

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (

Chapter 321 Wynter's Many Talents

Wynter sauntered up to the lily pond. As she surveyed the mini landscape, the greenery, and the water feature meticulously arranged to complement the waterfall, she asked, "Grandpa, who designed this? Fabian thought she found the set-up appealing. Beaming, he said, " Your brother, Albert, had a foreign designer work on this. If you like it, I could have Albert make introductions."

"All right." A smile curled on Wynter's lips. "I'm just looking at the elements here and how they've been set up around the waterfall, such as these evergreen turquoise pebbles. They're meant to bring good luck, no?"

Fabian lit up. "You know this too, Wynter?"

"I read about it once," she said with a small laugh. "As beautiful as this set-up is, I don't think the aesthetics work in the aggregate. For one, turquoise and water don't get along.

"The turquoise is water-absorbent, and over time, the stones will get darker. You certainly wouldn't want such vessels of good fortune to be ruined."

She pointed at the skylight in the corner. "Also, there's too much sunlight coming through. That'll damage the turquoise over time, so it's best if you move the stones around."

Fabian stiffened. When he glanced at Wynter, his expression was one of speculation. Smart as he was, he had dismissed the butler and the

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rest of the household staff. Alexis was the only one in his and Wynter's company.

Once the living room had quieted down, Fabian asked, "Wynter, I need you to be honest with me. Do you have much knowledge about gemstones and the such?"

"Yes," Wynter admitted. "A fortune teller taught me these concepts, including how gemstones could affect the energy of the household. If the turquoise stones are for good luck, then damaging them could do more harm than good."

As she said this, she pointed at the eastern part of the house." Perhaps you could think of moving the turquoise stones there and leaving some other more durable stones in this pond.

"The Quinnells could prosper enough even without the turquoise stones, but that's because the family business is thriving. If you believe in harnessing the power of gemstones, then rearranging this set-up might be a safer option."

Fabian did not doubt Wynter. If it were anyone else who told him such things, he would've dismissed it as superstition.

However, his skepticism was nowhere to be found as he considered Wynter's advice solemnly. "Moving the stones will be better for our family's fortune then?"

"Of course." Wynter helped ease him onto his seat. "But don't worry about it. A quick fix is all you need. If you're worried about the pond. losing its luster due to the lack of turquoise, we can have Alexis add a few fish into the water.

"I'll bring amethyst or quartz to replace the turquoise. That way, you

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won't have to compromise on good fortune or aesthetics."

Fabian was shocked. "That's it? I don't have to hire someone for this kind of work?"

Wynter laughed. "Who would you hire, Grandpa ? I didn't think you'd take decorating a water feature so seriously."

“Oh, a few business acquaintances of mine are quite into these sorts of things,” he groused, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I’d never hear the end of it if they knew I was just as invested as them.”

Pouring him some tea, Wynter pointed out, “You could downplay it, and say it’s just a matter of science.

“How is this a matter of science?” Alexis couldn’t help asking.

“Anything can be explained through science. Turquoise is made up of copper, which turns the water toxic after being submerged for a long time” Wynter explained.

Alexis understood this immediately. “That makes sense!”

“You could always use scientific logic to argue your way through most things. If there are too many plants in an enclosed room, their oxygen toxicity could happen on account of dangerous levels of oxygen.” Wynter suddenly met Alexis’ gaze. “Alexis, I’d like to see Grandpa’s room if that’s all right?”

Fabian rose to his feet and clutched his cane. “You don’t have to ask Alexis for permission! Come with me.”

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Fabian was concerned that the turquoise stones and their placement were so problematic, but he was delighted to learn how talented Wynter was.

In terms of knowledge, she was far superior to his friends’

granddaughters, whose only accomplishments were academic. They certainly had never dabbled in gemstones and learned their

compositions.

Wynter then looked around Fabian’s bedroom and asked that the plants be moved elsewhere, save for the lavender that helped promote sleep and relaxation.

Her main reason for coming into the bedroom was to find out the source of Fabian’s poisoning, but she ended up finding multiple problems with the bedroom layout instead.

She wouldn’t have thought much of the problems if there weren’t so many of them. Clearly, little regard had been given to such issues to begin with.

What seemed odd to Wynter was how the placement of certain objects was overall impractical despite looking ordinary and harmless.

Her gaze darkened as she stood in the center of the room. She doubted that the way these things were placed had been accidental.

Prestigious families like the Quinnells often had a penchant for flair, but Fabian's room should not have been so unnecessarily ornate a

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the expense of practicality.

The

e furniture in the room and the decoration gave the illusion of

clutter. How was one supposed to collect one's thoughts in here? One might not even get a good night's rest amongst all the stuffy

decorations.

