

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

## Chapter 1591 Wynter Taking Action

Eliana listened intently, realizing that the language Kurt was using wasn't Cascadian at all.

The school had become unsafe, and she had no idea who she could confide in. Her classmates all thought she had landed the opportunity of a lifetime, busy hurling insults at Wynter. What was she supposed to do? Call the police?

Her first instinct was to report what she suspected. Anxiously, she picked up her phone, but before she could dial, she hesitated. What would she even say? That she suspected there were spies in the school?

She remembered seeing Gideon cozying up to various figures, her face going pale at the thought. Although everyone was talking about how Wynter had been arrested, Eliana still wanted to give it a shot.

Wynter had promised her that no matter what happened, she would be the first to come to her aid if needed.

With renewed determination, Eliana dialed Wynter's number.

She didn't expect anyone to answer, but soon, a familiar aloof voice came through the line. "Eliana? What's up? Is someone bothering you again?"

"You weren't arrested! The news online is fake!" Eliana was overjoyed. "I knew you were wronged! There's no way you would do those things!"

Wynter chuckled. "The news is true, but as they say, you must take risks to achieve significant success."

Being a top student, Eliana understood her implications instantly. She covered her mouth, her voice barely a whisper. "Ms. Wynter, did you get caught on purpose?"

"I'm still a criminal now. I am locked up, but I'm free in a different sense-I can show up in front of you whenever I want."

Wynter continued with a hint of a chuckle, "I'll come looking for you even if you don't seek me out. I thought about it. You're unique, and they won't let you go so easily."

After all, Wynter was once revered as a cultivator who had a knack for reading others' fates. Even if she were to read the fortune of someone she had little connections to, she could still deduce some information based on Eliana's appearance and her birth date.

Initially, Wynter had fallen into the misconception that the girls selected were chosen purely for their looks and youth. After all, the selection process created that illusion.

However, she had since changed her perspective. The girls chosen were not just from Midcrest High School. She was sure others from different institutions were likely involved as well.

Identifying who had been targeted within such a short time frame was challenging,

especially since these girls' final destinations remained uncertain. Eliana stood out due to her unique horoscope.

Wynter's gaze deepened as she contemplated the significance of Eliana's horoscope. She had encountered someone with stronger energies before-and that very person was currently sitting across from her, sipping tea and listening to confessions.

Noticing Wynter's stare, Dalton raised his eyes. His handsome face, almost too regal for the surroundings, seemed out of place yet oddly familiar. He was probably the only one who would investigate while clad in a tailored suit.

However, at one glance, he appeared more suited to a dark throne, supporting his face with a hand while observing judgments-be they good or ill-from above.

Wynter shook her head. Even her fingers could feel the energy radiating from Dalton.

She refocused on Eliana, who was still on the phone. "Don't worry, just keep stalling them. I'll be there soon."

"Okay, Ms. Wynter. I'll wait for you at home."

Eliana continued to share every detail of her recent experiences, including her suspicions about Kurt.

Wynter noted Kurt's name before replying, "You did well, Eliana. Send a message to that teacher, and tell him you'll be on time for their arrival tomorrow morning."

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

Chapter 1592 The Ones in Danger

Eliana nodded from the other end of the line. "Okay. I'll listen to you, Ms. Wynter!"

After their conversation, Eliana quickly sent a message to Kurt, following Wynter's instructions.

Moments later, she received a reply stating that transportation had been arranged and that they knew where her home was. The message instructed her not to come to school the next day, as someone would come to pick her up directly from home.

A chill ran down Eliana's spine as she read those words. It was clear that these people had infiltrated every aspect of her life. They were not just at school but had even surveilled her home.

She didn't linger school any longer. As she passed through the school gate, she overheard students discussing the issue with the cafeteria. It seemed that officials had arrived to investigate, and the school could no longer conceal this issue.

Every student was aware of the problems in the cafeteria, and while they had reported them, there was little they could do.

The results of past inspections had always turned out well. Whenever officials came to check, the food quality would improve dramatically, only to revert to its poor state once they left. The students had grown accustomed to this cycle.

This was the same for Eliana. However, her pressing thought now was to return home as soon as possible to check on her grandparents. She feared that these people might threaten their safety.

On her way home, she kept a keen eye on her surroundings. Until today, she had been unaware of any dangers lurking nearby. But after heeding Wynter's advice, she began to notice the anomalies around her.

It seemed the threat had been present for a long time. It was just that their surveillance system was so sophisticated that they hadn't dared to act impulsively. Instead, they chose to use her willingness against her.

As she walked, Eliana found herself wondering how Wynter planned to confront these people. They were after more than just her—there was also Penelope, who had been taken.

Eliana had no idea that the people who came to inspect the school were genuinely concerned about the students' well-being. As a result, she missed the chance to cross paths with Lucas and his team.

Had Lucas encountered a student as visibly anxious as Eliana, he would have certainly asked more questions. This might have led Fredric to suspect that the scholarship committee had already drawn attention from higher authorities.

Ironically, Eliana's absence made it easier for Wynter's plan to unfold without interference.

