

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

Chapter 211 Wynter's Move and the Yates Group's Bankruptcy

"Ewan can weigh his options," said Wynter, who stood under the street light in a black leather jacket. "We're not going to coerce him."

Larry guffawed. "He has no choice when the options are either jail time or bankruptcy. Boss, that was brilliant!"

"He deserved every bit of it." She grinned. "We gave him a chance before, didn't we?"

Ewan only had himself to blame for not cherishing his opportunities. Instead, he kicked up trouble and even got Margaret involved.

Wynter was always a vindictive person. Ewan needed to count his blessings, for she would have sent him to jail if he weren't a Yates.

After all that had happened, Ewan's first thought was to go to Margaret for help. He believed that Margaret would help him out if he wept in front of her just like he had done before.

To his dismay, Empathy Clinic was closed for the day. Sitting in the backyard, Margaret stroked the bracelet that her husband left for her.

She mumbled, "Elton, our son has never proved himself useful. You kept saying to give him time, so I turned a blind eye and suffered from his actions because my days are numbered anyway. But now, he's hurting others!"

him if I beg her to, but I can't put her through Injustice.

She wiped away her tears. "Wynter will surely spare him if I beg her to, but We live under the rule of **law**.

"Elton, you and I were wrong. We could not save Ewan because **his** heart was not in the right place! We

couldn't save him..."

Ewan's cries were futile. Standing by the door, he started cussing. "I've never met such a heartless mother! You should've died with Dad!"

Ewan finally accepted that he couldn't count on Margaret this time. If he couldn't sell off the family house, he'd have to sell Yates Group to pay his debts. But he wasn't ready for that. He refused to be the laughingstock of Southdale.

He went home dejectedly. The maid hurriedly helped him with his bag, but she was concerned because her

had been delayed for half a month, and there were rumors of Wanda getting arrested.

pay

She blurted out, "Mr. Yates, when will we get our pay this month? We're kind of tight on money."

Ewan, despite having his cards frozen, couldn't swallow his pride. He merely waved at the maid and said to her, "Go talk to the company accountant, Joseph Monroe, tomorrow."

"Sure." The maid smiled and comforted him, "Mr. Yates, don't fret. Ms. Yvette has your back. She just called to report that she's saved the life of a prominent **figure** in Kingbourne, and she's waiting for you to

return her call."

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His eyes lit up with hope. "Did Yvette really say so?"

"Yeah. She couldn't reach you or Madam, so she called home," the maid explained, but Ewan ignored her as he dialed Yvette's number.

At the Winstons' magnificent villa in Kingbourne, Yvette sat from across Arianna and emulated the latter's tea-drinking etiquette. Unfortunately, she only succeeded in making herself look like a try-hard.

Seeing that, Ella Winston couldn't help but chuckle. Arianna reminded Ella, "Ella, Dr. Yates has treated your grandpa. Don't be rude."

Soon, Ella left their company out of boredom. Arianna gracefully addressed Yvette, "Dr. Yates, please excuse Ella. I've probably spoiled her rotten. I'm amazed at your medical skills despite your young age

though."

Yvette shook her head humbly and blushed in embarrassment, but Arianna secretly looked down on such behavior. A master in their field should always carry themselves with pride and grace.

The Winston family's patriarch, Clyde Winston, nearly suffered a fatal heart attack due to his comorbidities. However, Yvette had miraculously saved his life with acupuncture.

Chapter 212 Yvette's True Colors Revealed After the Discovery of the Livestream

As a result, Arianna held Yvette in high regard. She complimented Fiona, "Fiona, you have good taste in people."

"Oh, Wette and I are destined to meet. Fiona patted the back of Yvette's hand in a friendly manner. "She downplayed her skills on the way here, claiming that she couldn't treat a patient as she was still in school. But look at her! She's awesome."

Yvette would never admit that she just happened to be lucky. When Clyde had a heart attack, Fiona bluffed about Yvette's skills, putting her on the spot. She therefore had no choice but to treat Clyde.

