

## **The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 161-170**

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 161

Chapter 161 Yvette Saw Mister Yarwood

"I'm Shepherd," Charlie said proudly as if his surname would grant him access anywhere without hindrance.

The staff frowned. "I'm sorry, sir. We have an important guest today, and we haven't invited any doctors. I'd have to ask you and your companion to leave now."

Charlie was stunned. He had never felt so embarrassed before. "I-"

The staff suddenly pressed his Bluetooth earpiece, as if receiving some instructions. "Yes, I'm at the entrance. Mr. Yarwood has arrived? Alright, I'm on my way now!"

Mr. Yarwood?

Yvette's eyes

lit

up with anticipation, wondering if she could finally meet the man she hadn't seen last time.

Still annoyed by the staff's rudeness, Charlie hadn't noticed Yvette's expression until she spoke softly.

"I'm done with the photos. Why don't we go for a walk instead, Charlie?"

Charlie's mood improved slightly. "Okay."

Yvette said in a low voice, "Don't lower yourself to their level, Charlie. After all, he's just a receptionist, a server."

"I know. Let's go." Charlie sighed, marveling at how considerate his lovely Yvette was.

Little did he know, Yvette's mind had already wandered beyond the entrance.

Outside the entrance, a few million-dollar Mercedes cars led the way, followed by a luxurious all-black limited edition Maybeck.

The moment they caught sight of the Yarwood emblem, well-known in the business industry, everyone straightened up, awaiting the Maybeck's arrival.

The impeccably dressed Chamber of Commerce executives rushed over and respectfully opened the car door, their faces adorned with reverent smiles. "Mr. Yarwood."

As the car door swung open, Yvette caught a glimpse of the man inside, exuding a powerful presence and dignified posture.

Instead of a formal suit, he wore a dark trench coat, and his porcelain-white wrist was adorned with a red beaded bracelet.

Mister Yarwood

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Stepping out of the car, he was quickly surrounded by the crowd, exuding an air of nobility and aloofness, akin to a celestial being.

Yvette tried to get a better look by standing on tiptoes, but a Chamber of Commerce staff abruptly pulled her away.

"Why are you still here? Security, please come to Zone A. We have a male and female here, please escort them out immediately."

Amidst the chaotic scene, Charlie and Yvette were almost forcibly ejected from the Chamber of Commerce building.

The Shepherd family couldn't afford such embarrassment, so Charlie kept a vigilant **eye** as they were escorted out, ensuring they went unnoticed.

Meanwhile, Yvette remained captivated by the scene she had just witnessed.

**If** she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed that such an unattainable figure actually existed in the world.

Though she didn't catch a glimpse of his face, just the sight of his silhouette was enough to stir ripples in her heart.

"So that was Mr. Yarwood?" Yvette turned to Charlie and said, "You heard it too, didn't you, Charlie? The man who opened the car door addressed the man in the car as Mr. Yarwood."

Charlie frowned slightly. "Are you perhaps paying too much attention to Mr. Yarwood, Yvette?"

"I was just surprised to see someone famous like him, it's like meeting a celebrity," Yvette replied, her cheeks tinted with a hint of shyness. "Are you feeling jealous, Charlie?"

Seeing her blush, Charlie couldn't help but chuckle. "What do you think?"

"I promise I won't look at him next time," Yvette quickly swore.

Charlie's tone softened. "The Yarwood family initially chose us as their partner, but recently, there have been some issues with the collaboration."

"Now that Mr. Yarwood is here, I believe they'll reconsider their decision. With the Shepherd family's reputation, there's nothing to worry about!" Yvette smiled brightly.

Charlie squeezed her hand and remarked, "You're always so thoughtful, Yvette. You're much better than that fake daughter of Yates, you know."

Chapter 162 Dalton Meets **His** Love Rival

"Why do you keep bringing her up?" Yvette's gaze dimmed slightly, a hint of malice flickering across her expression as she lowered her head.

Unaware of her malice, Charlie thought she was just upset.

He chuckled and said, "Don't worry too much, Yvette. I only have eyes for you now. I mean, just look at Wynter! No man would want a headstrong woman like her!"

