

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 51-60

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 51

Chapter 51 The Yarwood Banquet

Hilda craned her neck. "But you also know that we can get a lot of money from the medical industry in a short time. There are so many people in our family. We can't cut off our big source of income."

I'm not asking you to cut it off," Arthur said slowly. "Just restrain yourself for a while. Wait

for the dust to settle."

Hilda understood what Arthur meant immediately. "Did someone from Kingbourne stop by

again, Dad?"

Arthur didn't say anything and closed his eyes.

Hilda stated, "Don't worry. I promise they won't find anything."

The Gibson family had been safe and sound for over a decade. There wouldn't be any exceptions this time!

It was a tranquil, long night. But in a building in Kingbourne, the screens of countless computers were flickering at the same time!

Wynter was chewing gum at the clinic in Southdale, her fingers flying across the keyboard. Soon, every related personnel received the same email.

The quiet intruder came and left hurriedly.

The expressions on their faces changed completely when they opened that email.

One of them commanded, "Go and investigate the Gibsons! Get to the bottom of this!

Remember to keep it under wraps!

"You should meet and interview everyone involved in Southdale. Before that, hand in your

cell phones. Don't leak out any information!"

Tonight was meant to be an unusual night. But Wynter slept early. She lay on her bed comfortably after applying the mask.

The next day, Wynter went to the hospital to give Fabian an acupuncture treatment as before. But this time, another patient of hers wasn't there.

Fabian was being talkative. "What do the girls at your age usually like, Dr. Miracle?"

Wynter thought about what her classmates liked and replied, "I think they like things like

Chapter 51 The Yarwood Banquet

clothes, shoes, bags, and accessories."

Fabian tilted his head to look at Ryan. "Jot that down, Ryan. When my little princess returns,

I want her to have all those."

Ryan wiped away his sweat. "We have some good news from Havenlight County, Mr. Quinnelli. We've found the couple who adopted Ms. Quinnell. We've discussed it with them, and they said they can drop by next week!"

"Havenlight County?" Wynter raised her eyebrows.

Ryan turned around and asked, "What's wrong? Do you know this place, Wynter?"

Wynter took her first aid kit and answered, "I've heard of it."

She had been very busy lately. She would go to Havenlight County once she had finished

everything.

She had to return to her family anyway. She also had to know what her biological parents

looked like.

Fabian was obviously a little disappointed. He didn't say anything after that.

Wynter didn't stay any longer either. But once she stepped out of the ward, Ryan stopped

her. "Wait a minute, Wynter!"

Wynter halted

and waited for Ryan to approach her. "I heard from Dr. Sergio that you're going to the Yarwoods' medical seminar, are you?"

Wynter carried her black bag on one shoulder. "Do you want to give me some advice, Ryan?"

□

Ryan coughed and blinked frantically. "It's not advice. Just... Are you really going?"

Ryan was trying to tell Wynter that she didn't really need to go because she was already treating Dalton.

But Wynter couldn't understand what Ryan was hinting at. She smiled lightly and remarked,

“I have to go.”

Ryan was smart. “You look like you’re not going there to treat someone.”

Wynter didn’t keep it a secret. “The Yarwood family isn’t really my goal. Alright, I have to go,

now, Ryan. I have to go back and get prepared.”

“What are you preparing for if you’re not treating someone?” Ryan stood on tiptoe to call

Chapter 51 The Yarwood Banquet

her back, but Wynter already left.

3/2

He muttered in a low voice, “It’s good for you to go. So that I don’t have to worry about you being insensitive and offending Mr. Yarwood. You’ll know who he is by then.”

Wynter didn’t hear what Ryan said. She sent out the last email when she was walking home.

The related personnel from Kingbourne tried every technological means. But they still failed to locate the informer.

Two days later, it was September 19th, the day of the Yarwood Banquet at the Caesar Hotel.

Chapter 52 Yarwood Banquet Starts

However, the banquet venue was different from the previous time. Instead of the city center, the venue was at the Westland’s villa.

Wynter wasn’t riding her BMW Tomahawk. After loading the first aid kit and invitation card, she took a taxi.

Vaguely, she thought that she was hallucinating as this invitation card seemed to be different from before.

