

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

## Chapter 1691 No Need for Schemes

Wynter continued, "I'm here to tell you people to conduct your businesses properly. What my great-great grandfather said when establishing this Chamber of Commerce still holds true today.

"Even in commerce, one must uphold integrity and principles-do not flatter foreign powers or rely on ill-gotten gains. A gentleman earns wealth in an upright manner.

"And as for your concern for Mr. Keller's hobbies-what exactly is your intention? Are you hoping to get yourselves arrested as well?"

As she spoke, cold sweat began to bead on the members' foreheads.

"Ms. Quinnell, that's not what we meant. It's just that the market environment isn't great, and we were wondering if there might be policies to help our businesses grow together. It would be good for the chamber as well, wouldn't it?" one of the members said.

Wynter's gaze swept toward the speaker. She knew better than anyone that the business world wasn't simply black or white. Greed was an inevitable part of human nature and was what fueled the engine of commerce.

She didn't fear people having self-interests, nor did she believe that every trace of "evil" needed to be eradicated. But she had her principles. She was here to set the rules and to ensure everyone understood the boundaries.

"You people shouldn't need me reminding you of this chamber's founding principles," Wynter said steadily. "The reason you're all still standing here is because you haven't crossed the line.

"I understand everyone needs to make money, but think before you act. The same goes for what you say-be mindful of your words. In the future, within this chamber, I do not want to see anyone relying on so-called unspoken rules.

"The Whitman family isn't the Wray family, and I am not Kenton Wray. The Quinnell family will inject three billion as an investment into the chamber's projects, and policies are already in place. It's up to you to make your choice.

"You are all aware of how the Quinnell family conducts its affairs. I may not live up to a tenth of Grandpa Gordon's legacy, but I will never bow to anyone. Hence, there's no need to overthink or scheme when dealing with me.

"Run your businesses, but don't cross the red line, and don't harm others. Focus on discovering talent, developing products, and meeting the people's needs. Stop wasting time trying to curry favor with the higher-ups—it's useless.

"And if I ever see anyone emulating the likes of Kenton or Edison again.... you've all seen their fate."

Every member's eyes lit up with excitement after hearing about the three billion investment fund.

If there were clear rules to follow and a guarantee that their businesses could thrive without unnecessary interference, who would willingly grovel to officials?

No more probing into someone's hobbies, no more enduring endless social dinners, and no more drinking themselves sick just to secure a project.

If they could conduct their businesses honorably and earn what they deserved without compromise, why would they choose sides? Why would they willingly become "the bad guys" in the public eye?

"Ms. Quinnell, I admit I was wrong before! From now on, I'll listen to whatever you say," one member exclaimed passionately.

"Me, too! Honestly, I'm sick of those so-called leaders standing up there, talking about everything but the project review. My whole company is waiting on that approval to eat!" another chimed in.

"Ms. Quinnell, if things can really be as straightforward as you say, it'll be a relief for all of us!"

These people had been trapped in a toxic environment for far too long. Under Kenton's regime, it was the sycophants who reaped the rewards. The limited market share often meant that they couldn't secure projects without connections.

As a result, some had to resort to layoffs, which hurt their reputation as bosses. But if the conditions allowed, who wouldn't want to be a good boss?

The Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce's original purpose was to support small and medium-sized enterprises, ensuring they weren't pushed out of the market by monopolies.

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## Chapter 1692 The Business Circle's Savior

However, ever since Kenton gained dominance, foreign capital had held the upper hand in the market.

Even without Kenton, the city's overall business environment had long been skewed in favor of external players. But because the Wray family's actions were so blatant and overbearing, they had become the focal point of everyone's grievances.

The truth was, they weren't truly afraid of Kenton himself. What they feared were the powerful connections backing him. These relationships determined their companies' rise and fall-how could they not try to curry favor? In reality, even before Wynter's arrival, many of them had already braced themselves for the worst. Seeing others being taken away, they knew the consequences of aligning with the wrong side.

They had little hope that someone in power wouldn't seek vengeance. After all, they hadn't supported the Whitman family.

To be fair, they hadn't actively harmed the Whitman family. They simply tried to survive in the cracks of a larger struggle. But who would believe such words?

However, they didn't expect Wynter to spare them.

If she gained power, it would undoubtedly benefit the Whitman family. As for those from different families, they'd be lucky not to be dragged down entirely. If they managed to gain even the smallest bit of benefit, they'd count themselves fortunate.

Some had even mentally prepared for being expelled from the Chamber of Commerce altogether. After all, they hadn't sided with the Whitman family when it mattered most.

But none of that happened. Wynter didn't just let them stay-she gave them a lifeline.

This time, the chamber was different. It all boiled down to one simple principle-if they could earn a living with dignity, why would they choose to grovel?

Having endured a corrupt and suffocating environment for so long, they had become resigned to their own compromises and skewed perspectives. They had stopped believing someone like Gordon could ever exist again.

But the wait for such a leader was finally over.

Meanwhile, in the Whitman family residence's study, Reuben set down his calligraphy pen and listened as his secretary, Malric Riven, reported the latest news.

The smile on his face was both hearty and full of pride. "I was overthinking. I thought that with that girl's uncompromising nature, she'd arrest everyone without a second thought, forgetting that the business world has its own rules of engagement.

"But now, it seems she sees the bigger picture far better than I ever could."

Reuben was truly overjoyed.

Malric, standing to the side, couldn't help but smile along. "Ms. Quinnell convinced them all with just a few words. Even those old, cunning foxes seem to genuinely admire her now."

"Wynter has won their hearts with her sincerity and principles. That's the rarest quality of all," Reuben said, his pride evident as he spoke of Wynter. No amount of praise could do her justice in his eyes.

Malric was also genuinely impressed. "Ms. Quinnell truly considers things from everyone's perspective. I remember the time when I was tempted by offers from outside companies. I wavered, but you convinced me to stay.

"And Ms. Quinnell doesn't see such wavering as an unforgivable flaw. She's willing to give people a chance. You're the same way!"

Reuben raised a hand, gesturing for him to stop. "You've been holding onto that for so long it's no big deal. People naturally choose what's best for themselves. But when the Whitman family faced tough times, didn't you still come back to check on me?"

Indeed, human nature was inherently complex. Everyone had their own livelihood to consider. But how many people could truly understand this?

As long as no harm was done to others, Wynter respected everyone's choices. She also understood why some people ended up becoming who they were. Not everyone who didn't side with the Whitman family was inherently bad.

The real villains were people like Edison, who still believed he could salvage his situation by groveling to the Whitman family. However, before he could even attempt to plead his case, the Whitman family had already visited him first.

To be precise, Wynter had dispatched someone-but not to see Edison. Instead, her people sought out Rosalyn.

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

## Chapter 1693 Mild Sweetness

Edison had always looked down on Rosalyn. He was currently in the living room, shouting furiously, like a mad dog.

Rosalyn sat quietly on the couch, as if she had grown accustomed to scenes like this.

Edison roared, "I told you to go beg the Whitman family! Get moving! What are you doing sitting here all day?"

"Edison Waldron, I'm not like you. I still have some conscience. You know exactly how you've wronged the Whitman family, yet now, are you really saying you want me to beg them?" Rosalyn continued firmly, "I won't do it."

"Then use your father's old connections! Didn't he leave behind a network of people back in the day? You've spent all these years unemployed, living off me like a parasite! You're useless! Now that the company's in trouble, you won't do anything!"

As he ranted, he grabbed Rosalyn's arm roughly. "Go beg them now!"

It was at this moment that people from the Whitman family arrived.

"Mrs. Waldron, I've been sent by Ms. Quinnell," a man in black, Norman Brook, said.

Upon hearing this, Rosalyn turned slightly and gestured for them to come in. She knew well enough that such visits weren't casual. Considering what Edison had done, it was clear the Waldron family was about to face their downfall.

As Edison's wife, Rosalyn had once tried to plead for mercy on his behalf, even meeting Wynter in person. Now, she could only offer a bitter smile.

Her greatest regret was marrying a man like Edison. All these years, she had clung to the idea that a husband and wife were supposed to stand united. Yet, had Edison truly treated her as a partner?

He had cheated, kept mistresses, and sneered at her, calling her a "washed-up hag".

There were moments she'd thought about following Marie's example, courageously taking the first step toward freedom. But she no longer had the strength.

"Whatever the Whitman family decides to do to the Waldron family-or me I'll accept it," she said softly, resignation etched in her voice.

Overhearing this, Edison erupted in fury. "What do you mean you'll accept it? You bitch! Are you trying to kill me?" In his rage, he lunged forward as if to strike her, completely disregarding the visitors' presence.

However, Wynter's men weren't the type to tolerate such behavior. Norman swiftly grabbed Edison's wrist and twisted it back.

"You're quite the chatterbox," Norman said calmly.

Edison, who was all bark and no bite, immediately crumbled under the pain. His face turned pale, and he collapsed to his knees.

