

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 91-100

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Does Mr. Yarwood Like Wynter

Dalton stepped back with a smile. "Okay."

They got along so naturally, like familiar friends.

But Ethan always felt that the atmosphere was weird and hard to describe.

Moreover, he had never seen Dalton do this to anyone, as if he was actively attracting Wynter.

It was rare to see Mr. Yarwood like this.

Sitting under the Black Locust tree, he chuckled and pulled his collar attractively.

Ethan made a bold guess. Could it be that Dalton had a crush on Dr. Genius?

He didn't dare to dwell too much on his wild guess and kept his head down.

Meanwhile, Margaret had already boiled some water and asked them to cook herbal medicine.

She was glad that Wynter's friends were staying for a meal. She counted what she would buy and happily went out with Susan, taking Wolf along with them.

Wynter turned up the temperature of the mugwort room and let Dalton lie down while she checked on some things on the internet.

After a while, Margaret and Susan came back from grocery shopping.

As soon as Susan entered the yard, she said mysteriously, "Wynter, I think our place is going to be demolished!"

"Where did you get this news?" Wynter chuckled.

She whispered, "I saw a luxury car parked next to the market outside our alley! I asked Wolf, and he said that it was worth more than six million."

Wynter glanced at Wolf, who was carrying a vegetable basket.

He gestured.

Chapter 91 Does Mc Yarwood Lar Wynter

She frowned. "Maybeck?"

Wolf nodded.

She thought the Yarwoods would come, but she didn't expect it to be so soon.

But it didn't matter. She was a doctor anyway, so she couldn't refuse a patient if they had found her.

Susan was suspicious. "Wynter, do you know him?"

She answered casually, "I know the car's brand."

Susan laughed. "I thought that it was your grandma's patient. If she could treat a patient like that, her life would be much easier."

"Yes." Wynter didn't explain it.

As soon as they finished speaking, there was a noise outside.

"Wow, whose car is this?"

"Rolls Royce?"

“Is he here to find the Yates?”

Hearing that, Susan turned back and looked outside.

There was indeed a car that had just parked. The car was black, luxurious, and grand. It looked expensive at first glance.

“Wynter, this...” Susan felt a little confused.

There had never been such a good car in their alley.

She still had lingering fears about the previous incident. “Is he here to cause trouble for your grandma? I can help you block him.”

Wynter reassured her calmly, “No, Aunt Susan. He should be the patient who came to me.”

“Patient?” Susan looked confused. “Coming to you?”

Didn’t Margaret say that Wynter knew nothing about medicine?

Chapter 91 Does Mr. Varwood Like Wynter

Moreover, she had massaged their necks before, but she couldn’t do it at all.

Wynter guessed correctly. There was a patient.

But Ryan showed up instead. He found her for that special patient. When he looked at her, his voice was trembling urgently.

“Wynter, are you free now?”

She pondered and said, “Yes, but you have to wait.”

Ryan nodded immediately. “Okay!”

Wynter entered the room and picked up the black bag. Then, she looked at Wolf.” Don’t charge the patient in the mugwort room. Don’t let him scan the code and go make tonight’s dinner.”

When he heard that, he was a little reluctant but still obeyed.

She stroked his head. “Remember to keep him here. He is in a special situation.”

Wolf nodded his head.

Wynter was still worried and left a note for Dalton before leaving.

She wondered what it was that had happened to that special patient to make Ryan so anxious.

Chapter 92 Treat a Special Patient

Ryan didn’t take Wynter to the nearest hospital but to the Caesar Hotel in the city center.

There were a lot of cars along the way, and there were traffic jams everywhere.

Ryan craned his neck to look around, afraid of wasting time.

Wynter sat in the back seat, saying calmly, “Ryan, calm down first. Tell me the patient’s symptoms.”

“I can’t tell what the illness was. She suddenly fainted. I didn’t see her.”

Ryan glanced at the driver, whispering, “The sick one has been weak and has a

history of anemia. Although she is the Quinnell family’s adopted daughter, Mr.

