

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 111-120

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 111

Chapter 111 Trending Online

Wynter looked the woman in the eye. "I suggest you bring Hope to the bathroom **first**. Don't let her shower. We can talk about the rest later.

The woman widened her eyes. Hugging her daughter, her hands were trembling. After a minute, she appeared in front of the camera again. Her eyes were red, but she didn't cry. She was trying her best to control herself.

"Hope, can you go over there and play with the puzzles by yourself now? I want to talk about something with this lady." The woman coaxed the young girl and tried to smile, but it didn't reach her eyes.

Wynter then gave her some advice. "I think Hope should stay here. She's more

sensitive than other children. You'll have a lot of things to do after this. If you ask her to stay away, she might feel even more anxious."

The woman

lowered her gaze and looked at her daughter. The young girl wiped her mother's cheeks. "Mom, I want to stay here."

Hugging her tight, the woman was already crying. "It's all my fault." The young girl looked confused.

Wynter spoke up. "Madam, you probably know who that person is."

There was nothing but resentment in the woman's eyes. "I know. It's him!" Nobody other than him had the chance to touch her daughter.

It was she who didn't know better. She wanted to give Hope a complete home. That's why she went out with the man. The woman clenched her fists tightly. "I definitely won't let him off!"

The young girl shivered a little. "Mom?"

Wynter tried to stay calm. "Don't be afraid, Hope. Your mom and I are about to fight a bad guy."

The young girl's eyes lit up. "I want to fight a bad guy too!"

Wynter smiled and said, "It's already very brave of you to speak up about what happened. Because **of** your **courage**, we know who the **bad** guy was. **He** was the **chance** to **hurt other** children **now**."

The young **girl finally** smiled. "I **did** the right thing, right? Mom **isn't** blaming **me** for **this**!"

With tears streaming down her face, the woman kissed her daughter. "Why would I blame you? I love you."

Watching them from on the screen, Wynter remained calm. "Madam, please remember what I'm about to say to you, and don't mess up the steps."

The woman instantly sat up straight. "Please tell me." At this moment, she felt nothing but gratitude and respect for Wynter.

Wynter spoke professionally. "You should first lodge a police report, then ask the police to bring you and Hope to the forensic department to collect evidence. All of

this has to be done within two hours."

The woman nodded. Wynter glanced at the room in the background. "If you have the man's clothes in your wardrobe, check if his hair is anywhere on them. Bring it along.

to be scanned for DNA."

The woman answered with difficulty. "Sure."

Wynter calmly continued, "Before the results are out, don't do anything impulsive. After the results are out, proceed with the standard criminal case procedure. Remember, this is a criminal case and not a civil case."

The woman hugged her daughter tightly. "I'll do that."

Wynter then softened her tone. "I'll download a copy of my conversation with Hope just now for you. This is so that we won't hurt Hope by asking her questions.

repeatedly.

"After obtaining the evidence, bring Hope to the hospital immediately. Apart from the physical injuries, she'll need a therapist as well. I'm suspecting that it has happened multiple times."

"Multiple times?" The woman shook her head. She couldn't accept what happened at.

all.

Chapter 111 Trending Online

3/3

But Wynter suddenly said,

"It's hard bringing up your child all by yourself, isn't it?" Looking up, the woman stared at the young streamer on the screen.

Wynter smiled softly. "You have dark circles under your eyes. Hang in there. You have to protect Hope well from now on. And yourself too."

All of a sudden, the woman didn't feel anxious anymore. It was as if she was energized. "I will."

Wynter checked the time. "You should go now. You seem to be in Southdale too. If

you face any difficulties, you can look for me anytime. I'm at the Empathy Clinic in Waterview Alley."

Chapter 112 A Whale

"The Empathy Clinic. Ok. I'll remember that!" The woman hung **up** hurriedly. She repeated to herself. "Call the police first, then get the evidence..."

Time passed by slowly. The viewers in the livestream were getting anxious.

"Can someone tell me what's going on?"

"The streamer isn't here? What's up with this?"

"This streamer must be amazing. How could there be so many viewers still here when the streamer herself is not around? She's ranked third in the trending list

already!"

As the popularity of this livestream soared, the management team of the platform started getting antsy.

There were rules on the platform. If the streamer didn't do anything for more than 20 minutes, she would be warned that her account would be blocked. This new streamer was so annoying! Why **was** she not back yet?

Wynter only took notice of the two warning notifications from the platform after she was done settling the matter.

"First warning: the system has detected this to be a fake account.

"Please return to your live stream right now!"

Raising an eyebrow, Wynter moved the camera. The viewers in the livestream finally breathed a sigh of relief after seeing her screen brighten up.

"Is the little girl okay?"

"Tell us about what happened!"

Even though it was something everyone wanted to know, Wynter didn't answer their question. Instead, she looked into the camera and said, "To our new joiners, welcome to the livestream. Those who need medical advice can join the queue. Let's proceed with our consultation."

