

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

Chapter 1731 Start of a New Plan

Everyone's eyes shifted to the sketch on the table, their faces filled with disbelief.

"This... Isn't this Mr. Winston Senior?"

"But isn't Mr. Winston Senior dead?"

One of them turned to Layla and asked, "Are you certain the cultivator you saw looks exactly like the person in this sketch?"

Layla could sense the tension in the room. She took the sketch and studied it carefully. "Yes, that's him! This is the cultivator I saw."

Standing beside Wynter, Lucas couldn't hide his confusion. "Wynter, hasn't he already passed away? How could the person she saw be him?"

"Seeing is not always believing, and hearing is not always the truth," Wynter replied before looking at everyone's visible confusion.

However, Wynter had already deduced the truth. She knew the figure wasn't truly Clyde- it was someone who had taken over his body.

The discussion brought clarity to one thing for Wynter- this intricate plot had been set in motion years ago. If this mysterious cultivator was one of the key players, then the enigmatic "Mr. Lofstedt " undoubtedly held significant knowledge about the conspiracy as well.

Wynter knew it was time to finally confront him.

As the lockdowns were lifted, the restrictions on the farmers' market were also removed. The people who had been confined there, having taken the medication, were now visibly recovering.

Just then, a ray of sunlight streamed through the door to the farmers' market, signaling the end of the lockdown.

"Everyone, look! The lockdown on our market has been lifted!"

"We've been stuck here for so long, unable to go anywhere. We can finally leave!"

"Today calls for a celebration! It's time to treat ourselves to something special!"

The farmers' market had been one of the first places to be sealed off after Wynter detected suspicious activity.

Back then, the decision to quarantine the market had been met with anger, as this was where they had their businesses. For many, the market was their sole source of income.

Just then, a representative from the Industry and Commerce Bureau walked in, holding a stack of documents.

"Everyone, please gather around. Your cooperation was crucial in containing the outbreak. However, starting today, the buying and selling of wild animals in this market is strictly prohibited."

Instantly, a wave of protests erupted.

"How are we supposed to make a living if we can't sell wild animals?"

"I feed my family by selling wild animals!"

The representative raised his hand to calm the crowd. "This is a directive from the top. Wild animals often carry viruses we don't fully understand. We must ban their trade!"

Oscar fell silent. He had stopped being plagued with sleepless nights ever since Wynter warned him against selling wild animals.

Standing beside the representative was a well-dressed man who then stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"I am the Quinnell Group's representative. This epidemic has proven that wild animals are carriers of unpredictable viruses. We understand that everyone here is just trying to make a living.

"The Quinnell Group has decided to step in not for profit, but for necessary reform. If it weren't for the antiviral medication's timely arrival, many of you might have lost loved ones to this epidemic.

"Furthermore, under the Quinnell Group's guidance, we guarantee you will earn more than before. And you won't have to worry about the dangers that come with trading wild animals.

The crowd murmured in contemplation.

One vendor spoke up. "Can you really promise we'll make more than we did before?"

The man smiled reassuringly. "Yes, I can. Follow our plans, and you'll earn more than you did."

"Then I'm in."

"Count me in, too."

The man came with contracts already prepared. After reading them thoroughly, the vendors signed and pressed their fingerprints on them.

The man took out his phone and sent a message to Wynter. "Ms. Quinnell, the acquisition of the farmers' market has been completed."

Meanwhile, in a house in the eastern part of the city, a voice rang out. "I'm sorry, sir. I failed to carry out your instructions. By the time I arrived, someone had already taken her away." The old man standing before him lowered his gaze. "It doesn't matter. It's unfortunate that years of planning have been disrupted. The pandemic was thwarted thanks to that girl from the Quinnell family.

"I had intended for a two-pronged approach, but with the farmers' market's Heaven's Resentment Formation failing to activate as well, it seems I'll need to adjust the next phase of the plan. Stay here, and wait for my orders.

Then, he headed toward the door, slowly disappearing into the darkness.

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Wynter was discussing the next steps with Lucas. "Lucas, there's an invisible hand manipulating the entire situation behind the scenes. How's the interrogation of the spy you captured going?"

Lucas sighed. "She admitted that she was recruited as a spy during a work trip to Foplya. But the intelligence she had access to wasn't from a core department, so the information she provided wasn't very useful."

