

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1461 Aimed to Embarrass

Settle the score? Who should they settle the score with?

The Chamber of Commerce members, now devastated, were most eager to settle scores with the person in front of them. If it weren't for Kenton, they wouldn't have become so fixated on stocks!

The member who had just broken down had abandoned his company's business and spent all his time online. It was all because he had believed Kenton's claim that these three stocks would soar!

However, none of them dared to directly confront Kenton. They could only clench their fists and look down with expressions of rage.

Despite the severe losses, not everything was lost. According to the stock prices, each of the three stocks was still worth six to seven dollars. If they could withdraw now, they might salvage a third of their assets.

But the problem was they couldn't withdraw! They had to wait until Friday to do so!

One of them was still clinging

hope. He looked up and murmured, "The drop today was severe... but maybe

it will bounce back a bit tomorrow."

However, no one responded to this optimistic thought. They all knew that once such a steep drop occurred, it would likely continue for three or four days. Moreover, each stock transaction came with high fees.

Some were already despondent. Unlike Kenton, who still had his company, their funds were tied to their companies' survival. A financial issue could lead directly to bankruptcy.

But Kenton had his own secrets. His face was pale as he glanced at the stock market charts again. Certain matters were best kept from this many people.

Moreover, he anticipated that these people would likely become his problems shortly. With their severe losses, they were no longer in a position to stand by him

Kenton looked at the Chamber members with a facade of concern. 'It's not as dire as it seems. Money can still be earned. You all should go back and wait for news. I'll handle the stock market.'

Not everyone believed Kenton's reassurances. However, they had no choice but to leave.

At the very least, the company's operations needed to appear normal. They couldn't let anyone know about their massive losses. Otherwise, their company would see their downfall even quicker.

Yet, as they were leaving, one person said, 'Mr. Wray, we've been through thick and thin together over the years. You won't leave us in the lurch, right?'

"Of course not. What kind of nonsense is that?" Kenton frowned, seemingly angry at the question.

That person took his word for it. "Then I'll wait for your good news, Mr. Wray!"

Kenton waved his hand.

It wasn't until everyone had left that he showed his true feelings. "What the heck was he talking about? Following me through thick and thin over the years?"

"They wouldn't even be doing so well in the first place without me! Are they really expecting me to cover for them now that they are back to square one? What a joke."

Adrien walked in just in time to hear this. "Mr. Wray."

"Have Cassian come see me. Tell him I need to discuss something with him," Kenton instructed Adrien. "Also, immediately cut ties with some of our business partners. Those who just walked out, you know who they are."

"If their companies come looking for project payments, delay them as much as possible. We can't support these companies financially anymore."

"Understood." Adrien, although didn't invest, was still involved in the whole stock market scheme. He knew that those from the Chamber of Commerce and Kenton would not be able to pay off their debt.

So, they needed Cassian to come back resolve this issue. Otherwise, Kenton might face serious problems.

Cassian, who was cooking at that moment, received the message from Adrien and saw the news about Kenton's massive losses in the stock market. He didn't bother to respond.

As a finance professional, Cassian knew exactly why Kenton wanted to see him. He had already submitted his resignation, and the company had approved it.

He wasn't foolish enough to return to the company now and take the fall for Kenton. Instead, he needed to prepare for the worst!

As he thought about this, he dropped his cooking and immediately called his wife, Isolde Faye

"Zara? She's still at school. What's wrong with you today? You sound so anxious," Isolde asked through the phone.

Cassian didn't go into details at Isolde's questions. Instead, he instructed her to take leave and come home." Pack your things. We're going to Kingbourne. Our house there is safer.'

Isolde could sense the urgency in his voice. She knew that Cassian had been under a lot of stress recently due to work

Thinking about the Wray family's power and Kenton's ruthless methods, she immediately understood that they needed to leave quickly. Otherwise, their whole family would face danger!

Half an hour later, inside the commercial building, Kenton sat in his chair, no longer the calm and collected figure he usually was

The massive losses from the stock market and the land deal had seriously depleted his resources. Maintaining normal operations would be extremely difficult without additional financial backing.

He repeatedly dialed his overseas investors' numbers, but no one answered. When he finally got through, it was just an assistant.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wray, but please refrain from calling if you don't have an appointment. The boss is very busy." Kenton's anger reached its peak at the assistant's words. He was here trying to be polite, yet those foreigners were cold as ice!

"Busy? Isn't this the same person who came to Hawford and claimed it to be his second hometown? Didn't he say we were brothers?

"I think you've forgotten how your product got into Cascadia in the first place!' Kenton's voice was thunderous, his rage apparent even to those outside the office.

Adrien was worried about potential gossip and quickly shut the door to prevent the others from hearing the conversation.

Though the assistant on the other end of the line spoke in broken Cascadian, was obvious he was mocking Kenton.

"Mr. Wray, forget our products. Let me remind you-who was it that promised our products would dominate the Cascadian market? Yet, your domestic brands are still here.

"We also have to fix the damage and restore our reputation in Cascadia, which, by the way, we had worked very hard for, thanks to your poor public relations. Do you know how much this has cost us? 20 billion!

"As for the stock market, our boss has a piece of advice for you. Quoting your own words, the stock market is for the smart. If you can't play smart, don't play at all.'

