet up with me if your grades remain unchanged. I still have to find an extracurricular tutor for you. Victor's grandson should be doing well in his studies, so I'll call him over."

She was already on the phone.

The wind chime hanging on the door rang. A patient was coming in.

Wynter looked over and found out that it was the handsome patient whom she hadn't seen in three days. He had an elegant face and was tall, standing there in a tailored suit.

He looked extremely dignified, but he seemed to have heard something interesting and raised his eyebrows.

Then, he tilted his head and looked at her with a smile, seemingly to ask, "You're in the last place?"

Wynter was speechless.

Naturally, Margaret wouldn't embarrass her in front of others, especially her friends.

"You **guys** chat here. I'll go into the room to talk to Abel."

Margaret took her outdated phone and left.

Wynter didn't feel embarrassed at all. She raised her chin toward the man at the door and said, "Come in."

Ethan followed Dalton, still in shock. Was Dr. Genius' academic performance so poor?

Since she couldn't explain it clearly, she decided not to explain anything. She asked Dalton, "Why haven't you been here in the past two days?"

He coughed slightly. There was a medicinal aroma surrounding him. "I was a bit busy.

"You haven't had a good rest," Wynter said firmly after observing **his** face.

Ethan immediately said, "He didn't go to bed until 5:00 am last night! He's not feeling well and has been coughing today!"

Dalton glanced at him indifferently, and he instantly kept quiet.

She yawned. "As a patient, you need to rest well so that your immune system can repair your body."

Dalton played with the beads on his bracelet and lifted his gaze slightly. "You seem to need more rest than me."

Wynter sat on the recliner and said lazily, "Yes, I'm very sleepy. Someone has been chasing me in my dream. I don't know why he has so much energy."

Mr. Yarwood stayed with the Special Operations Team late at night, so she wondered why he wasn't tired.

Hearing that, Ethan scratched his head. Dalton was chasing someone in reality, and so someone was chasing her in her dream. What a coincidence.

She didn't think much. After listening to his breathing, she reached out to feel his

Chapter 84 Last in Academic Performance

pulse and frowned a little.

3/3

Her move was sudden, but he didn't avoid it. They were so close that he **could** see her tear mole and the slight movement of her eyelashes.

Dalton had never been this close to anyone before. He seemed to have changed ever since he met her.

Chapter 85 They Are

Chapter 85 **They** Are Close to Each Other

Wynter needed a quiet surrounding during pulse diagnosis.

Even though Ethan saw that she was close to Dalton, he didn't dare to say anything as Dalton acquiesced.

She soon let go of his hand and murmured, "Why did the pulse change back after only three days?"

Dalton coughed again, saying hoarsely, "My condition is special. You don't have to blame yourself."

"Blaming myself?" Wynter smiled and said casually, "I'm not as kind as you think. I just want to know the reason. Logically speaking, your pulse shouldn't change back so soon.

He instantly thought of the discarded medical incense, and his eyes deepened.

She looked at Ethan. "Report to me what he has eaten in the past two days. The more detailed the report, the better. It's best to include the schedule."

He immediately told her.

After hearing that, she pondered. 'It's no problem from a dietary perspective.'

Dalton clenched his hands, responding hoarsely, "Yes."

Wynter looked at him. "When are you free? I'll go take a look at your residence and workplace."

He raised his eyebrows when he heard that, but he remained calm.

Ethan's eyes widened. Dalton wouldn't be able to hide his identity if she went to his residence!

Seeing their reactions, she raised her eyebrows. "Is it inconvenient **for** you?"

Just as Ethan agreed in his heart, Dalton said, "It's convenient."

Ethan surprisingly looked over at him.

Chimes they seach

Dalton lowered his eyes and thought for a moment. Then, he added, "Wait until I finish my work"

Wynter also knew that workers were busy at the end of the month, and so were bosses. "Okay."

Ethan didn't understand, so he asked, "Dr. Genius, does the pulse have something to do with the residence?"

"Yes."

She explained unhurriedly, 'Some places aren't suitable for people to live in. People always believe in fortune telling, so they're careful when choosing their ancestral homes.'

She pointed to the house in Waterview Alley. "The most common is choosing north."

and south houses. It means better ventilation. If a house doesn't have good air circulation, it'll lead to the reproduction of germs, thereby increasing the chance being infected with pathogens."

Wynter looked at Dalton. "Your condition is special, so you have to be selective in housing."