Chapter 112 A Whore

“Don’t proceed! Tell us about the young girl!”

“That’s right! We’ve been waiting for so **long**. We weren’t waiting to get your medical consultation!”

“I studied law. I agree with what the streamer is doing. If **anything** happened to the **young** girl, now’s the most important time to obtain evidence. It’s right to not continue to talk about this.”

“I work in the legal industry as well. Maybe it’s just my imagination, but I feel **that** the streamer understands the legal procedures pretty well.”

“This is a live stream related to medical consultation, why are you guys talking about the law now?”

Right then, there were animated flowers popping up on the screen suddenly.

“VIP user DarkSplurger has joined the live stream.”

The notification came with a special effect of raining flowers. They were huge and golden. The moment he joined the livestream, it attracted everyone’s attention.

“Damn! The streamer must be good. She managed to attract a VIP user here!”

Users had to spend at least a million dollars to earn the title of VIP user. A new streamer like her somehow managed to attract a whale here! Her commercial value would certainly be skyrocketing now!

Of course, on top of VIP users were VVIP users. However, there were less than ten VVIP users on the whole platform. One of them was actually the owner of this platform.

A new streamer like Wynter wouldn’t be noticed by a VVIP user. But even so, it was amazing enough that she could attract the attention of a VIP user.

Besides, DarkSplurger sent five virtual fireworks consecutively the moment he joined the live stream.

One round of fireworks cost—300 dollars. When he sent five rounds of fireworks together, the screen was instantly filled with special effects.

Musicmania commented, “You’re so rich! Please look at my page!”

ChapteC 117 A Whale

Moviemaven42 commented, “Isn’t this your first day doing a livestream? You’ve earned 1,500 dollars just from the gifts!”

DarkSplurger finally commented, “Can’t believe my brother would add any random person on Instagram. Tell me, Wynter. How did you seduce my brother and even share your livestream with him?”

The comments of VIP users were different from the others. DarkSplurger’s words were huge and in gold font.

Musicmania00 commented, “This is breaking news! Please tell us more about it. I want to know!”

Tech_geek added, “I want some tea!”

Reading these comments, Wynter raised an eyebrow. She merely video-called DarkSplurger and added them to her livestream.

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

Claim

Chapter 113 Apologize

The young and handsome man on the screen froze for a second. Then, he snorted proudly. His background was a huge study. Anyone could tell how rich he was from that.

Moviemaven42 commented, “Wha- he’s so cute!”

Single24forever added, “Look this way!”

Wynter recognized who the person on camera was. She asked casually, “Are you Quinton from the Lopez family?”

Tech_geek commented, "You don't seem to be very excited. Do the two of you have a misunderstanding with each other?"

You

The young man snickered. "That's me! Wynter, I'm telling you this. Stop wasting your time and energy. Compared to Yvette, you're nothing. Not only could not marry into the Shepherd family, but you're not welcomed by our family either. You don't

deserve it!"

"Oh." Wynter's response was perfunctory.

The young man's mouth was agape. His face started to turn red. "You better walk your talk. I-

Wynter couldn't be bothered to talk nonsense with him. "Where's your brother?"

It was as if Quinton had caught her weakness. He yelled out, "I told you that this woman is interested in you! Abel, come over here! She's finally admitted it!"

Abel was frustrated because he hadn't been able to contact Wynter, who was their boss. He wasn't bothered when he heard his brother calling him at first. It wasn't until he saw the screen on Quinton's phone that his jaw dropped.

He couldn't believe his eyes. "Wyn...ter?" For some reason, Abel found it hard to call her by her name.

It was fine when he was still in the courtyard, but he couldn't explain how her dominating aura would send shivers down his spine every time these days.

Chapter 13 Apolugite

Wynter grunted in response. Narrowing her eyes, she said playfully, "Your brother said that I'm interested in you and that I want to marry you."

Abel widened his eyes instantly. "How could he say such bullshit!" He immediately slapped the back of Quinton's head. "Are you crazy?"

Didn't he know how evil Wynter was? How dare he spout nonsense like that!

Quinton felt wronged. "Abel, I..."

Wynter spoke slowly, "He even said that I'm not welcomed by the Lopez family."

"Wynter, give me a moment." Abel lifted the phone and yelled, "Grandpa, come over!"

Victor hadn't been in a good mood lately. After the Gibson family was brought down, he had been dealing with the mess in the hospital.

At that moment, he was in his white coat with his glasses on. He walked over. He felt annoyed, even when he saw the two brothers.

"What?" Victor squinted.

Abel raised the phone high. "This is the Dr. Genius you talked about. Your grandson just said that she doesn't deserve to be welcomed by the Lopez family."

"Bang!" This time, Quinton's head was hit even harder!

