

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 131-140

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 131

Chapter 131 The Sweet Defensive Shield

When someone approached him a while ago, he felt a shiver down his spine. He thought the newcomer had done something wrong. However, it turned out they were there to issue a

certificate.

Glancing at the numbers on the screen, he was shocked into silence by what he saw.

The moderator was almost overwhelmed with joy when he noticed that the newcomer had smoothly amassed two hundred thousand dollars in tips **just** two days into streaming.

Yet, the new streamer he was responsible for remained unusually calm.

“Thank you for the gifts, Mr. Yarwood. However, your generosity is overwhelming. I feel undeserving of such lavish rewards,” Wynter expressed.

One of her supporters, Starry, remarked, “The streamer seems unenthusiastic.”

single24forever commented, “She has always been like this. She prioritizes treating patients.

Another supporter of hers, Baby Tody, exclaimed, “Anyway, you’re fantastic!”

Dalton sat calmly on the private jet. He was clad in all black attire and had a neatly arranged lunch by his side.

He accepted the towel handed to him by the bodyguard, after which he leisurely observed the flurry of comments in the live stream.

It dawned on him that he had logged in with the company's official account.

After a brief pause, he typed a line as Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood. "Thank you for the reminder last time. The medicinal incense has indeed been tested and id to be toxic."

Wynter understood his motives and offered a faint smile. "In that case, I'll accept these two hundred thousand dollars," she said.

Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood's reply came in shortly. "You deserve it."

The live stream erupted once again.

"What's happening? Does Mr. Yarwood know the streamer personally?" someone in the live chat queried.

"Why is this Emperor VIP different from the others I've seen? Why can he type in black font?" "another viewer typed.

"Could it be because he hasn't spent much money and is not a high-ranker?" someone questioned in the live chat.

Dalton's generous tip caused a stir among the platform's top management.

George Wallow, the head of operations, wiped his brow. "Is this truly Mr. Yarwood?" he pondered aloud.

Louise Lawson, who was responsible for content, shook her head. "Well, I wouldn't dare ask! Who has the nerve to do so?"

No one dared to question the identity of Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood. However, it was undeniable that this newcomer from Empathy Clinic boasted an impressive background.

Wynter also added, "Mr. Yarwood, it would be wise to be more cautious with your female friends "

Dalton smiled wryly at her remark. Twirling his beads absentmindedly, he pondered whom else he should be cautious of as her fake boyfriend.

Ethan was also present in the livestream. "Sir, it's wise to heed the words of Dr. Genius," he

advised.

Dalton's expression hardened as he removed the bracelet from his wrist. Lifting his dark eyes, he demanded, "Investigate Lydia's close friends."

While he had no female friends, Lydia had plenty.

After instructing Ethan, Dalton then proceeded to send ten meteor showers in the livestream.

He typed, "This is the consultation fee."

"I want a consultation fee as generous as this!" a viewer, RockingRic..

laimed.

"Am I the only one who finds it sweet that Mr. Yarwood only watches this streamer and not others?" another viewer, Dream Dream, wondered.

"I've noticed that too, and the streamer is his only follower!" remarked smiley_twin.

"He even gave the streamer a defensive shield! How generous!" another viewer, prosperity love, commented.

A defensive shield had a value of a hundred grand, and everyone couldn't help but admire Dalton's generosity.

The cadre who were brainstorming on what gifts to give to Wynter were really upset.

Chapter 131 The Sweet Defensive Shield

Addressing Dom, they exclaimed, “What’s with this Emperor VIP? How can we match the gifts he has bought?”

Jackson frowned and commented, “Kids these days really don’t know manners.”

Zach also voiced his discontent. “Thankfully, Wynter didn’t fall for his tricks. Still, he’s a jerk!”

“Absolutely!” the cadre nodded in agreement.

Dom nervously wiped his brow.

As the defensive shield was activated, the platform-wide notifications ensued.

Suddenly, the Empathy Clinic emerged on the homepage, becoming the hottest rising streamer!

As Larry Hilton woke up for a scheduled meeting in Southdale’s business community, he casually scrolled through his phone in bed. Suddenly, something on the screen caught his attention, and he shot up into a sitting position.

Chapter 132 Hunting the Popular Streamer

“Mr. Hilton?” The speaker looked at him in confusion.

Larry didn’t care about the influence these people had in Southdale. He grabbed one of them and asked, “Do you know this streamer?”

The man looked puzzled. “Mr. Hilton, pardon my confusion. This is the Chamber of Commerce, and she’s just a small-time streamer...

“What do you know?” Larry refrained from saying what he truly thought. “Forget it; I’ll find out for myself.”

