

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

Chapter 1601 A Perfect Arrangement

Melanie glanced over and chided Wynter in a haughty tone, "I've called you twice. Please pay attention next time. You can't behave like this during the interview. Otherwise, you might face issues in completing the formalities." As the other students listened in, their trust in the company grew, and their wariness began to fade.

Wynter noted their reaction as she approached Melanie, who silently sized her up before glancing at the red icon on the documents. Striding in her heels, Melanie led Wynter into the deepest room.

Wynter was aware that she had been targeted. There had been other students before her, yet Melanie called her out as soon as she arrived.

Inside the room was a middle-aged man, who gestured to Wynter to sit. He studied her and casually inquired, "Ms. Linden, are you able to adjust to foreign cuisines? What are your expectations for the institution or your plans as an exchange student?"

After posing those questions, the interviewer took a sip of his coffee.

With eagerness shining on her face, Wynter replied, "I believe I can adjust well to foreign cuisines. I'm also willing to work hard. Ideally, I hope to be admitted to the top institution to boost my grades. That way, I can secure better job opportunities and afford my grandpa's treatment fee."

Despite Wynter's enthusiastic response, the interviewer regarded her with a hint of disdain. He had heard similar answers from previous candidates, which only deepened his contempt for what he considered peasants.

But since the higher-ups had specifically named "Eliana Linden", the interviewer had to tactfully retain her.

He continued asking, "You're the only one who can realize those dreams you mentioned. Here's my last question how much do you long for life abroad? Do you think you will return?"

Drawing from the praises she had read online about life overseas, Wynter swiftly replied, "I'm truly fascinated by life abroad. Setting aside everything else, the fresh air and beautiful people are reason enough! How I wish I could stay there forever!"

The interviewer flashed a smile and stated, "Very well. Congratulations on passing the interview, Ms. Linden. You can take a rest in the lounge to your left while you wait for the upcoming retest."

Wynter thanked him and timidly exited the room. As the interviewer observed her apparent ignorance, he felt more assured. Once the door closed behind Wynter, he nodded toward the surveillance camera above, signaling to proceed to the next phase.

From the outside, Nexus Corporation appeared completely ordinary. No one would have foreseen the malicious scheme taking place right under their nose.

To the public, shady companies often set up shop in unmanaged locations. In truth, companies that were involved in online scams, insurance fraud, or counterfeit medications were typically established in urban areas, where they could easily ensnare their victims.

On top of that, Wynter had discovered detection devices as soon as she arrived in Valen Village. Though she once visited the village before, her previous focus had been primarily on the western land. As she was unaware of the other areas, she failed to discover the detection devices.

If she hadn't quickly thrown her GPS out of the window just as the men opened it to smoke, she wouldn't have had the chance to cross the border.

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

Chapter 1602 Hand Over Your Phones

Valen Village served as the perfect cover for the company. Even if someone were to investigate, they would only reach the outskirts. No one would suspect anything amiss inside the company, let alone find concrete evidence.

On the surface, Nexus Corporation appeared entirely legitimate. Besides handling students' overseas formalities, the company was also involved in various international services such as travel visas and work permits.

They even possessed detailed information about foreign institutions and boarding arrangements, including some that were affiliated with prestigious institutions. It seemed that the company's backer was a force to be reckoned with.

Wynter quickly gathered the information for fear that her phone would soon be confiscated. Just as she was about to head to the lounge, Melanie suddenly appeared.

"Ms. Linden, you will be interviewed in two different languages. As per our confidentiality protocols, we will need to confiscate your phone. It will be returned to you once the result is out," Melanie stated.

Though her reasoning was valid, Wynter still showed hesitation—a perfect reflection of her current persona.

Seeing Wynter's apprehension, Melanie swiftly assured her, "You can switch off your phone before handing it over. Rest assured, we won't pry into its contents."

Her words weren't only meant for Wynter but also the other four students presented. In an age when phones were indispensable, many kept their personal secrets within.

Given safety concerns, one wouldn't simply give away their phones. But considering that Nexus Corporation was a major entity, such a request was likely a standard part of their protocols.

As the students turned in their phones, Wynter passed off a worn-out phone as "hers".

After collecting the phones, Melanie flashed a smile. "Alright then, feel free to enjoy some afternoon tea in the lounges. The second interview will begin in half an hour."

No one spoke while Melanie was around. As soon as she left, the four students turned to Wynter, who was the last to join. "Hey, did you pass the interview?"

When Wynter gave an affirmative nod, one of the students stated, "We passed, too! It seems like only those who did are allowed to rest here."

"There were so many candidates, but I think we're the only ones who got through," another deduced.

"That seems to be it. Let's grab a seat and chat a bit. The lady mentioned there were snacks, and honestly, I'm already hungry." Someone sighed.

The others agreed as they had been waiting since midnight—some were even picked up from their homes the previous night. They were too anxious to drink or eat before, and now they felt the hunger set in.

Still, Wynter couldn't help feeling something was amiss. Among the many candidates, only a select few had made it through the interview. Wynter proceeded to inquire the students about their ages and birthdays, only to discover they were all similar to Eliana's.

If the criteria for passing the first interview depended on their birthdays, what could the second interview entail? Unfortunately, the other students didn't share Wynter's worries. When they caught sight of the lounge, their eyes lit up in excitement. "Is this the spot where people at big corporations take their afternoon tea? It's gorgeous!" Featuring large

floor-to-ceiling windows, the lounge certainly radiated a welcoming ambiance. A coffee machine stood on the table alongside an array of desserts. There were even sandwiches and milkshakes, all for weary guests to enjoy.

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

Chapter 1603 The Weird Woman

No young ladies could resist such a lovely lounge, especially with the chairs outfitted with comfy cushions.

Decorated predominantly in pink hues, the lounge resembled a whimsical tea party fit for princesses. The vibrant flower bouquets added to the charm, making the food on the table seem more appetizing.

Corporate workers knew that not every company boasted such a delightful environment. Even those with lounges lacked the charm found in Nexus Corporation unless they were specifically associated with the entertainment

sector.