Victor was so old that his hair was already white, yet he hit his grandson with a lot of force. He nearly pulled his leg when he stretched it. "Get out of here! What did you learn from out there? Where are all the manners that I've taught you?"

Quinton still wasn't about to give up. He pointed at Wynter. "Her? A genius doctor? Grandpa, don't you know that she's the one who ranked last in your school?"

"Bang!" Victor hit the back of his head again. "Apologize to Wynter now!"

Pursing his lips, Quinton was unhappy. "Sorry." Wynter didn't mind it. She merely arched her eyebrow.

Victor smiled at the camera: "Wynter, this child always says the worst things. Don't mind him. I'll cut **his** credit card off later. Wait, what's this?"

Wynter didn't expect that such an event would happen with the Lopez family as well.

Chapter 111 Apologize

She hesitated for a while before she said, "I'm doing a livestream, Mr. Lopez."

"Ah, a livestream. Young people like you are indeed creative. We should spread more medical knowledge among people. It's best to have everyone know how to do first aid—Wait a second." Victor froze. "Can...can all your viewers see me now?"

Chapter 114 An Interesting Live Stream

Before Wynter could answer, the people in the comment section were already laughing.

Honeymelon23 commented, "That's right, Mr. Lopez. We can all see you!"

Sleepyhuman added, "What an interesting livestream, hahaha! This is fun!"

Foodie_explorer said, "Who would expect that we'd get to see Mr. Lopez in this livestream?"

Tasha_jordan commented, "He's probably not just the president of the college. He's a medical elite!"

Fishinwater asked, "Medical elite?"

Tasha_jordan explained, "He's the head of the neurology department at Henderson Hospital. He's a true professional. You guys can look him up."

Angry2bird said, "I just looked him up! Damn, this is insane! His schedule is so full that one can only make an appointment with him next year!"

Foodie_explorer replied, "Now you understand how I feel, don't you?"

Slimeball11 said, "Didn't you say that the streamer is just a scammer? Even the president calls her a genius!"

Foodie_explorer answered, "That's why I feel so humbled now!"

The netizens who joined the livestream at first thought that she was just a newbie here who was putting on an act to gain popularity.

Now that Victor showed up, the livestream became so trendy that it was suggested on the main page of the platform! More people joined the livestream to consult her. Apart from that, many sent her gifts.

Victor slowly got used to the atmosphere of the livestream. But most of his attention was placed on Wynter "Wynter, I have a very rare medical case that happened very recently. If you're interested, you can come to our hospital and have a look."

Chapter 14 An interesting Live Stream

114/

Wynter responded naturally. "I've been busy with the reopening of the clinic. I'll visit the hospital soon."

Quinton instantly stood up. "Who do you think you are? How dare you turn him down- Mm!" Abel covered his mouth. The comment sections were filled with laughter.

Victor hit the roof. "Get him out of here." Didn't he know how hard it was for Dr.

Genius to visit the hospital? What a stupid kid!

Victor took a deep breath. “Wynter, I didn’t raise him well. I’m sorry. I’ll give that brat a good lesson later.”

With a smile, Wynter said, “It’s okay. You’ve helped my grandma out before. I will forever remember that.”

Victor looked touched. “Your grandma is lucky to have you by her side. But why did I hear from Abel that your grandma doesn’t know that you’re a doctor?”

Wynter simply replied, “She’ll find out soon enough. Since we’re reopening the Empathy Clinic, I believe we’ll have many visitors.

As she spoke, she didn’t forget about her viewers. “Thank you for joining our livestream. Our free consultation today has come to an end. If there’s anyone who wants to get a consultation, feel free to visit the Empathy Clinic at Waterview Alley.”

Hopefulmilly asked, “Are you at the Empathy Clinic as well?”

Wynter responded, “Of course.

Alphawoman commented, ‘Ah, I just searched the location. It’s not in our city.’”

Wynter replied, “Thank you for your attention earlier. Those who are not in this city **can** request **an** online medical consultation. I’ll be having a livestream at 9:30 a.m. every morning at the Empathy Clinic. It will last for an hour and a half. I’ll take my leave now.”

The user Hopefulmilly said, “It’s only one hour and a half! This is so short!”

Single24forever chimed in, “You’re ending the livestream already? I want to see you more!”

Tasha_jordan added, “That’s right! Can’t you stay here for longer? We’re just getting **into it!**”

Loverboy22 stated, “We’ll send you another **round** of gifts! Just stay for another half an **hour!**”

Wynter said casually, “Apologies, I don’t have much time. I have to teach **my** grandma about doing a livestream.”

Hopefulmilly said, “Are you saying that someone else will be doing the livestream tomorrow?”

Sweetbarbie commented, “Huh, but I just want to watch you on this livestream!”

Wynter was unfazed. “Me and my grandma would be here. My grandma has better medical skills than I do. We’ll still be picking three viewers for a free consultation.