Getting into the taxi, she was still deep in thought.

The driver was surprised when he heard about her destination. “Ordinary people can’t visit the Caesar Hotel in Westland. I heard that all the big shots are going there today. Young

lady, are you...”

“I’m going to socialize.” Wynter smiled slightly.

The driver chuckled, “As I guessed. How could a young lady like you have the ability to treat patients?”

She just smiled and said nothing.

The Caesar Hotel was divided into grades. The one in Southdale city center was open to

the public.

The one in Westland was Rose Manor, which integrated golf, shooting, horseback riding, and other high-end sports talks. It covered a large area located in the forest.

As for the Yarwoods’ private club, it mainly focused on providing top-notch service. Ordinary people couldn’t enter without an invitation.

The invitation card was the only ticket. Renowned doctors who received the invitation card all brought their apprentices or assistants, who were rigorous and academic.

The top four most prestigious families—the Gibsons, the Lopezes, the Youngs, and the Shepherds were there. They all greeted each other, bringing along their juniors.

Those without prestigious family backgrounds sat awkwardly aside, communicating in low voices. Entourage members without medical skills, such as Wanda, would enter the

antehall.

Chapter 2 Vorwood Baret Sans

She observed the manor with greed. “Wow, it’s so beautiful and luxurious!”

As she said that, she turned toward Hilda. “Thanks to you that Yve and I can come here!”

“You’re welcome.” It was Hilda’s first time here. But she pretended to be used to this kind

of venue.

“Wanda, don’t make such a fuss again when you get inside.”

Wanda nodded. “I understand.”

All the guests were celebrities, so she had to pay attention to her behavior. Although the Yates family was wealthy, it was nothing compared to others.

Yvette stood next to them, looking around. Although she didn’t speak, her heartbeat quickened as she couldn’t wait to meet the rumored Mr. Yarwood.

After waiting a long time, everyone couldn’t help but feel curious as the banquet hadn’t started yet.

“It’s almost time. Why haven’t we seen the Yarwoods yet?”

“Is it possible that they’re waiting for someone important?”

Luke sneered, “Who is worth the Yarwoods waiting for?”

He thought they were ignorant, especially those who didn’t have strong family backgrounds.

Meanwhile, Theo Yarwood was in the manor’s study. He was dressed in a vintage suit, flipping a coin. White hair slightly covered his deep eyebrows, and a hint of cheerfulness.

revealed from his righteous eyes.

“Grandpa, it’s getting late.”

Lydia Yarwood, the eldest granddaughter of the Yarwoods, reminded, “It’s not good to keep our guests waiting.”

He took a sip of tea leisurely and said, “Why are you so anxious? There are still guests who have not arrived.”

She guessed, “Are you waiting for Dr. Miracle?”

“No.” Theo put down the teacup.

Lydia wanted to ask more. But she saw that he had put on the external headset again and

Chapter 52 Yarwood Banquet Starts

looked at the hall full of interest.

She was curious. Who could make him pay so much attention?

In fact, Theo was paying attention *to* Dr. Genius. Since Ethan told him that his most precious grandson’s appetite had *improved*, he *looked forward to meeting* Dr. Genius, whom Ethan mentioned as having extraordinary medical skills.

If that brat Dalton hadn’t stopped him, he would have *sent* someone to inquire about that genius doctor. Otherwise, he wouldn’t *need to* observe the guests in *secret*. It looked so

embarrassing.

Fortunately, he held this medical seminar, and Dr. Genius would also be *there*.

3

Chapter 53 Was **Wynter’s** Invitation Card Fake

Guests were entering one after another in the outer **hall** of the manor. Wynter was among them, but her outfit didn’t match the venue.

She wore a white shirt, jeans, and a wine–red baseball cap, seemingly like a college student.

The bodyguards guarding the door reached out to stop her and asked politely, “Miss, who are you?”

Before she could speak, a sneer came from the side. “She’s just a traditional medicine charlatan! Hey, beggar! You’re so bold to come here!”

It was Luke. He helped Hilda over, followed by the Yates.

Yvette avoided Wynter, not wanting others to know they were related.

On the other hand, Wanda stared at her fiercely, thinking that she was pestering them.