"Really?" Yvette bit her lip, her eyes misty with tears. "But Mrs. Shepherd seems to look down on me. I bet she prefers Wynter over me."

Charlie pulled her into his arms. "Don't worry about my mom. She can't change my dad's decision. Just give me some time, okay? Soon, I'll announce to everyone that you're my fiancée."

"Okay," Yvette responded with a sweet tone, though her mind was still preoccupied with the man she had just seen.

She needed to find a way to meet Mr. Yarwood in person, only then maybe...

Meanwhile, on the top floor of the Chamber of Commerce building, representatives from many large companies had gathered, including those from outside of Southdale.

While many of them were eager to collaborate with the Yarwoods, they also came to catch a glimpse of the head of the Yarwood family.

Most of them had never seen Dalton before; one reason being his poor health, and the other being that they lacked the qualifications to meet him.

After all, access to the top floor of the Chamber of Commerce required verification, and only three companies in the entire Southdale had met the qualifications so far.

Even Nelson was stopped on the 24th floor because he failed to meet the qualifications.

The conference room of the president's suite was outfitted with an array of modern amenities.

Dalton occupied the central seat, engrossed in the project proposals before him, his long legs casually **crossed**.

Among the attendees, none rivaled Dalton's youth; most were at least two generations his senior.

It was Larry's first time meeting the head of the Yarwood family, and he had to admit, there

Chapter 162 Dalton Meets His Love Rival

rumors didn't do Dalton justice.

Not only was Dalton ruthless, but he also exhibited remarkable astuteness.

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Furthermore, his striking appearance was simply impossible to ignore too dashing, too youthful!

Touching his right cheek, Larry couldn't help but wonder why his own appearance, reminiscent of a bandit, stood in stark contrast to Dalton's, despite both being CEOs.

As he was pondering, Dalton suddenly spoke up, "I heard Mr. Hilton has plans to invest in medical live streaming."

Dalton's voice was so calm that no one present had expected him to directly address someone.

Larry, who came without a specific purpose, responded, "Ah, yes. I do have such a plan."

But how did the head of the Yarwood family know about his plan? Their groups had never gotten in touch with each other before though.

"Tell me about your plan." Dalton continued, not bothering to flip through other proposals,

his eyes calmly fixed on Larry.

"Well..." Larry rose to his feet, his hands empty, a chill creeping down his spine.

Knowing he wouldn't receive the proposal from his boss until the next day, he had come unprepared, with nothing to present.

However, Dalton seemed surprisingly understanding. "I watched your interview in Southdale."

The CEOs present exchanged glances, surprised that Dalton would bother watching interviews as well.

"You watched my interview?" Larry was taken aback.

"Just trying to gather more information," Dalton said with a meaningful glance, leaving out the part about why Wynter would accept Larry's investment.

"Apparently, Mr. Hilton has quite a distinctive personal style," Dalton added.

“Personal style?” Larry didn’t quite comprehend.

“Your big gold chains and watch... are quite unique,” Dalton said, twirling the beads on his

wrist.

Though he couldn’t quite understand why anyone would prefer such accessories.

Chapter 162 Dalton Meets His Love Rival

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Other CEOs couldn’t help but feel regret. If only they had known Dalton had a preference for this kind of fashion, they would have dressed accordingly!

Larry sighed and said, “Please excuse my lack of refinement.”

“You’re too humble, Mr. Hilton.” Dalton glanced at him from head to toe and remarked, “You have your merits too. At the very least, you have a reassuring face.”

Reassuring because Wynter had a preference for handsome faces; she would never be interested in one like Larry’s.

Larry was a bit puzzled. Was that a compliment?

Chapter 163 Dalton **Knew** Wynter Was Hiding Secrets

“The Yarwoods are interested in your project, Mr. Hilton,” Dalton stood up straight, his charming face calmed and reserved. “You **may** inform your team to start drafting the collaboration contract.”

“Um...I... “Larry was puzzled, wondering what he had said to intrigue Dalton.

Did he just secure the collaboration with the Yarwoods?