Norman loosened his grip on Edison, casting him a fleeting, disdainful glance before turning to face Rosalyn.

"Mrs. Walrdon," he began, "I'm here today for two matters, both on Ms. Quinnell's behalf. First, she never forgets a grudge. Whatever Edison has done to the Whitman family, she remembers it all and will ensure he faces the consequences.

"Second, you're different. Ms. Quinnell knows you came to warn Mr. Whitman Senior and Mr. Whitman about the situation. If you're willing, you can leave behind the title of 'Mrs. Waldron' and reclaim yourself Rose Barne."

At the sound of that name, Rosalyn's composure crumbled entirely.

Rose Barne—a name no one had called her since her father's passing. In all her years of marriage, even Edison had never addressed her by it. Yet, in just a few days, Marie and Wynter had both reminded her of her real name.

Instantly, she could no longer hold back her tears.

Norman silently passed her a few tissues, waiting patiently for her to regain some composure.

When her sobs finally subsided, her eyes were clear and resolute. "I want to be Rose Barne again. I no longer want to be Mrs. Waldron."

The title of Mrs. Waldron had weighed her down for years. Outside her home, she was known solely by her marital title, with no one caring about her own identity. Many even assumed she owed her status to Edison.

Norman nodded slightly at her decision and continued, "Edison's current position was built on the connections your father, Mr. Barne Senior, left behind. The Barne family did everything they could to support him as a son-in-law.

"But as they say, helping someone too much can breed resentment. He dared to start keeping mistresses and squander your father's legacy after his passing.

"Ms. Quinnell said if you want to take back what is rightfully yours, the Quinnell family will stand with you. If you're willing, the Quinnell's Legal Department will handle your divorce proceedings."

Hearing this, Edison, who was still clutching his wrist, turned pale. He knew all too well the formidable reputation of the Quinnell's Legal Department. If they took on Rose's divorce case, he would undoubtedly end up losing everything!

Realizing the gravity of his predicament, his legs gave out beneath him, and he collapsed to his knees. Desperation painted his face as he begged Rose, "Honey, I was wrong! I'll cut ties with that bitch right now. Let's start over and live a good life together. I was wrong, and I'll do better! Please, let's not divorce!"

Edison's performance was textbook manipulation. His tears flowed freely, as though he truly intended to turn over a new leaf.

Rose looked at him. "Edison, perhaps you've forgotten, but when my father was still alive, you begged me like this before. I was naive then and believed you. But not anymore."

"Honey!" Edison's voice cracked in panic.

Rose didn't falter. Her tone was calm and methodical, as if reciting a ledger of his betrayals. "Just three days ago, when you were appointed the Chamber of Commerce's acting chairman, you threatened me. You said you'd ruin my reputation if I didn't agree to divorce.

"You called me a 'washed-up old hag' who had no right to carry the title of your wife, and you couldn't wait to bring your mistress into this house.

"Well, let me help you achieve that dream. And let me make one thing clear, Edison Waldron-if I had any other option earlier, I would have left long ago. Being your wife has disgusted me for years! I detested being Mrs. Waldron!"

With that, she turned to Norman. "Please tell Ms. Quinnell I want a divorce!"

Norman nodded. "As Ms. Quinnell had assumed." He extended his hand toward her. "Ms. Barne, the Quinnell Group will fully handle your divorce proceedings.

"Additionally, the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce welcomes you as a new member. The Waldron family is expelled from the chamber, and Rose Barne will take her rightful place as a new core member."

Hearing this, Rose froze for a moment, then burst into tears of relief and joy.

She fully understood the current prestige of the Chamber of Commerce, now led by Wynter. After the exposure of the massive corruption scandal, the chamber in Hawford

had risen to a level of national recognition, and countless talented entrepreneurs were eager to join.

Yet, Wynter had chosen her.

Her mind suddenly flashed back to the day she left the Whitman residence. Noah had promised to never forget her kindness and would repay her when she needed help.

At the time, she hadn't taken those words seriously. But now, at this critical juncture, they had come to help her, enabling her to reclaim her identity and dignity.

"Thank you..." Tears welled up in Rose's eyes. "I don't know what I've done to deserve the chance to join the Chamber of Commerce... I..."

Norman responded without hesitation, "Ms. Quinnell said the Barne family's legacy still lives on. You've once held the position of an executive, so surely, you can manage a business just as well. What makes you truly exceptional, however, is your heart."

Beside them, Edison seethed with envy and fury. "Her? What could she possibly contribute to the chamber? Wynter is just relying on her connections to pull stunts like this!

"Letting a woman join the chamber? If the former Mr. Quinnell Senior was still alive, he'd jump out of his grave and call her an unworthy descendant! The Chamber of Commerce will collapse!"

Edison's face twisted in bitterness, going completely mad. "Colifernia will not allow her to have her way! Just you wait! Someone will drag her down from her high horse, just like me now!"

He started laughing maniacally after his words. Edison's derangement was unmistakable. His humiliation mirrored what the Whitman family had endured at their lowest point—enemies taking pleasure in his downfall and even his closest allies abandoning him.

And now, the prospect of losing everything, the company he believed he had built himself, to Rose pushed him over the edge.

"The Barne family! That old man, Estes Barne, cared about nothing but his reputation! He used to preach, 'Those in power must discern what is worth doing and what is not.' In reality, he just looked down on people like me!

"If he'd been more opportunistic like Fredric, he would've helped me secure power, and I'd have soared long ago!" His eyes burned with hatred as he glared at Rose. "The people in the Barne family are all the same! Stubborn and obsessed with moral grandstanding! You are the same! It's disgusting! You're disgusting!"



It was only now that Rose fully understood that Estes had seen through Edison's character from the very beginning. Despite his dissatisfaction with this son-in-law, Estes had endured it for her sake, given that the marriage had already been sealed.

It turned out she hadn't brought just an unloving husband into her life-she had let a venomous snake into her home. She had believed he was a talented man, held back by his disadvantaged background and lack of

opportunity. How naive she had been.

Edison was nothing more than a country slicker. Back in her school days, she hadn't been able to see through him,

but now she understood everything and she wouldn't be fooled again!

"Please prepare the divorce proceedings as quickly as possible," Rose said resolutely.

Norman chuckled lightly. "Don't worry. The Quinnell Group is known for its efficiency. As for this... this mess,

leaving him here might weigh on your mood, so I'll take him out."

By "take him out", he meant dragging Edison outside and tossing him on the street.

Ironically, Edison almost wished he would be arrested. But Wynter had no such intentions. She wanted him to stay in his familiar surroundings, trampled into the mud, and to experience firsthand the emotional torture of those who had what was rightfully theirs taken away by him.

Norman couldn't help but admire Wynter's keen understanding of human nature. Someone like Edison wouldn't suffer in prison-it would mean nothing to him. But being left to rot in his own domain, where everyone could watch his disgrace that would be excruciating.

In the living room, Rose sat alone. She took out her phone, found Marie's number, and dialed it. Marie was in the middle of preparing medicine for Reuben when the phone rang. Answering the call, she heard Rose's voice on the other end. "Thank you, Marie."

Marie smiled warmly. "Rose, this is what you deserve. There's no need to thank me. From now on, just focus on being yourself. Shake off those old labels and become the Rose Barne that all of Hawford will know and admire!" Rose felt a surge of inspiration light her heart ablaze. "I will, Marie. I'll work hard and learn from you. Having a friend like you is the greatest blessing of my life."

After a pause, she added, "And please, thank Wynter for me. Thank her for giving me this opportunity, and above all, for remembering my father."

Some people, once no longer in their roles, were forgotten by the world. No matter how significant their achievements, their legacies eventually fade away.

Estes had worked himself to exhaustion, passing away after an accident while working in the countryside. In the days after his death, many had come to honor him, praising his integrity and dedication, as well as his relentless pursuit of economic development for the community.

But over time, those tributes disappeared. Even Edison had dared to publicly lash out at her in front of others.

People around her would always advise her, "Mrs. Waldron, you need to understand him. Being a live-in son-in-law is always going to be difficult for a man-it's just inherently unbalanced."

At that time, Rose had found it weird. He was the one who willingly agreed to marry into the Barne family. Why and how was it her fault that he felt unfair?

When her father was alive, people applauded her choice to marry someone not for wealth or status.

They would warn Edison, "You're lucky to marry into the Barne family. If you ever step out of line, don't think Mr. Barne Senior will be the only one angry-we won't let you off, either."

But Rose understood now-it was all about profit. People simply chased those in power, fawning over whoever could grant them a favor. Estes' words and deeds, no matter how noble, had largely been forgotten.

But today, Wynter's simple acknowledgment "The Barne family's legacy still lives on"-filled her heart with endless gratitude. To Rose, it meant the world that someone still remembered Estes' dedication to this land. That alone was enough for her.

At that moment, she felt an indescribable presence behind her. A golden light seemed to radiate before sweeping

westward.