The fact that Wynter wasn't imprisoned was only known to Eliana and Lucas. Whether in matters of business or personal affairs, Wynter made sure to keep Lucas informed of her every move.

Lucas was in the middle of listening to Samuel's proposal for managing the situation when he received her latest update.

Since a thorough investigation was underway, everything from the quality of the students' food to their living conditions, teaching standards, and even the students' recent psychological health would be examined.

The public exposure of the cafeteria scandal had caused significant upheaval, and no parent could tolerate what they saw. News spread quickly, and Midcrest High School found itself unable to escape the mounting scrutiny.

After the meeting, the first thing Lucas did was check his phone. His eyes lit up as he read the message.

Meanwhile, Fredric was hoping to establish a rapport with him. He maneuvered through the crowd and approached Lucas. "Mr. Keller, it's already quite late, and the meeting just finished.

"You've been busy non-stop since you arrived without even having a proper meal. How about I host you for a simple meal at a restaurant right across from the school?"

Fredric spoke as he subtly observed Lucas' expression before asking, "Are there good news?"

He couldn't help but wonder if there was another clue.

Lucas met his gaze and smiled faintly. "There is indeed good news. It's a personal matter. My sister might be getting married."

Fredric immediately seized the opportunity. "That's fantastic news! A joyous occasion indeed! It's just that the timing and setting are unfortunate. You've just arrived, and there's been one issue after another.

"These problems stem from our previous lack of oversight. But with you here now, Mr. Keller, these kinds of issues won't arise anymore. Our subordinates are adept at using underhanded tricks for their own petty gains, which is why things like this happen.

"Mr. Paley and I have both been to this school before. I met Gideon before, and he seemed like an honest, educated man. Who would've thought? It just goes to show you can't judge a book by its cover. An investigation is definitely necessary."

Fredric's words were skillfully crafted. This way, he managed to distance himself from Gideon. After all, based solely on appearances, it made it seem like Samuel had closer ties with Gideon, while he had only met him once or twice.

The real reason why Fredric would say that was because, in his mind, if Lucas was willing to discuss personal matters with him, it meant he had let his guard down. Otherwise, it would be unlikely for a higher-up to discuss such matters.

It implied that Lucas at least saw him as an honest, uncorrupted official. To him, this was already a success. As for the issues with the cafeteria, they had nothing to do with him.

What Fredric didn't realize was that Lucas' mention of family was entirely fabricated. As Lucas walked ahead, he had already subtly signaled to Juan-an indication that Fredric should be formally investigated.

The message Lucas had received from Wynter was straightforward. "Fredric is definitely hiding something. I'm still investigating his backers' identities and have locked in on a few officials at the provincial level.

"I've managed to leave the scene and am currently looking into the disappearance of several students from the school. This is more than just human trafficking. There are deeper implications that might involve foreign forces.

"Please make Fredric think you're an easy-going, approachable new leader. It would be best if you play into his flattery. I need you to stall him for a day or two.

"Also, the school is infiltrated by enemy agents. Have your team check into the school's teaching materials and look into these people's travel records.

"If the education system has been compromised, the consequences could be disastrous. They're corrupting the students."

The students are the nation's future. This threat was too great to be ignored!

This situation reminded Wynter of the time she was trapped in the formation, facing that Foplyan officer. He, too, started his manipulations from the educational level, brainwashing the children. Coincidentally, it happened in this very city.

Wynter turned her head slightly to glance at Dalton, who was walking beside her.

Back then, he was also there. However, the version of him in the formation was more enigmatic. He exuded an energy that was both righteous and wicked, as if he held all the cards. It felt like no matter what happened, he had anticipated it.

No, more than that he seemed to observe everything from a high vantage point, detached and indifferent. In retrospect, he never even made a move back then.

It seemed like he was merely doing business, yet no one dared to provoke him. t seemed as

though he existed apart from the world. Even during times of war, when powerful and wealthy people often lost their dignity under foreign invasion, he remained untouchable. The version of him in the formation-his past self-was far too uncontrollable.

As Wynter reflected on these thoughts, she didn't realize she had been staring at him for longer than necessary.

Dalton stopped walking, his deep gaze locking onto hers. He smiled and spoke, his voice low and magnetic. "You've been staring at me for a while. What are you thinking about?" Wynter didn't mention the events in the formation. Instead, she grasped his wrist, her fingertips resting against his pulse.

"I was just thinking that if we find a few more people with the same horoscope who were also born with the heavenly luck you were born with, could it lead to immortality?" "No one can achieve immortality," Dalton replied calmly. "Even cultivators have their limits. They just live longer than ordinary people. Didn't you already calculate my horoscope? Extreme fortune leads to misfortune."

Wynter nodded. "Yours is too extreme, almost ridiculous. But there must be others whose fortune isn't so extreme." As she spoke, she gathered some purple energy from him. "I'll borrow a bit of this—it might come in handy."

Dalton lowered his gaze, watching her casually playing with the lucky coins. He asked suddenly, "Is someone looking for people with the same horoscope as mine? Are they seeking immortality?"

If one listened carefully, his tone was with a hint of mockery.

Wynter thought Dalton was way too perceptive. She knew she shouldn't have brought this up in front of him.

