

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 11-15

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Chapter 11 She Will Beg Them in the Future

Yvette continued in a gentle tone, "Wynter, I apologize for my mom's behavior. Since you don't want money, then it's best not to be involved with the Yates family any longer.

"You can handle yourself. Mom's pushy ways might just bruise your ego more."

Her well-

mannered words drew much admiration. The people around glanced at her and then at Wynter, sensing a contrast between them.

Yvette was kind-

hearted, while Wynter seemed to take advantage and had a negative attitude. People behind Hilda shook their heads.

Observing this, Wynter smiled lightly. She seemed to understand everything.

Yvette, however, avoided Wynter's gaze. For some reason, she felt a bit uneasy about Wynter's unconventional behavior today.

Was it because the Yates family kicked her out? So, she held a grudge and wanted to get back at them?

Just three months ago, she was obedient and submissive. Now, it was like she had lost her mind, saying whatever came to her.

Yvette couldn't figure it out. The Yates family had been raising Wynter for over ten years. What more did she expect? Did she really consider herself a heiress? How could that be possible?

Yvette felt guilty and looked down on Wynter. However, she hid her disdain well and even spoke softly.

"Yve is right," Hilda said with a smile. "Psychological classes also discuss the psychological gaps of teenagers, especially those from small towns, who are more concerned about others' opinions and may not distinguish good intentions."

Then, Hilda turned her gaze toward Wynter and added, "Since you've come to the big city, let go of your grievances and take a good look around."

Wynter listened with interest and suddenly asked an unrelated question. "Are you that Madam Gibson, who claims to cure all diseases?"

Hilda was displeased with her attitude. "Yes, that's me. Why?"

"I'd advise **you** something. Misjudging people is one thing, but failing to educate your students properly and allowing them to treat people recklessly is a bigger issue." Wynter's tone was composed. "Right over by the traffic lights, your student is still kneeling. Would

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you care to take a look?"

Hilda's face was full of disbelief. "No way, my student wouldn't..."

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Before she could finish her words, a guy dressed like a medical student ran over. "Madam Gibson, it's bad! I'm not sure why Luke's on his knees in the street, and he can't get up!"

Hilda's expression froze. The elegance she had moments ago disappeared, leaving an awkward atmosphere.

Hilda was losing her dignity. Her complexion changed, and she headed toward the traffic lights.

Before leaving, she glanced at Wynter with an enigmatic expression. It was as if Wynter harbored a grudge.

Wynter didn't care much. Hilda was just from the Gibson family with a bad character and a limited perspective. Hilda shouldn't be practicing medicine.

Curing all diseases? Taking students everywhere, turning the practice of medicine into a marketplace for fame and profit, and teaching a bunch of useless individuals, huh?

If she hadn't shown up, the Gibson family would just exploit her achievements. It looked like she needed to look for a replacement.

However, as Wanda followed Hilda and saw Wynter offend even Madam Gibson, she couldn't help but feel amused inwardly.

This clueless girl never left the countryside and didn't realize she meant nothing without the Yates family.

Now, she had just offended someone powerful in Southdale. She'll be begging them in the future!

Chapter 12 The Quinnell Family Come to Fetch Someone

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As there was no one else, Evan did not give Wynter a friendly look. "Starting today, we'll treat you like we never raised you. It's over between us!"

Wynter didn't respond. She couldn't be bothered with this family anymore.

Dom Fisher rode his scooter to find Wynter. He wasn't pleased, so he stopped and frowned. "Hey, why are you being rude to Wynter?"

Wynter, known as a genius doctor, always kept a low profile. When outside the community, she only went by Wynter.

Dom almost slipped up just now.

Ewan misunderstood and looked at Dom. "Is that your biological dad? Riding a crappy scooter?"

He couldn't even afford a car. It was no surprise Wynter had no dignity anymore. The man was from the outskirts and still wore his outdated attire in this day and age.

Ewan's disdain was clear.

Dom was slow to catch up with the situation. Him? Wynter's biological dad?

His eyes widened. He wanted to be the genius doctor's biological father, but he wasn't worthy.

If his son had half the skill of the genius doctor, he'd be laughing in his sleep!

Ewan ignored his reaction, smirked, then turned away. He signaled the security guard with his eyes.

