

## The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 121-130

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 121

### Chapter 121 A Boyfriend

Anyone **could** tell that Larry looked upset. The reporter was confused, and **the** rest felt awkward.

This was especially the case for the Shepherds, who came to accompany him. They had always been the face of Southdale. Whenever there was a huge event with people from outside the city, Charlie would always be the center of attention.

But Mr. Hilton, who was from Kingbourne, came and showed the Shepherd family who was the boss here.

Being the second-in-command of the Welkin Corporation, he was an important investor whom everyone in the industry had to please. Even the Shepherd family had no choice but to swallow their pride!

In the alley, Susan saw the scene on TV as well. She smiled happily. "Another important man came here this time. If not, the Shepherd family wouldn't have put on a smile in that situation."

Wynter hung up. She was surprised. "Do you know the Shepherds?"

"Not really, but I'm close with your grandma." Susan said grumpily, "Nobody in that family is kindhearted. But Wynter, I remember that you're engaged to the eldest grandson of their family, aren't you?"

Only then did Wynter remember how they canceled the engagement right in front of

everyone. "Not anymore."

"Not anymore?" Susan was mad. "They really don't walk their talk, do they? They're **just** bullying you guys because they think that Margaret isn't doing well now! I have to ask my daughter to avenge you!"

Wynter pulled her back. She sounded helpless, but she found it funny. "Aunt Susan, I really don't like that ugly man from the Shepherd family."

Susan was suspicious./Really? Didn't you want to marry him when you were in middle school? You even said that he saved your life before."

Did that happen? Wynter was patient. "I was too immature back then. I've forgotten **about** it.

**"Did you** really forget it **or** do you just **not** want your grandma to worry for **you?"**

Margaret **had** just treated a patient. She was in great spirits. When she heard what Wynter said, she appeared guilty. "Did the Shepherd family cancel the engagement because of an old hag like me?"

Wynter stepped forward to hold her hand. "Grandma, you're overthinking again. The Shepherd family just doesn't think I'm worthy enough. It has nothing to do with you."

Margaret became even angrier. "How dare they think that way!"

Wynter helped her sit down. She gave her a reason. "Perhaps it's because of my family background?"

Margaret caressed her face. "In the end, it's all just because of how useless and old I am now. Wynter. don't worry. If I speak up, the Shepherds will still have to carry out the engagement. You and Charlie can still have a chance to be together."

"Grandma, listen to me." Wynter saw how Margaret had teared up. She knew that Margaret would certainly blame herself for this if she couldn't come up with a good

explanation. She raised her eyebrow. "It was indeed hard for me to forget about what happened. But I got better after having a boyfriend."

As expected, it caught Margaret's attention. "A boyfriend!"

Susan exclaimed in surprise, "You're talking about that handsome friend of yours, aren't you?"

"That's him! Great! He's a good person. Although he's weak, he's steady and handsome." Margaret looked satisfied and proud. Lifting her head, she asked, "Wynter, is that who you're talking about?"

Wynter couldn't catch up with the two old ladies anymore. She was a little hesitant.

Uh..."

Margaret lowered her gaze. "I know you're lying to me after all." What! She'd have to say yes even if it wasn't true now!

Wynter chuckled. "It's him."

**Margaret** was **overjoyed**. Really?

Wynter wiped Margaret's hands for her. "When did I ever lie to you?"

Margaret's smile grew wider. "I knew it from the way you look at him. So he's your boyfriend after all."

Wynter couldn't tell her that it was because he paid her a lot.

Margaret asked further, "Why has he not been visiting these days then? Shouldn't young couples who just got together stick with each other every day?"

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Furring Out

**Chapter 122 Who Made Mr. Yarwood Stop the Meeting**

Wynter remained calm. "He's on a business trip."

At that moment, Susan turned into an ally. “Mrs. Yates Senior, I can testify that Wynter isn’t lying to you about this. I saw him get into a fancy car with my own eyes! It has to cost at least six million dollars!”

Wynter hadn’t made the connection between the Maybeck and six million dollars. She was currently typing out a text message to her incredibly attractive patient. The message was simple.

“I need to borrow you for a while.”

“Handsome Patient” replied almost instantly with, “???”

Wynter then replied, “I’ll explain later.”

Handsome Patient texted back, “Okay.”

Now that she had permission, Wynter felt at ease.

Still, Margaret was concerned.

“He seems to come from such a good background... Wynter, what if he mistreats-

“He listens to me,” Wynter cut in curtly.

Margaret was elated. “That’s great! That’s really great!” Only then did Wynter let out a sigh of relief.

Margaret then continued, “But why can’t I help but feel like something is off? How long have you known each other?”

Wynter said without batting an eye, “He fell for me at first sight.”

**Susan** clapped her hands together. “That makes perfect sense. Look at our Wynter’s beauty. Who wouldn’t fall for her?”

But Margaret wasn’t so easy to bluff. “I’ve never seen him look for you.”

Wynter waved her phone. “We talk online.”

Susan **added**, “I know! You and **him** video call each other, **right?** That’s what all **young couples** do **these** days!”

