

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 521

Posted by **AdminM**, 67 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 521 Milk the Other Party Dry

“Show off their wealth?” Wynter glanced at the bottle of red wine, wondering what kind of logic it was to flaunt one’s wealth with wine.

Seeing the disdainful expression on Wynter’s face, Dalton couldn’t hold back any more and started to laugh as he leaned against her shoulder.

Wynter genuinely didn’t understand what he found so amusing. She held his chin and tilted it up slightly, her beautiful eyes filled with confusion.

“Please explain to me how much wealth can someone flaunt with a bottle of wine,” she said.

At this moment, Lester wished he could become invincible.

Although Wynter was the Quinnell family’s daughter, Lester thought no one would actually treat Dalton this way.

In fact, it somehow felt like Dalton was the disaster-causing mistress who was kept in the

harem.

Lester shook his head, not wanting to get lost in his thoughts.

As they were all men, Dalton understood what the other party’s intentions were. It was precisely because he understood that he had just shown his emotions in front of others.

“The meaning behind them sending wine is simply, ‘Since you can’t even afford to open a bottle of wine, your brother-in-law has sent it to you.’” Dalton’s voice still carried a hint of amusement, but his eyes were cold.

Wynter raised an eyebrow at those words. “That’s it?”

“That’s it.” Dalton chuckled softly, playing with Wynter’s hair as he sat there in a casual manner. “You’re still young. It’s normal that you don’t understand social nuances.”

After saying that, he added, “And you don’t need to understand

1. it. It’s just a pointless game.

That “brother-in-law” probably wanted to remind a certain someone of his presence.

How annoying.

Dalton exerted considerable effort to suppress the surging hostility within him.

He remembered what Margaret said about someone who always liked to run behind others since childhood while shouting out the name Charlie.

With that in mind, Dalton’s knuckles suddenly tightened as he grew even more hostile.

Wynter didn’t know why he suddenly became moody. She simply followed the line of thought he provided and understood what was going on.

“So, they’re flaunting their wealth to you?” she asked.

“Me?” Dalton was surprised. Not to mention Dalton’s surprise, even Lester thought it was surreal when he heard the wine sent by the other party was actually a flaunting of wealth to

these two.

One was Kingbourne’s unfathomable prince, while the other was the daughter of the richest person on the leaderboard.

And yet, these students from Sacred Heart Medical University were flaunting their wealth to the two of them?

Lester’s only thought at the moment was that those students must be out of their minds.

Wynter continued her analysis. “It’s well-known that I’m rich. After all, I’m a verified internet celebrity. But you... You have no status, yet you’re so good-looking. You could be the face of a shop.”

“Face?”

Dalton didn’t mind her description. He only lazily glanced over. “Now that you have someone who can be the face of a shop accompanying **you**, you should fix your taste.”

At his words, Wynter raised her gaze and looked into his incredibly handsome eyes. She finally asked the question she had always wanted to ask, “Why do you always judge my taste?”

Dalton also looked at her. After a while, he uttered a name from his thin lips. “Charlie.”

Wynter’s confusion was written all over her face before realization hit her.

“I was a naive child!”

But she wasn’t denying it.

Dalton’s eyes grew colder. He fiddled with the rosary bracelet on his wrist, realizing there was indeed no need for the Shepherd family to exist.

Suddenly, Wynter picked up the bottle of wine.

“I’ll take the wine,” she announced. “Please, double or triple the price, and let the other party pay for it.”

This bottle of wine wasn’t too expensive. It was only 100 thousand dollars or so.

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Chapter 522 Humiliation

The meaning of the wine did indeed have its significance, which was why Lester specifically

chose this one.

“Ms. Quinnell, this bottle of red wine symbolizes auspiciousness. It also has a smooth finish and is not too astringent.

“Since it’s Mr. Yarwood’s first time bringing you here, I took the initiative to choose it. I don’t want this to be considered a gift from the other party, nor do I want to take your

money.

“With the two of you about to embark on a good journey, I thought I’d like to contribute to the celebration.”

Despite what he said, Wynter knew he wasn’t trying to contribute anything; he wanted to be on **good** terms with Dalton.

Lester sure knew his way around the business.

At this point, Dalton stood up, his hand caressing the bottle of wine.