"Yes, there is," Wynter admitted. She swung her leg over her motorcycle and put on her helmet. "Keep an eye on things here. One of us needs to be inside just in case someone comes to check. You can cover for me if necessary."

Dalton didn't protest and merely nodded. He didn't insist on following her this time, which made Wynter a little curious. Still, she didn't dwell on it. The task at hand was far more pressing.

As Wynter left, more and more black feathers began to fall to the ground. The crow swooped across the city, descending to perch beside Dalton. "My lord."

"Follow her." Dalton's gaze darkened slightly. "If you sense any part of my soul, notify me."

The crow nodded. "Understood, my lord."

Dalton's gaze shifted away, his profile illuminated by the setting sun, revealing nothing of his emotions. Those people wanted not just immortality -- they wanted to awaken him as well.

"Foolish," Dalton muttered lazily, his tone carrying no warmth.

Nearby, Whitley, who had been watching this scene unfold, hesitated before stepping forward. Though he had pledged himself to Wynter, acknowledging her as his master,

Dalton's presence still terrified him to the core.

Nevertheless, he felt compelled to speak. "If you mean any harm to Ms. Quinnell, I will fight you to the death." As he spoke, the colors of his pupil shifted.

Dalton merely cast him a glance before leisurely walking away. After a few steps, his indifferent voice drifted back. "You've been overthinking ever since you've been enlightened. Is this what you've learned from humans all these years?"

The tone was so familiar that it left Whitley momentarily dazed. When he snapped out of it and looked up again, Dalton had already vanished.

Meanwhile, Eliana had just reached home. She was still unsure of how to explain things to her grandparents. As she opened the door, she was greeted by the sound of lively conversation.

"Is it true, dear? Is Eliana really so popular in school?" Anson asked eagerly.

"Of course! Who wouldn't like a smart and self-reliant student like Eliana?"

It was Wynter. It was clear she had arrived for quite some time. Always quick to charm the elderly, she was peeling an orange for Anson.

"Plus, she has a great personality. We all love hanging out with her," Wynter continued. "That's really good!" Anson chuckled, though there was a hint of relief and nervousness in

his voice. "Her grandmother and I were always worried she'd be bullied or left out at school.

"We're just simple folks from the countryside, and we don't really understand what schools are like nowadays. We've heard online that some kids bully others. We were worried but didn't dare ask her.

"We couldn't afford to get her the tablet the school required for online language classes, either. We just didn't want her classmates to exclude her."

Agnes nodded in agreement, offering Wynter some simple biscuits from a bag they had clearly been saving for special occasions. They weren't expensive and were probably a dollar

per bag, but it was the best they could afford.

"Here, have some, dear," Agnes offered. Wynter paused for a moment before she accepted it.

Just then, Eliana couldn't hold back any longer and pushed open the door. "Grandpa, Grandma, I'm home."

Eliana didn't have many friends at school. Poverty sometimes set her apart from others. In

middle school, she couldn't understand why, and it pained her. But over time, she accepted it and came to terms with her circumstances.

What she hadn't realized was how deeply her grandparents had worried about her. After all,

what family wouldn't want their child to be accepted, surrounded by friends, and not left

out? Anson's face lit up when he saw her. "My dear! Why are you home so early today? You're usually not back until late. It's not even Saturday. Don't you have evening classes?" "I came home early because I knew Ms. Wynter was coming to visit. The teacher gave me

permission to leave early." Eliana walked further in, noticing the new items in the house—things that her grandparents could actually use.

They rented a small, dimly lit basement in an old apartment building. The space was cramped, and natural light was scarce. Because of that, she had never invited her classmates over before.

But now, seeing Wynter there, she felt something different. It felt like Wynter had truly become her friend.

Eliana smiled as she relayed what Kurt had said to Anson, carefully avoiding the real situation. She didn't want him to worry. She trusted that Wynter would be able to handle it all.

And Wynter could indeed handle it—both the trouble outside and, more importantly, Anson's illness.

"It's a chronic condition that's developed over the years. It requires patience, but it's not untreatable," Wynter said while checking Anson's pulse. She pulled out a silver needle and skillfully inserted it into an acupuncture point.

Then, she handed a slip of paper to Eliana. "Take this and go to Empathy Clinic in

Kingbourne. Look for my grandmother—she's an expert in this field. Your grandfather's illness needs to be treated with traditional medicine over time."

Eliana couldn't believe what she just heard. She snapped her head up, her eyes welling with tears in an instant.

She knew who Wynter really was. Despite all the hateful comments flying around the internet, slandering her, Eliana was fully aware of her status—Wynter Quinnell, the Quinnell family's heiress.

Normally, someone as wealthy as Wynter would never concern herself with people like them, let alone befriend her. But Wynter had saved not only her but her entire family.

Although Eliana was still young, growing up with her grandparents had given her a profound understanding of the harshness of life. She knew just how rare and valuable Wynter's kindness was.

"Thank you, Ms. Wynter! Thank you so much!" Eliana bowed deeply to Wynter, full of sincerity.

Though her life wasn't worth much, Eliana promised to herself that from now on, if Wynter ever needed help, she would do anything for her!

