

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

## Chapter 1511 Yvette Being Chased Out

Some of the bystanders who heard Wynter's retort couldn't help but stifle a laugh.

This made the group feel like they had been embarrassed. Just as they were about to snap back, a louder commotion suddenly came from up ahead. It sounded as if someone had been kicked out of one of the colonial buildings.

Terrence couldn't be bothered with Wynter anymore and threw out a dismissive remark, "What an uncouth country bumpkin."

He then pulled the others along toward the front. They still wanted to line up to buy some palmiers... What was the ruckus about?

It wasn't until they saw a familiar figure being shoved out of a café that they blinked in disbelief, momentarily stunned.

"Yvette!" Terrence, who had always fawned over her, immediately rushed forward. "What are you doing? Who gave you the right to push her? We're paying customers!"

These students, not having graduated yet, clearly didn't understand some of the rules around here. For instance, this century-old establishment operated on a membership basis and had the right to choose which customers to serve freely.

Yvette felt her world crumbling the moment she heard that familiar voice. Her face turned pale when the group approached her. Under so many onlookers' gaze, she wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

Her most humiliating moment had been witnessed by people from her hometown! How could she maintain her carefully crafted image on her social media after this? And yet, the group was still relentlessly arguing with the manager.

The century-old establishment's manager wasn't one to be easily pushed around. "Sir, you're customers from the neighboring café, not ours.

"This young lady was disturbing our customers. She refused when we asked her to leave, so we had no choice but to have security escort her out.

"If you feel wronged, feel free to call the police. We run our business with our own rules and don't serve non-members. She uses someone else's card every time she comes. How could she feel mistreated when we didn't let her this time?"

The manager, much more adept at dealing blows than the students, continued, "We don't want to serve such customers. Since you know her, please take her away."

The disdain in his tone was palpable. Previously, Yvette had acted as though she was royalty whenever she visited. Whoever crossed her path would feel her wrath, and she often mistreated their waitstaff.

She didn't even have her own membership card, likely because she couldn't afford the million-dollar deposit required, but she constantly used Rosalyn's card.

Back then, those ladies pampered her and always talked to her respectfully. The staff couldn't say anything and had to endure her unreasonable demands. But now, they no longer had to cater to her whims!

It might still be fine if the manager didn't speak, but his sentences were enough to thoroughly shatter Yvette's pride. Not only were there familiar faces around, but there were also many tourists nearby, all whispering and gossiping about her.

The students were completely stunned, especially Terrence. He paused for a moment before his eyes widened with fury. "You're just a service worker! Did you say Yvette needed to mooch off a card here? What a joke!"

"Do you even know how powerful her connections are in Hawford? So many big shots are lining up to work with her. Stop talking nonsense if you don't know your stuff!"

The store manager chuckled disdainfully. "Well, I sure didn't know she had those connections. Coming from some countryside, she's good at scheming and lying to people, that much is clear.

"But her tricks aren't too hard to see through. I'll say it one more time-leave our establishment, and stop disturbing our guests."

"You!" Terrence's face turned red with anger. He couldn't allow his crush to be insulted like this.

The other male students seemed to realize something. They exchanged glances and tugged at Terrence's sleeve, whispering, "We really aren't supposed to just barge into a place like this."

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## Chapter 1512 A Slap in the Face

"That doesn't mean you can treat her like this!" Terrence looked at Yvette, who remained silent. He refused to believe that his crush was anything like what the manager had claimed.

"Yvette, call Mr. Lark or Mr. Waldron right now. Let's see if he dares to talk to you like this once they arrive. You're just too kind," Terrence said to Yvette.

Yvette clenched her fists in frustration. She wondered how someone could be this stupid! She had already tried to stop him, yet he kept running his mouth!

"Terrence, forget it. You guys are finally visiting Hawford, so let me show you around."

All she wanted now was to leave as quickly as possible. The longer she stayed, the more likely her lies would be exposed.

These naïve people would still believe her if she played her cards right. She had already embarrassed herself enough and couldn't bear more humiliation!

However, Terrence didn't catch on to her intentions and continued to argue stubbornly. The manager, tired of wasting time with them, raised his hand and called for security.

Terrence felt the obvious disdain from him—these people looked at them as if they were beggars! Was this a joke?

He wanted to shout back, but the security guards' arrival and the growing attention from onlookers made him realize how embarrassing his actions were becoming.

His face flushed red with anger, and he muttered defensively, "It's just a café anyway. They're everywhere. Like anyone actually cares about coming here."