The phone was slammed down with a deafening sound. The assistant had hung up on Kenton.

Kenton, who was always the one scheming against others, was now experiencing the rare and harsh reality of having his own resources pulled away at a critical moment.

Kenton gritted his teeth and was crude with his words. "Fuck those despicable foreign bastards!"

They pulled out as soon as they sensed trouble and left him with no safety net.

At this moment, Adrien leaned in and whispered, 'Mr. Wray, perhaps it's time to play your trump card. If not, we'll be facing a dead end. Not only is all the money gone, but we'll also have to deal with compensation claims from the overseas companies."

Kenton stubbed out his cigar forcefully. 'It's not over yet. Once Cassian gets here, you know what to say. By the time he arrives, his weak spot will be firmly in our grasp."

As Adrien moved to prepare, he suddenly remembered something. "Mr. Wray, there's something else. This recent stock market incident might not be a coincidence.

"Last week, Wynter, along with a man, brought a suitcase full of money to the trading platform and bought a ton of gold shares.

"Then, they gathered a few people at a restaurant for a private meeting. Ever since then, gold has been flying off the shelves at the stores. Could this have something to do with the rise in gold prices?"

Kenton slammed his hand on the desk. "Why didn't you tell me this earlier? Are we slower than her at spreading information online?"

"We only got the information today, and it came directly from Wynter herself. Mr. Wray, there's something

erie about this woman.

The information hadn't come through their own research but from an email to the company's address sent by Wynter herself that was deliberately timed to arrive today.

The content was a mockingly sarcastic, "Wishing Mr. Wray great fortune."

Adrien didn't dare mention the email's wording to Kenton, fearing it might drive him to madness. After all, Kenton's expression had been murderous the last time Wynter drove her Lamborghini around his office

building.

Adrien did his best to conceal the more delicate information. He whispered, "Mr. Wray, maybe it's best to keep an eye on her."

"What's so special about that girl that I need to waste my time keeping an eye on her? She's just riding on the Quinnell family's coattails! She's nothing but a trickster using cheap tactics! The real problem is probably her

fiancé, Dalton!"

Kenton took a deep breath. "I'll figure out a way to deal with her. Now, explain to me why our information came in slower than hers!"

"The older folks don't really trust online information. They might still click on the website if you're talking about something free... or maybe something related to health or wellness programs. But what we were putting out was too complicated for them.

"Wynter, on the other hand, made a very eye-catching move. And one of the people she targeted was a leader among the elderly groups! Once she spread the word, it spread like wildfire. That's how we ended up in this

situation.

"The person who leaked the insider information thought it wouldn't be a big deal

But in this world, there are no secrets that don't get out. They believed Wynter over us."

spread the information.

Upon hearing this, Kenton clenched his jaw. 'Wynter, oh, Wynter! You've been ruining my plans, one after

another, since you reached Hawford'"

Using his trump card to save the Wray family and deal with Wynter and the Whitman family was more than enough, but this was his only chance.

"Deal with Cassian first. Someone has to take the fall for this. If he doesn't cooperate, show him what I can do

to his wife and daughter! Tell Dorian to make a move now!"

Adrien's body stiffened at Kenton's words, but he still replied, "Yes."

However, he couldn't shake his unease and hesitated before offering a cautious reminder, "Mr. Wray, our company's situation will undoubtedly be difficult with the overseas funds cut off.

"If this rise in gold prices is connected to Wynter, I'm afraid the three stocks you and the other CEOs invested

in were deliberately targeted by Albert.

"The sudden spike lured people to invest more. When that happened, they sold all of their shares, causing today's collapse, while gold surged dramatically. Mr. Wray, I suspect this was all a trap set by Wynter." "Her?" It wasn't as if Kenton had never entertained this idea. However, he quickly dismissed it. "She doesn't have the capital to withstand the stock market's waves.

"You need not just money, but experience to manipulate the stock market. Even I needed the support of foreign capital. Right now, there's other people's money tied up in the market.

"Do you think Wynter alone could take on such capital? That is unless the entire Quinnell family is involved. But from what I know, they haven't made a move.

"As for Wynter, you've seen her track record. Sure, she has her lucky moments, but she's clueless about the stock market. At most, it's her fiancé, Dalton, who was giving her some advice.

"But the Yarwood family wouldn't go against their own principles just for her, let alone manipulate the stock

market on such a scale."

Kenton dismissed the idea that the three stocks he invested in had anything to do with Wynter

The spike in gold prices, in his view, was simply the result of Wynter knowing how to manipulate public opinion. But the stock market? That was a whole different game, one not everyone could master.

It wasn't arrogance. He truly believed Wynter couldn't possibly have enough money to influence the market. Even with the potential of the land she had gotten, those funds hadn't yet hit her accounts!

His reasoning was sound, and it calmed Adrien's unease somewhat. Perhaps he had overthought things.

If Wynter truly had the power to control the stock market, there'd be no need for her to bother with the Chamber of Commerce. She'd be a capital powerhouse in her own right.

Clearly, all these thoughts were just his earlier panic speaking. After all, Wynter did have a way of being unnervingly unpredictable.

Wynter was on a call at that moment with Albert, who usually spoke with a businesslike detachment and a

strong commercial presence. His tone had never sounded this emotional. "Wynter, have you seen the gold

prices?"