She wasn't foolish and could piece things together. Wynter had been immediately targeted right after saving Eliana, leading to malicious rumors and accusations flooding the internet. The forces behind this were clearly not small, and the connections ran deep.

Eliana was concerned for Wynter's safety and immediately grabbed her hand. "Ms. Wynter, I've thought about it. I can't let you deal with this alone. It's too dangerous for you."

Wynter glanced back, her lips curling into a mischievous smile. She had already changed into Eliana's school uniform. "Don't worry. It's them who are in danger."

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

### Chapter 1593 They Need Protection

Eliana didn't understand what Wynter meant initially. However, as night fell, she watched Wynter lower her head, fiddling with something before looking up again.

Wynter looked exactly like her now!

Eliana's eyes widened in disbelief. She had only seen scenes like this in movies. To think that something like a disguise technique would happen in front of her was shocking to Eliana.

"Ms. Wynter, you-"Eliana gasped.

"I naturally have to look like you if I'm using your identity." Wynter tugged at the edges of her face mask with a mischievous smile.

She had always been bold but meticulous in her actions. The Special Unit had always handled confidential missions, so she would leave no room for error in these matters.

"Stay here and get a good night's sleep tonight. I'll leave first tomorrow. After I'm gone and the people around your house clear out, you can take your grandparents and leave," Wynter instructed.

Eliana looked up, wanting to say she had no idea when those people would actually leave. "My people will come to pick you up. The most important thing is to have your grandparent go about their morning routine as usual. Make them wake up early to collect bottles as always. Don't let the others notice anything unusual."

"They want to keep you under control and silence you. Hence, to prevent future issues, they'll no doubt continue watching. But don't worry, my people will create a distraction. A day is all the time we'll need," Wynter said casually.

Eliana was still just a student, after all. She had never been involved in something like this before. Her excitement was mixed with nerves.

This would test not only her wits but also her ability to stay calm in overwhelming situations. She'd also need to explain it all to Anson and Agnes.

Noticing her anxiousness, Wynter patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Once the other girls are safe, I'll message you right away. By then, you'll already be in Kingbourne."

Eliana looked up sharply and nodded vigorously. Wynter made her feel like she wasn't just someone who needed saving-she even had the potential to save others, no matter how limited her abilities were.

Meanwhile, Fredric, believing the crisis was finally behind him, allowed himself a sigh of relief.

Firstly, he believed that Lucas wasn't as challenging as he had initially feared. Secondly,

Wynter, who had kept him on edge, had been detained. This was a crucial step in keeping the Whitman and Quinnell families from taking action.

With that, the Chamber of Commerce remained firmly under his control.

The villages involved in human trafficking had deeply unsettled him, giving him the impression that Lucas would be difficult to handle. Yet, after a meal together, Fredric realized Lucas wasn't so formidable.

Fredric believed Lucas' position stemmed from his privileged family background and the support of Jackson, who had military merit.

While Lucas couldn't be touched, given that it was an instruction from the higher-ups, Fredric was confident he could control everyone else's fate. After all, Lucas was just like the others.

As long as he kept things discreet, Lucas wouldn't be able to notice. If he played his cards right, Lucas might even become his "ally".

Fredric chuckled as he thought about this. Soon, he dialed a number.

On the other end, a voice, aged and hoarse, responded after a long wait, "I heard from my subordinates. Fredric, you handled things well. Your crisis management skills are impressive.

"As for the matters at Mindcrest High School, keep a close eye on them. Remember, education is fundamental. Some of our teachers need protection, especially under these delicate circumstances."

"Rest assured. I just spoke with Mr. Keller, and we're aligned on this point. Education is indeed the foundation, and at the very least, we need to maintain a good public image. Everything else can be dealt with gradually," Fredric replied.

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

### Chapter 1594 No One Can Save Wynter

"I promise it won't happen again!" Fredric assured. Others might've thought he was promising there wouldn't be another such cafeteria again, but he was actually implying that such incidents wouldn't get noticed in the future.

Once the news was suppressed and the buzz died down, everything would return to normal. But for now, he needed to present a convincing front.

Judah Randell sounded satisfied with the situation. Despite his inscrutable emotions, his tone had noticeably softened. "Her manipulation of the stock market had seriously impacted several businesses in Hawford. We mustn't let her get away with this."

"That's what I told the Security Regulatory Bureau. No matter who pleads for her mercy, she'll face the consequences of her actions under the law-even if she's Gordon Quinnell's descendant. Rest assured, she won't be let off the hook since she has confessed everything.

"You know how it is in there. Some ignorant girls will only understand fear once they're inside," Fredric replied as he took off his glasses, revealing a menacing expression.

From the bottom of his heart, Fredric viewed Wynter with condescension. He believed the Quinnell family was nothing more than a bunch of cunning businesspeople who had stumbled into their position by sheer luck. He was convinced that their success was simply a matter of fortunate timing.

Fredric scoffed dismissively, having never regarded the Quinnells in a favorable light. During their reign, he had constantly been overlooked for promotions. Back then, Gordon not only refused to give him a chance but also called out his sinister intentions in front of his superiors.