Quinnell Senior treats her like his granddaughter as she looks similar to the real Ms.

Quinnell. When you go in later, please pay attention to that.”

Wynter said casually, “Ms. Quinnell has been lost since she was a child. How can the Quinnells see the similarity?”

Ryan sighed. “She has photos of her childhood. This adopted daughter was also in

human trafficking before. I followed others to find her. As soon as Mr. Quinnell Senior saw her, he matched up with Ms. Quinnell's photo. He was sad for a long time when he found their DNA unmatched."

After hearing that, she said lightly, "I got it."

She didn't care much about the Quinnells' family affairs. What she cared about was the sudden fainting.

There were precursors to any disease, and this sudden fainting was a bit strange.

Well, forget it. She would check it anyway when she got there.

She must help Ryan.

Meanwhile, a well-dressed woman entered the hotel's Frenda restaurant, carrying a Chanel bag.

She didn't sit down but leaned against the door, turning sideways to let a girl behind her enter.

The girl wore a hand-customized white dress, and her face looked particularly delicate because it hadn't been exposed to sunlight all year round. What she wore around her neck was Dior limited edition rhinestones. Under the light, she looked like a princess.

She looked slender and delicate. Everyone could tell that she was the daughter of a wealthy family.

The moment she came in, everyone around her was looking at her.

Although they were all big shots in Southdale, there had never been such a stylish and luxurious girl in Southdale.

She even used pure Frendese with the chef.

The chef, Pierre, made a gesture of kissing her hand without actually touching her hand. He was gentle and humble. "Ms. Quinnell, it's my honor to serve you."

Ms. Quinnell?

“Is she that Ms. Quinnell?”

“Which one?”

“The one from Kingbourne, the richest family in the city. The chef of Caesar Hotel wouldn’t personally greet other Quinnells. Do you remember? The Caesar Hotel is the Yarwoods’ assets.”

“Oh my God!”

The ladies, who were having afternoon tea, took a breath and lowered their voices.

That girl seemed to have everything they envied, including diamonds and luxury bags. Most importantly, the atmosphere of being cherished by others.

Wanda was also among the ladies. Seeing everyone’s discussion, she asked, “Didn’t the Quinnells have been men for generations?”

After what happened at the Gibsons, fewer people asked Wanda out to drink tea in the past two days. Everyone avoided her, and their neglect was obvious.

Chapter 92 Treat a Special Patient

They came out with her today as she offered a meal.

Ms. Snyder, who was in the jewelry business, ignored Wanda’s question.

However, considering that the Scotts were in Kingbourne, she answered lazily, “The Quinnells had a granddaughter, but they lost her when she was a child. That girl is an adopted granddaughter. The Quinnells pamper her very much. Don’t ask casually in the future, or you’ll offend them.”

Chapter 93 Who Is the Special Patient

Wanda immediately expressed her understanding, inviting everyone to try the dessert, but her gaze still fell on that girl.

That girl must be very wealthy to be so luxurious.

People in their circle were also wealthy, but there were levels of wealth.

For example, they could buy three Hermès bags at most. If it were that girl, she wouldn’t care how much she spent.

The girl had already sat down. The woman who opened the door first was just her housekeeper.

“Ms. Naomi, I’ll ask them to prepare whatever you want.”

Naomi Quinnell’s voice was gentle. “Aunt Fiona, please sit down. You don’t have to take care of me all the time.”

“How can I? I must take care of you.”

The middle-aged housekeeper, Fiona Young, was very responsible.

Naomi seemed helpless, chuckled, and was about to order food.

But a bodyguard came, frowning slightly. “Ms. Naomi, why are you here? Didn’t you ask Mr. Lloyd to call a doctor for you?”

“Call the doctor?”

She was confused, then seemed to guess something, looking at her housekeeper.

Aunt Fiona?”

Fiona smiled calmly. “Ms. Naomi, this isn’t a big deal. Your appetite has been bad recently. I heard that there are many renowned doctors in Southdale, so I called one over to treat you.”

Naomi sighed. “Okay.”