Ethan was shocked.

Dalton smiled slightly. "You seem to say that fortune telling also has a scientific basis."

"You can understand it that way."

She seemed to have thought of something and grabbed a handful of lozenges before giving them to him.

"There are only a few lozenges left here. I'll make some more tonight, so **you** can come to get them tomorrow."

Dalton looked at the lozenges she placed in his palm and smiled. "No wonder I can't buy them outside. It turns out that you made them yourself."

"Wolf loves to eat lozenges."

Wynter started making the lozenges because she didn't want to see Wolf chewing

Chapter 85 They Are Close to Each Other

on herbal medicine. Making it into lozenges wouldn't look as weird. She didn't think about giving them to anyone else for long-term medicinal use.

Everything was a coincidence. The lozenges were suitable for Dalton's symptoms, clearing and removing his internal heat.

When Wolf heard his name, he immediately took the QR code sign over and motioned for Ethan to scan it.

Ethan paid for it. Although it wasn't expensive, he had never seen a kid who loved money so much, except for Dr. Genius' younger brother!

Just as he was thinking, a voice sounded.

“Is there anyone here?”

Chapter 86 Does Mr. Yarwood Admit His Identity

It was Dom from Harmony Community. As soon as he saw Wynter, his eyes lit **up**.

“Dr. Genius, I’ve finally found you!” Dom said while sweating, “Mr. Munn Senior and the others have been asking me where you have been. Why didn’t you go to the community square yesterday?”

Those were all retired cadres. He couldn’t afford to offend anyone, not to mention their meritorious deeds.

Since they asked her whereabouts, he had to find her.

Wynter handed him a piece of paper. “I’ll stay at my grandma’s place during this period. I want to help her open the clinic, so I won’t go to the community square.”

even

Dom sweated more. “But you know Mr. Munn Senior’s body and Mrs. Wheatly Senior’s heart...”

Since there were outsiders around, he was embarrassed to say that he needed her help to stabilize the community.

His expression was a little stiff.

Wynter smiled and said calmly, “Originally, I wanted to return and inform them. Now that you happened to be here, please pass on my word to them. Whoever feels uncomfortable can come over for a treatment.”

Dom wouldn’t know how to handle his cadres if she didn’t add the last sentence.

Now that he heard her words, he instantly felt relieved as those cadres had long wanted to give Dr. Genius money!

She used to live in a community and never charged them for medical treatment.

The cadres had always wanted to help Dr. Genius, but they couldn’t.

They had wanted to help her transfer to another school, but she disliked going to school.

They said that they would help her find a **job** in the hospital, but she said she was too

Chapters Does Mr. Yarwood Admit His identity

lazy to get up early.

Now they finally had a chance to repay her!

Dom knew that Dr. Genius had said that to ease his worries, so he couldn't help but feel even more grateful. "Dr. Genius, can you lend me a moment?"

Wynter raised her eyebrows and followed him aside.

He whispered, "You said that if someone from Havenlight County comes looking for you again, it might be your parents. Someone recently called our community and said that they would come to see you next month."

She chuckled. "Thank you. If they come, please contact me."

"Okay!" Dom drove on his scooter. "Then I'll go back and give them a reply!"

Wynter said politely, "Be careful on the road."

He nodded but didn't slow down his scooter.

Dalton stood in the courtyard. With his previous habits, he wouldn't care about such trivial matters. But when it happened to her, he asked, "Are you short of business?"

"Nope. But opening a clinic requires a reputation."

Wynter looked toward the back room. "The medical skills left by seniors shouldn't be buried."

Ethan thought she was talking about herself, echoing, "Dr. Genius, I support you!"

Dalton glanced at him somewhat impatiently.

Facing Dalton's wrath, Ethan no longer dared to talk nonsense and immediately found something to do, such as helping Wolf carry a barrel.

Wolf gestured, "I don't need you. I'm practicing."

Ethan couldn't understand sign language, so he naturally misunderstood and responded with a naive smile, "You're welcome."

When did he say thank you? Wolf tilted his head and advised himself to **hold** back.

Ethan was the person who gave him money, so he couldn't hit this guy!

Dalton looked at the movements there faintly, but his tone remained unchanged.

“Wasn’t yesterday the best opportunity to gain popularity?”

*Speaking of yesterday, I almost forgot to thank you.” Wynter smiled. “It was you who gave me the real invitation card, right? Did the Yarwoods give that to you?”