Fortunately, she carried a medical book she had stolen from the Yates family. She recalled Wanda once mentioned Margaret's medical expertise, and she was sure that Margaret knew a thing or two. Judging from the age of the medical book, Yvette knew it'd come in handy.

However, as she struggled to decipher the messy writing in the book, she performed the acupuncture with whatever knowledge she could make out. To her surprise, Clyde stirred awake after she inserted just two needles into his acupuncture points.

As one of the four great families, the Winston family held a higher social status in Kingbourne than the

Scott family.

Just as Yvette felt gleeful for having acquainted herself with the Winstons, Arianna started questioning her. "Dr. Yvette, what do your parents do? I'm interested to know how they raised such an excellent daughter."

Yvette immediately understood that Arianna was trying to pry into her family background . Thankfully, the Scotts were a wealthy family in Southdale, unlike Wynter and her mother.

Yvette began, "My parents are businesspeople. They're staying at-" She was interrupted by her **ringing** phone.

Arianna gestured at her to take the call.

Yvette explained with a smile, "It's from my dad. Then, she walked to a corner to talk to Ewan.

Before she could speak, she heard Ewan's urgent voice from the other end. "Yvette, your mom's been arrested. I'm afraid she will receive a jail sentence."

What? The smile on Yvette's face froze, but she tried her best to keep her composure in front of the

Winstons.

Ewan continued grumbling, "The company is affected by your mom's scandal. You should take time off

and come home for a bit."

"Dad, I'm too busy to come home," Yvette **argued**.

Was he kidding? Why would she head home after she had just befriended the Winstons and settled down in Kingbourne?

Chapter 212: Yvette's True Colors Revealed After the Discovery of the Livestream

Frowning. Ewan continued, "But Yvette-"

"Dad, I'm outside now. I'll call you back when I'm back at the dorm. With that, she hung up on Ewan, as she didn't want Arianna to see through her.

Arianna, however, **was** a shrewd woman. She lifted a brow quizzically. "Family issues?"

"No, nothing like that," Yvette instantly denied. Arianna did not press on because she was tired after a day of dealing with Clyde's heart attack.

After some small talk, she instructed the family driver to send Yvette back to campus. Before Yvette left, Fiona advised her to nurture her connections with the Winstons.

Yvette agreed with Fiona absentmindedly while scrolling her phone. The more she read, the more upset she became.

Panic surged in her when she clicked into Empathy Clinic's livestream and found that the channel had 788,000 followers and counting.

When did Wynter start livestreaming? And since when did she garner that huge amount of followers? How could Ewan not tell her about Wynter's popularity? Instead, he provided her with useless updates about

Wanda's arrest.

Given the popularity of Wynter's livestream, the whole world would hear about Ewan and Yvette's despicable actions soon. Knowing Wynter, she'd only add fuel to the fire.

Before she left for Kingbourne, she had reminded Wanda to keep an eye on Wynter's movements and immediately update her if anything unusual happened.

Not only did no one update Yvette, but Wynter and her business took off while Yvette wasn't around.

Chapter 213 No Help for Wanda and Family but They Deserved It

Yvette seethed, Wanda had not only landed herself in hot water due to her stupidity, but she had also dragged Yvette down with her!

Yvette decided that she wouldn't allow Wanda's scandal to affect her life, especially knowing that the Yates family had met their demise.

After she left the car, she called Ewan and asked coldly, 'Did Grandma or Wynter create the successful

livestream channel?”

Ewan had never seen this side of his good daughter, which made his heart sink. He had no choice but to clutch at straws. He replied, “It could have been your grandma. I’m not too sure. It was already a popular channel when I learned about it.”

Keeping her anger in check, she confronted him, “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“Well, livestreaming is like begging for scraps online. Your mom and I didn’t pay much attention to it at

first.”

Yvette was nearly driven mad. She yelled, “This is the internet era! Don’t you know?”

Ewan sounded cross, as he **had** never been told off by someone younger. “Yvette, watch your tone!”

His scolding reminded her that she still depended on her family for her allowances. Her tone softened.” Dad, I was just worried. How could Mom be so slow? She could have done anything except to fight for

Grandma’s livestream channel.”