**Wynter smiled** minutely, thinking to herself, “Aunt Susan, keep **going.**”

Margaret pondered it for a moment. “Then give him a video call now.”

This caught her off guard. Wynter thought of a stalling tactic. “Let me ask if he’s free.”

Margaret nodded along with Susan. Their eyes were filled with anticipation.

Wynter typed out a text, “Can you take a video call right now?” She added a smiley emoji, hoping he would pick up on it.

When he saw the emoji, he knew that she wanted him to reject her. It was settled. then. He was not going to follow her plan.

Handsome Patient replied, “Sure.”

Margaret was overjoyed. “He said yes!”

Wynter never thought that things would go south!

“Wynter, call him!” Susan urged.

Wynter was speechless. Fine. She was going to call him. After all, he was the one who agreed. She pressed the video call button. Soon, the call connected, and an image appeared on her screen.

It was a man wearing a dark suit sitting in a leather chair. A pair of gold-rimmed glasses sat on his nose. His gaze was piercing. It looked intellectual, but also sensual.

He was graceful and handsome in a way she couldn’t describe. There was a giant projector screen behind him and a floor-to-ceiling window to his right.

It looked like he was

in the penthouse of a skyscraper. She could even see the financial district’s landmarks outside the window.

“Are you in a meeting?” Wynter cocked an eyebrow. “I’ll call you back then.”

Dalton’s elegant face appeared on the screen. He said with amusement **in his voice**, “No need. I happen to be taking a break.”

Taking **a break**? The other people **in** the conference **room didn’t so much** as dare to **make a loud** noise. **Still**, they were very grateful to the caller. She had saved their asses!

Before this call came in, they were all on edge, unsure of whether they were going to

**be** their boss' next victim.

Dalton's gaze swept over the people around the table. The look in his eyes was enough to make the branch managers silently pack up their things and leave...

However, they still wondered who this caller was. Who had enough charm to make Dalton's gaze soften like that?

"It's not a bother at all. My colleagues have left."

Before the door shut completely, the others could still faintly hear his deep,

melodious voice. Max even wondered whether his boss had been possessed. What a terrifying mystical force!

Dalton got up from his leather chair, revealing his black slacks and black shirt. His collar was slightly undone. Through the screen, he appeared even more aloof and handsome to Wynter. "Well, what is it?"

## **Chapter 123 Yes, We're Dating**

**Wynter** smiled faintly. "Grandma is asking what you like to eat. When you come back, she'll **cook** it **for you**."

Dalton sensed that something was different about the genius doctor today.

Grandma?"

Wynter's gaze didn't even flicker. "Grandma is right next to me,

Having been called out, Margaret suddenly felt embarrassed. She rubbed her nose. and mumbled, "I was **just** worried that you were bluffing me.

Wynter smiled. "Now do you believe me?"

Margaret nodded, beaming. Everyone always said that the third son of the Yarwoods was the cleverest, and it was true.

When Dalton heard that, his lips curled into a smile. "Grandma, what did she bluff you about?" He didn't call her by her last name. Instead, he called her "Grandma", just like

Wynter.

Margaret was even more taken aback. "I was overthinking. Wynter said that you two were dating, but I didn't believe her."

“Dating...” Dalton drawled as his gaze fell on Wynter’s beautiful face. Interest flickered in his eyes.

“Isn’t that right?” Margaret asked in confusion.

Just as Wynter opened her mouth to respond, Dalton chuckled lowly and said, “Yes, we’re dating. Finally, she has stopped hiding me. She said that we’re still in the early phases of our relationship and asked me not to tell anyone.”

This lie was getting out of control. Wynter raised an eyebrow.

Margaret was appalled. “Wynter, you shouldn’t do that. How could you keep your boyfriend hidden? If you’re dating, then you should be open about it.”

Dalton coughed lightly. He blinked coyly, and his voice grew huskier. “She just wanted to focus on her studies so that you wouldn’t worry about her.”

Margaret couldn’t bear to see him like that. She said comfortingly, “**Since** Wynter is **dating you**, I’m not worried. You two should date normally. I’m not an old stick-in-the-

mud.

**That** made Dalton look up and smile. “Now that you’ve said that, I feel more at **ease**, Grandma.”

Wynter was at a loss for words. “Grandma, let me talk to him.” If she continued letting him make things up, it was going to be difficult to fix it in the future.

However, Susan seemed to be enjoying their relationship a little too much. “The lovebirds want to talk privately.” Margaret nodded cheerfully.

Wynter looked at the phone and said helplessly, “Whatever. We’ll talk when you get back.”

“Alright,” Dalton’s eyes were, unusually, filled with emotion, and his pleasant voice was laced with amusement, “girlfriend.”

It was completely unnecessary to call her that. Wynter hung up and turned to Margaret’s smiling face. “Now you feel relieved, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Margaret then said to Susan in a giddy tone, “That guy is better looking than the Shepherd boy.”

Susan agreed. "Not only is he better looking, his aura is just different." It seemed like those two women were too busy to pay attention to Wynter anymore.

She walked out of the clinic casually while typing on her phone with one hand."

Thanks for just now."

