

Luna & Joshua 2181

Chapter 2181

However, Quentin was not swayed at all. "I'm in the middle of a conversation with Ms. Craig, Mr. Landry, and I don't think it's your place to intrude."

Then, he fixed his gaze on Bonnie and added, "I was talking to you, Ms. Craig."

Bonnie was a little uneasy about Jim's actions. This man had claimed that he did not care about her, but his actions said otherwise.

Despite calling her manipulative and deceitful, he insisted on marrying her against her will, and at this moment, he even suddenly appeared to be concerned about the 30% of Craig Group's shares that were on the line.

Even though she despised Quentin more, he at least did not try to hide his intentions. She and Jim were not even together anymore!

Bonnie paused for a moment, circled past Jim, and strode over to Luna's side.

"Mr. Simms, I am a woman of my word, but my people aren't finished searching the house yet. "

"You'd have to let us conduct a thorough search before calling it a day, right? If you force me to sign the

contract without even allowing me to exhaust all my options, I'll never sign it." Quentin could not help chuckling when he heard this. He leaned against the wicker chair in the gazebo and stared at them contemptuously.

"Well, I hadn't wanted you to sign the contract right here and right now. If you want to continue searching, be my guest." Then, he lowered his head to glance at the expensive watch on his wrist and added, "However, it's already two in the afternoon now, and we have to start preparing for dinner at five

later this evening. Surely three hours will be enough time for your men to search Quinn Mansion?"

He lifted his head to glance at Bonnie, a disdainful smirk on his lips.

"Why don't we meet at 5 in the evening to sign the contract, then?" Bonnie froze.

A split second later, she lifted her head to meet Quentin's gaze head-on, not seeming at all unsettled by the dangerous look in his eyes.

"Alright. We'll do as you say. "

"If we can't find June and Charlotte by five, I'll sign the contract with you!"

After all, from the moment he initiated this, she had already made up her mind to put her family fortune

on the line in this bet with Quentin, the only difference at the moment was that he added a time restraint.

Three hours was more than enough! Quentin burst into laughter when he heard this.

“It’s not your hard-earned money after all, so no wonder you’re so generous about giving it away.

“Well, in that case, I’ll leave you to your devices for now.” He shifted into a more comfortable position in his chair, closed his eyes, and started rocking.

” I’ll wait here for the next three hours. After I sign the contract obtaining Craig Group’s shares in three hours, I’ll treat you all to some good wine.”

Luna narrowed her eyes upon hearing this, and she could not help reaching out to hold Bonnie’s hand in reassurance.

However, as soon as she moved, the paper she held in her hand fell onto the ground.

Luna had not noticed this at all when she was in the dungeon, but since the crumpled paper had fallen onto the ground, she suddenly realized that it was stained with blood.

Luna froze for a moment, then suddenly recalled the state they had found Laura in and the spine-tingling scratch wounds all over her hands...

She quickly knelt to pick up the crumpled paper and spread it open. A row of words, written in bright-red blood, appeared before her eyes.

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Luna's entire body froze when she registered the bright red words on the paper. Bonnie quickly got closer to her side when she saw Luna's shocked look and glanced at the message written in blood.

[There is a secret door hidden in Granny Quinn's bedroom.]

All of a sudden, Bonnie could feel the blood rushing to her head.

There was a hidden door in Granny Quinn's bedroom! Granny Quinn's room was the only place in Quinn Mansion that was off-limits to everyone.

She was almost 80 years old and had only two sons-one had died, whereas the other had devoted his life to priesthood. Her only two grandsons did not fare well either. Hunter Quinn was in prison, and Malcolm was on the run, a fugitive that was cast out of the Quinn family.

As a result of these emotional repercussions, she had fallen gravely ill and was now not even capable of getting out of bed anymore.

Despite this, she was well-respected by everyone she met. Not only were Joshua and Luke's men careful not to disturb her rest, but not even members of the Quinn family dared to enter her room without permission.

Therefore, if the secret door that led to wherever Charlotte was hidden were concealed within Granny Quinn's bedroom...it would make sense why Joshua and Luke's men could not find it!

However, Bonnie did not care about this anymore. She wanted to find Charlotte.