Yvette’s tone carried a hint of blame, but Ewan shared the same sentiment. Lowering his voice, he

grumbled, “I can’t do anything about your mom’s situation. No attorney will take her case. I’ve tried bribing

the authorities, but she still has to serve a one-year sentence.”

“A year..” Yvette wouldn’t mind if Wanda was locked away for ten years, as she didn’t want to financially support a disgraceful mom. The last thing she wanted was to be associated with her mother who had

served jail time.

Ewan sighed. “Enough talk about your mom. How are you doing in Kingbourne? I heard you saved the life of an important figure. Is he Fabian Quinnell?”

Yvette was familiar with Ewan’s way of poking around for information by now. Just like Fanny and Dickson, all Ewan wanted was to take advantage of her.

Keeping that in mind, she warily lied, “No, it’s not him. At first, I thought it was Fabian Quinnell, but he turned out to be an ordinary old man—a poor relative of Fiona’s,

“Is that so?” Ewan sounded disappointed. Soon, he changed the topic. “Yvette, since you have connections in Kingbourne, you should introduce me to Mr. Quinnell Senior after you meet him.”

She readily agreed. “Of course I will. Dad, I’ll always help the family company before helping anyone else.”

“You’re the best,” Ewan said. “Gosh, the company is in dire straits, and the family expenses are-

Chapter 13 No Help for Wands and any hit They Despired f

She cut him off. “Dad, I’m heading to the Quinnella’ tomorrow. Flons said that my clothes and bags were too shabby. I might need some money from you for some shopping.”

“Do you need money?” Ewan had trouble sustaining his own lifestyle. But upon second thought, he believed that Yvette could help with securing the Quinnells’ investments

He asked, “Yvette, how much do you need? I’ll transfer the money to you right away.”

Yvette tried to sound thoughtful. “I’ll use it wisely. How about 2,000 dollars?”

2,000 dollars was nothing to Ewan in the past. But now, he grimaced at the thought of dishing out that much money.

Gritting his teeth, he made the difficult decision to transfer the money. “Yvette, do not forget what I asked

of you.

Chapter 214 Focus on Your Exams Tomorrow

Did the channel owe its success to Wynter or Margaret’s medical expertise? Yvette thought it was important to figure that out.

Preoccupied, she didn’t even return Charlie’s text. **Once** she returned to her dorm room, she checked Wynter’s grades on her laptop. Unsurprisingly, Wynter’s grades were in the bottom 10th of the class, much to Yvette’s relief.

At the same time, she felt upset that Wynter could make a living with Margaret’s livestream channel without the Yates family, which was lucky indeed.

Yvette clenched her fists with a stone-cold look in her eyes. Regardless, Wynter’s livestream success did not matter much, now that Yvette had made acquaintance with the Winstons.

If she recalled correctly, the Winstons were an uber-rich family who **kept** a low profile in her past life, and they were the ultimate winners of the game.

Smiling, Yvette looked down on the livestreaming job and regarded Wynter as a lowly streamer whose income relied on the charity of viewers.

Unlike Wynter, Yvette believed that she could achieve success in expensive Kingbourne with the Winstons

help, and to be hailed as a master of medicine.

At that thought, Yvette opened the medical book and ran her fingers through the writings with a look of greed in her eyes.

That was right. Yvette kept a little secret, with which she could get anyone to propel her to greater success in life, as she could gain insight into unknown but significant events.

At night, Margaret waited for Wynter to come home amidst the drizzle. When she spotted Wynter's figure, she put on a raincoat and rushed to greet her granddaughter,

Patting the back of Wynter's hand, Margaret nagged, "You little rascal! You made me so angry!"

Wynter comforted her. "Grandma, it's all my fault. It went a little overtime."

According to Wynter, it would only take her two hours to settle the matter at hand. Alas, an unexpected incident foiled her plans.

Lucas Keller had conducted a purge in Southdale, and she was his first target. It was all an unlucky coincidence.

"You have a lot of ideas, but you never share them with me." Margaret playfully pinched Wynter's ear. "Come on in. I'll burn some sage before you have supper."

