

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

Chapter 1471 She Got What She Wanted

Ophelia was nothing if not diligent, tending to Noah's every need with care. Anyone could see that she was a devoted wife.

She had anticipated Noah to comfort her when she brought up divorce, but he agreed to it instead. Tears streamed down her face as she struggled to grasp the situation. For some reason, she felt an overwhelming sense of anxiety.

Upon hearing the news, Tamia rushed over in such a hurry that she forgot her bag. She turned to her distraught daughter and asked, "What's going on? Why did Noah agree to the divorce?"

As far as Tamia knew, Noah was obliging with Ophelia. Plus, the Whitman family hadn't sought accountability for Easton's incident last time.

Tamia believed that Noah cherished his household and had intervened in the matter before Reuben. It made no sense to her that he would agree to the divorce.

Wiping her tears, Ophelia said sorrowfully, "Perhaps, he's been disappointed in me and the Montclair family after everything that's happened. Or, he might have discovered our plan. I shouldn't have listened to you and asked for a divorce!"

"What we did wouldn't harm the Whitmans' interests. I sent Cyrus abroad to study business so he could be better prepared to take over the Whitman family and bring glory to the Montclairs' name. It's a win-win situation!" Tamia countered

Even now, she continued to brainwash Ophelia and doubted that Noah would genuinely pursue a divorce. Patting Ophelia's hand, Tamia comforted her, 'Dry your tears, Ophelia. You've been together for so long. Noah won't possibly divorce you over something trivial.

"Do you remember when I mentioned you shared a lot of marital property? That includes the Whitman Group's shares. Noah won't simply divorce you without taking that into account. At most, you're just having a lovers' quarrel'

Hearing that, Ophelia stopped her tears. "Is that true?"

Tamia affirmed, "Of course. But you can't push him too hard. There's a way to broach the topic of divorce. I didn't think things through this time and acted hastily. We can't use the same trick again, or it wouldn't turn out well.

"For now, don't mention divorce at all. We'll find another way to deal with the land later. Give Noah a call and try to lighten his mood.

Ophelia swiftly took out her phone to call Noah. Before she could dial the number, her phone started ringing. It was a call from the company! Could it be that Noah called to apologize for his hurtful words?

Ophelia's face lit up with a beaming smile as she answered the call. But instead of the familiar voice she expected, a formal tone greeted her. "Is this Mrs. Whitman? I'm Rodrigo Lacefield from the legal department." Snapping out of her daze, Ophelia replied, "Hello, Rodrigo. What's the matter?"

"Mr. Whitman asked me to deliver the divorce documents to you. I've sent them to your email. Please make sure to check it," Rodrigo answered.

Ophelia's mind was in a whirl. She could hardly grasp a word he said.

At that moment, she was no longer in her right mind and shrieked, "Did he really prepare the documents so quickly after I mentioned divorce? Has he thought about the consequences? Where's Noah? Let me speak with him!"

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Chapter 1472 Sell Their Shares to the Wrays

Rodrigo stated, 'I'm a representative from the legal department, Mrs. Whitman. Mr. Whitman has entrusted me entirely with handling your divorce matters. If you have any questions, feel free to ask.'

With her eyes reddening, Ophelia shot back, "Why should I ask you about our affairs? Get Noah on the line right now! Do you hear-"

Before she could finish her words, Tamia abruptly ended the call and grabbed her shoulder. 'You're a member of the Montclair family, but look at you now!'

"Did you hear that, Mom? Noah actually sought legal advice. He really wants to divorce me!" Ophelia exclaimed with trembling hands.

Tamia looked at her distraught face and stated, "I heard him, which is why I intervened. Noah prepared those documents as soon as you mentioned divorce. I'd say he's been planning this for a while.

"No wonder he didn't ask you anything about the incident at the Whitman residence. He acted caring just to deceive me! If he's treating you this way, then go with the flow.