Fredric couldn't understand why the Quinnell family chose the hard path instead of taking the easier route. It could have been a mutually beneficial arrangement with the authority he wielded and the wealth they possessed.

Yet, businessmen often failed to recognize their own standing and dared to challenge him.

While he might have once held a lowly position and lacked the power to challenge the Quinnells, the tides had turned. Fredric was now determined to keep Wynter imprisoned for life, and no one could save her.

Still, he remained wary of potential interference from the Yarwood family and Sebastian, a member of the top law firm.

"Judging by the situation, the Quinnell family is in a tight spot trying to save themselves. Even if the Yarwood family wished to get her out, they need to consider the online uproar. No one can save that girl right now," Fredric reported softly, ensuring the driver couldn't overhear.

There was a brief silence on the line before Judah replied, "Very well. If everything is in place, release the news early so the public is aware of what happened."

It appeared the chaos online hadn't been enough, especially with the Whitman family still making moves. At the very least, they needed to drag Noah and Taylor into the controversies as well.

"I'll handle the aftermath. With the Wray family's fall, we can't leave the Chamber of Commerce in its current state. I'll find a chance to advocate the Waldron family for leadership to Mr. Keller," Fredric disclosed his plans.

When Judah gave a hum of approval, Fredric continued, "The goods are ready. She'll be transferred tomorrow. This time, no one will interfere."

Hearing that, Judah couldn't suppress a note of skepticism. His dark eyes glinted like those of a venomous snake. "I heard she has turned down the offer. Why has she suddenly agreed? Did something go awry?"

"It did, but that's her issue. She messaged her homeroom teacher, asking if she could receive some money upfront for her grandfather's treatment. She mentioned she's willing to take a lesser amount from her scholarship," Fredric answered.

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

## Chapter 1595 Wynter Puts On a Disguise

Judah's raspy voice commented coldly, "It sounds like she's at her wit's end."

Fredric let out a scoff. "I'll never understand why these peasants cling to city life. At least they're poor. Otherwise, it'll be tough to get our hands on these stocks."

Judah called out to Fredric sternly, as if reminding him of his place. Fredric usually reserved such derogatory remarks for when he was out of earshot. Any slip of that would shatter his image as the perfect secretary.

Fredric quickly regained his composure and shut his mouth. Judah chose not to dwell on his blunder but said, "In the future, it's better to change your habit before you speak or act. Since that girl has agreed, make sure she receives the money."

"Don't find her requests bothersome. The more she asks, the less trouble there will be later. After receiving the girl, keep a few men on standby to see if her grandparents need assistance. Everything must be done properly."

Fredric nodded and exclaimed, "I understand. As usual, you grasp the bigger picture. We'll keep trailing them."

Sometimes, the poor tended to cause havoc. Fredric had always been annoyed with those who asked for their children's whereabouts instead of money.

The club had once seen an uproar, though it was fortunate that the protesters were uneducated and unaware of how to organize an online protest. Ultimately, the incident was perfectly kept under wraps.

Unwilling to deal with the aftermath, Fredric resolved to keep a close watch on Eliana and her family to prevent any further complications. By tomorrow, any traces they left behind would be erased. Even if Lucas reacted and attempted to dig deeper, it would be too late.

As for the meddlesome Wynter, Fredric decided to keep her detained for a while longer. He could hardly wait to see the Whitman family's fall the next day!

Time flew by. Before dawn broke, the elders in the rundown apartment rose early to buy breakfast. The neighborhood began to stir, filled with the comforting atmosphere of everyday life.

In that community, everyone worked hard for a better living. They might find joy in a simple meal, but that was the way of their mundane life.

Wynter, disguised as Eliana, strode out of the dilapidated door, dressed in a suit and carrying a school bag.

When she passed the communal courtyard, she turned around and called out to those inside, "Remember to eat, you two! Especially you, Grandpa! It's not a waste to take the medicine. The money will be transferred tonight."

In reality, her words were intended for those eyeing them. Before Wynter arrived at the apartment, she had thoroughly surveyed the area. Others might have been oblivious to her presence, yet she knew exactly who was there and where they were positioned.

True to Wynter's expectations, the observer quickly reached out to their superior upon hearing her words.

Although Wynter stood a few inches taller than Eliana, the difference was too subtle for anyone to notice. Wynter took Eliana's old phone while hers was hidden in her inner thighs. She had even equipped herself with a GPS, though no one would notice any of it under her uniform.

Masquerading as Eliana, Wynter exited the gate and glanced at the intersection ahead, where a black SUV awaited.

Despite spotting the car, she still sent a message to Kurt. "Mr. Abrams, have the people picking me up arrived yet?"

"They're here. Just a moment. I'll let them know to come get you," Kurt replied. Meanwhile, the people in the car were focused intently on the disguised Wynter.

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

Chapter 1596 It's the Devil They Took

"We followed the address here. It must be the right place. Look, Mr. Leblanc, that's the girl!" someone exclaimed.

It turned out they were the very group that had failed to abduct Eliana last time. After their botched mission due to Wynter's interference, they were now more cautious.

"Stay low and treat her kindly. We can't let her doubt us again," Colby instructed.