Chapter 87 The Affection Between Them

When Ethan heard about the invitation card, he glanced over.

Dalton replied calmly, “Yes.”

Wynter smiled. “Did you plan to do good deeds without telling me?”

He coughed lightly. His voice still sounded a little hoarse. “I’m not in good health, so it would be a waste for me to have the invitation card. Since I can’t attend, it’d be

better for me to give it to you.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Don’t you ever want to try your luck? The Yarwoods have hired so many renowned doctors. There will always be someone who can cure you.”

Dalton lowered his eyes. His eyelashes were so long that they cast a shadow. “I thought about it before. But after meeting you, I feel that no one is better than you.”

As soon as he said that, everyone was stunned.

The barrel fell from Ethan’s hand, and even Wynter, who was holding the tea, went slightly stagnant.

Wolf, who was practicing, abruptly stood up straight and stared at that handsome patient.

Dalton also realized that his sentence was too ambiguous. He explained with a slight frown, “I meant your medical skills.”

“I know.”

She smiled leisurely. “Sit down first. I’ll go in to get something.”

He did as she said and picked up the tea on the stone table.

Ethan found this clinic to be magical. As soon as Dalton entered this courtyard, he didn’t care about anything he should be particular about. He didn’t

even care whether the tea was good and seemed to have cured his clean freak attitude!

When Wynter entered the room, Margaret **was** still talking on the phone. She wondered how many times Margaret emphasized the good points about her.

07 The Affection Between Th

“Don’t worry, Wynter has a good temper, so she’ll listen **to** you. She won’t take up too much of your time. What did you say? You’re afraid of her? Abel, you can’t lie to me. Just tell me the truth. You **don’t** want to teach her, right?”

On the other end of the phone, Abel was about to say, “I didn’t lie. Your granddaughter is...”

Before he could speak, he heard a cold voice from the other end of the phone.

“Grandma, if Abel doesn’t want to, just forget it. We can’t force him.”

He immediately said, “Mrs. Yates Senior, don’t worry. It’s not that difficult to tutor her.

I’ll do it!”

Margaret finally hung up the phone with satisfaction, then she lifted her gaze toward Wynter. “How many times have I told you? You have to call him Mr. Abel.”

“Oh?” Wynter smiled lightly. “If I call him that, he might kneel in a fright.”

Margaret was old and didn’t hear clearly. “What did you say?”

“It’s nothing. I’m taking something to my friend, who is in poor health.”

As she spoke, she put the wild root herb and truffle that she had picked in the mountains yesterday into the box, along with a medicine sachet.

She moved very quickly, and Dalton had yet to finish his tea when she came out.

“Here you go.” Wynter put the box on his lap. “Use the medicine according to the proportions inside and add it into your soup every day. I also wrote down the other taboos on the paper.”

He looked at her.

They both had outstanding looks and an indescribable sense of beauty.

Wynter pressed on the medicine sachet. "When you get home, put it next to your bed. It'll calm your mind and help you sleep."

It had a very light herbal smell, wasn't pungent, and made him feel comfortable smelling it.

Dalton's fingertips slid over. "Did you make this yourself?"

Chapter #7 The Affection between Them

"Yes, this is a thank-you gift." Wynter grinned, revealing her collarbone *when her* white T-shirt was tilted forward. Her face was so beautiful that it *made his heart beat* faster.

He rotated the teacup unconsciously **and** suppressed this *inexplicable feeling*.

Chapter **88 Why Do** You Refuse to Heal Mr. Yarwood

Wynter didn't notice his reaction as her long eyelashes disrupted her sight.

But Dalton looked away, and his voice became hoarse. "How do you plan to open the clinic?"

"I'm still planning."

She chuckled and raised her head, making her tear-shaped mole even more conspicuous. "Grandma hopes that everyone can see a doctor and heal, so it wasn't a good time yesterday."

He nodded. He had originally wanted to instruct Ethan to give her some medical resources, but she seemed to have her own ideas. If he interfered too much, she might not willingly accept it.

Wynter admired his style of not asking much. She raised her teacup and clinked it against his. "Then, you can take note of it when the time comes."

Ethan thought, "Does Mr. Yarwood not take enough notice of you? The only thing he's a step away from you is sleeping in your clinic!"

But he couldn't say this.

Dalton even let them park the Maybeck outside the alley. They could imagine how much he cherished Dr. Genius.