“Mr. Wurth, you’re too polite. I’ll accept the wine. Wynter and I will be having an engagement banquet, so you must come.”

“I’ll definitely be there!” Lester was excited.

However, Dalton smilingly continued, “But it looks like my fiancée also wants to accept the wine from the other party, **so** could you please pick another bottle?

“The quality doesn’t matter, and it’s reasonable even if you double or triple the price. After all, you’re running a business, Mr. Wurth. Everyone else is your customer.

“We won’t be drinking the wine, though. Please send it back to the other party and let them pay for it.”

Lester instantly understood Dalton’s intention. “I’ll send it over right away!” he exclaimed.

Century—

old restaurants like this always had a couple of flagship wines. This time, Lester

er brought a bottle worth from 900 thousand to 1.5 million directly to the Dawn Room.

It was only fitting for the owner himself to personally deliver such an expensive bottle of wine.-

But mainly, Lester wanted to watch the show. After all, it was rare to see someone daring to flaunt their wealth to Dalton.

Lester maintained his composure and politely knocked on the door.

The atmosphere, previously lively with praise for Yvette's prowess and Charlie's charm, suddenly quieted down.

"Red wine? We didn't order any red wine." Someone voiced their confusion.

The manager continued to explain, "This is the restaurant owner. He knew distinguished guests were here and rushed over to open the wine personally. It's a rare event in our

restaurant."

Charlie was also puzzled, wondering how he was suddenly being treated with such reverence by the restaurant's manager.

Although the Shepherd family was relatively influential, they were insignificant in

Kingbourne. They didn't have any particular connections here.

Charlie glanced at the prosperous-looking Lester and then at Yvette.

Given that many people in Kingbourne knew Yvette as Dr. Yates, Yvette thought she was the "distinguished guest" the manager was referring to.

She looked at Charlie and smiled shyly, saying, "Perhaps someone found out I was here and

informed the **owner**."

Everything suddenly clicked for Charlie then. Even the other people at the alumni gathering. were looking at Yvette in a different light.

It would make sense if the wine was for Yvette. After all, she had saved Clyde. Many influential figures in Kingbourne even often sent their cars to pick her up as an honored guest.

“Yvette, you’re amazing! You’ve got the owner coming to personally open the wine for you!”

Yvette smiled but didn’t say anything, enjoying the praise.

Lester, too, **remained** quiet. But internally, he wondered who the hell Yvette was. He didn’t even know her and was only there to watch the show.

He didn’t understand how these people had the audacity to flaunt wealth in front of Dalton. Did they really think they were all that just because the manager was showing them respect?

Of course, Lester wouldn’t voice these thoughts. Instead, following the restaurant’s protocol, he took the bottle of wine over and asked the people at the table, “But this wine is quite expensive, and the guests in the Dusk Room will not drink it.

“Sir, would you like to take a look? I’ll open it for you if you want.

He considered this a warning to these people.

Chapter 523 Open the Bottle

As soon as Lester uttered those words, Andy spoke up.

“How expensive can a bottle of wine be? It’s nothing for our school’s heartthrob.”

He said those words to defend Charlie’s dignity, who couldn’t say anything against it. After all, he was leading the charge.

The attention of everyone at the alumni gathering immediately shifted to Charlie when they heard that. As they had witnessed how wealthy Charlie’s background was and his lavish spending habits, they were especially looking forward to it today.

They figured the wine personally delivered by the owner must be worth tens of thousands at the very least.

They had never tasted such expensive wine before.

Even though they were still students and had to mean they weren't competitive.

rely **on** their families financially, it didn't

Among the eight or nine people, two of them wanted to advise Charlie against it. They felt it wasn't necessary for students, who were still dependent on their families, to drink such expensive wine.

"How about we don't open it?" one of the bespectacled women, Selena, asked in a quiet voice.

Yvette's gaze

fell

upon her.

The others chuckled somewhat mockingly.

"Why are you such a scaredy-cat? No one's asking you to split the bill. Charlie's buying anyway. What are you **so** afraid of?"

"It's just that we're all students, and we're from the same hometown..."

Selena had just started **to** speak when Charlie frowned, wondering who the hell brought such a lame bumpkin here.