"I did." Wynter had been keeping an eye on more than just the gold prices.

Albert took a deep breath. "Wynter, outsiders always call me an elite investor who can turn stones into gold.

But I think that description fits you even better. When did you learn about finance?"

The question came unexpectedly.

Wynter didn't see any reason

hide the truth. "When I was with the Yates family. I had nothing much to do

then.

"I was interested in making money even before I was of legal age. So, I tried my hand at the stock market. The person I sent you is a friend of mine."

"Your friend is the most skilled investor in Hawford. No one else knows about this besides me, right?" Albert

said, feeling a mix of pride.

He considered himself superior to his other siblings when it came to his relationship with Wynter. "But Wynter, what kind of friend calls you 'boss' when they talk to you?"

Initially, Wynter had hidden this well. And Albert had always thought of their relationship as a two-way

partnership. After all, the person he was dealing with was well-known in the investment world and was in his

40s.

However, today, the other party let their guard down when he saw the gold price surge and accidentally called Wynter "boss". Albert had frozen for a moment before he quickly realized what this meant and wanted to talk

to Wynter about it.

This conversation made Wynter seem even more pitiable, though it was unintentional on her part. For someone like Albert, who had always wanted to be a good older sibling, it was heart-wrenching to know that Wynter had been making money on her own before she was even of legal age!

Though he had investigated the Yates family, hearing Wynter's side of the story only fueled his imagination.

The first thing he did was transfer ten thousand dollars to Wynter.

"Let's go get something to eat later, Albert said. Wynter was speechless. But it seemed that Albert had always preferred to solve problems with money.

Albert sighed deeply as he sat in front of his computer. "Wynter must have had a really tough time.'

The investor Wynter had sent to Albert stared at him in disbelief. Who did he say was having a hard time? His boss? Wynter, who had made a million on her first venture? Really?

"I'm going to tell Grandpa about this!" Albert's gaze darkened. "Wynter is truly remarkable!"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1462 Fabian's Sorrow

Meanwhile, far away in Kingborune, Fabian was still holding a shareholders' meeting.

The Quinnell family had changed completely from what it used to be. During the meeting, no one spoke of the necessity of cooperating with Foplyanese companies for development. All the remaining shareholders were dedicated to building the business.

Their excitement was palpable at the news of the recent developments in Hawford led by Wynter.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior, my friends in Hawford have informed me that the land that Ms. Quinnell acquired is one of the most highly prioritized development zones by the government in recent years. Will the Quinnell Group be shifting our focus toward that area?"

Fabian didn't deny his speculations. He said with a hearty laugh, "You're absolutely right. The company will officially establish a branch in Hawford next month. As you all know, we started in Hawford. After all these years, it's time to return."

In the past, it would have been impossible to even consider such a move. Despite being a long-held aspiration for many, reconnecting with a place once left behind was incredibly challenging.

Especially after the issues caused by Shane, the Quinnell Group had lost their foothold in Hawford. Breaking the ice in that area had become a daunting task.

Hawford, as an international metropolis, was a hub of cutting-edge business thinking. It was where domestic and foreign capital clashed and learned from each other.

The Quinnell Group's absence from this dynamic environment over the years meant they had fallen significantly behind. But now, they were finally about to make a grand return!

This would not only open up new markets but also present unexpected business opportunities, particularly in overseas ventures and collaborations.

For those committed to practical achievements, the prospect was invigorating. Moreover, their first project could potentially be recorded in history.

Not only were ordinary shareholders excited, but even Fabian had spent a sleepless night at the Quinnell family memorial hall.

Fabian was filled with joy. It was a stark contrast to his thoughts just six months ago. Back then, he had merely hoped to see Wynter again before he passed.

He didn't consider himself a particularly worthy leader of the Quinnell family. With his son's failures and the family's missteps, he felt he had failed his ancestors.

His final, desperate strategy had been to use his death as a shield to protect the Quinnell family for a few more years. Despite a lifetime of integrity and honor, he often felt isolated. He felt that there was no one around him who he could have a heart-to-heart with

Perhaps this had happened a long time ago, but as he navigated through the murky waters of politics and business, he found himself struggling to distinguish between loyalty and deceit.

After every shareholder meeting, he felt as if he were surrounded by enemies, and any misstep could see the Quinnell Group falling into the wrong hands. None of his associates seemed to truly stand by him. His grandchildren each had their own ambitions and lacked a deep understanding of human nature. Although Albert grasped the intricacies of business, their relationship had always been strained.

Fabian had faced his share of sorrow, but he understood that he couldn't afford to be overwhelmed by it. The Quinnell Group needed his presence to stay on the right path.

Despite his efforts to hold on, he felt powerless to change the course of the family's decline. The harsh reality was that he was aging, and some of his old beliefs and strategies no longer fit the modern world.

He had hoped to make things right while he was still around and to bring Wynter back into the fold, supporting her as best as he could.

However, his despair seemed to dissolve with her return. In just a few short months, Wynter had managed to turn things around after her return.

His health improved, and the financial performance of all the subsidiaries under the company soared beyond the previous year's results.

The Quinnell Group's market value surged, which granted them genuine influence in the business arena, even amidst foreign competition! They no longer needed to rely on partnerships with foreign companies or fear being cornered by them!