As the group observed Wynter arrive on schedule, they believed they had the right person. After all, her face looked just the same.

The driver rolled down the window and waved at Wynter. "Over here, Ms. Linden."

Wynter lifted her gaze toward the voice. As expected, it belonged to someone familiar. She grabbed her bag and walked over to the car.

"Nice seeing you again, Ms. Linden. Shall we be off?" Colby greeted her with a smile. He anticipated that things wouldn't go smoothly, but Wynter simply opened the car door and slid into the backseat.

The men stared at Wynter dumbfoundedly. Their orders were to bring Eliana to the designated location, with permission to use force when needed while staying clear of surveillance cameras. Before they could take any action, Wynter had settled comfortably in the car.

Wynter gazed at the men and asked, "Are you hungry, sir? There's a cafe just across the street, and their food is amazing! Would you like to stop by?"

She inquired tentatively as if she was frightened, though she appeared ready to lead the men to the cafe. Seeing that, Colby quickly let out a laugh. "You're very kind, Ms. Linden, but we're on duty. We were probably zoning out for a moment. Let's get going. Remember to put on your seat belt!"

Convinced by Wynter's portrayal of an impecunious student, the men dismissed any lingering suspicions. They swiftly drove away from the surveillance cameras and headed toward the designated location, believing that Wynter wouldn't be able to call for help.

Little did they know that they had picked up the devil itself instead of a poor student.

Inside the house, Eliana watched as the car drove away. She clasped her hands and offered a heartfelt prayer.

At that moment, two figures emerged from a hidden corner. One of them reported, "Boss is on the move, so we should get going, too. L has analyzed the information and pinpointed the location from the photo-it's a milkshake store in Ravenshire.

"I'll head over there while you take the southwest route with the Linden family. There's a hidden path there."

The other individual patted the former's head and said, "Stop trying to boss me around. Just keep an eye on the GPS, and don't do anything rash. Let's see where they're taking the boss."

With that, the second individual pushed their cart into an alley and changed their clothes. They set off down the darker path to scout for blind spots.

Since "Eliana" had been taken away, the apartment was left with minimum supervision.

Meanwhile, the real Eliana remained hidden at home and urged her grandparents to avoid speaking to anyone. Although Anson and Agnes were confused, they could sense the situation's seriousness from Eliana's expression. Both Anson and Agnes complied with her instructions. When they took a different path, they realized that someone was tailing them. Fortunately, the tailing stopped once they returned home.

The time spent waiting was truly agonizing. Eliana had no idea where Wynter was taken, and she felt torn about whether to file a report.

Just then, there was a knock on her window. Elmer stood under the tree outside and said, "I've been sent by the boss to escort you to Kingbourne."

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

Chapter 1597 Thank You for Helping Us

Eliana hurriedly opened her window. "Did Ms. Wynter send you? She just left. Will she be in danger? I'm so worried. Should I call the police? I won't be able to sleep well if something happens to her."

Elmer replied calmly, "Calling the police might attract the wrong kind of attention. Besides, my boss is amazing, so there's nothing she can't resolve. She has her own plans. Right now, we need to get you and your family to Kingbourne. You should be treated at Empathy Clinic."

His admiration for Wynter was evident in his tone.

"Pack your things and come with me," Elmer instructed.

Having surveyed the area, he confirmed that they wouldn't be caught. Those supervising the apartment would only assume the elderly couple was simply collecting bottles and preparing meals at home before heading out in the afternoon.

Getting the Lindens to Kingbourne was Elmer's top priority. Without wasting any time, he helped the elders pick up their luggage.

However, Anson remained skeptical due to the recent rise of fraud gangs. Indeed, it was always wise to stay cautious. In response to Anson's concern, Elmer calmly showed his license. But when Anson still hesitated, Eliana grew anxious.

Eliana understood that their time was precious, especially considering that Wynter had risked venturing into the lion's den alone.

Determined not to delay any longer, Eliana knelt and gazed into her grandparents' eyes. "There's something I need to tell you two, but I'm not sure how to begin.

"The truth is that the scholarship program initiated by the school is a scam, and so is the exchange student program. Perhaps, there's some truth to it, but I doubt it applies to me.

"Think about it why hasn't Penelope contacted Mr. Sawyer or anyone else? Has she really become haughty after going abroad, as the rumors suggest? Outsiders might think that way, but Penelope is the kindest person I've ever known, Grandpa."

She continued, "Penelope woke up early every day to help her father sell hot dogs. She always looked out for me and once mentioned that her biggest dream was to provide a better life for Mr. Sawyer.

"Instead of tirelessly pushing his cart around or getting chased away, she wanted to open a store for him. I feel the same way—I study hard in hopes of creating a better life for both of you.

"Something must've happened to Penelope that prevented her from returning, and the scholarship program is a cover-up for the truth!"

Eliana honestly disclosed, "Ms. Wynter, who came to visit, has gone to that dangerous place in my stead, and I have no idea what awaits her. Everything she did was to keep us safe, Grandpa. If you have any questions, we'll discuss them at the station later, alright?"

As they aged, most elders often struggled to accept new ideas. However, they could always sense genuine compassion when they encountered it.