Sensing her displeasure, Gina looked speechless.

"Here you go again with your spiel," she complained. "Enough. Did you say we're students, and it's not right for us to come **to** a place where we have to spend a lot?"

"We're only here for a meal, but you've been nagging all day. Is a few thousand dollars a lot?"

=

“A meal costing a few thousand! I think that’s quite a lot of money,” Selena continued earnestly. “If we all had jobs and were earning a hundred thousand a month, I wouldn’t think twice about it.

“But right now, we’re all living on our parents’ money. I think we should live according to our means.”

The others chuckled at her words.

“My goodness! You’re so old-fashioned and petty!” they echoed.

The person who brought her here tugged at her, indicating for her to stop talking.

Lester looked over in this atmosphere.

Among these Sacred Heart Medical University students, only Selena seemed to have any sense even though everyone had the qualifications. The rest of them, Lester observed, were quite “interesting”.

Living up to expectations, Charlie stood up to mediate. “It’s just a bottle of wine. It’s not worth arguing over.”

With that, he glanced at Selena, appearing quite courteous.

“I’ve been saying since we came in that this meal is on me. I just want everyone to be happy. We’re all from the same place, and we’re alumni. Let’s not ruin the good vibe.”

He seemed to be suggesting Selena was causing a disturbance.

Selena remained silent. Her family owned a winery, so she knew quite a bit about wine. She also knew the story behind the wine Lester brought over was quite interesting.

She never quite told these people her family’s background.

At first, she thought they would all support each other in the future as they were all from Southdale. But now that she got to know them better, she realized what her grandfather said about the children from the Shepherd family having a good upbringing was completely

wrong.

What a joke! If Charlie wanted to be a fool, she would let him!

Charlie couldn’t possibly know what she was thinking. Right now, the only thought he had in mind was to kick Selena out of the alumni gathering.

How did such a tacky and poor person even get in here?

Lester, also getting annoyed, smiled and urged, "So, sir, are you sure you want to open it?"

"Open it." Charlie played the role of a noble gentleman and declared, "I'm in a good mood today! Let my classmates have a taste of the wine."

11 Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Chapter 524 Tax

With white gloves on, Lester once again let Charlie inspect the bottle of wine. Charlie took note of the details, such as the wine's temperature, origin, and vintage, as well as the fact that it was unopened.

Afterward, Lester took the corkscrew and skillfully removed the cork without dropping any wood shavings.

To maintain the wine's flavor, even the highball glasses were slightly chilled. The gold-trim decanter, too, had been treated.

As half a bottle of red wine was poured in, the wine emitted a faint fragrance.

These people had never drunk wine like this before. They had been to nightclubs where they ordered cocktails like they were tea. That also cost them almost ten thousand.

However, they felt superior when they watched the owner and manager meticulously pour the wine for them and specially present it to them in luxurious highball glasses.

"It's all thanks to Charlie that we get to drink such good wine. Come on, let's make a toast!"

Andy was quite something. Even the restaurant manager wanted to laugh when he heard those words.

Charlie theatrically swirled his highball glass, mentioning, "A toast is fine, but wine is meant to be savored. We should drink it slowly."

"Charlie knows best," Gina said, nudging Yvette. "Yvette, I envy you so much!"

Yvette smiled graciously. "It's enough as long as a bottle of wine can make everyone happy."

With that, except for Selena, everyone at the table stood up to toast Yvette and Charlie:

Everyone took a sip, but none of them noticed any difference. Still, Charlie continued to maintain his image by commenting, "It's smooth. It's not harsh at all. There's also a hint of

fruitiness.”

Like, come on now. Could a wine from that origin not be harsh?

Lester had been waiting for the next moment since he started standing here.

“Because this bottle of wine is quite expensive, it needs to be paid separately.”

Lester had the card reader and bill brought over.

“Sir, please review the bill.”

Lester, who ran a century–old establishment, never overlooked the courtesy of politely addressing his customers.

Charlie was still basking in the crowd’s admiration when he took the bill with a smile. But within seconds,

the amount on the bill made the smile freeze on his face.

“1.71

million? Million?” Charlie–
tried to control himself. He never expected a bottle of wine to cost 1.7 million!