He conveniently forgot how they had been taking photos earlier, admiring the place and envying those who could afford to dine there. It wasn't just any café but was a century-old establishment located in the former Frenda Concession.

The manager, used to dealing with entitled customers, smirked at Yvette. "Did you hear that, Ms. Yates? If you had your friend's level of pride, you wouldn't always be trying to sneak in."

Yvette bit her lips, unable to muster a single retort.

The other male students weren't clueless. They overheard the murmurs around them and glanced at Terrence.

Terrence was about to snap when he spotted the familiar figure in the crowd again. "Great, just my luck. Nothing good happens whenever I run into you."

The manager, who had been haughtily kicking people out earlier, suddenly lit up with a smile. His attitude transformed into one of impeccable politeness and elegance. "Ms. Quinnell, you've finally arrived!"

What did he just call Wynter? Ms. Quinnell?

All the male students, including Terrence, were frozen in place. Their eyes widened in disbelief, and they felt as if they had been punched in the gut. They stood there, unable to process what had just happened, watching helplessly as Wynter walked past them nonchalantly.

Wynter wasn't one to care about watching a scene, but since she had an arrangement here, she casually listened in on the situation.

Rosalyn had mentioned giving her a gift. Could she mean Yvette? Wynter's lips curled into a faintly mischievous smile. The Waldron family really knew how to play both sides.

It didn't matter whether this was a test to gauge her reaction to Yvette or if they truly thought Yvette could pose any threat to her. To Wynter, such moves were nothing but courting disaster.

She nodded slightly to the manager without saying much.

The manager immediately began clearing the way for her. "Mrs. Waldron has been waiting for you for quite some time. She's been asking me to keep an eye out for you. We've all heard about your success in the stock market.

"Ms. Quinnell, how do you manage to turn everything you touch into gold? I have a few friends in finance, but they might as well be amateurs when compared to you! You're like the living embodiment of a stock market legend!"

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## Chapter 1513 They Do Not Get a Say in the Stock Market

The things the manager mentioned were completely foreign to the group of male students from Southdale, but Hawford's locals had all heard the news.

That day, the stock market had seen gold shares rise by nearly 40 dollars per share!

Countless gold stores in malls followed suit and increased their prices.

Across the entire stock exchange, Wynter held control over more than half of the shares. The amount of money she had earned was beyond imagination.

On top of that, the land she had acquired was confirmed to be slated for development and would become one of the largest economic zones in recent years!

In an instant, the club's members, who were there for business, couldn't help but want to approach her and strike up a conversation. The male students, along with Yvette, were unceremoniously pushed to the side.

"Ms. Quinnell! I never expected to run into you here!"

The one speaking was a middle-aged man who had just stepped out of a luxury car. Though he was advanced in years, his well-tailored suit's sharpness made it clear he was wealthy. Yet, even someone like him was eagerly engaging with Wynter, almost with a tone of flattery.

In stark contrast, Yvette, who had been leeching off someone else's membership card, appeared utterly insignificant. As for Terrence, who had been trying to stand up for her, he looked completely out of place.

No one was a fool. At that moment, the male students fully grasped just how narrow-minded and ignorant they had been!

Reflecting on the mocking words they had hurled at Wynter earlier, they all wished they could disappear into the ground in sheer embarrassment.

Wynter, however, seemed completely indifferent to everything happening around her, including the things Yvette had said about her.

But for Yvette, this was a completely different matter. She was itching to expose her secrets now that she was finally seeing Wynter after such a long time.

However, who would believe anything she had to say? In the current state of affairs in Hawford, people either wanted to bring Wynter down or curry favor with her.

She had become nothing short of an icon, especially in financial circles. A true prodigy like her was a rare sight!

After all, it wasn't just luck that she managed to pull the Blaise family from the brink of bankruptcy. She managed to turn them into one of the top ten national retailers while creating a massive impact for domestic brands. Such ability couldn't simply be attributed to good fortune.

Successful business people began to gather, unable to resist asking for advice.

"Ms. Quinnell, how did you predict that gold prices would rise? Could you share your insights?"

Wynter's gaze briefly swept over to Yvette. "Well, I have to thank the Wray family for that. They blindly shorted the stock market, aiming to siphon off Cascadia's money. Without that, I wouldn't have noticed that gold had the potential for a major surge."

"What's the reasoning behind that?" Some people didn't quite understand.

Wynter chuckled lightly, enjoying the subtle power of her words. "It all started with a piece of gossip I read."

Gossip? Yvette's fingers stiffened. She wanted to leave, given how embarrassing her current situation was, but she couldn't bring herself to. She desperately wanted to know why she had lost.