"I'd like to see if the Whitmans are steadfast in crossing the Monctclair family. Once you're divorced, they won't have full control of the shares!"

"But I don't want a divorce, Mom!" Ophelia cried, gripping Tamia's arm. She deeply regretted bringing up the idea of divorce to Noah

Holding Ophelia's hand, Tamia comforted her, 'I know, but what matters now is keeping your cool in this situation. Remember, the Whitman family can't afford a divorce. Leave everything to me.

"If Noah insists on going through it, he'd have to give up half his wealth and shares to you. There's nothing to fear. Tell me, do you think the Whitman family could retain their glory after losing their shares?"

Ophelia shook her head, seemingly coming to a realization.

Tamia patted her hand and continued, "I'll have someone speak to the Whitmans about the compensation you deserve. We'll take away their shares and sell them to the Wrays. Even if Noah doesn't mind, Mr. Whitman Senior will never allow that!"

Hearing that, Ophelia finally stopped crying. However, she couldn't shake the unease in her heart. Noah's earlier indifference left her questioning if she had truly known him.

"What if Noah insists on a divorce?" she asked.

Tamia cast her a glance and replied, "Then we'll do exactly what he wants! The compensation you'll receive will set you up for a lavish life. Noah will be just a nobody.

"Plus, selling your shares to the Wray family will open up a world of connections for you. The Whitmans will be the only ones left suffering!"

Tamia had already struck a deal with the Wray family for financial gains and connections in exchange for the Whitmans' shares. Her confidence was based on her ignorance of Kenton betting the farm on stocks.

Tamia believed she had a clear insight and assumed a piece of land wouldn't impact the Wray family.

Little did she know that certain truths were kept under wraps. For instance, no one would openly admit to suffering losses in stocks, especially not Kenton's associates.

Those individuals were operating small businesses. If word about their failed investments went out, their businesses would swiftly crumble.

They had been covering for each other while discreetly seeking loans from the bank. If they could just hold on for a month without a cash flow crisis, they might still stay afloat.

Of course, Tamia remained blissfully unaware of that.

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

Chapter 1473 Join Forces

Tamia rang Kenton up, just like every other time. It appeared those with mutual interests weren't quick to end their relationships.

At that moment, Kenton was frustrated by his phone's incessant ringing. He slumped in front of the screen, unshaven and weary. Even though the stock market had long since closed, his eyes remained glued to the stock charts.

The bank governors, once on good terms with him, all claimed it was hard to approve his loan and offered only a few million-far from what he needed.

Some even implored him to save them from financial ruin, but he saw their plight as a result of their own poor decisions. To make matters worse, Cassian was still nowhere to be found.

Deeply irritated, Kenton nearly ended the call when he found it was from the Montclairs. However, a sudden thought crossed his mind, and he decided to answer

Tamia wasted no time sharing her troubles. When she mentioned the Whitmans' shareholding, Kenton's eyes instantly lit up. He had no intention of disclosing his financial troubles to the Montclair family-only a few insiders were aware of his predicament.

"Of course, I'm willing to buy the shares at a premium. But are you really giving up on the Whitmans, Mrs. Montclair Senior?' Kenton inquired.

Tamia formed her opinion from what she had been told. "I'm more interested in working with the Wray family rather than the Whitmans. It's time to make a choice. That silent Noah has now learned to bite back.

"Given the Whitman family's current state, they no longer measure up to you. Besides, you have the support of 'that person."

Kenton reveled in the flattering remarks. Tamia was right about the fact that the Whitmans were no match for him. He was just facing a 'small issue" with his finances.

"That person" wouldn't leave him in ruin after he found Cassian and settled the accounts. After all, "that person" still needed him and his scholarship committee. His troubles might only last a couple of days, but the Whitman family was headed for chaos!

Kenton brightened up at the thought, though he kept his words modest. "So, you do know I was only bathing in 'that person's' reflected glory. But since you've decided to work together, what about our previous investment contract?"