Not 17 thousand, not 1170 thousand, but 1.7 million!

As his hand clenched the bill, his face fell.

The rest of the people at the table also stopped what they were doing. Just a moment ago, they were all smiling. But now, their eyes widened as they looked at their highball glasses.

This wine cost **1.7** million!

“Is this wine really that expensive?” A startled voice rang out.

Selena was the only one not holding a wine glass as she ate the mutton on her plate.

Yvette also realized something was wrong. She glanced at Charlie, then looked toward Lester, with a slight smile.

“Sir, did you accidentally add an extra zero to the bill? Look, there are other amounts here.

“Oh, that’s the tax,” Lester patiently explained. “Ma’am, you may take a closer look. The total price, including tax, is 1.7 million.”

Lester's explanation only made matters worse, as Yvette's face was now beet red.

She had experienced a rebirth and learned many things others didn't know. Upon her return, she quickly rose to prominence in Southdale by her own means, seeming to be superior to

others.

However, many people forgot she had lived in a village for many years. Her school ha

Chapter 525 Cheeks in Pain

At this moment, her fists were clenched tightly as she stood there.

Indeed, tobacco and alcohol had high taxes. Seeing the amount of tax on the bill made these students feel somewhat at a loss.

But if anyone felt the most distressed, it was certainly Charlie.

1.7 million for a bottle of wine? That was enough for him to buy a flashy new car!

Charlie could never willingly pay that amount. The inside of his mouth sore from biting down, he looked toward his stunned roommate, gesturing for him to speak up.

However, Andy's eyes were unfocused, and he didn't pick up on the cue.

Charlie was now filled with resentment toward him.

How could

Andy have encouraged him earlier and now refuse to say a word, leaving Charlie as the scapegoat?

The room fell silent.

Lester prompted, "Sir?"

As Charlie still refused to be embarrassed, he grabbed Lester's sleeve and asked, "Why is the wine so expensive?"

“Expensive?” Lester smiled. “Sir, didn’t you say it’s merely a bottle of wine?”

Lester wasn’t loud, but his words were clear enough for everyone to hear.

Charlie was also annoyed by how Lester was embarrassing him.

His expression turned ugly as he spat, “But you didn’t say it was this expensive!” Since the situation had escalated, Charlie no longer cared.

Gina chimed in, “**1.7** million for a bottle of wine? You’re trying to rob us!”

His roommate also insisted, “Exactly! You’re clearly taking advantage of us because we’re just students!”

Lester stopped smiling then. “Before opening the bottle, didn’t I remind you that this wine is quite pricey? I asked if you were sure you wanted to proceed.”

“But you didn’t mention the price,” Gina huffed coldly. “This is a blatant scam!”

This was Lester’s first time encountering this situation. He countered, “The brand’s price is

listed on the wine list. I even let you see the origin and vintage just now..

“If it wasn’t for the fact that this wine is so expensive, why would I, the boss, personally come to open it for you?”

“Aren’t you here because you want to suck up to Yvette-” Gina yelled, only for Lester to interrupt her.

“Who’s Yvette? I don’t know anyone by that name.

“I made it clear— you asked the restaurant to send a bottle of wine to the guests in the Dusk Room and even claimed to be their family. I’m only here because the guests asked me to return the wine.”

Yvette’s face fell at those words. Everyone else was stunned, too.

So, Lester wasn't here because of Yvette. Now that they all thought about it, it didn't seem

like Lester knew Yvette at all.

But why did he keep quiet earlier?

Not only was Yvette embarrassed, but they all felt like they had been slapped hard in the face.

"Why didn't you deny it earlier, then?"

This question, once asked, only made Yvette feel even more embarrassed. She wanted to stop it, but it was already too late.

Lester shrugged. "You were just making assumptions. We run a business here. It wouldn't be right to expose everything, would it?"

"You let us continue to misunderstand just because you didn't want to tell the truth. The wine is too expensive. I'll complain to the Federal Trade Commission that you're ripping off

customers!"

It might be common for other tourist spots' restaurants to rip off customers. However, this was a century-old establishment that had existed since hundreds of years ago.

They even had porcelain artifacts displayed on the first floor as cultural relics. The place might be small, but it had been passed down through several generations.