On the surface, everything pointed to gold continuing to drop. In fact, she had heard from her own sources that gold was on a downward trend.

They had both read the same gossip. So, how had Wynter gotten it right? Her fists clenched tighter, and her nails dug into her palms.

Wynter's gaze passed over her once more. "Even gossip needs to be read carefully. That's something my grandfather often reminded me of."

"Oh, so was it Mr. Reuben who taught you?" someone remarked in admiration. "But what kind of gossip could lead to such a major decision?"

Wynter's smile deepened. "It wasn't much, really. The gossip suggested that someone was trying to siphon funds from Cascadia by manipulating the stock market and gold prices. They thought that by making a move, they could throw our market into chaos.

"But they overlooked one critical factor-the buying power of our country's elderly ladies. Whether gold prices go up or down isn't up to them-it's up to the elderly."

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Chapter 1514 A Bitter Pill to Swallow

Yvette stiffened as she listened to the conversation from the side.

She had indeed come across such trending topics before but had never taken them seriously. To her, it was laughable to think that a group of elderly women, no matter how enthusiastic, could influence the market in any significant way.

How could their purchasing power ever compare to the capital wielded by large

corporations, which could invest tens of millions into stocks at will? Such news had always seemed trivial to her!

Now, to be told that she lost because of those very elderly women she had always looked down upon? It was a bitter pill for Yvette to swallow!

She was someone who had been reborn with all her knowledge of the future. So, wasn't she supposed to be favored by fate? Why did Wynter keep winning her at every turn?

The hatred she felt burned deep as she stared at Wynter. She didn't understand why no one would listen to her side of the story!

This Wynter was nothing like the one she remembered.

Yvette recalled that Wynter's situation had been even worse than it was when she was with the Yates family after she was brought back to the Quinnell family. The people from Kingbourne treated her like a joke.

It was Naomi who had truly been the center of attention and was adored like a real heiress. That was why Yvette had tried to befriend her in the beginning, thinking it would benefit her in the long run.

But now, Yvette realized that everything she thought she knew had changed. The Quinnell family, which was supposed to have collapsed by now, was more powerful than ever.

As for Dalton, why hadn't he been in a car accident yet? Aside from that, even the stock market was different from what she had expected.

Yvette's throat grew dry as she glanced at Wynter again, this time with a growing sense of fear. She didn't even know what exactly she was afraid of.

In the past, people had often whispered that Wynter was "dangerous", but Yvette had never felt it—until now. Despite the blazing sun, beating down with over 85 Fahrenheit of heat, she felt no warmth at all.

Wynter didn't even move her gaze away. She simply looked at Yvette, and it felt like she was staring straight through her, as if she could see into the depths of her soul.

Yvette's face turned pale as she recalled the conversation she had with the old man before coming to Hawford. He had told her to report any information about the Quinnell family to him immediately, promising her corresponding benefits in return.

Now, looking at Wynter's strange demeanor, she wondered if this could be considered valuable information about the Quinnell family. Although she couldn't pinpoint exactly what had changed in Wynter, there was no doubt that something was off.

Lowering her gaze, Yvette's mind raced to piece things together.

The only thing that remained consistent with her previous knowledge was that the Winston family was still around. She didn't know what strategy the Winston family would employ, but in her past life, they had emerged as one of the most envied and respected families. However, through her contact with the old man, she knew just how unfathomable he was. Additionally, the Winston family wasn't as simple as they appeared to be. The Winston family's business wasn't limited to Kingbourne but had substantial investments in Hawford as well!

While Yvette still hadn't figured out exactly what industries the Winston family controlled, this wouldn't stop her from moving forward with her plan!

If no one here believed her, then she would go to the old man. She wasn't going to let Wynter live so easily!

While Yvette's thoughts were filled with schemes, the male students who had stood up for her, especially Terrence, were feeling nothing but embarrassment. If they could sink into the ground, they would!

They watched as Wynter was respectfully escorted inside while they became the subject of mocking stares. People were looking back at them as if they were part of some ridiculous spectacle.

Terrence felt a deep sense of frustration and helplessness. The woman he had idolized was utterly powerless in this situation.

Worse still, she was now clutching his sleeve, asking him to quickly help her hail a cab so she could leave early for something urgent. This left a bitter taste gnawing at him.

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Chapter 1515 Seeing Through Yvette's Lies

Among the group of male students, one couldn't contain his curiosity and asked a bystander, 'Why are they being so respectful to that girl?'