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Although making a breakthrough into the market and gaining recognition overseas was difficult, the Quinnell Group relied on its own technology to achieve it.

The proposal was unanimously passed at the shareholders' meeting. Furthermore, with the Quinnell family's affairs now in order, Wynter's journey to Hawford had paved a new path, fulfilling the long-held dreams of

many.

Fabian truly felt fulfilled. He had no more regrets with such capable grandchildren.

"Wynter did all the things we wanted to accomplish." Fabian didn't say this as a chairman. Instead, he said it as someone who had struggled alongside the other shareholders. He deeply understood what returning to Hawford meant for the Quinnell Group.

How could the shareholders not be thrilled? The entire group felt like they were celebrating a festival. Where else could they find such a great company in today's competitive environment?

Their boss would venture out to expand the business and bring in revenue, while they could simply focus on their work and leave on time. Even during busy seasons, they received triple pay when overtime was needed. In the company, there wasn't a single person who didn't admire Wynter.

Pregnant women received generous maternity leave, and there were no inappropriate bosses or alcohol-drenched business dinners. All of these were ironclad policies Wynter had put in place after her arrival.

Some other companies would try to analyze the Quinnell family's approach with a condescending tone. They often assumed that the Quinnell Group's profit would surely decline with Wynter's management style.

But as it turned out, those analyses were purely nonsense! Setting aside Wynter's extraordinary capabilities, it was clear that her employees wouldn't let her lose.

Plenty of people doubted the Quinnell family in those early days when Wynter first went to Hawford. Now, not only have those critics been proven wrong, but it was as if their humiliation could be heard echoing across the country.

Most people thought that would be the end of it. After all, they were involved in a national development project. What could be more prestigious than that?

Hence, Fabian didn't bother stepping out of the conference room when he received a call from Albert.

Albert was silent for a few seconds when he heard Fabian laugh. "True... nothing can surpass in terms of prestige. But it certainly might when it comes to profit."

"What are you talking about? Your words are contradictory." Fabian didn't immediately end the call as he was in a good mood.

Normally, he wouldn't have answered a call in a conference room. However, today was different. He was curious about the new information Albert had to share.

Albert didn't beat around the bush. "Remember how I told you that Wynter and I planned to invest a little in the stock market?"

"We're all aware of that. It was part of the strategy to divert the Wray family's attention. It was so that they would believe that you've taken the bait." Fabian looked up at the shareholders.

This was a deliberate move that had been discussed by all of them.

Albert, in a rare moment, cleared his throat lightly. "Actually... it wasn't just about diverting attention. It was to invest as well."

Fabian furrowed his brows slightly upon hearing this.

Albert didn't pause as he continued, "Grandpa, you should brace yourself. What I'm about to say might shock everyone. Wynter is a stock market genius.

"She had someone open an account for her before she even turned 18. She could have easily made billions

annually just through investments if she'd had the chance to study finance.

"She wouldn't have even needed to manage the company. She only ended up studying medicine by coincidence."

"What do you mean?" Some of the shareholders, who were still confused, exchanged glances.

Fabian was already beginning to sense that Albert was about to say something significant

Albert finally revealed, 'Wynter and I invested 50 billion in gold. As of now, each gold stock has netted a growth of 20 billion, and the value of gold is still rising.'

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1464 Well Said

"The international market will have an upward trend as well, given the current trend. Gold will keep rising throughout the week without any drop," Albert added.

50 billion? With each share gaining 20 billion in value?

Everyone in the office gasped in shock.

The magnitude of such growth might be unfathomable for the average person. But those present in the conference room currently were from the business world-they were those with the keenest sense of stock market fluctuations.

This was wealth beyond their wildest dreams!

Albert was aware that the people over the line had the same feelings as him. He continued with a low voice, "Grandpa, take your time to process this. Also, ten billion of that 50 billion came from the profits we made off the three stocks the Wrays had bought.

"Some foreign investors are trying to earn our money in the stock market, but Wynter told me they'll end up trapped. They won't be able to sell their stocks even if they want to.

"As for the gold market, they're still trying to lower the gold price, but we'll make sure it stays high. Outsiders don't get to call the shots in Cascadia, not even in a business world tangled with competing interests."

Fabian's hands trembled slightly at Albert's words. "Was this all said by Wynter?"

"Yes." Albert smiled broadly.

Fabian slammed his hand down on the table and stood up from his chair. He let out a hearty, powerful laugh. "Wonderful! What a move! Forcing them to hold on to worthless stock, unable to sell even if they wanted to! And what a declaration! No outsider gets to call the shots in Cascadia!"

Wynter had never let any of them down. Considering her age, she had already achieved far beyond everyone's expectations.

The shareholders also stood up, visibly excited. They were thrilled, whether from a financial perspective or simply from hearing such inspiring words.

After all, who wouldn't want to encounter a wise leader? Undoubtedly, Wynter was their wise leader!

Before this, they admired Wynter for her business acumen. She had always surprised them with her innovative strategies. But this time, setting aside the financial gains, it was her charisma that truly won them

over.

After all, which company leader would be able to make a profit of 20 dollars per share while also bringing immense wealth to everyone involved?