There was no way they would deceive customers over a bottle of wine. How could they possibly overcharge customers when the taxes were paid openly and honestly?

Lester's eyes turned cold. "Sure. You should go ahead and file a police report too, drunk without paying and caused a scene in my restaurant.

"In the future, don't act all high and mighty if you can't afford certain things."

since you

It was absurd that these students wanted to flaunt their wealth to Dalton even though this was the level they were at!

Chapter **526** Holding Wynter Accountable

Lester's expression deeply wounded Yvette's pride.

!" Yvette didn't want to further degrade herself over a bottle of wine. "It's just a misunderstanding. Charlie, use your card."

As she looked at Charlie, her eyes carried other emotions.

Since they were of a kind, he understood what she meant—if this escalated, it would only tarnish the Shepherd family's reputation.

If news about how the Shepherd family's son couldn't even afford a bottle of wine were to spread at school, any aspirations of entering Kingbourne's elite circles would be shattered.

meant. With his teeth clenched, **he**

Charlie wasn't blind, so he understood what she instructed, "Bring me the card reader."

The restaurant manager then approached him.

It was obvious how reluctant Charlie was by the way he held the card tightly. Nevertheless,

he thought he could always ask his father for more later.

"Excuse me, sir, your card doesn't work. It seems there's insufficient balance."

Insufficient balance?

Those two words made Charlie turn pale as he choked out, "How's that possible?"

He had at least five million on this card!

possible

When Charlie tried again, he suddenly remembered Nelson mentioning something after the incident at Southdale.

As they needed money urgently and had to use it to leverage relationships, Nelson had imposed a spending limit on him so that Charlie would save money.

“Just take however much you can for now,” Charlie said through gritted teeth.

Hearing that, the restaurant manager glanced at him and continued to swipe the card.

In the end, Charlie had to use three cards and some online funds just to settle the bill. Now, he had no dignity left and was a joke in front of everyone.

The meal became as unappetizing as if it were filled with needles.

After collecting the money, Lester intended to report back to Dalton, but this group of students couldn't sit still. They wanted to leave after finishing the wine in a few sips.

Charlie, on the other hand, looked gloomy as if a storm were about to break.

Worried that Charlie might hold a grudge against him for this incident, Andy began to shift the blame.

“Charlie, the manager said it was the guests in the Dusk Room who didn't want our wine. Isn't that fake heiress deliberately messing with us?”

“She? Does she even know the value of wine?” Someone sneered.

Charlie remembered how Wynter had embarrassed him at Southdale and now even more so. His eyes started to blaze with anger.

Another person added fuel to the fire. “I bet she wants to make a scene here to get attention because she can’t stand how close you and Yvette are.

“That boyfriend of hers is nothing but a gigolo. He probably isn’t happy with his own life, which is why he’s coming up with all these twisted ideas.”

Yvette listened but kept her thoughts to herself while softly suggesting, “Charlie, perhaps we should apologize to Wynter. Things won’t get better if she keeps acting like this.”

“Apologize?”

Charlie’s anger had reached a boiling point as he had just lost 1.7 million for nothing. His expression turned cold.

“I need to see her and ask her in front of her broke boyfriend why she has no shame.”

Upon hearing that, Yvette called out for him not to go, but she didn’t try to stop him physically.

The others also thought Wynter was messing with them. When they thought about reclaiming their dignity, they thought her gigolo boyfriend seemed like the perfect target.

Selena didn’t join them. She felt these people were shortsighted and had lost their minds.

Would someone who could afford to **send** such an expensive bottle of wine really be broke? According to what the restaurant manager implied, the ones he was showing respect to were the guests in the Dusk Room, not them!

Charlie had always been arrogant. He was confident the other party was penniless, especially since he hadn’t seen any luxury cars outside.

What he didn’t know was that VIPS had designated parking spots. With that, the group recklessly headed toward the Dusk Room.

Chapter 527 Consequences

Even if the Yarwood family's bodyguards didn't show themselves, they would have an expert hidden in the shadows.

Before this group of people could even utter a word, Andy was knocked to the ground.

The students were a bit stunned, and there was a moment of confusion before the uproar

began.

Annoyed, Lester was about to kick them out when a cold, low voice slowly sounded.

"Let them in."