Handsome Patient replied, "Family is always pressuring us to get married. I get it."

Wynter was in the midst of typing, "Your acting was way too believable" when she received another text.

"Wait for me to come back.

When Wynter saw this, she deleted her message.

"Okay."

Chanepiry

Overseas, **Dalton** looked **at the text** he **received**. **His** typically **dark** eyes were **now** swirling **with another set** of emotions.

**When** Ethan walked in, he had a feeling that his boss was in a great mood. "Sir, **the car** is ready."

Dalton grunted in response. As he put away his phone, he thought of something. Have someone design several haute couture pieces."

"Huh? Haute couture? Do you mean gowns, sir?" This was unprecedented! Ethan was shocked.

Dalton's gaze was indifferent as he replied, "Is there a problem with that?"

"No—not at all!" Ethan looked conflicted. He didn't know how Fabian would react if he ever found out...

## **Chapter 124 Mrs. Yates Wynter is Trending**

**Dalton** seemed to have guessed what Ethan was thinking. He fingered a bead sensually. "Once you've made the order, have them sent to Waterview Alley."

"Oh, are they for Dr. Genius?" Ethan felt relieved. It wasn't anything special. After all, Dalton and the genius doctor had a deep friendship.



At that moment, Dalton added, "Sign it with 'boyfriend.'"

"W-what?!" Ethan nearly fell to his knees.

Dalton's face was still as cool as a cucumber. He parted his lips and said casually, "If you can't handle this, how can you be Mr. Quinnell Senior's spy?"

Ethan thought to himself that anyone could be a spy. He really couldn't understand his boss!

At that moment, in the financial district of Southdale, a group of people were trailing Larry. They were talking about projects and investments, no doubt trying to get the Kingbourne tycoon to fund them.

Ewan was one of them. However, his assets weren't enough to be the leader of that table yet.

At first, Larry listened patiently to what these people were saying. He was gathering useful information to seek out their boss.

However, none of these businessmen knew about the renowned doctor doing live streams in Southdale recently. They never even paid attention to any of the famous streamers.

All of a sudden, Larry lost his patience. He said cordially, "Fellas, let's end it here today. I'm very interested in streamers with exceptional medical prowess. If you know anyone, please recommend them to me. We can invest heavily in the medical sector." With that, he got up and left.

Nelson snorted coldly. "People from the big city are just different. How arrogant. Only he **could** have **thought of** something like using **a livestream to** see patients. I've been practicing medicine for years and **have** never seen **something** so **ridiculous!**"

"**Dr.** Shepherd is right. What if someone makes the wrong diagnosis and harms **the** patient instead?"

should never be like +

"Charlie, you people on the Internet who delay their studies just for a moment of fame."

**Charlie** replied politely, “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing.” When they heard that, the people **from** the medical sector showered Charlie **in** praise.

Not just anyone could join in on the conversation here. For example, someone like Ewan was shoved to the sidelines. It wasn’t like he knew what they were talking about at the main table.

Thus, taking advantage of the fact that Charlie liked Yvette, he went up and asked, Dr. Shepherd, what were you guys talking about?”

Nelson gave him a look. “Don’t ask about things you shouldn’t.”

Ewan’s expression froze. He smiled politely and said, “Yes. Look at me, running my mouth.” After getting wronged here, he was definitely going to explode when he got back.

He didn’t know whether it was his imagination, but his family business had been doing more and more poorly over the past month.

However, the fortune teller had clearly said that once he found his biological daughter, his family would prosper financially. It was all bullshit! Now, his capital chain had even ruptured! Ewan kicked his car tire and took a deep breath.

At that moment, Wanda happened to walk over after getting a facial. She was with several other rich ladies in her social circle.

Ewan couldn’t show his bad side in front of them. Thus, he straightened his collar and strode over.

Amara Randall said enviously, “Wanda, you’re such a lucky lady. Look, your husband is here to pick you up.

Wanda smiled. “You’re flattering me.

Chute 124 Mis rated Wynter is Trendin

Suddenly, Zendaya piped up, “Mrs. Yates, you still don’t know?”

Wanda looked at her. “Know about what?”

Zendaya handed her phone over. “Wynter livestreams on the Internet...”

**Chapter 125 The Young Lady Margaret Is Raising Is Not That Simple**

**“She’s** really popular. Do you want to **see-**”

**Wanda** Interrupted her. “Mrs. Jennings, I know that you’re close with that poor old lady, but I don’t want to hear anything about those two.”

**With** that, she tossed her bag on the ground and stalked off. It was as if it had been polluted with thoughts of Wynter and made her feel disgusted.

Amara shoved her friend. “Why did you say that to her?”

Zendaya pursed her lips. “I just wanted to warn her not to dig her own grave. I didn’t think she wouldn’t appreciate it.”

The young lady Margaret was raising was not that simple. Every time she turned on her livestream, she would start trending. Yet, Wanda refused to even think about these things. She was such a fool.

Wanda got into the car huffily. “That stupid lassie embarrassed me again! Of all things, she had to become a streamer. What’s the difference between streaming and being on the Internet? She’s such a loser!”