If all the rooms in the Quinnells' residence were like this, Wynter wouldn't be surprised to learn that the family had a proclivity for

frustration.

"Grandpa, have things been strained in the family business? Any rivalry or disagreements?" Wynter asked bluntly.

Fabian gave this some thought. "Apart from the usual rivalry, no. Every family has their way of doing business, and with the Quinnells' current status, we can afford to lose some opportunities."

"That's a good mindset, Grandpa," Wynter praised. "Can I have a pen?"

Fabian gave Alexis a look, and Alexis immediately fetched a pen and

some paper.

Wynter scribbled something on the paper that looked a lot like

gibberish and handed it to Alexis. "Here, place this under the potted tree outside Grandpa's room."

"What is this?" Alexis felt like he had just been handed some mystical

artifact.

Wynter laughed. "Just a charm for good fortune."

Alexis knew it wasn't that simple, but he also knew better than to inquire any further.

Chapp. 327 Block and Calf

Fabian eyed Wynter curiously. "Did that fortune teller mentor of yours teach you how to use charms too?"

"Yes. He has a fortune-telling booth under a bridge, though usually, he's just humoring his customers with his predictions," she explained. "He took mentoring me seriously, though."

She sounded rather nonchalant about this.

There was no telling whether what happened next was an illusion. The moment Alexis shoved the piece of paper Wynter had given him under the potted tree, a cool draft came through. It was like a window had been opened somewhere.

The scattered leaves on the ground began to move and a refreshing breeze filled the room. It was invigorating.

"Mr. Quinnell!" Alexis exclaimed brightly. "Don't you feel like the house isn't as stuffy anymore?"

It was true. As soon as the window was opened, a breeze came through, bringing with it an indescribable calmness.

Fabian might have come off as humoring Wynter before, but now, he seemed truly shocked. "Wynter, I think my room feels different!"

All she did was have the plants removed and scribbled a charm, but the effect was palpable.

"Fresh air does wonders for the mind and body," Wynter pointed out. Alexis, would you mind coming over to my place tomorrow?"

Alexis replied, "Of course, Ms. Quinnell. I'm at your beck and call." He suddenly remembered he was still in Fabian's presence and felt

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apologetic for speaking so thoughtlessly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Quinnell.

What I meant to say was..."

"Do as Wynter says," Fabian interrupted, happy to see Alexis and

Wynter getting along. "You're capable and have a good head on your shoulders. I'm glad Wynter can lend you a hand."

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 323 Room for Fabian

Alexis had been working for the Quinnells for a long time despite still being in his 30s.

His father had been Fabian's secretary before him, and Alexis reckoned Fabian was the only one in the family whom he would willingly serve. If it weren't for Fabian, he would have left for other jobs.

He had been approached by headhunters countless times, but he always told them he would only consider their offers should his services no longer be required by Fabian.

Now that Wynter was back, Alexis' decision became clear.

"Ms. Quinnell reminds me a lot of you and Mrs. Quinnell Senior," he pointed out to Fabian. "She doesn't discriminate and treats staffers like us with decency."

Fabian sighed when he heard this. "If only my health weren't such an inconvenience to you all."

"That's not your fault, Mr. Quinnell!" Alexis quickly said. "I'm sure Ms. Quinnell is a kind and fair employer."

Wynter had no idea how she became the topic of conversation yet again.

Fabian, on the other hand, was extremely proud as he said, "I like to think that I was as kind as her when I was in my prime."

"The resemblance is uncanny," Alexis agreed whole-heartedly. "Th

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house will liven up after she moves in."

Fabian beamed. "You're right! Wynter, when are you and your

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grandmother moving in with us? I've decorated your room, and I can't wait for you to see it!"

Wynter didn't want to disappoint Fabian, but she had to tell him the

truth. "Grandpa, the Empathy Clinic will be setting up a branch here in

Kingbourne.

"Since operating a branch out of your house won't be practical, I've found a house with a courtyard for that purpose."

"Oh, will you look at the state of me," Fabian said ruefully.

Not wanting to put Wynter on the spot, he added, "I've forgotten about

your plans for the Empathy Clinic. You'll need a place to conduct your livestreaming too, and Margaret might not be used to our place.

"A house with a courtyard sounds like the perfect place to set up branch, and I assume it'll be accessible to more people as well."

As reasonable as Fabian sounded, Wynter could tell he was upset. Fortunately, she had prepared for this eventuality.

She didn't tell him that her reasons for not moving into the Quinnell residence had to do with the conflict within the family, especially after she had read the information Wolf found on the Quinnells.