However, the inexperienced students had no such knowledge. What they had only dreamed of was now right before their eyes, so it was only natural for them to be in awe.

One student, Camila Diez, rushed in gleefully and turned back to her peers. "This is exactly what I saw on TV! I want to work in a place like this when I grow up!" she exclaimed.

The others shared the same aspiration, though a sense of apprehension lingered beneath their excitement.

"Can we really eat all these?" one questioned worriedly.

"The lady said we could," came an assurance.

With that, the students shed their hesitations and took their seats. Upon noticing Wynter standing there, Camila grabbed her hand excitedly. "Come on, take a seat! We still have half an hour to wait. Let's chat a bit."

"That's right. Let's talk about how each of us got chosen," another student, Juniper Rhodes, suggested. She took an eager bite of her cake as her hunger took over.

Beside her, Brielle Charton shook her head and said, "I have no idea. They just told me to come, so here I am." "Aren't we selected based on our grades? Only the top students should be here, right?" Camila inquired.

"Definitely not. I come from an average class," Juniper countered.

"So, what's the basis for our selection, then?" Brielle asked in confusion.

"Whatever it is, we're simply lucky to be here!" Juniper declared.

The three young women engaged in a lively conversation, their faces glowing with excitement. However, one student, Elsie Ferguson, remained silent throughout the conversation. Her expression was more one of fear than excitement.

Wynter looked at Elsie and asked, "Why haven't you said anything? Is something bothering you?"

Raising her head, Elsie glanced around the room before inquiring, "I got here before you all, and something has me concerned. Can you help me figure it out?"

The young women agreed and gave Elsie their full attention. Lowering her voice, Elsie shared, "Something strange happened before you arrived. One of the employees suddenly flipped out and told us to leave. She seemed really panicked."

Camila was puzzled by her words. "She told you to leave? What does that mean?"

"Exactly! I feel like she thought we might be in danger. Do you think something's wrong with this company?" Elsie wondered aloud.

"That can't be. If there was a problem, our schools wouldn't have sent us here," Juniper countered.

"But it's so weird. The questions they asked during the interview felt off. It was like the interviewer wasn't from Cascadia," Elsie pressed on doubtfully.

"Girl, we're going to be exchange students. Of course, they'll ask those kinds of questions." Brielle scoffed. "Well, I guess I've been overthinking things." Elsie sighed.

Just then, the door suddenly swung open, and a woman with disheveled hair and stained work clothes barged in.

Her eyes widened as she spotted the desserts on the table. "Didn't I tell you to leave? Why are you still here? Are you..."

Before she could finish her words, a shout erupted. "Over there! She must be there! That crazy woman is wreaking havoc!"

Someone replied, "No need to look any further. The cameras show she's in the lounge."

Indeed, there was no need for further searching since the pursuers were storming in.

The panic and fear etched on the woman's face was palpable. When she realized that the lounge was also under surveillance, she closed her eyes in despair.

Even so, she continued to urge the young women, "Don't stay here! You need to leave now! Don't pass the first interview. As long as you fail..."

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

Chapter 1604 The Lounge

With a bang, the woman's words were interrupted.

It wasn't just Melanie who came in. A distinguished-looking man, Edward Masons, followed her. He was wearing a white coat and gold-rimmed glasses.

"Ms. Johansson, this employee isn't suitable for work given her current mental state. You should let her go. I fear that she might hurt people," he said.

"Sure, Dr. Masons. I'll go with your advice." Melanie seemed conflicted. "Please handle this gently--we're still colleagues, after all. We wouldn't want to ruin the company's reputation."

"Alright."

After that, security guards rushed in and forcefully dragged the woman out.

Melanie turned to the students, looking apologetic but saying casually, "I'm so sorry--none of us expected her to show up here. She used to work in Human Resources, too.

"After some things happened at home, she's been acting like this. She'd come in and tell the students nonsense, things like 'leave now' or 'don't come back.' It's been a real headache for us."

The students were skeptical, mainly because they were still terrified.

Melanie consoled them, saying, "Relax this won't happen again. Just calm down and focus on your preparations. Don't let this affect your next round of interviews, alright?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Johansson. We'll do our best!" Camila shouted.

Elsie, on the other hand, visibly tensed up. She recognized the woman from earlier that morning.

Just as she was still scared, another realization dawned on her. Everything happening in the lounge wouldn't go unnoticed—they were monitored.

So, when someone else asked her again, she simply shook her head and glanced at the surveillance cameras. Seeing her behave this way, Juniper muttered, "If you're that scared, why bother being an exchange student? Just listen to her and leave, then no one's stopping you. You're freaking us out, too."

Elsie indeed wanted to leave. Yet, like Eliana, she had someone to take care of at home. She couldn't just pass up this incredible opportunity.

She had heard how many students were sponsored to enter prestigious universities, which landed them great jobs later on. She wanted to be like them, too—she didn't want her father to worry anymore.

"I didn't say I want to leave. I just feel that something's off. Who exactly was that woman?"

"Why are you so curious about her? Eat up. The lady just now said that there'll be another round of interviews. That wouldn't even be the final one—more eliminations will come."

Even so, Elsie still couldn't put her mind at ease.

The five of them sat still in their seats. What happened just now would easily make anyone overthink. Yet, thinking of their future ahead of them, that uneasy feeling was nothing much.

Elsie noticed that only "Eliana" seemed oddly calm. Staying silent, she was gazing intently at a corner of the lounge.

Elsie approached her and asked, "You find this strange too, don't you?"

Knowing they were being monitored, Wynter could only put on an act. "Strange? Nope. Hasn't that lady already told us? It was just her colleague acting up."

"I thought you'd be on my side," Elsie muttered. "Look—you've eaten nothing at all."

Hearing Elsie's words, Wynter realized something. She quickly picked up a glass of fruit juice. "I'm just not

hungry. I'll see how it goes after the second interview."

"Alright, then."

Just as they were talking, there was a loud thud.

Out of the blue, Camila fainted, her head hitting the table as she collapsed. Juniper and Brielle soon followed.