"Don't you know her?" The bystander was astonished. 'She's currently one of the wealthiest people in

Hawford. That piece of land she acquired is valued at billions! Not to mention her accomplishments in other areas."

Terrence's heart grew heavier as the words sank in. The male students' expressions varied, but the weight of embarrassment was palpable. It was clear that they all regretted their earlier actions, but what could they do

now?

Being kicked out had already been humiliating enough. They couldn't stay there any longer.

As they walked away, one of them mumbled, 'Do you think Wynter is really that rich? We're talking billions here.'

No one replied. They had all seen the reactions of those around her, and any attempt to deny it would make them look foolish.

"Yvette! You're in Hawford, too. Have you heard about what Wynter has been doing?"

Their curiosity was natural, considering how different Wynter seemed from the girl from Southdale they remembered.

Wynter used to be a girl who would trail behind Charlie like a love-struck fool. That was why they asked Yvette, thinking she might have some insight.

Yvette was agitated at the mere mention of Wynter. She took a deep breath and glared at the one who had spoken.

"Carnell, if you're trying to humiliate me, just say so. I don't know anything about her situation, nor do I know if she actually bought any land."

The group, who had always regarded Yvette as someone unattainable, fell silent, instinctively taking her words seriously. But today's events had truly shaken them.

Carnell Binet wasn't foolish. He scrolled through his phone as he quietly remarked, "From the way you acted earlier, it didn't seem like you didn't know."

Yvette clenched her fists. 'I may have been humiliated today, but that doesn't mean I'll let that manager get away with it.

"I was happy to see you all, but if this is the kind of conversation we're going to have, I don't want to hear any more of it! Are you implying that I'm lying?"

"I didn't mean it that way." Carnell shrugged. He noticed everyone's gaze and tried to ease the tension. "I was just curious. No need to get upset, okay?"

Yvette was still frustrated. "Is this how you show curiosity? Fine, I get it. The situation was bound to cause misunderstandings. Let's just forget it. What do you want to eat? I'll treat you all."

No one felt like eating anymore with everything that had just happened. They had indeed come to see Yvette, but now, the excitement from earlier had completely evaporated.

The news about Wynter weighed heavily on them like a massive stone, making it hard to breathe.

They couldn't help but wonder if their issues regarding employment could have been resolved if they had treated Wynter better before. Instead, they had offended one of the wealthiest people in Hawford!

Terrence felt particularly miserable, though he wouldn't admit it aloud. "Didn't you hear what Yvette said? The land acquisition could just be a rumor. We can't tell what's true or false. Think about it-could someone like Wynter really have acquired any land?"

Just as he was getting into his groove of downplaying Wynter, one of the male students handed his phone to

him. "The land acquisition is real. The news broke yesterday about the Hawford Development Zone. Its value might exceed even billions."

Terrence fell silent, his face turning crimson, as if he could bleed from the embarrassment.

The other male students came from families with solid backgrounds. They could tolerate a girl wanting to gain something from them or even a little white lie now and then.

But Yvette was different, often distorting the truth to suit her narrative

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Chapter 1516 The Plan Backfired

In an instant, they felt disenchanted with Yvette. They all had the money to pay for their meals anyway, so there was no need to flatter her any longer.

All of them glanced at Terrence, whose mind was a chaotic mess. He wished Yvette was right as that would mean his judgment wasn't flawed. However, the reality was quite the opposite. All he could feel was the mounting embarrassment!

"I'm not going," Camell was the first to speak up.

One by one, the others followed suit, expressing their reluctance to join the meal. When no one wanted to go out for even a treated meal, it clearly indicated that the host lacked social standing.

Yvette had never experienced such humiliation before. She was used to being the center of attention and having people flock to her. Now, even these inexperienced young men were looking down on her!

"I understand now! You all favor the rich. Now that Wynter is successful, you want to curry favor with her." Yvette sneered. 'It's just like how you used to flatter me.'

No one wanted to hear her speak like that. They were all young men filled with youthful vigor.

"Who are you talking about?' Carnell was offended. "We're not Terrence!"

"Terrence, listen to him! How can he say that about me?" Yvette was on the verge of tears, leveraging her looks to appear pitiful.

Terrence stood in the middle, caught between his friends and crush. He could never have imagined that coming to Hawford would result in such a scene.

Yvette had changed, and the mutual disdain between his friends and Yvette was palpable. The arguments were overshadowing any semblance of camaraderie.

He had thought that once they arrived in Hawford, Yvette would summon a chauffeur to take them on a tour of major companies. He had even bragged about it before they arrived, only to find that nothing was as he had imagined.