He could easily navigate to the Empathy Clinic in Waterview Alley using GPS.

Since this foreign investment meeting was originally arranged for Larry to attend, his sudden desire to leave undoubtedly unsettled the others.

“Mr. Hilton, the meeting isn’t over yet,” the Shepherds, leveraging their influence in the medical industry, interjected. Then, they added, “It’s not quite appropriate for you to leave at this moment.”

However, Larry couldn’t give a darn about what they thought. He pondered, “Screw this ‘not appropriate’ nonsense! You’re not even treating me for my illness, so why should I bother? Plus, you’re not even half as **good** as Boss!”

Larry might have appeared refined now, but in the past, he was a rough-and-tumble

Northwesterner, decked out in flashy gold watches and chains. “Since the meeting hasn’t concluded, it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to leave.”

Nelson thought he had persuaded him, but Larry’s next words took him by surprise. Alright, then. Let’s wrap up the meeting. Everyone is free to go.”

With that, Larry summoned his bodyguards and made a grand exit.

Downstairs in the reception lounge of the Chamber of Commerce, Ewan had been waiting for three hours. He had hoped to have a chat with Larry Hilton, the second in command at Welkin Corporation, over breakfast. However, not only was Larry nowhere to be found, but Ewan had missed the meeting.

Now, all Ewan could do was sit there in frustration. Breakfast was out of the question, and he couldn’t even manage to get a glass of water.

The secretaries at the Chamber of Commerce were all snobbish and only concerned about pleasing their superiors.

Ewan felt ignored as no one seemed to notice him.

Growing weary of waiting, he couldn’t contain his frustration any longer. With a **forced** smile, he approached the receptionist and asked, “Hi there. Is Mr. Hilton of Welkin Corporation still not available?”

“Yes,” the receptionist replied indifferently. She was growing irritated with the constant line of questions. “Mr. Hilton’s tied up

park project down in Southdale. The with the wat

Yates Group’s matters will have to wait.”

Ewan was taken aback by this dismissive reply. He thought, “How could they downplay the significance of the Yates Group’s affairs?:

Despite his frustration, he knew better than to lose his temper. “Can’t you accommodate my request? Mr. Hilton and I have had previous dealings. We’ve even collaborated before.”

The receptionist chuckled. "Previous dealings? Well, that simplifies things. You should contact Mr. Hilton directly. It'll be faster. I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it here."

The Chamber of Commerce was a place where hierarchy ruled supreme. Although the Yates family's situation might be obscure elsewhere, it was widely recognized within the Chamber of Commerce.

Ewan couldn't tolerate being treated in such a manner. "You're just belittling me! Why were the Lopezes allowed in earlier?"

"Dr. Lopez is a renowned physician. Are you?" The receptionist remained impartial. Her morning tasks had already been burdensome, and the insult only added to her displeasure.

Just then, the elevator chimed as its doors opened.

Six bodyguards in black attire emerged.

The staff at the Chamber of Commerce rose respectfully and greeted,

Larry always radiated an air of importance. Even before he appeared, his palpable to all.

Feeling as if he had found a lifeline, Ewan hurriedly made his way over.

pter 133 Finally Meeting Wynter

Chapter **133** Finally Meeting Wynter

Ewan offered a handshake, trying to establish a connection. "Mr. Hilton, it's taken me quite an effort to finally meet you..."

The bodyguard stepped in firmly. "Mr. Hilton is currently occupied with urgent matters. Business negotiations can only be arranged for tomorrow."

"It's not about business negotiations!" Ewan protested, trying to push forward. "This is a purely personal matter."

The bodyguard hesitated.

Larry's voice was heard. "Who's blocking the way? Move aside."

He was adamant about meeting Wynter, and anyone who stood in his way would face the

consequences.

Since his efforts to break through were fruitless, Ewan summoned the courage to scream. Mr. Hilton, why has Welkin Corporation suddenly terminated its partnership with the Yates Group? There were no warnings. How am I expected to handle the investments in those steel

ventures?"

The bodyguard quickly covered Ewan's mouth to silence him and moved him aside.

Seeing Ewan's plight, the people at the Chamber of Commerce decided not to intervene.

After all, deals that were closed and those that fell through were a common occurrence in

the business world.

Ewan's outburst was indeed embarrassing.

As Larry's assistant, Jerry Yandel felt responsible to manage the situation. "Mr. Yates, I must ask you to refrain from shouting. Mr. Hilton won't be available to me.

Thank you."

"Jerry!" Ewan exclaimed upon spotting a familiar face. "I've been trying to reach you for ages. Didn't you mention earlier that you'd let me welcome Mr. Hilton? Why does it feel like you don't recognize me now?"