Ewan got into the car and shut the door. His expression turned gloomy. Wanda sensed that he was upset about something. “What’s the matter with you?”

Now that no one was around, Ewan unleashed his irritation. “I’m not sure what happened at the Welkin Corporation, but they didn’t choose to partner with us this time.

“Why?” Wanda knew that this was a big deal and began to feel uneasy. “Should we go to Kingbourne to pull some strings?”

Ewan stubbed out his cigarette. “That’s not necessary for now. Their second-in-command is here. I’ll find an opportunity to visit him.”

“Alright.” Wanda didn’t dare to contact her family either. After all, things were currently a mess there.

Ewan then added, “Before this, you said *that*

Yvette had a means of getting into the

Yarwoods **Manor**. Is that **true**?”

**On this** topic, Wanda got **mad** again. “Yvette and I went, but they didn’t let **us in**. **The person in charge** said **that** the **Zenith** herb had been returned to its original **owner already**.”

“Your mother didn’t even bother to inform us after taking it back. I knew that she and the fake one would only give me trouble!”

“Enough.” Ewan bellowed. “She raised me after all, so don’t strain the relationship more than it needs to be. Did you manage to find out what the Zenith herb does?”

Wanda leaned close to him. “Yve said that it has exceptional medicinal properties, especially when it comes to patients with terminal illnesses.”

“I know.” Ewan knew that. “Since Mom wants to raise that young lady, then let her.

Don’t keep getting involved.”

Wanda lied through her teeth and said, “I don’t have the time to care about your busybody mother. If you don’t think that their livestream is embarrassing for you, then I don’t care. When everyone in the business circle makes fun of you, you can deal with it yourself.”

Ewan frowned when he heard that. He needed to do something about the livestream!

Considering his status in Southdale, he would get ridiculed if word got out that his mother was desperately trying to grub for money on the Internet. With this in mind, he made up his mind to visit the Waterview Alley himself.

In the evening, Margaret had just closed the clinic after a busy afternoon. Just as she sat down to rest, she heard a familiar voice from the doorway.

“Mom.”

Margaret’s face fell. “What are you doing here?”

Ewan hadn’t visited in half a year. He looked around in surprise, expecting to see the shabby massage parlor from his memories. “Mom, did you renovate the shop?”

Margaret’s gaze darkened. “It’s none of your business.”

“Mom, I’m your son. How could it be none of my business?” Ewan had finally thought

Chapter 125 The Young Lady Margaret is Raising Is Not That Simple

about being a good son. He placed the supplements he bought on the floor. "I heard that you're doing some livestream these days. Mom, why are you doing that? It's really embarrassing."

Margaret took a deep breath. "I don't know about embarrassing. All I know is that I can earn money to make a living. Are you done yet? If you are, then get out."

## **Chapter 126 Cutting Ties**

Seeing how relentless Margaret was, Ewan himself became annoyed too.

"Mom! Someone died in your hands before. We spent quite a lot of effort to settle it,"

he said. "No one's brought it up in 20 years, but now you're trying to get people's attention? Are **you** thinking of dragging our entire family down with you?"

"How dare you-" Margaret raised her cane into the air.

She was about to hit him with it, but he handed her a card and told her, "Mom, you aren't getting any younger. Don't be so stubborn."

"I know you don't like to listen to Wanda, but she's my wife. You should at least try to understand my feelings."

Margaret gritted her teeth in anger. Her nails dug into her palms, hurting herself. She spat on the floor. "I'd rather not have a son like you."

"Just stop talking, will you?" Ewan grabbed her arm to support her and said, "Did the Yarrowoods give us back that Zenith herb? Can you give it to me, Mom? Things aren't going well at my company."

Margaret's chest rose and fell rapidly out of anger. "I knew it! You wouldn't have come to see me if it weren't for the herb."

"You wouldn't want to see our family go bankrupt, right? It took Dad so much effort and time to achieve this." Lowering his head, Ewan sighed and said, "I have no choice. I can't just mortgage the company."

Margaret stared at the son she once loved the most and felt her heart break into pieces. She didn't want her husband's lifelong hard work to go to waste just like this, and Ewan knew this very well. He knew she'd give in to his demand.

It had always been like this all these years. Every time he brought this up, Margaret

would relent.

It was only after she moved to this shabby house did he stop demanding things from her since he thought she was of no use to him anymore. He never visited her after that, much less repaid her kindness for bringing him up.

People often said that having children would mean a person wouldn't have to worry about being taken care of when they got old. But that wasn't the case for Margaret.

"Just let the company go bankrupt then." Margaret's voice was calm as she spoke.

You're the owner of the company now anyway."

Ewan froze, his eyes widening in shock and disbelief at her words. "What did you just say?" he asked, surprised.

Margaret looked him in the eyes and said, "My son... this is the final time I'm calling you that. I gave birth to you, but my husband and I didn't raise you to make you bring harm to the harm to the world."

She continued, "From this day onward, you and I are no longer mother and son. You can do whatever you want from now on. I have nothing to do with you anymore."

Ewan was stunned. A moment later, he burst into laughter. "You poor old lady! You're nuts! I came here to give you money, yet you want to cut ties with me! Wanda was right! You're as stubborn as a mule!"