Wynter raised her eyebrows and spoke playfully, “Hello, my acquaintances!”

“We’re not!” Luke snorted. “Do you know where this place is? Can a beggar like you come here?”

He had long wanted to settle scores with her, but no one had heard of her after asking around. Now that he met her here, he would teach her a lesson!

“Where’s the security? Drive her out!” Luke looked arrogant.

Hilda pretended to stop him and shook her head in disapproval. “Luke, how can you embarrass a junior?”

He complained with hatred, “Madam Gibson, you don’t know what she has done! She spoke flowery words, even used witchcraft to make me kneel for so long!”

Upon hearing that, Wynter smiled slightly. “It seems your mentor is still unaware that I hit you with the vital point strike.”

Vital point strike?

The onlookers gasped, looking at each other in surprise. Were there really vital point strikes in this world?

“Stop bragging!” Luke scoffed.

Chapter 53 Was Wrong

“Do you

think this is medieval times? How can vital point strikes exist? If they exist,

Madam Gibson would know how to use them! Stop being ridiculous!”

Wynter chewed on the gum, responding calmly, “So, Madam Gibson can’t even use **vital** point

strikes to treat patients? It seems that her medical skills aren’t good enough. She’ll only mislead her apprentices.”

He was pissed off. “What did you say? How dare you say that!”

Hilda held back her anger. “Shut up, Luke!”

She must stop this idiot from talking, or everyone would know that she didn't know how to

treat patients with vital point strikes!

"But she..." Luke felt unconvinced.

She took a deep breath, looking at Wynter coldly and saying arrogantly, "Since you're Margaret's apprentice, I won't argue with you.

"I would like to give you some advice. As a doctor, you must be kind. It's not good for you to be so arrogant."

When she mentioned Margaret's name, everyone present had different reactions.

"Did she mean Margaret Yates, who prescribed random medicines and killed a patient?"

"When did she have an apprentice?"

"I don't know either. Why did the Yarwoods give the invitation card to her?"

The people around them stopped and didn't move forward. Instead, they focused on Wynter with disgust.

It was the result Hilda wanted. She specifically asked George to send a fake invitation card to Margaret just to see this scene. But unfortunately, Margaret didn't come.

It didn't matter, though. She would still get the same result if she could embarrass Wynter!

Moreover, this damn girl still wasn't in the most embarrassment. Her real embarrassment would happen when she took out the fake invitation card!

Wanda caught Hilda's hint and stepped forward. "Maybe she doesn't even have an invitation card! Hers is fake!"

That made sense. Wynter's origin was in Havenlight County, where her poor relatives lived. Logical speaking, there was no way she would get invited by the Yarwoods

Chapter 54 Hilda's Embarrassment

Upon hearing the word "fake", the bodyguards looked at each other, politely saying, "Miss,

please show us your invitation card."

The smart Wynter had noticed there was something wrong with her invitation card.

However, s

she had nothing to be afraid of. She could reveal her identity as Dr. Miracle if she got rejected.

So, she casually handed over the gold-plated invitation card from her black bag.

As expected, the bodyguards' expressions instantly changed. Observing their expressions, the people around them began speculating.

"Is there really something wrong with her invitation card?"

Luke looked indignant. "Not only did Margaret kill people, but her apprentice is a swindler! Shame on you!"

Hilda also smiled smugly, "Young lady, if you want to enter, you **can** ask seniors for help. You shouldn't use such dirty tricks."

"Yeah, this is too embarrassing!"

"Is this how Margaret teaches her apprentice? Won't she feel ashamed?"

Wynter didn't bother to listen to their nonsense. She shifted slightly, ready to reveal her identity.

Suddenly, the two bodyguards made a gesture of invitation toward her and said loudly, "Welcome, miss! Please come in!"

Instantly, the atmosphere at the scene froze. The bodyguards' actions contradicted Hilda's statement, like a silent slap to her face.

One of the bodyguards added, "This is your first time coming here. If you don't understand anything, I can answer it for you at any time. Please follow me."

Another bodyguard was still holding the invitation card, his palms sweating.

The handwriting on the card was vigorous.

Today's invitation cards were ordinary, but only the people at the Yarwoods knew what the

gold-plated invitation card meant.