With his position, he couldn't engage in arguments with ordinary people. It would be beneath him!

The security guard bowed and let him in.

After Ewan entered the lobby, the security guard turned and pointed at Wynter and Dom, sounding rude. "Why are **you** staring? I said this isn't your place. Why keep trying?"

Dom chuckled and flashed his work ID.

Even the dumbest security guard could read the badge. His knees buckled. "I didn't know you were the director. I'll..."

Dom glanced at him and remarked, "Caesar Hotel should be checked since it is a city hotspot.

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One sentence sent shivers down the security guard's spine, "Mr. Fisher, L..."

The big shot unexpectedly turned to the little girl and said kindly, "Dr. Genius, I'll handle this."

Wynter remained calm and gestured her agreement.

"Dr. Genius?" The security guard turned pale at the sound of that title, Whom did he stop? Did the director even call her a genius doctor?

Didn't Ms. Scott mention that this little girl was just a distant, impoverished relative of theirs? 1

The security guard thought, 'Oh, no, it's all over!'

He realized he was in trouble, slumping to the ground in regret.

Dom summoned the hotel manager, who swiftly escorted the security guard away after a brief conversation.

He wasn't surprised to see Wynter here. "Dr. Genius, are you here to see Mr. Yarwood?"

"Yes, but not anymore," Wynter replied casually.

Dom didn't inquire further. He smiled and suggested, "If you're not seeing him, shall we head back?"

"It's time for the medical consultation. Jackson Munn and the others are waiting for you at the community square. It's really hot out. I'm worried they might get heatstroke."

He whispered, "Dr. Genius, there's a bunch of folks from Havenlight County in the community, claiming they're here to see you. They don't seem familiar, so I held them off for you."

Havenlight County? It sounded familiar. The Yates family mentioned it when they kicked her out.

Wynter pondered for a moment and smiled lightly. "Mr. Fisher is thoughtful. If they come next time, let them in. It might be my biological parents looking for me."

It was no big deal where they were from anyway. After all, Wynter was rich.

But Dom was shocked. "Biological parents?"

With such a large group of people, it was quite a sight. They were all good-looking, tall guys, about six feet tall, escorting an older man.

Chapter 12 The Quinnell Family Come to Fetch Comeone

At first glance, they seemed well-off. Were they the genius doctor's family?

Chapter 13 The Yates Family Underestimated Wynter

"I thought they were here for medical consultation," muttered Dom.

Wynter didn't dwell on it. She sent a quick message declining the case.

Many people had been coming to the community looking for medical help lately, some even from nearby cities and counties.

It wasn't surprising that Dom thought so, especially considering her biological parents were in Havenlight County.

"Mr. Fisher, let's head back. We don't want Jackson and the others waiting too long," Wynter suggested.

"Alright." Dom nodded with a smile. With few words exchanged, a beautiful misunderstanding bore its seeds.

Outside the Harmony Community, members of the Quinnell family were extremely anxious. The Quinnell scions all had commitments and could only leave.

Mr. Quinnell Senior sat in the SUV with a Kingbourne license plate, his expression grim. "Wasn't it said that my little princess lives here? Why does everyone here claim they don't know her?"

"I'll double-check!" Ryan Lloyd, a chubby man, wiped his forehead nervously as sweat trickled down. "Folks from Havenlight County say the Yates family might have mistaken Ms. Quinnell. I've sent someone to ask. Ms. Quinnell might still be with the Yates family."

Fabian raised his eyebrow, his tone oppressive. "Sent someone?"

"I'll go myself! Right away!" Ryan shivered and got out of the car immediately.

Fabian coughed heavily in frustration.

In recent years, Fabian's health had worsened due to his longing for his granddaughter, exacerbated by a trip to Havenlight County that resulted in a lung infection.

The accompanying Quinnell family physician, Alec Hunter, advised, "Mr. Quinnell, your health can't wait any longer. You need to be admitted to the hospital right away."

"If you prefer not to return to Kingbourne, we can stay in Southdale for now. Mr. Lloyd is watching the Harmony Community, and news about Ms. Quinnell will definitely reach us."

Initially, Fabian disagreed. But when he started running a fever, the Quinnell family driver didn't hesitate to drive away from the Harmony Community!

Chapter 13 The Yates Family Underestimated Wynter

Inside the car, nobody noticed that, at that very moment, a girl riding a bike happened to pass by them.