That said, he stormed out of the house without even taking away the bags of supplements he placed on the floor.

On his way back home, he saw Wynter and Wolf on a bike. Usually, he'd jeer at them when he saw them, but he didn't feel like doing so today. Wolf narrowed his eyes at Ewan and signed to Wynter.

Her gaze turned cold, and she said, "If you beat him to death, the one who'll suffer is Grandma." Wolf puffed out his cheeks and looked away, sulking.

Then, the two of them carried the vegetables into the clinic. When they entered the place, they noticed the supplements on the ground.

Margaret seemed as busy as ever. She had just finished diagnosing a group of patients, so the bedsheets needed changing.

**Wolf** looked sideways and signed to Wynter, saying that Margaret seemed just to be **just** fine. Wynter responded with, “M hmm” **as** she walked over to Margaret.

Margaret didn’t turn to look at her. With her back facing Wynter, she said, “Wynter, I do n’t have a son anymore. It’s better this way.”

Wynter’s footsteps faltered. She hugged **Margaret** from behind. “You still **have** Wolf and me. Hasn’t Wolf given you enough trouble already?”

She added, “He spooked all the fish when he went out to buy vegetables just now. We had to compensate the boss for his losses. It was a lot.”

Margaret wasn’t upset about Ewan anymore after hearing this. Turning around, she raised her eyebrows and yelled, “Wolf! What in the world did you do?”

A speechless Wolf glanced at Margaret, looking all innocent with a fish in one hand.

## Chapter **127** The Person **Wolf** Dislikes

The fish were too fragile. What did he have to do with their deaths? Margaret was confused too. “Why is it that all the animals go to heaven when you go to the market?”

Wolf took a bite from the toast he had bought and raised his head to look at her.

Margaret was helping him change after he and Wynter returned.

“Never mind,” she said. “It’s just a few barrels of fish.”

Quirking an eyebrow, Wynter glanced at the crabs in the bucket which had froth spilling from their mouths.

“Grandma, the fish aren’t the only **ones** who suffered,” she said.

Margaret felt an impending headache. She pinched Wolf’s arm and said, “You’d better hide them all. Don’t let Ruth see them!”

But it was too late as Ruth had already rushed over to their place after just a couple of minutes.

“Where’s Wolf?” she shouted. Ruth was plump, so she looked even more foreboding with her arms on her hips.

Wolf wanted to surrender, but Wynter pressed on his head so that he couldn't get up from where he was hiding. Wolf thought was worried that Ruth would create trouble

for Margaret.

Wynter glanced at him and whispered, "These two old ladies are just going to argue with each other. It's no big deal. Besides, Grandma needed to be occupied with something so that she can relax and not be so upset."

Ruth carried on with her rant. "Mrs. Yates Senior, I'm not a petty person, you know. But that brat, Wolf, killed all the seafood that I imported. All of them!"

Margaret tried to comfort Ruth by saying, "I know. I won't charge you if you come for a massage this month."

Ruth said, "Actually, Wynter paid me back already."

Margaret laughed. "Of course, she did. But I still have to apologize to you. Wolf's a reckless kid. We're lucky that our neighbors don't mind it that much."

Back when Wolf first arrived, he **scared** all the neighbors' hens to death. Despite that, none of the neighbors created a fuss out of it.

Ruth glanced around the compound and asked, "Are you sure you won't charge me for the massage? Susan told me that your parlor's pretty popular these days."

She added, "Influencers and celebrities might even come here to get a massage someday!"

"Let me give you a massage first," said Margaret. "You have to be careful with your hands when you carry all those seafood."

Ruth smiled sheepishly. "Wynter gave us some medicine when she went to the market just now. She was especially worried about me."

She continued, "Zayne's a useless brat! If only he'd married Wynter, we could be in-laws already."

Wolf raised his head in shock. "You? Marrying yourself off?" he signed, to which Wynter told him, "Ruth didn't mean it. What are you so excited about? Wolf's shoulders drooped at her response.



Margaret then said, "I'll let you in on this. Wynter already has a boyfriend."

"She has a boyfriend already?" Ruth was astonished. "Who is it?"

Margaret chuckled in delight. "It's that handsome guy who came here just two days ago."

"So he's the one!" Ruth gave it some thought and exclaimed, "Wonderful! They're a perfect match! Wynter's pretty, and he's good-looking enough for her!"

Wolf turned to look at Wynter. "A boyfriend?" he signed. "That guy?"

Wynter flicked his forehead and said, "I only said that to make Grandma happy."

"No can do!" Wolf gestured. "He's dangerous!"

Wynter found Wolf's response interesting, so she asked, "Why do you hate him so

Chapter 127. The Person Wolf Dislikes

**much?"**

Wolf puffed out his cheeks in anger. "I don't know! My gut tells me so!"

Wynter pinched his face and fell into deep thought. A person who could give Wolf a bad feeling must be someone with wealth and power. So, she had to cherish him.

Wolf wasn't aware that his resistance had created exactly the opposite effect that he wanted. He carried on gesturing to Wynter to make her listen to him.