Wynter nodded. "I've uncovered something new. The true mastermind behind the pandemic might be the Chamber of Commerce's real chairman."

Lucas frowned in confusion. "Isn't Rohan the chairman?"

Wynter shook her head. "That guy is nothing more than a scapegoat. Do you really think he could keep the Chamber of Commerce thriving for so long with a brain like his?"

Lucas recalled his interactions with Rohan, who indeed didn't seem particularly sharp. "So, who's the real chairman?"

"Someone with the alias 'Mr. Lofstedt.' He's a reclusive elder within the Chamber of Commerce," Wynter replied.

Eric had managed to orchestrate a grand scheme without revealing himself. Hence, Wynter decided she needed to meet him and see what clues she could glean.

She continued, "This scheme by the old cultivator is probably just the beginning. We're going to be busy in the days ahead. But one thing is certain-no matter who this cultivator is, he must be in Colifernia. I'll assign people to track him down in secret." Lucas nodded. "I'll arrange for my people to help with the search as well. Oh, one more thing. Mr. Munn Senior mentioned that a lot has been happening in Colifernia recently. Since the secretary position here is vacant, I've been reassigned to assist you."

He then patted her shoulder, signaling that she could count on him in Colifernia. Wynter nodded in response. With Lucas stationed in Colifernia, he could handle certain matters for her.

She had originally come to Colifernia to address a different issue-over the years, Gordon's Chamber of Commerce had been gradually eroded by these people. She needed to find a way to reclaim it.

But if this was all about seizing the country's fortune, Wynter couldn't help but wonder what role Mt. Dragon played in this.

As Wynter finished organizing her thoughts, a voice interrupted her. "Are you Ms. Quinnell?"

Wynter looked up to see a middle-aged man dressed impeccably in a suit. "You are?"

The man responded, "I'm one of Mr. Lofstedt's subordinates. He sent me to find you. He wishes to meet you."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Right now?"

The man nodded.

"Tell me the location. I'll be there shortly."

"The teahouse in Colifernia. We look forward to your visit." He gave a slight bow before turning and walking away.

Wynter couldn't help but feel the irony of the timing. Of all moments, it had to be now. She had just resolved to seek him out, only for him to preempt her by sending someone to summon her instead.

She wondered what he was playing at this time. Nevertheless, she knew this was a meeting she couldn't avoid.

At the bus station, Cornelius was pacing anxiously, looking utterly dejected as he waited for someone.

Soon, an elderly cultivator and a younger one emerged from the station. The old man was none other than Kaspar.

The moment Cornelius saw Kaspar, he ran toward him with a sulky face. "Mr. Stavius, someone in Colifernia bullied me! She said I was incompetent and shouldn't embarrass myself. She even broke the artifact you gave me!"

Kaspar raised an eyebrow. "Did they really break your artifact? Let me take a look later, and I'll see if I can fix it."

Cornelius was momentarily stunned. "Mr. Stavius, the point is that someone bullied me! Not that the artifact is broken!"

Hearing this, Kaspar gave him a meaningful look. "I got beaten up all the time too when I was your age. As the saying goes, a setback is a chance to gain wisdom."

Cornelius thought of a different approach. "She also said that Mt. Dragon is no good and is on the verge of decline!"

This finally caught Kaspar's full attention. "What? Who said that? Take me to this person right now! I want to see just how capable she is to make such bold claims about Mt. Dragon."

Cornelius quickly led him to the car. As they drove off, he blabbered nonstop, recounting every insult he had endured. Kaspar's anger grew with every word, and he wished he could fly straight to the person and give them a good beating.

Wynter changed into a fresh set of clothes and rode her superbike to the agreed meeting place-Colifernia's teahouse.

When she arrived, the once-bustling establishment was eerily empty.

Two bodyguards stood at the entrance, and upon seeing her, they stepped aside and gestured for her to enter. Once she stepped inside, they resumed their positions, blocking the entrance once more.

Eric had reserved a private room despite the empty teahouse, with only the staff lingering inside. When they saw Wynter enter, one of the attendants politely guided her to the private room.

Inside the room, Wynter was greeted by the sight of an elderly man who appeared to be over 100 years old. His weathered face bore the marks of a life full of experiences, and his sharp eyes gleamed like those of an eagle.