She also had to preserve the 30% of Craig Group's shares she had put on the line! As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie stepped forward and turned to glance at Joshua and Luke's subordinates.

"Come with me! I know where they're hiding!"

However, no one moved even an inch.

Joshua's men were staring at him, awaiting his commands. Luke's subordinates, on the other hand, were also quiet. Both Joshua and Luke broke out into smiles.

"Go on. If Bonnie has a new clue, you guys should follow her."

Quentin, who was still resting in his rocking chair, chuckled when he heard this.

“That’s right. Quinn Mansion is only this big, and you’ve already searched all the places you can think of.”

“If Ms. Craig has a new clue as to where the prisoners are hidden, you’d better go with her, but if not... you shouldn’t waste anyone’s time, Ms. Craig. After all, you have less than three hours left.”

Bonnie narrowed her eyes when she saw how confidently arrogant Quentin was. She curled her lips into a smirk replied,

“Mr. Simms, do you think...the secret door in Granny Quinn’s bedroom is a new clue?”

Quentin’s entire body froze mid-rock. The color drained from his face, and he immediately sat up, staring daggers at Bonnie.

“What the hell are you talking about? How can there even be a secret door hidden in my godmother’s room?”

“We’ll find out soon enough.” Jim strode over, angling his body between Bonnie and Quentin, and stared at him impassively.

“Didn’t you just say we can search anywhere we want in this house within these three hours, Mr. Simms?”

“If we go now and manage to find the secret door, we might be able to find what we want, but if we don’t...you’ll still be getting your hands on that money in three hours, won’t you?”

Then, he reached out to grasp Bonnie’s hand and strode toward Granny Quinn’s bedroom. Bonnie was dragged along behind him, and the only thing she could see was the outline of his strong, muscular shoulders and handsome face.

For a split second, she suddenly felt as though the old Jim, the man who constantly put her needs above anything else, had returned.

“Don’t you dare!” Quentin leaped out of his chair.

“My godmother isn’t doing so well, and if you so much as touch a single strand of hair on her head, I’ll make you pay for this!” Jim froze in his steps but did not even turn back.

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“Are you worried about us harming her, or are you worried about us discovering the hidden door in her room? Don’t worry, Mr. Simms, we’ll sort this out after we search the room.”

Then, he grabbed Bonnie’s hand once more and walked away. A group of men dressed in black

promptly followed them.

As the warmth of Jim's palm spread into her own, Borinie stared at the strands of his hair picked up by the wind and suddenly felt as though she had been transported to a year ago when she first saw him.

At that time, she and Jim were both standing next to the ruins of Blue Bay Villa, which had been destroyed in a fire of Aura's doing. His tall, slender frame was perched alongside Harvey next to the ruins.

The wind had picked up a few strands of his hair, blowing it gently about his face and framing it in a delicate way that contrasted his sharp, arrogant-looking features. He had turned to look at her, a hint of surprise in his gaze, and she would never forget that first glance.

She had fallen in love at that first sight. Bonnie had already fallen for him even before the night they slept together. However, after what she had been through with Jason in the past, she no longer dared to express her true feelings to anyone, which was why it took her so long to get to him.

Who would have thought...that she and Jim would end up like this a year later?

"Penny for your thoughts?"

All of a sudden, a low voice rang out next to her, pulling her back to reality.

Bonnie lifted her head and suddenly realized they had arrived at Granny Quinn's bedroom door.

At this moment, Jim's head was tilted toward her, staring at her with a puzzled look on his face.

She knew she could not resist him at all, and so she turned her head away, refusing to meet his gaze.

"Well, since we're here...let's go in." Jim nodded and knocked on the door.

A long time passed before the door creaked open. Inside the room, Granny Quinn sat up in her bed with tremendous difficulty, having to be propped up by her servants.

When she saw that it was Jim who had knocked, she frowned snapped, "What on earth are you doing, Mr. Landry? Your men already searched my room a while ago, so what are you doing here again? Are you not satisfied yet? Do you think an old lady like me is capable of hiding a live human in my room?"

Jim chuckled.

When faced with Granny Quinn's sharp questioning, he curled his lips into a smirk and replied, "Well, I think that if there were only one place in this house that could double as a hiding spot without being noticed, it'd be your room, Granny Quinn.