He put down the teacup and slowly stated his purpose in coming here, "I heard that you don't intend to treat Mr. Yarwood's illness."

"Him?" Wynter raised her eyebrows and leaned in closer to him. "Where did you hear about it? I thought I was the only one who knew about this."

She had turned down the Yarwoods on the phone while she was half asleep this morning. How did he know about it?

Dalton coughed lightly and said, "I can always find out."

Wynter thought about it and said, "That makes sense. You're from the Quinnells in Kingbourne."

He didn't answer but asked again, "Why did you refuse to treat him?"

Ethan also wanted to know her reason.

Originally, Theo had chosen Dr. Genius to go back to Kingbourne with them for treatment. Dalton was in a good mood, which was rare. Even after not sleeping all night, he finished all his work in advance to spare time to fetch her in person. He had even ordered the kitchen to make Cascadia cuisine.

But by noon, news came from the manor that Empathy Clinic had rejected the Yarwoods' offer!

At that time, Dalton's expression darkened, and his cough also changed for the worse. But he didn't show any signs of it. He was still attending an international conference and finalizing his trip to Emstia.

After the conference ended, Ethan couldn't help but suggest, "How about we go to Dr. Genius' place? You haven't been there for so long. Maybe she's missing you."

So, t

they came to Waterview Alley.

Ethan originally wanted to ask her as soon as he arrived, but Dalton was way too calm about it, as if whether Dr. Genius was treating him or not had nothing to do with him.

Wynter looked at the handsome face in close proximity. "Do you have a good relationship with Mr. Yarwood?"

Dalton's fingertips froze. "So so."

She rested her chin lazily. "Then I'll tell you my real thoughts. I'm not the only one who can treat Mr. Yarwood. The Lopezes are also great.

His gaze fell on the black locust on the table. He didn't look good, and his face was slightly pale, but it didn't affect his temperament. "But I heard that the Lopezes have diagnosed his disease. They can't cure him."

Wynter smiled lightly. "He can go overseas. With the financial resources of the Yarwoods, there should be many renowned doctors overseas lining up to treat him.

Ethan was almost pissed off when he heard that.

Chap

What was going on with Dr. Genius? Shouldn't it be a doctor's responsibility to save lives and heal the wounded?

Dalton looked into her eyes and smiled. "Do you have a grudge against the Yarwoods?"

Chapter 89 **Is He Angry**

"Yes. I went to treat him before, but their security blocked me. Their special assistant even looked down on me."

Wynter only mentioned those two guys. "They said I was a poor student and warned me not to overestimate myself. I bear quite a deep grudge."

It turned out that she had already guessed who Vincent was, but she never disclosed

1. it.

The Jenkins had a close connection with the Scotts, so Vincent must have met her at a cocktail party. It must be then when he looked down on her as she was rescuing people. As for the person who was sitting in the limited edition Maybeck at that time, she could already guess it.

The person who could make the arrogant Vincent so respectful must be the rumored tycoon who dominated the business world, Mr. Yarwood.

Wynter didn't mention Mr. Yarwood helping the Special Operations Team to investigate her in the past two days.

After all, her current identity as a 'fake daughter' was her best cover-up.

After hearing her words, Ethan's expression changed, and he looked at Dalton hesitantly.

They never knew such a matter. Which special assistant dared to look down on Dr. Genius? Wouldn't he be afraid of being sent to Astana?

Dalton flicked the red beaded bracelet on his wrist with faint effort. There was a hint of chilliness in his eyes.

It made Ethan, who was familiar with him, slightly stiff. He seemed angry.

But that wasn't the case. Dalton just didn't expect her to encounter such a matter.

Even the security blocked you?"

"More than that. He even drove me away," Wynter said casually. But these were just her excuses. The real reason to why she had declined in treating Mr. Yarwood was

Chapter 1 He Angry

because she thought that he was too dangerous..

She was always aware of the potential dangers in advance and took precautions.

Wolf was much too special as well, so it wouldn't be good if the Special Operations Team targeted him.

Mr. Yarwood was good at finding clues, even making her waste a set of equipment in the mountain to escape tracking.

So, she naturally wouldn't take the Yarwoods' order casually.

"It seems that the Yarwoods need to be reorganized internally." Dalton straightened his beads and glanced at Ethan with gloomy eyes.

Sweat broke out on Ethan's back, and he didn't dare to speak at all.