She had nothing against her so-called biological father, though she didn't feel any affection for him. That being said, she didn't like seeing Fabian upset either.

"Grandpa," she began seriously, "the house I found has enough room for you. If you don't mind, you could move in with us."

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Fabian had been dejected until he heard this. Belatedly registering Wynter's offer, he brightened up and repeated, "There's room for me?"

Wynter nodded as if designating a room for him at her place was the most natural thing in the world. "Of course. It's my dream to be able

to take care of you and Grandma.

"Your room is on the east side of the house, and I even got you a

rosewood table tea. It's not as big or ornate as the

or your

one you have here, though."

"I prefer small ones anyway!" Fabian exclaimed, worried that she might change her mind. "I'll move in with you. I hardly go anywhere else other than the company, but Alexis can drive me to work."

Wynter grinned. "In that case, you can move in once I've decorated your room. Oh, and our meals are probably simpler than what you're

used to. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not! What do you take me for?" Fabian tugged on her as I loved crashing with my friends whenever I went on business trips and I loved having meals with them at home. The cabbage stew I had

at one of their houses was a life-changer!"

Just like that, Wynter and Fabian continued their conversation in

earnest.

The entire Quinnell residence knew how happy Fabian was. He was in

such good spirits that he ate more than usual, especially with Wynter dining with him.

In the past, Fabian was always arguing with Shane. It didn't help that Naomi often dropped by with medicinal food and bribed the

housekeeping staff into serving it to Fabian.

Money aside, it was impossible to get the food past Alexis, who guarded Fabian like a hound.

The staffers hadn't seen Fabian so happy for a long while, and no one was as relieved as Alexis to see Fabian laugh. Wynter's return to the Quinnell residence had indeed livened things up.

Meanwhile, in a manor somewhere in Kingbourne, a man glanced into the dimness as he toyed with his beaded bracelet and asked, "Has the matter of the Quinnells been settled?"

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The person who spoke was wearing a hood that obscured his profile. "

Yes, sir. The set-up was done according to your orders. It's so subtle that no one will likely notice anything is amiss.

"Besides, Fabian is too full of himself to believe in fortune predictions that are based on object placements. The Quinnell family will be eliminated in two years, tops."

The old man in the armchair drawled, "I told you, our goal isn't to eliminate the entire Quinnell family." He rose to his feet. "The Quinnells are tenacious, so we'll have to break them one by one.

"Granted, those who are hardly ever home would be tough to deal with, but the entertainment industry is vicious. We can start by targeting the youngest son."

"You're right, I forgot about the youngest son," the person in the hooded shirt said, chuckling. "I suppose he makes for an easier target than his brothers."

The old man rubbed the beads of his bracelet. "Try to be subtle about

1. Now go.”

“Yes, sir.”

It took more than a decade for them to slowly rearrange the set-up in the Quinnell residence. They weren't worried that Fabian would grow suspicious and consult a fortune teller.

After all, even the best fortune teller in this day and age wouldn't be able to crack the problems that lay within the set-up, unless Atwater

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was still alive. If everything went as planned, the Quinnells would meet their downfall soon.

But neither the old man nor his lackey had anticipated the Quinnells' long-lost heiress, who had supposedly grown up in a village, to be Atwater's disciple. In fact, Wynter was probably the only person who knew this.

That night, Wynter did not stay at the Quinnell residence. However, she had taken pictures of every corner of the house following her decision to go to Panzarath the next day.

Meanwhile, the house with the courtyard had been cleaned out, but it still lacked the furnishings to make it a proper residence.

As such, the Yarwoods arranged for Margaret and Wolf to stay in a hotel for the time being.

Presently, Wolf was rolling from one end of the large bed to the other when he suddenly glanced up at the aquarium in the room. To his alarm, half the fish inside the tank were dead.

He frowned and quickly signed to Margaret to tell her he had nothing to do with the fish's sudden death.

Margaret was still going through her shopping list for tomorrow when her attention fell on the aquarium. She gasped. "Oh, what do we do? I don't even know what kind of fish they were. How am I supposed to -replace them?"

Wolf thought about it, but just as he was about to snap a picture of the aquarium to send to Wynter, a low chuckle came from across the room.

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"Madam Margaret, what are you trying to replace? I'll get someone to help you with it."

It was Dalton. Dressed in a suit and looking as dapper as ever, he gave Margaret an apologetic look. "I'm sorry I couldn't personally escort you and Wynter to Kingbourne. I was tied up with work the last

two days.

"I was thinking about having dinner with you, but it's getting late. How about we stroll around town tomorrow?"