"After all, you're the respectable head of the family, and no one would dare to enter your room without

permission, am I right?"

Granny Quinn sneered.

"That's nonsense! How can a woman like me, who can't even stand up on her own, be respected in this family? If you insist on searching my room, go ahead! After all, I'm not hiding anything anyway!" Jim narrowed his eyes but did not reply.

Bonnie furrowed her brows and raised her hand, gesturing to the men behind her to search the room.

However, before they could cross the threshold, Jim stopped them.

"There's no point doing this all over again. We should trust Joshua and Luke's men; if there had been any clues, they would've found it already." He shifted his gaze onto Granny Quinn, who was lying on her bed.

"Granny, do you mind getting up? I want to take a look at your bed." The color drained from Granny

Quinn's face. She lifted her head to glare at Jim.

"How dare you!"

Granny Quinn's attitude had indirectly confirmed Jim's suspicions, and he narrowed his eyes.

"All I want is to look at your bed, Granny Quinn. Why are you so hostile?" He chuckled and inched closer to Granny Quinn. His voice became more stern as he added, "What are you hiding underneath your bed?"

Granny Quinn's expression darkened when she heard this. She let out a slight cough, then smiled awkwardly.

"Pardon me-I may have overreacted just now." She continued to cough into her fist, feigning frailness, and said, "I was just surprised, that's all... This is the first time you and your little girlfriend ever came to my room, Mr. Landry, and you even demanded to look at my bed! "

To be honest, I'm an old lady now, and naturally... I was a little shocked by this request.

"After all, what is there to look at on a frail old lady's dirty, messy bed?"

Then, she shot Jim a somewhat pleading look and added, "Please don't do this to me, Mr. Landry. My health has been declining day by day, so much so that even getting out of bed wears me out tremendously. Please don't make this difficult for me..."

Not only had Granny Quinn's reaction aroused Jim's suspicion, but even Bonnie began to frown.

Even though Granny Quinn was trying desperately to prevent them from checking her bed, it only made it more tempting to do so. The more she tried to deny that she was hiding something, the more suspicious it seemed. Jim curled his lips into a smile.

"Do you think I'm trying to make your life difficult by asking you to get out of bed? If so, don't you think I'm the lesser devil compared to your godson Quentin?"

Then, he gestured at the men standing behind him and ordered, "Lift Granny Quinn off the bed, and remember to be gentle!"

The subordinates had already been given orders by Joshua and Luke to do as Jim said, thus they surged forward without hesitation.

There were more than ten of them, and immediately, they surrounded the bed and lifted the sheets, removing her from the bed and placing her down in a small cot next to it, which was meant for the nurses to sleep in.

As soon as she was put down, Granny Quinn kept trying to climb out of bed.

"Master LKry, listen to me! There's nothing underneath my bed, you..."

Bonnie narrowed her eyes, feeling a little annoyed by the sound of Granny Quinn's hoarse voice, and snapped, "We'll know the answer after we check it ourselves!"

"If we find nothing, we'll leave you alone, but even if we do find something, we're inclined to believe that

you did not have much involvement in this."

Then, she turned around and peered underneath the bed frame. At this moment, Jim had squatted and was also checking the bed frame.

Bonnie felt her heart skip a beat when she glanced at Jim's handsome face etched with concentration.

She turned her head away, not daring to look at his charming features anymore, and instead focused her attention on his hands, which were trying to pry the bed frame apart. They were right.

The base of the bed frame, on which the mattress laid, was mobile.

"Lift the base up!" Jim ordered. The men did as he said and removed the base. There was a stairway hidden underneath. Jim furrowed his brows and immediately ordered a few of the smarter-looking guards to follow him down the stairwell.

"I want to go, too," Bonnie said, frowning, as she grabbed Jim's arm.

“I’ll go with you.” Jim furrowed his brows when he felt her warm, soft hand on his arm.

“You should wait up here. The stairway was dark, and he could not tell how big the space was, much less if there was anyone down there waiting for them. If it turned out that there were plenty of guards hiding underneath, waiting to attack, then this would be a dangerous mission.

Therefore, he could not possibly allow Bonnie to take this risk with him.

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However..

Bonnie had the same idea as Jim, too.