She knew Fiona had other plans to bring someone here without her permission. But Fiona had been by her side since she was a child.

Chapter 93 Who is the Special Patient

Even if Fiona did something outrageous, there was nothing wrong.

The bodyguard said responsibly, “Mr. Lloyd and the doctor have arrived.”

Fiona laid out the tableware for Naomi. “Just let them wait in the lobby lounge. Ms. Naomi will come over after finishing her meal.”

The bodyguard was in a dilemma. “But...”

Naomi smiled softly and spoke, with a slight blush and a soft voice, “Please tell them to wait a moment. Thank you. I’m too hungry.”

Hearing that, people present couldn’t help but appreciate her.

Ms. Quinnell was kind-hearted. Not only was she rich but also polite!

They wondered which doctor had such a blessing to treat the Quinnells. That was incredible wealth!

Wanda, who was sitting at the next table, was envious.

However, the bodyguard didn't want to convey such a message. "They're in a hurry.

How about Ms. Young coming with me to explain to them?"

Fiona's smile faded. "Why bother me? It's just a doctor in a small town! She'll meet with Ms. Naomi soon. What's wrong for her to wait for a while?"

The bodyguard thought, "But that's Dr. Genius! Mr. Quinnell Senior treats her with courtesy!"

"Ms. Naomi..."

The bodyguard didn't want to take the blame and get fired.

Naomi seemed to have no choice but to look at Fiona. "Go to explain to them."

Fiona nodded on the surface but felt angry in her heart. She thought the other party was so arrogant that she couldn't even have a meal.

Wynter and Ryan had been in the hotel lobby for 20 minutes.

He walked back and forth anxiously

Although the weather wasn't that hot, he had been running since just now. He had a big belly and was short and fat, sweating all the time.

She glanced at him, saying lightly, "Ryan, have you been like this lately?"

"What?"

He wiped his sweat, not realizing his condition.

She suddenly reached out, feeling his pulse. "Excessive sweating, overeating, palpitation, and hyperthyroidism."

Chapter 94 No More Treating the Quinnells

Ryan froze. "Wynter, am... am I alright?"

Wynter withdrew her hand. "You should relax. Pay attention to your sleep and diet. Go to the hospital for a check-up. You should cure it."

He had originally asked Wynter to help Naomi. No one would have expected that he was the one who needed medical treatment.

Wynter stood there, sassy and beautiful. Before going out, she changed into a black shirt. She looked tall and slender. Her face was even more dangerously cold.

When Fiona first saw her, she instinctively didn't like Wynter's appearance as it was too beautiful and aggressive.

Getting closer to them, the bodyguard said, "She's Dr. Genius. Ms. Young, please explain Ms. Naomi's illness to Dr. Genius."

"Explain?" Fiona smiled sarcastically. "Who are you?"

She observed Wynter. Although she tried her best to control her expression, she couldn't hide her disdain.

She had long heard that something there had delayed Fabian, who said he had met a traditional medicine doctor with superb medical skills.

Who was this traditional medicine doctor? How old was this girl? Had she graduated?

The girl wore the most ordinary T-shirt she had probably bought from a street stall. It looked cheap. Fiona thought she was a liar.

Wynter saw through her thoughts. She grew cold and didn't speak.

Fiona was annoyed when she noticed her expression.

She had been at the Quinnells for many years, and everyone was respectful to her. But this girl was so ignorant!

"You-"

Before Fiona could get angry, Ryan stepped before Wynter and stopped her. "Ms.

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Chapter 94 No More Treating the Dulanella

Young, where is Ms. Naomi? Let Dr. Genius treat her first."

“Mr. Lloyd, who do you think Ms. Naomi is? Can any random girl treat her?” Fiona finally voiced her thoughts.

Ryan, who usually greeted everyone with a smile, frowned. “Ms. Young, please mind your words. I invited Dr. Genius here especially.”

“I just heard you call her Wynter.”

Fiona seemed to have picked up on a clue. “Mr. Lloyd, are you using your friend to fool Mr. Quinnell Senior? I’m the senior housekeeper of the Quinnells, and they’ve done me a favor. I won’t allow you to do anything bad!”