With that, the bodyguards made way for them.

At this moment, the group of students finally got a clear look at the man's appearance.

The man with extremely delicate features, a tall and slender figure, and deep black eyes sat in a mahogany chair. Although he was dressed in a shirt and trousers, he seemed to fit in perfectly in this environment.

Even when he raised his gaze, there was a profoundness in his eyes as though he were a ruler from ancient times.

He was elegant and outstanding.

The most eye-catching thing was the scarlet rosary bracelet on his wrist, as it made him seem out of place in this era. Even the setting sun behind him seemed to be subdued by his presence.

There were some people whom one could tell were unattainable at first glance. This man was

one of them.

Not only that, the way Wynter sat next to him made the two of them look very intimate.

With one arm casually draped over the back of Wynter's chair, Dalton put on his usual relaxed and slightly sickly demeanor. He asked, "Is there anything I can help you with, ladies and gentlemen?"

It took a while for the students from the alumni gathering to come back to their senses.

It wasn't their fault. They **had** only caught a glimpse of his hand when they were passing by earlier, so they had no idea what he looked like.

They never imagined the fake heiress' boyfriend would be so outstanding in appearance and

temperament!

For some reason, they felt like they wanted to step back.

But then, Andy yelled in anger and pain, "No shit! You made us open such an expensive bottle of wine! What the hell were you trying to do? Are you messing with us?"

It wasn't that Yvette had been waiting for others to speak first. She only reacted now because she had fallen into a daze while looking at Dalton.

"It's all a misunderstanding." She tried to smooth things over.

As she spoke, she looked at Wynter, pleading, "Wynter, did you perhaps misunderstand after seeing the wine? Was that why you sent it back to us?"

Yvette continued to speak with her eyes fixed on Dalton. If she had the chance, she would love nothing more than to flirt with him. However, there were too many people around for her to do it openly.

Instead, she appeared teary-eyed and fragile, pleading, "Sir, could you please advise

Wynter? If she's really bothered by something, she can talk to me privately. Actually, I can give Wynter whatever she wants."

Upon hearing this, Dalton let out a chuckle. He didn't even turn toward them as his fingers entwined in Wynter's long hair.

"Is this your sister from the Yates family? She's pretty bitchy. How have you managed to put up with her?"

With that one sentence, Yvette went completely still.

Dalton continued, talking to Wynter, "You've never exposed these cheap seduction techniques of hers?"

It was indeed embarrassing for the entire group from the alumni gathering. After all, Yvette was their muse!

"What the fuck are you saying?" Charlie grew displeased. After all, Yvette was his girlfriend." "**You** have no manners. Apologize to my girlfriend!"

"Girlfriend?" Dalton raised an eyebrow. "Oh, so you're Charlie."

"That's right," Charlie retorted coldly. "Since you've heard my name, you should also know the consequences for offending the Shepherd family!"

Ignoring his words, Dalton turned his attention back to Wynter with an inscrutable expression. His lips which were curved into a half-hearted smile were devoid of warmth.

“You should have worn glasses to fix your short-sightedness when you were younger,” he commented.

Chapter 528 Yarwood

“That’s my skeleton in the closet. Stop digging it up.” Wynter tapped his wrist. “He’s talking to you, so you better show some respect.”

What Wynter wanted was simple—she wanted to get rid of Charlie quickly. The sight of his unpleasant-looking face was affecting her mood.

Dalton seemed rather obedient as he languidly looked up.

“I don’t know what consequences offending the Shepherd family will bring, but I do know what consequences the Shepherd family will face.”

“What a joke. You’re just Wynter’s toyboy, and yet you dare brag!” one of the men shouted.

Yvette also felt Dalton wasn’t worth much. A handsome face couldn’t put food on the table. Moreover, he dared to embarrass her!

Wynter chuckled upon hearing the guy’s words. “Toyboy? You’re right, pal. With his face, he could easily fetch at least 100 thousand at a nightclub... No, make that 200 thousand.”

Dalton allowed Wynter to banter, gently grabbing her hand that was patting his face. “I know now you like my face, but will you let me handle this first?”

Wynter nodded, never being this obedient before. This drama unfolding was getting more interesting.