This unknown darkness that was before them could be the most dangerous thing they would ever face, so how could she possibly allow Jim to face it himself?

She still remembered...

When they met at the orphanage, Jim had told her before that he was secretly afraid of the dark.

During the past year they had been together, Bonnie would sometimes tease him for being afraid of the dark.

Even though her feelings toward Jim were more governed by disgust rather than love at this moment, it did not change the fact that the past Jim and the current Jim were the same people, so they shared the same fears.

As soon as she thought of this, she grew even more determined to go with him.

“If you don’t bring me along, I won’t let you go in there.”

A surge of warmth spread through Jim’s heart at the sound of this.

He turned to stare at Bonnie, whose eyes were etched with determination and worry.

He knew she was not throwing a tantrum or deliberately trying to challenge him, but she was truly concerned about his safety and wanted to face this danger with him.

As he gazed at Bonnie’s face, the image of Bonnie sitting in his lap with her arms around her neck, telling him that there was nothing to be afraid of in the dark, appeared in his mind.

In this scenario, Bonnie was wearing a red nightgown, and her hair spilled on her shoulders, making her look gentle and kind. She was staring at him with the same determined, concerned look and pressed a small kiss on his throat.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be here with you. If you’re ever afraid of the dark in the future, you can come to me.”

Jim’s heart leaped into his throat as a strange feeling surged into his heart. This was not a figment of his imagination but a real memory. It felt more real to him than anything he had ever experienced! Did this mean that...

Was he and Bonnie...truly in love in the past?

He could not believe that, at one point, Bonnie had sat on his lap and talked to him so tenderly. This was something that he would never have imagined having happened, much less having experienced.

“Mr. Niry?” The subordinates whom Jim had ordered to go with him down the stairwell turned back when they saw that he did not follow.

Jim immediately came to. He paused for a moment, then turned to shoot Bonnie a meaningful glance.

“You... Are you sure you want to come with me?”

Bonnie nodded earnestly as she held his gaze, then clutched his arm even tighter.

“I’m sure. I want to go down there with you.” Even though Jim did not remember a thing, she wanted to fulfill her promise to him. Well, this one promise, at least. Jim sighed, then clasped her tiny hand in his and held it tightly.

“Alright, you can come, but stay close to me.”

Then, he turned and walked down the stairwell. Bonnie followed behind him, and as she stared at his tall, slender figure, a strange feeling spread through her heart.

The stairwell was very long, and even after walking for a long time, they did not see anyone else.

The man leading the group was beginning to feel a little scared, so he could not help asking, “Mr.

Landry, should we continue?”

Jim furrowed his brows.

“Yes.” As soon as he finished his sentence, the blood-curdling cries of a young girl rang out from the end of the hallway.

“Help me!”

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Bonnie’s heart leaped into her throat at the sound of this.

She was more than familiar with this voice.

During the past year that she had spent with Jim, Harvey had clung to her as well, and therefore, his

best friend, June, also spent almost all hours of her day with Bonnie. There was no way Bonnie could not recognize June's voice!

"Help me-" "Help me, please!"

June's screams grew even louder and shriller than the last. Bonnie could feel all the nerves in her body tighten, and she could not help quickening her pace as she strode in the direction of the voice.

All of a sudden, Jim furrowed his brows and squeezed her hand.

"Don't act on impulse." He took a step forward to shield Bonnie's body behind his, then continued to make their way toward the direction of the voice.

Soon, they arrived at a dungeon, and the door leading to it was left ajar.

The closer they got, the louder they could hear June's cries for help. Jim slowed down and, still holding Bonnie's hand in his, slowly inched toward the noise.

Peering through the open door, he could see that there were two women, who were wearing face masks and appeared to be servants, inside the room, cutting through the flesh of June's arms with scissors!

June's arms were stained red with blood, and she was shouting for help with all her might, so much so that her voice had gone hoarse.

Bonnie felt her heart sink at this sight. June was only six years old! How could they do this to a child? It was already cruel enough to force June, who treasured her long, beautiful hair more than anything, to shave her head, but they had sorely underestimated these people.

There was no limit to what they would not do! Bonnie was so furious that she wanted nothing more than to storm into the room and fight these women!

"Don't act rashly," Jim reminded her, his eyes narrowed as though he could feel Bonnie's rage.