Apart from that, they recognized it was Daltor's handwriting!

The two bodyguards didn't know who Wynter was but they knew Dalton might cut them into pieces if they did not welcome this distinguished guest.

Everyone, including Wynter, remained stunned, unable to react to this sudden change in the situation.

She didn't move immediately. "Wait a minute."

The bodyguard asked carefully, "Did we do anything wrong? You can tell us. We'll correct it."

"Yes, we'll correct it!" another bodyguard stood straight.

Wynter raised her eyebrows and glanced at Hilda. The latter's expression darkened as she stared at the invitation card in shock.

Of course, Wynter wouldn't be so naive to think that Hilda would give her a real invitation card. Something unexpected must have happened.

Could it be him? The first person she thought of was that handsome patient.

It was probably that man who changed her card. With the Quinnells' connections, it was not difficult for him to get the Yarwoods' invitation card.

Although she didn't know why he helped her, she felt relieved. She planned to thank him

when she went back.

"No need to correct anything. You two did a good job." Wynter slightly bent. "I just want to take my bag."

The bodyguards immediately responded, "We can help you!"

Their enthusiasm was completely different from before, which dumbfounded others.

The Yarwoods were famous for being aloof, and even the bodyguards were skilled. It was a bit unusual for them to be so respectful to an ordinary girl.

Chapter 55 The Gibsons Are In Disgrace

Wynter kept the bodyguards from taking her bag.

"No, thank you. These **are** the tools I use for medical treatment. I can take them myself. Just go ahead with your tasks."

She had to meet Margaret's friend's grandson, so being so high-profile wasn't for the best.

The bodyguards said politely, "Okay, miss. We're always at your command."

Hilda couldn't stand it anymore, gritting her teeth. "Are you sure that her invitation card is

real?"

"That's right! You must have seen it wrongly!" Wanda shouted. She knew Wynter's condition best. How could that girl have a real invitation card?

Yvette bit her lips, tugging on Wanda's sleeve. "Mom, we're at the Yarwoods."

Wanda immediately regained her senses and didn't argue with the bodyguards. Her daughter was right. She couldn't make mistakes as they were at the Yarwoods.

But Luke didn't think so. He always looked down on people like bodyguards and security." Are you sure you want to let this charlatan in? Who will be responsible if something goes wrong?"

The two bodyguards ignored him and continued their work.

Furious, he pointed at one of the bodyguards. "Hey, did you hear me? That's a charlatan!

Her mentor has killed-

down your

"Let me warn you." The bodyguard's expression turned solemn. "Sir, please put down hand."

Luke ignored his warning and continued to rant, "Such low class! You can't even understand what I'm saying—7

Right then, there was a crack sound. Luke screamed in pain as the bodyguard broke his

fingers.

"This is the Yarwoods' private land. No rudeness is tolerated."

The bodyguard's deep voice caused Wynter to look back. He immediately changed his

expression and smiled. "Did I disturb you? We'll deal with it now."

After **saying** that, the bodyguard whistled. Four men in black immediately appeared **next to** him, dragging the crying Luke out.

He wanted to grab at Hilda. "Madam Gibson!"

But she immediately distanced herself from him. "I've told you not to act so arrogantly, but you always ignored me! It seems that I can't teach you anymore. Bear the consequences yourself!"

Luke's eyes widened as if he couldn't believe her to distort facts. He had spent a lot to learn medical skills from the Gibsons. His parents even spent all their savings to provide for his fee.

But Hilda drove him away!

Luke kept shouting hoarsely, but no one could hear him anymore. Since he persisted in being arrogant, he was doomed to punishment.

Wynter withdrew her gaze and ignored them. Her goal today had always been clear- dealing with the Gibsons. Everything would begin as soon as Hilda entered the inner hall.

Seeing Luke being dragged away, everyone felt a little frightened. They had heard that he

Yarwoods were unfathomable and not to be messed with.

Now that they had seen such a scene, they were much more disciplined and didn't even dare to talk.

Only Hilda looked gloomy. She wouldn't have endured her anger if it had been another family. She lost the most useful apprentice for no reason!

But these were the Yarwoods, the dominant force in Sorzada City. So, she forced herself to

calm her emotions.