However, Wynter started scrolling on her phone. She signed a contract via the live-streaming platform.

At 9:30 a.m. the next morning, she got ready for a livestream at Waterview Alley. The moment she went online, comments flooded her screen.

"Finally! I've waited for an entire day for this," said Starry.

Corporateslave said, "I'm lazing around, watching this live stream during working hours. Is this the Dr. Miracle we've always talked about? Why doesn't he reveal his

face to us?"

"I did a checkup. The doctor said I'm lucky to have discovered my condition earlier," typed studylover123.

“Are you the guy who was the first to join the voice chat yesterday, right? Are you okay now?” asked wanderlust\_soul.

“Yes, I’m recovering, replied studlover123

“Tsk tsk. That’s good acting for you,” commented lovestruck.

Chapter **128** A Diagnosis **Too** Accurate

The viewers bombarded the screen with comments when Wynter was still busy explaining to Margaret how to turn the microphone on.

Margaret asked, “What are they talking about? Should I get my glasses to read those comments?”

Wynter smiled. “They’re all here to support you.”

She glanced at the screen and told the viewers, “Thanks to studylover123 for the gift! You still have to take care of yourself even though you’ve recovered, okay? I’d like to thank all our friends who follow us and are watching this livestream today.”

She continued, “As usual, we’re providing free consultation for three of our viewers here today.”

“Our streamer actually brought her granny here today!” commented beautybloggerlife.

“She’s trying to create a public persona again. Boring!” said imrichhh..

“Dear director, the script’s ready. Let’s see how the actors and actresses would make it realistic,” typed lovestruck.

“I’m a

“I’m a professor in the field of medicine. To those who are claiming that the streamer’s putting on an act, please watch the livestream yesterday. Thanks,” commented cutiecat.

“It isn’t even that hard to find someone a professor now. You just have to be rich enough to hire one,” responded imrichhh.

Margaret understood what they were talking about. "They're saying that we're faking it, right?" she asked.

Wynter's tone was cool as she answered, "People are bolder with their words on the Internet."

"Oh really? You're mad at me just because of this?-lovestruck"

Margaret laughed. "It's not strange if you don't believe in us. There are so many

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Margaret asked, "What are they talking about? Should I get my glasses to read those comments?"

Wynter smiled. "They're all here to support you."

She glanced at the screen and told the viewers, "Thanks to studylover123 for the gift! You still have to take care of yourself even though you've recovered, okay? I'd like to thank all our friends who follow us and are watching this livestream today."

She continued, "As usual, we're providing free consultation for three of our viewers here today."

"Our streamer actually brought her granny here today!" commented beautybloggerlife.

"She's trying to create a public persona again. Boring!" said imrichhh.

"Dear director, the script's ready. Let's see how the actors and actresses would make it realistic," typed lovestruck.

"I'm a professor in the field of medicine. To those who are claiming that the streamer's putting on an act, please watch the livestream yesterday. Thanks," commented cutiecat.

"It isn't even that hard to find someone a professor now. You just have to be rich enough to hire one," responded imrichhh.

Margaret understood what they were talking about. "They're saying that we're faking it, right?" she asked.

Wynter's tone was cool as she answered, "People are bolder with their words on the Internet."

"Oh really? You're mad at me just because of this?-lovestruck"

Margaret laughed. "It's not strange if you don't believe in **us**. There are so many

Chapter 124 A Diagnosis Too Accurate

scammers on the Internet, after all. You often tell me that I shouldn't **simply** share! the posts I see and **don't** follow trends blindly. People are scared of getting

scammed. I get it."

"Granny's getting so many followers because of this!" commented corporateslave.

"She's a magnanimous woman! I'm subscribing," declared im\_pouting.

"I like hearing you talk, Grandma! Please continue!" begged abrownbear.

Margaret didn't know how to respond to all the attention she was getting. "Um..." her voice trailed off. She didn't know what she should say.

Then, Wynter adjusted the camera and told her, "The viewers like you, Grandma. You should chat with them for a bit. You can talk about the lifestyles that promote physical fitness and stability so that they know what they should do to stay healthy."

Margaret shot Wynter a glare. "Says the person who stays up late every night! I always ask you to go to bed early and wake up early to get your things done, but you just wouldn't listen! How am I supposed to advise the viewers when you don't even

listen to me?"

"LMAO! Granny's serious now!" abrownbear commented.

"The streamer's probably wondering why she's being dragged into this," noted corporateslave.

Shaking her head, Wynter laughed lightly. "Let's begin then. Oh right! Grandma here. is a traditional medicine doctor. She has a certificate for it, so don't worry. You can

take a look at the certificate on our page.”

That said, the screen split into two. The user lovestruck was pinned to the first screen.

Her face was hidden. In an unpleasant tone, she said, “Why don’t you take a look at me and tell me what’s

wrong with me now, huh?”

It was as clear as day that she was trying to give Margaret and Wynter a hard time! Margaret turned to look at Wynter, who glanced at the blurred-out picture of

lovestruck’s head.

Slowly, Wynter said, “You have syphilis.”