When Anson and Agnes heard Eliana's revelation, their eyes reddened. Despite their difficult lives, they had lived long enough to grasp the weight of her words. At that point, they set aside their doubts and heeded Eliana's advice.

As they expressed their gratitude to Elmer, they couldn't shake their concern for Wynter. Upon reaching Hawford South Station, the elderly couple anxiously inquired, "Will that young lady be in danger?"

Recognizing their worry for Wynter, Elmer assured them that she would be fine.

"Thank you so much, young man. We truly appreciate your help," Anson said, trembling as he grabbed Elmer's hands.

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

## Chapter 1598 A Loving Father's Struggles

Only those who walked among the masses would understand the world's cruelty. Burdened by poverty, Anson had often faced disdain from others.

For those as destitute as he was, it was even unlikely that anyone would notice their passing in their home, let alone offer assistance without expecting something in return.

If something were to happen to Eliana, Anson doubted that risking his and Agnes' lives would bring her back. The Sawyer family's plight was a prime example-Jeremiah Sawyer had given up selling hot dogs in search of his missing daughter.

Anson once accompanied Jeremiah to the school to inquire about Penelope's whereabouts, yet they were met with a cruel reply.

"So, your daughter went out and refused to acknowledge you as your father. What does that have to do with us? You peasants better know your place! Without us, your chances of going abroad are nothing but a dream! What a filthy bunch!"

Anson and Jeremiah stood speechless, completely at a loss. Despite Jeremiah's desperate pleas, they were still removed from the school. Anson vividly recalled how Jeremiah's eyes reddened, though he couldn't tell if it was from joy or sorrow.

"It might be best if she doesn't return. At least she could earn a living out there. There's not much she can do back here, so she's probably doing well. Don't you think, Mr. Linden?" Jeremiah mused aloud.

Anson nodded in agreement, sharing the same realization.

Given their circumstances, they knew all too well that there was no reason for the children to return home if they were thriving elsewhere.

However, anyone could see Jeremiah grew dejected after that day. There were moments when he would simply stare into space.

Already struggling with physical challenges, he not only miscalculated his accounts but also faced a substantial fine after being caught by the vendor inspector.

Those who encountered Jeremiah often urged him to stop waiting for Penelope, insisting that she had abandoned her home. Anson couldn't imagine how he and Agnes would manage if they were in Jeremiah's position.

Anson and Agnes would have no qualms if Eliana chose not to return after finding a better life for herself. However, they feared being deceived into believing that Eliana had disdainfully forsaken them after experiencing the world when, in reality, she might be struggling just to survive.

As tears welled up in his eyes, Anson grabbed Elmer's hand and pleaded, "Can you help track down the Sawyers' daughter? If you think it's too much trouble..."

"It's not. Boss didn't go there just to investigate-she's also trying to save the victims," Elmer replied nervously. He felt somewhat awkward in the face of such heartfelt moments.

Hearing that, Anson lifted his head and exclaimed, "Your boss is that young lady!"

When Elmer nodded affirmatively, Anson felt his hands tremble.

No one had been willing to help them. With each passing day, they felt increasingly diminished and unworthy to seek help for their poverty. Yet, here were the individuals who appeared to save them.

Anson continued to express his gratitude. Though Agnes had been quiet, she began to see the light and shoved all the money they had saved into Elmer's hands.

"You don't have to do this," Elmer stammered, clearly unsure how to respond to such kindness. With no other option, he remembered Wynter's advice and gave a salute in an empty corner.

Upon witnessing his upright gesture, Anson and Agnes suddenly grasped the truth. In the land of Cascadia, the older generations had always placed their unwavering faith in their warriors.

At that point, Eliana also realized that Wynter, who had been scorned online, carried more secrets than she knew.

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

Chapter 1599 It's Right in the Village

Those shouldering the burden of protection didn't seem to mind how the world viewed them. After all, they were more committed to nobler ideals.

Just as Anson had noted, the Lindens never anticipated anyone would come to help people like them without hesitation or expectation of rewards. If such individuals did exist, they could only be soldiers dedicated to safeguarding the citizens.

As the train to Kingbourne departed, Wynter remained seated in the black SUV. Her eyes were closed, as if she were asleep.

One of the men glanced her way and patted her shoulder. When she didn't respond, he whispered doubtfully, "Mr. Leblanc, I can't shake the feeling that this girl is different from the one we last saw. Do you think she might have motion sickness?"

Colby shared his suspicions. Clutching the photo in his hands, he glanced over and suggested, "Maybe it's because this is the second time we met. She's probably figured things out on her own.

"Our mission is to bring her to the designated location, and the rest isn't our concern. Once we deliver her, we'll get paid."

Little did the men know, Wynter had been carefully listening to their conversation whilst memorizing the route they took.

Although it felt like they had traveled a great distance, they had actually taken a few turns through the city before heading toward the outskirts. They even passed the highways several times, moving cautiously. It wasn't until they reached the villa area that the car finally slowed down.

To Wynter's surprise, she recognized the area all too well. After all, the Montclair and Wray families had once schemed to have her acquire a piece of land there.