Helping Rose had been a simple matter of principle for Wynter. It was that straightforward. However, even Wynter had never anticipated that Rose would carry any merit. Hence, when the golden light

descended upon Rose, Wynter paused in her movements.

Standing beside her outside the Whitman residence, Dalton raised an eyebrow. "If you don't head in soon, it'll be completely dark. Also, the roast lamb in the kitchen has already been reheated once."

Wynter had been feeling a bit guilty, but with someone like Dalton around, she knew Reuben wouldn't reprimand her in his presence. "You've already spoken to Grandpa about me heading to Colifernia, haven't you?" "Do you mean how you're going to eat dinner and then rush to Colifernia right after?" Dalton asked, his tailored

suit pristine as he turned to glance at her. His face was so striking it carried a hint of nobility. "Mr. Reuben didn't

say much, but there's a condition-I'm going with you."

Wynter frowned. "I'm heading there to handle other matters. Bringing extra baggage along isn't exactly

convenient."

"Mrs. Yarwood, it seems you've forgotten that it was I who helped you cover everything up when you staged your own imprisonment." Dalton continued calmly, "In what way am I considered baggage to you?"

At the mention of this, Wynter cleared her throat lightly. It was true-without his assistance, certain things

wouldn't have gone so smoothly or progressed so quickly.

"Fine, I'll be honest. Colifernia is dangerous—it isn't just like the current situation. I'm worried about your health

..." Wynter tried to reason with him.

Dalton pulled her closer, his gaze dropping to her wrist as he examined it carefully. "Before worrying about my

health, Mrs. Yarwood, perhaps you should learn to worry about yourself first."

Wynter didn't quite understand what he was getting at. What was wrong with her? Wasn't she in great health? She

could send anyone flying if they came to pick a fight with her right now.

She wondered if Dalton had forgotten his role as the Kingbourne social circle's delicate and sickly heir.

From her expression, Dalton immediately knew she hadn't taken his words to heart. Despite their engagement, their relationship still felt distant. Just like before, no matter what the two of them

went through together, she always seemed unaffected the next day untouched, as if nothing had happened. That thought deepened the glint in his eyes, making his gaze darker.

Without another word, his hand slid from her wrist to her waist, lifting her effortlessly. As he lowered his face, the

chain of his glasses brushed against her cheek, cold as it grazed her skin.

Wynter felt he was far too close-so close that she could hear their heartbeats' rhythmic overlap, burning away every coherent thought in her mind.

The warmth of his palm was in stark contrast to his cool, distant demeanor, an intense heat that was impossible to

ignore.

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Chapter 1694 The Newspaper Left By Gordon

"Mr. Stavius once mentioned cultivators refrain from taking on another's personal burden, warning that they would face repercussions from the heavenly laws," Dalton commented, his breath brushing against Wynter's lips.

He continued calmly, "The shadows under your eyes have grown darker since you last borrowed my energy. Don't tell me it's a coincidence."

At times, Wynter felt that others being too shrewd might not work her favor-like now, when she failed to deceive Dalton.

"I admit I've been mentally drained the past couple of days, but it's not a problem. I still have some merits left," Wynter replied softly, sounding rather guilty.

Normal citizens might not know that merits could be depleted. But for a being who had lived for an indefinite time, Dalton knew the truth too well.

"There's an easier way," Dalton suggested as he tore open his shirt's collar. The dark shirt contrasted with his pale neck, evoking an ineffable sense of restraint.

While the tempting sight would've entranced most girls, Wynter's gaze was fixed on the throbbing veins along his neck. For some reason, she felt a deep thirst rise in her throat.

At that moment, she caught a faint glimpse of Dalton's spiritual manifestation once more. Amid the heavy personal burdens surrounding him, he bathed in golden rays and seemed to give off an alluring scent. It was as if he was tempting her to bite into him.

Clenching her fists, Wynter struggled to fight against the temptation but failed. With a darkened gaze, she grabbed Dalton's collar and sank her teeth into the familiar taste. His scent completely enveloped her. Unable to control herself, she bit into him deeply.

Dalton hissed and furrowed his brows, though he showed no signs of anger at all. Instead, his grip on Wynter's waist tightened, with his face a picture of restraint control. The trench coat he wore lent him a Victorian nobleman's dignified air.

He was the commander, utterly in control of the moment. Even the crow in the distance failed to notice what lay hidden in his eyes' depths.

The crow wouldn't dare to look into Dalton's eyes. As a mythical beast, he was more concerned that Dalton might develop true feelings amidst the deceit something that could become his weakness.

The crow had an ominous feeling when the Soul Commanding Badge was uncovered. As he expected, the situation had taken a bewildering turn. He wondered if Dalton would fall prey to Wynter twice.

On the other hand, Wynter had never experienced such bliss and found herself wanting more. It seemed that Dalton's energy could soothe the lingering resentments within her.

The more Wynter defied the fates and dispelled formations, the deeper the resentments embedded in her soul. Though they weren't something of her own making, she still bore the karmic fate destined from above.

Elders often warned against changing another's fate, and cultivators frequently reminded that heavenly secrets must not be disclosed. Those warnings implied that certain truths couldn't be altered, no matter how clear the rights and wrongs might seem.

Despite knowing the outcomes, one was forbidden to break the rules and correct things based on their own judgments. The heavens had their plans, and no good would come from defying them.

Wynter wasn't entirely untouched by the heavenly repercussions, or else, Vanessa wouldn't have merged with the Soul Commanding Badge to stabilize her.

Wynter refused to sacrifice anyone for her own stability, which left her in a weakened state. And with her domineering presence, it might look to strangers that she was forcibly kissing Dalton.

A cough suddenly broke the moment. Turning around, Wynter saw her uncles standing behind her and quickly

broke away from Dalton's embrace.

"Dad wants you in his study. We didn't mean to interrupt. It's merely a coincidence," Noah said with smiling eyes. Wynter was momentarily stunned before regaining her senses. She didn't seem quite herself when she shoved Dalton away. In contrast, Dalton remained composed, as if nothing had happened. He stood straight and greeted the Whitman brothers respectfully.

"You need to be careful, too. You can't just give in to Sevie's impulsiveness. She's still young, and it won't be good if others saw her like that." Noah and Taylor reprimanded him.

The Whitmans were rather protective of their young ones. While they didn't have the heart to rebuke Wynter, they picked on Dalton instead. Besides, they still recalled that he had once broken off his engagement with her.

"There's quite a lot of people passing by. We wouldn't want to hear rumors about Sevie pursuing you next," the brothers added.

Dalton chuckled. "Don't worry, sirs. I assure you, such rumors won't arise. The Yarwood family has already prepared the wedding gifts. If Wynter agrees, we can hold the ceremony any time or get a marriage registration first."

"Absolutely not! Sevie hasn't reached the legal age to register for marriage yet. Besides, she's just returned. Give her two years to settle in at home, unless she's ready for marriage," Taylor refuted sharply. Despite his maturity, he was displeased by the idea of Wynter marrying so soon.

However, Wynter swiftly replied, "I am ready for marriage, but I've been too busy."

Noah and Taylor were left speechless. They had always dismissed the rumors about Wynter, but they didn't expect her to fall so deeply for Dalton.

Dalton gave a soft chuckle, and his gaze became gentler than before. He took Wynter's hand, perfectly wielding his charm.

The underworld was quick to pick up on his emotions. In the depths of the nine levels of hell, the demons lurking within the black fog stirred, ready to burst forth at the beckoning of souls. Yet, they suddenly froze in place.

"What's that on your face? A red spider lily? L-Let's retreat," a demon said fearfully.

When the others voiced their confusion, the demon continued, "Can't you see the flower blooming on your face? We'll turn into dust the moment we get up there!"

"Did someone with great merits arrive? Why does the underworld feel so different?" a demon asked.

"Who knows? I'm dying of heat here!" Came the retort.

Even the underworld guards, who were capturing souls at the mall capturing souls, sensed the change.

"Do you notice the dense energy today?" one inquired.

"There's something nearby. Be careful," the other replied cautiously.

At that moment, several voices rang out in the distance.

"Oh my god! I won the first prize!"

"Look, Mommy! The caterpillar has turned into a butterfly!"

While children's words were often perceived as naive, the crow looked on with mixed emotions. He was relieved that Dalton was recovering, but he feared that history would repeat itself.

Meanwhile, Wynter and Dalton made their way to Reuben's study together.

Watching their departing figures, Noah couldn't help but sigh. "Youngsters are so much more open-minded. Back in our time, I'd blush just from touching a girl's hand, let alone hugging them. Dalton didn't even bat an eye, as if he's used to it."

"It's the age of youth, Noah. Let's just hope they have a happy future together. We'll handle the rest with Mr. Quinnell Senior.

"Besides, rumors said Dalton has never shown interest women he never bothered to glance at any of the socialites or noble ladies. And yet, he became a different person when it comes to our Sevie!" Taylor replied with a

hearty laugh.

As the brothers were chatting, Wynter and Dalton had arrived outside the study. She knocked on the door thrice before leading him inside.