It seemed like he had hit the mother lode without even trying!

No, there was still a difference. Unlike a mother lode, collaboration with the Yarwood would bring in real money!

The other CEOs

present were even more confused than Larry; they didn’t even know what medical live streaming was.

The investment conference ended with everyone puzzled only one aware of the purpose of this conference.

except for Dalton, who was the

He popped a lozenge in his mouth, gritting it between his teeth, his eyes flickering.

Now he could finally become one of Wynter's investors.

Understanding

Dalton's intention, Ethan gently reminded him, "Sir, what about Dr. Genius

"Larry will inform her," Dalton replied in a low tone.

Ethan nodded and turned to leave the room. Suddenly, he abruptly stepped back, slamming

the door closed loudly.

Dalton raised an eyebrow at him.

"Sir, Wolf is outside!" Ethan seemed flustered.

"Wolf?" Dalton asked slowly, as if contemplating. "Why is he here?"

Ethan swallowed nervously, recalling he was almost seen by Wolf a moment ago. "I think

Wolf came with Larry. Oddly enough, they seem to know each other quite well."

"They do?" Dalton tapped his finger on his bead bracelet, his expression calm. "I see."

It seemed like Wynter chose her investors quite carefully.

What secrets were she hiding?

"Sir, perhaps I should stay here for now," Ethan softly inquired.

Dalton nodded in agreement, his gaze shifting outside the window as he pondered carefully.

Came to think of it, Larry's visit at Southdale seemed more than just coincidental... as if he had come specifically for someone.

Dalton's eyes deepened significantly as he recalled what Max had said earlier: "Dr. Genius has already told me that you and she were just pretending."

He gripped his fingers tightly, knuckles turning pale..

Releasing his grip, he said, "Ethan."

“Yes?”

Eyes still outside the window, Dalton said, “Look into her childhood.”

“Yes, Sir,” Ethan replied, understanding without question that Dalton was referring to Wynter.

Nevertheless, Ethan couldn’t help but think that Dalton was getting a little obsessed with Wynter.

Apparently, Wynter was more than just a casual acquaintance to Dalton.

Meanwhile, Wynter, who had been planning to work on a live streaming proposal, suddenly received a call from Larry.

“Boss, guess what happened in the investment conference,” Larry’s voice was **so** loud that it almost deafened Wynter.

Wynter held the phone slightly further from her ear, continuing to plant Zenith herb while talking on the phone, “Spill it out, I don’t like guessing.”

“Hehe!” Larry sounded like a mafia boss. “Man, the interview I went to last time really paid off! Even the head of the Yarwood family watched it! That guy was all over my personal charm, you know?”

Based on her understanding of Mr. Yarwood, Wynter replied firmly, “Impossible. You must be dreaming.”

“No, really! Just now at the meeting, he expressed interest in our project, offering resources and support. He even wants me to contact legal to draft the contract right away! And...”

Larry chuckled shyly before continuing, “He even complimented me on having a reassuring face.”

Chapter 103 VAHUN KETE

Was that even a compliment?

Casually propped her chin, Wynter’s gaze slightly darkened. “Got it. You can start working

on the contract.”

“Okay!” Larry replied enthusiastically before hanging up.

However, Wynter didn’t believe things were as simple as they seemed.

Something told her that Mr. Yarwood had set his sights on her.

Could it be that she had left some trails during the Gibsons’ incident?

If that were the case, it would be unwise for her to turn down the collaboration, especially considering that no one in their right mind would refuse the Yarwoods.

This Mr. Yarwood was such a headache.

Wynter tapped on the top supporter on her live streaming channel Yarwood and sent him a private message: “Can we talk?”

—

## Chapter 164 They Chatted Online

After sending the message, Wynter realized she had a linked icon with Mr. Yarwood – a small pink heart symbol that gradually lit up when she interacted with him.

Wynter’s fingers paused, wondering who had designed such an unnecessary icon.

Previously, the moderator had asked her whether she wanted to grant Mr. Yarwood a linked icon, and she had agreed without much thought.

But now... this icon seemed a little awkward as she tried to negotiate with him.