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

Chapter 1605 Ominous Place

"What's going on?" Elsie glanced across the table.

Seeing this, Wynter immediately placed a hand on her forehead. As though she was succumbing to the sudden drug effects, she collapsed on the table, too.

Only then did Elsie narrow her eyes, revealing her true identity. She wasn't a selected candidate at all-she was also one of Nexus Corporation's staff. She had to put up such an act today because of the disheveled woman just now.

"I've told you many times to keep an eye on her. Since you can't, I'll just have to let them sleep for a bit."

As Elsie spoke, Melanie came back in with a flattering smile. "You always know what to do."

"Check their phones and see who's been contacting their parents before coming here. Make sure to check the chat logs thoroughly-don't leave out anything this time."

Elsie's actions were swift. It was clear that she was no stranger to human trafficking.

As she spoke, the lounge transformed, revealing a full set of electronic devices. There were signal jammers, network disruptors, and surveillance screens.

At that moment, Wynter lay motionless on the table, as if she were truly unconscious.

No one would suspect the students anyway. The employees were used to handling the monthly batch of captives. What would these students even know?

As the most vigilant among them, Elsie patted Wynter's face with a folder. "Is this that rare find? She wasn't eating anything earlier, and I thought she was onto us."

"Who knew she'd ended up picking the juice with the strongest dose? Not bad-she's saving us a lot of trouble."

"What about the rest? How should we handle them?" Melanie asked.

Elsie glanced at the surveillance cameras. "Keep the suitable ones. Give the others a checkup and take photos of them. Send them to our clients and see if they're interested.

"If not, they're in luck. They'll get to study abroad with their scholarships. We need people to maintain our reputation, after all."

In other words, some had their wishes granted indeed-they got to receive scholarships and pursue their studies overseas. Yet, these weren't done by Nexus Corporation out of goodwill. It was to cover up their shady crimes.

There were still a dozen girls outside, but the drugged ones were at risk the most here. Where would they end up being sent to?

Wynter's mind raced she had to be faster and get a hold of their next step. From the moment she stepped into the lounge, she knew that the "second round of interviews" was nonexistent.

She held her sugilite pendant firmly. Other than her phone strapped to her thigh, this was the only thing that belonged to her.

Given the current situation, Wynter would be exposed if she turned her phone on. She summoned Leo without hesitation.

As soon as Leo emerged, he said, "Master, something's wrong here-my aura's being suppressed. This place is too dangerous. You have to leave now!"

This was the first time he had felt fear. Standing beside Wynter, his face had gone pale. "Such terrifying power..." Non-cultivators were unable to see resentful wraiths. Those monitoring the surveillance cameras merely felt a

chill.

Even Elsie frowned, instructing, "Turn down the air conditioning. Quick, get Dr. Masons to check up on the four, especially the rare find. Make sure she's perfectly untainted."

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

Chapter 1606 Wynter is in Danger

"Understood." The person responsible for cleaning up the aftermath restored the scene to its original appearance, as though it was just a simple break room.

Leo watched as Wynter was carried off, his tiny legs anxiously pacing in place.

Wynter didn't speak aloud. Instead, she used telepathy to tell Leo, "Go find Wolf. He's that older guy you're all scared of. Tell him my location, and he'll bring people to help."

Leo froze momentarily at the mention of Wolf. He was indeed afraid of him, but he also knew he couldn't leave Wynter in trouble.

Still, as he descended deeper, he noticed that the pressure weighing on him grew heavier with every step. It was as if his resentment was being drained away. This place was too strange and ominous!

If his resentment could be sapped, could this mean that Wynter's spiritual energy was also useless here?

The thought made Leo's face pale. He couldn't delay any longer and had to follow Wynter's instructions. In such a situation, only an Ancient Beast could find a solution!

Meanwhile, the Special Unit lost the signal as they followed the trail to the inner city.

The team members exchanged glances, understanding that they couldn't recklessly enter this village. Thankfully, they had prepared ahead and disguised themselves as college students with backpacks, appearing as though they were simply looking for a place to pitch their tents.

Valen Village had lived in peace for a long time.

Whether good or bad, human nature required nurturing. For instance, Valen Village's people weren't particularly malicious, but sincerity wasn't their strong suit, either. After all, people were motivated by profit, and there was no wrong in that logic.

The townsfolk had been told to keep an eye on outsiders from the city-anyone other than developers deserved suspicion. They didn't understand exactly why, but with the right incentives, who wouldn't do this kind of work?

Anyone entering Valen Village wouldn't notice anything unusual. The main impression was that it would be difficult to relocate the residents and that they were too shrewd, always angling for a better deal. But no one knew whatever that lay deeper beneath the surface.

Now that the Special Unit had lost their lead, they weren't foolish enough to wander around aimlessly. After all, that would attract too much attention.

As soon as they stepped into Valen Village, a local approached them. "What are you guys doing here?"

"Uh, we came to camp. We read online that you can see the stars here." It was a plausible excuse. After all, this was a rural area with high elevation.

The villager waved his hand dismissively. "This is my land. Who said you can just camp here whenever you like?" "Then... would it be possible for us to rent your place?" Camping was just an excuse. They needed a legitimate reason to stay in town.

The villager smiled as he heard that. Just as he was about to agree, a voice suddenly called out from nearby, "No, you can't. No stargazing here."

The villager seemed wary of the newcomer and quickly said, "You heard him. It's time to go. This isn't a place for you to be watching the stars."

With that warning, staying any longer would only blow their cover. The team exchanged glances and, while packing up, made sure to record footage of the interaction. The recording had no sound, and the newcomer remained unaware.

The newcomer looked over at the villager and said quietly, "Didn't I tell you that this is a critical time? No outsiders should be here now."

The villager took a step back before stuttering, "Y-Yes.... I was careless..."

Valen Village was difficult to infiltrate. But if they didn't get inside, what would happen if Wynter lost their support?

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

Chapter 1607 Dalton Yarwood

Wynter's current condition wasn't too bad, but it wouldn't stay that way for too long since Edward had entered the room.

