

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 101-110

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 101

Chapter 101 They Knew Each Other

“Empathy Clinic?” Carl thought it sounded familiar.

The young gangster reminded him, “That’s the place where we had a massage.”

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “What a coincidence. You’re one of our old customers.”

Carl was dumbfounded. “But the masseur is just an old lady, isn’t it?”

Wynter was unfazed. “You’re right. That’s my grandma. It was just a foot massage. place then. From tomorrow onward, it will operate as a traditional medicine clinic. You came to threaten us without even doing a background check on the customers. That’s interesting.”

Carl blushed a little. “We’re just trying to earn a living. But don’t worry, miss. We won’t ever do this again.”

Wynter picked up the black bag from the side with her eyebrow raised. “Call me Boss.

Carl was confused. “Huh?”

Although the young man with white hair wasn’t good at judging people, he was quick to respond. “Boss.”

“Report to work on time tomorrow.” Satisfied, Wynter waved them off. “You can go now. Don’t let the people from the Waterview Alley see you.” But Wynter was too late to tell them that.

On the other hand, Susan was riding her scooter while she was on the way to her evening shift. Right then, she bumped into a group of burly men just around the

corner. They sent shivers down her spine.

“Wyn... Wynter, it’s already late. Why aren’t you heading back home yet?” Susan got closer to Wynter. Gathering up her courage, she glanced at Carl. “Your grandma might call the police if she doesn’t see you at home!”

She clearly said that to scare these “gangsters” away.

But Wynter smiled. “Don’t worry, Aunt Susan. I’m just having a chat with some

Chapter 101 They Know Each Other

friends.

Susan gulped. “Friends?” The people whom Wynter had been meeting these days were strange.

Wynter patted on Carl’s back. “This is Carl. Even though he looks terrifying, he’s a kind man. He’s famous for being a philanthropist in our area.

The gangsters were stunned. “Philanthropist?”

“Oh, he’s a philanthropist.” Susan became relaxed. “I thought he was a loan shark who was here to collect payments. I was so scared! Tasha said that there have been thugs strolling around our alley for no reason. You should come back home earlier from now on.”

Wynter continued smiling. I’ve heard about that. Well, I’ve called Carl over to guard the Waterview Alley these few days.”

“You must be friendly with each other then!” Susan was happy. She looked at Carl with approval. “That’s great!”

Carl couldn’t say anything to that. He couldn’t confess that the thugs that had been lingering around the alley were themselves, could he?

“We’ll make sure that the Waterview Alley will always be safe!” Carl promised while patting his chest.

Susan exclaimed in joy. She was desperate to spread the news to everyone. Seeing how friendly they were being welcomed here, the gangsters were a little dazed.

They had no choice but to set off with Susan, who was on her scooter, to make sure she was safe. Wynter was unbothered. This had nothing to do with her anyway.

Dalton, who had been standing at the side and watching everything that happened, couldn’t help but let out a chuckle. His deep-set eyes were glimmering. He looked so handsome that it could capture anyone’s heart.

He only spoke up after everyone left. His voice was like music. “Dr. Genius, you’re so good with words, aren’t you? Did you just call Carl a philanthropist?”

Wynter was unfazed. “I just said that because of how the situation was. I didn’t want to scare Aunt Susan.”

Chapter 101 They knew Each Other

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Dalton slid his finger down the beaded bracelet. “Do you know the young white- haired guy?”

Eyes resting somewhere at the side, Wynter’s mind seemed to be somewhere else. She answered vaguely, “He was in the same garbage dump as Wolf back then.” Dalton’s eyes darkened. What did she mean by “the same garbage dump”?

Chapter 102 Kissing Her Wrist

Wynter didn’t want to continue talking about it. She walked ahead in her black boots. Her long hair hung low around her waist. Her legs looked slender and pale.

But Dalton still noticed that something was wrong with her right hand. Out of nowhere, he grabbed her wrist and lowered his eyes. "What happened?"

Wynter was unbothered. "I probably scraped myself against the tree by accident to avoid hitting someone mistakenly. It's okay. I'll go back home—"

Wynter stopped speaking halfway because of what Dalton did. He suddenly leaned, down and placed his lips on her wrist. He exuded such nobility that his action, although seemingly dangerous, was gentle.

It wasn't even a kiss, but the coolness of his lips suppressed the heat from her wound. Wynter had never been so intimate with anyone before. She wanted to pull her wrist away.