Despite his seemingly amiable appearance, his commanding presence was unmistakable.

Eric looked up at Wynter. "Ah, you're here."

Wynter nodded and slowly sat across from him.

"I just heard that you arrived in Colifernia. That's why I quickly sent someone to invite you over for tea," Eric began.

Wynter smiled faintly. "I've been in Colifernia for a while now. It seems like your intelligence network isn't as sharp."

Eric chuckled. "I'm just an old man with no special connections. I'm only managing to make a living through the Chamber of Commerce to support my retirement.

"The real reason I invited you here was to see what the late Mr. Quinnell Senior's great-great -granddaughter looks like. Back in the day, I followed him on many ventures and witnessed his heroic spirit. It's such a shame he's no longer with us."

He sighed as he finished his sentence.

Wynter immediately realized that Eric was no ordinary figure. He seemed to be a friendly elderly, even recounting tales of his supposed past with Gordon.

Suddenly, Wynter turned serious. "Then why don't you return the Chamber of Commerce to me? It was my great-great-grandfather's legacy, after all."

Eric froze for a moment before quickly recovering. "If only I could help you with that. But I'm afraid my hands are tied. I have no influence in the chamber, and I would've helped if I could."

Eric hadn't anticipated Wynter to bluntly demand the Chamber of Commerce right from the start. He had heard about her shrewdness from her dealings in Hawford.

However, this directness made him reconsider his assumptions about her. He wondered if he had overestimated her.

Wynter responded promptly, "Mr. Tarvin has already been arrested, hasn't he? Now that the Chamber of Commerce is without a leader, shouldn't it be easy for you to help me take it over?"

Eric took a slow sip of tea before replying, "Wynter, it's not as simple as you think. Mr. Tarvin stepped down some time ago, and the current chairman is a Cascadian expatriate. You must understand that the chamber's growth now depends on international business. "While your great-great-grandfather firmly kept the chamber's dealings domestic, times have changed. This is a world for young people, and I, as an old-timer, have no say in their decisions."

Hearing this, Wynter immediately recognized the cunning beneath his affable demeanor. On the surface, he spoke as if he was thinking from her perspective, but the implications were clear.

He meant to say that taking back the chamber was an impossible task. Unlike in Kingbourne or Hawford, Colifernia lacked the Quinnell or Whitman families' backing, leaving her with little leverage.

Wynter tapped her fingers rhythmically on her thigh. "You were behind this epidemic, weren't you? And that old cultivator, too."

Eric's expression remained unchanged. "Wynter, I have no such capabilities. I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Rohan said it was you," Wynter replied calmly.

"Rohan?" Eric laughed heartily before continuing, "Must it be true just because he said so?"

Would you rather trust the words of an outsider than someone who worked alongside your great-great-grandfather?"

Wynter remained silent. Though Eric revealed nothing, she caught the faintest hint of evasion in his words.

Eric sighed. "It seems you'd rather believe an outsider. If you have evidence, by all means, take me in. It's a shame, really-I won't be able to fulfill your great-great-grandfather's wish of looking after you in Colifernia."

He truly sounded as if he missed Gordon and had genuinely wanted to help Wynter.

Wynter fell into thought at his words. From their brief conversation, she realized that Eric handled everything flawlessly, leaving no gaps to exploit.

It dawned on her that overt power wasn't the real threat. Instead, it was the ones who hid behind a friendly facade, the smiling wolves, who were truly deceptive.

"The details aren't important," she said at last. "What matters is that I will reclaim the chamber, fully and completely. I don't care who currently holds the chairman's seat. What I do know is that it won't be long before the chamber's name is returned to the Quinnell family."

Eric slowly rose to his feet. "Then I'll await that day with great anticipation. I hope you can restore the chamber to the glory it held when it was under your great-great-grandfather. I'm sure he will finally be able to rest in peace then."

As he walked toward the door, he added, "Oh, and, be careful. Colifernia is a place full of unexpected dangers, ones no one can predict. Take care of yourself here. Otherwise, I'd truly feel guilty before your great-great-grandfather's spirit."

Wynter replied calmly, "Don't worry, I'll be just fine. At the very least, I'm tougher than some people."

With that, she stood and left first.

Eric's demeanor shifted entirely once he stepped out as well. "Keep a close eye on her. If necessary, create an accident, but leave no trace."

