

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 8

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Chapter 8 The Wealthiest **Heir of** the Prestigious Family, Dalton Yarwood

As for how the man looked, Wynter didn't see it. Being a medical student, she had a keen sense of the smell of medicinal herbs. The moment the car window was lowered, **she** caught

a faint scent of herbs.

Wynter was well-versed in "Shaun's Classics of Medicinal Herbs," and she knew that people suffering from chronic illnesses might be sensitive to light.

Vincent urged, "Young Master Anthony, do you want to meet the boss first?"

Anthony got distracted and said to Wynter, "Miss, wait for me here. Don't run around, okay?"

I'll be back soon."

Wynter nodded, and Anthony hurried toward the car.

Left behind, Vincent handed over a card and said, "Thanks to Ms. Quinnell for saving our

young master. This is a token of appreciation. Please accept it."

"You know my last name is Quinnell? That means you know me." Wynter smiled playfully, her eyes hinting mischief. "You don't seem to want to thank me. Rather, it looks like you're in a hurry to distance yourself from me."

Vincent tapped his fingertip and said, "Ms. Quinnell, you've misunderstood."

“It doesn’t matter.” She glanced at Anthony. “Tell him later that I’ve left.”

With that, she stood up from the steps, showing no intention of turning back.

Vincent breathed a sigh of relief. He was afraid that the fake young lady kicked out by the Yates family would get entangled with their young master.

In the lingering twilight, Wynter, with her black bag in hand, had her dark hair elegantly fastened with a wooden hairpin. Now that she was bathed in the afterglow, her departure was both brisk and beautiful.

Inside the Maybeck, Dalton tilted his head and only caught a glimpse of this scene. He touched Anthony’s head, his voice carrying a hint of amusement. “Is that the person who saved you?”

“Where?” Anthony sat up straight before he panicked. “Why did she leave? Vincent!”

Vincent approached, bowing. “Young Master Anthony.”

“I didn’t even get Miss’ contact information, and she promised to wait for me.” Anthony’s eyes darkened, and his tone turned chilly. “Did you drive her away?”

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Vincent’s whole body trembled. “Young Master Anthony...”

In the entire city of Kingbourne, no one dared to provoke this little master.

Anthony was different from the other children. Even though he was only four years old, he was incredibly cunning, adept at disguises, and had a cold demeanor.

Except when the boss was around, Anthony then would obediently follow orders.

At other times, even their subordinates feared him.

He never got close to anyone.

So, when Anthony behaved like that with Wynter just now, Vincent was genuinely surprised.

But

considering his duties, Vincent admitted it, bowing to explain his reasoning. “Young Master Anthony, this young lady has a bad reputation. I was afraid she might have other intentions approaching you, so...’

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“Miss doesn’t even know me. What intentions could she have?” Anthony’s coldness intensified, “You didn’t take care of me properly, and I fainted on the roadside. I had a sudden heatstroke. If it weren’t for Miss, even if I didn’t get kidnapped by bad people, I might have died on the road. You-”

“Anthony Yarwood.” Dalton, in the backseat, interrupted the boy’s words. He sat there. His black suit, seemingly tailor-made for him, was not wrinkled. On his wrist hung a string of bright red beads that gave off an air of cold elegance. “Don’t speak nonsense.”

Anthony knew his third brother was angry. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have used his full name. Anthony’s small mouth tightened. He threw himself into Dalton’s arms, his voice muffled, “Dalton, I finally found a sister-in-law for myself. Now, it’s all gone. Miss probably doesn’t like me anymore.”

This was even though he was on his best behavior in front of Wynter earlier.

Dalton let out a long sigh. His fingers lifted Anthony’s small face as he said, “My lifelong matters don’t require your concern. Understand?”

When Dalton spoke, he glanced at the driver, signaling him to start the car.

Gradually, the rearview mirror revealed a breathtaking face. With a sharp nose, pale skin, light-colored lips with a hint of illness, and an elegant demeanor, who else could it be but Dalton Yarwood, the CEO of the Yarwood Corporation?

Chapter 9 Disdain from the Yates Family Towards Wynter

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“Since you know the person who saved Anthony’s life, pick some gifts and send them to her first.” Dalton coughed lightly, his mysterious and profound gaze falling on Vincent. “In a few days, I’ll bring Anthony to personally visit her.”

Vincent was

drenched in cold sweat at being scrutinized by their boss. He quickly responded, “Yes, boss!”

Finding Ms. Quinnell was relatively easy, considering her relationship with the Yates family. She would have to give them some deference.

Vincent’s imagination was lovely, but little did he know that the current Wynter did not want to see anyone from the Yates family. It would bring back too many bad memories.

Unfortunately, the Yates family members were eager to approach her—just like now.

After Wynter dropped off Anthony, she was about to ride her bike back when a familiar voice came from her side.

“Why are you here?”

The

speaker was her adoptive mother, Wanda Scott. Her tone was full of disdain. It was so much so that she couldn’t even be bothered to call Wynter by her name.

Wynter glanced over, and a group of people stood not far away.

In addition to her adoptive father, Ewan Yates, there was also the Scott family. The recently brought back Yvette Yates was also there, acting like a precious star surrounded by a group of admirers.

Yvette Yates was whispering something to an elderly person she was supporting. The elderly person seemed quite satisfied with Yvette. She patted Yvette's hand gently, exuding an elegant and harmonious atmosphere.

Wanda clearly didn't want the people behind her to see Wynter. Wanda blocked Wynter, saying, "I'm asking you a question. Why are you here?"

Wanda tried her best to hide her annoyance, but her tone still betrayed her.

"Wynter, we told you yesterday that your biological parents are in the countryside. What are you doing at Caesar Hotel with us?"

She thought Wynter had followed them, sneaked around, and waited outside for them to come out.

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"If ten thousand dollars isn't enough for you, I'll give you more later."

Wanda's restrained gaze fell on Wynter, who was opposite her. Wynter was dressed in the most ordinary T-shirt and jeans. She had no makeup and carried her backpack loosely on her shoulders.

After leaving the Yates family, was this how she dressed?

Was she so poor?

Wanda took a deep breath, lowering her voice. "I know you don't want to go back to the countryside, especially after living a comfortable life. But we have no obligation to support you anymore. I have a card here with fifty thousand dollars. Take it and leave quickly."

Wynter, observing Wanda's anxious attempts to distance herself, lazily supported herself on the handlebars. She lifted her eyes slightly and was about to speak.

"Who is this, Wanda? Do you know her?" An elderly woman, Hilda, walked over. She eyed Wynter with scrutiny and suspicion.

Wanda quickly said, "She's a distant relative. I just happened to run into her. I thought she was quite young, so I wanted to help her."

"Hmm." Hilda nodded in satisfaction, then looked at Yvette. "You are fortunate to have given birth to such a good daughter."

Yvette looked at her with innocent eyes and hesitated to speak. In the end, she said nothing and only lowered her eyes tenderly. "My mother often taught me to help others. This is also the foundation of medicine."

"Exactly." Hilda expressed more approval, pointing to Ewan. "You are blessed to have a good daughter."

Ewan, who had been wondering whether to disclose Wynter's identity, decided not to.

Now, after listening to Hilda's words, he did not hesitate and said, "Yvette learned it well."

Yvette was unlike the fake one who did not know how to behave appropriately.

Ewan walked over to Wanda and said, "Since I'm here, head in first. You don't need to worry about the affairs of relatives."

Wanda looked at Wynter. Then, she sighed deeply. "You should persuade Wynter. She is a difficult one."

On the surface, Wanda looked compassionate, but her eyes revealed that Wynter did not belong there and should leave quickly.