Without hesitation, Wynter tapped the moderator’s account and sent:

“Anyone there? Please remove this icon for me.” She attached a screenshot.

The account instantly responded, but it was a bot. “Hi, streamer! How may I assist you?”

Wynter messaged the bot along with Dalton’s and her accounts. “Remove our linked icon.”

“Hi, streamer! Since you’re the only one with Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood’s defensive shield, the removal of the icon needs to be initiated by him. Alternatively, you can talk to one of our customer service representatives for further...”

Without further ado, Wynter responded, “Take me to them.”

“Hi, streamer! Our customer service team is currently experiencing huge traffic. You will need to wait in line for 7 hours. Send ‘1’ to continue waiting, or ‘2’ to...”

Wynter immediately shut the chat, her beautiful expression tinged with irritation.

What a waste of time.

Since Mr. Yarwood hadn't replied yet, Wynter made herself a cup of tea, her fingers playing with the sugilite pendant, her demeanor was calm and aloof.

Meanwhile, Dalton was consumed with collaboration proposals, so he entrusted his phone to Franklin, his new special assistant.

Usually, Franklin refrained from checking Dalton's personal phone without permission. If a call came in, he would have noticed, but private messages often went unnoticed.

Hence, by the time Dalton retrieved his phone, an hour had passed since Wynter sent him the message.

Startled, he furrowed his brow slightly and cast a cold glance at Franklin. "From now on, Inform me immediately whenever she messages me."

## Chapter 164 They Chatted Online

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Franklin was a little stunned. "Yes, Mr. Yarwood."

Who was this streamer? The boss seemed to value her greatly.

Though curious, Franklin refrained from inquiring, he stood silently aside, watching Dalton fix his eyes on the phone.

Dalton

set down his diamond pen and tapped open the live streaming app. As if startled by something, his eyes narrowed, and his fingertips hesitated momentarily.

If Franklin had stood a little closer, he might have noticed Dalton's lips slightly curling into a smile, accompanied by a barely audible chuckle.

"What do you want to talk about?" Dalton replied, waiting patiently with no immediate intention to resume his work.

As Dalton's special assistant, Franklin discerned his demeanor and promptly rescheduled the meeting, which was originally scheduled for 15 minutes later, to after dinner.

However, Franklin was far from calm.

If he had seen it correctly, the app that Dalton had tapped open was the live streaming platform operated by the internet company owned by their group.

And was that **the** Defensive Shield icon?

So their boss had personally rewarded a streamer with a Defensive Shield

Frankdin tried to remain calm, not showing any expression, while his hand had already typed and sent a message to the internal meeting group chat:

“@Network Division Doris Yoder, please prepare the latest platform data and a detailed live streaming operation plan for me”

Doris immediately replied: “Noted! I’ll prepare it right away, Mr. Lynch!”

## Chapter 164 They Chatted Online

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## Chapter 165 His Voice Sounded Familiar

Doris then sent Franklin a private message. “Mr. Lynch, may I ask privately, is this your request or Mr. Yarwood’s?”

“I requested it. Any problem?” Franklin replied.

As Dalton’s special assistant, it was Franklin’s responsibility to pay attention to his boss’s priorities.

This was a skill expected of a professional CEO’s special assistant.

“Oh, no problem at all. It’s just that Mr. Yarwood suddenly rewarded a female streamer with an internal account the other day, so I thought...”

“Well, never mind then. Please ignore me, Mr. Lynch. Don’t worry, only the three of us top executives know about Mr. Yarwood’s **account!**”

Female streamer? Female?

Franklin took a deep breath and typed, “Please share that streamer’s live streaming channel with me as well, Ms. Yoder.”

Doris immediately complied, a smile on her face.

It seemed that Mr. Yarwood was planning to focus on developing their department. Good thing they had signed this streamer! They would need to reward that moderator with a bonus later!

As Franklin left the meeting room, he quickly scrolled through the live streaming channel “Empathy Clinic”.

His heart relaxed a bit when he found out it was, in fact, a medical-related channel. He assumed that Dalton must be interested in it for work-related reasons.