Jerry remained cold. "Mr. Yates, we were never close. I'm just conveying the directives from the higher-ups."

If it hadn't been for Gregory Wollen's directive to support the Yates family, there was no chance that a small company like the Yates Group would have managed Welkin Group's business.

But Ewan never seemed to get things right.

Let alone the quality of his work, even the projects assigned to him had a consistently poor output.

Jerry was puzzled why Gregory was generous toward the Yates family. Fortunately,

directives from higher-ups had spread, and they would no longer have to deal with the Yates

Group.

"Mr. Yates, farewell," Jerry concluded succinctly.

With a group of bodyguards surrounding Larry, Ewan couldn't get close.

He would not give up easily!

Ewan gritted his teeth and followed the crowd out of the Chamber of Commerce.

Outside, a lineup of cars stood ready. Ewan promptly entered one and commanded, "Follow the Alpard up front. We'll trail it."

At this juncture, he was prepared to endure anything just to meet Mr. Hilton.

Larry could hear the nearby commotion from inside his car.

Normally, he would have resorted to his authoritative demeanor and swiftly dealt with the situation.

But now, his top priority was to find Wynter.

Meanwhile, Wynter was preparing to end her live stream.

This time, Margaret delivered the closing statement. "I have a few things to take care of today. If any of you darlings have health concerns, feel free to look for me at the Empathy

Clinic."

My_gramma commented, "It's heartwarming when Madam Margaret calls me 'darling.'"

SunshineofRay chimed in, saying, "Hearing Madam Margaret calling us 'darling' makes me miss my grandma."

The final comment came from single24forever as they wrote, "I'll make it a habit to visit you every day from now on, Madam Margaret!"

Margaret chuckled warmly. "Of course, you're all welcome to visit me. Just don't forget to keep up with your studies. We'll be live tomorrow at 9:30 am sharp, so make sure you get enough rest."

Wynter wasn't surprised by Margaret's popularity among the viewers as everyone sought a

Chapter 134 Soaring High

At the same time, Cecilia's live stream was taking an ugly turn.

Viewers were adamant about getting Holger to send another 50 meteor showers.

Team Cecilia commented, "Mr. Seafield, can you handle this?"

Its You urged, "Come on, Mr. Seafield, keep it going!"

"Mr. Seafield, are you giving up?" KissSunshine added.

Holger was actually a staff member of the platform. He didn't mind sending gifts, but he wasn't naive.

He replied while puffing on his cigarette, "Another 50? Is that what you want, Cecilia?"

Though Cecilia felt reluctant, she could only force a smile and say, "How could that be? I'm already thrilled that you are in my livestream, Mr. Seafield. Besides, you always take care of me. You've been so generous today. Mr. Seafield, you're amazing!"

The moderator and other fans quickly caught on, flooding the chat with messages praising Holger. Finally, Holger was pacified.

However, Cecilia's popularity couldn't hold a candle to that of the Empathy Clinic.

She couldn't believe a newcomer could surpass her by such a margin. Then, a thought crossed her mind. "That Emperor VIP certainly has money, and if only he could become my defensive shield..."

With a sly grin, Cecilia opened a chat box. "Hello, Mr. Yarwood. Can we talk privately?" She then sent a photo along with her WhatsApp number.

Cecilia had always been confident in her looks, and she had garnered a legion of male supporters through her beauty.

However, as time passed, her message request to Dalton remained unanswered.

Frustration crept in, and she frowned slightly.

Cecilia consoled herself that the streamer from the Empathy Clinic didn't even dare to show her face and instead brought an old lady to attend to the patients..

Rumors suggested that she was a college student, leading Cecilia to speculate that the streamer might not be very attractive.

A smile graced her lips as this thought crossed her mind. As a top student at Sacred Heart

Medical University, she possessed both beauty and talent, and she wouldn't lose to someone from the bottom rungs of society.

Meanwhile, Wynter couldn't care less about Cecilia's thoughts. She was preoccupied with backend settlements.

Dalton's gifts genuinely surprised Margaret.

"Wynter, this is too much," Margaret remarked. She hadn't noticed the gifts Dalton sent as she had been busy attending to patients during the live stream. So, she frowned slightly at the lavish gifts. "Let's just return it."

"Grandma, the platform takes a cut of the gift money," Wynter explained with a gentle smile. "It's just how it works. Being a streamer means that when people are happy, they'll reward you. When they're not, they'll criticize you."

She continued calmly, "We'll take what's rightfully ours. If you think it's too much, we'll

ly ours. If you think it's too much, keep half, and the rest will go to charity. Remember how you always said that girls in the mountains couldn't afford to go to school? We can use this money to build schools for them.

Margaret's eyes lit up. "Okay! Let's do as you say!"