"We're still very far away from them, and if you go in now, they might take her as a hostage against us.

"If that happens, not only will we fail to save her, but we might even put her in more danger."

Then, he squeezed Bonnie's in reassurance. "Listen to me, and don't do anything that'll give us away."

Bonnie was pained by this. She knew that Jim was right and that now was not the time to act, but she still could not help feeling pained as she listened to June's cries of agony. Jim understood how she was feeling, but he was more fixated on finding a way to save June at this moment. If he let his sympathy take over, it would only lead to more suffering for June.

Jim clutched Bonnie's hand tight in his, and Bonnie squeezed his hand in return.

After a long time, and June had lost her voice entirely, the two servants finally tired out.

One of them put down her scissors and leaned against a nearby cushion to rest, while the other got up to pour them some tea. A glimmer flashed through Jim's eyes.

This was the perfect opportunity! He gestured at the guards waiting patiently behind him, and the group of men immediately rushed into the room. Some of them restrained the woman on the cushion, while the rest went for the woman who had gotten up.

After the two servants were tied up, Bonnie stormed into the room, sobbing, and pulled June into an embrace.

"I'm sorry, June. It's all my fault! I arrived too late!" June's entire body was covered in bright red blood, and her head was clean-shaven.

She lifted her pale, almost colorless face to stare at Bonnie, and tears slid down her cheeks.

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"It hurts, Aunt Bonnie... It hurts so much..." Bonnie's heart broke at the sight of this. She held June

close to her and glared at the two servants, who were restrained by the guards.

“Who the hell ordered you two to do this? How can you do this to a six-year-old child?” The woman leaning against the cushions shot Bonnie a cold look but did not reply.

The other one, however, stammered, “W-We were just following Mr. Simms’ orders! He told us to cut the flesh off her arms...and then...mail them to her father...”

“That way...her father will be willing to hand over what Mr. Simms wanted to save his daughter!”

Jim furrowed his brows upon hearing this. “What does Christopher have that’s so important to Quentin that he’ll do anything to get him to hand it over?”

Jim did not understand this. Christopher was just a doctor, so what did he have with him that was so irresistible to Quentin?

“I...I don’t know.” The servant lowered her head.

“All I heard is that...this little girl’s father possesses the recipe to a poison t-that can erase a person’s memories and put them under the control of the giver of the drug.” Bonnie’s entire body froze upon hearing this. Was this not the same poison that Jim had been put under?

She suddenly recalled that when she met Christopher the day before, he had declared to her excitedly that he was in the process of formulating an antidote that would restore Jim's memories.

Did this mean that the recipe of the original drug was in Christopher's hands? Was that why he was able to formulate a corresponding antidote? Bonnie could feel her scalp crawl at the thought of this.

Quentin had intended to use June to threaten Christopher into handing over the recipe!

Bonnie had always known that Jim was a strong and mentally resilient man, but even someone like him had fallen victim to the poison. As a result, he had lost most of his memories and was put under Charlotte's control, subject to her whims and fancies.

If... If Quentin were to get his hands on this drug and manufacture it for his selfish means, the consequences would be dire! As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie bit her lip nervously pulled June into her arms.

"I won't let you do this..." Jim furrowed his brows when he saw this. He, too, had connected the dots and figured out what Quentin wanted from Christopher.

Was this what Christopher had meant when he said he had something important to take care of? Was formulating the antidote to this drug the important task Christopher had mentioned?

Jim sighed and glanced at the little girl in Bonnie's arms. "Bring her upstairs and tend to her wounds."

Bonnie nodded.

She got up, carrying June in her arms, but after just taking two steps, she suddenly froze. She paused in her steps and turned to glance at Jim, then at their surroundings.

"June is the only one imprisoned here... Where's Charlotte?"

"I've already found her." Jim curled his lips into a smile. He turned to glance at the servant sitting in silence on the cushion.

"Don't you agree?"

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A glimmer of fear flashed past the servant's eyes. However, a split second later, she regained her composure and lifted her head to stare coldly at Jim. "I don't know what you're talking about, Sir.

"Like the maid standing next to you, I, too, was under Mr. Simms' orders to execute this. We hadn't meant to hurt her at all, and I hope that you, Sir, and...and this beautiful lady with you can show us some mercy." The woman's voice was hoarse and croaky, like a broken, creaking door.