Ever since Wynter had changed the study's layout, Reuben's health had been steadily improving. The sunlight streamed through the windows, filling the room with a warm, vibrant glow.

Reuben was practicing calligraphy inside the study, becoming increasingly focused as he worked on the last word. Dalton walked over and observed the piece before commenting softly, "With great virtue comes great responsibility... From the clean, confident strokes, I'd say you've made a full recovery, Mr. Reuben."

Glancing at Dalton, Reuben scoffed. "Save the praise. I've got more miles than a classic car."

He then turned to Wynter and asked, "Are you planning to head to Colifernia?"

Wynter nodded in response.

In truth, Reuben had called the couple over because he was concerned about her plans. "I'm sure Dalton has asked

to accompany you to Colifernia. It's unfamiliar ground for both the Whitmans and Quinnells-we won't be able to assist you much there.

"But it's a different case for Sorzada City's Yarwoods. They're still an influential family that can help you steer clear of troubles."

Hearing that, Wynter glanced at Dalton and realized that it was his plan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so kind as to cover for her and talk it over with Reuben beforehand, even managing to convince him.

In truth, Wynter wasn't opposed to bringing Dalton along, but she was concerned about the virus' possible emergence. That said, she realized her body reacted strangely whenever she absorbed his energy, not to mention the strange changes in Dalton.

Perhaps, it was for the best that they headed to Colifernia together. Besides, she hoped to uncover the truth behind his odd behavior back in the basement.

Unaware of the situation between the couple, Reuben voiced his sole concern. "The chamber of commerce in Colifenia is different from Hawford's.

"When Mr. Gordon founded the organization, he noted that Colifernia's geographically unique location. In particular, it's a convenient route for Cascadian expats-those who had once assisted us-to return to the country. "Hence, the city is teeming with finance and foreign companies. Times have changed, and we're uncertain if the people's loyalty still lies with the country."



He continued bluntly, "Colifernia must have heard about your actions in Hawford, so some f your tactics might not work there. I have no advice to offer, but I do hope you'll stay careful and take good care of yourself." Wynter understood his concerns and cast her eyes downwards. Despite knowing her family would always support her, she couldn't help but apologize. "I understand my plans this time must have you all stressing out." Reuben smiled in response. "We know what you've been up to, and we're mentally prepared for it. What I'm saying is, you don't have to worry about the family. You might be threatened because of us, Sevie.

"But whether it's the Quinnells or Whitmans, we old-timers will never become your weakness. We have our own plans in place. All you have to do is follow your heart."

"I understand, Grandpa." Wynter appeared stunned by his words. She felt as though she had experienced something similar in the distant past.

She inadvertently glanced at Dalton, only to find his attention fixed on the Youth Daily resting on the table. Wynter arched an eyebrow and asked, "Are you still reading those papers, Grandpa?"

"Since it's something Mr. Gordon left behind, I reckon it must be important you gave it to me for safekeeping,

after all. I figured I might find something useful for you in it. I've been reading the papers all day, but so far, there's been nothing," Reuben replied with a frown.

He had kept the newspapers hidden from others, only pulling them out to search for clues when he was alone. But now, his reason was different.

"You entrusted the newspaper to me since you've been so busy. Now that you're leaving for Colifernia, it's better if you take it with you. It might be of use," Reuben said, raising a hand.

If Wynter hadn't brought the newspaper to him, he would've never guessed that Gordon had left behind something else. After all, most of Gordon's relics had been cremated, and some had been lost when the Quinnells

moved to Kingbourne.

The few relics that remained-if they were of any value-were kept under Fabian's care. Yet, Wynter claimed to have found the Youth Daily within the old Quinnell residence.

Back then, Reuben wasn't the only one who had tried searching there-many Hawford citizens had done the same. Those who once served Gordon now mainly offered their assistance to others, either in developing businesses or by providing connections to manage companies. They weren't closely connected, given that only a few of them

were still alive.

Among them was Stetson, who had been arrested because of his affiliation with Edison. And then there was Cleo, who always played by his own set of rules.

Cleo had once mentioned that he only heeded Gordon's words. After Gordon's death, he completely severed his

ties with the Quinnells. Aside from those two, the rest of the elders had remained as the old Quinnell residence's guardians.

"If you're truly looking for clues, Cleo might know something. How about I arrange a meeting for you?" Reuben

suggested.

Glancing at the newspaper in her hand, Wynter turned down the offer. "Please wait a little longer, Grandpa. I don't wish to hide anything from you. The situation in Colifernia is more urgent. I fear the people's loyalty to Grandpa Gordon might not be as strong as they once were."

Reuben agreed to her decision. "Very well. Then, do as you see fit."

Not wanting to burden Reuben with such concerns, Wynter assured him, "You should focus on your recovery, Grandpa. Don't worry about Colifernia. I'll bring you good news soon."

"Great. I have full trust in your capabilities, so I'll be waiting for the good news!" Reuben replied as he patted

Wynter's shoulder.

After giving an affirmative response, Wynter and Dalton walked out of the study. Once outside, she glanced at her

charming fiancé and complimented, "You're as clever as ever. I was surprised when Grandpa agreed to have you accompany me."

Dalton flashed a charming smile. "You need proof before making such a claim, my lady. That decision is Mr.

Reuben's to make. I wouldn't dare change his mind."

Just then, Wynter stopped in her tracks and lifted her gaze. "You've seen the Youth Daily that Grandpa Gordon left.

behind, haven't you?"

Dalton instantly stiffened.

her words.

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

### Chapter 1695 A Member Is Missing

It instantly fell silent. Dalton's eyes darkened, and he admitted to having seen the newspaper before.

Whitley, overhearing the response from a distance, wondered if Dalton had simply decided to stop hiding the truth.

"There's a Youth Daily at Serenity Hotel. You might have missed it last time. I suppose most people do," Dalton explained calmly.

Wynter recalled the peculiar hotel, which was said to have been established a century ago. Given the timing, it was likely that the hotel might retain remnants of the past. But there was no reason for the hotel hold onto an inconsequential newspaper.

Seeing Wynter's confusion, Dalton realized he had unintentionally misled her. He inadvertently glanced at Whitley, who hung his head and moved closer to Wynter. Unaware of the subtle exchange between them, Wyntre remained focused on the newspaper in her hand.

As she flipped through the newspaper, she stumbled upon a local news story. In those days, newspapers rarely featured pictures with their articles. Yet, they dedicated an entire section to reporting a story that would be deemed scandalous by modern standards.

It was about a bank robbery, though the picture featured was completely unrelated. But wait, that picture... Wynter raised an eyebrow. She doubted it was a coincidence that Serenity Hotel appeared in the picture. Even stranger was that the number 1978 was printed on it. But try as she might, Wynter just couldn't piece together the connection.

Just then, Wynter halted in her tracks as she recalled the hotel's characteristics. Considering it hosted auctions, it might also offer mortgage or safekeeping services. In those days, such practices were quite common.

At that thought, Wynter decided to visit Serenity Hotel for further investigation.

Noah, who intended to see her off, couldn't help frowning upon learning her plan. He explained, "Serenity Hotel's owner is rather eccentric. When he's annoyed, he doesn't care who he offends.

"No one knows what could be driving him to stir up troubles for others. He's respectful toward the Whitman family, but beyond that, he's all about profit.

"He doesn't like being disturbed. Throughout the years, the Chamber of Commerce occasionally extended offers to him, but he always turned them down."

"Indeed, he's not a simple man. If you're set on going, I'll come with you," Taylor offered.

"It's alright, Uncle Taylor. I've got some personal matters to take care of." Wynter turned down the offer.

She hadn't sensed the peculiarities that her uncles mentioned during her last visit to Serenity Hotel. Rather, she had felt a strange sense of familiarity.

Since she would be heading there anyway, she figured she would try to recollect her memories during the investigation.

At that moment, Cyrus came over and asked, "Are you really going to that hotel, Wynter?"

Puzzled by his troubled expression, Wynter inquired, "Yeah. What's about it?"

Cyrus whispered, "The hotel is usually normal, and most people rent it out for events. But no one ever goes there by themselves.

"You're planning

meet the owner, aren't you? Before I came back, my old buddies once mentioned that the third floor-where the owner stays-is completely off-limits.

"One of them has a childhood friend who used to work as a bartender there, and he said the owner sleeps in a coffin! How terrifying!"

Wynter wasn't particularly interested until she heard Cyrus' account. Her lips curled up into a smirk. "They say

sleeping in a coffin can bring good fortune. Now I'm even more curious to visit the hotel."

Cyrus was left speechless, feeling that Wynter wasn't like most people. While he had been completely terrified when he first heard of the rumors, she saw it as a symbol of extreme luck.

Dalton sat beside Wynter with a stoic face, but he suddenly turned at her next words.

"I heard that Serenity Hotel's owner is rather handsome, and he sleeps in the coffin. How cool is that?"