See you tomorrow.”

Wynter and Victor were just about to go offline. Out of nowhere, a stream of stars appeared on the screen.

Foodle_explorer stated, “What did I just see? That’s a VVIP user!”

Chapter **115** Wynter Grew Popular

The user musicmania00 commented, “Damn, it’s actually a VVIP!”

Dalton was in Petersville, Emstia. After he was done with his meeting, Dalton sat on the couch with his long legs stretched out.

He loosened his tie with one hand and held his phone with the other. It was as if he was browsing through the news.

Compared to how he was in Southdale, he appeared more rugged and lazy. It was combined with the air of novelty he exuded. That made Max terrified of saying

anything as he followed Dalton into the room.

Meanwhile, Ethan noticed that Dalton’s phone screen had turned dark. He said considerately, “Perhaps Dr. Genius didn’t see you.”

Dalton looked up a little. His eyes were dark. Ethan shivered. “If you want to send some gifts to Dr. Genius, you can do that tomorrow.”

Only then did Dalton put his phone away. He looked at Max. “You can continue.”

Max then heaved a sigh of relief. With a trembling voice, he reported to Dalton about work. He was scared that he’d be gotten rid of by Dalton too.

On the other hand, Wynter was in Waterview Alley, Southdale. She did see the two comments popping up. But that didn't stop her from ending her livestream.

She was satisfied with the results of her livestream. She gained 60 thousand fans just from this one livestream.

This platform was popular after all. Her livestream was spread around really quickly.

It meant that she could give Margaret a surprise.

Wynter checked her private inbox and was about to cash out the money. "Ding!" She received a notification **from** the platform again.

Mod007 had texted her, "I finally get the chance to talk to you."

Wynter answered, "Hello."

Mod007 **replied**, "Hello, I'm **from** the management team of this platform. You can **contact** me if you don't know certain things about streaming. It would prevent **your** account from being frozen, like just now."

Wynter said, "Alright, thanks. Got it."

Mod007 asked, "You seem to have not joined **any** agency yet. Do you want to work as a streamer through our platform?"

Wynter stated, "I thought popular platforms like yours would only hire famous streamers, right?"

Mod007 replied, "Your results are impressive. I have high hopes for you. You're going to make it big!"

Wynter thought about it. "Let me think through this."

Mod007 then said, "I'll wait for your reply then. Meanwhile, let me send you the platform's guidelines and the benefits of working as our streamer. You can have a look at them."

Before Wynter could reply, he had sent over three documents.

"Prohibited Words for Streamers. You are not allowed to mention..."

“Streamer’s Attire. You are not allowed to wear over-exposing...”

All the documents were lengthy. Wynter was too lazy to read everything. After just glancing over the documents, she signed them.

Although she had left her livestream, the title “The Empathy Clinic” was still trending.

Since they couldn’t watch the livestream anymore, the netizens left comments under the official account of “the Empathy Clinic”.

“You left too early! A VVIP user joined your live stream!”

“What a shame. She didn’t manage to collect all those gifts and money!”

“I’ve followed your account. I’ll be waiting for your livestream tomorrow!”

“I’m here to check **out** the rumored genius doctor. Is she reliable?”

“Yes! I watched the livestream. She’s amazing! She could tell what sort of illness the **patient** has just by connecting with them via video call!”

“I heard that Mr. Lopez would be joining as well. I want to **ask** if he could make the questions for our postgraduate entrance exam easier.”

Gradually, people weren’t bothered by who that VVIP user was anymore. They only cared about when “the Empathy Clinic” would have their next livestream and where exactly this clinic was.

The management team on this platform had never witnessed such a phenomenon before. Her popularity was still growing even after she ended the livestream.

Not only that, but many people cut and edited the livestream and posted it online. again. There were countless discussions on the topic “the Empathy Clinic”. Although this was just a small segment on this huge platform, the account’s popularity was skyrocketing!

At that moment, Wynter was taking her time to stow away her equipment for streaming.

Susan raised her phone high. “Wynter, look! Aren’t they talking about your grandma’s clinic, the Empathy Clinic?”

Wynter was just about to answer before a voice filled with disdain could be heard.

Chapter 116 **Picking a Fight**

“What a narrow and dirty alley! It’s so impoverished here!” The one speaking was none other than Fiona, whom Wynter had met at the hotel.

She was holding a rich young lady who had her lips pursed. “Ms. Naomi, you didn’t have to come here yourself. How could there be a genius doctor in such a horrible.

environment?”

“Aunt Fiona, stop saying **that**.” Naomi was wearing a long dress, Walking along the asphalt road in her heels was indeed inconvenient. “I’m just doing this to show some respect for Mr. Lloyd.”

Fiona sighed. “Ms. Naomi, you’re the adoptive daughter of the Quinnwell family. All the shares in the company will be yours in the future. Do you have to care about a manager like him?”