He was so angry that he sweated even more profusely. “You-”

“What?”

Fiona looked sharp as she snapped, “You talk the most nonsense when you’re with Mr. Quinnell Senior! Ms. Quinnell has been missing for many years, but you keep saying you have news about her! Where is she? You haven’t found her, haven’t you?”

“You even caused Mr. Quinnell Senior to get sick. And now, you bring your friend here! What are you trying to do?”

Ryan’s head buzzed with anger as he listened to her spew more nonsense. However, she was the senior housekeeper and had served the Quinnells for most of her life. There was nothing he could do.

Fiona looked proud, glancing at Wynter. “Just wait! Ms. Naomi will see you after her meal.”

Wynter suddenly sneered. She chewed her gum and quipped playfully, “No need. I’ll never treat the Quinnells again in the future.”

Upon hearing that, Ryan and the bodyguard grew anxious.

Fiona sneered, “Little girl, who do you think you are? People are lining up to treat the Quinnells. How could you, a doctor from a small town, dare to threaten the Quinnells?”

Chapter 95 Ms. Quinnell’s Weirdness

Wynter stood up immediately and didn’t say another word. Instead, she picked up the black bag, looking sassy and indifferent.

“Ryan, let’s go. The Quinnells don’t need treatment.”

□

Furious with Fiona, Ryan explained anxiously, “Wynter, Ms. Naomi is different from the Quinnells. You...”

“Mr. Lloyd.” They were interrupted by a soft and gentle voice.

Fiona immediately changed her attitude, greeting respectfully, “Ms. Naomi, why are you here?”

Naomi held up the hem of her dress like a fairy. Her long hair was pinned up with a diamond clip, and her face was pale. “What do you mean I’m different from the Quinnells? The Quinnells raised me. I’ll repay it when I can in the future.”

Fiona glared at Ryan, thinking that he had said something wrong.

Ryan ignored her shooting glares and kept things business-like. “Ms. Naomi, I was telling Dr. Genius that although the Quinnells are always humble, Dr. Genius is Mr. Quinnell Senior’s guest, and Ms. Young offended her as soon as she arrived. Who will treat Mr. Quinnell Senior in the future if she refuses to treat him?”

He had searched all over Southdale to find a treasure like Wynter. He wouldn’t know what to do if arrogant Fiona angered her.

Fiona opened her mouth to speak, but Naomi shouted, “Aunt Fiona!”

Fiona could tell it was a warning, so she swallowed her words.

Naomi approached Wynter and spoke innocently, “Miss, I don’t know what Aunt Fiona said to make you unhappy. I apologize on her behalf.”

Wynter replied, “Okay.”

“Okay? That’s all you have to say?” Fiona couldn’t suppress the anger rising up in her. She seethed, “Mr. Lloyd, does she know the rules?”

Naomi tugged on her sleeve. “Aunt Fiona, don’t yell. We’re in public.”

She glanced at Wynter as she pulled out a stack of money from a Chanel bag. “Aunt Fiona has been at the Quinnells for many years and values etiquette, so she can’t accept your behavior. This money should demonstrate our sincerity.”

Her words sounded like an apology, but her thinly veiled words implied that Wynter had been disrespectful.

Wynter looked at the stack of money, and her smile widened. "The Quinnells are really 'humble'."

Naomi blinked, biting her lips slightly. "Do you think this isn't enough money? I have another card here."

She stepped towards Wynter, but her strong perfume smell gave Wynter a headache. She couldn't hold back a sneeze, took a few steps back, and said in a low voice, "No need."

Surely, they understood her rejection. However, Fiona pouted. "Ms. Naomi, forget it. She won't thank you at all."

Naomi also frowned. "Did you misunderstand me? Why won't you accept the money?"

Wynter raised her eyebrows. "Oh? Misunderstand? The money you're holding belongs to the Quinnells, doesn't it? You're pretty generous, using other people's money."

She was not going to tolerate anyone like that.