Jim could not help frowning at the sound of this.

According to his guesses, Quentin must have disguised Charlotte as one of the servants, and based on how silent this servant had been since they entered the room, he was fairly confident that this was Charlotte.

Nonetheless...

He remembered Charlotte's voice, and even though she did not possess a melodic voice, it was still clear and resonant, not at all like the sound that came out of this woman's throat!

Bonnie shared the same thought, too.

Initially, after hearing Jim's accusations, she also agreed that the quiet servant must have been Charlotte in disguise, but as soon as she heard this voice, she began to doubt it. How could Charlotte have ended up like this within a day?

Something must have gone wrong! Bonnie glanced at Jim, frowning. Her eyes were etched with confusion.

Jim, too, narrowed his eyes.

Countless clues pointed toward his postulation; the woman standing before them was none other than Charlotte!

However, the sound of her voice and the look in her eyes... All of a sudden, Jim could not help doubting himself. He hesitated for a moment, then finally chose to trust his instincts.

He sneered and strode toward the woman. "I've been wondering this since I walked in.

"This is a dungeon, and the air here is quite stuffy. We arrived only a short while ago, yet we're already drenched in sweat, so why are the two of you still wearing masks?

"Is this some kind of strange preference, or is it because...you don't want us to see your faces?"

Then, he narrowed his eyes tore the mask off her face.

"Ahhh!" June, as soon as the mask was removed, let out a scream of terror and burrowed into Bonnie's arms, trembling in fear.

Bonnie and Jim stared in disbelief at the woman's face.

For a split second, Bonnie felt like vomiting, and if it were not for the fact that June was in her arms, she would have screamed and covered her eyes. What monster was this?

It turned out that the wounds on Laura's arms were nothing compared to this! This woman's entire face

was covered in rows of scratch marks that cut into her flesh, but apart from that, there were even deep knife wounds, and her skin was severely burned, as though someone had poured acid all over her face. Her entire face was covered in wounds of varying degrees that obscured her original looks entirely. No one could make out what she used to look like.

Bonnie bit her lip nervously, and she could feel her heart thumping in her chest. "You... Your face..."

"Mr. Simms was the one who did this." The woman sneered. "He's a monster. I'm his daughter, but that didn't stop him from doing this to me and sending me down here as a servant and hurting this little girl."

Chapter 2189 The servant quickly put her mask back on, then shot Jim and Bonnie a somewhat pleading look "Please, I'm not a bad person. Can you... Can you show me mercy?"

Jim furrowed his brows, staring at the woman, then turned to glance at Bonnie and June.

He reached out to cover Bonnie's eyes and finally glanced at the other servant, who had been pressed onto the ground by one of the guards. "Take off your mask, too."

The woman nodded and did as Jim ordered.

This woman's face was also charred and mutilated beyond recognition.

“Are you Quentin’s daughter too?” Jim asked, frowning. The woman shook her head. “No, I’m not. How can I possibly...be Mr. Simms’ daughter? Only Char-only the girl next to you is Mr. Simms’ daughter.”

Then, she quickly put her mask back on, trotted over to the other servant’s side, and gently grasped her arm. Then, she glanced at Jim with an earnest look and said, “Sir, the two of us were forced to be here against our will, and if we had a choice, we wouldn’t have chosen to hurt this little girl. “However, since this was Mr. Simms’ orders, we had no choice but to follow... There is nothing we wish to do more than leave this place...”

She wiped her tears and continued, “Can you help us escape? We promise that we’ll never do anything to hurt anyone else again after leaving Quinn Mansion!”

Bonnie pursed her lips and sighed at the sight of these two women.

“If we manage to find Charlotte and take her away from here, I can help you two escape, too.”

After all, if they successfully found Charlotte, Quentin would have been accused of harboring a criminal fugitive, and they would be able to use this to threaten him into doing whatever they said. By that time, getting him to release the two servants would not be difficult.

As soon as they heard Bonnie's response, the two servants were overwhelmed by their gratitude and began praising Bonnie for her kindness.

Jim was the only one who noticed that even while thanking Bonnie, one of the servants had a cold, icy look in her eyes.

