

The Wife He Forgot to Marry (Winona and Yule)

Chapter 38

Winona assumed Violet was having another flare-up and might need treatment right away, so she went straight to her house.

Violet was delighted and came to the door to greet her personally.

Seeing how pale Violet looked, Winona quickly had her lie down, examined her, and then began the acupuncture treatment.

Ten minutes later, she removed the needles.

Color slowly returned to Violet's face, and her dizziness subsided. She grasped Winona's hand with a warm smile. "Winona, you're my good luck. Whenever you're around, I feel better almost instantly."

She had the housekeeper bring Winona some pastries and fruit. The warmth and kindness Violet showed her warmed Winona's heart.

Just then, Violet picked up her phone. "Stefan is busy with work again. He said he'd be free for a video call tonight. I was feeling dizzy earlier, so I didn't call him. I'd better do it now before he starts to worry."

With that, she dialed Stefan's number.

Seeing that she was starting a video call, Winona felt she should leave, but Violet pulled her down to sit beside her.

Stefan had just finished a meeting and was sitting in his spacious office. When he answered his grandmother's call, the screen showed the old woman's kind smile alongside Winona's stunned expression.

"Ms. Jowett," he said, his voice deep and carrying an air of authority.

Winona saw him clearly now. He was dressed in a well-tailored black suit with a deep blue tie and an elegant watch, exuding an air of stern, refined self-control.

For some reason, Winona suddenly felt nervous.

Violet told Stefan, "Winona is such a wonderful girl. I wasn't feeling well, so she came to see me and even gave me acupuncture. Stefan, our family truly owes her a great deal."

Winona instinctively tried to downplay it. "No, really, I didn't do much. You helped pay for my grandmother's medical bills. I'm the one who should be grateful."

Stefan looked at her seriously. "Ms. Jowett, if you ever need any help in the future, please don't hesitate to contact me."

Feeling this was all too much, Winona quickly waved her hands and said it wasn't necessary.

Seeing her flustered reaction, Stefan smiled slightly. He asked after Violet a bit more before ending the call.

Once the image of the distinguished, aloof man vanished from the screen, Winona finally relaxed. Stefan's presence was powerful; talking to him was inexplicably intimidating.

Violet insisted she stay for dinner, and only then did she leave the Goddard estate.

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Paige's son, Theron, was having another asthma attack. He refused to take his medicine and would only have the therapeutic broth that Winona made.

Paige had no choice but to call Winona.

She had to call three times before Winona picked up.

"What is it?" Winona asked, her tone distant.

Paige disliked her recent attitude. Winona used to fawn over them, doing all the menial tasks around the house without complaint. Why had she changed? Not only did she stop visiting the family estate, but she was also so rude to her now.

"Winona," Paige snapped, "my son's asthma has flared up again. Get over here and make him that therapeutic broth."

In the past, Winona would have done anything to win over Yulen's family, but she wasn't willing to play that role anymore.

Her voice remained flat. "If Theron is sick, he should go to the hospital and take his medicine. I'm not a doctor, and that broth isn't a cure. Calling me is useless."