“Aunt Fiona.” Naomi frowned a little. She stopped Fiona from saying anything more. I have brothers at home. The company should be theirs.”

Fiona realized that she had spoken too much as well. She looked at the bodyguards.

who were following them nearby. “That’s right. I shouldn’t have said that!” As she said that, she hit herself.

Holding the hem of her dress with one hand, Naomi wiped away her sweat with a wet towel in her other. “Ask someone where the genius doctor lives.”

“Sure.” Fiona made a turn at the next corner. She was about to knock on the door

when she saw Wynter standing in front of the neighboring place. She was beautiful. Holding a tripod stand, Wynter glanced at Fiona nonchalantly.

No matter how many times Fiona had seen Wynter, she couldn’t bring herself to like this young lady. It was as if she could see through anyone that was in front of her.

What an evil one!

Naomi saw Wynter as well. She stopped walking for a moment before heading toward Wynter.

“Wynter, she’s... here to see you?” Susan, who was holding a grocery basket, was stunned as she watched Naomi. “How much would those shiny accessories all over Charth 116

her **body** cost? **They’re** shimmering.”

Wynter smiled without a word. She didn’t stop packing away her equipment. Naomi approached her. The scent from her body was evident. In fact, it was so strong that it made Wynter stop doing what she was doing. She raised an eyebrow.

She then glanced **at** Susan, who was standing off to the side. She was just admiring and envying Naomi as if she didn’t even smell anything.

Wynter furrowed her brows. She then thought about something and became intrigued. She met Naomi’s eyes.

Naomi’s tone was cold and distant. She continued, “Aunt Fiona offended you last time when we were at the hotel. I came here this time in hopes that you’ll carry out your treatment for the Quinn family like usual so that my grandpa’s medical condition won’t be affected.”

As she spoke, she glanced back. The bodyguards brought countless boxes of gifts over.

Fiona glanced at the storefront sign for the clinic. “You guys don’t seem to be in a good financial situation, so you probably need these. There are herbs and jewelry inside. There’s cash in the box too. Aunt Fiona, you can move all of those things into her place.”

She was sure that Wynter would not turn them down. Fiona snorted and was about to move.

Since Wynter was holding a tripod stand, she couldn’t stop them. Coldly, she called out, “Wolf.”

The bodyguards didn't even have time to react when someone appeared out of nowhere. He wasn't tall and hadn't hit puberty yet. He was wearing a lab coat and had a piece of toast in between his lips.

He stared at the group expressionlessly. Although he looked young, his ferocious eyes reminded them of the beast they had bumped into in the forest. Instinctively, the bodyguards stopped.

Fiona was the only one who kept walking forward. "What are you trying to do here? Even Ms. Fiona came all the way here to send you some gifts. But you're not

Chapter 118 Paking a Fight!

appreciating it! There was nothing but disdain **on** her face. They weren't here to **apologize**.

Narrowing his eyes, Wolf clenched his fists. He glanced at Wynter. Seeing that Wynter didn't stop him, he grabbed Fiona's collar and lifted her!

Chapter 117 Paying a Visit

When Fiona was **lifted** off the ground, she was so terrified that her face went pale.

Wolf was just about to attack her when Wynter spoke up. "We should only throw things onto the ground, not people." Only then did Wolf let go of her. He was still staring at Fiona.

Fiona was horrified and dumbfounded as she fell onto the floor. Her limbs felt cold. Susan knew that Wolf was strong. But she had never seen him throw a fit before." Wynter, what-

"Aunt Susan, don't worry. Wolf knows when to stop."

Wolf stood at the door motionless. When Naomi approached, he even fanned the air in front of him, as if he was disgusted by her. Seeing that, Naomi finally couldn't take it anymore. She felt frustrated.

If it wasn't for Ryan, she would never have appeared here. "I don't understand why. you're being so stubborn. You don't even want any of our gifts!"

Hearing that, Wynter smirked. "Your action right now doesn't seem like you're giving us gifts. It seems more like a forced donation. I remember there's a rule in the Quinnell family stating that you should learn how to empathize with others before. doing anything. But you seem to be lacking in that aspect.

“You!” Naomi took a deep breath. She told the others to take away the gifts. “Since this is the kind of person you are, our family won’t be asking for any of your services

anymore.”

Her tone was totally different from how she acted just a moment ago. Perhaps in her eyes, people in the lower class of society should be happy to serve the Quinnell

family.

That’s why Naomi couldn’t help but lash out when people from such a battered place showed disgust at her.

But Wynter was unbothered. “Sure. I won’t see you off then.”

Without another word, Naomi led her bodyguards and walked off. Fiona limped along

beside Naomi. **Her** eyes were **filled** with malice **toward** Wynter. **She** would certainly not let **this** brat off!