He narrowed his eyes at this sight for a moment, but still smiled and added, "Initially, I hadn't wanted to get involved in this, but since you're willing to show kindness to these two poor souls, Bonnie, let's help them."

Then, he put his arm around Bonnie's shoulder, looked down at June, who was still in her arms, and ordered the men to bring the two restrained servants up, "Let's go upstairs." Bonnie froze. "So soon?"

They had only managed to find June, but not Charlotte. "There's no other place that Quentin could've hidden her." Jim shook his head. "We can't find her here."

Bonnie could feel her heart sink.

Could it be that...Joshua and Luke's men were wrong? Had Charlotte already left Quinn Mansion

before they arrived? All of a sudden, Bonnie felt her breath catch in her throat. "However..." Jim

narrowed his eyes and glanced at the two servants. "We managed to find something else, didn't we?"

Bonnie turned to glance at the two women behind her and furrowed her brows. "Do you think Quentin will let them go?" "He will. Even if we can't find Charlotte, he will."

Chapter 2190 Bonnie shot Jim a puzzled look, then finally sighed and held June closer to her as she walked up the stairwell, followed by Jim. Even though they did not manage to find Charlotte, they had at least found June.

Bonnie gently stroked June's bald head and chuckled.

"I bought you lots of hats, some of them with wigs attached. Haven't you always wanted to change your hairstyle frequently? Well, when we get home, you can finally fulfill your wishes of changing your hairstyle every day!"

The sound of Bonnie's gentle voice made June's trembling body stiffen.

A split second later, she lifted her head to stare at Bonnie with wide, shiny eyes. "How many?"

Bonnie felt her heart soften at this sight. This was a six-year-old girl, after all. Even after she was treated terribly and wounded all over, she still could not suppress her curiosity and asked how many hairstyles she could get. How could one possibly not love such an adorable little girl?

“More than you can count,” Bonnie said reassuringly as they continued walking.

“Harvey and I chose more than ten hats for you, and he told me that you’d look beautiful in every one of them. He can’t wait to see you in them!” June nodded.

“Okay! I’ll go home and try them on for Harvey...”

Following behind them, Jim’s heart softened when he saw how hard Bonnie was trying to console June.

He could not help...finding her endearing at times.

For example, the memory he had recalled of her sitting on his lap and reassuring him about his fear of the dark

Another instance was this exact moment of her consoling June.

It was no wonder that both Sean and Christopher had fallen for her, and no wonder he himself had dated her before losing his memories.

There was no denying that Bonnie possessed her own charm. Soon, they made their way out of the stairwell.

By the time they arrived back in Granny Quinn's bedroom, Joshua, Luna, Luke, Gwen, and even a pale-faced Quentin were already waiting. Granny Quinn's bedroom was filled with people.

"June!"

As soon as Bonnie emerged with a blood-streaked June, Luna immediately let out a cry of surprise and stormed over to their side. "Is there a doctor here? We need a doctor to tend to her wounds," Gwen said calmly. A man dressed in white stepped out from behind Luke.

"I can do that."

Gwen glanced at him and, recognizing him as the doctor who personally tended to Luke, nodded in approval.

"Be careful. She's only six, so you must be gentle with her."

The man nodded, strode over to Bonnie, and gingerly took June in his arms.

"Come with me. and I'll help you bandage your arms." June froze, then instinctively glanced at Bonnie.

She did not trust anyone after what she had been through, except for Bonnie. Bonnie glanced at Gwen, then at the soft-spoken man standing before her, and nodded.

"You can go with him. He's with Aunt Gwen, so he's not a bad guy." June bit her lip, glanced at the man

once more, then finally nodded and allowed him to take her away.

After June left, Quentin glanced coldly at the two servants that had been brought out of the dungeon by

Jim and finally lifted his head to meet Jim's gaze.

"Didn't you say you were going in to find Charlotte? Why did you kidnap my servants instead?"

"Are you here to claim my servants as yours, Mr. Landry?" Bonnie furrowed her brows upon hearing

this and shot Quentin a cold look. "Mr. Simms, I've always known you were a malicious man, but I

seem to have underestimated you.

"One of these servants claimed to be your daughter and that you were the one who tormented her and

ruined her face! How can you do this to her?"