The unconscious girls were all required to go through medical checkups.

As soon as Wynter was carried in, the familiar scent of antiseptics reached her nose. She opened her eyes slightly. Though her visions were blurry, her familiarity with medical equipment allowed her to accurately predict what she would face soon.

"Dr. Masons, should we draw blood or do a full-body scan first?" the person carrying Wynter in asked.

Edward, dressed in a lab coat, glanced at her. "Check all the major organs first. Make sure there's no underlying disease."

"A student this age doesn't need all that, right?"

Edward smirked coldly. "How certain are you that she has never had an abortion? You never know with high schoolers these days"

"She's a high-value 'good.' Here are her documents. She should be clean."

Edward ignored the documents. The responsibility would be on him if anything happened to the "goods". He had promised that he would check them meticulously.

"The drugs in their system will dilute soon. Get them ready. We'll start with the first two who were brought in," Edward instructed.

Wynter could hear the voices close by. She purposely adjusted her breathing when Edward took out the stethoscope.

They were clearly interested in her physical condition. More than that, they seemed especially concerned about her purity.

Since being brought in, Wynter had been calculating the time carefully.

The good news was that her captors needed them alive. At least, that was what their wealthy backers preferred. Hence, for now, none of the girls were in immediate danger.

The bad news was that she didn't have much time left. She had to find a way to turn the situation around!

The one having the hardest time was Leo. Asking a spirit to approach an Ancient Beast was like offering itself to a tiger and hoping not to be eaten.

But Leo didn't have the luxury to hesitate. He initially thought about finding someone who wasn't as terrified of Wolf to deliver the message, but there was no one else around!

With no other choice, he braced himself, closed his eyes, and headed straight toward the source of Wolf's energy. Others couldn't sense it, but after being by Wynter's side for so long, he knew how to locate Wolf-it only required a bit of courage to risk his life.

Sure enough, as soon as he appeared, Wolf, who'd been focused on tracking an address, stopped typing and turned his head. He extracted his sharp fangs, his usually round eyes narrowed to slits.

No one else noticed, but Dalton, who seemed to be doing nothing, directed his gaze toward them. Just as Wolf raised a claw to strike, Dalton caught his wrist before casually saying, "Do you not recognize him?"

Wolf's small face was filled with confusion. Leo wasn't exactly thrilled to see Dalton. However, the combined imposing presence was so intense that he reverted to his original form.

"My master... s-she is in danger! I'm here to ask for backup." Leo continued to stammer, "The place she's in is ominous. There's something unground draining the area's fortune. The place is also filled with surveillance cameras, so it's nearly impossible to get in."

In reality, breaking in wouldn't be difficult if they used brute force, but gathering evidence and preserving clues was the real challenge. That was why Wynter had sent Leo to notify Wolf.

Wolf's eyes darkened when he heard that Wynter was in danger. Faint traces of black mist started to emerge from him.

But just then, Dalton lightly tapped his head. The force didn't seem to affect Wolf much, but cracks formed on the floor beneath him.

Wolf roared as he lifted his head. The sound he made nearly caused Leo to faint!

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

Chapter 1608 Saving His Fiancée

Dalton's tone remained calm. "Tell us where she is first."

Leo didn't dare meet his gaze. "Valen Village, the one Master wanted to develop. There's a company inside that supposedly handles overseas arrangements, but it's not a legitimate business. The place reeks of blood... but it didn't seem recent. It was left there from long ago."

Dalton listened with an unchanging expression, though he seemed to have recalled something. Then, he asked casually, "You said there was lots of surveillance around?"

Leo nodded urgently. "The team sent to support Master may not be able to get in."

At that, Dalton, who was about to step out, retracted his leg. He glanced toward Wolf. "Hack the entire network in Valen Village. That shouldn't be a problem for you." He had to make Wolf take action to make this sting operation

a success.

Wolf knew this was what Wynter truly wanted. Hacking the network would allow them to gather information without alerting anyone. But what about Wynter? Wolf's claws twitched, ready to move again.

Dalton grabbed the back of his collar, pulling him back. "You report to the higher-ups. I'll handle things on her end."

Wolf glanced at Dalton, then at the cracked floor beneath him, shaking his dazed head. That tap had left him slightly woozy-no one else had ever tapped him on the head without breaking their hand.

He hated it when people touched his head. Feeling disgruntled, Wolf sat up straight and placed his fingers back on the keyboard.

Dalton going wasn't necessarily a bad idea. Despite his hazy mind, Wolf always knew Dalton was no ordinary person.

"You must bring the boss back!" Wolf gestured with his fierce, tiny face.

Dalton chuckled, but his eyes held no warmth. "If she's harmed, those responsible can forget about any dreams of eternal life."

Wolf took that as a promise and refocused on his targets.

With Wynter absent, Wolf took on the commander's role. After pinpointing the target, he quickly typed out a message to the Special Unit. "Wait until I have full control of their network before you enter."

The Special Unit members' eyes lit up upon seeing the message. "Is this the location the boss sent you?"

"Yes." Wolf continued typing while searching for a point of entry. Network infiltration required time and cooperation from the Special Unit. Fortunately, the Special Unit members were sharp.

"Find a way to cut off the power while making it look normal."

Once they gained control of the network, they needed to sever the power supply. This would not only facilitate their operations but also create chaos in the village, diverting attention away from their activities. They had to gather the evidence Wynter needed!

Leo had prepared to stay with Wolf, but he hadn't anticipated attracting someone even more formidable. He was trembling, and his hands wouldn't obey him at all.

Dalton merely lifted his eyelids, his voice neither warm nor cold. "Lead the way."

As the black feathers fell, dark mist began to spread in unseen corners. Leo knew that the all-consuming black mist emanated from Dalton himself.

It seemed to be intertwined with the infinite resentful energy deep within his soul, yet weirdly enough, it also possessed a divine quality.

At that moment, Leo finally understood what the oppressive feeling he had sensed at Valen Village was! It came

from Dalton!