"Oh, really? And where did you hear that?" Dalton smirked. His hand, while holding the cup, was aesthetically pleasing.

Alas, Wynter tended to be thoughtless in certain aspects. "Everyone says so! Rumors claim he's handsome and rich.

Cyrus nodded in agreement. "My friend said the owner is known for wearing handmade, tailored suits from Chalam Street. He won't even consider any other brands. And he has a pretty good figure, too."

"All the more reason to visit. There's no way I'll miss the chance to meet a handsome man," Wynter said, folding the newspaper with a beaming smile.

She wondered what kind of monster had developed intelligence and decided to sound them out, hoping to uncover their intentions in guarding the hotel.

After all, Gordon wouldn't have left something important in any random place. Could he have trusted the hotel more than the Chamber of Commerce?

While Wynter mulled over Gordon's wishes, Dalton was thinking about pummeling a certain someone back to his true form and sending him straight to where he came from.

At Serenity Hotel, Gail was lying in the coffin scattered with rose petals when he suddenly let out a sneeze. Seeing that, Samiyah frowned and asked, "Are you sick, Boss?"

"I've told you to not call me that," Gail reminded her sternly.

"Sorry, it's a force of habit." Samiyah gently tapped her lips. Now that Dalton had returned, Gail was no longer the boss.

Picking up a rose petal from the coffin, Gail wondered how he could possibly get sick. It seemed absurd-after all, he wasn't even human. Little did he know that a storm was heading his way.

Dalton had been bothered by Wynter's past tendency of gathering handsome men. And as part of her "collections ", he was certainly not in the best mood.

Back in Serenity Hotel, a staff member came to report. "Someone's looking for you, Mr. Gilmore."

Hearing that, Gail tightened his grip on his trenchcoat. "I thought we'd announced that we're not open for any businesses or auctions right now."

With Dalton's return, they had decided to solely focus on his recovery. The energy surrounding the hotel was ideal

for that.

"That's what I told the visitors, but they insisted," the staff member replied.

Gail gave an angry chuckle. "Well, I'd like to see the unlucky fellow who decides to barge in his time."

Having taught several scions a lesson in the past, he believed that the visitors had come flaunting their connections with the new higher-ups to stir troubles. With a flick of his wrist, he slipped on his signet ring and made his way to the lobby.

As he descended the stairs, Gail toyed with his ring and chuckled to himself. "No matter where you're from, your parents should've warned you not to step into Hawford's Serenity Hotel without thinking twice."

With that, Gail lifted his gaze but was stunned to see Wynter. Though he quickly regained his composure, he nearly collapsed on the stairs upon noticing the figure beside her. He could barely get a sentence out, let alone fiddle with

his ring.

"W-What are you standing there for? Serve the guests some tea!" he stammered.

The martial artists stationed nearby were baffled by Gail's unusual reaction. They were never asked to serve any scions a cup of tea. While they recognized Wynter's recent efforts, Gail had never been one for such pleasantries.

Gail hurried downstairs and ordered, "Tell the chef to prepare some vegetarian dishes, but make sure they aren't too oily."

The hotel personnel were bewildered, knowing well that Gail was a meat lover. Amidst the dumbfounded crowd, only Samiyah understood Gail's apprehension and instructed the hotel personnel to follow his order. After all, their boss, Dalton, had arrived with his wife.

Sharp as ever, Wynter felt something was amiss and arched an eyebrow. "That's not how I was received the other day."

Gail glanced at Dalton before swiftly coming up with an excuse. "Everyone knows what you've done in Hawford recently, Ms. Quinnell. I must say, I'm truly impressed by your remarkable temperament, especially for your age." Hearing that, Wynter giggled and whispered to Dalton, "The owner seems amiable. It looks like the rumors were exaggerated. He's quite handsome too, don't you think?"

Instead of discussing with Wynter, Dalton fixed his gaze on the uneasy Gail. "My fiancée has complimented your looks. I agree, you do have a charming face."

Gail was shocked—he had no idea what Dalton was insinuating. More importantly, there was no hint of a smile in Dalton's eyes. Rather, that gaze suggested he might be eliminated for the sake of world peace.

Wynter didn't expect Dalton to voice her thoughts aloud. She scratched her nose awkwardly. "It sounds weird

when you put it like that."

Dalton gave a soft smile. "Is that so? I'm just extending my appreciation in your stead."

Gail immediately realized something and blurted out, "I don't need your wife's appreciation, sir!"

Wynter appeared bewildered by his words, and he hurriedly explained, "Actually, I have a girlfriend, and I still

can't forget my first love. So, I'm definitely not interested in another woman."

Wynter stared at Gail with a frown, though she refrained from saying anything. She couldn't help but doubt that someone or a monster-like him could properly care for Gordon's belongings.

"You're overthinking it. I'm not interested in monsters," Wynter interjected, cutting off Gail's dramatic

explanation.

He shot a glance at Dalton before heaving a sigh of relief. Wynter should've said that sooner. Couldn't she see the murderous look Dalton gave him?

Clearing his throat, Gail asked respectfully, "May I ask what brings you here today, Ms. Quinnell?" While the hotel personnel were taken aback by his respectful tone, Samiyah knew the reason behind it. Without hesitation, Wynter looked at Gail and inquired, "Did Grandpa Gordon entrust something to you?" Gail's expression turned serious as he affirmed, "Mr. Gordon did leave a relic with us for safekeeping." Back then, Dalton was the one who accepted the request. He should've known more about it than anyone else. Meeting Gail's gaze, Dalton gave a subtle nod of approval.

With that confirmation, Gail continued with a smile, "I suppose you're here to retrieve the relic, Ms. Quinnell."

"However, Mr. Gordon has instructed that the relic cannot be transferred unless both the relevant proof and secret code are presented-even if you're the Quinnell family's descendant."

The mention of the two requirements sparked a realization in Wynter's mind, and she handed the Youth Daily over. Gail hadn't expected her to find the newspaper. "To think you're able to find something so old. It must be fate.

Now I understand why my master remarked the relic Mr. Gordon left in our hotel would eventually find its true

owner."

"Your master?" Wynter repeated as her eyebrow raised.

Gail regretted running his mouth and peeked at Dalton. Upon seeing the latter remained unfazed, he breathed a sigh of relief and commented, "Indeed, my master is omnipotent and has foreseen everything. There's nothing beyond his comprehension.

"That said, it's impressive that you managed to uncover this newspaper, Ms. Quinnell."

Gail gently clapped his hand, and a small compartment on the left stairway suddenly popped out. The staircase served as a treasure vault, with each compartment storing a unique treasure.

Gail retrieved an old wooden box and instructed, "Please input the secret code."

A mix of emotion stirred within Wynter, but her gaze remained steady. Once she stated the secret code, the box

opened with a soft click.

Inside the box lay a Youth Daily and a letter addressed to her, but the real treasure was the gold-eyed goldfish emblem a symbol of inheritance to the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce, and the very item that Cleo

had been searching for.

It appeared that Gordon had mentioned Colifernia in the letter. But before Wynter could read through it, she received news that a member of the Special Unit had gone missing.

It was a grave situation, prompting Wynter and Dalton to rush back and gather their things. Before they left for the airport, Marie gently caressed Wynter's face and said, "Be careful out there. If things go wrong, you can always come home. Your family will be waiting. You're not alone."



"Don't worry about the rest in Hawford as we'll take care of that. Call us if you need anything," Noah added. Taylor nodded in agreement, expressing their full support for Wynter.

Wynter looked at her family and assured them, "Don't worry, guys. I'm Wynter Quinnell-there's nothing I can't

handle. Besides, I've got the Yarwood family's head by my side."

Instantly, the three elders turned to Dalton.

"You'd better take good care of Sevie and make sure she doesn't get a scratch. Otherwise, I'll be coming for you!"

Taylor threatened.

"I'll leave Sevie in your care, Dalton. Make sure she takes her meals and doesn't overwork herself," Marie added.

"What they said. As long as you understand," Noah stated.

Dalton gave a faint smile. "Rest assured. She'll be safe under my watch."

As soon as the conversation ended, Wynter swiftly climbed into the car. Seeing that, Dalton bid farewell to the

elders before following suit.

"You should head inside, Mom. I've prescribed some new medicines for Grandpa. He needs to take them daily to

get his health back on track.

"By the way, I heard you've been closer to Mr. Luce. I'm rooting for you!" Wynter grinned at Marie before

gesturing to the driver to head to the airport.

Little did she know, someone from a distance had been observing the events outside the Whitman residence

discreetly through a pair of binoculars.

When the car drove away, they took out their phone and dialed a number. "Wynter Quinnell and Dalton Yarwood

are on their way to the airport. They'll probably arrive by noon."

A baritone voice replied from the other end, "Got it. Come to Colifernia. Hawford is no longer of any use."

The call then ended abruptly.

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

### Chapter 1696 001's Return

Edward, having hidden away from the world for days, now wore a twisted expression. The web of schemes he had once woven within Hawford had now come to nothing.