Naomi seemed confused, but her weak expression returned as she looked at Ryan. Her eyes were slightly red as if she had been wronged. "Mr. Lloyd..."

Ryan didn't understand her, "Ms. Naomi, since you're not ill, why did you ask me to call a doctor?"

Wynter said, "Ryan, handle this matter yourself. Don't come to me if something like this happens again."

She ignored them and walked away.

The smell emanating from Naomi's body made her very uncomfortable and weird.

Chapter 95 Ms Quinnets Werdse

There should be something else besides *the smell of perfume*.

But she had forgotten what that thing *was*. It felt *familiar* as if she had *smelled it* somewhere in the past.

Chapter 96 Someone Troubles Her Again

She's quite arrogant!" Fiona stamped the ground.
"We won't look for her again! Who does she think she is?"

Naomi frowned and folded her arms. "Aunt Fiona."

Fiona seemed afraid of her and
muttered, "I just think she's so impertinent. You apologized to her publicly, and yet, she didn't appreciate it."

"You're the one without any manners!"

As Wynter had left, Ryan could no longer suppress his temper. "I won't be the manager from now on! I'm tired of dealing with your troubles every day!
Why did you call for a doctor when you feel fine? Are you kidding me?"

When Naomi heard that, she quickly comforted him, "Mr. Lloyd, please calm down. You don't need to kick up a fuss over a doctor."

"Ms. Naomi, do you know how much Mr. Quinnell Senior values Dr. Genius?"

At this point, Ryan didn't care about anything else. His expression was solemn. "You should explain this to Mr. Quinnell Senior yourself! Dr. Genius wasn't joking. Like she said, she won't treat the Quinneys again!"

"Mr. Lloyd, you're making too much of a fuss," Fiona said disdainfully, "So what if she doesn't treat the Quinneys? Southdale is my hometown. I know many renowned doctors. If she doesn't want to treat the Quinneys, others will."

He didn't bother to say anything further, so he turned around and left.

"Mr..." Naomi started but suddenly turned pale. She seemed to have trouble
breathing.

"Ms. Naomi!" Fiona quickly pulled out Naomi's medical spray.

Ryan couldn't leave now. After all, he was supposed to be taking care of Naomi. If something happened to her, Fabian would hold him accountable.

Naomi lowered her eyes, her eyelashes trembling. "Aunt Fiona, you must apologize to her next time!"

"Ms. Naomi, I..."

How could Fiona apologize to that lowly girl? However, she understood Naomi's request. She gritted her teeth, responding begrudgingly, "Okay, I'll apologize."

Naomi looked at Ryan. "Mr. Lloyd..."

Everyone around looked at her and praised her for her decency. Even though Fiona had made a mistake, Naomi had tried her best to resolve the problem.

Ryan couldn't say anything else. He glared at Fiona.

On the surface, Fiona restrained herself. But she planned to find another renowned doctor to suppress his momentum and nip his arrogance in the bud.

Although Ryan was the manager, he was only an employee. How could he interfere in Naomi's affairs?

Fiona mulled it over. Her relatives, the Scotts, were in Southdale. It wouldn't be difficult to get in touch with them.

The ladies sitting in the restaurant couldn't see the scene in the lobby. They left late, enjoying their afternoon tea.

Wanda pleased everyone as she hoped to re-enter the circle of aristocratic families.

Mrs. Jennings felt annoyed. Looking out the window, she suddenly smiled. "Mrs. Yates, isn't that your daughter, Wynter, who got bad grades in school?"

Wanda followed Mrs. Jennings' gaze, looking over in time to see Wynter walking out of the hotel. She was furious that Wynter had embarrassed her again.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself down. "Mrs. Jennings, your news is outdated. She's an imposter. My biological daughter is Yve."

Mrs. Jennings only smiled and fell silent, her embarrassment evident on her face.

Seeing that, Wanda grew angrier. She excused herself to the bathroom to touch up her makeup, then went outside to make a phone call.

"Have you done what I asked you to do? She often walks alone. How could you not

Chapter 97 Mr. Yarwood Wants to Save Her

"I don't care what methods you use! I don't want to see her in Southdale again!" Wanda hung up, annoyed.