Wynter chuckled and rested her chin playfully. "Actually, it doesn't have much to do with the Yarwoods' internal organization. The main thing is that I don't like Mr. Yarwood. I he

ard that many women want to marry him. If I go to treat him, what should I do if he suspects that I'm interested in him?"

She said that to dispel Dalton's idea of interceding for the Yarwoods.

Unexpectedly, he raised his eyebrows with a slight smile. "Have you seen Mr. Yarwood? Why do you say that?"

"I have never met him, but I have heard many rumors about him."

Wynter thought that he wanted to gossip and said lazily, "Everyone in your circle should know it. Doesn't he not allow others to get close to him? Just like the plots in

the novel, he's not interested in women."

He took a sip of his tea and smiled lightly. "I think not being close to women is an advantage."

"Originally, I thought so." Wynter came closer to him and spoke in a gossip-specific voice, "Until I heard of the rumors involving him and an actor. He even set up an entertainment company to help that actor. It must be true love!"

Ethan's jaws dropped to the ground. "You think that Mr. Yarwood likes men?"

He thought, "Dr. Genius, please shut up! Do you not see the person drinking tea

Chapter 90 You'll Find Out What He Likes

Wynter didn't receive Ethan's hint and smiled slightly. "It's just a rumor."

Fortunately, she added this sentence. Ethan breathed a sigh of relief.

However, she continued, "But rich people always spend money on fun. Maybe the rumors are real."

She didn't need to speak of this sentence at all! Ethan didn't dare to look at Dalton anymore.

Dalton was sitting there with slightly lifted eyes that looked cold and dangerous.

Wynter finally sat up straight and poured him another cup of tea. "What I just said was all a joke. But I can explain one thing through medicinal views. Since he doesn't allow people to approach him, maybe he has some allergies."

Ethan was surprised again. She had “never met” Dalton and could guess his condition based on rumors. Although she acted lazily, her medical skills were reliable!

Hearing that, he looked at her and smiled. “Mr. Yarwood does experience slight discomfort when touched by outsiders. In severe cases, he may develop rashes all over his body.”

150

“You even know that?” Wynter raised her eyebrows. “It seems that your relationship with Mr. Yarwood isn’t ordinary.”

Dalton put a lozenge into his mouth elegantly. “You just said that we’re in the same circle. This matter isn’t a secret.”

“Hmm, that’s right.”

She smiled as if she didn’t want to talk about the Yarwoods anymore.

He lowered his eyes. Dalton’s handsome face loomed under the shadow of the trees.

“Does he not have another chance?”

She thought she heard it wrong. “What?”

His voice was calm. “Treat Mr. Yarwood.”

Chapter 90 st

Wynter thought for a while and said, “It was impossible before. But after getting in touch with the Yarwoods, I find them to be quite good. Their family tradition is very upright. They don’t bully the weak, don’t plunder, and they even returned the Zenith

herb to me. They’re pretty nice.”

Ethan breathed a sigh of relief. After listening for so long, he finally came to his senses.

Dalton took a sip of his tea. “I thought you would stick to your principle of holding grudges.”

She smiled. “The Yarwoods have given me a lot. Wolf likes it.”

Ethan was speechless.

Dalton smiled slightly. If she were really after money, she wouldn't have given all the credit to the Lopezes during the medical consultation in the manor.

Wynter took the snack and gave it to him. "The Yarwoods' matter depends on fate. Stop speaking for them and take care of your body first, sir."

She had a nice tone when she called him "Sir".

He looked at her beautiful face and bit down on the lozenges lightly. He muttered, "You'll know later."

"What?" Wynter stood in front of him with her head lowered.

Dalton pressed his fingertips against the beads on his bracelet. His skin was thinner than that of ordinary people, and his slender wrists were lined with red beads. For no reason at all, it emitted an attractive demeanor.

Suddenly, he approached her.

She was unguarded and smelled a faint scent of tobacco along with the man's scent.

It smelled good and had a sense of presence. It was completely different from the surrounding fragrance.

"You'll know whether or not Mr. Yarwood likes men."

Dalton's slightly deep voice seemed to bring some heat when it passed by Wynter's ear.

She was usually close to her patients, but this was the first time she had come to such close proximity with a patient that she could feel his breath on her skin.

She glanced sideways and looked at his nose. Her dimples appeared when she smiled—pure and beautiful. "Let's not talk about him anymore. Do you want to stay for a meal?"