Yvette, like her social media persona, seemed glamorous but was riddled with flaws.

This was the most embarrassing moment for Terrence! Men like him often didn't truly like anyone. He was only enamored with the status and benefits she could bring.

So, when Yvette was no longer someone with a high standing, he swiftly pulled his hand away from hers. Yvette was momentarily stunned. She hadn't expected her most loyal admirer would ever defy her. Terrence was also at a loss, feeling only frustration. "Yvette, let's forget the meal. We're really in a hurry." Without waiting for her response, he strode off with the other young men. It was as if he was deliberately putting as much distance between himself and Yvette as possible.

No one was more regretful than Terrence currently. He might have felt better if Wynter had taught them a lesson.

The most painful part was that Wynter didn't even glance at them, treating them as if they were mere nuisance. That realization hit the hardest!

The group of young men experienced true indifference for the first time.

Terrence wanted to find a way to contact Wynter. He asked everyone in the alumni group but soon remembered she hadn't even been added to the group.

Standing there, Yvette felt a headache coming on from the anger building inside her.

"Those arrogant fools will see what happens when I exchange information with the Winston family!" Yvette was fuming.

Recently, Yvette had been hounded by people hired by the aristocratic families. Now, she found herself

resentfully grateful to Wynter for forcing her into this humiliating situation. Without that confrontation, she might not have been able to shake off her pursuers!

Convinced of her own cleverness, Yvette thought she had the upper hand. She believed that Wynter was oblivious to her schemes.

And, unlike her, she was certain Wynter had secrets buried deep. With the Winston family backing her, she was confident she could create chaos!

Yvette believed that she had gotten rid of the aristocratic families that were stalking her. She waited until the male students were completely out of sight before she plotted to approach the Winston family.

However, she remained oblivious that this was a scheme deliberately orchestrated by Wynter. The comments about the stocks were also a calculated move. Since the very beginning, Wynter had already suspected that Yvette was not truly aligned with the Wray family.

Clyde's whereabouts had remained a mystery ever since he entered Hawford. Wynter didn't believe Yvette was unaware of it. That was why she had provoked her in front of everyone, planting a few pieces of bait to make Yvette think she had leverage over her.

Hence, the moment Yvette started making a move, there were already people following her. This time, however, the pursuers were not from the aristocratic families but from Wynter's side.

At the same time, Rosalyn, who had invited Wynter for afternoon tea, seemed amiable enough. But every single word she had said was subtly warning Wynter to be humble.

"I know your mother, Wynter. Let me give you some advice. Being amicable brings profits. We're all part of the Chamber of Commerce, so there's no need for us to turn against each other. Isn't it better if we all make money together?"

Wynter listened to her, not even bothering to lift her teacup. With one hand supporting her chin, she yawned out of boredom. It wasn't until her phone lit up with a notification that her eyes lit up with interest again.

"That's not a good idea," she said, pressing a button on her phone.

After sending a brief message, she looked up with a playful smile. "I thought you would be of a higher caliber since you took an hour out of your busy schedule for this, Mrs. Waldron. But it seems like we're just going around in circles with the same old advice."

Rosalyn couldn't help but chuckle dryly at Wynter's boldness. It was true that she had only managed to invite Wynter out due to her connection to Marie. But she had never encountered such arrogance from a youngster before.

"Well, what a sharp tongue you have!" Rosalyn sipped her tea. "It seems we can't continue this conversation. I thought I was doing you a favor by reminding you out of respect for your mother, but you clearly don't appreciate it. Then I guess we'll see each other in business!"

Rosalyn grabbed her bag and left with a displeased and darkened expression.

When someone asked about it, she would just coldly remark, "Since she wants to ignore my warning, let's see what happens when the Montclair family steps in. Let's see if she can still be so arrogant when her uncle goes behind bars!"

The Montclair family had been eager to take action for a while. This was particularly true for Landon, who wanted to have a say in the Chamber of Commerce.

Hence, as soon as Alfred arrived at the airport, he made a call to the relevant authorities to report the Whitman Group for questionable financial practices.

In an instant, this action stirred up a storm of gossip. After all, the Whitman family already had a responsible figure embroiled in a divorce lawsuit. Noah was allegedly a scoundrel who refused to share any assets with his estranged wife after cheating on her!

The aristocratic families were more than happy to see such drama unfold, and the Montclair family was

thrilled.

Meanwhile, in Whitman Group's office, Noah sat in his office as he stared at the USB drive on his desk.

He soon called his secretary in. "Take this, and make everything public."