"I'll have someone transfer a million to your account later. From this point on, the Montclair family is also aligned with 'that person,'" Tamia replied, believing she had covered every detail in the conversation.

Little did she know that she had covered the shortfall in Kenton's finances.

Kenton was smiling from ear to ear. "Starting now, we stand as true allies. I'm looking forward to your investments, but I'm more interested in the shares you mentioned."

"Everything will come to fruition. You know better than anyone how long I've been planning this, Kenton," Tamia replied.

In truth, she had been plotting since Ophelia became part of the Whitman family. The Montclair family's benefits were secured as long as the Whitmans treated Ophelia well. In particular, Cyrus' birth as the Whitman family's eldest child further solidified that.

But if the Whitmans mistreated Ophelia, she had the right to claim their shares. When Cyrus grew older, the Montclair family would absorb what remained of the Whitmans.

Indeed, Tamia had schemed the perfect plan.

Unfortunately, she was up against Wynter, who she dismissed as incompetent and thrived solely on luck. With Wynter now a threat to Cyrus' position, Tamia vowed to get rid of her, and the Wrays were the perfect accomplices.

Wynter was busy reviewing the accounts when the news reached her. She had earned quite a bit and needed to sort out her finances. "Did she really threaten Uncle Noah with divorce? The Montclair family really is ridiculous."

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

Chapter 1474 The Montclairs Will Lose

"Mr. Whitman has requested a legal representative to contact the other party," reported an HR employee from the Whitman Group.

In truth, Wynter had planted her subordinates in the company's HR department, but it was her choice whether to put them to use.

She had already been aware of Noah's intention. Ever since uncovering the Montclairs' betrayal and Easton's misdeeds, Noah had been making arrangements.

Wynter understood that he wanted to end things with Ophelia peacefully-they were once husband and wife, after all.

Noah did give Ophelia a second chance, but the Montclair family refused to acknowledge their faults. They offered no apologies for Easton's misdeeds, treating the incident as if it were entirely justified.

And then there was Cyrus, who they had raised to be a failure. When Ophelia pushed Cyrus to pull his funds, Noah made his decision.

"Mrs. Montclair Senior covets my uncle's shares, but that's only possible if there's any left in his name." Wynter smirked. She seemed less like a righteous woman and more like a beautiful, intimidating villain.

Dalton shot her a calm look, noting that she still resembled a villain despite the passing years. Wynter caught his gaze and blinked, wondering if something was wrong.

Without a word, Dalton scooped a forkful of cheesecake and fed it to her. As for Wynter, she sluggishly chewed on the fork.

The HR employee didn't expect to witness the usual dynamic between Wynter and Dalton. Having faced numerous situations in recruitment, she ignored it and cleared her throat softly. "Are you saying that Mr. Whitman has been planning this for a while?"

Wynter nodded affirmatively. As someone overseeing the company, Noah was no pushover

After his marriage, he respected his wife and relented on trivial matters. However, the Montclairs misinterpreted his sense of responsibility as a sign that he was easily manipulated.

While the Whitman family was loyal, they had their limits. In fact, Noah didn't agree to the divorce on a whim. All those years, he had prioritized Cyrus' feelings over the Montclairs.

Yet, the Montclair family had made a ruthless decision. Once the truth came to light, Cyrus would find himself in a precarious situation.

"I've wrapped up my work for today. Since Uncle Noah has reached out through a legal representative, there's no need to hide certain truths. Let's take this back to him," Wynter said, planning to bring some memories from the old Quinnell residence along.

The Montclairs were convinced that Reuben would panic upon learning that the divorce would split the Whitmans' shares. But not only had they misjudged Reuben, but they had also underestimated Wynter's payback.

"Are you coming?" Wynter directed her question at Dalton, who simply nodded.

He wasn't particularly fond of sweets and chose a cup of coffee instead, yet he seemed quite skilled in feeding others. Wynter was puzzled and couldn't help stealing glances at him in the car.