Wanda still muttered, "Why can't these bodyguards recognize a fake card?"

"Mom, we should be most concerned about where her invitation card came from."

Yvette was already a little impatient, thinking her mother was stupid. Wynter's invitation card must be genuine, or the observant body guards wouldn't let her in.

Chapter 56 I'm Looking For You

Wanda instantly understood what Yvette meant.

Hilda sneered, "It's indeed impossible for her to get an invitation card. I sent it to her!"

"You sent her the card?" Yvette was puzzled.

She felt like she had a splitting headache, explaining, "The Gibsons have three invitation cards. I asked George to send her a fake one. But he might have picked up the wrong one and sent **her** the real one."

"That damn girl is so lucky!" Wanda felt it was a pity to waste a real invitation card.

Madam Gibson, if only you gave it to me."

Hilda lost all her patience. "It'll be the same if I take you in!"

Upon saying that, she walked up to the bodyguard, proudly handing over the invitation card.

After checking it, the bodyguard stepped aside to let her in. Only then did she regain some glory. But soon, her mood turned sour again because of Wanda's yelling.

"Madam Gibson! They blocked me!"

Hilda turned back and looked at the bodyguard, who blocked Wanda. "What's going on?"

The bodyguard said calmly, "Madam, there are regulations on the invitation card. A doctor

can only bring one entourage assistant. You can only choose one of them."

She couldn't hold her anger any longer.

'Choose one of them? How do I choose?' It was so

embarrassing!

Yvette was discerning. "Madam Gibson, how about you take my mother in? I'll wait for you

outside."

"I..." Wanda blushed. Indeed, she wanted to go in, but that wasn't her main purpose.

7

"Yve, don't be silly! You have to go in! You must meet Mr. Yarwood to make him fall in love

with you!"

Others did not hear her, but the two bodyguards had excellent hearing. They looked at each

other with conflicted expressions on their faces.

What did this woman mean? Who would Dalton fall in love with? They felt it was hard to describe their thoughts!

Hilda didn't want to be laughed at by others, urging, "Hurry up! Who wants to go with me?"

What a burden! If it weren't for Zenith herb, she wouldn't have brought the Yates **here**.

"Then... I'm going." Yvette bit her lips awkwardly.

Wanda waved reluctantly. "Go ahead."

When the two of them were no longer visible, she was still watching eagerly.

A newcomer thought she was blocking the way and glanced at her. "If you don't have an invitation card, please move out of the way."

Used to living a good life, it was the first time Wanda felt embarrassed. Moving to the side, she recalled the invitation card Hilda had given Wynter by mistake. She hated Wynter so much that her teeth gritted.

How would a damn girl who was used to a simple life adapt to a noble environment? But

she still got the benefit!

Meanwhile, the inner hall was full of people. The decoration was Frenda style—the wall was inlaid with roses, and the tea sets were all made from high-quality pottery.

The butler reported every renowned doctor's origin when they entered. Until Wynter came in, the phrase "Empathy Clinic" attracted all the renowned doctors to look over.

Although they weren't as obvious as those guests outside, it was clear they still rejected her. No one came up to talk to her. Even some unqualified doctors silently moved away from her.

Their treatment toward her **was** unlike Hilda, who came in later and attracted attention. Almost everyone in the circle was greeting her, "Hello, Dr. Gibson."

She greeted everyone with an elegant smile. "Hello everyone."

What had happened outside just now was nothing after she returned to her circle.

Hilda walked forward proudly with Yvette while ignoring Wynter.

Everyone

disliked Wynter, all ignoring her. But she did not care. Chewing her gum, she found a seat at random and was about to sit down.

Suddenly, she heard a voice say urgently, "Hey, miss! I have been looking for you!"

Chapter 57 He Feels Like She Is The Boss

The man who approached Wynter was dressed very fashionably, with fair skin and an outstanding appearance. With red earphones hanging around his neck, he looked more like a rapper than a doctor.

He sat beside Wynter, still chattering, "My grandpa troubles me all day. Take care of his friend's granddaughter? Do I look like I am capable of **taking** care of you?"

Upon saying that, he observed her in interest. "Miss, you're so bold to report your real origin!

Wynter looked at him intently. "Abel Lopez?"