It was time to let the truth be known. No one enjoyed having their personal affairs become the subject of public scrutiny, but Whitman Group would suffer even more damage if he remained silent.

At the same time, Rodrigo sighed as he got on a phone call with Ophelia, who was in the Montclair residence. "We've just gathered some new information. It turns out that the Whitman family had transferred their shares long before, which means your marital assets are effectively zero.

"There's more bad news, Ms. Montclair. In the past two days, the internet has been buzzing about your divorce. At first, people sympathized with you, but just now, some very damaging evidence surfaced.

"Apparently, someone revealed that your marriage with Mr. Whitman wasn't as consensual as it seemed and that Noah was coerced into marrying you under a plot.

"Furthermore, there are allegations pointing toward Mrs. Montclair Senior's son, linking him to illegal activities and a series of crimes. Now, public opinion has completely shifted, with most of the blame falling on the Montclair family."

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## Chapter 1517 The Montclair Family's Downfall

Ophelia's face paled at Rodrigo's words. Unable to contain herself, she shot up from the couch. "Who says the marriage wasn't consensual? Who can prove that? Would we have a son together if Noah didn't want to marry me?"

The most shameful part of Ophelia's life was that she had indeed used underhanded tactics to marry Noah. After all, it was very clear that Noah was unwilling when he woke up. He had coldly asked her to leave, as if he found her presence distasteful. It wasn't until Cyrus was born that his attitude began to shift.

But so what? After all these years, Ophelia refused to believe that Noah's affection was anything but genuine. No one could prove otherwise, so there was no way anyone could change the narrative!

Rodrigo's tone was strict. 'Ms. Montclair, I suggest you take a look at the video circulating online. It's from a long time ago. The video quality may be poor, but they provide crucial context.'

"Videos? What videos?' Ophelia's hands trembled. So much time had passed, so there shouldn't have been any evidence left! Someone online must be trying to stir up trouble!

Rodrigo sighed deeply again. "Ms. Montclair, I warned you when I took on your divorce case that you shouldn't withhold anything from me. It could impact my defense strategy. The situation is starting to turn against us, and you need to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?" Ophelia raised her voice. "It doesn't matter how we got married! The point is that we're getting divorced now! I have a right to claim our joint assets, right?"

"As you mentioned joint assets 'Rodrigo rubbed his forehead, unsure of how to proceed. 'Ms. Montclair, perhaps you should be more concerned about what your brother has done.

"Also, I have the asset distribution here. Noah only owns a small villa. Besides that, there are no other assets to claim. I've already mentioned that the company shares have been transferred, so you won't be able to claim those."

Ophelia's voice turned shrill, more piercing than ever. "How is it possible that I can't claim anything?"

Rodrigo patiently tried to explain the issue of diluted shares, but Ophelia couldn't accept this outcome at all." He's Whitman Group's executive president! How could he possibly have no company shares at all?"

Rodrigo felt overwhelmed but tried to remain calm. "Ms. Montclair, Noah likely anticipated that your marriage would face problems, so he transferred the company shares ahead of time. That's the most logical assumption."

"What do you mean by that?" Ophelia trembled. "Are you saying he was already prepared to divorce me?" Rodrigo nodded. "That seems to be the case."

Many listed companies' CEOs did things like this. But those were typically the ones with actual mistresses. However, having reviewed the whole situation, Rodrigo found it hard to believe that Noah truly had a mistress. The chat records looked like they had been screenshotted and edited.

"Ms. Montclair, may I know if the online rumors about Mr. Whitman wronging you are real? Or were they fabricated?"

In truth, Rodrigo wanted to know if those rumors had any backing from the Montclair family.

After all, the allegations against the Whitman family seemed to stem from the Montclairs' attempts to crush the Whitman Group. They were going as far as manipulating their accounts. However, he didn't have any solid proof yet, so he was trying to prepare himself.

But that question ignited Ophelia's anger. 'Of course it's true! Would I be getting a divorce if he hadn't wronged me? I must secure shares in Whitman Group no matter the cost! I didn't hire you to question my claims! I am your client!'

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Chapter 1518 The Montclairs Have No Shame

Ophelia's voice pierced through the room. The image of a once poised and elegant lady had completely shattered.

She was completely different from when she was in the Whitman family. She was once regarded as virtuous and dignified, keeping her distance from drama.

With her status as Mrs. Whitman, her life in the upper-class circles in Hawford was filled with luxury. Everyone admired her seemingly perfect marriage.