She chuckled with her phone in hand. "Wynter, I can earn money on my own again. I can finally earn money on my own!"

"Yes, Grandma. You've earned a lot," Wynter replied affectionately as she continued to massage Margaret's legs. "It's enough to pay for those fish Wolf scared to death last time."

Wolf was a tech worker. He still had his QR code on from after work. When he heard his name, he looked up and said, "Hmm?"

The alleyway was alive with their laughter. Wynter and her family finally had something to look forward to.

Susan looked on warmly. "Mrs. Yates Senior has had a tough life. I used to think Wynter was just a naive girl, but now, she's really something!"

Susan's husband, Hagrid, happily ate his fish. "Yeah, Wolf isn't bad either. The last time I took him to the river, he scared those fish so much that they jumped right onto the bank. I ended up with fish I didn't even need to fish for!"

Susan shook her head and pinched his ear, saying, "I'm telling you one thing, and you're saying something else."

Chapter 135 Skeptical About Wynter's Whereabouts

"Mr. Hilton, this is the place," the driver said, stopping the car at a junction.

Larry looked skeptically at the narrow and old cobblestone alley. He frowned and asked, "Are you sure?"

He wondered why Wynter would be in such a place. Next to it was a vegetable market that was brought to life with the sound of people bargaining.

Larry hadn't been to a place like this since he entered the business industry.

Jerry confirmed, "This is indeed Waterview Alley. Do you still want to go to the hospital across the street to look for her?"

"The hospital? No." Larry pointed to the alley and replied, "This place will do."

He knew Wynter wouldn't even go to the hospital because she was lazy and disliked the **smell** of blood.

Larry hopped out of the car, after which a line of bodyguards in black followed suit. Their imposing presence made them look like gangsters.

Despite wearing a smile, Larry didn't look like a friendly person. He approached an old man and asked, "Excuse me, do you know where the Empathy Clinic is?"

Warren Wick, who was buying vegetables, shivered when Larry suddenly approached him. He pushed his cart away and answered, "I don't know!"

Larry paused. He touched his face and asked Jerry, "Am I that scary?"

"Mr. Hilton, you're just imposing." Jerry, who graduated from business school, refined his sentence before speaking.

Larry clicked his tongue and smiled. "Well, that old man must know. I

follow him."

Of course, Warren knew. The Empathy Clinic was just opposite his house. Having received Wynter's fish earlier that morning, he felt compelled to return the favor and hurried back to warn her about the impending threat!

The imposing bodyguards naturally caught the attention of the elderly individuals who were in the midst of choosing vegetables.

Ewan Scott, who had followed along, quickly paid the parking fee. It was only then that he realized this wasn't just any place. It was the dilapidated alley where his mother lived

.

Chapter 135 Skeptical About Wynter's Whereabouts

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"Why would Mr. Hilton come to such a place?" he muttered to himself.

Ewan found it odd and hurriedly walked ahead.

Arriving a step

too late, he wasn't certain if Mr. Hilton had entered the alley. Therefore, he decided to wait near the Alpard. He was confident that Larry would emerge sooner or later.

In the deepest part of the alley, Wynter had just finished packing up the equipment. She was still seated on the chair and sending messages.

Every time she ended her live broadcasts, the moderator, Modoo7, would come to find her, and this time was no exception.

"You still haven't shown your face. Would you consider revealing it once you hit five million followers? It could be a special treat for your fans and might even boost your tips."

Wynter responded, "I'm not interested."

After a pause, his reply came. "Alright, I respect your decision. Every streamer has their own style. The police mentioned they might need your help with something..."

She attached a screenshot. "Here's evidence from one of my live streams. You can pass it on to the police for the forensics team to examine."

Mod007 was taken aback. He couldn't help but wonder if this new streamer was truly influential enough to be aware of what the police were after.

"We can actually include an emblem with the defensive shield. Would you like me to add the same emblem to the Emperor VIP in your live stream?"

Wynter paused briefly in thought. Since Mr. Yarwood had made a substantial contribution, he held sway as often seen with those who had financial support. Without questioning the emblem, she responded casually, "Sure, thank you."

Mod007 then added, "Oh, and there's one more thing. I didn't realize. I preferred not to show your face, so I enrolled you in the platform's annual selection. I saw that there's quite the exposure and prize money, so I figured I'd give you a push."

Wynter replied, "I noticed that. That's fine, thank you."

Mod007 was somewhat taken aback as he had anticipated Wynter to be stricter.

Many top streamers, particularly those who receive substantial tips, were difficult to handle.

He hadn't expected Wynter to be so pleasant...