Margaret quickly grabbed his arm when she saw him and said, Ernest, what do we do about the fish? They must have died from lack of oxygen, the poor things. Could you talk to the hotel management for me and see if they'd let us compensate them?"

"My family owns this hotel," Dalton replied.

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He had no intention of keeping his identity a secret from Marg anymore. That said, he did find the fish's death somewhat intriguing

if not odd.

"I must say, though, this breed of fish is known for being tough. I

take a lot to kill them.”

He walked up to the aquarium and tapped his knuckles against the glass tank, but half the koi fish inside had indeed died. Dalton raised

a brow.

Wolf happened to be standing next to him in his little pajamas, and Dalton saw Wolf gazing skyward with a guilty look on his face.

Crouching down, Dalton cleared his throat and asked Wolf with a knowing smile, “I wonder if you gave the fish a fright before this, Wo

Wolf was only a child, and his eyes couldn’t help but widen as he stared at Dalton warily.

Dalton had only been guessing, but when he saw Wolf’s reaction, he couldn’t help but darken his gaze and clench his fists.

Wynter returned to the hotel room at that moment and saw Dalton. and Wolf glowering at each other in a silent stand-off.

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Wynter set her black purse down and raised a brow at Wolf. “What’s going on here?”

Dalton glanced at the fish tank and hid his smile. “I don’t think we can go to the aquarium tomorrow if Wolf continues to flaunt his... special ability.”

Wynter followed Dalton’s gaze and saw the dead fish in the tank. The fish were foaming at their m*uths, and she knew she couldn’t cover for Wolf anymore. She chewed on her fruit-flavored candy and chuckled as she asked Dalton, “Shall we take this conversation downstairs?”

Margaret was peeling an apple for Wynter when she heard this. "Why can't you talk here?"

"It's about the Quinnells, a topic he is quite the expert on. Also, it's a highly confidential matter," Wynter explained. Margaret didn't stop Wynter from leaving after hearing her explanation.

Dalton, on the other hand, straightened up and said casually, "Very well then. We can also discuss how we should introduce you to my parents."

Wolf looked up at Dalton in alarm, wondering what he was going on about. Wynter suddenly stopped biting her candy. Margaret was the only one who chuckled..

"Well, that's very sweet of you, Ernest, but why rush these things? You and Wynter have only gone out for a couple of weeks."

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"I see no harm speeding things up a bit, Madam Margaret," Dalton countered good-naturedly. "With my busy schedule, I'm afraid Wynter might get sick of not seeing me often enough and change her mind about me. I'd better make things official before then."

"I hope you'll both work things out during your talk then," Margaret said teasingly, though she directed this at Wynter more than Dalton.

She was pleased to hear Dalton bring up the matter of family introductions, and she took it as a sign that he was serious about Wynter. Far be it from her to stop such wonderful progress!

Wynter was led away by Dalton after that. In the privacy of the elevator, she narrowed her eyes at him. "Care to explain why you decided to bring up the matter of introducing me to your parents without consulting me first?"

Dalton cast Wynter's delicate profile a sidelong glance. Amused, asked, "Are you angry?"

"I feel like I was tricked," Wynter said as she glared at him. She then looked away. She didn't like staring at his pretty face for too long, she would be inclined to forgive him.

He reached out to tuck her hair behind her ear and coaxed, "My grandfather has been pestering me to bring you home after he

learned of your arrival in Kingbourne. I told him I'd have to ask you first."

That much was true. It wasn't as if Dalton could use the family fleet to escort Wynter to Kingbourne without Theo knowing.

"We can wait if you want." Dalton's usual aloofness was replaced b

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kind understanding as he added, "You don't have to meet my family.

until you're ready."

Wynter eyed him contemplatively when she heard this. At that moment, the elevator doors opened, and an entourage of black-clad

bodyguards stood at attention when they saw Dalton.

"Mr. Yarwood!" they greeted in unison.

Dalton had tried to keep a low profile in Southdale, but now that he was back in Kingbourne, he no longer had to hide his identity. Right now, he looked like a scion who ruled the upper-crust society.

The restaurant had been booked out and tastefully redecorated. The lighting was warm and cast an enchanting glow over the place. A bartender was making drinks behind the bar counter, and the saxophonist was still playing.

The two chefs in charge of the international cuisine in the restaura stood by the kitchen awaiting their orders. Wynter and Dalton we the only customers tonight.

With over 90 years of history, a section of the building that house the restaurant had been turned into a museum by the foreign.

concession and was now known as a tourist spot.

As such, foreign dignitaries were often received in the restaurant, and the building also hosted multiple jewelry and antique auctions.