His eyes instantly widened. He wondered why her way of calling him was similar to his boss.

It must be his illusion!

Abel looked at his phone. His boss didn't mention she was attending the seminar. The last message was still an order to reject the invitation.

That was right. How could his wise and powerful boss be a lady younger than him? He must be too tired from reading and confused himself!

Abel shook his head, gesturing for Wynter to keep quiet. “Miss, keep your voice down. Mrs. Yates Senior should have told you not to mention her here. Just follow me and learn from the renowned doctors.”

She just looked at him meaningfully without any response. Before he realized what she meant, the two young men following him also came over.

“Abel, who is she?” the one who spoke was the youngest grandson of the Youngs, Xavier

Young.

Ahol answered, “My c

friend”

Xavier observed Wynter for a while and **said**, “You’re pretty.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Thank you.”

Another young man pushed him away and said to her, “Miss, I’m Calvert Shepherd. What’s your star sign? Do you usually like clubbing or reading? These are my hobbies!”

“Back off!”

Abel stopped his two friends. “Be lowkey! Don’t you see that everyone is looking at us?”

Xavier didn’t care. “That’s nothing. This seminar is for those old-fashioned. I’m useless and don’t even understand medicine. I wonder why my grandpa brought me here.”

“It’s boring to death!” Calvert winked at Wynter. “Miss, do you want fortune-telling? The Shepherds are famous for predicting people’s luck.”

Wynter had heard about the three of them—the conspicuous group of Southdale’s aristocratic families. They often went to clubs and race cars and had no abilities, almost becoming a joke in the medical field.

Now that she had seen them, she was surprised by their sincerity because not many **people** could admit they were useless.

Yvette also noticed them and whispered to Hilda, “Madam Gibson, the Lopezes, the Youngs, and the Shepherds seem to have a good relationship with her. They seem to be planning to help her.”

“They’re just losers.”

Hilda patted Yvette's hand and whispered. "The promising people from the Youngs and the Shepherds are sitting here with us. Look at the one who is drinking tea. He is Felix Young, a

cardiologist.

"The most handsome boy in the Shepherds, Charlie Shepherd, is also here. Well, you know

him too. I heard that he's interested in you.

She lowered her head shyly. "Madam Gibson, please don't make fun of me. Charlie and I

are just classmates."

"Classmates? But he has been looking at you since he entered, Hilda said as if she had experience.

"I know you have many suitors. As for the Lopezes, just forget it."

At the hospital, the Lopezes were on Wynter's side. They must be the happiest to know that the Gibsons were expelled from the Heavenly Medical Guild.

Although the Heavenly Medical Guild was powerful, Hilda had the rare herb to cure Dalton. Everyone else would take stock of the situation.

She observed other aristocratic families, then at the Lopezes. She despised the fact that

Abel **was** friends with Margaret's apprentice.

Abel was filling out a form at this time. He held a pen and asked Wynter, "Miss, what is your code name? We can be in groups of four. I'll report it to the Yarwoods together." She rested her chin on her hand, preparing to reveal her identity.

Chapter 58 Wynter's Engagement Was Broken Off

"You're just a loser. How dare you lead others to form a team?"

The person who interrupted Wynter was George, who had arrived late. As he couldn't use his arm, he held a grudge against her.

He looked at her and sneered. "The Lopezes are funny. How dare you bring her here!"

Abel didn't care what he said. "What does it have to do with you?"

George ignored him and said, "Calvert, don't hang around with losers all the time. Take a good look. Do you know who she is?"

Calvert always disliked his arrogance, refuting, "I don't care who she is! I won't investigate

anyone's background when making friends."

"You're so stupid! It's still fine if you don't know medicine. But you don't even recognize Charlie's ex-fiancée!"

George pointed at Wynter. "She is the fake daughter who was kicked out by the Yates!"
What?

Calvert paused, and even Abel looked at her abruptly. His grandfather didn't tell him that she had such a relationship with the Shepherds!

Meanwhile, everyone's gaze glanced over, including Charlie, who was once engaged to Wynter. He had been looking at Yvette and didn't notice Wynter at all.

When **he** saw her, he clenched his hands, wondering who brought Wynter to this event.
She still looked calm, resting her chin with her hand lazily.