Seeing how Wynter dared to offend someone with such a high status, **Susan** was worried. “Wynter, they won’t hurt you, will they?”

“Don’t worry, Aunt Susan. They’re just one of the customers that I don’t like.” Wynter suddenly smiled. There was a hint of playfulness **on** her lips. “Besides, didn’t you see that just now? I have a lot of customers online as well.”

Susan then remembered what happened and leaped up. “I told Hagrid that it’s your grandma’s clinic, and he didn’t believe it! Wynter, you’ve become so popular online!”

As she spoke, she magnified the screen. “Look! Many people are asking about the

Empathy Clinic!” Wynter smiled without saying anything.

Susan was over the moon. “Where’s your grandma? I have to tell her about this good news. People will finally now know about her!”

Wynter made some space for her to pass through. “She’s preparing some medicine in the house. She’s probably watching what just happened in secret.”

If not, it was impossible that she wouldn’t come out of the house when there was

such a big commotion out here.

Susan thought the same. When she entered their place, she looked at Wolf. “You’re quite scary today, kiddo.”

Nibbling on a piece of toast, Wolf lifted his head to look at her. He looked fierce yet confused.

“Wolf, you should listen to me. Don’t fight like that once you start going to school.”

As Susan spoke, she went to ruffle his head.

But Wolf tilted his head and did not let her do it. He signed, “I won’t go to school!”

Susan didn’t understand. “What did he say?”

Wynter smiled softly. “He said he got it. And thank you, Aunt Susan.”

“You’re such a good kid, Wolf!” Susan pulled Wolf into an embrace and patted him, before entering.

Chapter 117 Paying a Vish

Wolf was speechless. Looking at Wolf frozen at the spot, Wynter walked over and flicked his head. “Alright, you’re not young anymore. Just let people hug you.”

Agitated, Wolf gestured. “**I’m** not **a** grown–up yet! I’m still young!”

Wynter suddenly thought of something and asked, “Did you smell the scent from Ms.

Quinnell? What was it like for you?”

Wolf’s cute face was all scrunched up. “Mm!”

“**It** smelled bad?” Wynter’s eyes darkened. “There’s indeed something fishy about this

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 118 Her Connections

Wolf **had a** lot of secrets. For example, he had an exceptional sense of smell. Hel

could detect odors that people normally couldn’t. If Wolf **said** that it smelled bad, it

had to have something to do with poison.

Wynter tapped on the tripod absentmindedly. She was contemplating if she **should** tell Dalton that the herbal smell in his study smelled exactly the same as the scent on

Naomi. The thought flashed across her mind briefly.

Margaret then called out to her, “Wynter, is what Susan said true? Has our Empathy

Clinic become famous?”

Wynter didn't even have to answer that question. Neighbors started flooding in throughout the afternoon. They surrounded Margaret and asked her about lots of things.

What happened in Wynter's livestream was still a hot topic. Wynter's Instagram post was reposted by Dom from Harmony Community.

Someone asked, “Mr. Fisher, who is this?”

He replied, “Just a friend who wants to make medical treatment accessible to everyone.”

His action was outrageous. People from different departments all exchanged glances. Should they forward this post or not?

Patrick Tatum had always had a grudge against Dom. He wanted to take the chance to give Dom a lecture.

Patrick said, “Dom, you shouldn't forward a post from your personal connection with your work account. It won't look good on us.”

To everyone's surprise, the moment after he reposted this, Jackson appeared in **the** comment section.

He commented, “Dom did a great job. You should create a group chat later and tell **us** more about where this friend of yours does her livestream.”

Chapter 118 Her Connections

Wolf had a lot of secrets. For example, he had an exceptional sense of smell. He could detect odors that people normally couldn't. If Wolf said that it smelled bad, it had to have something to do with poison.

Wynter tapped on the tripod absentmindedly. She was contemplating if she should tell Dalton that the herbal smell in his study smelled exactly the same as the scent on Naomi. The thought flashed across her mind briefly.

Margaret then called out to her, “Wynter, is what Susan said true? Has our Empathy

Clinic become famous?”

Wynter didn't even have to answer that question. Neighbors started flooding in throughout the afternoon. They surrounded Margaret and asked her about lots of things.

What happened in Wynter's livestream was still a hot topic. Wynter's Instagram post was reposted by Dom from Harmony Community.

Someone asked, “Mr. Fisher, who is this?”

He replied, “Just a friend who wants to make medical treatment accessible to everyone.”

His action was outrageous. People from different departments all exchanged glances. Should they forward this post or not?

Patrick Tatum had always had a grudge against Dom. He wanted to take the chance to give Dom a lecture.

Patrick said, “Dom, you shouldn't forward a post from your personal connection with your work account. It won't look good on us.”

To everyone's surprise, the moment after he reposted this, Jackson appeared in the comment section.

He commented, “Dom did a great job. You should create a group chat later and tell us more about where **this** friend of yours does her livestream.”