Wynter took in the splendor around her and tapped her fingertips

against the table, her mind racing.

Her gaze darkened, but her face revealed nothing as she asked casually, “Have the Yarwoods taken over this place as well?”

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“Just the operational part,” Dalton replied frankly as he elegantly took a sip of water. “So what was it that you wanted to talk to me about in

private?”

Wynter picked at the foie gras on her plate with mild disinterest. She propped her chin up with one hand and sounded bored as she asked, “How much do you know about that young lady who was sponsored

by the Quinnells?”

Spinto Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 326 The Next Level

Dalton slid the plate of steak he had sliced up over to Wynter. “She wanted to marry into the Yarwood family, but I turned her down.”

Wynter stared at him speechlessly.

“I figured I should tell you myself before you get the wrong idea,” he explained, though exasperation filled his sparkling eyes. “You’re unnervingly flippant for someone I’m rumored to be dating.”

Wynter gave the steak a cursory look before saying, “I have yet to hear about your valiant effort of turning down a young woman’s affections, but I still care about you enough to tell you to stay away from her.”

“Got it,” Dalton replied in amusement, wondering if Wynter was

jealous of Naomi.

But jealousy was not the reason behind Wynter's warning. "She has a strange scent on her that could be bad for your health."

"That's it?" he asked incredulously under his breath.

"Sorry, what was that?" Wynter couldn't hear him over the saxophone.

"Nothing," Dalton dismissed with a pleasant smile. "Do you think she's plotting against the Yarwoods? What did you find out after you

visited the Quinnell residence?"

Sometimes, Wynter thought Dalton was too smart for his own good. He could read between the lines even though the information she had

given him was vague.

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"Grandpa's condition is a result of toxins. In other words, he's been poisoned." Wynter left out the strange set-up she had seen in the Quinnell residence.

"It's almost impossible for outsiders to bring in the poison, which means it's an inside job."

Dalton suddenly thought of something and asked, "You once told me that medical incense was bad for me if I breathed it in over a long period. Do you think she had something to do with that too?"

"You need to ask yourself that." Wynter's clear gaze fixed on him. "The medical incense has relaxing properties but can overwhelm your

system. Who gave it to you?"

He didn't bother lying to her. "My sister got it from a church."

"Someone's targeting the Yarwoods," Wynter concluded. She set her utensils down and dabbed her mouth with a napkin. "It'd make sense

for them to come after you first, and they're using such a roundabout way to keep you from getting suspicious."

Dalton stared at Wynter thoughtfully. "You've saved me again."

Again. Wynter considered this while sipping her water. "I'm not that heroic."

"You are," he answered, laughing. "If these were medieval times, I'd have to marry you to repay your kind debt."

She almost choked on her water. Putting the glass down, she met his gaze and confessed, "I have intermittent explosive disorder."

"I know." He tapped his slender index finger against his neck. "You

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left your mark here."

Wynter gave him a withering look. Why did he have to bring up such embarrassing memories?

"My disorder could be hereditary," she continued solemnly like she was giving out medical advice. "Could you accept that?"

Dalton chuckled. "With a lifespan as short as mine, I doubt I have any right to discriminate against your condition."

She opened her mouth to say something, but Dalton fed her a spoonful of crème brûlée before she could speak. "I'm physically unwell, and you've got a mental disorder. We're a perfect match.

Wynter chewed on the silky-soft crème brûlée and nodded at him to feed her another spoonful. "But I don't like having others breathing down my neck all the time. I bet your family has a plethora of rules

and traditions."

"I don't know where you heard that from," Dalton countered with no disapproval, though he laughed. "Why is it that the things you say about my family are never good?"

"You might want to hear the things you said in the past," she shot back, her chin resting in her palm.

"I didn't know you paid such close attention to me," Dalton pulled out a couple of tissues and began wiping Wynter's face. "That was a facade I put on for the public. You, on the other hand, are special."

She thought it was unfair for someone as handsome as Dalton to be this charming.

"After I've sorted out the problems plaguing the Quinnells, I'll visit your

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grandfather with you," Wynter offered.

She had never been one to lack initiative, especially since she and Dalton had already made this much progress in their relationship.

She also hated stringing someone along, though Dalton's handsome face was a more convincing reason for her to want to take things between them to the next level.

With that in mind, Wynter poked Dalton's cheek and said, "I like your face."

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Dalton's smile deepened upon hearing Wynter's compliment. "What an honor," he quipped.

For some reason, the golden-frame glasses he wore made him look even more devilish.

This was the first time Dalton's bodyguards had seen him being teased like this, and they couldn't help their amusement.