Chapter 135 Skeptical About Wynter's Whereabouts

Outside the Empathy Clinic's door, Warren shouted, "Wynter, hurry. Hide your sign!"

Wynter put away her phone and poured him a cup of tea. "Mr. Wick, take your time. What's going on?"

"We've got trouble in the alley! There's a big car with Kingbourne's license plate, and a bunch of people dressed in black are asking about your grandma's clinic. Luckily, I caught on and didn't say anything!" Warren quickly sipped some water, trying to calm his nerves. Suddenly, the wind chime at the door jingled.

Chapter 136 The Mysterious Boss

"Sir, why did you deceive me?"

Larry's hearty laughter filled the room as he entered with a smug look on his face.

Warren shivered and hid behind Wynter.

Wynter raised her eyes slightly. Her gaze was calm and indifferent, yet it was strikingly beautiful.

Larry immediately spotted her as soon as he entered, but he didn't think much of Wynter's identity.

He strolled in with his bodyguards and tactfully inquired, "Kid, is your guardian home? I'm not feeling too well. I saw your live stream online, so I wanted to come over for a consult at

the clinic."

He was familiar with pickup lines and thought, "Since Boss lives in such a place, she surely prefers to keep her identity concealed."

Wynter's lips curved upward in a faint smirk. "Who are you calling a 'kid'?"

Larry's smug expression vanished instantly as he spun around upon hearing that familiar voice.

Wynter chewed on her gum. Her long black hair cascaded down, and she smiled slightly. "Mr. Hilton, it seems even important people forget sometimes. Do you not recognize me?"

At that moment, Larry was shocked to see her—the person whom he had longed to meet.

“I, uh...” he stammered, almost calling her “Boss.”

However, Wynter silenced him with just a glance.

Warren’s eyes widened. Then, he questioned, “Wynter, do you know this man?”

She responded persuasively, “Mr. Wick, take a closer look. Isn’t he the wealthy businessman who appeared on TV not long ago?”

Warren rubbed his blurry eyes and then glanced at Larry. “My goodness! It’s him!”

He recalled seeing him on his phone and immediately recognized Larry as the wealthy investor planning to invest in Southdale. He had been closely following Larry’s news on TV.

“He used to be my grandmother’s patient,” Wynter explained.

Chapter 136 The Mysterious Boss

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Warren nodded knowingly. “That explains it. No wonder he’s here!”

“Shall I attend to him first?” Wynter asked with a smile.

Warren caught the hint and replied, “Alright, I’ll take my leave.”

After he left, she glanced at Larry’s bodyguards.

“Mr. Hilton, since you’re here for an undisclosed illness, let’s keep things low-key,” she said casually as she placed her equipment down. Then, she glanced at Larry. “Don’t you agree?”

Larry touched the large gold chain around his neck and responded, “You’re right, Boss. Jerry, stay. Everyone else, wait outside.”

“Don’t loiter in the alley, either. It’s too conspicuous,” Wynter added nonchalantly.

Larry immediately added, “Everyone, wait by the car!”

“Yes, Mr. Hilton!”

The bodyguards all made their way outside. However, they were puzzled by Larry’s sudden show of respect and his addressing Wynter as “Boss.” They couldn’t help but wonder when Larry had become so deferential.

Inside the clinic, Larry's expression toggled between admiration and shock.

"Boss, I never imagined you were still so young! You're really beautiful. Anyone who didn't know might think you're the campus belle. It's all Greg's fault for reaching out to you and not telling me!"

"I told him not to tell you," Wynter said calmly as she handed him and Jerry each a cup of

tea.

Larry felt deceived. "Boss, you can't play favorites like that!"

The more Larry looked at Wynter, the more unbelievable it seemed that she was this young.

Jerry was also taken aback. He recalled their encounter at the Yates family's villa during a conversation with Ewan. "Oh, her? She's just an insignificant adopted daughter," he

remarked.

Jerry hadn't forgotten the disdain in Ewan's eyes when Wynter's name was brought up, or how she had been driven out of the Yates family on the night of the banquet.

While Jerry didn't concern himself with such matters, he couldn't help but feel that Ewan had been too ruthless. He found himself scrutinizing her more closely because of her aloof

Chapter 136 The Mysterious Boss

demeanor and the way she tightly held onto her black bag when

Chapter 137 Bringing Wynter Back to Kingbourne

Jerry was still in disbelief that Wynter was their boss. His hands trembled as the realization sank in, and he nervously adjusted his glasses.

Ewan would surely regret it if he found out about Wynter's identity.

Finally, Jerry grasped the reason why Gregory had assigned some projects to a small company like the Yates Group. It was all because of Wynter.

Jerry picked up his glasses and stammered, "Boss, you..."

