

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 This Child is Extraordinary

Luke, who always looked down on ordinary people, was completely unaware that when Wynter lifted her gaze, her expression had changed.

She had an assertive, arrogant, and fierce look!

She nonchalantly played with her candy, then, with a flick of her fingertips!

Bang! Luke's knees gave way, causing him to land on the ground.

"Ah!" The piercing pain made him instantly grimace.

Luke struggled and tried to get up, but he found that his entire body seemed frozen.

He couldn't speak or move his hands. It felt like someone had given him an acupuncture.

Wynter strolled over to him, her voice calm as she said, "As a medical student, you can't even perform the basic observation of smelling and questioning. Yet, you dare to make your diagnosis. The title of a doctor is not for elevating yourself but for saving lives. Your medical skills are lacking, and your medical ethics are even worse. Today, I accept your kneeling as a token, considering it a clean-up on behalf of your master."

"You!" Luke's eyes were filled with hatred.

Wynter leaned close to his ear and lowered her voice. "Since you have such thick skin, kneeling in the street for an hour or two won't hurt."

"What have you done to me?" Luke shouted. "I'll call the police. Someone assaulted me!"

She chuckled slowly and said, "Who can testify? Mr. Johnson, you knelt down voluntarily. I didn't force you."

"That's right. Serves you right!"

The onlookers felt a sense of satisfaction.

"The young girl didn't harm you. Stop trying to frame her!"

Originally, Luke was the one who didn't help initially. When Wynter saved the little boy, he mocked her.

He said things like, "you people from the lower class", which was shameless, and he refused to offer an apology. He really didn't deserve to be a medical student!

Luke really thought they were easy to mess with! He even tried to frame Wynter!

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The group of older women shouted, "See! A medical student from Sacred Heart Medical University who didn't know medicine well had to kneel in apology!"

"Y-You people!" Luke's face turned red, feeling humiliated.

It was better not to mess with the enthusiastic older women in Sunrise District.

Just a moment ago, Luke arrogantly shouted without considering where he was.

The more people there were on the street, the deeper he buried his head in his hands. Luke wished he could find a hole to hide in, fearing someone might recognize him.

His gaze toward Wynter became increasingly sinister!

Since they were both in the medical field, this young traditional medicine practitioner wouldn't go far. Luke vowed that the next time he encountered this girl, he would give her a lesson!

Wynter didn't look at him again. If there were a next time, she wouldn't mind taking the time to break his legs.

Many older people wanted to get Wynter's contact information. Witnessing her needle technique and amazing skills, they all wanted to keep in touch.

Wynter accepted and scanned their code one by one.

Patrícia said enthusiastically, "Young girl, your needle technique was amazing. Does someone in your family practice traditional medicine?"

Thinking of her grandmother, who was the only one good to her in the Yates family, Wynter came up with a safe explanation and said, "Yes, my grandmother studied traditional medicine and opened a health center."

"No wonder. When the time comes, I will introduce clients to your family!"

"Sure, thank you," Wynter politely replied. She showed no airs of being "Dr. Miracle", the one being gossiped about in the city.

From start to finish, the little boy who had been treated watched quietly from the side, eyes sparkling with cuteness.

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It was only when Wynter finished that she looked down at him. "Is your head still dizzy?"

The little boy, known as Anthony, shook his head, looking up at Wynter. "Miss, thank you for saving me. If you weren't here today, I might not have made it."

Anthony's voice was sweet, his eyes exceptionally large, and his face was fair and lovely.

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While expressing gratitude, he even bent his small *body*.

“You’re called Anthony?” Wynter raised an eyebrow. “Where are your family *members*?”

“They are all inside,” Anthony said, pointing behind him.

Caesar Hotel was not a place that ordinary people could enter...

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