However, he held her hand tight. He looked up slightly, resting his eyes on her face.

Standing tall, Dalton was in a black, tailored suit. On his pale wrist, he was wearing that red beaded bracelet. He looked dangerously tempting.

Nobody could see this scene as they were in a dimly lit corner. But sometimes, being in the dark amplified one's senses even more.

The cool fragrance from his body was pleasant and enticing. It went well with his low whispers. "I'll be on a business trip to Emstia for a few days. I'll only be back on Thursday."

Wynter felt a tingling sensation on her fingers. Dodging his lips, she frowned instinctively. "A five-day business trip is still acceptable. You have to come back here in ten days to continue your medication."

Seeing her push him away, Dalton smiled lightly. "I heard that this is the best way to stop the germs from spreading."

Looking at him, Wynter mumbled, "You're lucky that you're you. If it's anyone else, I would've slapped them hard."

Dalton realized how Wynter couldn't resist good-looking people at all. With a soft smile, he said, "There's no surveillance in this alley. I'll leave Ethan here with you. He'll be somewhat useful anyway."

Ethan, who had been hiding in a corner and not daring to show his face, was speechless.

Glancing at the shadow not far away from them, Wynter grinned. "That's your bodyguard. Who would protect you if you left him with me?"

Dalton looked her in the eyes. "Do you not want that?"

Wynter didn't object. "I'm used to being alone and free. I don't like having someone following me around."

Of course, Dalton wouldn't believe her words fully. If she really enjoyed being alone, Wolf wouldn't have been hanging out with her so often. She was probably just wary of him.

Dalton had never encountered such a situation before. He felt a little frustrated, but he didn't show it on his face. He merely lowered his gaze. His eyes grew darker. "I thought you would see me as a friend."

"You are." Wynter didn't want to see such a handsome man being sad. She was indeed someone who fell for looks easily. "I'll accept any gifts you give, just not a bodyguard."

To Dalton, she didn't seem to be lying. He said in a low voice, "Sure." There was a hint of darkness in his smile, but his voice sounded pleasant. He discovered that she couldn't resist anyone with a nice voice as well.

Back then, she certainly would've accepted his offer and let the bodyguard guard her backyard. It wasn't a bad idea to let him coax her to sleep every day. But this young man didn't seem like someone who could be hired with just money.

"Also, you don't have to look for a teacher." When Dalton said that, his voice was a little hoarse. "I'll teach you. You should start working on that sloppy handwriting of yours."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. Dalton had to bring up her weak point, didn't he?

Chapter 103

Staring at her, Dalton slowly smiled. It was seductive and dark. The starlight behind him seemed to be his backdrop at that moment. "Wait for me to come back."

Chapter 103 His True Identity Was Uncovered

“Sure.” Wynter didn’t think much when she said that. It was only after Dalton left that she realized reporting her whereabouts to him seemed like what couples would do. That, coupled with the coolness on her wrist, felt like a reminder to her of her man’s

existence.

At the same time, Dalton reached the junction. His car was already there waiting for him. It was a limited edition Maybeck. The driver bowed at him politely as he opened

the car door.

At this moment, Dalton was a totally different person as opposed to how he was in front of Wynter. He raised his hand to loosen his diamond cufflink. The

oppressiveness in his dark eyes made the man in the video call with Dalton not dare to look at him at all.

“Get rid of all those people. We’ll talk about the other things after I reach.”

After taking off his beaded bracelet, it seemed as if he had removed his constraints. Apart from his cold and elegant aura, there was a dangerous undertone in his eyes. The look on his face was unfathomable.

Susan, who happened to be passing by the car on her scooter, saw that. She stopped her scooter and frowned a little. She mumbled to herself, “Isn’t that the handsome friend of Wynter’s? Damn, why would he be in that car?”

Wolf had mentioned that this car cost at least six hundred million dollars! Wynter’s friend must’ve been rich! Susan thought that she had to tell Wynter about this after she got off work and headed back home.

Sitting in the car, Dalton was dealing with work. He didn’t notice Susan. The Maybeck was driven out of the alley soon after. They were headed toward the

direction of the airport.

The city center was lively and bustling as countless cars drove down the roads. Regardless of how busy it was, nothing affected the peace and quiet in the clinic.

When Wynter entered the place, Wolf was sitting by Margaret’s side munching on a bread roll. With a smile, Margaret told him to eat slower. There was nothing but love

Chapter

on her face.

