

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 Rescuing Someone on the Street

"Boss, you really do have a discerning eye! I'll prepare the money to pay the Yardwood family now!"

Wynter's gaze remained indifferent as she said, "No rush. I'll head to bed first and deal with it tomorrow."

Apart from making money, Wynter's biggest interest was treating various complicated diseases.

Cases like the one from the Yardwood family were quite good. In fact, she was the only one who could calmly face the arrival of the Yardwood family in Southville.

Looking around now, all the prestigious families of Southville were in a hurry. Even families like the Yates family were busy making connections just to get an invitation from the Yardwood family.

Rumors were circulating even in the regular resident's circles, making this month particularly lively in Southville.

First, the richest man in Kingbourne was looking for his granddaughter, and now the Yardwood family had come for medical consultations.

Rumors had it that the legendary divine doctor, known as "Dr. Miracle," had appeared in Southville, which prompted the Yardwood family's visit.

There were many rumors about this "Dr. Miracle," but it was difficult to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

With the Yardwood family's invitation, this "Dr. Miracle" might actually appear...

The next day, in the retired courtyard, Wynter still woke up late. Like any working person, she was reluctant to leave her refreshing little house and soft bed on a hot morning.

However, she had to earn money.

After washing her face, she went out with just a bag and without makeup. She grabbed a public bike to avoid traffic during the morning rush hour.

"Hello, Wynter. Heading out?"

"Umm... Yeah."

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Everyone whom she passed greeted her. Wynter took a hotdog that Jacob gave her. She moved forward without a care. In no time, she blended into the traffic flow.

Half an hour later, at the renowned Caesar Hotel in Southville, the lobby and surrounding areas bustled with activity. The high-end cars in the entire Southville had gathered here.

In comparison, Wynter, riding a bicycle, looked particularly conspicuous.

As she arrived, even before she could park, the security guard, Micah, approached to drive her away.

"Go away. Where did you poor student come from? We are not open to the public today,"

Micah said.

Wynter propped up the bike with one leg, her gaze meeting his. Her tone was calm as she said, "I'm here to save someone."

"You? Here to save someone?" Micah burst into laughter. "I say, little girl, you're not that old, but you're quite good at bragging."

Wynter thought for a moment, brought up the invitation page on her phone, and said, Please tell the people inside that Dr. Miracle has come to accept the invitation."

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"Dr. Miracle? I'm also a divine doctor, then!" Micah scornfully glanced at her and said, "I've seen so many invitations, but I've never seen someone show it on their phone like you..."

With that, he waved at Wynter dismissively and said, "Quickly leave. Don't block the way."

After he finished speaking, Micah went and happily opened the door for a luxury car. He said, "Madam Gibson, Ms. Yates, you've arrived. I'll quickly inform the people inside and prepare tea for you."

The people inside the luxury car only nodded through the window, not responding. Micah, however, was pleased, as if he had gotten a huge bonus.

As the luxury car drove past, through the car window, Yvette inside seemed to recognize Wynter and showed a hint of hesitation.

Madam Gibson asked, "Yvette, what's wrong?"

Yvette laughed softly and said, "Nothing."

Outside the car, Wynter's gaze remained indifferent. She walked decisively, with a playful hint at the corner of her mouth.

She never expected that someone who could decide life and death with just one needle would be looked down upon like this.

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Indeed, those who experienced a loss of position and influence often faced indignity afterward. Wynter raised her lips slightly.

Wynter believed that treating an illness depended on fate, and she would not treat those who only sought personal gain.

Today, she would skip this consultation.

Pulling out her phone, Wynter was about to send a rejection message.

Suddenly, a scream came from the other side of the road.

“Oh no, someone fainted!”

In an instant, many people rushed over.

“Oh my God! It’s a child!”

“His face is so pale...”

Hearing the commotion, Wynter didn’t hesitate. She stopped the bike and walked quickly toward the crowd.

The little boy lying on the ground was only three or four years old. His forehead was wet as if he had sweated a lot.

Someone grabbed a person in a white coat and said, “Young man, you’re a doctor, right? Quickly save this child!”

“No, I can’t do so, ma’am. The family is not here, and I dare not take the initiative.” The person in the white coat shook his head, showing disdain. “Besides, I don’t treat just anyone.

Upon seeing this, Wynter directly pushed through the crowd. Her voice was clear, and her tone was professional as she said, “Please make way. Keep the airway open. The patient needs ventilation to cool down.”

Perhaps it was her unquestionable presence, as the onlookers, after hearing her words, surprisingly did not question her.

When Wynter squatted down, her fingers reached for the child's neck.

The nearby lady, Patricia, became a bit anxious and asked, "Little girl, you're quite young. Can you do it?"