There was constant discussion in the hall, and everyone gossiped about her.

"No wonder she represents the Empathy Clinic. It turns out she is the Yates' fake daughter!"

"But this is the first time I've heard that the Shepherds are engaged to the Yates."

"It happened a long time ago. Margaret had been in power when the Shepherds proposed the engagement."

Upon hearing the gossip, Charlie couldn't sit still, stood up, and walked toward Wynter.

"Didn't **I say** It clearly last time? Or do you not understand what I meant?"

She was tired from sitting. She continued chewing gum, resting her face on the other hand.

He looked indifferent, full of disdain. "I've said that I won't like you! I'm engaged to the real daughter of the Yates, **not a** village girl like you!"

“You should realize the truth! Stop daydreaming! I won’t marry you!”

Upon hearing that, the discussion in the hall became louder.

Hilda looked at Yvette. “Didn’t you say that she’s just a distant relative of the Yates?”

She bit her lips and looked innocent. “She didn’t want to go back to the village. She wanted to continue being the daughter of the Yates. We had no choice but to say that.”

“She’s so shameless!” Hilda didn’t care about the Yates’ lies. But she felt pleased as the current situation was even more embarrassing for Wynter.

As Charlie had rejected her in front of everyone, she would feel ashamed to appear in public.

Thinking of that, Hilda smiled again. “Yve, you’re the only daughter of the Yates. See, Charlie only acknowledges you.”

Yvette looked hesitant. “But she loves Charlie very much. She probably came here to see

him.”

After all, Charlie was the only weakness of her “sister”.

“I remember now! That stupid girl used to go to Sacred Heart Medical University just to see

Mr. Charlie!”

“Yes, I’ve heard about this too! How can a college student like her be worthy of Mr. Charlie?”

“She’s just daydreaming! Her identity is even fake! How will she express her love to Mr. Charlie this time? Is she going to kneel?”

Just when others were laughing, they heard a sound.

Chapter 59 Wynter Refutes the Scumbag

Wynter picked up the wooden chair to change the location.

Sitting cross-legged, she looked beautiful **and** sassy, complaining, “Where did this **ugly**

man come from? He talks too much!”

Ugly man?

For a moment, the atmosphere at the scene froze.

Charlie looked astonished as if he couldn't believe what he had heard. He slightly stammered, "W—what did you say?"

"Ugly man." Wynter smiled. "Did you hear me? If you can't hear well, get your ears treated."

"You!" he heaved violently, almost out of breath.

Almost everyone's expressions changed. Especially Yvette, clasping her hands and frowning.

She wondered what was going on. She remembered that Wynter used to like Charlie the most, even willing to risk her life for him!

She took a deep breath.

Charlie was like a clown who couldn't get off the stage. "Wynter, have you forgotten how you've begged me to look at you?"

Wynter was indifferent. "A woman in love wouldn't be rational. What's more, we both know the truth."

Someone couldn't stand still and shouted, "You're the one pestering Mr. Charlie! That's the only truth!"

Charlie turned pale when he heard the word "truth". Worried that she would say it out loud, he pretended to be generous.

"Forget it! You're now having difficulty without the Yates. For the sake of the past, I won't argue with you."

After saying that, he stopped looking at her and returned to his seat. Although he had maintained his reputation, he looked dejected.

Originally, Hilda wanted to watch the show, but the result was unexpected. Hence, she was

determined to stand **up for** him.

“Charlie is my junior. His talent, appearance, and knowledge are all top-notch. I wonder **why you** dislike him.”

Her words completely turned Wynter into the Gibsons and the Shepherds’ enemy.

The head of the Shepherds was Calvert’s uncle, Nelson Shepherd.

He was calm, saying nothing to Wynter. He just took a sip of tea, then glanced at Calvert sharply. “Come here.”

Calvert wanted to follow Abel and the others, but it was an awkward situation. He had no

choice but to retreat to a corner.

Doctors and scholars without high family backgrounds could see the Shepherds’ statement. They believed Wynter would be miserable during the seminar session.

Abel worriedly looked at Wynter, who had offended both aristocratic families. “Miss, are you not afraid?”