Earlier criticisms that suggested that Wynter's horoscope would bring misfortune to others now seemed utterly ridiculous!

It was this moment that Wynter had successfully won everyone's acknowledgement. The Quinnell Group's future leader could only be Wynter!

Fabian was truly elated. After all, there was a 20 dollars increase per share and the promise of continued growth.

He was initially still puzzled as to how gold prices were still rising. But he finally understood when he saw the sales figures for the gold store in his own shopping mall after the conference.

Wynter had utilized physical sales nationwide to influence stock prices. Her moves were indeed brilliant! Fabian felt that he needed to boast about it. Just going to the memorial hall wasn't enough, and even the shareholders already knew. After some consideration, he decided to share the news with his old friend in Hawford.

Reuben, who was writing calligraphy, was so surprised that his hands halted on the paper.

Soon, the maids downstairs heard him ask twice, "Did it really increase by 20 dollars per share? Are you sure?" They weren't sure what he was talking about.

The next thing they knew, Reuben put on his reading glasses, wore his tailored suit, and grabbed his watch before asking for his chauffeur. "Come with me to the trading platform."

He left without telling Marie, but it was clear he was in a good mood. One could tell he was happy even just by looking at his back, though no one knew exactly what had happened.

Ophelia arrived at Quaint Villa's main gate the moment Reuben left.

The new butler, Mathias, greeted her respectfully before glancing behind her. "Mrs. Whitman, are you here by yourself?"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1465 Here She Comes

Mathias was a new butler Wynter had brought back from Kingbourne.

His question stemmed from the fact that Ophelia was a Montclair and had never come to Quaint Villa alone before.

Despite her urgency, Ophelia maintained her calm exterior. She was very displeased with Mathias. 'Am I not allowed to come by myself?'

"Of course you are. I spoke out of turn. It's just that Mr. Reuben just left, and I was concerned you might come in vain,' Mathias spoke respectfully.

Ophelia knew she hadn't handled her own matters well, but she wasn't foolish enough to cause trouble for a mere butler. She only wanted to see Marie as soon as possible to discuss urgent matters. It was even more perfect with Reuben away.

"This is my own home. There's no such thing as coming in vain." Ophelia glanced at him. "Where's Marie?" Mathias paused for a moment, his eyes lowering as if he was suppressing something. However, he still responded respectfully, "Ms. Whitman is in the kitchen preparing traditional medicine. I can take you to her." Ophelia waved her hand dismissively. "Go back to your duties. I'll go to her myself."

Her steps quickened as she headed toward the kitchen. It was only a few feet away, and upon reaching the doorway, she called out, "Marie. You still look the same after all these years. It's truly enviable."

Marie turned her head over her shoulder upon hearing her name. 'Oh, it's you, Ophelia. You flatter me. Are you here to see Dad? He just went out for a walk."

Ophelia shook her head. "I'm not here for Dad. I came to see you. It's been so long since we've last met. As your sister-in-law, I figured I should make time to visit you as soon as I heard you were back."

As she spoke, her eyes landed on the stove where a pot of traditional medicine was brewing. A flicker of disdain crossed her face. In her eyes, such tasks were meant for the maids.

She assumed Marie was doing this as she hadn't yet won Reuben's forgiveness, and this bolstered Ophelia's confidence.

Ophelia took Marie's hand. "Marie, let's go sit down and chat for a bit. Forget I'm your sister-in-law for a moment. We're still best friends, after all."

Marie's eyes sharpened slightly as she observed Ophelia's demeanor. It was obvious she had ulterior motives behind her visit.

As their conversation led them to the seating area, they sat side by side

Ophelia poured a cup of tea for Marie before starting her speech. "Marie, do you know how it is to be married into the Whitman family?

"It looks so glamorous from the outside. I could buy whatever I want and do whatever I please. But there's always something missing inside.

"Especially after Cyrus was born, I've been running around trying to manage everything. This whole household is practically held together by me."

Marie gently patted Ophelia's back. 'I understand, Ophelia. It hasn't been easy for you all these years. Noah is always busy with the company, and he doesn't have much time for you. Don't take it to heart, we're all family.'" Seeing that her words were having the desired effect, Ophelia pressed on and seized the opportunity.

"Marie, you know how it is. Noah and I only have Cyrus. It's natural for us to want to give him the best and help him avoid unnecessary hardships.

"I've been so tied up with family matters. I come over to take care of Dad whenever I have the chance, giving him massages and talking with him.

"Over the years, I've been trying to tell him it wasn't your fault, that you're her daughter and no one can deny that. I've always tried to help ease the tension. But no matter how hard I try, it doesn't seem to make a difference. Marie, I've really tried my best.

Maire offered a tissue to Ophelia for her tears. 'Ophelia, I know you've done a lot for the family and Noah. I understand you."

"I knew you'd understand me." Ophelia lifted her gaze. "Then, I won't beat around the bush any longer, Marie. I wanted to talk to you about the piece of land Wynter secured...."

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Upon hearing this, Marie's expression remained relatively unchanged. However, her eyes noticeably dimmed.

She didn't even respond to Ophelia's words. She merely picked up the teapot and poured herself a cup of tea. Ophelia had expected Marie to follow her lead and ask a few questions as soon as she brought up the matter. Who would've thought that she would react so indifferently?