**The** chat froze. Silence hung **in** the air like a heavy cloak. lovestruck sneered. “Why **do n’t you** say something else that sounds believable? You didn’t even see my face, **yet** you’re telling me that I have Syphilis! Your acting is awful.”

**Wynter** smiled a half–

smile. Her tone was immensely cold when she said, “Do your hands itch because of the rashes on your palms?”

A hint of panic flashed across Lovestruck’s face. “Y–you...” Her voice faltered.

Slowly, Wynter said, “You’re probably a streamer too. The management should take note of her ID to prevent the sharing of bad content.”

Even the middle–

level management of the platform was shocked. First of all, Wynter had lots of viewers. Secondly, lots of other streamers pressured her to stop her from

rising in popularity.

Things got worse when it was revealed that this streamer called “lovestruck ” had syphilis. Everyone was disgusted.

“She’s the dominant one,” Wynter stated.

“She’s a scum!” declared lovingyou.

“I watched her stream before. She’s disgusting!” agreed beautybloggerlife.

“We don’t know their sex yet. You guys shouldn’t talk nonsense yet!” advised

imrichhh.

Just then, a comment appeared at the top of the screen. “lovestruck has always been a target of ours. We didn’t have proof back then, so we couldn’t capture him. Thanks to this streamer for providing us with some clues.”

The comment was

large and bolded font, accompanied by logos. So, everyone could see it.

“Why are you quiet now @imrichh?” asked lovingyou.

“LMFAO! He was so scared that he probably deactivated his account!” said studylover123.

## Chapter 129 I’ll Show **You** Wealth

The live stream once again climbed up the **ranks**. Previously, it had merely been **the** third most popular in the local area, but now it had surged up the ranks nationwide.

The moderator felt a swell of pride **in his** foresight. He gleefully read the signed contracts and finally chose Empathy Clinic as a contestant.

Every year, the platform ranked the top ten most popular hosts.

Those who made it into the top ten would receive cash prizes, ranging from ten thousand dollars to a million dollars. They would also get the opportunity to attend the annual conference in Kingbourne.

The moderator knew Wynter didn’t care much about these things, so he decided to give her a boost.

He knew she had a solid chance of making it into the top ten, even though she couldn’t quite rival the popular live streamers and their large fan bases.

With Wynter’s popularity soaring, it naturally drew attention, particularly from fellow competitors.

One of them was a person named Cecilia Ceil, who was currently expressing her

gratitude for gifts.

Out of the blue, someone chimed in on the live chat, “Hey, have you all heard about the Empathy Clinic? They diagnose illnesses accurately!”

“Can they diagnose more accurately than Cecilia Ceil?” another viewer asked.

“They specialize in a different area,” came the reply.

With a veil covering part of her face, Cecilia radiated a gentle and mysterious charm.

She asked, “Could the moderator please remove those people promoting in the chat? I’ve been following the conversation closely. I’d like to remind everyone that the expertise in traditional medicine can differ, and only Sacred Heart Medical University

is esteemed.”

“Yeah. Can those local practitioners really compare to Cecilia?” one person agreed.

Chapter 120 Chow You Wears

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“Sacred Heart Medical University is the epitome of my aspirations!” another **chimed**

1. **in.**

“Newcomers should steer clear. Thank you!” another commentator added.

Although Cecilia’s remarks seemed harmless, her status as a public figure imbued them with a certain influence and provocation. Before long, they flooded Wynter’s chat with negativity.

An account named Team Cecilia commented, “Worthless streamer.”

Another supporter of Cecilia, Ceci\_Dream chimed in, “Is that all? I guess only the impoverished would seek treatment here. No one even sends gratuities to you, and yet you dare to compare yourself to Cecilia?”

A comment from Sacred Heart Medical University Lover added, “I can’t say much, but let’s be cautious when seeking medical assistance.”

Most viewers were VIPs, and their messages overshadowed those who were genuinely seeking treatment.

Margaret, feeling a bit flustered, said, “Dear friends, please refrain from chatting randomly. I’ll attend to the patients first.”

A comment from the account Team Cecilia followed her words. “Granny, quit the act. With such slow reactions at your age, what illnesses could you possibly treat?”

This remark caught the typically indifferent Wynter off guard. Her gaze turned icy cold as she bit into her candy and picked up the microphone. “Team Cecilia?”

“What’s the matter? Do you have any objections?” the viewer named Sacred Heart Medical University Lover responded.

Wynter toyed with the hazelnuts and subtly lifted her gaze. “Sacred Heart Medical University abides by the motto: To save lives without bias, but to aid all.”

The viewer named Sacred Heart Medical University Lover was incensed. “What’s with the boasting? How do you even know the university’s motto? I’ve checked. You’re just a college student!”

Team Cecilia added another sarcastic comment, “Oh! So, **you’re** just a college student, **huh?** It’s such a joke with that level of education.”

A viewer called Platinum VIP Mr. Abel retorted, “Think before you speak. That’s **indeed** Sacred Heart Medical University’s motto.”

Another viewer, going by the name Single Mingle, remarked, “Mr. Abel is back again!

Are you feeling embarrassed now, Team Cecilia?”