After a busy day at work, Wynter was hungry too. Placing her bag by the side, she bent down and took a bite off the bread roll in Wolf's hand. Wolf was about to get- angry. His fists were clenched tightly.

But after Margaret asked, "Why are you back so late?", he smiled. He turned around and made a gesture at Wynter.

Wynter washed her hands at the sink outside. After that, she sat down. "You managed to hold yourself back from accepting the money. Not bad."

Wolf seemed proud of himself. Margaret was helpless. She could only say to Wynter, "That friend of yours sent someone to buy a bunch of things and bring them here. You should find a time to return all these things to him."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "What are those things?"

Wolf pointed at something. Wynter then saw a pile of unboxed stuff. There was a TV, a fridge, a study tablet, a massage chair for the elderly, and a multi-cooker.

Margaret let out a sigh. "He probably could tell that we're not in the best financial situation, so he wants to help us out."

Not in the best financial situation? Wolf looked confused.

Margaret reached out to ruffle his head. "The two of you have been suffering as well by living with me."

"Wolf and I were children who nobody wanted." Wynter's voice was light. "We get to eat and drink while we live with you. How is that suffering at all?"

After some thinking, Margaret said, "Wynter, I've thought about the matter of reopening the Empathy Clinic. Let's do it, just like you suggested."

"Sure." Wynter served some pork stew to Margaret.

Margaret didn't eat it right away. Instead, she lowered her head and pulled out a passbook. That's right, it was just a passbook. It wasn't even a bank card.

Judging from how wrinkly it was, it must have taken Margaret a long time before she managed to save this little bit of money. She saved all of that in her bank account.

Wynter, I have 30 thousand dollars here. Just use this money when you need to buy anything to reopen the Empathy Clinic."

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Chapter 104 Wynter's Ability to Hide Things

Looking at the old withered passbook, Wynter said, "Grandma, I have my own money."

"You did. But now that you're kicked out of the house, those people in that family would certainly cut your credit card off." Margaret caressed her long hair. "You just want to make me happy, don't you?"

Wynter remained smiling. "Grandma, I—"

But before Wynter could finish her sentence, Margaret's old phone started ringing. It was loud and piercing.

Margaret glanced at the caller ID. The warmth in her eyes faded. She was just about to get up and answer the call without the children being around.

Wynter was smart enough to guess who it was. "Is it Wanda?"

Realizing that she couldn't hide it from the two of them, Margaret could only nod.

Wynter smiled a little. "Just answer the phone, Grandma. Wolf and I have grown up already. We'll be with you if anything happens."

Hearing what her granddaughter said, Margaret's heart was warmed. She suddenly felt energized. She picked up the call even though she didn't want to in the first place.

"Ha, you've finally picked up the call. People would've assumed that our daughter-in-law hasn't been treating you well."

Wanda's sharp and sarcastic voice came through the phone. "The Weissman family contacted me just now. They said that you asked them to lend you some money so that you could reopen the clinic. They asked me if they should lend the money to you.

Wanda snickered. "Mom, have you forgotten about how a patient died because of your treatment?"

Margaret's fingers started to tremble. Her voice was low. That has nothing to do with you."

"Nothing to do with me?" Wanda became angry. "Are you trying to help that fake

granddaughter of yours out?

You're such a funny old woman. Instead of helping your actual granddaughter, you're doing it for the fake one!"

Margaret took a deep breath. "To me, Wynter is just like my own granddaughter!"

"Do whatever you want with that fake granddaughter of yours. I'm just calling to tell you to not ask others to lend you money by using Ewan's name."

Wanda was having a facial treatment. The skin-brightening injection cost 10 thousand per tube. She had to remain in a good mood.

"The Weissman family won't lend you five thousand dollars. Since you're getting older by the day, shouldn't you write up a will to give Yvette that courtyard of yours? It's been such a long time since your granddaughter has returned. Don't you think it's embarrassing that you haven't done anything for her?"

Her sarcastic tone made Margaret clutch the phone so hard that her fingers turned red. "You guys are well-off now and you don't need my courtyard. Don't call me ever again, or won't let you off this easily!"

"Wow, Mom. You think so highly of yourself, don't you? We'll see how you won't let me off then." Wanda sneered. "How will you even manage to promote that shabby little massage place of yours?"

"We'll see what happens then."

Out of nowhere, the voice on the call changed. It was cold and concise. It was Wynter. She took the old phone from Margaret. There was nothing but iciness in her eyes.