This left Ophelia at a loss. This meant that she'd have to swallow her pride if she wanted to bring up the request for the land!

"Marie, I know Wynter is remarkable and has done many great things since coming to Hawford. But this time, Cyrus has put in a lot of effort for the land deal. He ran around tirelessly and hasn't complained about it even once."

She then pretended to wipe away tears. "Wynter wasn't well-received when she first came to Hawford, and it really hurts to see that.

"I figured that since I couldn't help smooth things over between you and Mr. Reuben, I could at least do my part as Wynter's aunt. I told Cyrus to fully support her and made sure that he would do his best with whatever help Wynter needed.

"But you know Cyrus well, Marie. He's sincere and always puts Wynter first. He never even mentioned a word about this land deal. I, as his mother, had to come on his behalf.

"Cyrus is the Whitman family's eldest grandson. Mr. Reuben would be proud if he succeeded. Money isn't the issue here Cyrus just wants to hear a few words of praise from his grandfather. As his aunt, I'm sure you understand.

"Besides, we're all family. Wynter securing the land and Cyrus being involved would only bring us closer, wouldn't it? Mr. Reuben would be happy to hear that, too."

Ophelia's entire speech, both implicitly and explicitly, was a request for the land. Yet, she still portrayed herself as unconcerned with money, that she was doing all of this solely for the Whitman family.

Marie raised her gaze to look at Ophelia, who wouldn't stop yapping. Her memory of Ophelia had become blurry.

She recalled that in their youth, Ophelia had been the quietest. She was always gentle and had never argued with anyone. She remained the same even after marriage, always putting Noah first in everything.

Was it time that had changed people, or had they simply never seen the truth from the beginning?

With a soft clink, Marie placed her teacup down. Her voice was calm and measured. "But from what Wynter told me, Cyrus decided not to invest even before the policies were announced. Withdrawing at a critical moment is a taboo in business.

"In the end, Wynter had to secure funds from the Quinnell family. If there had been issues with the payment, the land wouldn't have ended up in her hands.'

Ophelia narrowed her eyes upon hearing this. Marie was much harder to deal with than before, but that didn't matter. Since she had come, she was confident she could manipulate the situation.

"Marie, you may know that Cyrus withdrew the investment, but do you know why?" I'm going to be honest with you. I was the one who told him to withdraw." Ophelia squeezed out a few more tears.

She continued, "I was scared. When Shane came to Hawford, he did the same thing as Wynter. He bought land and played with the stock market.

"Shane's connections were from Noah, and the money was fronted by him, too. But when Shane left, it was Noah who had to cover all the losses. Do you know how your brother got through those years?"

Those words pierced directly into Marie's heart. Her hand visibly trembled, and tea spilled onto the table. Seeing this, Ophelia suppressed a smile and maintained a sorrowful expression. "That's why I was afraid. I

was scared that Wynter would end up just like Shane. He's her father, after all.

"I had no choice but to make the decision for Cyrus. I made sure he helped out whatever he could since he wasn't investing

"Who knew the land that Wynter bought turned out to be a perfect choice? I'm genuinely happy for her. But the damage we had sustained back then..

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1467 Shameless

Ophelia paused before continuing, "Marie, what's done is done. We can't pretend it never happened.

"Noah... Perhaps, it was something you can't even begin to imagine. But if it weren't for Shane, Cyrus wouldn't have ended up this way.

"Noah was always busy and didn't have time to guide Cyrus. As the Whitman family's eldest grandson, Cyrus still has no real achievement to show.

"Some of the Whitman family's old associates cut ties back when Shane did what he did. Cyrus wouldn't be in this position if those connections had remained."

Marie glanced at the hand that was gripping her wrist. "Rest assured, Ophelia. I won't pretend nothing happened. I'm the one who hates Shane the most, after all."

"Of course, I understand how you feel. Shane is long gone, and hating him isn't going to solve anything. We should focus on how to move forward. It's about time you and your brother resolved the grudge between you two," Ophelia spoke with heartfelt care.

Marie detected the underlying meaning behind Ophelia's words. "How should this grudge be resolved according to you?"

"Isn't the solution right here?" Ophelia gestured to the red mark on the map. "Back then, the rift between you and Noah started with buying land and speculating in the stock market, and even Mr. Reuben was hurt by it.

"Now, this land has come up. The money Noah lost thanks to Shane, with who knows how much interest by now, can be made up by giving Cyrus a share of Wynter's land deal.

"Marie, all you need to do is talk to Wynter and have her give Cyrus a 60 percent stake in the land. With both the Whitman and Montclair families backing the project, any issues that come up will be easily solved.

"Wynter can keep 40 percent of the dividends without having to worry about things. Isn't this a perfect solution for everyone?"

Ophelia smiled and added, "Marie, you haven't been in Hawford for a long time, so you don't know how complicated these projects have become.

"Sometimes, you even need to attend events where you have to drink. Wynter is a girl, so it's not ideal for her to handle such things.

"With Cyrus taking care of the messy parts, she can just happily collect her share of the profits. Don't worry, I'll do everything I can to mend things between you and Noah."

Marie's expression betrayed no emotions. She simply asked, "Did you say Cyrus gets 60 percent, and Wynter 40 percent?"