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

Chapter 1609 Swallow His Soul

Meanwhile, in Nexus Corporation's underground facility, the girls lay unconscious on the operating table.

Edward meticulously examined them from head to toe with medical instruments. His examination surpassed even a hospital's full-body check.

Once he was done with two of the girls, he instructed his team to take them away. "Notify the clients that the goods are fine. Those who can't wait can come today."

Unlike a regular company, Melanie clearly had the lowest authority in the organization. She seemed to heed all of Edward's words. "Understood. But the atmosphere has been tense lately. I'm worried the higher-ups won't find it convenient to come."

"The rare goods are specifically requested by that man. With the medium present, they'll be here. Don't worry." Edward appeared unfazed as he adjusted his glasses. The instruments in his hands looked less like medical equipment and more like tools for dismemberment.

However, if one listened closely, they would notice the slightly unnatural emphasis in his speech. No matter how strong a person's learning ability, their ingrained habits couldn't be changed. Particularly the way he pronounced the ending of his words...

Wynter, with her narrowed eyes, felt her hands twitch slightly.

"Wait a moment," Edward suddenly said as he turned his gaze toward Wynter.

Those with poor mental resilience would have broken character by now, but Wynter didn't. Her breathing remained steady, mimicking that of someone who was still unconscious.

Edward approached her, lowering his gaze to examine "Eliana's" face, a clear chill emanating from him.

"She was the last one brought in. Because of her situation, one of our bases can't be used anymore. We need to be extra cautious this time. Inform Jarek to keep the villagers alert. If today's business goes smoothly, there will be benefits for him."

"Understood." Melanie acknowledged the command and left.

Edward continued to gaze at "Eliana" as he spoke. "Compared to our master, you still fall short. But it has to be this way. If it weren't for Wynter ruining our plans Kingbourne, we wouldn't have needed you.

"Once you're six feet under, blame her for your grievances. It's unfortunate for such a horoscope to be wasted on someone lowly like you. We might as well use you to your full potential."

Edward continued to ramble to himself, a fervent look in his eyes. "Soon, my master will welcome a new life very soon!"

He picked up a blood clamp from the side.

Wynter's hand hung at the side, already prepared for a counterattack. She couldn't afford to fight but could target one of his acupoints. As long as Edward leaned closer, she could avoid the surveillance.

Suddenly, just as Edward bent down, ready to examine Wynter, the entire room's equipment shut off! Even the large screen in the center went dark!

Edward frowned and immediately asked, addressing the people outside, "What's going on?" His tone clearly showed impatience.

"It seems there's a power outage in the town," the person who came reporting said cautiously, fearful of Edward's outrage.

Edward's gaze went cold. "Power outage? This isn't some remote area. The city center is just to the south. How could there be a power outage?"

It was clear that he would not be easily fooled. Filled with suspicion, he ordered, "Go check what's happening. Prepare to withdraw if there's a problem."

At that moment, Melanie hurried in. "It is indeed a power outage. Recently, the Quinnell family acquired some land to the south. Someone from above came down to conduct a line inspection, eliminating some hazards before construction. That's why the power has been cut."

"Are you sure?" Edward narrowed his eyes, sensing that things were not that simple.

Melanie turned on her phone. "Here's a video sent by the villagers."

From the footage, it was clear that the demolition office was doing planning work. If someone from above was involved, it had to be on a large scale. Furthermore, considering safety factors, a power outage was normal.

"The Quinnell family really knows how to stir up trouble." Edward clenched his fists, his tone icy. "It seems she hasn't suffered enough from the online insults."

"Inform Mr. Monty to urge the Waldron family to apply more pressure. Tell them that Wynter must not be allowed to escape! I want to see her fall from grace!"

"Understood!" The person beside him sprung to action.

Lying on the medical bed, Wynter showed no signs of panic. Her mind had been racing since earlier. It was clear that Edward knew her, yet she had never seen him before.

She pondered why he harbored such hatred toward her, wishing for her to remain in jail. It felt somewhat personal, like a desire for revenge. After all, she had indeed sent many people locked behind bars.

But who had she wronged in Kingbourne? The first was Shane, who had betrayed her family, and the other was Declan, a beneficiary of the Quinnell family who sought to usurp their position.

However, the orchestrator behind these actions was likely someone else, and these two didn't seem capable of taking revenge on her.

Oh, and there was also Naomi. She had always outshone Wynter in her dreams-the one who had an even better life than the Quinnell family's true heiress. But she was also the one who caused the Quinnell family to fall apart. Was she the reason why this was happening?

Unfazed, Wynter thought carefully about who Edward meant by "master".

Edward was still agitated by the unexpected power outage, feeling that things were not going his way. "Bring back everyone who's gone outside and thoroughly check every guest entering. No strangers are allowed today."

"Also, have Fredric stall the city construction people. The Whitman family is already in a precarious position- what's the rush for development?"

"Keep an eye on the Chamber of Commerce and tell Fredric that no matter who the chairman is, our people must be able to get in."

"Understood." Melanie took notes, not daring to delay his instructions any longer. "We've just sent out messages, and there have been responses."

"Many guests are eager to come since they've been waiting for this for a long time, especially since the master desperately needs goods to stabilize his condition."

"But the villagers say the power won't be back for a while, not until around 7:00 pm. Should we change the date?" Their guests were all VIPs who wouldn't reveal their identities in public. Due to the recent matters involving the Wray and Montclair families, they hadn't held any rituals in quite some time.

Edward was also concerned. After all, people needed constant indoctrination.

He had to ensure these individuals kept receiving benefits and became obsessed with them. Only through that way could they manipulate their wealth and power to achieve their grand plans! Therefore, they couldn't afford any

delays.

"Follow me. We need to activate the backup power system," he said to a bodyguard, who nodded and quickly followed.

"The rest of you, get back to work. As for those students outside with no value, send two or three away immediately to the airport. See how tight-lipped they are and choose based on those criteria. Is that clear?" Edward continued to instruct.

Melanie followed him as she replied, "Yes. The ones who dream of going abroad are generally safer."