Just as he finished speaking, his phone rang. Pulling it from his pocket, he glanced at the caller ID and answered the call. "Who is this?"

"It's me," came a voice from the other end.

Eric immediately covered the speaker on his phone and went to a secluded area before he relaxed slightly. "Eric, the next phase of the plan can begin ahead of schedule," the voice ordered.

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Chapter 1732 It's You

Eric's lips curved into a smile. "I've been waiting to hear from you. Is it finally time?"

The voice replied, "With the pandemic halted, the Heaven's Resentment Formation remains unactivated. We need to push forward with the plan. Before that, I'll have someone to get rid of that Quinnell girl."



"That sounds good to me. No one will know that the late Mr. Quinell Senior was..." Eric burst into laughter, cutting his own words short. He then hung up the call and headed to his car.

Meanwhile, Wynter was about to leave the café on her superbike when she heard someone clamoring from behind.

"That's her, Mr. Stavius! She's the one claiming that Mt. Dragon is ruined!"

Kaspar looked straight ahead but failed to recognize Wynter with her back to him. "Who are you? Which sect do you belong to? Why did you slander Mt. Dragon?" he demanded.

As Wynter slowly turned around, the words died on his lips.

"W-Wynter Quinnell? You brat! Have you confused her with someone else?" Kaspar slapped Cornelius sharply before hopping toward Wynter, eager to hear why she was in Colifernia. Wynter answered, "I'm here on business. What about you?"

"This brat told me that Mt. Dragon was being slandered for our poor courtesy and that we'd be gone soon. So, I rushed here to deal with it," Kaspar stated as he beckoned Cornelius over.

Upon seeing Kaspar's friendly demeanor toward Wynter, Cornelius was left confused and unsettled. "I must be mistaken, Mr. Stavius. She's not the one. Let's go find the real slanderer."

Yet, Wynter fixed him with a piercing glance and a dangerous smirk. "Did you tell Mr. Stavius that someone has slandered Mt. Dragon? It seems like your mouth only runs with nonsense. You've let the praises in Colifernia go to your head. Well, let me teach you a lesson on Mr. Stavius' behalf."

She moved in a flash as the silver needle shot out. Kaspar watched by the side, as if it was of no concern to him.

In truth, Wynter had no intention of seriously harming Cornelius. She could tell he had potential but had squandered it. After being hailed as the Colifernia Chamber of Commerce's esteemed guest, he had grown arrogant and viewed others with disdain.

It was the perfect timing-she had free time, and he showed up right when she needed to let off some steam.

"Save me, Mr. Stavius! A disciple of your lineage is about to die!" Cornelius cried.

Kaspar replied coolly, "Oh, don't worry about that. Even without you, I have plenty more disciples in my lineage."

Hearing that, Cornelius could only cover his head as he struggled to dodge Wynter's deadly strikes.

Kaspar silently chastised Cornelius for provoking her. After all, he had once nearly sought her mentorship.

Suddenly, Kaspar recalled his dissipating energy, and his gentle gaze turned into a vicious glare. "Don't tell me you were the one who offended her, causing half of Mt. Dragon's heavenly energy to be lost and our signboard to tilt! You foolish disciple!"

With that, Kaspar joined the fray. With nowhere to escape, Cornelius was kicked from all sides as though he were a soccer ball.

After some time, Wynter and Kaspar were exhausted from the skirmish and took a seat on a nearby bench, leaving Cornelius sprawled on the ground. Wynter took a sip of her water before inquiring about Kaspar's purpose for being in Colifernia.

"I was on my way to Hawford when I sensed half of the heavenly energy from Mt. Dragon had vanished. I traced the cause to Colifernia, so I hurried over. However, I was soon informed that Mr. Winston Senior had appeared in the city," Kaspar stated sternly.

He already knew that the real Clyde was dead. In other words, the one appearing in Colifernia wasn't Clyde at all, but an imposter wearing his skin.

Wynter showed no surprise at Kaspar's words. If he hadn't been aware of such things, Mt. Dragon would truly be in peril.

"We should keep this between a select few. After all, most people only trust what they see. Since you're here in Colifernia, I could use some help," Wynter said.

Kaspar fearfully retreated a step. "Don't tell me you're planning something terrible. Listen here there's no other powerful Stavius in Mt. Dragon but me. If things go wrong, Kaspar Stavius will be gone from this world."