But Ophelia had never truly grasped that her comfortable life was propped up by Noah's success and support. Now, with her world turned upside down and reality refusing to align with her expectations, she broke down completely

Gone was any semblance of elegance. She began smashing objects in the living room in frustration.

The maids knew better than to approach her when she was in such a volatile state. They could only speculate about her mood, sensing the storm brewing within her.

Rodrigo felt helpless about the situation. Hence, he spoke from a professional standpoint, "The possibility of obtaining shares is almost zero.

"The current public opinion is heavily against you, so I strongly recommend a private settlement. Mr. Whitman may be willing to offer some compensation.'

Ophelia screamed at the top of her lungs, "Are you deaf? How dare Noah have made plans to divorce me in advance? I want the shares from the Whitman family!

"If he transferred his assets early, doesn't that count as a crime? You need to investigate him! I won't accept a private settlement!"

Rodrigo wanted to explain that it wasn't just about her acceptance. It still depended on whether the Whitman family even wanted to discuss things with her.

But seeing her in such an agitated state, he decided it was best to end the call and wait for her emotions to settle before attempting to discuss the matter again.

The first thing Tamia heard when she entered the room was the distress in Ophelia's last sentence. Compared to Ophelia, who had always struggled to succeed in anything she did, the implications of transferring assets in advance were not lost on Tamia!

She completely ignored Ophelia, who was in obvious distress, as she grabbed her by the shoulders. "What's going on? Did Noah transfer his assets in advance? How is that possible?"

Ophelia was already crying as she handed the phone to Tamia. The video on the trending topic was crystal clear. It showed a recording of Tamia and Ophelia's conversation at a hotel years ago.

"Mom, is this really going to work?"

"Of course! Would Noah even pay you any attention if you talked to him? I wouldn't have to resort to such a method if it weren't for your average looks."

In the video, the younger Tamia, dressed elegantly in a dress, handed something to Ophelia. "Put this in his drinks later."

The setting was clearly a banquet. It was a social gathering where people often let their guard down.

The drink Ophelia had drugged was served to Noah.

Ophelia was thanking him as she handed him the drink, "Thank you so much for your help, Noah. I'll be heading overseas soon. Consider this drink a farewell toast."

It was evident that Noah didn't know her well, but his upbringing prompted him to raise his glass and take a sip.

In the footage, anyone could see that Ophelia didn't measure up to someone of Noah's caliber. Noah, who was

still young in the footage, displayed no emotion in his eyes. It made people wonder how he was possibly interested in her.

Shortly after, Noah was seen frowning as he staggered into a room. It was highly likely that it had something to do with the drink. He was seen shaking his head as he opened the door.

Ophelia entered not long after he did. She glanced around suspiciously before swiping a card to open the

TOOM.

It was inevitable that the Montclair family would face backlash as soon as such a video emerged.

People might indulge in romantic fantasies while reading novels, but this was real life! Who could accept that their marriage was built on such deceit?

The comments under the video were relentless.

"No wonder the campus heartthrob married so young! This all makes sense now."

"This is such a shame. I heard that he wanted to pursue research before this happened."

"I've also heard that he was forced into marriage. If he didn't, it would've been a dereliction of duty on the Whitman family's part."

"Exactly! That's what the Montclairs have said back then."

"I've never seen a family as shameless as the Montclair family."

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

### Chapter 1519 Infuriated

Tamia had never faced such criticisms before. Her shaky hands clung to the chair for support as her face darkened. Too enraged to speak, she could only gasp for breaths.

Given her status, common citizens would never have dared to condemn her so openly. Back when everyone was considered equal, she was even haughty and arrogant.

Raised in an aristocratic family, Tamia held firm classist beliefs and never imagined that such lowly laborers had any right to judge her. However, anyone could now openly voice their disdain for the Montclair family, and the criticisms directed at Tamia were particularly scathing.

They branded her a vicious old woman sitting pretty. If she could stoop to drugging another, she was surely capable of even worse.

As Tamia read through the comments, her expression shifted drastically. Taking a deep breath, she forcibly steadied herself and sent a message to Alfred at the airport. "Get on the plane immediately, and don't contact anyone. Someone will meet you there."

"Keep a low profile abroad until I summon you back. Don't return to Hawford anytime soon. If you receive calls from unfamiliar numbers, do not answer any of them."

Alfred was dumbfounded by the message as he checked in at the airport. He knew Tamia wanted him out of the country, but there was no reason to rush him like that. If he didn't know better, he might suspect that something terrible had happened.

With no time to ponder, Alfred grabbed his ticket and headed toward the customs. At that moment, two officers reached out to stop him and flashed their badges.