Meanwhile, in the meeting room, Dalton waited for about three minutes before receiving a reply.

Empathy Clinic: “Mr. Yarwood, it seems you’re quite interested in me and have been following closely.”

Standing upright in front of the medicine cabinet, Wynter typed with a slight chill beneath the medical goggles she wore.

She bit off the glove  
from her other hand, her gesture accentuating the elegance of her face.

Chapter 16 Hie Vorce Stect Farndian

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Judging from her response, Dalton could easily tell she wasn’t in a good mood at the moment.

With a little hesitation, he replied.

Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood: “I apologize for any rudeness from the Yarwood family in the past.”

Taken aback by his reply, Wynter was momentarily at a loss for words.

How could such an arrogant and aloof man, known as the cold-blooded tyrant of Sorzada City, be so unpredictable?

Raising her eyebrows, Wynter typed, “Did he tell you this?”

Before she tapped send, she felt her tone seemed too intimate and inappropriate, so she deleted it and retyped it.

Suddenly, a voice call interrupted her.

Without much thought, Wynter answered the call.

The person on the other end seemed to chuckle softly before saying, “You’ve been typing and deleting for a while. What is it you want to say?”

His voice had a pleasant, gentle tone that exuded a captivating charm, like that of a voice actor telling stories at midnight.

When Wynter heard his warm voice through the phone, she felt a sensation as if something was tickling her ear, inexplicably warming it.

She adjusted her posture to listen more attentively, her brow furrowed. “Your voice...”

“What about it?” Dalton’s hand abruptly paused as he was signing a document.

“Nothing,” Wynter replied nonchalantly.

She thought his voice sounded like that of her handsome patient. require the same level of attention.

except her patient didn’t

“I was just wondering, have we met before, Mr. Yarwood?” Wynter closed her clinic door, hoping to hear his voice more clearly.

Dalton raised his eyes slightly. “What makes you think that, Ms. Quinnell?”

“Just trying to understand why someone as powerful as you would pay such excessive attention to a nobody like me. First, the generous live stream gifts; now offering resources. It’s worth asking,” Wynter said frankly, her eyes sharp with insight. “After all, there’s no

Chapter 165 His Voice Sounded Familiar

such thing as a free lunch in this world.”

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Initially, Mr. Yarwood’s voice reminded her of Dalton, but upon closer listening, it sounded colder and more imposing...

Chapter 166 Who’s That Messing with Dalton

Dalton’s gaze lingered on the top floor of the Chamber of Commerce for a while before he replied with a meaningful smile, “I do indeed know Ms. Quinnell.”

Upon hearing his answer, Wynter narrowed her eyes, her demeanor turning somewhat dangerous.

She was wondering how much Mr. Yarwood had found out about her, and whether she needed to personally visit him to discuss matters.

Then, she heard the sound of fabric rustling, followed by the striking of a lighter from the other end of the phone. Perhaps Mr. Yarwood had risen to light a cigarette.

Dalton then said in a calm voice, “You saved my brother Anthony. I was in the car at that time, and Anthony kept asking to see you, so I sent him back to Kingbourne. I’ve always wanted to thank you personally, but my poor health condition prevented me from doing so.”

Sent Anthony back? “Thrown” seemed more appropriate from his tone though.

Nevertheless,  
it all made sense now. So, he was following her closely because she had saved his brother.

Wynter toyed with the sugilite pendant in her hand, her hostility dissipating.

But then again, Mr. Yarwood sure had an unconventional way of expressing gratitude.

“Besides...” Dalton’s voice lowered, carrying a hint of melancholy, “I still find it rather concerning about the fact that Ms. Quinnell refuses to treat me.”

Feeling his tone was somewhat genuine, Wynter couldn’t help but feel a little guilty for doubting his sincerity.

“Your illness requires constant attention, and I’ve heard about your allergy to women. Since I’m a woman, I’m afraid it wouldn’t be suitable for me to treat you,” she said.

“Looks like Ms. Quinnell has been following me closely too.” Dalton coughed lightly, his smile remained. “I reckon you have heard some rumors about me then.”