"Cyrus will be doing most of the work in the future. Marie, why are you quibbling over this?" Ophelia poured her a cup of tea. "It's just a small matter."

Marie mulled over the words 'small matter', her gaze growing cold. "It seems you've forgotten something. Ophelia, this land belongs to Wynter. If she doesn't share it with Cyrus, there's no question of quibbling over shares in the first place."

She understood clearly that Ophelia was trying to use the rift between her and Noah as leverage to make her ask Wynter to give Cyrus a share of the land.

But Marie hadn't expected the request to be so brazen. Cyrus getting 60 percent, and Wynter 40 percent, with Cyrus calling the shots on future matters?

Marie drank her cup of tea before turning the cup upside down. "Ophelia, I originally intended to leave you some dignity. I can't make this decision on Wynter's behalf. She may be my daughter, but I won't interfere with what she chooses to do.

"Would you still have Cyrus involved if this land deal ended up losing money? I will repay whatever I owe the Whitman family. As for the issues between Noah and I, let him come talk to me himself if he still has

unresolved feelings.

"As for wanting me to ask Wynter for a share of the land on Cyrus' behalf, I can tell you right now-it's not happening."

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1468 Threats of Divorce

"I finally understand now! Ophelia, you are not worthy enough to step into the Whitman family!"

Marie stood up right after speaking. It was clear she wasn't planning to show any more courtesy. 'Mr. McCoy, see her out!'"

Ophelia was taken aback. She had never expected Marie to be this harsh!

She was fuming, and her hands trembled as she pointed at Marie, "Me? Not worthy of entering the Whitman family?"

"Who's responsible for bringing the family to this state? Isn't it because you married such a wonderful husband? You were the one who dragged the Whitman family down!"

"And now you're back here after your divorce! I had good intentions, thinking of harmony for the family, yet this is how you repay me!"

"Just you wait! I'll go ask your brother if it's true that I don't belong to the Whitman family!"

"Marie Whitman, let me tell you-if I end up divorcing your brother, it will be because of you! You are already married into another family! How dare you still meddle in the Whitman family's affairs?"

Ophelia grabbed her bag and headed for the door, her high heels clicking loudly on the floor.

It seemed that the apple didn't fall far from the tree. Both Wynter and Marie were the same! Since they weren't listening to her, Ophelia was determined to let the people of Hawford be the judge!

She didn't think Marie had the right to stay in the Whitman family. If she wouldn't even give her a piece of the land, then she could leave the Whitman family altogether!

Ophelia's bravado stemmed from her confidence in being able to persuade Noah. She knew her own husband all too well. Just as Tamia had said, threatening divorce was sometimes just another way to manage a family.

In the house, Marie carefully put away the teacup. Her gaze was fixed at a random spot.

She refused to give in because she wouldn't allow anyone to step on Wynter. Yet, Ophelia's words had indeed planted a thorn in her heart.

Mathias seemed lost in thought as he witnessed the scene before him. He was still quite young and was only slightly older than a college student.

Typically, no one would take orders from him. However, since he was from the Quinnell family and specifically selected by Fabian for Wynter, he had a bit of authority.

He went to Wynter the same afternoon and recounted everything that had happened.

Wynter was currently focused on the stock market. After all, the big day was just around the corner.

However, those who knew her understood Marie's significance in her life.

Her eyes grew cold after hearing Mathias' account. She fiddled with a lighter she found somewhere, clicking it open and closed. The flame flickered in the dim light.

She finally spoke up, "I was initially inclined to keep the Montclair family, but it seems there's no longer a need for that. I won't concern myself with how Cyrus feels about it. Send the footage from this afternoon to Uncle Noah and Cyrus."

"Deliver it personally, and tell Uncle Noah that I won't be merciful any longer. If Cyrus tries to intervene, I'll take him down with the rest. I will remind Uncle Noah to manage his son properly."

It was clear Wynter was genuinely angry this time.

"Understood, Ms. Quinnell." Mathias heard the order and set off.

The Montclair family still had no idea of the current situation.

They didn't know anything regarding the Wray family's condition in the stock market, much less how much Wynter had earned. The Montclairs still didn't think a single piece of land could change anything for Wynter. They thought that the Whitman family wouldn't dare to fall out with the Montclair family at such a crucial

time.

Tamia couldn't possibly have foreseen the losses Kenton would face. She believed she had come up with a brilliant idea.

She hadn't realized that sending Ophelia to Quaint Villa today would provoke Wynter. This was basically giving themselves a death sentence!

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1469 Caring for Her Family

The only person who recognized Wynter as a threat stood elegantly beside her. "Are you planning to sort the Montclair family out? Should I send my men?"

Wynter cast a glance at Dalton and turned down his offer. "No need for that. I'll take care of it myself."

She didn't want to be cruel, but Tamia was forcing her hand.

Dalton fixed Wynter with a meaningful gaze. "You haven't changed a bit-always putting your family before anything else."

It was the same back when Wynter was part of the sect. She was ready to repay those harming her fellow sectarians tenfold, even if the one threatening them was Dalton himself.

Wynter was puzzled by Dalton's unexpected jealousy. "Who else would I care for if not my family?"

Dalton remained silent, though he flashed a cold smile in return.