That made Wanda's face turn cold. "Wynter, I've explained everything to you in a nice way and have raised you for so many years. In the end, you're still helping this poor old lady to fight me off.

all "I don't care what sort of ideas you have. You're free to scam that old lady's money you want. But don't ever appear in front of me or Yvette again!" After that, Wanda hung up in anger.

She was extremely dissatisfied. As long as she didn't agree to it, nobody in Riverburg would dare to lend money to that poor old hag! She'd wait and watch how those two poor women would manage to reopen the Empathy Clinic!

Chapter 104 Wynter's Ability to Hide Things

In the courtyard, Margaret had managed to stop her hands from trembling. She put her old phone aside. "Wynter, don't worry about the money. Grandma will think of a way for you. I'll make sure you and Wolf get to attend school."

Right after she said that, she received a message. It was sent from the Weissman family. They apologized and said that things had been hard for them, so they didn't have money to lend to her.

Chapter 105 A Million Dollars

Margaret replied with a smile, "Alright, Adam. I understand, thank you."

It would mean a lot if someone could help them at such a moment. But it was expected that people wouldn't help them. Margaret knew that too well.

Adam tried to convince her, "You shouldn't reopen the clinic. Margaret, honestly, you won't be able to reopen the clinic. If you need some money to live or eat, perhaps we could still help you out in secret."

Seeing how he said they'd help her in secret, Margaret could tell what was actually going on. Five thousand dollars wouldn't mean much to families like theirs.

It might not even be enough for Wanda to treat her guests to a meal. But she just didn't want to lend her that money, nor did she want anybody else to do that for her.

People usually described mother-in-laws as evil. Little did many know that some daughter-in-laws were the actual coldhearted ones.

Wynter's eyes grew dark. Placing her hand on the table, she tapped on the table randomly. She seemed unbothered, but she exuded a dark aura. Only her eyes were bright, which looked dangerous amidst the darkness.

Wolf's eyes gradually turned bloodshot. He was just about to get up. The Scott family was really insufferable.

Wynter reached out to press him down casually. "Just eat."

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There was no expression on Wolf's youthful face. He could only gesture with his hands. Placing her cutlery down, Wynter wiped the corner of her lips with a napkin. "Don't worry, we'll get them back."

Instantly, Wolf became excited. Sometimes, Margaret couldn't understand the secret codes between these two. But she understood this. "Wolf has really grown up. He

wants to avenge Grandma."

“Hmph!” Nobody could bully Margaret!

Margaret had a warm smile. “You can avenge me. But don’t get into a fight, or you’ll

Chapter 105 A Magn

be detained at the police station.”

“Hmm...” Wolf became defeated. He wanted to beat Wanda up before bringing that man Adam down. Not getting to fight would place limits on what he could do to

them.

Wynter could tell what he was thinking. Chuckling, she said something indirectly.” Grandma’s right. Fighting is illegal. But for some people, it would be even more painful for them to lose everything instead of suffering from physical pain.”

Wolf suddenly raised his head. His eyes lit up. Wynter wouldn’t talk much about things like that in front of Margaret. She merely checked her bank account on her phone and changed the topic. “Grandma, look at this.”

When Margaret saw the balance, she thought something was wrong with her eyes. After putting on her glasses, she counted the digits again. Only then did she speak with her eyes widened. “A million dollars? Wynter, where did you get all that money

from?”

Wynter only showed Margaret the amount she used as her pocket money. She knew that it would terrify Margaret to see an even larger sum.

She spoke with a lower voice, “That friend of mine introduced a patient to me. The patient is from a rich family. This money is from all the medical fees that they paid and our trip to the Scott family yesterday.”

Margaret was shocked to hear that. “Is the consultation fee that high?”

“Do you not know what kind of family the Scott family is? Wouldn’t it be embarrassing for them to pay just a small amount?” Wynter simply came up with anything just so that she could make Margaret believe her. “Of course, it wasn’t just the consultation fee. Wolf and I sold them some herbal medicine.”

After hearing his name, he nodded profusely.

Margaret was happy and shocked. Looking at the balance on the phone, she couldn’t help but smile, especially after knowing that the money came from clean hands.

“A million dollars! It’s actually a million dollars!”

“Yes, Grandma. *It’s*

a million dollars. We don’t need extra money for work or reopening the clinic anymore.” Wynter smiled softly. “Spend it on anything you need.

Chapter TOW AM

We’ll be even richer than now after we reopen the Empathy Clinic.”