Wynter silently thought, "Well, according to science, burning sage is just a superstition." Still, she did whatever Margaret wanted her to do.

Later, Margaret brought her a bowl of soup with some snacks. "Eat the food while it's hot. Take a hot bath

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later and go to sleep. That will put behind all the upsetting events from today. They won't happen again."

Margaret softly caressed Wynter's long hair. "My darling child, you'll have a smooth-sailing life."

After a busy day, Wynter hungrily wolfed down the food. The warm yellow light cast a glow atop her in the

clinic in a cozy scene.

While Wynter was having her soup, Margaret said to her lovingly. "Take your time. Don't burn your tongue.

Margaret's gentle mumbles and the reassuring rustle of the medicinal herbs were some of the reasons Wynter refused to divulge her identity to keep living in Southdale.

However, it'd be difficult for her to live an ordinary life now that the Empathy Clinic had shot to fame. If Larry could recognize her, she bet others could too.

Arching her brow, she realized that she needed to speed up her plans to open her clinic chain. After all, she had promised Margaret she'd set up clinics all the way to Kingbourne.

Refusing to engage in the topic, Margaret reminded her, "You should focus on your exams tomorrow. Don't neglect your studies for money. Mr. Hilton will oversee the clinic chain in business. He's talked to me

about it."

Wynter broke into a smile. "Didn't you describe him as being too eager to invest in **us**? You said he

seemed quite untrustworthy. Why the sudden trust in him?"

Chapter 215 Getting Closer to Each Other

"I'm just a senile old lady living in an alley with nothing much, but I have you and Wolf." Margaret beamed. "I cannot keep staying in my comfort zone in this tiny village while you and Wolf work hard out there.

"I need to take the first step to meet people and learn something new. I cannot be trapped in this small village," she proclaimed with a radiant look as she cast aside the sleeve. "I still have lots of life left in me."

"That's right. You are a brilliant, gorgeous woman. Your life is only about to begin, chirped Wynter. "In the future, everyone will hear of this doctor in Southdale who does good."

Her remark cheered Margaret up. Margaret scoffed. "You little rascal. You're pretty good at making me

happy.”

“Well, I’m speaking the truth!” Wynter looked at her grandma with her beautiful eyes.

Margaret, not listening to Wynter’s glib remarks anymore, cleaned the table and sent Wynter to take a

bath.

They did not bring up Ewan in what seemed like a tacit agreement, nor did they talk about what happened that day. They decided to put it all behind them.

To Margaret, she felt thankful that Wynter was safe and sound. She heard from Fiona that Wanda had gotten into trouble with some prominent figure, and Wynter was implicated as well.

The incident reshaped Margaret’s views. She dared not imagine what would have happened if Wanda got her way—Wynter would be ruined for life!

In the past, Margaret naively wanted to live her own life, but she had changed her mind since. She resolved to become stronger to protect Wynter from any injustices.

Oblivious to Margaret’s inner thoughts, Wynter was simply glad to see Margaret walking out of the shadows of the past and socializing again. The good news brought a smile to her face even when she

was showering.

Her good mood lasted until she received a call from Dalton. Freezing up, she nearly forgot about her overly handsome “friend”.

“Hello.” She casually rubbed her damp hair with a towel before tying it up with a hair claw. She explained, “I didn’t reply to your texts because I was busy today.”

Dalton responded with dead silence, as though **his** soul had been sucked out of him. He then let out a soft sigh.

In a seductively low and melodious voice, he said to her, “I heard everything that had happened to you. How do you feel now? Did they give you trouble?”

“No. Everything’s fine.” Wrapping the towel on her head, she proceeded to chew on a piece of candy. “It’s just that the delivery of your medicine will take two days longer.”

He replied flatly, “The medicine is not what’s important. Had I been in Southdale, I would have “His

ser to Each Diner

voice trailed off.

Even though he did not say it aloud, she could guess his thoughts. He probably wanted to say that such a thing wouldn't have happened if he were in Southdale.

"I can take care of my own matters," she blurted out instinctively.