Feeling her gaze's weight, Dalton ended his call and turned to her. "You've been staring at me for a while. What do you want?"

"I'm just curious. You seem used to feeding others. Aren't you the one who should be served?" Wynter asked as she sized him up.

Setting his business laptop aside, Dalton met her eyes. "It's nice to play a different role once in a while. That said, your phone has been ringing for quite some time, my dear fiancée. It's time to take some orders, Goldie Quinnell."

True to his words, Wynter did have a special ringtone for special orders.

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

Chapter 1475 I Respect My Dad's Decision

As Wynter had been declining requests lately, she hung up the call.

Dalton stared at her and asked, "Goldie Quinnell.. Did you choose that name yourself?"

"That's right. It suits me, don't you think?" Wynter replied with a hint of pride in her tone. She chose to confess since Dalton had overheard the ringtone. Besides, she wasn't lying about her wealth.

Dalton couldn't understand Wynter's smugness before, but now he simply raised an eyebrow and went along with her. "If that makes you happy, my dear fiancée.

Wynter was visibly thrilled, especially since she made a significant profit. Plus, Noah's decisiveness had eased many of her worries. After all, she had always found personal favors distasteful.

Since arriving in Hawford, she had been hunting for clues. Upon realizing that the misunderstanding between the Whitmans and Quinnells was due to outside interference, she turned her attention to the Montclair family.

Wynter doubted that the Montclairs were all innocent, especially Tamia. Having lived a longer life, she likely held information that others were unaware of. However, Wynter knew she couldn't circumvent Noah to confront the Montclair family.

If Noah chose to overlook the Montclairs' misdeeds for the sake of family peace, Wynter might need some time to resolve matters. Fortunately, he always stood by his family, just as Marie claimed.

The Whitman legacy was still intact. What was right would remain right, and what was wrong would remain wrong.

Even so, Tamia believed she was blameless and sought an explanation from Reuben. After the call with Kenton, she took Ophelia to the Whitman residence.

Meanwhile, Cyrus was practicing calligraphy with Reuben in the study. The two rarely shared such a close bond, though the mood was anything but relaxed, all because of Noah and Ophelia's impending divorce. Reuben glanced at Cyrus and asked, "Did your father tell you about his decision?"

Cyrus nodded slowly, seemingly lost in thought. He couldn't quite figure out his current feelings. By all rights, he should've opposed his parents' divorce. However, Noah had sent him footage showing Ophelia demanding the land from Marie.

Despite the land rightfully belonging to Wynter, Cyrus heard Ophelia asking for a larger share and insisting Wynter be removed from the project.

A lot of things had happened in the past few days. Even though Cyrus knew that Ophelia and Tamia weren't as gentle as they appeared, he couldn't help feeling disheartened at the sight of their disgraceful behavior.

With a bitter smile, Cyrus replied, "I respect my dad's decision. This might sound harsh to Mom, but if I were in his shoes, I'd probably file for a divorce, too. Grandpa, can you please not make Mom's words public, for my sake?"

"Don't worry, I won't do that. Sevie sent that footage to Noah, and your dad shared it with you. This means neither of them wants to disclose it. The Whitman family won't resort to such tricks to protect our shares.

"Noah is the eldest son in the family and your dad. He'll take your feelings into account and won't back Ophelia into a corner. Reuben sighed as he caressed Cyrus' head.

Clenching his fists, Cyrus attempted to refute when Reuben casually cut him off. "The Whitmans won't make things hard for partners they've spent years with-unless the Montclairs keep stirring troubles."

Just as Reuben finished speaking, a loud commotion sounded from the hall downstairs.

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

Chapter 1476 Why Are You Listening to Her

"Please calm down, Mrs. Montclair Senior. Watch your step!" Mathias exclaimed, alerting Reuben of Tamia's arrival just in time. Reuben cast a glance at Cyrus, who furrowed his brows and clenched his fists.