She didn't want *to* make things difficult. It was just like raising a pet. She still had some feelings about Wynter after all these years, but Wynter was still pestering the Yates!

As she pondered this, Wanda remembered something. She took out her phone and sent another message.

That night, it was already late when Wynter returned to Waterview Alley.

Usually, she didn't mind if the street lights weren't working. But as soon as she entered the alley, she sensed several figures behind her.

She was carrying a black bag, and a faint hint of coolness overflowed from her smile.

A man stood next to the second street lamp that lined Waterview Alley. He was tall, elegant, and noble. Even the lights had become his foil in the old alley.

The man was Wynter's overly handsome patient. Why was he there? Wynter raised her eyebrows curiously.

Dalton flicked the beaded bracelet on his wrist, glancing at her. "Dr. Genius, why did you bring such annoying people with you?"

As he spoke, he coughed slightly, looking pale and fragile.

She raised her chin and said, "You leave first." If a fight broke out, she couldn't protect him.

However, Dalton didn't move. He focused on the gangsters who emerged from the darkness, his eyes filled with coldness.

"Hey, are you trying to be a hero?" taunted one *of* the gangsters playfully.

"Pretty boy, I advise you to reevaluate your abilities before saving this beauty."

The six people following Wynter stepped out onto the path. Some had scars on their faces, and some looked muscular.

They looked at Dalton, smirking evilly.

‘Fuck off! Don’t stand in our way!’ shouted one of the men. As he said that, he moved to attack Dalton.

But before the man had even touched Dalton, someone grabbed his hand violently.

It was Wynter.

She looked at the burly men and spoke calmly, “Do you know how precious my patient is?”

“What-

She kicked the man, breaking his fist. The huge impact knocked the gangster to the ground. With her knowledge of medicine, she attacked him with vital point strikes that prevented him from screaming.

The other five men paused, then rushed toward her at once.

Wynter smirked. Her stance was nonchalant as she swung her bag and knocked down another gangster effortlessly.

For a moment, the gangsters instinctively felt danger, stepped back, and wanted to run away. But it was too late.

One gangster didn’t even notice Wynter had moved before a force choked him by the neck, pushing him hard against the wall.

He struggled to breathe as his pupils widened.

Wynter seemed unbothered by the fight, looking at the burly man expressionlessly. Her coldness even made her seem like a killer.

The gangster turned pale with fright. His entire body trembled, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

Wynter pushed down with force, seemingly wild and unruly. She demanded, “Who asked you to come here?”

Chapter 97 M: Yarwood Wants to Save Her

There was no way the Gibsons had done *this*. Hilda *wouldn’t have* thought of her as an informer.

Chapter 98 Wynter’s Questioning

The other party wasn't someone who knew Wynter before. After all, her identity was safe now.

However, no matter who it was, attacking her in the alley was equivalent to a violation of her taboo-Margaret lived there.

The gangster trembled, scared to death. He stammered, "I-I don't know! Miss, we usually do odd jobs. We'll do anything if the client pays us. I don't know who asked us to come here!"

His words sounded confused, and something sounded wrong to Wynter.

She demanded, "Are you taking illegal orders?"

"Uh..." the gangster looked at his leader, who lay on the ground.

When she didn't get a response, Wynter stepped on the man's hand.

The man curled up in pain, shouting desperately, "Yes! W-we're taking illegal orders!"

She moved her foot away, looking at the man who turned pale with fright. "It seems you're the leader. Tell me what the order was."

"Doesn't matter how we do it, but we must get you out of Southdale." He raised his aching hand, afraid to provoke her. He asked, "Why don't you think about who your enemy is?"

Wynter let go of him. "I have too many enemies. I can't guess."

The gangsters were stunned.

Dalton giggled. He was in a suit and was almost spotless. He looked deep and handsome as he watched Wynter.

She suspected he was trying to seduce her. She raised her eyebrows and said alluringly, "I don't mind if a handsome man laughs at me."