He let out a slightly sarcastic and self-mocking chuckle. "Right. Dr. Genius **is** awesome. She doesn't need me at all." Was he upset?

She stopped in the middle of chewing the candy. "You

"Your grandma told me that you have exams tomorrow." He shifted the topic. All his emotions suddenly

dissipated. "Any subjects you need help with?"

She replied nonchalantly, "I don't know a thing about all the subjects. Can you teach me everything now?"

"**Sure.**" Dalton leaned against his chair with an indifferent, yet intimidating, look. He placed the diamond

fountain pen on the table before scanning the faces of the important businessmen in front of him.

He lied to her with a straight face, "I was just done with work."

Chapter 216 Video Call of the **Two**

Max was speechless hearing that. Dalton treated them as if they didn't exist.

Wynter thought for a moment. "I do have a question."

"Alright, hold on." Dalton looked at the man sweating profusely before him. "You can leave now. I want to see the results by tomorrow."

Wynter could hear faint noises coming from the other end of the line. Though it wasn't very clear, it sounded oppressive.

The person talking to Dalton seemed exceptionally respectful toward him. He even spoke with a sense of fear. "Yes, Mr..."

Wynter didn't catch the last word clearly. But by the time she snapped out of it, the call had switched to a video call. It was a sudden **call** from him, but she didn't decline it. Wynter was always casual, treating voice and video calls similarly.

Soon, Dalton appeared on the screen. He was dressed in a black suit with his long legs crossed in an executive chair as if just finishing a meeting. His tie was slightly loosened, revealing a little of his chest, which looked seductive.

As the video call connected, he raised his head, showing his handsome face. "What do you want to ask?" he asked while leaning back. As his voice was husky, it drew people in.

Wynter gasped again at the allure of his looks. Facing him was different from just hearing his voice. She felt a rush through her veins whenever she laid eyes on him. A desire to possess him stirred within her. Suppressing her thoughts, Wynter met his gaze.

Dalton, however, looked away. He said gentlemanly yet aloofly, "Your shirt." His voice had a hint of unusual hoarseness.

Shirt? Wynter lowered her gaze, realizing her white T-shirt was slightly transparent after her shower. It was clinging to her collarbones, which indeed might not have been suitable for public viewing.

As she raised an eyebrow, she took down the towel and removed the hair tie from her head, letting her long hair fall freely over her shoulders.

With her exquisite features, the mole under her eyes added a hint of innocence and mischief

to her charm.

During the process, Dalton kept his eyes low, idly playing with his red beaded bracelet. He was acting as though he was unaffected by whatever was happening on her end.

He looked like a calm business tycoon on the outside, but his fingers playing with the beads betrayed his anxiety. His deep eyes were indecipherable.

He thought that she would look great in a bodycon dress, maybe a light green one with the dress wrapped around her body....

"Done." Wynter casually tapped her phone.

Only then did Dalton redirect his gaze. When he saw her current look, there was a pause. However, he quickly regained his composure. "Okay" in slightly hoarse voice sounded restrained yet deep.

This made Wynter suspicious. "Did you not get enough rest again? Is your cough getting worse?"

Dalton suddenly chuckled. "Only you would think my cough is the issue,"

“What?” Wynter couldn’t hear clearly, so she turned up the volume on her phone.

Dalton looked at her. Indeed, his throat felt a bit itchy, and a light cough escaped.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “Remember to take your medicine.”

“I know, Dr. Genius.” His tone held a touch of helplessness.

Wynter was always straightforward. “Was it you who asked for the Yarwoods to help me?”

Dalton didn’t deny it. “Yes.”

Wynter tapped her fingers on the table, smiling. “Just how close are you and Mr. Yarwood?”

Chapter 217 Their Entanglement Has Begun

Dalton stopped fidgeting with his beaded bracelet. But instead of answering, he asked, “Why?”

“It feels like he’s doing everything for you. Does he owe a debt to the Quinnell family?” Wynter asked.

“Well,” Dalton answered, “he does.”

Wynter rested her chin on her hand. “Then ask him to remove the Defensive Shield icon for me.”

Dalton paused, pretending to be puzzled. “Defensive Shield?”