Team Cecilia retorted, “What’s so special about knowing the motto? Cecilia graduated from there. As for the rest of you, only the impoverished lower class would so proud of the livestreamer here.”

Single Mingle interjected, “The streamer has never even asked for gratification.”

Sacred Heart Medical University Lover commented, “Oh? Just admit it if you’re poor.”

Following these remarks, a cascade of meteors showered across the screen of the live stream, accompanied by twinkling silver lights. Subsequently, a series of shining golden texts appeared.

“Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood bestowed upon Empathy Clinic a stunning meteor shower, with 50 galaxy gifts spontaneously descending!”

Chapter **129** I’ll Show **You** Wealth



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### **Chapter 130 The Generosity of Mr. Yarwood**

Wynter paused, her curiosity piqued as she wondered who this Mr. Yarwood **was**.

"Oh my! An Emperor VIP!" one viewer commented.

"This streamer is something else! It's only her second day here, and an Emperor VIP viewer sends a meteor shower! I'm so jealous now," praised another.

But the surprises didn't stop there. The system notification chimed **again**.

\*Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood gifted two meteor showers to the Empathy Clinic. 100 galaxy gifts are randomly dropping!"

"Wow! Another 100 galaxy gifts!" foodie\_explorer remarked.

"Wait, so a single meteor shower costs five thousand dollars. Three of them would cost 15 thousand dollars, right?" Nightmare Dawn calculated.

"Shh, don't speak. Mr. Yarwood is sending more!" urged tasha\_jordan.

"Is Team Cecilia feeling the burn?" Single Mingle teased.

Besides generating significant income for the streamer, the gifted live stream would also receive a platform-wide broadcast. This meant that everyone on the platform could view the Empathy Clinic's live stream.

Moreover, the randomly dropped galaxy gifts could also bring in money, making it one of the platform's most attractive features.

Many streamers often used this tactic to keep viewers engaged.

However, because of the meteor shower's high cost, it usually ended after just one or two showers. Yet, on Wynter's stream, the showers persisted, attracting users from all corners of the platform.

Soon enough, other live streams on the same platform lost their competitive edge.

Cecilia, who had planned to generate some buzz by revealing her identity, was puzzled as her viewers began to leave. "What's going on?" she wondered.

"Empathy Clinic's getting meteor showers," Smiley Wiley noted.

Cecilia giggled from behind her veil. "Ah, **it's** just a meteor shower. Mr. Seafield often sends **them**."

"Exactly! Let's have Mr. Seafield send one too!" added Ceci's Prettiest.

Then, Holger Seafield declared, "**If** Cecilia says the word, I'll send **one**."

And just like that, Cecilia's stream also received a meteor shower from him. However, the most peculiar thing was the viewers' response.

"Just **one** meteor shower? How dull."

"The Empathy Clinic's live stream has already had 20 meteor showers! Let's hurry up and get in there!"

Cecilia was taken aback because 20 meteor showers would cost a hundred thousand dollars. She clenched her fists and coyly inquired, "You can afford it too, right, Mr. Seafield?"

Holger hesitated. He opened a private chat.

He said, "Do you want me to splash my money? If you show up today, I'll go all out."

Cecilia retorted, “Mr. Seafield, you know I’m not like other streamers.”

Holger replied, “That’s not on me. If I’m spending this much, I’d like to meet you in person.”

Cecilia countered, “But don’t we usually video chat?”

Holger’s reply came in. “Are you expecting me to drop a hundred thousand dollars just for a video call? Cecilia, I’m not that naive.”

Cecilia hesitated for a moment. Then, she realized it was a hundred thousand dollars and couldn’t let the opportunity slip away.

She messaged, “Mr. Seafield, why don’t you come to Kingbourne? I’ll treat you to dinner.”

“Sounds good,” Holger replied.

The chubby Holger Seafield lit a cigarette and continued to send meteor showers one **after** another.

Chapter 130 The Generosity of Mr. Yarwood

**Cecilia’s** live stream quickly regained its popularity.

“**Mr.** Seafield is too generous!” cheered Ceci’s Prettiest.

“The others are still trying to give tips, but how can they even compete with Mr. Seafield?” remarked Sacred Heart Medical University Lover.

“Exactly! Both are Emperor VIPs, but Mr. Seafield definitely has the upper-hand. That other one looks dull in comparison!” exclaimed Team Cecilia.

What could Team Cecilia have meant by that?

When Empathy Clinic’s live stream popped up on the screen again, Cecilia’s fans were once again shocked.

“Why is the man still gifting meteor showers?” EastWestCeci questioned.

“It’s already 40 showers now, totaling two hundred thousand dollars!” Majesty Cecilia

commented.

“How on earth could he give away two hundred thousand dollars in just five minutes?

Cecilia\_Rocks added.

Not only were the viewers surprised, but even Wynter’s moderator was astonished.

He had originally registered Empathy Clinic to boost its popularity. Never once did he expect that this newcomer would swiftly rise to the top.

He couldn’t help but wonder how Wynter amassed such a fanbase, considering that her fans gave her a total of two hundred thousand dollars in tips so casually.