Stunned, Wynter’s hands paused. Then, she replied with a lie, “Never heard of any.”

In fact, old man Atwater had told her about Mr. Yarwood carrying a myriad of personal burdens, with all kinds of setbacks.

Back then, the old man even felt pity for Mr. Yarwood, who was blessed with fortune and prosperity by birth.

Chapter 166 Who’s That Messing with Dalton

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Unable to visualize a person burdened with a myriad of personal struggles, Wynter lazily tossed some stones and asked Atwater, “What do his personal burdens look like? Mind- blowing?”

Atwater looked at her as though he were seeing someone else’s shadow on her, then murmured, “You still haven’t remembered anything, have you?”

The memory of Atwater’s words still made Wynter frown even now.

She wondered why he had to be so mysterious and cryptic; his words always lacked clarity- not to mention, he had disappeared without a trace.

Perhaps he had gone somewhere to swindle others.

Initially, Wynter had taken on the Yarwood family’s case out of curiosity to see the personal burdens Mortimer had told her about.

Now, she was intrigued to see what Mr. Yarwood, the tyrant of Sorzada City, looked like .

However, she hadn't had any luck finding his picture online.

She could have hacked into Mr. Yarwood's local network to peek at his picture while chatting with him now, but that wasn't her style.

Besides, while Mr. Yarwood wasn't some notorious villain, he was her top supporter who had generously rewarded her with nearly half a million.

Wynter suddenly smiled mischievously while biting a piece of candy, as a playful idea had popped up into her mind.

"Perhaps you can introduce yourself properly by sending me a photo, Mr. Yarwood. I can offer you some professional appearance advice."

The other end of the phone fell silent momentarily.

Meanwhile, as Franklin walked into the meeting room, he swore he would never want to interrupt Dalton's phone call if he had a choice; but he had to come to inform Dalton of Fabian's arrival.

Never in his wildest dream had he expected to overhear the woman on the phone messing with his boss, Dalton!

No one under the sun would dare to mess with Dalton Yarwood, knowing his identity!

Most importantly, why wasn't Dalton angry about it at all?

Despite his usual composed demeanor, Franklin couldn't help but sigh with deep worry.

Chapter 167 Dalton Sent a Picture

2/2

His scholarly elegance was truly unparalleled.

Even Franklin, who had been working for Dalton for some time, was astonished by his striking demeanor.

He couldn't imagine how the person on the other end would react upon receiving Dalton's picture.

Meanwhile, Wynter had been fixated on her phone screen since Dalton said "sending it now ". After a few seconds of waiting, she came to realize something was off.

Why hadn't she received the picture yet?

Just as she was about to ask, she noticed that their call had ended due to a network issue.

Why was there a network issue all of a sudden?

Before Wynter could type a message, she received three system messages in her livestream backend:

“We have received complaints and found inappropriate content in your livestream channel.”

“Your account has been banned due to violations. During the ban, features such as live stream, private chat, etc. will be restricted.”

“Reminder: If this account is found to have violated legal laws and regulations, we will forward the issue to the relevant authorities for further processing. Otherwise, you can request to lift the ban within 48 hours. The evaluation will take 24 hours.”

Complaints? Inappropriate content? 24 hours for evaluation? So, she wouldn't be able to talk or receive messages for 24 hours?

Wynter narrowed her eyes, realizing she and Margaret couldn't broadcast their live stream as scheduled the next day.

She scrolled back to the platform page; nothing responded no matter where she clicked. She couldn't even edit the description of her livestream, let alone type in the chatbox.

Every time she tried to send a message, the platform system would warn her with red exclamation marks.

How timely this complaint was. If it had come a few seconds later, Wynter would have gotten a glimpse of that mysterious Mr. Yarwood.

Nonetheless, compared to Mr. Yarwood's appearance, Wynter was more concerned about this sudden “complaint”...

Chapter 168 Wynter's Secret Identity

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Chapter 168 Wynter's Secret Identity

According to the livestream platform's mechanism, they wouldn't directly ban Wynter's account if they had only received a few complaints.

Since Wynter wasn't broadcasting at the moment, it was unlikely she had violated any rules.