"Seems like you've recognized me, Jerry," Wynter said with a smile.

He quickly added, "I didn't recognize you at the Yates villa. If I had, I would have-"

"I didn't want anyone to know," she said as she toyed with the teacup in her hand. "You did the right thing."

Larry was puzzled. "The Yates villa? What villa?"

Jerry lowered his gaze. "Mr. Hilton, I'll explain later."

Larry didn't care about these minor details. All he cared about was one thing. "Boss, let's head back to Kingbourne now! Haha, I'm pumped! Once you're back in Kingbourne, we'll kick some serious ass!"

Wynter chuckled and said, "I can't go back now. As you can see, my business is just getting started."

Larry was stunned. With such a big corporation in Kingbourne, he wondered why she wasn't concerned about it and instead focused on this small shop.

"Then, I'll stick around and help you with business," Larry declared loyally. "Boss, you're aiming to cash in on the internet as a live streamer, right? I knew it!"

Wynter replied calmly, "You're overthinking it. I **just** want to be a simple traditional medicine practitioner."

"In that case, I'll invest in pharmaceuticals!" Larry couldn't be chased away. "It's been so long since I've done business with you, Boss. I've checked out Southdale, and the market's mature. If you're serious about opening a shop, I'm all in!"

Wynter hadn't responded yet when a cough came from the side. "Wynter, who are you talking to?"

Chapter 137 Bringing Wynter Back to Kingbourne

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"Grandma, are you awake?" Wynter immediately went over to help the woman up. She then explained with a smile, "A major investor learned of our online presence. He believes the Empathy Clinic holds promise. He's interested in investing in us."

Margaret glanced around. "Can something this wonderful really be true?"

Larry, being a smooth talker, immediately said, "The Empathy Clinic is gaining massive popularity online. Now's the best time for us to collaborate with you. It might cost us a fortune later on."

Margaret sized him up, noticing his flashy gold chain, then glanced at Jerry. "He seems reliable," she remarked.

Jerry adjusted his glasses and politely corrected her. "Madam, actually, that's our boss over

there."

Margaret chuckled softly. "I understand your concern, but how should we discuss this investment? As you've seen, my shop is modest in size with limited space."

She continued, "Your boss does seem quite formidable. While I'm not averse to taking risks, Wynter has always been courteous and considerate. If any issues arise during our collaboration, how can I best address them with your boss?"

Larry couldn't believe his ears when Margaret described Wynter as courteous and considerate. The combination of those words just didn't make sense to him.

He wished he could be more like Gregory, who was always polite. "Madam, please believe me. I would never mistreat this young lady," he stammered.

However, Margaret shook her head. "You're too easygoing. Who in their right mind would be so agreeable when it comes to investments?"

Indeed, Larry's eagerness seemed almost too good to be true.

Pointing to a slogan on the wall, Margaret remarked, "Even the Public Integrity Department says, 'There's no such thing as a free lunch.'"

Larry was left speechless in an instant.

Chapter **138** The Hidden Surprise of Wynter's Identity

"I, I..." Larry was utterly speechless.

Ultimately, it was Wynter who came to his rescue. She whispered to Margaret, "Grandma, he's recommended by the Lopez family and has appeared on the Southdale TV station."

"Is that so?" Margaret's attitude changed instantly and turned to look at Larry. "Then he's a VIP guest. We must treat him well!"

Upon hearing that, Larry felt a sense of relief in the fact that he had appeared on TV for the past couple of days.

“There’s no need for any special treatment. I-

” Larry began to decline, but Wynter chimed in with a smile, “We’ve got to treat him to a meal. I’ll take him out later.”

“That’s right. We should grab a meal together.” Margaret, like many older folks, tended to believe what she heard on TV. “Mr. Lopez still remembers us.”

Larry was left wondering which “Mr. Lopez” Margaret was referring to.

Wynter glanced at him. “Mr. Lopez Senior has always been supportive. He helped increase my popularity during my live streams, which got Mr. Hilton interested. Initially, Mr. Hilton only planned to invest in the Lopez family. As for the Empathy Clinic, it could be considered

a fortuitous investment.”

Larry, who had traveled from Kingbourne to Southdale, wasn’t about to let this opportunity slip by. He nodded enthusiastically. “Exactly! The Empathy Clinic is only an additional

investment!

Margaret finally let her guard down and whispered to Wynter, “Is Mr. Lopez also involved in

this collaboration?”

“He’ll be there to sign the contract,” Wynter replied calmly. “Mr. Hilton only came here to get to know **us**.”

Larry nodded quickly. “That’s right. I’d like to get to know you!”

If other people in the business world saw Larry’s current compliance, they might begin to suspect **that** he was under a spell!