Thinking he might not have known, Wynter explained, “It’s an icon that appears on my livestream channel when I receive a big tip. It doesn’t suit my aesthetic.”

Dalton chuckled softly. “Why not ask the administrator to handle it?”

Wynter, rarely emotional, pouted slightly. “The administrator only sends me automated responses, and the moderators haven’t addressed it. I think it’s probably because the tip amount is significant, and they fear upsetting a major client.”

Dalton asked slowly, “Isn’t receiving tips a good thing?”

“It is, but I’m not used to being bound like this.” Wynter was really bothered by the icon. It had two hearts, and it would easily increase the intimacy status.

Dalton seemed to ponder for a moment before gradually smiling. “I don’t think I can help you with that.” He was right. Asking the boss to remove the Defensive Shield icon could have been seen as unreasonable.

Wynter didn't pursue the topic further. "I'll figure something out."

Dalton hoped otherwise. He fidgeted with the beads on his fingers, realizing that the live stream platform's security needed further upgrades. In particular, icons like Defensive Shield couldn't simply disappear.

That evening, several executives of the livestream platform received notifications. The focus was on the Defensive Shield icon and the streamer's need to cater to VIP users.

Normally, Dalton wouldn't concern himself with such trivial matters. The executives were now quite confused. What should be reported to the CEO, and what shouldn't? With the time difference, their conversation didn't last long.

Furthermore, Margaret soon entered with a blanket, urging Wynter to sleep. Dalton, being Tactful, ended the video call.

But just before hanging up, his final **words** were unexpectedly intimate. "I'll be back soon." It sounded like what a boyfriend on a business trip would say to his girlfriend.

Wynter's heart felt inexplicably stirred. Ultimately, it was his captivating voice and handsome face **that** caused this reaction. If it were someone else, she probably wouldn't think much about it.

Ever since the day she bit him, she often recalled that moment. His face would even appear in her dreams.

It felt like they had known each other for a long time. He felt very familiar to her. However, she couldn't recall why. Wynter fell asleep under the warmth of the freshly sun-dried blanket.

This was probably how the elders in every family treated the youngsters. No matter what the youngsters encountered outside, coming home meant entering a comfortable and clean environment.

Seeing Wynter staring at her, Margaret thought she was afraid of the dark, just like in her childhood. She fanned Wynter and started telling stories to her. This was rare **for** Wynter. After all, she knew those stories better than anyone else.

The next day, Wynter was still half-asleep when she was pulled up. Her long hair was tousled. She rubbed her eyes, planning to continue sleeping. However, Margaret wouldn't

allow it.

She tugged on Wynter's arm. "Hurry! Mr. Lopez said you must take the test today! The whole school is waiting for your results!"

Chapter 218 Wynter Will Perform as Usual

Chapter 218 Wynter Will Perform as Usual

Margaret didn't care about others' opinions, but schooling was a non-negotiable. Everything else could wait, but knowledge could not.

Margaret disliked hearing people say that it would be useless for girls to study **so** much and that the money should be spent on boys instead. If Wynter did well this time, she might actually get into a good college.

Wynter hadn't even washed up yet, but Margaret seemed to foresee a bright future for her. Her good granddaughter shouldn't have to be stuck in this small village, enduring the disdain of those people. She should be allowed to break free.

"Wynter, listen to me. I'll manage the store, and I won't go easy on the Yates family either. Just focus on your test and don't stress."

Wynter could tell how much Margaret valued this test, as the latter even put a four-leaf clover in her pocket. It was a folk practice believed to bring good luck.

Wynter had originally planned to hide her abilities and aim for an average score. But now, she smiled and said, "Don't worry, Grandma. I'll perform as **usual**."

Margaret had no idea that the last time Wynter performed as usual, she had helped someone win a lawsuit, even sending the opposing lawyer to prison. **Of** course, this was all a secret.

Margaret woke up especially early to make pancakes paired with hash browns for Wynter. They were crispy and fragrant.

"Eat slower," Margaret said affectionately. "I've packed everything for you. Don't ride your bike today. Take a taxi. Got it?"