In other words, the platform's aggressive action indicated they had received a significant number of complaints.

It appeared that someone had hired a professional troll army to target Wynter.

Wynter sat in front of the medicine cabinet, her indifferent expression tinged with intrigue.

Interesting, someone actually tried to take her down online.

Should she commend their bravery or call them foolish?

Bitting into a candy, Wynter swiftly took a screenshot and uploaded it to the Dark Web Alliance forum.

Dark

Web Alliance King: "I want the accounts associated with this troll army to disappear from the internet in one hour."

When her message was posted, it instantly stirred up a commotion in the forum.

"Unbelievable! To think that some troll army had the nerve to mess with the Dark Web Alliance!"

"Hey, it's King!"

"Questions: Who's King?"

"King's the founder of Dark Web Alliance, duh! Missing in action for a long while, though."

"That troll army is so dead; King just issued a wanted order on them!"

While all hackers were free to target anyone they pleased, they knew better than to mess with the Dark Web Alliance.

Rumor had it that the important members of the Dark Web Alliance were big shots from various industries, especially their founder, **King**.

King was extremely low-key and unrestricted by any laws or rules.

His whereabouts remained mysterious. Even internal members of the alliance had rarely seen him. It was said that he was always accompanied by the genius hacker L.

Chapter 168 Wynter's Secret Identity

King first made his debut on the internet during an international case years ago.

Back then, over 300 domestic websites faced attacks from foreign hackers, who aimed to steal highly confidential secrets from Shumland.

It was King who stepped forward and left a message on the hackers' computer: "You've got one minute to get your ass out of Shumland's local area network, or you can kiss your ass goodbye."

Every hacker's worst nightmare was their whereabouts being **exposed**, and King had not only located them but also remotely destroyed their hard drives.

After that incident, no other overseas organizations had the nerve to invade Shumland's network again.

And King was regarded as a legend thereafter.

"Found it! It's The Nines Entertainment!" A member of the Dark Web Alliance posted.

The Nines Entertainment built its reputation by starting with paparazzi shots and sensationalizing topics.

Initially, they would publish anything to attract traffic and make money causing internet uproars.

even if it meant

After being acquired by the Scott Group three years ago, they transitioned into managing talents and guilds.

While they might seem legitimate now, they still nurtured troll armies and manipulated public opinion.

Although there were cases of people being driven to suicide by them, they were backed by the Scott family and their powerful legal team, making it hard for common people to stand against them.

That was why, despite their countless wrongdoings, they had managed to survive until now.

The Nines Entertainment wasn't afraid of retribution, especially not from a little streamer like Wynter.

Hence, upon receiving Wanda's request, The Nines Entertainment's project manager, Ivan Yarborough, didn't hesitate to go all out against this new streamer.

With Wanda's tempting commission and her ties to the Scott family, Ivan simply couldn't

find a reason to decline.

However, having started through underhanded means, The Nines Entertainment wasn't

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granted access to the Dark Web Alliance forum.

Thus, even now, Ivan was completely unaware of the consequences of his actions...

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#### Chapter 169 Wanda and Her Evil Plans

In his office, Ivan sat with a triumphant smile, eyes fixed on the notification confirming his successful complaint.

He promptly sent a screenshot to Wanda, adding, "All set. Feel free to check the livestream channel anytime. While the account still stands, the livestream feature **has** been disabled."

Wanda **had** just wrapped up a call with the Scott family's main branch when she received this good news.

They had informed her that Fabian Quinnell of Kingbourneth was now in Southdale, seeking a highly skilled medical practitioner for his care. They wanted her to recommend someone

to him.

Wanda was overjoyed to receive the call from the main branch, which rarely contacted her if ever.

This was her chance to prove herself!

A highly skilled medical practitioner? Looked no further! Yvette and Charlie fit the bill perfectly!

Renowned in Southdale and hailed by the Shepherd family as medical rising stars, they were the ideal choice to tend to Fabian Quinnell's health.

"Things are just getting better and better for me," Wanda exclaimed to herself as she called Ivan after seeing his message. "Are you certain that you won't be able to broadcast live

stream tomorrow?"