Patrick was confused. Was Jackson being himself when he said that? Instead of calling Dom out, he actually encouraged Dom!

However, it wasn't just Jackson. Even Drew, who always had a bad temper, complimented this.

He commented, “This is something that has touched many of our hearts. We should share it with more people.”

Patrick said, “Mr. Blackwell, she-”

Drew replied, “Do you have any thoughts about this, Patrick? Alright, you can tell us.

Let **us** hear it.”

Patrick instantly deleted his comment! He had nothing to say about this. That was because Dom’s post made all the cadres, who had retired, press the like button.

Dom clearly didn’t have a strong family background, just like Patrick. But Dom was just holding a teapot and glancing at Patrick. He smiled politely.

Patrick reached out to grab his hand. “Tell me, what’s going on!”

Dom didn’t hide anything. He told Patrick everything about Wynter that was necessary for the context. After that, he even sighed. “I knew that anything related to Dr. Genius would bring me luck!”

Patrick didn’t believe it. “Is she actually so amazing? She’s better at this than the Shepherd family?”

Dom sipped his tea. “The Shepherd family you’re talking about looks down on normal civilians. But Dr. Genius is different. She provides medical consultation to anyone.

and only asks for an appropriate fee.”

Patrick was unbothered. “That’s all?”

Dom shook his head. “Patrick, you’re just like me from three months ago. You’re still young!”

His first impression of

was that she was pretty **and** cool. He thought that she wouldn’t be friendly and was just a dropout.

It wasn’t just her medical skills that would make all those cadres so eager to do

Chapter 118 Her Connections

3/3

things for her. The most important part was who this genius doctor herself was. Just as he thought about it, his phone rang.

It was Jackson. “Dommie, tell us why was Wynter’s livestream all black? I heard from Drew that we **can** send her gifts, how do we do that?”

Patrick was right beside him. When he heard those words, he trembled in fear. He was imagining a few verified whales sending gifts in the same livestream together.

Chapter 119 Another Identity

320

That would be published in the news for sure! They must not do that!

Dom quickly said, “Mr. Munn, Dr. Genius emphasized that she wouldn’t ask for money to give you guys medical treatment, so please don’t send her any gifts on her live streams. You know that she enjoys having a low profile and doesn’t want others

to take notice of her.

Jackson thought about it carefully. “Dommie, that’s very thoughtful of you. Alright, we got it. We’ll just watch her livestream without doing anything.”

Patrick managed their publicity team, so he suggested, “It’s better to not watch the livestream with your official accounts.”

Jackson recognized his voice. “Pat.”

Patrick responded, “I’m here, Mr. Munn.”

Although he wasn’t angry, Jackson’s voice carried a sense of authority. “We shouldn’t judge a book by its cover. You should know about what happened with the Gibsons, I don’t want to delve into it. As for the Shepherd family, you should stay away from them.”

Patrick broke out into a cold sweat. “Mr. Munn, I really have no relations with them at all!”

Jackson then hid his assertiveness. “As long as you know that. We do need the publicity team to attract the talented ones for the city reconstruction. But we have to be realistic about that too.

Patrick wiped the sweat off his brow. “Yes, sir!”

Jackson laughed and said “Alright, I won’t distract you guys from work then. We’ll watch the livestream not with our official accounts. We won’t become a burden to you guys.

“But there’s one thing you should know. Wynter is a great person. She didn’t want to leave the neighborhood for work back then.

Chapter

Another identity

“And **she’s** now probably doing all of this because of her grandma too. Her talent is obvious. If you guys ever come across people who envy or trouble her...”

“Don’t worry, it won’t happen!” Patrick instantly stood up straight. “We’ll certainly place great importance on the talented ones in Southdale!” Only then did they end

the call.

Patrick heaved a sigh of relief. He looked at Dom. “About this genius doctor-”

“She’s amazing.” Dom then told him what happened. “Didn’t the people in the hospital have a hard time extracting the bullet out of Mr. Munn back then?”

Patrick was shocked. “You’re saying that it was her who did it?”

“That’s right. The genius doctor managed to do it.” Grinning, Dom said, “She saved his life, don’t you think that’s incredible? The most admirable part is that she has never asked for anything after finding out about Jackson’s identity.”

Patrick thought about it. “Do you think that’s a good thing?”

Dom raised an eyebrow. “I know what you’re thinking. You feel that the more she asks, the more manipulative she could be, right?”

Patrick was careful. “I won’t rule out that possibility.”

Dom placed the teacup to the side. “I thought so too at the start. It was only after that I found out that geniuses are like that. Treating patients just happens to be something she enjoys, and that’s all. No matter who Jackson is, he’s just a patient in

her eyes.”

Patrick laughed. “After hearing all of that, I want to see Dr. Genius myself soon.” That’s right, who wouldn’t want to get acquainted with Dr. Genius?