"Are you Mr. Alfred Montclair? We're from the Department of Special Affairs. We've received a public report and need you to come with us for further investigation." The officers stated their purpose and swiftly seized hold of Alfred's shoulders.

Alfred barely had the time to react, let alone reply to Tamia's message. He was then taken away under the crowd's watchful eyes.

As the Montclair family's scoundrel, Alfred instinctively suspected that Landon was trying to make him a scapegoat. They had different mothers, after all, and Alfred knew how scheming Tamia could be.

No wonder she was eager to send him away-it turned out they were trying to shift all the blame onto him!

At that realization, Alfred promptly shouted, "You're looking for evidence of the Montclairs' crimes, aren't you? I know everything!"

To a gambler, nothing was more important than freedom. No one questioned Alfred's obsession with gambling, but it stemmed from the dismal life he led within the Montcliar family. While Tamia might present herself well, behind that exterior was a contrasting truth.

Alfred wasn't a complete fool. The arrival of the officers from the Department of Special Affairs could only mean one thing-it was related to the Whitman family's incident. In that moment, he knew he had to leverage his own worth to save himself.

The officers exchanged knowing glances, clearly anticipating his response. True to Wynter's words, the Montclair family's sons were incompetent and valued their lives above all else.

Meanwhile, Tamia never imagined that Alfred would be caught. Looking at the time, she assumed he had boarded the plane. But as she scrolled through the criticisms online, her anxiety deepened.

In a fit of frustration, she snapped at Ophelia, "Noah has planned to divorce you long ago and transferred his shares right under your nose! How could you have missed this? Why did you even go through with the divorce?"

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

Chapter 1520 What the Montclairs Deserve

Tamia continued rebuking, "What's that video about? Did Noah learn the truth earlier and make preparations?"

"The only thing you're good at is crying! If you can't secure the Whitmans' shares, you might as well be useless in the next life!"

The sharp words pierced Ophelia's heart, leaving her feeling cold and heavy with grievances.

Ignoring her distress, Tamia pressed on, "How did that video get out? Why is it still around after all these years? Is this Noah's way of dealing with you? Doesn't he care about Cyrus?" Overwhelmed by anguish, Ophelia couldn't find answers to any of those questions. Her WhatsApp was flooded with inquiries from her social circle regarding the video's authenticity. Their relentless questioning fueled her desire to destroy whoever leaked it.

"What good does scolding me do now, Mom? How was I to know an old video would resurface? Before Cyrus' birth, Noah did treat me..." Ophelia abruptly stopped her defense. She suddenly recalled that Noah hadn't been around much after their wedding.

One day, she went to his room while he was drinking. Noah had been young back then, and he appeared uncomfortable.

He looked at her calmly and said, "Don't think I don't know how we ended up together. But you're my wife, and I'll treat you with respect. There won't be another woman, but I warn you-keep those thoughts away from the Whitman family."

Ophelia had been frightened and struggled to find sleep that night. When she saw Noah back to his normal self the next day, she assumed he had been spewing nonsense while intoxicated. Now that she reflected on it, she wondered if he had known the truth all along.

Ophelia's face instantly paled. Although Noah had treated her well throughout their marriage, she had never truly felt his love. There were moments when she had even loathed him, which was why she followed Tamia's advice.

If Noah had already discovered the truth yet only chose to reveal the video now, he was undoubtedly terrifying!

"They're monsters! The entire Whitman family and Sevie are all monsters!" Ophelia suddenly shrieked.

Tamia had little time for her outburst. She had spent a great deal of effort to seek benefits from the Whitman family. Yet, not only had she lost the Whitmans' shares, but Cyrus-whom she had painstakingly raised-no longer listened to her.

Under normal circumstances, Ophelia would have secured a substantial amount of wealth after a normal divorce. Even if she couldn't claim the shares, the Whitman family would never mistreat her as she was Cyrus' mother.

But things had changed. Noah, who was usually docile and never spoke up against Tamia, had secretly transferred his shares.

Tamia gripped her cane tightly. 40 years of scheming had led to nothing. Not only had she failed to gain anything from the Whitmans, but Ophelia's divorce had also exposed the Montclairs' dark secrets.

In a complete breakdown, Tamia roared, "What is the PR department doing? Where are the Montclairs' legal representatives? The family is in crisis! Why haven't they stepped up to take legal action?"

Little did she know that no one at the Montclair Group was willing to heed her commands any longer. The company was in utter chaos, perhaps even worse off than the Wrays.