Ivan replied confidently, "The platform explicitly stated that banned accounts can't live stream for at least 24 hours. If we persist, the account will be permanently banned, and the

streamer won't **be** able to create a new account."

"What about the livestream channel?" Wanda anxiously asked the question that concerned

her most.

Ivan shrugged and responded, "Permanently banned along with the account, of course."

"No, we can't allow that!" Wanda's mind was made up. "The livestream channel mustn't be affected. I only want the streamer to be taken down, not the channel. In a way, that channel belongs to my husband."

Ivan's eyes gleamed with understanding. "Simple. The streamer will undoubtedly request the ban to be lifted. Once she resumes streaming, we just need to pressure her into

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transferring the channel to us. That way, the channel won't be affected."

2/2

"Let's proceed with that plan!" Wanda immediately transferred a sum of money to Ivan. "I trust Mr. Yarbrough to know what to do next."

"Just leave it to me, Mrs. Yates. We have our ways **to** deal with people online." After receiving the payment, Ivan promptly went online and gathered more troll armies,

instructing them to start manipulating public opinion.

"Ideally, we'd like someone who can handle things in real life too. I remember you have actors in your company, **don't** you?" Wanda added.

"Everything will be arranged." Ivan smirked wickedly.

Hanging up the phone, Wanda was quite pleased with the efficiency of their work; unlike the freelance troll army she had hired last time.

Those freelancers had made no progress at all after accepting her job. On top of that, they even had the nerve to tell her that they wouldn't accept such requests anymore. How unprofessional!

"I knew I could count on a company under the Scott Group," Wanda sipped her afternoon tea contentedly.

It was undoubtedly the most satisfying day she had experienced in a while!

Reflecting on all the misfortune that had befallen the Yates family, Wanda realized it had all started with that ungrateful Wynter.

Now that she had cut off Wynter's only source of income, and the school would be taking action by afternoon at the latest, Wanda would show Wynter how easily it was to crush her with real life.

What made that lowlife Wynter think she had what it takes to challenge her, Wanda Scott?

"Hmph." Wanda smoothed her hair, anticipating Wynter and Margaret to come crawling to beg for mercy.

Meanwhile, Wynter had already hacked into The Nines Entertainment's local area network from her clinic.

As she was browsing through their information, her phone suddenly rang...

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"Shh, keep it down! You don't want to offend the Yates."

"Don't you know? She's been kicked out by the Yates! Now she's living with some poor old lady who runs a massage parlor. That old lady smells like – Phew! Don't even get me started!"

"But I heard she's doing live streaming, and it's a hit!"

"If her live streaming is so popular, why haven't we heard her saying anything? It must be some fake rumor."

Meanwhile, in the school office, Karina was discussing the same matter.

"You poorly educated parents simply don't know how to teach your children. How could you let her do those ridiculous live streams? And if her live streams are a hit, why haven't I heard about it?"

"Besides, what does she know about medicine? What gives her the right to treat patients online? Mrs. Yates Senior, your granddaughter is in big trouble now. What do you expect me to do?"

Struggling to keep up with Karina from behind, Margaret spoke with a deferential tone, "You're right, Ms. Greene. I didn't teach my granddaughter well. But is it possible that you look into this matter a little more? Wynter has always been a good kid since she was little. She wouldn't-"

"She wouldn't what?" Karina rudely interrupted her, her tone filled with disdain.

"Are you trying to say she wouldn't cheat? Then enlighten me, how did she manage to get full marks in every subject? Don't tell me she did it because of that unprofessional medical training you taught her!"

Margaret frowned, attempting to reason with Karina. "Ms. Greene, you can't accuse Wynter of cheating based on speculation."

"Oh, I see what you're doing now, Margaret. You're not here to apologize but to teach me how to do my job, are you?"

Karina returned to her desk with her laptop and sarcastically waved her hand.

"In that case, you can go now. I still have tons of work to do. As for Wynter's fate, you can sit at home and wait for school's notice."

Wynter happened to hear these words when she was just stepping through the door...