“Wynter, you’re finally back!” Susan Perry, the fruit vendor at the community entrance, spotted Wynter locking her bike and hurried over.

“Did Domie tell you? A group of suspicious people came looking for you,” said Susan.

Outside, Dom was addressed as “Mr. Fisher”.

But to Susan, he was just a resident in the community, treating him no differently from anyone else.

Wynter didn’t mind. She simply raised her hand to check Susan’s pulse. She smiled as she remarked, “So, Mr. Fisher came all the way for this on his scooter.”

“He’s still got it,” Susan praised Dom proudly.

Dom felt touched by Susan’s praise. He looked at Wynter gratefully and said, “Susan is right. It’s just what I should do. Feel free to look for me if Dr. Genius needs anything in the future.”

Wynter graciously accepted the invitation. “Thank you, Mr. Fisher. I appreciate it.”

The kind of mutual assistance among neighbors was what strengthened relationships.

If Wynter had been standoffish, Dom might have only helped her because of Susan. Wynter was generous, returning kindness and speaking positively about Dom in front of Susan.

From the beginning, Dom saw great potential in this genius doctor, and now he admired her

even more.

How many young people were as capable as her today? That man from the hotel earlier underestimated her, truly unable to recognize her worth!

At Caesar Hotel, Ewan sneezed while answering a call. His brows furrowed. “What? People from Havenlight County are here?”

Chapter 14 Genius Doctor Helps People in Need

“Indeed, Mr. Yates. They asked specifically for Wynter and want to know where she is now,” said Glen Clark, the butler who had driven Wynter out on the first day.

Ewan, feeling irritated at the memory of the shabby scooter, grumbled, “No wonder they refused the money earlier. Probably thought it was too little and wanted to get more benefits from us!”

“These folks have no shame!” Glen growled. “I’ll kick them out. Dealing with these freeloaders is my specialty!”

Ewan considered and remarked, “Let’s not make it too unsightly. The Yates family has its reputation to uphold justice.”

“Rest assured. I understand,” Glen replied.

After hanging up the phone, Ewan returned to the banquet, thinking about the upcoming alliance with the Gibson family.

With the Gibson family’s reputation in the medical field, he would surely gain access to the Yarwood family, paving the way for his career advancement.

At such a critical moment, he couldn’t be bothered with dealing with Wynter. It was ridiculous!

Not personally going back to check on Dom, who had come to find someone, would later become the biggest regret of Mr. Yates’ life!

In the evening, at the Harmony Community.

Wynter had already begun her free medical consultation, with a steady stream of people seeking medical assistance. She barely had time to take a sip of water.

However, her phone had been buzzing incessantly.

When Wynter opened the messages, there was a stack of them.

“Boss, why did you decline the Yarwood family’s case?”

“Boss, I told my family you’d come.”

“Boss, is everything okay?”

“Boss...”

Annoyed by the constant interruptions, Wynter freed up a hand to reply, “I went there, but

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the security guard wouldn’t let me in.”

“Security guard?” Abel Lopez, the young master of the Lopez family, couldn’t believe a mere security guard would thwart his major issue.

Humbling himself, he pleaded, “Boss, where are you? I’ll drive over to pick you up!”

“No need. I’m at the clinic. It’s inconvenient to leave,” Wynter replied, sipping water.

Abel paced anxiously. “Boss, for the sake of our relationship, please come again. I beg you.”

“Abel, you know my principles. I don’t treat those who seek profit.” Wynter messaged before switching off her phone screen.

Looking at Gavin Colt, the elderly man seeking treatment, Wynter focused intently. “What seems to be the problem?”

“My arm. I can’t raise it,” replied Gavin, obviously from the county.

People knew this genius doctor treated patients regardless of their background during her Sunday clinics, offering free medical consultations.

Wynter palpated Gavin’s shoulder. “You caught a chill, and your bones seem a bit porous. Sleeping in the same position for too long can cause this. You should avoid high pillows and try to move around more.”

“Is that all? No X-rays or surgeries?” Gavin’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“For minor issues, there’s no need for surgery,” Wynter chuckled. “Extend your arm.”

Following her instructions, Gavin watched in amazement as Wynter applied pressure to a point on his arm and lifted it upward.