With a haughty demeanor, Tamia looked up at the upper floor and yelled, 'Are you seriously considering cutting our ties? Not a single person has come to greet me! The way the Whitmans welcome their guests is quite something to behold."

"What kind of welcome do you expect?' Reuben retorted as he appeared on the upper floor, with Cyrus following behind.

When Tamia spotted Cyrus, her eyes turned red. "What are you doing here, Cyrus? We've been looking everywhere for you!"

It was a blatant lie. Deep down, Cyrus knew whether they had actually searched for him.

Ophelia was surprised to see Cyrus there. She never expected him to be at the Whitman residence and form a close bond with Reuben. To Ophelia, it was nothing short of a betrayal.

"Get over here, Cyrus! Grandma has something to discuss with Mr. Reuben," Ophelia ordered as she struggled to suppress the anger within. Was Cyrus even aware of the pain she endured to give birth to him?

"What kind of discussion requires my absence?' Cyrus stood his ground, starting to realize that he knew too little.

Ophelia was infuriated by Cyrus' defiance. She couldn't understand why her obedient son suddenly defied her. At that moment, Tamia held her hand and looked at her sternly. "Cyrus has a point. He's a big boy now, and there are things he needs to know."

In truth, Tamia had planned to intimidate the Whitmans. With Cyrus present, she hoped he would turn against Noah and the entire Whitman family while forging a stronger bond with the Montclairs.

Ophelia gazed at Tamia in confusion, but the latter shot her a look. She had always listened to Tamia despite her hesitation, even now.

Tamia then turned her gaze to the upper floor and let out a deep sigh, seemingly disheartened.

"There's been a major change in the family while you were away these past two days. Your dad wants to divorce your mom, and I came for an explanation."

Tamia continued the story with such vividness, as though she were denouncing an unfaithful husband. Ophelia has dedicated her life to the Whitman family, yet Noah asked for a divorce without a clear reason.

"I understand women may struggle to keep their husbands' love as they get older. With Noah being a listed company's CEO, many women are certainly eager to pursue him. But I never expect him to...

"That's enough! Aren't you tired of using the same old tricks?" Cyrus rebuked, unable to listen any longer. He glared at Tamia, clenching his fists so tightly that they turned red.

Tamia was utterly dumbfounded while Ophelia broke away from her tears in shock. She never imagined Cyrus would say such a thing.

Panic gripped Ophelia for a brief moment as she attempted to reach for his hand. "What's the matter, Cyrus?" But Cyrus pulled away, looking at Ophelia with a self-deprecating laugh. "You've been slandering Grandpa since I was a kid. Now that I've grown up, you turn to defaming Dad just because he threatened your interests.

"I don't understand, Mom. You're his wife. Why can't you just live your life in peace? Why do you hang onto every word Grandma says?"

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

Chapter 1477 Cyrus' Regrets

"Why are you letting Grandma interfere in your marriage? Just why?" Cyrus shouted.

Startled by his sudden outburst, Ophelia scrambled for an excuse. "Mr. Reuben told you something, didn't he? Don't listen to him! He's not keen on seeing you growing closer to the Montclairs."

Cyrus laughed bitterly at her words, pointing at himself. "That's the most ridiculous joke I've ever heard, Mom. Look at me. I've accomplished nothing, and my grades are a disaster."

"Do you think I could have graduated without the family's financial support? You know better than anyone how mediocre I am."

"I'm so mediocre that I don't even fit in with the Whitman family! I'm dumb and pathetic. I don't possess the big-picture mindset like Dad or Uncle Taylor's business acumen."

"Compared to Wynter and her brothers, I'm just a total loser! Who would ever want to get close to someone like me?" Cyrus exclaimed with reddened eyes.

His heart still stung when he recalled how he nearly destroyed the Whitman family under the Wrays' influence

Reuben felt distressed hearing Cyrus put himself down, yet he struggled to find the right words of comfort. It appeared Cyrus had been bottling up his feelings for far too long. No child was willing to admit their mother's contemptibility, but the harsh reality had shattered Cyrus' worldview.