Everything had been prepared. The perfect vessel had been chosen for his lord's descent, and the medium had set up the Wraithlord Transformation Formation. Yet, it was all ruined by Lucas and the Quinnell family.

Edward couldn't help but wonder when his associates in Kingbourne had stalled on their tasks. Instead of pulling the Kellers down, Lucas had risen to greater heights in just a year.

And when had Jackson returned to Kingbourne? He was shot years ago, so he shouldn't have survived from such injuries.

Little did Edward know that his postulation would have been accurate if not for Wynter's intervention.

Jackson would've succumbed to his injuries that winter instead of returning to Kingbourne. But Wynter saved him, a man of selflessness who thought only of his country and its people. Not only did she restore his health, but she also changed his perspective.

Hence, Jackson returned to Kingbourne and took Lucas under his wing. After all, Lucas tended to offend others with his brash personality, especially now that he had interfered in educational affairs.

Ultimately, it was Jackson's support that allowed Lucas to stand firm in his pursuit of justice. Of course, Wynter played a crucial role in it.

No one expected 001 to return. Several enemies went rogue upon catching wind of her disappearance, having confirmed the rumors through their audacious deeds.

However, everything changed when the numbers in the confidential documents took the form of a real person. The long-dormant Special Unit reawakened to fulfill its original purpose.

Despite fleeing Hawford, Edward still had no idea that Wynter was the Special Unit's rumored leader. What he also didn't know was that those who encountered her in such circumstances were all imprisoned, exactly as she had planned.

As Wynter expected, the Ministry of Education's several directors had attempted to sweep the issue under the rug. However, the tides had turned once they met Wynter.

With all things considered, the higher-ups were unlikely to release them any time soon, especially since the report came directly from 001 herself.

On the other hand, Jackson had learned of Wynter's identity long before Lucas did. Given his position, he had immediately accessed the internal files upon his return to Kingbourne.

Considering the matter's sensitive nature, he wasn't about to share her details with just anyone-not even Lucas.

"Mr. Munn Senior, is it true, as 001 claimed, that Colifernia is about to face a large-scale virus outbreak?" someone beside Jackson asked. They were currently in a meeting solely reserved for the selected few.

In truth, the individual didn't inquire out of doubt. If the report proved true, they would need to initiate

quarantine measures without delay. Whether past or present, the plague remained a deadly threat to the citizens. Glancing at the stamped letter, Jackson understood Wynter's intention.

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

Chapter 1697 Arriving in Colifernia

Wynter decided against sending a digital mail to avoid leaving any traces. Besides, no one would think twice about a letter addressed to Jackson.

Based on that, two things could be inferred Wynter doubted the authorities were entirely trustworthy, and the issue was far too grave to ignore.

Jackson stated, "From what I understand of 001, there's a 90 percent chance this is happening. 001 is heading to Colifernia as we speak. The Special Unit member's disappearance shouldn't only concern them we should be cautious as well.

"Geoffrey, check the customs entry again focus on Colifernia this time. There's got to be something there since the member disappeared in that city,"

Standing nearby, Geoffrey Lipton gave a formal salute and responded to Jackson's command.

As Jackson studied the map, he continued, "There must be another reason they chose Colifernia."

The others in the meeting shared the same growing concern about the impending pandemic.

A scientist spoke up. "The problem is, we don't know where the virus originated. In typical outbreaks, we'd see widespread medical reports. I've checked the records for Colifernia, but there's nothing unusual."

"Exactly. The virus could invade in many ways-humans, animals, and even the soil. Right now, we have no idea how it's spreading or evolving," another chimed in.

Hearing that, Jackson calmly instructed, "Send a squad to assist in secret. Also, reach out to Mt. Dragon and find Mr. Stavius as mentioned in 001's letter."

The room resounded with confirmation of his command. Jackson was determined to provide Wynter any support he could in Colifernia. The pandemic must be contained, or it would bring devastation to both Cascadia and its people.

In the face of life or death, everything else seemed insignificant. Jackson resolutely refused to stand by and watch families get torn apart.

Meanwhile, Wynter and Dalton arrived at Colifernia after a short nap on the plane.

As they collected their luggage, they noticed several employees from Yarwood Group waiting at the gate. It was such an imposing sight that, had they not known better, they would've thought a magnate was being welcomed. Wynter glanced at Dalton and teased, "What an impressive sight. As expected of Mr. Yarwood."

Dressed in a sleek suit, Dalton seemed completely unruffled by the flight, carrying himself with an air of elegance and sophistication. As Wynter looked at him, she couldn't help but feel like a penniless youngster in comparison. Dalton naturally held her hand and replied, "It's not me who's impressive-it's you, my lady. Grandpa happened to be in Colifernia. When he heard you're coming, he practically mobilized the entire employees to welcome us." Catching Dalton's implication, the area manager quickly greeted, "Exactly. Mr.

Yarwood Senior has sent us with a few questions, Mrs. Yarwood. What's your meal preference? Are there any places you'd like to visit in Colifernia? How about a candlelight dinner?

"Mr. Yarwood Senior mentioned that Boss isn't particularly experienced in such matters, so he thought it's best to personally handle the arrangements rather than leaving Boss to it."

The area manager continued, "Do any of the buildings here appeal to you? You can always purchase it for your stay -with Boss' credit card, of course. Don't worry about the money. He's supposed to cover all your expenses anyway.

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Hearing that, both Wynter and Dalton turned to the area manager. The latter stood straight and cleared his throat, explaining, "That's what Mr. Yarwood Senior said."

Instead of inspecting the managers as usual, Dalton seemed to be in good spirits. With a slight tilt of his head and a faint smile, he exuded a different kind of charm.

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

### Chapter 1698 Love Changes Even Dalton

The onlookers breathed a collective sigh of relief. Sure enough, what Theo said was true-Dalton was incredibly approachable when Wynter was around.

This discovery sparked new ideas among them. Perhaps they could wait for her presence before bringing up difficult projects in the future.

Wynter had no idea what they were thinking, though she could sense their gratitude.

Nevertheless, these people were all blessed with fortunes of wealth, and she just happened to be able to siphon a bit of their luck. However...

"I'm here for serious business, and one of my team members is currently missing. I really don't have the luxury to visit Mr. Yarwood Senior right now," Wynter said firmly.

Her mind was consumed by the thought of her missing member. After retrieving Gordon's relics from Serenity Hotel, her urgency to unravel the mystery only deepened.

That member must have discovered something significant to go missing like this. Moreover, every member of the Special Unit possessed unique skills, which meant

capturing them wouldn't be easy. Even in the face of danger, they would typically leave traces on the dark web.

However, even Wolf couldn't find a clue. This meant that her team member had been taken without so much as a chance to react. This was highly unusual-unless that member had encountered someone far beyond ordinary.

The deeper Wynter thought about it, the darker her gaze grew.

Dalton could see the worry in her eyes. Still holding her hand, he spoke in a calm, measured tone. "That's precisely why you should meet Grandpa.

"You're here to find your member, and the matter you're investigating is far from ordinary. What could justify both of us coming to Colifernia together without a clear reason?"

Dalton looked down at Wynter, his eyes darkening. "Unless it's for our wedding.

"We'll say we are here to discuss the ceremony-how to plan the banquet and the wedding gift. Unless, of course, you plan to tell everyone that you knew about an impending pandemic and came here to investigate."

Wynter's lips curved into a smirk. "Luckily for me, you're not an enemy. Otherwise, I wouldn't know how to handle you."

He was too sharp, making him difficult to deal with. From the very first time she'd been forced to abandon her laptop while being pursued, she knew Dalton was not one to underestimate.

Back in Hawford, when she had been detained, he had demonstrated this particular trait as well-making her captors utterly frustrated.

"Get in touch with your people stationed here in Colifernia," Dalton said, his tone as calm as ever. "Have them gather near Yarwoods' Manor. Whoever you meet next won't raise suspicions."

"You're a genius!" Wynter couldn't help but reach out to pinch Dalton's ridiculously handsome face.

At this moment, the senior executives stationed in Colifernia collectively held their breath, not daring to utter a single word. None of them had expected that Dalton, upon entering a relationship, would turn out to be this kind of person.

It certainly didn't seem like Wynter was the one pursuing him. If anything, Dalton resembled a pampered man- except for his overwhelming presence that was just too strong to fully sell the image.

For someone like Dalton, certain things had become second nature, especially now that all the fragments of his soul had unified.

After all, in countless lifetimes, he had been pampered like this before. Back then, she'd said the same thing that she didn't want him as her enemy.

Liar. In the end, didn't she still decide she couldn't stand the sight of him anymore?

But this time, things were different. He wasn't going to let her develop those messy habits again.

Wynter, as usual, kept the way of communicating with her people simple. Once inside the car, she logged into the dark web.

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

Chapter 1699 Willowbrook Medical Center

In the Special Unit, a simple word "spirit"--was all it took for an emergency summoning,

Within moments, replies came streaming in.

