

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 7

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Chapter 7 Rescued a VIP

People started whispering.

“The ones who came to Caesar Hotel today are all well-known figures. They are rumored to be from prestigious medical families.”

“Then, this little child...”

Wynter wasn't surprised to hear this. After all, Anthony was dressed meticulously, and even his small wristwatch was valuable.

“Remember to bring a bodyguard next time you go out,” she advised him as she closed her

medical kit.

Seeing that she was about to leave, Anthony immediately hugged her leg.

Wynter couldn't ride her public bike anymore. She lowered her head to look at him.

Anthony didn't speak. He tugged at her clothing instead. He would shadow Wynter every time she took a step. If this continued, it wouldn't be ideal.

Wynter stopped and said, “I'll take you back.”

“Good!” Having achieved his goal, Anthony nodded vigorously. “I want my family to thank you properly, Miss.”

Wynter rolled up his sleeve and said, “No need for thanks. I don't charge consultation fees

for children.”

“Then...” Anthony’s round eyes turned. “Miss, do you have a boyfriend?”

Wynter stood up straight and replied, “No.”

“Then, I’ll have my third brother propose to you to repay you, Miss!” Anthony happily laughed, using his childish fingers to count. “Although my third brother doesn’t talk much, he’s handsome and good at making money. You don’t have to be embarrassed to be seen with him. Many women want to marry him.”

At these words, Wynter chuckled and said, “I don’t currently have any plans to get married.”

“Oh.” Anthony pulled his small ears in disappointment and walked dejectedly.

When they arrived at the hotel entrance, he suddenly perked up and said, “Miss, how about you meet my third brother first? After you meet him, you can decide!”

Anthony’s third brother’s appearance would definitely make Wynter fall for him. The man

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was adept at using his looks to deceive people!

Wynter smiled and said, “Does your brother know you’re promoting him like this?”

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“He’s always sick,” Anthony said seriously. “Our family hopes he can find a wife soon. Miss, with your excellent medical skills and beauty, many people would want to be your boyfriend. I just want to help my third brother.”

She looked at his dry, pale lips. She then bought him a bottle of mineral water and a pack of biscuits. “Speak less. You haven’t fully recovered.”

Anthony was very obedient, accepting whatever Wynter gave him.

He couldn't open the mineral water by himself. He raised his small hand weakly, softly saying, "Miss, help me."

Vincent Jenkins, the assistant who came to pick him up, saw this scene as soon as he got out of the car. 1

Who was she? The fake young lady kicked out by the Yates family? Why was Anthony with her? And she even helped him open a bottle? Was this... a transformation?

There was a hint of surprise in Vincent's eyes, but he quickly concealed his emotions. He knew Wynter, but she didn't know him.

Without revealing his identity to say hello, Vincent hurriedly approached and said, "Young Master Anthony! I've finally found you. Fortunately, you're okay."

"It was Miss who saved me." Anthony pulled Wynter's hand, his small face stubborn, as if this was his authentic self.

Vincent respectfully bowed in courtesy. "Thank you, Ms. Quinnell."

Wynter looked at him. "He already thanked me."

This attitude made Vincent temporarily unsure of the situation. He turned to Anthony. "Young Master Anthony, the boss arranged for someone to find you. He's in the car now, and he hasn't taken his medicine for the afternoon."

At these words, Anthony looked up in surprise as if he didn't expect his third brother to come out personally.

The window of the Maybeck was lowered a bit, revealing a person sitting inside. The person was tall and graceful but covered his mouth with his fist to hide his coughing. Every move exuded an air of nobility and sophistication, like a young master from a prestigious family.

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