"Cascadians... they seem so poorly educated. None of them understand what it means to be pragmatic. Thankfully, there are one or two suitable candidates for our training. Now go," Edward commanded.

"Yes."

Wynter opened her eyes slightly just as the door closed. The guards were stationed outside, and she was alone in the room. Everyone assumed that the amount sedation given to these students would keep them out cold for a while longer.

But there was always an anomaly, and right now, that anomaly was Wynter.

She sat up, noting the pitch-dark room devoid of any light. No one understood the Special Unit's investigative methods better than she did.

Others might think the power outage was merely routine maintenance, but as their leader, she could sense it was anything but ordinary. It was clear the team was supporting her.

It seemed that Leo had successfully delivered the message. Hence, Wynter deduced that Wolf must have used the brief outage window to infiltrate the town's network. Wynter understood Wolf's techniques better than anyone.

Currently, Wolf had likely gained complete control of the town's network, including the records of this shady "certified company". Once the power came back, he would control what the cameras captured, dictating every image and angle.

In reality, Wynter had initially planned to knock out Edward immediately, but something about his conversation made her reconsider.

She realized she had never been this close to unraveling the mystery. She was determined to capture this so-called doctor. Furthermore, she also needed to find out who these "clients" were.

Wynter surveyed her surroundings. The room was packed with high-end medical equipment, each piece more ominous than the last, with a lingering metallic smell of blood.

Her eyes darkened as she recalled some disturbing files, deranged staff, abnormal alliances...

Without further hesitation, she texted Wolf. "Hold your positions and don't enter. Station men at the town's four entrances, including the highway access.

"Avoid disguising as traffic cops to prevent suspicion. Track every car's license plate, especially the luxury ones, and we'll close the net tonight."

Receiving the directive, Wolf quickly notified the Special Unit and Dalton, who had been ready to destroy the company, with a message broadcast. "Boss just ordered us to stay put and locate her device. We're moving tonight

for a full sweep."

With these new instructions, the Special Unit held back, stationed just outside the village.

Meanwhile, the town's power technicians were genuinely from the construction bureau. Their orders to maintain an outage until nightfall left them puzzled, but they accepted it without question.

After all, this land was marked for development, so a thorough inspection of nearby town infrastructure seemed

plausible.

But Dalton, upon receiving the information, continued to walk calmly along his own path, though he changed his method, ensuring that he was unseen by others.

Many of the unborn souls who had just emerged from the underworld caught a whiff of him and began to stir,

drawn to the enticing scent of his purple aura.

"This human smells delicious!"

"will my powers skyrocket if I swallow his soul whole?"

"Imagine the blessings his ancestors must have racked up for him to carry this aura! I hated such people when I

was still alive!"

"How about we feast together?"

"If you break the rules this soon after emerging, the reapers will have all of you captured. No one will be able to

escape by then."

"Oh, please! The reapers are too busy to care. Plus, I doubt they dare step on this land."

"Well, then, what are we waiting for? It is his honor to be eaten by us!"

As a resentful infant, Leo could hear the unborn soul's muttering. By logic, they should be able to sense Dalton's unusual power, so why were they being so reckless? Leo wondered if this was some bizarre rush to deliver themselves like a takeaway.

Leo was also part of an evil spirit, hence, the unborn souls could see him as well. However, they didn't think Dalton

could see them.

They were still hatching a plan. "Hey, you! That resentful baby. I've heard about souls like you. How about we

share this living soul? We'll even toss in something extra for you."

Leo wanted to tell those fools to not drag him into this!

Before he could open his mouth, an evil spirit oozing with sticky, bloody essence-a sign it had consumed many souls-moved close and sneered. "You're not clinging to him, you resentful infant. That soul's not yours. Move aside, or I'll eat you, too!"

Leo hurriedly stepped aside. "Go ahead. Let's see how you will swallow him whole."

He thought to himself that these weird-looking creatures were foolish to stop Dalton from saving Wynter! Still, Leo had also noticed that these evil spirits were unusually potent. They seemed to have accumulated many

other things, absorbing the world's most extreme evils. It was as though something deep within the land was nourishing them.

One fully formed evil spirit was enraged by Leo's remarks and lunged forward.

But just as it raised his claws, Dalton merely lifted his gaze before his suit began to shift, morphing into an ancient

red robe, the color as rich and deep as blood. Black feathers started to fall around him, and an overwhelming energy spread out like a storm

The attacking spirit didn't even understand what happened before it combusted spontaneously. Its face twisted in

agony as it turned to ashes in an instant.

The other evil spirits, dead as they were, felt pain lancing through them, as though fire was tearing them apart. This made them see Dalton in a new light.

At that moment, every evil spirit within miles vanished underground, vowing never to emerge again. The surface held something far more terrifying than the depths.

None of this was seen by the living. Only the spirits knew what had occurred.

Their lord had returned without a single sign of warning! The last time he appeared, the spirits in the underworld had suffered for over a century. This time, who on earth had angered him enough to draw him here?

As for the one who caused this upheaval, Dalton remained as elegantly composed as ever, though a hint of disdain marred his brow. He seemed annoyed by the thought of his clothes being sullied by these impure things.

As he continued forward, not only the evil spirits-even the sneaky ones didn't dare to come close.

Leo was also tortured by the backlash, his ears ringing with discomfort. He truly wondered how Wynter would react when she eventually uncovered Dalton's true identity.

Nexus Corporation's front entrance was bustling with people, with HR and staff rushing about as always.

Meanwhile, at the back entrance, a black SUV awaited, its tinted windows shielding its occupants. The students were carefully helped into the vehicle.

The driver, after settling them in, exited briefly to flip the license plate over, changing it to a different one. The vehicle then began moving swiftly in one direction.

The Special Unit's members took turns watching the vehicles leaving the village, but none appeared to exit directly

from the main road.

Meanwhile, Wolf closely tracked Wynter's position and saw her heading away from the main routes, taking a

detour.

He immediately messaged the team, "Boss is on the move, but they're using the side road. I'm sending you the updated location. Move fast and follow closely!"