Hearing her granddaughter’s words, Margaret suddenly felt hopeful about their lives. from now on. “We can earn even more than one million?”

Chapter 106 Chain Store

Of course, we’ll earn a lot. When the Empathy Clinic becomes popular, we can even turn it into a chain.” Wynter combed the white hair around Margaret’s temples.

Haven’t you always wanted to go to Kingbourne? We’ll open a chain there.”

Margaret started laughing as she listened to Wynter speak. “You dummy. Do you think anyone could start a chain store in Kingbourne? That’s the capital! But I’m

happy that you have such great aspirations!”

Margaret had lived for so long. When she was young, she was too assertive and ignorant. As she grew older, she lost her job and her legs couldn’t move anymore

She didn’t manage to uphold the reputation of a famous medical family. Not only that, her son was horrible to her, and her daughter-in-law was worse.

As she continued to live in this courtyard, she wondered what she would have done if she could turn back time and make a decision again.

But now, she didn’t even have to do that. Not only did she have Wynter and Wolf by her side, but she could possibly continue her career as a doctor and treat patients. She had never felt so hopeful and motivated!

“I’ll have to do my job well and earn a lot of money for Wynter’s future marriage then,” Margaret rambled on happily. “Wolf will have to marry a girl in the future as well.”

Wolf twitched a little. Marrying a girl?

Wynter didn’t stop Margaret from dreaming. No matter what happened, Margaret’s Wynter didn’t stop Margaret from dreaming. happiness would be her priority. As for the

other people, she would take her time and deal with them in the future. Wynter lowered her gaze. The sky was now dark.

Margaret went to bed later than usual. She was energized and even found her old medical license and clinic banner. She happily hung them up in the entrance hall. She only went to sleep when Wolf couldn't help but let out a yawn.

But when Wynter walked out of the house, Wolf was awake again. He gestured at her. "I'm ready now/Let's head to Kingbourne and bring the Scott family down now? We'll stop that woman Wanda Scott from being so arrogant!"

"Let's reopen the clinic first. Grandma's source of happiness doesn't originate from those pieces of trash anyway." Wynter's target was clear. She pinched on the petals of Black Locust landing on her shoulder with her fingertips.

Her smile was a little cold. "We'll head to Kingbourne sooner or later anyway. We're not in a hurry." Wolf was obedient. Despite his dark expression, he nodded.

Wynter grabbed Wolf's laptop, which he had used to organize everything. "Let's start. Be quiet and not wake Grandma up."

Upon receiving her instruction, Wolf immediately made a move. He brought the necessary equipment and tested them out. He even installed the household

appliances gifted by Dalton in appropriate corners of the house.

Around the clinic, there were mini surveillance cameras within every thirty feet. It was clear that Wolf was the one doing all the physical labor around the house.

Sitting on the wooden chair, Wynter was typing rapidly on the keyboard. Nobody knew what she was working on.

After Wolf was done, Wynter looked up and glanced at the surveillance footage." Alright, you can come back here now."

Wolf leaped down from a tree that was seven feet high. He made no sound when he landed, but it didn't affect how excited he was. Following behind Wynter, he made a few gestures.

"You're really in a rush, aren't you?" Wynter grinned. "We'll start working tomorrow then. Get the code ready for collecting payments then."

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"Mm!" Wolf nodded. His eyes were lit up.

Wynter was nonchalant. "I'll introduce you to a few new colleagues of ours then. One of them is someone you're familiar with."

Wolf tilted his head. Someone he was familiar with?

Wynter stopped in her tracks. "How much do you remember about your past?"

Wolf looked dazed/He tried to think, but his head hurt so much that he pressed it.
hard.

Bending down, Wynter caressed his head. "Forget it if you can't remember anything.

Let's close the shop."

"Mm!" Wolf immediately cheered *up*

With a piece of toast in his mouth, he busied himself with work. He'd certainly print the biggest code he could! Then, he would hang it around his neck and walk to where he was needed!

After a silent night, nobody knew how Wynter would manage to reopen the clinic
until the next morning.

Chapter 107 Another Achievement

The old men and women in the alley just came back from their morning workout. They happened to see Wynter standing In front of the clinic, but they didn't know what she was doing.

"Wynter, what are you doing?" someone lifted his head and asked.

Wynter yawned. Although she had barely woken up, she still looked gorgeous. "I'm doing a livestream."

A livestream? All her neighbors thought that it was fascinating. But live-streaming was normal in this day and age.