Cyrus composed himself and glanced at Tamia. "I'm pretty sure you brought up the divorce first, Mom. And I reckon Grandma instigated this."

Ophelia turned pale at his remarks, but Tamia seemed reposed as if a weight had been lifted off her mind. While Tamia had intended to shift the blame to Noah, that now seemed to be a difficult case.

Taking a step forward, Tamia clutched her cane tightly and asked, "Have you already figured out about your parents' discord, Cyrus? It sounds like you're planning to take your dad's side."

Never in her wildest dream did she expect that Cyrus, who she had painstakingly raised, would side with the Whitmans in just a matter of days. Ever since he followed Wynter to work, he gradually slipped from her grasp.

Tamia assumed he would settle down after a few days of confinement, but she never expected him to turn against her. Without Cyrus, things were bound to be more difficult in the future. At that point, she had no other way out.

Forcing herself to remain calm, Tamia stated, "I don't blame you for misunderstanding my intentions, but I'll always stand by Ophelia. I won't let anyone wrong her."

"Only my mom would believe your words. She's used to being your puppet, but not me. I have my own life and know what's right and wrong!" Cyrus snorted coldly, seemingly matured overnight.

Unable to stand Cyrus' defiance, Ophelia rebuked, "Have you gone mad, Cyrus? How can you speak to your grandma like that? She raised you! When you said you wanted to study abroad, she arranged for you to receive the best education!"

Cyrus jabbed a trembling finger at his chest and roared, "Did I ever ask for it? You all told me that studying abroad would be easier and that it wouldn't matter if I didn't learn much. After all, I'm the Whitman family's eldest grandchild, and the Montclairs would back me up.

"That was what Grandma taught me. I admit she had a point, but let me ask this-did she really do it for my sake, or was it all about the Montclair family? I'm not a fool!"

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

Chapter 1478 Wynter Has Arrived

Ophelia's eyes grew wide, and she could barely stay on her feet. On the other hand, Tamia remained impassive. Some elders grew fond of the young ones as they aged, but others became increasingly self-centered.

Since Cyrus would no longer heed her words, Tamia decided to discuss the matter more pragmatically. "To think you'd pull such a scheme. My poor grandson was beguiled and has come to loathe me

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suppose the Whitmans have chosen to sever our ties. Well, let's see how you'll survive without the Montclairs."

She turned to Reuben and continued, 'Ophelia will sign the divorce papers, but she has the right to half of the marital property. I trust the Whitman family won't be so shameless as to offer nothing in return for the divorce.'

Cyrus abruptly lifted his head, realizing that Tamia was demanding the Whitman family's shares. But that wasn't all-the marital property also included the company where Noah held a stake.

Cyrus instinctively looked at Reuben, whose expression was far from pleased.

A shareholding carried significant weight in the company. If Noah and Ophelia were truly divorced, the Montclair family would be entitled to half of the Whitmans' assets.

Clenching his fists, Cyrus ignored Tamia and approached Ophelia. 'Did you plan to take away Dad's shares as well?'

When Ophelia hesitated, Tamia whispered in her ears, "You've seen how Cyrus treats you. Like father, like son. They're all an ungrateful bunch! You won't get anything without claiming those shares.

There was no doubt Ophelia would demand the shares. She couldn't simply let the Whitman family walk away without claiming anything. Since Noah insisted on the divorce, she was ready to show him the consequences of his actions.

With newfound confidence, Ophelia gazed at Cyrus and replied, "I'm legally entitled to my share of the marital property. Blame your dad for prioritizing the Whitman family without considering the Montclairs.

"We could've remained a happy family, but he chose Marie's side and refused to give you the piece of land. I can't stand him anymore."

At that point, Ophelia no longer held back her feelings and directly confronted Reuben. "I know you don't like me, Mr. Reuben. You've always been against me since my marriage.