Wynter stared at him for a moment before taking his hand. "Come on, be reasonable. You're marrying into the Quinnel family soon, which makes you family, too."

Stunned, Dalton looked at her hand before shifting his gaze to her face, where he found emotions in her eyes that he couldn't quite decipher.

Meanwhile, Noah had stopped working when he received the footage. He remained seated as he peered out of the bustling street from his window. His fists were clenched tightly as he struggled to contain his emotions.

Some time later, he ordered that an email be sent to Cyrus.

It seemed that Cyrus had been garnering plenty of attention. Not only was Wynter concerned about him, but his father had also kept him in mind.

However, Noah had carried such heavy responsibilities for so long that they had changed him. True to his expectations, Ophelia reached out with a message asking him to return home early for a sincere talk

After giving an affirmative reply, Noah lifted his gaze and switched off his phone before calling the legal team. The employees were surprised to learn that Noah, who frequently worked overtime, had decided to leave early. While they suspected it concerned Ophelia, they were puzzled as to why he was seeking out the legal team.

Noah arrived at the villa located east of the city at 5:30 pm. It was unusual for him to return home so early, and a few maids couldn't hide their surprise. They wondered if it was all due to Ophelia's bad mood. Upon seeing Noah, Ophelia rushed over to hug him. "You're back, Noah. I've been feeling really sad." Without a word, Noah stepped to the side and loosened his necktie. Ophelia failed to notice his behavior, having grown accustomed to it whenever he returned home.

"You know that I've dedicated myself entirely to this family over the years. No matter how late you returned from work, warm food was always on the table.

"While I may not be able to help with your company affairs, I've done a lot for Cyrus. He's the Whitman family's eldest child, and he's your son," Ophelia started

Noah slightly bent down and replied, "I understand your points. Just tell me what you want to say. I'll see what I can do."

Hearing that, Ophelia burst into tears. "You know the land Sevie acquired, right? I thought it was a bad investment and told Cyrus to pull his funds. I never expected it to become profitable!

"But even if Cyrus didn't invest, he deserves credit for his hard work. Without Cyrus' connection, Sevie wouldn't have been able to purchase a single plot of land.

"He worked so hard to get Sevie a good start, yet all Sevie had to do was make the payment. I meant to have

Marie advise Sevie on this, but she told me I'm not worthy of the Whitman family!"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1470 Let's Get a Divorce

"I've dedicated my whole life to the Whitman family since we married. And yet, Marie still treats me like an outsider. I never expected her to say such a thing," Ophelia cried, as if she had been wronged.

Seated on the couch, Noah regarded her with indifference. "Is that all?"

"What do you mean? Are you really going to let me suffer because of your sister? Didn't you hear how she belittled me?" Ophelia was filled with sorrow. She had expected her husband to respond with anger after

hearing her grievances.

Noah lit a cigarette and glanced at her. 'I did. You asked Sevie for her land, but she turned you down. So, you went to Marie, believing she would grant your request. Unfortunately, your plan fell through."

Ophelia was stunned for a moment. Despite Noah stating the truth, she couldn't shake the feeling that he was implying something else.

Noah continued without giving her a chance to respond, 'I won't interfere. The land belongs to Sevie, and Cyrus has nothing to do with this. It's up to Sevie to decide whom to offer it to."

Ophelia turned angry at his words. "What do you mean? Wasn't Cyrus the one seeking the connections? He's your son! As his father, you should be looking out for him.

"Besides, he's going to take over the Whitman family soon. You can let Marie mistreat me, but you should at least think about what's best for Cyrus!"

Noah arched a brow and retorted, "So, do you think I should rob others of their possessions?"

Ophelia was momentarily stunned before flying into a rage. "And who do you think I'm doing all of this for? You've thought about your sister and your dad but never your son!"

"All these years, I've held my tongue about you siding with your sister. But if you still choose to disregard me and our son..."

She took a deep breath and continued, "Then I'll have to file for divorce. Think about it."

She should've listened to Tamia and resorted to such a tactic sooner. Men often needed a push to take action. Besides, there was no precedent for a daughter rejoining her family after her marriage.

Ophelia felt she had done her best, never picking fights with anyone. She was the one managing everything in the household. Noah should've recognized her efforts and the importance she held within the family.

As Ophelia turned to head upstairs, she heard Noah speak behind her.

"No need to consider it further. I agree to the divorce," Noah stated calmly, as if he were discussing the weather.

On the other hand, Ophelia was completely dumbfounded. Had Noah really agreed to the divorce? That wasn't what she had anticipated!

Turning around, she saw Noah grabbing his coat as he prepared to leave. Her heels clicked sharply as she raced down the stairs. "Wait, Darling!" she called out, desperate to make him stay.

But it was too late. Noah ignored her and strode out of the house. He climbed into the waiting car and drove away.

Ophelia couldn't catch up to him and ended up twisting her ankle, falling to the ground.

The household staff, hired by Ophelia herself, were powerless to stop Noah from leaving, nor did they dare to intervene. All they could do was help Ophelia to her feet.

At that moment, Ophelia couldn't care less about her injuries and seized the nanny's arm. "Go inform Madam Wooten and tell her to come here quickly!"

She couldn't fathom what had gone wrong. After all, Noah had genuinely cared for her over the years.