They also browsed social media platforms, so they were familiar with live streams. But they had never seen it being done in real life before. Everyone huddled around, wanting to see how she would do this.

Wynter didn't shy away from them. She chose the most popular social media platform. To encourage more new content makers, they provided specific

mechanisms to help them out.

Even if the content makers were new, they would receive a boost lasting up to three minutes on the platform's discovery page as long as they posted at a specific time.

Wynter had done her research yesterday. Even if it was just a small boost, there would be at least a hundred people entering the livestream. If they streamed for a full hour, the platform would increase the boost for a longer period.

But whether viewers stayed on the live stream would depend on how capable the streamer was. On platforms like this, arguing, putting on an act, or showing off one's wealth was usually the quickest way to attract viewers.

But Wynter didn't do any of that. She merely wrote a few words in the description of the livestream. "Treating Illnesses and Saving Lives". She didn't bother to write any flashy statements.

After turning on the camera, she directed it right at the new store sign of the Empathy Clinic.

Wynter took a good look at it and thought that it didn't look very aesthetic. She then sat down. There were wild root herbs and truffles on the wooden chair and table. The camera was aimed at her upper body and focused on her hand.

She didn't plan to show her face on the livestream. She wanted to create the atmosphere of a medical setting. After she was done doing all of that, Wynter shared the link to the live stream on her Instagram.

A while ago, she had talked about Margaret's dream with Dalton before. She wanted everyone to be able to afford to see a doctor and pay for the medicine. Doing a live stream was the quickest way to achieve that.

On the internet, there were people from all walks of life. Online, it didn't matter where they came from, how old they were, or what qualifications they held.

As social media became more and more popular, even people living in the villages could be exposed to information like this.

Wynter raised her wrist and looked at her watch. It was almost time. She started streaming right at half past nine in the morning. Perhaps because of the boost, someone joined the stream as soon as she started it.

"Studylover123 has joined."

Wynter was just about to speak up to welcome the

viewers like any other streamer

would when a comment popped up.

Studylover123 said, "Aren't you the one at the bottom of our class?"

Wynter couldn't figure out who this might've been.

Studylover123 commented, "Hahaha, you're going to treat patients? You posted this on your Instagram, so I'd know that it's you even when you don't show your face."

"Adventureseeker has joined."

"Foodie_explorer has joined."

It was probably because someone shared her livestream with others. Instantly, Wynter's livestream had more than a hundred viewers.

Foodie_explorer commented, "No way would the netizens ask someone who ranked last in class to treat their illness, would they?"

Studylover123 replied, "That's why I asked you guys to come here. She's going to make a clown of herself here. Of course, we should watch!"

It was obvious that most of these viewers were here to watch Wynter looking stupid.

Studylover123 added, "How dare she treat a patient when she's just a college student?"

There were many doubtful comments on the stream, but Wynter was not the slightest bit affected. She saw that the number of viewers was increasing.

After setting everything up, she turned on the mic. Having controversial opinions would make a livestream even more popular. It was a waste to give up the popularity that came along for free now.

"Welcome everyone to my live stream. Today's the first day for the Empathy Clinic on camera. The first three people will be entitled to free medical care. Anyone

interested should go online and see if I can treat illnesses."

Chapter 108 She Got It Right

The comment section instantly exploded.

"Are you sure you can treat people?"

"She's just a scammer, don't believe her!"

“She’s the fake daughter of the Yates family. After being kicked out of the family, she’s here to scam other people for their money. Disgusting!”

The comments were getting harsher and harsher. However, Wynter merely flipped open a medicine–related book and started reading it calmly.

It was almost time for her account’s boost to be over. But Wynter’s livestream was not affected at all. The more she was scolded, the more viewers she got.

Because of that, the platform would help her attract even more viewers to join her livestream. A hundred viewers became two hundred and was now about to reach

two thousand.

Suddenly, the livestream titled “The Empathy Clinic” became the most trending livestream on the list! It became a hot topic!

More people had joined the livestream. There now weren’t just people who knew Wynter. So me didn’t even know who she was. They had just stumbled on her

livestream.

Even though the comment section was flooded with insults, Wynter was still reading her book. The sound of her flipping the pages made some viewers curious.

Beautybloggerlife commented, “The streamer isn’t even frustrated after being scolded so harshly. This is worth watching,”

Wanderlust_soul added, “It feels as if she does know how to treat illness.”