Their destination turned out to be Valen Village, Hawford's inner city where Wynter and Cedric had visited in the past. The village was relatively close to the city itself, though Wynter hadn't expected a detour would lead her there.

She rested her hand at her side. Reflecting on her past abductions, she believed that Valen Village was tied to something deeper and decided to investigate the village its surroundings and people alike.

That said, Valen Village felt far safer than Riverfield. Considering that the villagers were likely to cover for each other, there was little risk of brainwashing cases. And since the village was close to the city, any issues could be kept under control.

Wynter recalled the information she had read about Valen Village. Despite the various developments in Hawford, the village had never been demolished. Many property developers had shown interest in the area, though their attempts ultimately proved futile.

Wynter initially assumed that the Wrays and Montclairs were trying to trick her. But now, she was convinced that Valen Village harbored deeper secrets. Someone was guarding it, yet the motives behind them remained to be unearthed.

The car soon stopped in front of a villa that appeared to be a legitimate study-abroad company, known as Nexus Corporation.

Colby gently patted Wynter's shoulder and called, "Hey, wake up. We're here. We'll be waiting for you at the door. Good luck with that scholarship. You don't want to see your efforts go to waste."

Pretending to rub her eyes, Wynter replied, "Thank you, sir. I've thought things through and will definitely do my best in the interview. I need the money to treat Grandpa."

"We're glad to hear that. Don't worry, we've sent the money to your grandparents and will keep them informed," Colby assured her.

Throughout the drive, Colby had come across as thoughtful and kind. Even as people walked by, no one would find

their interaction suspicious. Wynter silently stepped out of the car and followed the men inside.

The villa was spacious and capable of accommodating hundreds of visitors. On top of that, it presented the neat and polished ambiance expected in a professional workplace.

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

Chapter 1600 Someone Is Meddling

Once inside, Wynter noticed several other students from various schools.

Each was in the prime of their youth, and some appeared to have been brought in from the countryside. Under the impression they would be tested for language proficiency, the students were practicing their speaking skills.

Colby signaled to his subordinate, who nudged Wynter forward. "Go on. See if you can wrap up the formalities in one go."

Instead of resisting, Wynter took note of the surveillance cameras installed in every corner, even at the turning corners. It was clear they were under the mastermind's watchful eyes.

Still, Wynter couldn't help but be impressed by the company's professionalism. If she hadn't disguised as Eliana and was aware of the company's suspicious nature, she might have believed it was a typical agency for handling overseas studies formalities.

"Alright, the next student can come with me," called an HR employee.

Aside from the employees busy managing the mountain of paperwork at their desks, this HR employee resembled those in any typical corporation. With resumes in hand, she strode in heels and conversed fluently in a foreign language.

Hearing that, the students instinctively tensed up as their eyes lit up in excitement. After all, everyone yearned for the final spot for the scholarship and student exchange program. As the next student headed into the room, the previous interviewee emerged.

"So? How did it go?" one of the students asked curiously.

The interviewee shook her head. "I didn't do well. My speaking skills are still lacking-I stumbled over my words! But they did mention I have a good physique and that I can still work on my basics. They also learned that I'm a STEM student and asked me to fill out a different form."

"That's great news! You should fill out that form right away. I'll be heading in later," a young woman exclaimed as she held the interviewee's hands.

"Oh right, they also asked about your eating habits, your expectations for the institution, and your plans as an exchange student. Make sure to think your answers thoroughly regarding your interest in going abroad," the interviewee added.

The others hadn't expected such questions during the test, but they quickly grasped the reasoning behind it.

"Perhaps, they're worried we won't come back. After all, there have been cases of stowaways in the past," someone inferred.

"Well, I'm definitely coming back. Why would I stay there when I'm just going for my studies?" another stated.

At that moment, the HR employee, Melanie Johansson, returned with a stack of documents. "Is Eliana Linden here?" she asked, skipping the other candidates to address Wynter directly.

From the moment Wynter stepped into Nexus Corporation, she had noticed that it was equipped with signal jammers a tactic that felt surprisingly familiar.

She couldn't shake the suspicion that the scheme in Valen Village and the human trafficking in Riverfield might have been orchestrated by the same mastermind-or, more likely, the same organization.

Wynter had doubted that the case in Riverfield was far more than a simple abduction. It was horrifying to think that an entire village could be involved in such atrocities. Since the village was nestled within the mountains near the border, it was hard to discover their nefarious deeds.

It was a foolish belief from the past that justified the act of buying wives and children. If a son from a family failed to marry a wife, they could always buy a young woman from the outside. It seemed as if human trafficking had been a twisted norm for making money.

Though the villagers were foolish, their malice couldn't be overlooked. Ultimately, their ignorance had been

exploited for a much larger scheme.

Luck enriched lives, and it was only right for people to return the favor to nature. When a place fell into corruption, it was only a matter of time before devolving into a wasteland.

If the cases between Valen Village and Riverfield were truly connected, it would explain the children's disappearances.

Wynter narrowed her eyes, realizing that she hadn't managed to eradicate all remnants back then. "Ms. Eliana Linden?" Melanie called out again with furrowed brows. Finally, Wynter stood up to respond.

[