They were even more impressed with Wynter for being able to get away with teasing Dalton. In the past, he was so aloof that even socialites dared not approach him at dinner parties, let alone tease him.

But Wynter did not seem to fear him and behaved as if she was perfectly at ease in his company. In any case, she had Dalton wrapped around her pinky, though the bodyguards were loathe to

point this out to him.

She complimented Dalton so openly and playfully that one might have thought that she had done this multiple times.

Wynter declared, "You're mine, is that understood?" She did not like sharing what she had claimed as hers.

Dalton twirled a strand of her long hair around his finger. "Yes, I'm yours."

"I want intel on that young lady the Quinnells sponsored," Wynter said

as a yawn escaped her. She was clearly tired. "I still haven't figured out what's wrong with her scent. I should let Wolf see her in person

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so he can determine it."

Dalton stroked her hair. "Sleepy?"

"A little." Wynter yawned again.

He draped a coat over her shoulders and asked, "Would you like to return to the room?"

"Okay," was all she mumbled as exhaustion washed over her.

She felt like she had been in this building before. Fragments of unfamiliar memories flashed through her mind as her eyelids grew heavy.

Dalton sensed that she was exhausted and did not bring her back to the main building. He had someone check them into a presidential suite instead.

Wynter lifted a brow. "Why this floor?"

“You’ll be sleeping in my room tonight,” Dalton replied, gently shoving her through the door. His voice was pleasant as he added, “I’ll be working in the study.”

She looked up at him inquisitively.

“What, do you not trust me or something?” he asked with a chuckle.

“No.” Wynter stretched and took off her shoes, then padded barefoot across the carpeted floor. “I’m going to bed. Have fun working, though.”

“Also, could you call my grandmother and tell her where I’m spending the night?”

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She was tired after a long day, but she refused to get into bed without showering first. As such, she headed into the bathroom while Dalton called Margaret as instructed.

“Yes, she’s washing up now, don’t worry. Get some rest, Madam Margaret. I’ll take you and Wolf sightseeing tomorrow.”

On the other end, Margaret hung up and looked at Wolf.

Wolf signed, “That man’s dangerous!”

Margaret ruffled his head and laughed. “I never thought I’d hear your call another man dangerous.”

Wolf’s expression was grave. “I don’t like that man,” he signed. “But he pays well, so I don’t know what to make of him.”

Margaret couldn’t help but laugh at this as she sprawled on the couch. Wolf simply gaped at her, unable to comprehend why she

wouldn’t take him seriously. The same went for Wynter, who repeatedly ignored his warnings.

Wolf was certain that Dalton could brainwash others. He couldn’t understand why Wynter hadn’t seen the black tendrils that curled around Dalton as they were only becoming more present.

It was as if there was something inside Dalton that couldn't be suppressed any longer.

Wolf had no idea what it was, but it felt familiar. He also couldn't help feeling like he and Dalton had met before. Either way, he didn't like

Dalton.

He shook his head and rattled his brains for an answer, but he

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couldn't remember anything. He let out a sigh in frustration.

That night, Wolf kept tossing and turning in bed. Safe to say, he did not sleep well at all.

Meanwhile, over in the presidential suite, Wynter wanted to bury

herself under the covers right after her hot shower. She would have done so if Dalton hadn't hauled her up and proceeded to blow-dry her

damp hair.

She was so tired that she had to lean her head against him. "Are you done?"

"Almost," Dalton said, nearly laughing at the sight of her.

Just then, his phone screen lit up. It was time he joined the international conference call that had been scheduled in advance.

Chapter 328 Down Bad

Dalton frowned, but he picked up the call. The person on the other line sounded apologetic, as though worried that he had angered Dalton somehow by calling him.

He explained, "Boss, we're still working on getting a higher profit margin on our end. It's around 10% now, and I know you aren't happy about that, but Max..."

The volume and the clarity with which the person on the other line.

said this made Wynter look over in surprise.

Dalton gently turned her head. "Don't move. I don't want the hot air getting on your face."

"I can blow-dry my hair while you take the call," she said. She doubted it was appropriate for him to take the call while he was playing hairdresser.

Chuckling, he said to the person on the other line, "I'm blow-drying my fiancée's hair right now. Get back to me in a minute."

On the other end of the phone call, Eduard Gilmore fell speechless.

After the initial shock passed, he quickly said, "Oh, go ahead, Boss!

Sorry for bothering you!"

He should have known better than to call Dalton five minutes before the conference call was scheduled to start. Eduard cursed himself for having such bad timing.

Wynter refused to let Dalton continue. If word of this got out, he would be ridiculed.