Wynter tied up her long hair and grabbed her bag. "Got it."

Margaret watched her all leave. The neighbors all knew Wynter had a test today.

When Susan ran into her, she gave her a box of pre-cut apples and stewed tomato soup. "The lunch in the cafeteria isn't good. Take this instead. It's even insulated."

"Thank you, Aunt Susan." Wynter strode forward with her long legs as she said loudly, "I'll fix your lamp when I'm back after the test."

All the elderly folk smiled as they watched her leave. Everyone knew she had been wronged. When Margaret had trouble moving, they asked around at the police station and even submitted a joint appeal.

They were ordinary people who usually bargained for groceries and took small advantages.

Chapter 218 Wynter Will Perform as Usual

But when things went wrong, they would be united. Moreover, they really liked Wynter.

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If Wynter could pass this test, wouldn't their little village produce a college student? Except for Wynter herself, everyone else was worried about the test for her.

Victor even brought Abel to school, having him review the key points with Wynter during lunch. Originally, the plan was to review them over the past few days, but no one expected that trouble to happen. Now they could only make up for the lost time.

Abel was annoyed. "Grandpa, she really doesn't need me to review this with her."

"Shut up! Are **you** so into the act?" Victor glared at him. "Why are you acting so afraid of a young lady? Grow up.

Abel took a deep breath. He was really scared, but he knew no one would believe him. He always felt that there was something evil about Wynter. Victor tiptoed to check. He feared that Wynter would be late.

He didn't know before, but when he looked at her report card, he realized her scores were barely hitting 20 in each subject. She had rarely been to school, and when she did, she was usually late.

Victor was afraid that the last time she scored well was because she just happened to do that set of questions before the test and remembered it. At this thought, he couldn't help but panic.

Chapter 219 Wynter the Genius Doesn't Need Him

At this moment, Wynter was still in a taxi, handling her tasks. She was the one pushing forward the acquisition of the Yates Group, setting traps and analyzing data. She was playing the long game.

When it was almost time, she instructed Larry, "Contact Ewan and let him know that Weilin Corporation will give him three minutes to hear what he has to say.

Larry was excited. "The pressure tactic. I know!"

A company whose market value had hit rock bottom was an ideal target for acquisition. After wrapping things up, it was already 9:00 am. The test would start at 9:30 am. As Wynter got out of the taxi, she was still looking at her phone.

Moderator 007 was also reaching out to her. Knowing she had been released, he sent her several messages, expressing the livestream platform's condolences.

Wynter smiled faintly. "I have to thank you this time."

It wasn't easy for the livestream platform to support her under pressure and not suspend her account. This was all thanks to her moderator.

007 instantly felt that it was all worth it. "It's what I should do. At first, I thought it was just a malicious report. But it turned out to be something so disgusting.

"I know about Strawberry Cloud's situation. It was really tough for her at that time. Her parents have contacted us many times. Their hair even turned gray overnight. It's hard to watch something like that."

007 continued, "At that time, there was nothing we could do to help. Now, Strawberry Cloud's account has been restored. I also followed your advice and transferred ownership to her parents, hoping they can find some comfort."

Getting vindication could be difficult, especially with cyberbullying. Luckily, the truth came to light this time.

Wynter chuckled. "That's great." She didn't tell anyone that it was her who gathered the evidence. No one would expect a poor "newbie streamer" to have such power.

Only Ivan, who was imprisoned, was terrified when he heard Wynter's name during interrogation. It was like an instinctive response. He kept muttering, "Demon. She's a demon."

His company was completely ruined. Not even a shred was left for him. Ivan would never

forget the words that flashed across the computer screen.

"Ivan, right? You're doomed." With that, his world fell apart.

The Scott family didn't save him, and they weren't even planning on keeping the entertainment business. This showed how rotten their business was.

Ivan's mental state was off. The officers who were taking his statement shook their heads and locked him up again. He kept saying that there was a female ghost outside trying to take his life and that he was safest inside.

On the other side, the moderator was still confirming Wynter's schedule

007 texted her, "Is there really no way to go live today? The number of users asking for you to go live has surpassed one million. They're all waiting for you."