How could these people think Dalton was a kept man? Were they blind, or had their brain’s malfunctioned? How dumb did they have to be to have such a misconception?

“Alright.” Charlie was getting too impatient to continue arguing. “Since you think you’re all that, would you dare tell me your surname? I’ve never heard of anyone who would dare to do something to the Shepherds.”

“Yarwood.” Dalton’s icy cold gaze swept over.

When the word left his mouth, there was a loud thud as Selena, who had just joined the group, dropped her backpack.

As she looked at the man in front of her, her eyes gradually went wide. She did think he looked familiar, but she wasn't too sure.

After all, although her family had collaborations with the Yarwood family, her father was the **one** who dealt with them.

The Yarwood family was the first party, and they were the second party.

All wineries would choose to cooperate with the Yarwood family.

Selena had once seen from afar the Yarwood family's legendary head. At that time, she was only amazed by how young he was, as it was something she couldn't compare to.

Now, she was almost certain that the man in front of her was none other than Kingbourne's scion, the Yarwood family's third son!

Selena didn't want her fellow classmates from the alumni gathering to suffer too much embarrassment. Although they had already embarrassed themselves plenty, they were still

her classmates.

When she went to pull Charlie aside, Charlie surprisingly showed no gratitude at all. He just threw her a disdainful glance and uttered, "Move aside."

With a look of disdain, he pointed at Dalton and warned, "Just you wait. The Shepherd family will not let you off the hook!"

"Then you better act quickly." Dalton Yarwood's smile was shallow as he leisurely played with his bracelet. "Who knows? By the time you step out of this door, the Shepherd family

might not even exist anymore."

The other members of the alumni gathering had indeed never heard of the surname Yarwood. They thought Dalton had gone way overboard with his bragging.

"Seriously, you fake heiress," someone spat at Wynter. "Finding a gigolo is one thing, but finding someone so ignorant that he's talking about wiping out the Shepherd family? There's a limit to how much one can dream!"

Just as these words were said, Charlie's phone rang in his pocket.

At that moment, Yvette, looking at Dalton's face, seemed to remember something, and her face turned pale.

Surely, he wasn't from the Yarwood family from Kingbourne. There was no one with the surname Yarwood in Southdale, but there was in Kingbourne!

If Dalton turned out to be from the Yarwood family, they....

Yvette clenched her teeth, calling out, "Charlie!"

Although she wanted Charlie to stop talking, the latter was completely unaware of what had

gone wrong.

Chapter 529 The Shepherd Family **Is** Finished

He even complained to his father as soon as he saw the incoming call.

"Dad! You must stand up for **me** this time. Someone is looking down on our family..."

Before he could finish, a burst of angry yelling came from the other end of the call.

"Where are you?"

Charlie's hand trembled. "Dad..."

"Don't call me that! I'm asking you for your location!" Nelson sounded like he was going mad.

Charlie also sensed something was wrong. "I—I'm just at a pizzeria," he stuttered.

"You idiot!" Nelson clutched his chest. "How did I raise such a useless troublemaker like you? What have you done? The entire Shepherd family is finished!"

His voice was so loud that even the students behind Charlie could hear.

"Who the hell did you piss off? Tell me, you prodigal brat!"

Nelson had also received countless sudden phone calls. All the shady dealings the Shepherd family had done over the years were being investigated.

It all happened in an instant. The callers didn't even give him a chance to find someone for,

help.

Seals were directly placed on everything, from banks to hospitals, and everyone was demanding an explanation from him!

And this was only the beginning. Next, he might very well end up in prison!

The Shepherd family was finished! Completely and utterly finished!

Nelson took a deep breath and tightened his grip on **his** phone.

"It doesn't matter who it is that you offended. I want you to get on your knees and apologize to them immediately. Beg for their forgiveness!"

The scariest part was that up till now, Nelson, in Southdale, had no idea which force his son had offended. The Scott family hadn't even dared to intervene to protect them.

This was too bizarre!

"Kneel and apologize?" Charlie's eyes widened. "Dad, what are you talking about? That will

never happen!"

"Never, huh?" Nelson gritted his teeth. "Then watch our family fall apart!"

With a bang, the call was disconnected. Nelson had no choice but to hang up, as officials from relevant departments had already arrived. His legs trembled with despair.