"Boss, you're finally here! Do you know how sick I am of these restaurants? Sure, their food is delicious, but three of the same meals a day, every day? I'm used to spicy food! I'm gonna puke!"

Wynter had always said that they needed to adapt to the local environment, cultural customs, and dining habits no matter where they went. The closer they aligned themselves, the better they could blend in and remain unnoticed. Another member chimed in, "At least you have food to eat. Stop whining."

That single line was enough to silence him. After all, something others thought was too expensive was very affordable to others, creating a stark contrast.

Dalton informed Wynter that he would visit the Yarwood family's old acquaintances before walking toward a Rolls Royce Cullinan.

Wynter didn't find this unusual. She very quickly turned her focus back to her Special Unit members to get an update on the situation.

"We've kept a close eye on the hospitals as you've instructed. There's nothing out of the ordinary there, but recently, there's been an exhibition and a large event coming up related to some discussions regarding the Arcane Way.

"It's getting close, and people from various countries have been arriving. This time, there are a lot of foreign soldiers-all top-tier elites. We haven't been keeping an eye on them too closely to avoid causing any diplomatic issues."

Wynter's eyes narrowed slightly. If the pandemic really was about to happen, the enemies hidden in Cascadia would likely start to make their move-this was the only opportunity they'd have to openly make contact.

But from their reactions, it was clear they didn't know that Lupius had gone missing. So, she didn't hide anything from them and explained the current situation.

There was a brief pause before they responded.

"Does that mean the pandemic might actually happen?" one of them asked.

Otherwise, Lupius wouldn't have disappeared.

Wynter nodded. "Exactly. That's why we need to be even more careful. There are many large events in Colifernia, and I don't know where things might go wrong. You all need to stay alert and ensure your own safety."

She then looked up, determination in her eyes. "Meanwhile, I'll investigate the place where Lupius went missing."

Willowbrook Medical Center, a hospital in Colifernia, had previously been quite empty. However, it became crowded after the director and leadership were replaced by foreigners.

Every day, many patients lined up to see doctors, get medication, and undergo surgeries. People found this strange, and it led many to believe that modern medicine was the best-boasting advanced equipment and skilled techniques.

However, no one knew what was really going on behind the scenes at the hospital. Nevertheless, nurses went about their usual routine, ignorant of the horror happening within the center.

Caroline Patterz, a nurse at Willowbrook Medical Center, was on her night shift, making her usual rounds to check on patients and ensure everything was running smoothly.

As she passed the pharmacy, she noticed the lights still on inside. Thinking someone had simply forgotten to turn them off, she pushed the door open.

But to her surprise, she found a hidden passage behind the medicine cabinet. Having worked here for years, she had never heard of any secret passages in the pharmacy. Her curiosity piqued, and she slowly stepped in.



As she cautiously peered into the dark passage, she saw many animals caged, but what truly horrified her were the figures in hospital gowns human shapes, trapped in the same cages. Her blood ran cold as she realized she had stumbled into a twisted experiment.

Two foreign surgeons were engaged in conversation in broken Cascadian while dissecting a monkey's stomach." Once this is done, the whole of Cascadia will change!"

The other surgeon replied, "Yes, this will show those foolish Cascadians just how powerful we are."

Startled, Caroline accidentally knocked something over, making a noise.

One of the surgeons reacted instantly, his gaze shifting toward her direction. "Caroline, what are you doing here?"

He began walking toward her. Terrified, Caroline turned and ran, losing a shoe in the process. She burst out of the hidden passage and shouted for help, "Someone is doing live"

But before she could finish her sentence, the man grabbed her from behind, covered her mouth, and began dragging her back into the passage.

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

Chapter 1700 Theo's Granddaughter-In-Law

In the nearby patient ward, someone faintly heard Caroline's shout but dismissed it.

As soon Caroline was dragged back into the hidden passage, the door shut tightly behind her.

The foreign doctor released his grip on her. "Why couldn't you just do your job and stay at your station? You just had to come to the pharmacy, huh? You Cascadians are really too curious for your own good."

He grabbed a syringe from a nearby tray and walked toward her. "But since you're here, I'll give you a front-row seat to experience our experiments' results. Foolish Cascadians!" He laughed maniacally.

Caroline trembled, her face pale with terror.

It would have at least been worth it even if she got caught after she had shouted a couple more words to raise an alarm. But now, not only had she been captured, but she hadn't managed to warn anyone. She felt utterly helpless, a lamb trapped in the wolf's den.

Meanwhile, Wynter was in Colifernia to "meet Dalton's family".

Theo had chosen a renowned local banquet hall for the occasion. The place was famous for its desserts, which often required long queues to reserve a table.

Colifernia had always been a place full of charm, with a strong emphasis on its culinary culture. The meticulously crafted desserts resembled works of art, enriching the locals' everyday lives.

A pot of tea, paired with dishes like shrimp croquettes, lobster ravioli, empanaditas, and black pepper glazed short ribs, could make for a leisurely morning filled with conversation.

Aside from that, there were the meat pies with their rich blend of cheese and butter flavors. One bite of it was enough to leave a lingering aroma in your mouth, bringing immense satisfaction. Pair it all with a warm cup of tea, and it would feel like a heavenly experience.

The place was steeped in the warmth of everyday life. With its long history, the decor largely retained its original look. The staff was quick and efficient, and despite its grandeur, the atmosphere was welcoming and unpretentious.

It was in this setting that Theo had arranged to meet Wynter. If not for the row of bodyguards standing conspicuously behind him, his identity might have remained discreet.

However, Theo ensured that he didn't disturb the other diners. After all, he owned this business. He had merely cleared out an area for the occasion, turning it into a private family gathering.

As soon

Wynter entered, Theo stood up with a warm smile. "Wynter, we meet again."

Wynter chuckled softly. "You seem even healthier than the last time I saw you."

Theo found Wynter more pleasing the longer he looked at her. "With a diagnosis like that from you, I won't need to waste money on any health supplements anymore. Come, sit down and try the crispy pork empanadas!"

He busily ushered her to the table, completely ignoring Dalton. "Don't bother serving him anything he comes here often enough to know his way around."

Dalton, ever poised, glanced to the side with a faint smile. "I'm starting to feel like I'm not even part of the family anymore."

Theo gave him a dry smile. "Take a good look at yourself-how long have you been chasing after your wife? The rumors about you not understanding romance aren't entirely wrong. You're like an ice block!"

Bombarded with unprovoked criticism, Dalton elegantly wiped the corner of his mouth, his demeanor flawless." I've done my best. It's just that someone's heart isn't entirely with me yet."

Hearing this, Wynter lifted her gaze. "I didn't say that..."

Dalton leaned back lazily. "I know. You're busy, I'm just further your priority list."

Theo finally understood why Dalton struggled to win her over. With that tone of his, no wonder it had taken so long. If not for his good looks, forget about wooing anyone-he'd probably have been punched already.

It was fortunate for Dalton. After all, Theo had heard that Wynter seemed to fancy his face most of all.

"You really don't hold a candle to Wynter in other areas," Theo remarked, shaking his head. "If I were her, I'd keep you at the bottom of my list, too."

Dalton sighed dramatically, placing a shrimp croquette on Wynter's plate, "Grandpa, whose side are you on, exactly?"

Theo felt maybe he was pushing it too much and cleared his throat, regaining his usual composure before his gaze landed on Wynter. "Wynter, you should know why I asked to meet here."

"I know, Mr. Yarwood Senior. I really appreciate your help. I indeed came here to conduct some investigations," Wynter replied.

Wynter appeared to be eating. However, in reality, she was carefully observing her surroundings. After all, this was near where Lupius had disappeared.

Theo lowered his voice. "If there's anything you can't handle openly, come to me. The business scene in Colifornia is different from that in Hawford and completely contrasts with Kingbourne. It's close to Havenia, so many merchants come here. There are also a lot of foreign companies."

Wynter understood his implication. "Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on the Chamber of Commerce here."

The items Gordon had entrusted to her were likely related to the Chamber of Commerce. But she had more urgent matters to attend to in Colifernia. Hence, she decided to hold off on the chamber for now.

"Mr. Yarwood Senior, you've been in Colifernia for a long time. Have you heard of any strange happenings, particularly regarding diseases?" Wynter asked.

Theo shook his head. "I haven't heard anything like that, but recently, the discourse regarding the Arcane Way has been quite popular. Many people are going to see if their fortune is good. They say it's pretty accurate."

"Yes. After all, people from various countries in the Arcane way community are here. It's a rare event," Wynter said with a smile.

Her emotions were tangled inside. The more this happened, the easier it was for people to blend in, and it made hiding even more convenient. Of course, this was merely her speculation.

Theo pondered for a moment. "Now that you mentioned it, there's something strange I've noticed."

Wynter lifted her gaze. "What is it?"

Theo glanced to the side.