Studylover123 commented, “Hey you, the one who’s ranked last in class! Stop trying to scam other people. Didn’t you say you’re going to treat people free of charge? Examine my illness then, If you get it right, I’ll apologize to you and send you some

money!”

Wynter was not anxious at all. She first placed her book down before clicking on the collaborate button.

Instantly, the screen was split into three windows. Wynter’s hand was still in the left window.

The right screen was split into two windows. There was one on top and one on the bottom. The first two people who queued up online appeared on the screen at the same time.

Beautybloggerlife commented, "That's so sudden!"

Studylover123 simply typed, "..."

Foodie_explorer then said, "Those who got connected should turn on their mics.

Let's see how she examines her patients!"

Wynter stopped looking at the comments. Instead, she looked at the boy on the top right of the screen. "Hello, studylover123. I've added you here as you've requested."

After all, he was the first viewer of her livestream. He deserved to be in the limelight. Besides, he even mentioned that he'd send her money as a reward.

Uncomfortable, the boy sat up straight. It was as if he had never encountered such a situation before.

Adventureseeker commented, "Don't be scared, brother w

Just let her show her skills!"

does she think she is?

Foodie_explorer chimed in, "That's right! I'm here to watch the one who's ranked last in the class show her true colors!"

The boy then grew confident. He took off his glasses. "Since we're all from the same school, I won't make things too hard for you. I'll tell you about the condition of a friend of mine. His back has been hurting frequently these days. Tell me what illness that is.

The description was so vague that even the best doctor wouldn't be able to answer it. All the viewers felt that studylover123 was troubling Wynter on purpose.

But Wynter spoke slowly. "Let's put your friend's matter aside for now. Your lips are a little purple, and you look thin.

"Has your tummy been hurting recently? Have you been feeling the heat in your stomach from indigestion after eating?"

The boy was here to see Wynter make a clown of herself. But at this moment, his smile froze. On the livestream, his expression couldn't be hidden at all!

"Could she have guessed it right?"

"If she did, she's amazing. This young man didn't say anything after all."

Adventureseeker was concerned about the boy. They kept sending him private texts to check on him. But the boy didn't answer. Subconsciously, he massaged his stomach. His face was growing paler.

He had indeed been feeling unwell recently. His stomach felt bloated after eating. He didn't tell his parents about this because he wanted to see a doctor after his exams Were over.

Besides, his family wasn't in a good financial state. He was worried that it could be a disease that was hard to cure, so he had been dragging it out.

He just didn't expect that his secret would be exposed by this fellow schoolmate of his, whom he had always looked down upon.

Chapter 109 Trending Live

The boy hesitated. He reached out to unmute himself. His voice was a little hoarse. How did you know that my upper stomach hurts frequently?"

"Damn! She guessed it right!"

"I'm going to follow this streamer. She's a genius!"

Wynter tapped on the table and said casually, "Since we're both schoolmates, we've learned about how to gauge a patient's medical condition through watching, listening, and asking. I could tell what your condition is with just a glance.

The bot was still hesitant. "My illness..."

Wynter sounded professional. "It's not stomach cancer. But I suggest you undergo treatment soon. Order less takeout and have light food that's easier to digest. Also, don't disregard your health because of your studies."

People were here to watch her look dumb, but everyone was shocked.

The boy's friend asked, "Bro, what's going on? Did the girl not lie? Did you contract a disease?"

friends from his dorm to watch the livestream He didn't answer. He had invited his and see Wynter making a fool of herself. But now he felt somewhat guilty. "Thank you. I'll get it treated today."

Wynter sounded natural. "You're welcome. You can follow our page 'the Empathy Clinic' as well.

"Empathy Clinic? Does she run a clinic in real life?"

"There is such a place. I just looked it up, and it's not far away from me!"

Glancing at Wynter, he finished his sentence. "I won't talk badly about you at school any more." After that, he hung up.

Everyone still couldn't comprehend what was going on when the platform notification came in,

"Studylover123 has sent you some cash.

Damn! He did reward her! It seems like this streamer is quite capable."

I feel like she's a genius. It was as if we were watching a show."

"I feel the same. That guy from just now even said that they're schoolmates."

Examining a single patient well wouldn't mean much. The viewers were still waiting for her in the livestream.

Wynter didn't mind at all the comments that doubted her capability. She would only gain attention when people talked about her more.

Raising an eyebrow, she looked at the list of the top livestreams on the platform. Her livestream was at the top of her area, but she was ranked eleventh in the global ranking list.