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

Chapter 1610 Tiger

Wolf's concern for Wynter had led him to act impulsively, making him vulnerable to false leads.

The location he had been tracking was actually a decoy Wynter had left behind, designed to prevent anyone from trying to monitor her movements.

In reality, the cars leaving the village were merely the usual distraction they used. It wasn't that anyone in Nexus had sensed something abnormal, it was just part of a well-rehearsed plan for them to put a few cars out at times like this.

The purpose was to divert and shift attention away from the town center in case someone from above came to investigate.

This method was thanks to Fredric working in the province. They would never have thought of it otherwise. After all, the ones most familiar with criminal investigation techniques were, of course, their insiders.

Thanks

powerful connections shielding them, it was easy to escape suspicions. As long as they used the right methods, no one would notice any suspicious activities other than the demolition project. Moreover, this project served as an ideal cover for them.

They were the safest as long as they were not found. This plan had allowed them to bypass numerous surprise inspections in the past.

The sudden power outage in town had set Edward on high alert. Paranoid by nature and meticulous in his methods, he mobilized the entire town, ensuring that every corner was active and ready to respond to potential disruptions.

For an ordinary surveillance team, his decoys and distractions could have easily gone unnoticed. And of course, Wolf, despite his skill, had allowed his emotions to cloud his judgment.

Tracking the decoy cars risked exposing their movements, just as Edward intended. His bait served a single purpose-to flush out any hidden threats.

In typical cases, a lack of movement was often a precursor to a major operation. If the Special Unit were to act on Wolf's impulsive decision, it could lead to a disaster.

Luckily, other than Wynter, the Special Unit also had an experienced criminal investigator on the team, Dahlia Carroll. She wore a pair of thick, black-rimmed glasses and looked like a character straight out of a TV show.

Normally, she appeared somewhat slow and detached, but in moments like these, she was sharp and quick.

She immediately raised her head to say, "Hold off. Based on the boss' style, she wouldn't leave without sending us a signal.

"Right now, the town's without power. The fact that she hasn't sent any updates means everything's proceeding as planned. Our job is to report the situation here. We should wait for the boss' order."

Despite his narrowed gaze, Wolf remembered Wynter's advice when he first joined. She had always told him to ask Dahlia when in doubt. This meant that if Wynter wasn't around, uncertain decisions would be left to Dahlia to make.

"I've analyzed the opposition's approach. This is an organized, highly intelligent group. For Valen Village to stay unnoticed all these years and for Nexus Corporation's records to be this airtight shows that they have strong evidence-covering and counter-surveillance skills.

"The cars may seem like they're leaving in random order, but they're actually following two distinct routes. I suspect they're very familiar with us, and this is a baiting tactic. We can't lose our cool right now." Dahlia adjusted her thick glasses.

She was speaking a lot, intending to calm Wolf down. After all, if Wolf really lost it, he could tear the place down, and only Wynter could truly restrain him. With Wynter's safety on the line, he was understandably on edge. Wolf could barely hold still, feeling an urge to smash something. But since the message had emphasized that he

should cooperate with the operation, he reluctantly lowered his ears, keeping a fierce look on his face.

He narrowed his eyes and placed his feet down. Nothing seemed to have changed on the surface, but something stirred underground.

The evil spirits who had emerged from the ground and shrunk back after the encounter with Dalton were now glancing at one another. They instantly realized that this place, once rich with the malicious energy to nourish them, no longer felt as hospitable for their survival.

If they weren't mistaken, they had just sensed an Ancient Beast's presence. They couldn't believe Ancient Beasts still existed at this age. They thought these creatures had long been suppressed by Heavenly Luck

Legends said they'd been torn apart, some leaving only skeletons buried in icy wildernesses, while others vanished without a trace. Their existence was only a myth now. But now, here it was. Had an Ancient Beast awakened?

The evil spirits instinctively retreated. Though they couldn't identify which Ancient Beast had reawakened, they knew that whichever it was could devour them all in a single bite!

The evil spirits could sense the danger in the underworld. However, on the surface, everything remained calm and peaceful.

By early evening, villagers were starting to return from their jobs in the city. The influx of cars blended in with the typical rush-hour traffic, making it impossible to distinguish which vehicles might hold any real threat. Thankfully, the Special Unit hadn't acted impulsively. Had they moved, their cover might have been blown. Soon, the very vehicles that had driven out earlier circled back, as if nothing unusual had transpired.

"They've managed to get the power equipment working again. It's already past 5:00 pm. Another outage would definitely raise suspicions," Dahlia murmured.

She knew their counter-surveillance measures were extremely thorough, so they couldn't afford any hasty moves. "Relay all updates here directly to the boss."

This time, Wynter might need to handle everything by herself until nightfall. To catch them in the act, they would have to wait until the group finally did the things they wanted to.

When Wynter received the message, she was scanning documents in the examination room. The wording alone was enough to make her feel sick to her stomach.

The records mentioned phrases like "The Great Fox King wants a lamb's uterus", "The Tiger King prefers lamb's hearts", and "Defective lambs are best for soup".

At first glance, it looked like an assortment of metaphors involving animals. But Wynter couldn't take them at face value, especially in this environment.

If her suspicions were correct, then "fox", "tiger", and "lamb" referred to people. The first two represented those seeking twisted pleasures. And the "lamb" was most likely a chilling reference to the female students brought here!

In some of Cascadia's oldest myths, spirits and monsters referred to humans as "four-legged lambs". Here, it seemed clear that these girls' fate involved far more than mere trafficking or exploitation.

What was more alarming were the words "uterus" and "heart".

Wynter didn't hesitate. She quickly took out her phone and captured every detail of the documents and the scene before her.

The facility boasted cutting-edge medical equipment, yet its purpose starkly contrasted with that of a hospital. While a hospital saved lives, this place was meant to strip life away.

The guards stood outside, casually smoking and chatting, blissfully unaware of their critical oversight. Their biggest mistake was being adamant 1 bringing "Eliana" in. Now that they had captured her, they failed to keep an eye on her.