She chewed her gum and said calmly. “They’re just profit-making vendors. There is nothing

to be afraid of.”

“Profit-making vendors? Do you know their status in the medical field? Wait, why do your words sound so familiar?”

He scratched his head, wondering where he had heard this adjective before.

Wynter patted his head, feeling good to touch his hair. “It’s nothing if you can’t remember it! Let’s get ready.”

“Get ready for what?” Xavier was still in a daze. Today’s **gossip** came one after another so abruptly that he didn’t even have time to react.

Carrying a black bag, she stood up from the wooden chair. Under the lights, she looked sassy. “Conquer everyone. Win the first place.”

“What?” Xavier was in doubt.

Abel was about to say something. But right then, a hearty laugh came from upstairs.

Chapter 60 Wynter Amazes Everyone

Thank you all for taking the time to attend this seminar. I appreciate it.”

Lydia wore a black dress. She walked downstairs and glanced at the hall with an overwhelming presence.

Abel immediately gasped, “I haven’t seen her for so many years. She still looks fierce!”

Wynter raised her eyebrows. “Do you know her?”

“She’s Lydia, the eldest daughter of the Yarwoods. She was in the army. But now, she seems to be in business.”

Abel added, “Don’t be presumptuous in front of her. She might punch you.”

Accepting the advice, she lowered her head and chewed another gum harmlessly.

Lydia had a cool appearance, undoubtedly a beauty. It was clear that although she had a fighting spirit, she was extremely well-educated.

“The Yarwoods have prepared some gifts for you all.”

Upon saying that, she clapped her hands as a signal, and a gift box rose next to everyone’s seat. The gift box contained root herbs, truffles, cordyceps, and cash.

Wynter’s gaze became more meaningful after she saw the things in the gift box.

George was sitting not far from her, sneering, “I bet some people have never seen such a good thing. She looks so excited!”

Abel was tired of George, but she didn’t care about him. The Yarwoods’ gift was good. She

could take it home for Wolf.

So, she didn’t let George’s ridicule get the best of her.

Lydia looked around, finding that most people were too timid to touch the gift box. Even the Gibsons and the Shepherds seemed unmoved by the high-quality gift.

She felt somewhat disappointed. The Gibsons and the Shepherds were the top four most prestigious families in Southdale, but they seemed hypocritical.

She was in business, so she had only one principle—no one hated money. If they disliked it,

it meant she hadn't given enough.

When she felt bored **and** wanted to look away, she saw Wynter **putting** the cordyceps **into**

the black bag.

Lydia smiled. "Miss, it seems you like the gift."

As soon as she said that, Wynter became the center of attention.

The aristocratic families showed contempt and disdain toward her. Hilda also shook her head. "She's indeed **not** up to par."

Charlie felt relieved that he **had** cut off the relationship with her. On the other hand, Yvette **was** drinking tea to hide her smile.

Seeing that everyone had misunderstood her meaning, Lydia was about to explain. But Wynter replied, "Yes, the Yarwoods' gifts are all in excellent condition."

George seemed to be hearing a joke. "We all know that the Yarwoods have good stuff. But none of us are as eager as you are!"

Everyone agreed, "That's right!"

Wynter tapped the gift box slowly, saying something astonishing, "I always doubted whether the Gibsons understand medicine."

"You fledgling!"

George was pissed off. "How dare you keep provoking the Gibsons! Even if we've endured.

you, I won't let you go anymore!"

She responded calmly, "I've broken your arm. How will you deal with me?"

"You bitch!"

He was about to rush forward, but Hilda slapped the table, which stopped his move. Young lady, I don't care where you come from. But you keep humiliating us! If you can't

explain, I won't go easy on you!"

Abel tugged on Wynter's sleeve, trying to stop her. She had gotten so impulsive that he couldn't protect her.

Margaret clearly said **she** was well-behaved. But she did the exact opposite of being well-behaved!

He hinted at her desperately.

"Explain?" Wynter was unmoved. "Do you know what I took earlier?"

Chapter 40 Wynter Aimages Cretion's

George immediately answered, "It's cordyceps! Don't you even know about cordyceps **sinensis**?"

Hilda seemed to think of something and wanted to stop Wynter from speaking. But it was too late.