This was incredible for a newcomer. Someone from the management team of the platform noticed her as well.

It was because Wynter's data was too perfect. The management team even thought that it was their streamer that was going live now.

The man from the management team checked it again and again before they were sure that she was a newcomer. His eyes widened with surprise!

Logically speaking, new streamers wouldn't be invited to collaborate or work with other agencies. But the management team had only one idea, and that was to invite

her to work under them!

He had a feeling that this streamer called “the Empathy Clinic” would become super popular!

Wynter still didn’t know that the management team of the platform wanted to hire her. So he merely clicked on the second viewer in the queue who had successfully connected to her mic.

The screen on the right lit up, but only a hand could be seen. The person’s forearm was slender. It was as if she was adjusting the brightness of her phone.

In the end, she finally had a good view of the viewer. She was probably still in elementary school. She had long hair, and her eyes seemed to be out of focus.

“Why is there an elementary school kid here?”

“She looks like she’s about eight, right?”

The young girl could see the comments, so she spoke politely, “I just turned six this year. I want to ask what I should do when my body hurts.

Hearing that, everyone watching the livestream got nervous. Their hearts sank. Wynter stopped tapping on the table, and she looked up.

The young girl didn’t realize that she said something strange. “I’m using my mom’s phone. She’s still asleep now. I can’t speak for long, but it just hurts so much.”

Chapter 110 **A Special Patient**

Wynter immediately took **action** and pixelated the **young** girl’s **face**. **She then** spoke clearly, “**I hope everyone** will respect others’ privacy, especially children.”

Alexandraking commented, “Don’t worry, we won’t screenshot this.”

Dancewithpaula added, “That’s right. Please ask the child what’s wrong.”

Everyone had a bad feeling. But Wynter didn’t continue. Looking at the comments, she said, “I’ll contact this patient in private. Please give me a moment.”

Wynter turned off her mic to protect the patient’s privacy. With that, the number of viewers in the livestream grew more and more! It grew from 20 thousand to 60 thousand. She was famous!

Though there was no sound in the livestream, nobody left.

Wynter went to the private chat and contacted the young girl. "Hi there! When did you start feeling the pain? Do you remember what happened before you felt the pain?"

The young girl seemed to be trying to remember. "Yesterday, my uncle bought me a toy and coaxed me to sleep. Then he said he wanted to play a game with me and that I wasn't allowed to tell my mom,

"I listened to him. But the game wasn't fun at all. It was painful for me after it's over!"

Wynter observed the expression on the girl's face. Her eyes grew darker. "Is your mom by your side?"

The girl nodded. "Yes."

With a smile, Wynter comforted her. "Can you tell me what's your name?"

The girl grinned. "My name is Hope. My mom says that I bring hope to her life."

Wynter then adjusted the camera and showed the girl her face. "Hope, there is so much love in your name.

The girl widened her eyes. "You're so pretty!"

Wynter **remained** smiling. "You're **very pretty as well. Hope**, could **you** wake **your** mom **up? We have to let** your mom know about your **illness, or she'll get worried.**"

The **girl** was hesitant. "But my **uncle** said that they'd **fight** if I told my mom about it. I don't **want** them to fight, nor do I want my mom to be upset."

Some children were a little slower than the others, but that didn't mean that they couldn't understand anything. **In** fact, they were usually the most sensitive to adults' emotions.

"What are you doing, Hope?" The owner of the phone seemed to have woken up. From her sleepy voice, it sounded like she was smiling. "You're watching cartoons on my phone again, aren't you?"

Anxious, the girl was about to hang up. But before she could, Wynter spoke up. Hello, M adam."

"You" She then saw a woman in her early thirties appear on the screen. "Hope, who is this?"

Wynter introduced herself. "I'm a doctor who's doing a livestream."

Doctor? Livestream? The woman was still in a daze. "Sorry, maybe my daughter pressed something by accident."

Wynter sounded professional. "She accidentally clicked into my livestream. But I'm glad that she did. Since you're her mother, I think you need to hear this."

The woman looked at her daughter, who was in her arms and didn't dare to meet her eyes. She then glanced at the beautiful lady on the screen again. "What happened?"

Wynter didn't answer her first. Instead, she stared at the young girl. "Hope, if you don't tell your mom now, she'll regret not finding out about this earlier. She'll even

blame this on herself. Before you grow up to become an adult, **there** are things you have to face together with your mom."

Hearing that, the woman's face paled. She clutched onto the phone. "What's going on? Tell me!"