Chapt. 328 Down Bad

However, having anticipated what she was about to do, Dalton

grabbed her wrist and stopped her. He pointed out in his velvety voice, "The conference hasn't officially started, so we still have time to dry your hair."

She decided to humor him. "Suit yourself then."

He smiled as she faced forward once more. He then said to Eduard,

Could you send over the meeting agenda?"

"Oh, of course! Right away!" Eduard replied dutifully.

In the past, Eduard was more inclined to believe that pigs could fly before Dalton would go on a date. Now, not only was he proven wrong, but he could also tell how happy Dalton sounded.

Eduard wondered if that meant he and his co-workers would be spared from the usual scolding today.

When the conference call began, Eduard noticed Dalton was more-relaxed than usual.

“Boss, Fernando Deluca recently acquired some antique jewelry. He was wondering if you’d be interested in taking them off his hands?”

Eduard asked.

Dalton glanced at the description. “No.”

“He said some of the jewelry belonged to the Yarwoods.”

When Dalton heard this, he froze and stared at the screen before him.

His lips curled in a cryptic smile. “What does that mean?”

Eduard felt a chill down his back, as he always did whenever Dalton

smiled like that. “Uh, he said something about it being able to cure you? I’m not too sure about the details either.”

Rubbing his red-beaded bracelet, Dalton said after a moment of

thought, “In that case, have him make an appointment to show me what this magical object is.”

“Yes, Boss,” Eduard answered.

He was the only one left in the conference call. Everyone else had logged off as soon as they were done getting Dalton up to speed on their progress. They were stunned when they saw how casually

dressed Dalton was.

When the conference call was over, Eduard was bombarded with questions. He had to set up another group text to gossip with his co-workers.

“You didn’t hear it from me, guys, but Boss is probably living with his fiancée!”

“What, as in cohabiting?”

“His fiancée?”

Eduard tagged all of them and warned through text, “Keep your m*uth shut about this until there’s official news.”

The executives were wise. They certainly wouldn’t blab to anyone about Dalton’s possible love life, much less gossip about it with their subordinates.

They found it extremely hard to believe that Dalton was seeing someone, much less be so indulgent and loving toward her!

Chapter 328 Down And

Meanwhile, Dalton had no idea that his subordinates had scrutinized and magnified his every move.

He took off his glasses and switched off the lights in the study before heading into the bedroom.

Wynter was already asleep in bed, her long, black hair fanned out across the dove-white pillow. She looked ethereal in her sleep, almost

too delicate to touch.

Dalton leaned forward and caressed her ch*ek with his thumb, his gaze darkening. He had meant to leave after taking a glimpse of her, but he was no saint. He couldn’t just walk away and behave rationally when the woman he loved was right in front of him.

Unexpectedly, Wynter fl*pped to her side and pinned Dalton’s arm under her. With her ch*ek nestled against his palm, she looked so breathtaking that Dalton’s heart skipped a beat.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 329 Wynter Dreamt Again

Dalton's posture became rigid. He gazed intensely at her with dark and unfathomable eyes. He leaned forward slightly and nearly

touched her face with his nose. The touch from his hand made his

Adam's apple shift subtly.

The wind was strong in Kingbourne. It was especially noticeable as fall began, and it howled outside. However, the room was incredibly

quiet.

Wynter furrowed her brow slightly, possibly disliking the coolness of the beads on his wrist. As Dalton watched her, she felt he was noble and handsome, yet mysteriously unpredictable, unlike his usual

demeanor.

He lowered his stance further and gently caressed her face. In a deep and calm voice, he said, "You really aren't worried at all."

What he might do next was uncertain, even to him. However, she

seemed undisturbed.

Dalton studied her eyes and lips closely. He moved his lips closer and tightened his hand, resting beside her as if trying to restrain himself. His gaze grew darker, tinged with a hint of red.

He let out a cough, causing the dust on his beads to clear and reveal

a faint glow. His gaze deepened even more.

Finally, he lifted her entirely. He ran his hand through her hair. His grip grew stronger and stronger. Wynter could sense his breath close to her, and she was about to open her eyes.

Chap 329 Wynter Dreamt Again

He let her go and spoke softly. "Although this version of you is pleasant, obedient, and likable, I prefer you when you're awake."

Wynter's eyelids felt heavy. She had never experienced such feelings before. She wondered if it was something about this man or perhaps

something about the hotel.

She wanted to wake up, but the gentle pressure he applied to her back was too comforting. The warmth from his body felt just right. She

decided to let her hand rest as she fell deeper into sleep.

Dalton watched her with lowered eyes, indulging in how she crumpled

his pajamas. In the darkness, the beads on his wrist grew increasingly vivid. Their sheen seemed to illuminate his eyes.