For fear that it might haunt him later, Jerry refrained from lingering on Larry’s compliant demeanor.

Margaret remained cautious. “If you’re dining out, take Wolf along with you.”

Larry was puzzled and wondered who, exactly, Wolf was.

Just then, a boy in a lab coat, who had a large black leather bag slung over his shoulders, walked over. He lifted his eyes and smirked at Larry.

Larry was stunned upon seeing Wolf and stuttered, “H—How did he get here?”

“He?” Margaret sensed that something was off. She frowned and inquired, “Mr. Hilton, do you know Wolf?”

It had always been Margaret’s heartfelt wish to help Wolf find his family.

Margaret had firmly decided that if Wolf was indeed an abandoned child, she would take this secret to her grave and leave him a house.

But if Wolf’s parents were searching for him, she would make sure to promptly reunite him with them.

Wynter noticed the tension and gave Larry a meaningful look.

Sensing his mistake, Larry hurriedly spoke up, “I did meet this young friend once!”

At that moment, Larry must have summoned the courage of a lion to refer to Wolf as a young friend.

With the instincts of a seasoned businessman, Larry quickly added, “He once helped me out. I’ve been looking for him for ages, and I’ve finally found him here! Madam, it seems that fate has brought us together!”

Margaret was doubtful of his words and turned to Wolf to ask, “Did you really help him?”

After a moment’s thought, Wolf nodded and gestured.

Margaret chuckled and affectionately patted his head as she teased, “You’re such a little money-lover! How can you expect payment after lending a hand?”

Wolf lifted his head defiantly and glanced at Larry, as if questioning why he couldn’t expect some reward for helping someone out.

“No. I should be paying!” Larry exclaimed and reached for his checkbook.

The thoughtful Wolf gently placed his leather bag on the ground and revealed the payment code printed on his clothes. Then, he raised his hand and pointed at it, as if he was trying to say, “Scan this!”

Jerry couldn’t help but wonder if Wolf really was twelve years old.

Wolf’s actions truly reflected his position as someone under Boss, and his move was undeniably brilliant!

Chapter **139** The Puzzle of Wynter Identity

Standing next to the car, Ewan's impatience grew. He couldn't wait any longer and was about to venture into the alley to search for Larry.

However, Ewan was not dumb. Seeing Larry make such a grand entrance when he entered earlier, he knew it would've drawn some attention.

Thus, he decided to ask Susan and Warren if they knew where Larry had gone. If that didn't work, he would go straight to Margaret and ask her instead!

Before Ewan could step inside, his attention was drawn to Jerry, who was standing outside the barbecue shop. To his surprise, Larry was seated at a table by the window.

Growing up, Ewan had frequented this modest shop himself. But seeing someone like Larry here was unexpected and out of place.

Unbeknownst to Ewan, the choice of venue was orchestrated by Wynter, who valued convenience above all else.

"More meat. Wolf loves it," she insisted.

Larry's smile was almost ingratiating. "Bring us 20 plates of mutton!"

Wolf gestured with a hand that indicated the number five.

Wynter calmly ordered, "Make it 50 plates."

Larry quickly complied. "50 plates then!"

Larry marveled at Wolf, "Boss, it's truly remarkable how accommodating Wolf is when you're present. It's quite amazing that Wolf was the first to find you."

Wynter simply nodded without delving into details.

Larry rolled up his sleeves and handed her the utensils. "**Boss**, Wolf seems a bit unfamiliar

with me."

It struck Larry as odd that Wolf didn't even playfully pull his hair upon seeing him.

Besides, Wolf's eyes used to be a different color.

Wynter gently patted Wolf's head. "He matured too quickly. His nutrition couldn't keep pace, and it affected his brain."

Larry was shocked. "What do you mean?"

"He suffers from amnesia," Wynter remarked casually as she tied her black hair into a ponytail.

She then placed an order for a plate of mutton before glancing outside. "Larry, you've brought along a follower."

Upon hearing this, Wolf stopped eating and tried to rush out.

Wynter raised her hand to halt him. "That's none of your concern. Finish your meal, then prepare some noodles for Grandma. She prefers them without meat, so add an egg and boil the noodles until they're soft."

Their position was conveniently obscured by a wall from Ewan's view outside. All he could discern was Larry attentively tending to someone seated across from him..

Ewan couldn't help but wonder who it was that could be important enough to compel Larry to go to such lengths.

Ewan's eyes sparkled as he yearned to barge in.

Jerry was surprised by the shamelessness of Ewan, who had apparently followed them here.

Larry certainly didn't want to see him, so without hesitation, Jerry stepped forward to intercept him. "Mr. Yates, what do you think you're doing?"