Dom thought that the Yates family was an exception to that. Different from other young people, Wynter had indeed garnered affection from the older generation.

Fabian, who had been living a quiet life, was looking at the news which Ryan brought to him. He frowned. “Does that family still not want to disclose the little princess’

information?”

Ruan held the paper. "I don't know what happened behind the scenes. It's as if they're **under** someone's Instructions. **They** promised **to** come and see you back then **after all.**"

When Fabian stood up, he felt dizzy. Ryan quickly went to support him. "Mr. Quinnell!"

"I'm okay." Fabian steadied himself. Scanning through their vague reply, he said, "The little princess must still be alive. We'll continue looking for her. As for the couple who bought her, look into what plans they have in their life. The Quinnell family will satisfy them as long as it's not too much."

Ryan lowered his gaze. "Mr. Quinnell, we actually have a way *to* find Ms. Quinnell,"

Fabian looked at him. "What is it?"

Ryan said, "Mr. Quinnell, you've probably heard of the Dark Web Alliance..."

Chapter 120 Founder **of** the Dark Web Alliance

Fabian was holding the dragon cane. "It's **not** easy to **find** them. After **fighting** the battle back then, they're now under the command of the highest level of leadership.

"They have appeared again in the past few months." Ryan lowered his voice. "I heard that their boss has decided to do business in a semi-private setting."

Fabian's eyes were twinkling. "Go handle this matter. As long as they can **find** the little princess, our family will be willing to pay them any amount."

This was an old man's hope in being able to find his granddaughter, wishing that she could return to their family.

When Wynter received such news, she raised an eyebrow. It was communicated by the representative of the Welkin Corporation.

Gregory was still talking. "Boss, should we help them out?"

Wynter was wearing wireless earphones. She was in the alley when she smiled. "I was just warned by someone to not provide the Quinnell family with any services."

Gregory exclaimed in shock. "Who said that?"

Unbothered, Wynter turned her teacup

can do it if you want to.”

“You’re in charge of the dark web now. You

Gregory broke out in a cold sweat. “Boss, you’re the one who founded the Dark Web Alliance. You’ll always be our boss. Even Wolf is on your side now. He’ll only listen to you.”

Wynter glanced at Wolf. “He’s suffering from a brain injury and can’t remember certain things. But that’s okay. If you need him, I’ll lend him to you.”

Terrified, Gregory waved frantically. “No no no. Boss, he should stay by your side. It can’t afford to have him wrecking my place.”

Wynter grunted in response. She then stopped speaking.

Gregory asked carefully, “Boss, when will you head back to Kingbourne? Your old friends are there waiting for you.”

Placing the teacup down, Wynter looked at the people rushing **into** the hospital one **after** another. “Soon.”

Gregory lowered his voice. “Did you just start streaming? Larry came across your livestream. Although you didn’t show your face, he had a feeling that it was you. He

wanted to go to Southdale and bring you back.”

Wynter was unfazed. “Seems like my livestream is pretty good. Even you **guys** could come across it when you’re in Kingbourne.”

Smiling, Gregory said, “Your medical skills **are** exceptional. Because you’re in a small town like Southdale, nobody would imagine that you’re Dr. Miracle.”

Winter filled the cup with hot water. “Alright, I have something to do here. When Larry comes, tell him to maintain a low profile. Grandma is old already and can’t withstand shock.”

Gregory touched his necktie. “I’m afraid that’s too late. You should know what kind of man Larry was. He’s always been a show-off.”

“He is indeed.” Wynter suddenly noticed what was on TV in the corner of the clinic.

It was a business interview at Southdale. All the presidents of companies in Southdale were there. There were a few cadres as well.

The reporter asked with a smile, "I heard that you intend to place investments in Southdale. Is that true, Mr. Hilton?"

Larry appeared to be in his forties. He looked energized in his suit, exuding the aura of a businessman. Having a cigar dangling from his mouth perfectly matched his status as a coal tycoon.

"I've always been optimistic about the development of Southdale, especially when the younger generation here comes up with ideas."

The reporter was puzzled. What did that have to do with the ideas of the younger generation?

But Larry continued his praise. "For example, the pharmaceutical industry in Southdale is heading in a great direction, specifically the younger ones who are working in this industry."

The reporter then realized what was going on and smiled. "You're talking about the son of the famous medical family, the Shepherds, right? He is extremely capable indeed. I heard that he's only in his second year of college. He really does have a bright future ahead."

Larry frowned. "Who are you talking about? Sorry, I don't know him."

Larry was referring to their boss! He didn't even know her name yet. Only that old man, Gregory, knew her name. Yet, he didn't want to tell Larry!

The reason why he attended this interview was to make sure that their boss knew he was there, and so that the boss would come and meet him. What if the Shepherd family were these people talking about? What if their boss misunderstood?