“Sometimes I really think about creating a cage just for you,” he

mused as he brushed his fingers through her long hair. His gaze

became deeper.

Everyone said the head of the Yarwood family was as cold as ice,

indifferent to everything. That was because no one understood him

except for himself.

Regarding affection, he only wanted her to look at him. Dalton knew

well that she was naturally carefree and difficult to tame. He needed

more patience, much more.

Ultimately, he felt that she would be disappointed. He was not a good

man.

In the presidential suite, the two of them matched perfectly on a pure white classic bed. She slept in his arms while he gently patted her

back tenderly. Little did she know, something was stirring, ready to

Chap 329 Wynter Dreamt Again

tear through the facade...

That night, Wynter dreamt again. But the dream wasn't about her. It was about Dalton.

In her dream, her beautiful patient didn't live past 30. He was not fond of talking, only playing chess with himself.

His personality was somewhat gloomy. An indescribable sense of discomfort arose, perhaps due to his overly pale complexion, which gave him a cold demeanor when he looked at others.

At that time, he had interactions with her. She had listened to Shane's advice and had not married into the Yarwood family.

No, it was not right to say she listened to her father. It was because too many voices around her said that a girl from the countryside like her did not match the bright and pure Yarwood family heir.

He was wearing a black coat and standing under a pine tree, coughing incessantly. His grandfather wanted to talk to him about marriage. He did not say he would not marry her, nor did he say he

would.

He only mentioned that he would not live long and did not want to delay her, so he asked his grandfather to consult her instead.

Chapter 330 He Kissed Her

Wynter didn't care about the marriage. The man in her dreams didn't seem eager either. They just let his grandfather drop the matter.

Later, when people compared her to the adopted daughter, he only said, "The Yarwood family values blood relations. Ms. Quinnell is the one I'm betrothed to. It's not that I don't want her. She didn't choose

1. Enough with the boring talk."

By then, his cough had become very severe. Yet, in a circle where everyone disliked her, he spoke up for her. But that was later after his grandfather passed away.

Her life was in turmoil. She wanted to see him to ask about his health. Nobody knew he would be involved in a car accident. She wondered how such a person could meet with a car accident.

Wynter suddenly opened her eyes and shielded them from the light that streamed in. For a moment, she couldn't tell if she was still dreaming. It was not until she turned her face slightly and touched his pajamas with her fingers that she breathed a sigh of relief.

But immediately after, her figure stiffened. It was because of the excessive closeness between them.

She could even feel the heat emanating from his body and the scent of his unique medicine on his breath. Wynter wanted to get up, but

she moved even closer to him.

His face seemed even more likely to lead one astray in the morning. His skin was translucently pale. He draped his arm over her waist.

Cluny 330 He Krised He!

They were so close that not even a sliver of space was left. She hadn't managed to rise before he pinned her wrist down.

Wynter looked at him. His eyes were dark. Half propped up on her, he forcefully restrained her as he bent his long leg at her knee.

Compared to the man she knew, he was much more dangerous. He slid his hands under her pajamas with his fingers.

Wynter had never experienced anything like this. He k*ssed her neck as his warm breath brought her a certain softness.

By the time she knew it, he had crumpled her pajamas. Wynter never knew he had such strength. She felt as if she were floating in mid-air. The only sensation was the kneading he imparted on her body. It was a numbingly addictive caress.

Wynter's calm, pale eyes would probably have continued to sink under his movements if it hadn't been for the doorbell interrupting them.

"Someone's at the door."

That was Wynter for him. She was wise no matter how

uncomfortable it was. Her judgment remained unaffected, even now when her white pajamas exposed much of her delicate collarbone.

"It must be Wolf." Wynter pushed him away.

Dalton buried his head in her long hair and said in a low voice, "You

can't answer the door like this. I'll go, you tidy up."

"Okay." Wynter lazily yawned.

Dalton's dark eyes deepened. He buttoned up her pajamas and slowly

Chap 330 He Kessed Her

smiled. "Aren't you afraid of me?"

"What is there to be afraid of?" Wynter pinched his face, examining it from side to side. "With a face like this, I'm hardly at a loss."

She had given up too easily in her dream. Reflecting on it now, she felt a sense of loss for not being indulged by the man.

Dalton didn't know what she was thinking. He only watched her and raised a brow. "Who did you learn that from?"

"I used to..." Wynter began but stopped.

She had relaxed too much for a moment. She forgot that he was the kind of person who could guess everything from just one sentence.

Dalton laughed. His gaze was light and suggestive, encouraging her to continue. "You used to what?"