A manager, Franco Klawf, walked forward. "At the Arcane Way Forum, Mr. Yarwood Senior encountered a cultivator who said that although he has a fate of great wealth and power, he is prone

than him.

send off someone younger

"That's when Mr. Yarwood Senior thought of..." Francor said, glancing at Dalton, but not daring to continue the sentence. "That person seemed like a scammer. But when we sent someone to find him later, we couldn't locate him at all."

Dalton's voice was calm. "Don't worry about it."

Wynter didn't quite agree with Dalton. "To approach Mr. Yarwood Senior like that, he must either know his identity or had truly predicted something."

"Huh?" Franco was confused.

Wynter was straightforward. "He came for Dalton. But don't worry, Mr. Yarwood Senior. There's no need to be concerned. With me around, he'll be fine and live a long life."

Right after becoming friends with Dalton, Wynter had bound her fate to his. She couldn't keep borrowing his fortune without giving something back t only seemed right to share in his personal burdens.

Dalton wiped Wynter's mouth with a napkin and smiled slightly at Theo. "Grandpa, she's right. As long as she's here, I'll be fine."

Not long ago, Theo had been anxious and restless. He was unable to sleep well, plagued by nightmares. But now, Dalton's state was visibly much better compared to before.

He looked at Wynter with gratitude. "Wynter, if it weren't for you, this kid wouldn't be able to live like a normal person. I can't thank you enough."

What people outside didn't know was that Wynter was a life-saving grace for the Yarwood family.

"Franco, go arrange for the gifts. Whatever, Mrs. Yarwood likes, buy it all," Theo instructed.

Wynter was speechless for a moment. She had thought it was a joke when Theo had mentioned buying a building, but it seemed that he wasn't joking at all. He really was going all out.

Wynter lowered her voice. "Isn't this a little too extravagant?"

Dalton poured her another cup of tea. "Since Grandpa likes it, just treat it as making him happy. Besides, if you

don't accept it, how would we convince the people watching us?"

Wynter took a sip of tea. "True, but I remember the Yarwood family has always been in Sorzada City. How do you guys have so much land and property in Colifernia?"

She was well aware of how carefree and wealthy Colifernia's landlords could be.

As the saying goes, in Colifernia, you might see someone in flip-flops and baggy shorts, looking completely disheveled. However, with a casual wave of their hand, they'd reveal keys to over a dozen apartments-and they'd probably be driving a Ferrari.

Most of the time, though, these were local residents. Families like the Dalton family were a rare sight.

Theo was still busy arranging matters, practically transferring everything he could to Wynter's name. Wynter was about to stop him when Dalton held her hand in place. "This is nothing to Grandpa. He also owns plenty in Halsbury. He came here before the reforms

and just happened to like it here, so he bought a lot of land." Before the reforms? Even Wynter couldn't help but widen her eyes at this revelation.

"Did he really buy it this casually?" Wynter asked in disbelief.

Dalton nodded. "Yes. It was cheap back then."

It wasn't just cheap back then. Before the reforms, Halsbury was just a small fishing village.

The Yarwood family's fortune whether in luck or foresight-was enviable, to say the least. No wonder they'd

produced a descendant like Dalton, radiating purple energy. It was as if he was heaven's chosen one.

At the thought of this, Wynter couldn't help but glance at Dalton a couple more times.

Dalton raised an eyebrow. "What? Is there something on my face?"

Wynter lowered her voice. "No, I was just imagining the scene when you were born. Were you purple in color? No,

wait, maybe you were golden."

Dalton's gaze remained calm, choosing not to respond. He didn't know what his appearance was like when he was born, but he did know hers.

A long time ago, whenever there was even the slightest chance of her returning, he would go see her. Most of the time, it ended in disappointment—until this time.

Seeing his silence, Wynter asked, "What are thinking about? Grandpa's talking to you."

Dalton withdrew his gaze. "Nothing. I was just reminiscing."

Wynter stood up. "I've checked. Taking the path behind the restaurant is the quickest to our destination. I'll say

goodbye to Grandpa, and we'll head down now."

Naturally, Theo fully cooperated with their plan. After all, his role was to provide cover for them.

With the area secured, no one outside had any idea what was happening inside.

Before long, Wynter and Dalton exited through the restaurant's back door.

Walking forward, they arrived at the spot where Lupius had disappeared. A taxi stood parked by the roadside, but

there were no surveillance cameras nearby.

Wynter narrowed her eyes. After Lupius' disappearance, the Special Unit had examined the area, only to find all traces in the car erased. It was as if it were a brand-new vehicle, fully equipped if not for the missing dashcam.

Dalton glanced at the scene. "This isn't just any ordinary opponent. To abduct one of your people without any signs of resistance is no small feat."

Just as Wynter was about to explain something, a delivery cart rolled past them. "Excuse me, please let me through," said the man pushing it.

It seemed like an ordinary encounter, but as they brushed past each other, Wynter suddenly sensed something unusual. She couldn't quite pinpoint it-perhaps it was the smell.

She activated her spiritual sight, but it revealed nothing suspicious about the man.

"Excuse me, sir. Could you wait a moment?" Wynter called out.

She had a hunch that Lupius wouldn't have vanished at random. He must have discovered something around this

location.

The delivery man halted, frowning. "What's the matter, miss? The restaurant is waiting for their food."

His accent clearly marked him as a local.

Wynter, aware she might be interrupting his work, politely said, "Sorry for the inconvenience. I just wanted to ask

where you're delivering this from. Why are you delivering food with a pushcart?"

"Not a local, are you? Our stall isn't far from here. Just keep going ahead-there's a market over there," the man

replied impatiently.

A market? Was it a farmer's market?

Wynter's eyes narrowed as she recalled Lupius' investigative habits.

"Thank you, sir," Wynter said.

Wynter subtly bestowed some luck onto him after showing her gratitude.

The man wasn't a bad person. He waved at them before continuing on his way. However, Wynter's unease grew. The luck she transferred to him didn't seem to take effect. This was highly

unusual!

Beside her, Dalton raised an eyebrow ever so slightly, his movement small and imperceptible in the shadows. Hence, it was no wonder that Wynter didn't notice his reaction. Following the food delivery man's directions, Wynter and Dalton arrived at the farmers' market.

The market was alive with activity, like a miniature world contained within its bustling aisles. Stalls were overflowing with fresh produce, their vivid colors creating a feast for the eyes. Bright green vegetables

gleamed with freshness, and fruit stands were vibrant with apples, bananas, grapes, and plump watermelons, all

seemingly calling out to passing shoppers.

Nearby, tanks of fish and shrimp swarmed energetically. Stall owners deftly scooped them up, weighed them, and

packaged them with practiced ease. The air buzzed with the bartering customers' chatter and the stall owners' rhythmic calls promoting their wares.

Everything here seemed perfectly normal. Yet, Wynter couldn't shake a sense of unease. There was an inexplicable energy-a faint undercurrent she couldn't quite identify.

As she strolled through the market, her eyes caught on a glint of gold-a single strand of golden hair, lying

incongruously on the ground. Why were there foreigners in a local market?

She decided not to overthink it, placed the strand of hair into a small bag, and sent it off for DNA testing. After

arranging for the investigation, Wynter had Wolf send over the surveillance footage.

As she reviewed it, the video showed Lupius driving his car, only to vanish after passing through a certain point.



The vehicle reappeared later in a different location, but there was no useful information to explain the gap.

To Wynter, Lupius was someone highly reliable-skilled, discreet, and cautious. He wasn't the type to attract unnecessary attention. Yet, it was also he who had disappeared mysteriously.

Just then, the test results for the strand of golden hair were sent back to her. "The DNA doesn't match any records.

Wynter immediately understood the situation-Lupius had discovered something but was noticed by the enemy. Her expression remained eerily calm, but inside, it was as if a raging tiger was ready leap out. She swiftly logged onto the dark web and sent a message.

"Prepare for battle at any moment. The enemy this time is likely aiming to start a pandemic. I'll bring Lupius back,

no matter what. Protect yourselves. Those who threaten our nation will face justice!"

"Yes, Boss!"

"Fighting alongside you is the best! This has me all fired up already!"

She immediately pulled out her phone and dialed a number. After a single beep, a voice came through on the other

end. "Oh? Is this my lovely Ms. Quinnell?"

Wynter responded curtly, "Yes. I need your help with something. Trace the DNA from a strand of hair and identify

its owner. I believe you can manage that."

The person on the other end chuckled. "Ms. Quinnell, it is my lifelong honor to be of service to you. If not for you,

I wouldn't have achieved what I have today."

"Enough with the pleasantries. I don't know which nationality this person belongs to, so I'll need you screen

recent foreign arrivals into the country," Wynter responded.

The voice paused briefly before replying, "That's quite a challenge, but I will do everything in my power to resolve

this for you. I will make sure to do this quickly and won't disappoint you." Dalton, standing at the side, only spoke up after Wynter hung up. "My lovely Ms. Quinnell? It seems that the esteemed Mrs. Yarwood still holds unparalleled charm."