After paying the taxi fare, Wynter replied, "Maybe the day after tomorrow. I have exams to take these two days."

007 was shocked. "Exam?"

"Yeah, I'm going into the exam hall right now."

007 almost spilled his coffee. "Okay, good luck!" Afterward, he wiped his forehead.

Wynter was really brave. She was so relaxed, even when going into the exam hall.

Wynter saw Victor waiting for her from a distance, with that stubborn Abel standing beside him. "Mr. Lopez Senior," Wynter greeted him before heading in.

Victor

cleared his throat heavily and quietly approached. "Wynter, don't be nervous during the test. If there's anything you don't understand, let this brat explain it to you at noon." Wynter nonchalantly glanced in Abel's direction upon hearing that.

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Abel's scalp tingled. "Grandpa, I think Wynter can handle it herself." Here it was again. That inexplicable sense of oppression.

Wynter chuckled. "You're right." With that, she walked into the building.

Victor followed, grabbing Abel's ear. "You think my foot! Do you know her past grades? If she doesn't pass this test, I'll kick you out of the Lopez family, you brat!"

Abel woke up early for this but ended up being lectured. It was Wynter taking the test, not him. Why should he be punished if she didn't do well on her test? Abel even wondered if he was Victor's biological grandson. He felt genuinely aggrieved.

Victor, on the other hand, was worried. What **happened** to Wynter was a rare occurrence. Most students already knew she had been wronged.

But since she had only been released for less **than** a day, the official reports hadn't revealed any details, nor was it appropriate to disclose any investigation details at this point.

As for what role Wynter played in the case, the official answer would only come out five days later at the earliest. Some students still had reservations about her.

“Treating patients and taking an exam are two different matters.”

“Even if she’s popular, she can’t cheat, can **she?**”

“Let’s see how she does on this test.”

The tian teacher, Ivana, **had** interacted with Wynter and didn’t want to give up on this promising student.

To avoid suspicion, she wasn’t part of the team of invigilators this time. Even Victor could only watch through a screen.

Unlike last time, when nobody cared about Wynter, this time, countless eyes were watching her. There were even cameras installed in the classroom. Not only was cheating out of the question but even a slight movement from Wynter would be seen.

Clinical manifestations were not included in this test. As for medical knowledge, the teachers had watched the livestream and unanimously agreed that Wynter didn’t need to take another test. Her practical knowledge far exceeded theirs.

Physics and chemistry came last. The first subject was mathematics. When the papers were handed out, the teacher instructed Wynter, “Stay calm and take your time. Don’t rush. If you’re unsure about a question, double-check it.”

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Wynter responded casually. Once she had the paper in her hand, she wrote swiftly and accurately.

Outside, Victor was getting anxious as he watched. “Think a little longer about this. question! Sigh!”

No one knew how she was doing on the test. While some students were amazed by her speed, others sneered.

“Even the top student can’t answer that fast.”

“That’s me when I’m guessing the answers.

I

Only during the final question did Wynter use the rough paper. During the entire exam, she didn’t

exam was originally scheduled for two hours, but she finished it in 70 pause once. *Th* minutes.

The invigilator gasped and advised her to double-check her work

Unexpectedly, Wynter flicked her wrist and massaged her neck with one hand, looking cool. "While I'm in good condition, let me continue the exam. I'm short on time."

Victor held his forehead in anguish. "What's she rushing for? Is there anything more important than taking the test right now?"

Abel tentatively replied, "Probably lunch."

Victor slapped him at once. "Do you think Dr. Genius is a foodie like you?"

Some students thought she was being too pretentious, while others admired her.

"She's so cool!"

"It'll be amazing if Wynter can score a CGPA of 3.5 like this."

The second subject was Elmstian. This time, Wynter answered even faster. The multiple-choice questions were a breeze for her.

When it came to the essay, her handwriting was messy, but it didn't affect her output. She finished the Elmstian paper in less than 30 minutes. This time, the invigilator looked at the surveillance camera

Victor had already given up. He let out a long sigh. "Let her continue."