"Even when I bore a son for the family, you treated him less favorably than your granddaughter. But now, I'm divorced.

"The Whitman family has wasted my youth. If you refuse to give me my share, you might find your names trending soon. Everyone will know how awful the values upheld by the Whitman family truly are.

"You should be aware there's a serious gender conflict in today's society. Everyone will only sympathize with a divorced woman like me.'

Cyrus was so furious that he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He couldn't believe Ophelia and Tamia dared to attempt seizing the Whitman family's shares through marriage laws and public opinion.

Before he could refute her, a soft chuckle sounded from behind. "You can go ahead and try what you suggested, Aunt Ophelia.'

It was none other than Wynter, appearing rather weary. Her eyelids slightly drooped, and the reddish tint at the corner of her eyes lent her an alluringly wicked look.

For some reason, Ophelia felt a shiver running down her spine at Wynter's calling. It was as if she had been targeted by a snake.

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

Chapter 1479 Send the Montclairs Behind Bars Too

Standing downstairs was Wynter in a suit. She exuded both masculine and feminine energy. Though clearly a young woman, she exuded a cold, mischievous energy.

Her eyes were very dark, and when she looked at people, it didn't seem like she was looking at a living being.

This was Tamia's first time being this close to Wynter. She took a step back instinctively, as if she had just encountered a harbinger of misfortune.

Wynter approached with perfect manners. She seemed almost as if she were a respectful youngster greeting her elders if it weren't for the dagger she was holding.

She raised an eyebrow casually and said to Ophelia, 'I remember everything you said to my mother.'

Then, turning her gaze to Tamia, she added, 'It seems Mrs. Montclair Senior isn't aware of the recent happenings in Hawford. But don't worry, you'll find out soon enough. Since you've come today, it saves me a trip to the Montclair residence.'

From the moment Wynter appeared, Tamia hadn't taken her eyes off her face. She could tell Wynter wasn't one to be easily dealt with.

With a cold smirk, she said, 'From now on, the Montclair and Whitman families have nothing to do with each other. There's no need to go back and forth. That's all I have to say. Ophelia, we're leaving.'

At this moment, Ophelia's greatest resentment was directed at Wynter. She had tried to convince herself that this child was Noah's niece, and she shouldn't show her displeasure. That was why her tone was especially affectionate every time she called her.

But from the moment Wynter was born, she had stolen all the attention that should have belonged to Cyrus. Now that she was in Hawford, she was stealing again. The hatred buried since long ago had finally erupted.

"Your father got your horoscope right-you really are a curse. Just like him, you bring misfortune to everyone around you!" Ophelia's eyes were filled with envy as she walked past Wynter.

She continued, "Your mother was sick because of you, and I've heard that you're the one who sent your father to prison.

"It was no wonder the Quinnell and the Whitman families have both fallen to such a miserable state! After all, they have a granddaughter like you!"

Reuben had kept his composure throughout the argument. But the moment Ophelia said this, a flash of anger crossed his face, and he was about to step forward.

But Wynter stopped him. She knew that Reuben's health couldn't handle stress, let alone a confrontation. She turned to Ophelia and suddenly chuckled. "Since you've heard that I sent my father to prison, you should be more careful.

"After all, my father will not be the only one I send in. The same goes for you. I can send the Montclairs behind bars, too."

Ophelia wasn't going to take Wynter's words seriously. She wondered who Wynter thought she was. Did she really think she could just send anyone to prison in Hawford? The Montclairs' connections in Hawford were far beyond what Wynter could even imagine.

Tamia merely gave Wynter a cold glance. Things had escalated with the Whitman family to an extent she hadn't foreseen.

Her original intention was merely to exert some control over the Whitman family. But now that it had come to this, she would definitely use all their connections as needed!

Ophelia's only thought now was to see Wynter in adversities and to witness the Whitman family's regret.

Noah might have agreed to the divorce, but when the time came, she would make him beg for her forgiveness in front of everyone!