Before Gavin could react, Wynter said, “Try it now.”

“It’s better! It’s really better!” Gavin waved his arm, unable to believe it. “I can lift it now!”

The people in the community had long become accustomed to Wynter’s miraculous medical skills.

Gavin’s tears welled up as he tightly grasped Wynter’s hand. “Doctor, thank you! I’ve been to many big hospitals, and even Madam Gibson said I needed surgery to fix my arm.

“Being from a small town, we don’t have much money. I thought if it didn’t work out today, I’d give up on treatment. Thank goodness I met you! You’re an angel saving the suffering!”

Chapter 15 Spread the Message and Blacklist the Gibson Family

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Chapter 15 Spread the Message and Blacklist the Gibson Family

Gavin was passing by and decided to give it a shot when he saw people receiving treatment.

He never expected to get better, let alone feel like kneeling, when he learned that Wynter didn't charge a penny.

Wynter stopped him and wiped his hands. "Mr. Colt, your condition isn't severe. It's just a routine bone alignment. This is something any traditional medicine practitioner can treat."

"Routine bone alignment?" Gavin looked puzzled. "But Dr. Gibson said I needed surgery, and it would cost a million."

A million? The people around him frowned at the vast number. For ordinary folks, it was overwhelming.

"What is Dr. Gibson doing? Exploiting people?" Susan was the first to express dissatisfaction. As leaders, they were most concerned about the people's welfare.

Others chimed in, directing their frustration at Dom. "Domie, you need to handle this properly!"

Dom wiped his sweat. "I—I'll try my best." After all, he wasn't from a medical background.

"A million for what kind of surgery?"

"There's definitely corruption involved!"

Gavin was perplexed. "Corruption? Isn't Dr. Gibson the best doctor in Southdale? People from our county say getting an appointment with her is tough.

"My son lined up for three days to get me one. I saw many people outside the hospital waiting to consult her. Would such a doctor engage in corruption?"

Dom sighed. "Can't blame you for asking. The Gibson family is indeed the foremost among the four prominent medical families in Southdale. They are unparalleled in treating illnesses. Especially in the past six months, they've cured many terminal patients."

"That's what I'm saying." Gavin chuckled foolishly. "The Gibson family wouldn't deceive me."

Susan was even more pissed. "They're bullying honest folks!"

"You've forgotten what I told you." Wynter raised her gaze to Susan. "Don't get angry."

Susan turned away. "I'm just annoyed. You see, this..."

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"Forgetting one's roots will inevitably lead to retribution." Wynter's voice remained calm and unwavering. Her face remained stunningly beautiful, revealing nothing.

Only those familiar with her knew that the quieter the "Dr. Miracle," the more dangerous she was.

She had been too easygoing lately, causing some to forget the prestige of the Heavenly

Medical Guild.

Gavin's condition was clearly a basic ailment associated with old age. Such symptoms were unmistakable even to ordinary doctors, yet the Gibson family recommended surgery.

Susan and the others were right. There was medical corruption at play.

They take advantage of regular, clueless folks, prescribing medications recklessly and scamming them out of their money.

Wynter curled her lips. There was a hint of coldness in her eyes. Without hesitation, she unlocked her phone while no one was paying attention to her.

In the medical field, there existed a dark web known to few, populated by medical elites.

Upon logging into the dark web, Wynter posted a message.

"Starting today, the Heavenly Medical Guild will no longer provide any medical assistance to the Gibson family, including but not limited to medical books, secret formulas, and Zenith

herbs.

"The dark web hereby blacklists the Gibson family, and the Heavenly Medical Guild will no longer entertain

inquiries from them. Any violators will be permanently ousted from the Heavenly Medical Guild.”

This message was posted from her “Dr. Miracle” account.

The entire dark web was in an uproar as soon as it was released!

Heavenly Medical Guild Bear: “Noted.”

Heavenly Medical Guild Jaguar: “I’ll send out the notification immediately.”

“Dr. Miracle” usually adhered to a certain etiquette in their actions. How could the person be so persistent in ousting the Gibson family from the dark web? Even the Heavenly Medical Guild refused to entertain their inquiries.

What had the Gibson family done to offend them? What was it that warranted the Heavenly Medical Guild blacklisting them? Could the Gibson family still survive in the medical field?