Elsie had previously already observed her behavior with suspicion. Wynter, however, was shrewd enough to sense this and had calmly sipped her fruit juice, ensuring they saw her drink.

What no one knew was Wynter's immunity to common sedatives. And while she drank, she pressed a silver needle hidden in her sleeve against key acupuncture points, keeping herself fully alert.

Wynter had always been ruthless, not just toward criminals but toward herself as well. This relentlessness had been the reason why she was able to take on Special Unit operations from a young age.

Once she'd gathered enough evidence, she sent everything to the team.

"Boss, here's the current status. No luxury cars have entered the town, and the cars that exited are already back in town along with the working population. What should we do?"

Wynter replied with a single word, "Wait."

Wolf finally calmed down after reading the words, easing the intense energy he was exuding.

"Look up every business partner this company has had over the years. I need detailed information on each of them," Wynter instructed. "Also, check if they're part of the Chamber of Commerce."

"Understood," Dahlia responded swiftly. "Boss, they've restored the power supply, and the electricity at your location will resume in less than ten minutes."

"Don't worry, though. Wolf has full control over their main servers. We're ready for your next command and can shield you from surveillance when you need it."

Wynter smirked. "Excellent. We'll take it slowly. Let's wait for them to fully reveal themselves before making our

move."

"Understood."

The team members withdrew their attention, blending back into the town. Among them were college students, repair workers, and, most crucially, electricians who could easily enter carrying tools.

They were accompanied by officials from the urban construction office and moved about town, ostensibly

inspecting and addressing any safety concerns.

Jarek, on the other hand, was quite enthusiastic after all, he had misjudged things regarding the land acquisition. He figured he might as well curry favor with the higher-ups, hoping to get a bit of the limelight.

Once this development zone was built, the main labor force would come from his village, and they'd stand to

profit handsomely.

Besides, since word had already come from "that side", he naturally wanted to keep up appearances. When the time came, he'd be in for quite a share of benefits.

This was precisely why sometimes, even after an investigation, nothing substantial was uncovered. Unless Valen Village was thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom, it would never be truly clean.

Wynter glanced at her watch, analyzing the situation. The urgency to restore power confirmed the location's importance. They weren't planning to relocate-whatever was happening would unfold right here no matter the

situation.

The cars that had left earlier might have been sent out to probe their surroundings. She was sure the enemies were ensuring that there were no undercovers. These vehicles' return would signal the real beginning.

And if this was their strategy, they likely wouldn't draw attention to themselves with luxury cars entering. Closing her eyes briefly, Wynter recalled Valen Village's detailed map and surroundings. someone wanted to enter undetected, focusing on external access points wasn't the answer-they'd need to operate from a different angle, ensuring safety while avoiding notice.

But how would they manage to get in without being detected? For those entering, identity confirmation was inevitable. There had to be a point for verification.

Abruptly, Wynter's eyes snapped open. "The 4S dealership on Southwest Road. Any car entering the town has to pass by that dealership."

With the steady flow of luxury cars arriving there in one day, it wouldn't raise suspicion. She gave a quick command, "Send part of the team to take cover in the 48 dealership."

It might not be feasible to take down every suspect within the town. After all, there might be those who managed

to slip through. Hence, the dealership would serve as the last net to catch them all in one sweep.

Sure enough, it was just as Wynter had thought. The 48 dealership near Valen Village was especially crowded with

returning customers today.]

Moreover, these customers were all wealthy and influential. They hadn't come for maintenance in some time, and

now they'd finally gathered together.

Naturally, the staff had to step forward to serve them, and the salespeople were especially eager, hoping to

perhaps sell another luxury car.

"It's too dark of a color. Let's pass on that today," a middle-aged man said, dressed sharply in a suit with a family ring glinting on his finger. He placed a black card on the table. "I only want a maintenance service today."

The moment the black card touched the surface, one of the attendants, who had been keeping an eye on the proceedings, stepped forward. "Excuse me, sir, may I ask who you are?"

The man, Hozier Moodie, was gaunt to the point

tinged with purple. "Tiger," he murmured.

emaciation. He removed his sunglasses and spoke with his lips

"Ah, it's a pleasure. Welcome, our new guest. Per our standard procedures, please come with me to change into the

attire you previously reserved with us," the attendant replied smoothly.

Hozier was visibly anxious. He hurriedly asked, "Am I really able to" "Sir, this isn't the place for discussion. Please change first," the attendant interrupted.

Hozier gritted his teeth. A friend had referred him here. He didn't quite understand the place, but the more

complicated the process, the safer it was.

At first, following the GPS, he could hardly believe that someone would actually conduct this kind of business around the city center. But the fact that it existed was good-it was his only chance to survive!

Just then, the electricity came back. Every machine roared to life in an instant.

Listening to the sounds outside, Wynter reclined back on the hospital bed. Edward, who had vanished for quite

some time, rushed back in.

"We don't have time. Get them all to the venue first. You all know who the rare goods are meant for. There shouldn't be a need for me to say more.

"Make sure everyone checks each guest's information carefully no mistakes allowed. Alright, notify them to

start letting people in," Edward instructed.

Melanie merely replied with an unenthusiastic nod.

Thus, the girls were carried out of the dark room. However, they did not ascend to the surface. Instead, they were

led into a dimly lit, cold interior where a faint light barely illuminated the surroundings. In the center of the basement was a stage with a table, surrounded by dozens of chairs.

Wynter and the others were brought there with their eyes covered. They couldn't see anything but could smell the

strong scent of disinfectant mixed with the noisy voices around them.

The other two girls were terrified. "Where is this? Didn't they say we were going through a second round of

interviews and were sponsored to study abroad?"

But no one responded to them. Meanwhile, Wynter had already figured out their purpose. She kept quiet, trying to

convey fear of the unknown through her expression.

Soon, the leader gave orders to a few masked individuals, "Take them to another room and wait for the boss' instructions. I'm heading to the auction site now, so keep a close eye on them!"

After speaking, he too donned a mask and walked toward the stage.