With a mother like Tamia, no matter how virtuous Ophelia had pretended to be in the past, the traits ingrained in her true nature were not going to change.

Her initial excuse of using Cyrus as a cover to justify her actions had long since dissolved. Ophelia constantly claimed that her efforts with the land deal were all for Cyrus. But in reality, it was all about herself.

By securing this success, she could hold her head high within the Montclair family, and others would finally respect her.

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

Chapter 1480 Have Your Tongue Ripped Out

After all, Ophelia's methods of marrying Noah had never been something she could openly boast about. Her pride she desperately wanted to save could only be redeemed through Cyrus' success. Now, all she had her sights set on were the company's shares.

A mother who truly loved her child would fight for custody during a divorce. But Ophelia left without hesitation, her mind fixated not on Cyrus but on her growing resentment toward Wynter. She didn't even consider taking Cyrus with her.

Just as Cyrus had said he wasn't stupid. Even if there had been things he didn't understand before, everything became crystal clear after today's confrontation. Ophelia carried the same blood as Tamia.

He used to think Ophelia's indecision was due to Tamia's manipulation. But now he realized that no amount of persuasion would have worked if she didn't have those thoughts herself.

Over the years, Ophelia had always followed Tamia's lead because, deep down, they were fundamentally the

same.

The venomous words she spoke about Wynter sounded like a curse dripping with malice.

Cyrus glanced sideways at Wynter. An apology instinctively formed in his mind again, but he quickly dismissed it. What Ophelia had done wasn't something a simple apology could fix.

Those words spoken by Ophelia would undoubtedly hurt anyone's feelings. However, Wynter was still talking about sending the Montclairs to prison.

Ophelia helped Tamia out of Quaint Villa.

As they walked out, they met Dalton, who was standing by the door. He had a phone conference and hence, didn't enter with Wynter. However, he had heard everything clearly.

He stood there with emotionless eyes. His gaze landed on Ophelia's face. "Those who spread malicious gossip will go to the first level of hell. You will have your tongue ripped out."

Ophelia had met Dalton before. But when he spoke those words, the sky darkened all of a sudden. Her face turned pale instantly, as if life had been drained from her. She trembled and gripped Tamia's hand tightly.

Tamia sneered. "Nonsense. The Yarwood family are businessmen, yet you believe in such superstitions. If hell exists, then show it to me when the time comes."

It was true-Tamia feared nothing. Her confidence remained unshaken even as the clouds above churned ominously.

Dalton's gaze remained calm. He adjusted his sleeve and, without even looking directly at them, said, "Your days are indeed numbered. I won't even need to act. Just make sure my message is clear to those below."

The pebbles on the ground seemed to tremble slightly. It was as if the earth itself was acknowledging his command. No one would dare defy his will.

Ophelia was still trembling when she got into the car, and her forehead was heating up. But she still hadn't forgotten her goal.

"Mom, I have to get those shares from the Whitmans!" At this point, she had no other way out.

Tamia patted her hand reassuringly. 'Don't worry. No matter how big the Whitman family is, they can't escape the law. The method you mentioned earlier is good. We'll proceed with that plan.'

Ophelia clenched her fists. "There's one more thing! Mom, ask Mr. Wray when we can finally crush that bitch! I want her to end up with nothing!"

"It'll be soon." Tamia's eyes glinted with cunningness. "It should happen in about two to three days. I heard that the Wray family had set a trap for the Quinnell family, with foreign investors involved. No matter how sly that girl is, she'll be stripped bare!"

Tamia scoffed at the idea that Wynter thought she could send the Montclairs behind bars. Even the Whitman

family wouldn't dare to have that thought. Yet, this mere girl dared to get ahead of herself.

The Montclair family had roots just as deep as the Whitman family. With her connections in Hawford, Tamia was confident she could crush Wynter with just a few strategic moves.

Tamia had no intentions of revealing her cards just yet. She had to secure the shares first!