Dalton approached her and smoothed out her long hair that had gotten messed up during the fight. He said hoarsely, "Do you need Ethan to investigate this?"

Charter #Wynter

"No need." Wynter listened to his voice, not paying much attention to his actions. You didn't have any lozenges?"

Dalton smiled. "I ate them. But I have a meeting. I wanted to tell you that before! leave."

She nodded, pulled his wrist over, and pressed two fingers up to it to check his pulse. At the same time, she signaled the gangsters. "Go ahead."

The gangsters had goosebumps as they watched the intimacy between Wynter and Dalton. "What?"

"How did you get the order? Offline or online?" Wynter smiled meaningfully. "Do you still want me to teach you the underworld rules?"

The gangsters were shocked. She acted like one of them!

"It was online. We originally made small loans. But as debt collectors, we have to be unscrupulous. We couldn't do it," the man explained firmly and loudly.

She raised her eyebrows. "But you guys followed an unarmed girl at night. Don't you think that's pretty unscrupulous?"

The man murmured, "You're no different from an armed person."

Wynter pretended she hadn't heard him.

Dalton grinned. "Dr. Genius, I knew your medical skills were outstanding, but I didn't think you'd also be outstanding in other aspects, such as fighting and grades."

She glared at him, giving him a warning.

But in his eyes, she looked beautiful and charming. Her warning wasn't threatening at all. Instead, it added to her charm.

Her mouth was slightly open, and she carried the fragrance, which was even more alluring when she protected him.

When he returned from Emstia, he would tell her whether he liked men or women with his actions.

Wynter didn't care what her handsome patient was thinking. She looked at the "Carl Wilkinson."

Carl answered all her questions, too afraid to run away. "Miss, we just wanted to scare you. We thought you were an ordinary girl and would leave Southdale because of the threats."

“Yes! The boss is telling the truth! Who knew you would beat us up?”

It was the most ridiculous thing they had ever encountered!

After getting their answers, Wynter said, “I was indeed frightened by you guys. You have to compensate me for the mental trouble.”

The gangsters were stunned. Was she serious? They were the ones with bruises, swollen faces, and broken bones!

She smiled. “You guys don’t want to pay? Well, that’s fine. I’ll just call the police to arrest you guys.”

“Don’t!” Carl stretched out his hand, gritting his teeth in pain. “Miss, we’re willing to compensate! Tell me the amount. We can chip in. We can give you all the money from the order!”

Wynter said calmly, “I’m not interested in your money. Since you’ve disturbed my life, you must make up for it. From now on, you guys are responsible for the security of Waterview Alley. If I see anyone coming again, I’ll find you guys.”

“No problem! We live nearby!” a young gangster rushed to agree, patting his chest. He had exposed where they were from.

Carl had never met anyone so stupid, and this was his subordinate!

“We’ll listen to you.”

Protection was easy. They would continue taking orders and do bad things anyway.

But Wynter burst their bubble. “Don’t accept any other orders. Give me your account number and the app’s you’re currently using. I need to know who wants me to leave.

Southdale.”

Chapter 99 Boyfriend Is a Very Pleasant Title

“Carl Wilkinson.”

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Chapter 99 Boyfriend is a Very Pleasant Title

So, that was her goal!

Carl thought for a while, biting his lips. "Miss, you should understand the underworld rules. I can't show just you the order-taking account."

Wynter smiled wryly. "How do I know the underworld rules?"

He was speechless. She looked like she was proficient in the underworld!

“Please let me think about it. I...”

She interrupted, “I’ll pay you 50 thousand to buy your order—taking account, including your expenses for protecting Waterview Alley during this period.”

He was stunned. “50 thousand? Are you giving us money?”

Hadn’t she asked them to compensate her?

Wynter glanced at him. “I took action because you wanted to attack my patient. I didn’t want to do that. I only wanted to discuss business with you. Do you think I didn’t notice you guys following me?”

The young gangster wanted to explain, “I didn’t mean to attack your boyfriend. He...”

“Boyfriend?” she interrupted, frowning.

Dalton smiled. “What’s wrong with me?”