Meanwhile, Charlie stared at the relaxed Dalton in front of him. He was holding his phone so tight his knuckles had turned white.

He wanted to rush toward Dalton, but Yvette grabbed him and whispered in his ear, "He's the guy from the Yarwood family!"

Some of the people from the gathering were still puzzled.

But Charlie, as if he had heard some terrifying legend, trembled all over as he looked at Dalton.

If he had been incredulous just moments ago, not understanding why his father would say such things, now he was drenched in cold sweat with fear.

Was this really that guy from the Yarwood family? How was that even possible?

That person never even left his home! Due to his health, he had always stayed at home.

Even when all the renowned doctors in the city gathered at the estate, Dalton never showed up. How could he possibly be that impostor's boyfriend?

"There must be some mistake," Charlie's face drained of color as he murmured to himself. He can't possibly be from the Yarwood family!"

Andy, who didn't understand what Charlie was talking about, tried to approach him.

"Bro, what's wrong with you? What's this 'Yarwood family' you're talking about?"

"They're Sorzada City's tyrant. They were once a noble household, and their lifestyle was the epitome of luxury.

"All the landmarks you can name might have been the Yarwood family's private estates in the past," Selena explained with a sigh.

She added, "If you don't understand, you can look it up. The Yarwood family's business empire spans the globe. Making the Shepherd family bankrupt would be child's play for them."

Chapter 530 Humbly Pleading

Some of the other students were rendered speechless. "What do you mean? Is he..."

"The Yarwood family's financial power has never been accurately estimated to date. After all, they once donated antiques to museums worth billions on their own account."

After Selena finished her explanation, she looked at Dalton. "The Yarwood family's third son, also Kingbourne's scion."

Dalton did not deny his identity. It was precisely because he didn't deny it that Charlie trembled even more violently.

Charlie looked at Dalton, his lips trembling as he murmured, "Mr. Yarwood, I didn't know it was you. If I had known, I wouldn't dare to come even if I had 100 times more courage."

Suddenly, Charlie grabbed Andy. "It's all a misunderstanding! It's him! He's **been** stirring up trouble all along!"

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He didn't care about his dignity anymore. "Mr. Yarwood, please, considering the Shepherd family's achievements in medical academia, spare the Shepherd family. This is just a misunderstanding!"

"Was you sending wine over a misunderstanding?" Dalton's gaze swept over, his deep eyes carrying a hint of coldness. "You may not know me, but I know you.

He uttered a few words lightly, "You're my fiancée's ex."

Fiancée?

In an instant, everyone's eyes turned to Wynter.

Dalton smiled slowly. "Normally, an ex should be treated as if they were dead. But Mr. Shepherd, you keep insisting on appearing in front of my fiancée."

Dalton's thin lips curved slightly as he continued, "Of course, that's not the main point. After all, a wife with exceptional beauty is bound to receive the lingering affection from those who don't know any better.

"However, you have always publicly claimed that my fiancée keeps pursuing you because she can't forget you."

Dalton flicked away nonexistent cigarette ash from his fingertips. "I've always wanted to find a chance to ask you as well as your friends something."

Dalton's gaze swept around, his beautiful eyes deep and intimidating. "Compared to **you**,

what am I lacking that's making it so difficult for my fiancée to forget you?"

Everyone's breath stopped. That glance truly felt suffocating!

"No, no!" Charlie couldn't believe how things had escalated like this. "I can't compare you at all. It's me! It was my refusal to accept how things had turned out **that** led me to always tell people she couldn't forget me.

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"Mr. Yarwood, it's my fault. It has nothing to do with my family. Please, can you forgive us?" Some students from the alumni gathering had never seen Charlie so humble before.

They knew he was always worshiped. If he showed disdain toward anyone, he didn't even have to say a word for them to be shunned by others.

But now, someone like him was actually pleading.

There was no need to investigate further. They all knew the man in front of them was someone important.

However, such a man turned out to be that fake heiress' boyfriend! No one would have ever thought of it!

Dalton remained unruffled as he ignored what these people might be thinking.

"The Shepherd family's downfall is due to the family's own misdeeds," he stated. "You don't need to beg me, Mr. Shepherd. Prepare to go to jail."