"Jerry, we've been friends for a long time. I just want to head in for a meal. I won't disturb Mr. Hilton," Ewan smiled apologetically. "At most, I'll raise a glass to him."

Jerry's tone was icy. "Mr. Hilton has never met you, and there's no need for drinks."

"I can tell Mr. Hilton is in a good mood," Ewan persisted, not giving up on the idea of going

1. in.

He stood on tiptoe to get a better view. "But who are the people dining with him? How did they end up meeting here?"

Jerry blocked his way. "Ewan, if you keep this up, I'll have to call security."

"Please, don't," Ewan pleaded. He even offered a cigarette to appease Jerry. "I'm just curious. I only want to see for myself why someone as influential as Mr. Hilton would even bother giving utensils to others."

But Jerry wasn't swayed. He turned around and commanded, "Get him out of here."

In that fleeting moment, Ewan strained to catch a glimpse inside. With just one look, he found himself instantly frozen in place!

Chapter 140 Ewan's Attempt to Win Back Wynter

Ewan was shocked to the core when he saw that it was Wynter whom Larry was serving .

He took a step back in disbelief and almost stumbled in the process. If it weren't for the security guard supporting him, he might have collapsed right then and there.

It seemed almost inconceivable to Ewan that Larry had canceled a meeting with the Chamber of Commerce just to meet with Wynter.

As Ewan was pulled away, he slowly regained his senses. He wanted to rush back in for a closer look, but it wasn't possible anymore.

He was certain that the person seated across from Larry was indeed Wynter, and beside her was the little beggar Margaret had rescued.

He couldn't help but wonder how Wynter had gotten the chance to meet Larry.

After pondering for a moment, a thought struck him.

"It must be through the live stream!" He muttered. "Wanda had mentioned that Margaret was doing live streams with the girl she rescued!"

Ewan seemed to grasp onto an idea and wanted to contact Wynter. Only then did he realize that he had already deleted her number.

In frustration, Ewan berated himself with a light slap. "I should contact Margaret!"

Immediately, he dialed Margaret's number, only to find out that he had been blocked!

Ewan was frantic. His **mind raced**, and he finally decided to contact Susan.

The short tempered Susan snapped, "Exactly! Some investors saw the live stream and wanted to invest in Wynter. What's it to you?"

"Click!" Susan impatiently hung up the phone.

But Ewan smiled. "Just as I suspected."

He had heard about how some big shots liked to lavish attention on female live streamers. and engage in under-the-table deals.

Ewan narrowed his eyes. "Why didn't I think of it earlier? That face of hers could be quite useful!"

With this realization, he suddenly felt less pressured. Wynter had always listened to Margaret. So, if he could just please Margaret, getting Wynter back would be easy!

Jerry regretted not keeping a closer eye on him, and his face was filled with self-reproach. "Boss, feel free to punish **me** if you want."

"It's not a big deal, and there's nothing to punish you for," Wynter replied casually as she served some food for Wolf.

Her expression remained calm, yet it exuded an intimidating presence.

Jerry suddenly understood why Larry referred to Wynter as "Boss."

Despite his years of experience and encounters with many young ladies from prominent families, none possessed Wynter's commanding presence, especially at such a young age.

Her composed demeanor left Jerry at a loss for words.

Wynter then spoke again. "Sit down, and let's eat together. People like Ewan always think that they have everything figured out, but they can never guess my true identity."

Jerry lowered his gaze and expressed his concern. "I actually hope that he'll be able to guess your identity so that it can alert him. But the way he left seemed suspicious, and I'm worried that he might pose a threat to you, Boss."

Upon hearing this, Larry slammed his fork down in frustration. "How dare he? Who does he think he is?"

Larry finally grasped the challenging situation Wynter faced in Southdale, where even small company CEOs like Ewan attempted to bully her.

"As long as I'm still around, I'll bankrupt anyone who dares to try!"

Larry remained unaware that Wynter had been raised by the Yates. But even if he knew, his

attitude would remain the same.

"The Welkin Corporation was originally built for you to toy with. These people in Southdale have really overstepped their boundaries!" Larry exclaimed.

When the Dark Web Alliance existed, Larry had already entered society, while younger businessmen like Ewan were likely still in their infancy.

Larry couldn't comprehend their audacity to trouble Wynter. "Who gave them the guts to hassle with you?"

Jerry struggled to explain the complexities.

"Hassle with me?" Wynter chuckled and propped up her chin with one hand. "Well, **that's** perfect then. I'll use this opportunity to ruin him, so Grandma won't be heartbroken anymore."

As she said this, she played with the matchbox in her hand. Despite her youth, her gaze held

a dangerous chill that made one's spine tingle.