The young gangster lowered his voice. “You don’t look like a good person. I thought you wanted to attack us.”

Dalton stroked his red beaded bracelet, coughing softly. Then, he looked at Wynter with an indescribable expression of amusement and grief.

Wynter thought such an expression was hypocritical when Naomi did it, but when it was Dalton doing it, she thought there had to be something wrong with the young gangster’s eyes.

The young gangster realized that Wynter wanted to protect her boyfriend. He stepped back cautiously.

She didn’t say anything in response. Instead, she turned to Carl and pressed, “Well?

Do you want to give me the account number?”

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Carl struggled to reply as he felt the expectant gazes of his subordinates on him. If he gave her the account number, what would they do?

“That boy...”

Wynter pointed to one of them. "You're underage, right? You look pretty strong. And that boy's leg is a little lame. Do you want them to continue doing illegal acts?"

Go

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Those were the only two Wynter hadn't attacked.

Carl was shocked when he heard that. How did she know he did this for them?

She said lazily, "It doesn't make any difference if you accept your orders or mine. You might as well work for me; at least my work is legal."

Carl had taken so many orders, including helping a client catch an adulterer, intimidating a mistress, and dealing with a mother-in-law.

There were also terrible orders, such as forcing an old man to give up his house for his daughter-in-law.

There were all kinds of orders. But usually, ordinary people were afraid of them. Even if those people were fearless, nobody regarded them as good people.

It was the first time they had failed to intimidate someone. And now, this girl even wanted to recruit them!

Carl said in a low voice, "We won't do anything outrageous."

"I'm a doctor. I treat patients. How outrageous can I be?" Wynter replied with a smile.

Carl still didn't believe she was a doctor. He was about to speak when she interrupted, "That lame boy was injured in a car accident. He'll feel pain on cloudy and rainy days. He was injured not long ago."

Not only Carl's but the young gangster's eyes widened. "How do you know that?"

"Is it that surprising?" Wynter replied calmly. "All the doctors can see through a patient's condition. It's just at different stages."

Carl looked a little excited. He trembled as he asked, "Then, can you heal his leg? We're willing to pay any amount!"

"Uncle Carl, I don't need it." The lame boy stepped closer to them.

It was only under the streetlight that Wynter saw him clearly. He was young, 15 years, old at most, and his appearance was completely different from the gangsters, cartac

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delicate and fair. His short white hair seemed natural and quite eye-catching. He hid it with a baseball cap.

Carl scolded him, "Whitley, shut up!"

Whitley lowered his eyes. "We have no money. There isn't much pain."

Carl smiled. "Miss, don't listen to him. Please tell me how to treat him. I'll make the arrangements."

Wynter looked over and asked, "He called you Uncle Carl. Are you related?"

He stroked Whitley's head and answered, "Yes."

She walked closer, lowering her gaze. "Did you pick up this 'relative' from the dump half a year ago?"

Whitley looked wary. "Uncle Carl, let's go. I don't need treatment."

Carl stopped him, smiling apologetically at Wynter. "Miss, he's a bit ignorant. Please don't mind."

She smiled gently. "I also have a kid I picked up from the dump."

Upon hearing that, Whitley raised his head abruptly, hesitating to speak.

Wynter said unhurriedly, "Treating his leg won't be difficult. If you guys work for me, I'll pay you on time. I don't care where you go. You can do whatever you want as long as you don't harm others."

"Can we still get paid?" the young gangster's eyes lit up.

Carl also saw hope. "Can Whitley's leg be treated?"

"So far, there's no disease that I can't treat." Wynter spoke lazily.

Studying the red mole between Whitley's eyebrows, she smiled suddenly. "Besides, Whitley and I are destined."

Dalton, who had been silent the entire time, raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at them.

Carl agreed happily, "As long as you can treat Whitley's leg, we'll do anything you say!"

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Wynter held out her hand. "Give me the phone."

He *did* so, not knowing what she was going to do.

She scanned the code then instructed, "Come *to the* Empathy Clinic at 10:00 am tomorrow."