Wynter hadn't realized that Kaspar could be humorous. In Kingbourne, he was a figure of great respect and held accomplishments in the Arcane Way, yet he remained elusive. Little did the citizens know that beneath his serious demeanor lay a witty sense of humor.

Wynter waved her hand dismissively and replied, "It's nothing like that. You've heard about the pandemic, right? It was caused artificially. We believe they might start meddling with our geomancy or formations next.

"There's an old medium in Colifernia-the fake Clyde Winston. The reason he's called 'old' might have something to do with his extraordinary abilities. I need you to find clues about him. After all, cultivators can sense each other's presence."

As Kaspar fell into thought, Wynter continued, "It's okay to refuse. While I don't think it'll be a problem, the people might think the mighty Mr. Stavius-"

Kaspar swiftly cut her off before she could finish. "I'll do it! The meals..."

"Three meals a day, lodging included, and a nine-to-five schedule," Wynter replied. Kaspar happily agreed to the deal.

Glancing at Cornelius, Wynter added, "Your disciple's fine, but he's far too naive. He's been here since leaving the mountains, soaking up flattery from the chamber of commerce. I suggest you knock some sense into him every day."

With that, Wynter mounted her superbike and rode off.

Kaspar turned to Cornelius and lifted him from the ground. "It seems like you're living the life here, eating meat every day. Do you know the others at Mt. Dragon can only get meat once a week? When we get back, I'll let you have a taste of my 'love!'"

Meanwhile, in Hawford, Cleo had been informed of the events happening in Colifernia. Beside him, Alaric commented, "Ms. Quinnell did a remarkable job, didn't she?"

Cleo nodded approvingly. "She certainly did. Not only did she prevent the pandemic from spreading at a crucial moment, but she also had Colifernia Chamber of Commerce's chairman thrown to jail."

"Though, she might believe that Tarvin is the true chairman," Alaric added.

"I see what you're getting at. You're worried that she might underestimate the situation and fall victim to the mastermind." Cleo addressed Alaric's concern as he stood from the rocking chair.

Alaric affirmed, "Exactly, Mr. Sinclair. If all went as planned, Ms. Quinnell must have acquired the gold-eyed goldfish left by Mr. Gordon-it's the emblem to inherit the chamber of commerce."

Cleo ordered resolutely, "Pack our things and book a flight to Colifernia for tomorrow. If she truly has found the emblem, we need to tell her the truth. I'm ready to put my life on the line to help her reclaim control of the chamber of commerce."

As Alaric set about making the necessary preparations, Cleo silently gazed at the plants in the room. The situation in Colifernia was far more complicated than it appeared, and he knew there was a real chance he might not make it out alive.

Yet, he had found the only one who carried Gordon's legacy, and he wouldn't hesitate to follow her.

Wynter suddenly recalled she had left Dalton at the hotel. She was worried that she wouldn't be able to care for him while handling the pandemic, but it seemed she had now almost forgotten about him entirely. She quickly rode back to the hotel, reaching its entrance in just ten minutes.

Confidently, she made her way to Dalton's room. When she opened the door, his handsome face greeted her.

"So, how does it feel to be without me these past few days, Mr. Yarwood?" Wynter teased.

Dalton smiled faintly in return. "Ms. Quinnell, you told me to stay here during the pandemic. But now that it's over, you show up days later. Is there something you can't resolve together with your fiancé?"

Wynter nervously tossed her hair and replied, "Well, there's just been so much going on, so I nearly forgot you're here. I promise it won't happen again."

Dalton shot a glance at her. "Well, I've been just fine these past few days. I had coffee and refreshments - I didn't even miss a single meeting. Grandpa's back, too. He told us to join him for lunch."

Wynter hummed. "Let's head over, then. Coincidentally, I came on my bike."

Meanwhile, Rohan, kept in the holding cell, was having his meal when he suddenly collapsed, foam spilling from his mouth. The custody officers hurriedly called for an ambulance and reported the situation to Lucas.

As Wynter was about to leave for Theo's residence on her superbike, her phone suddenly rang. Seeing that it was a call from Lucas, she quickly answered, "What's wrong, Lucas?" "Rohan was eating in his cell when he suddenly started foaming at the mouth. We rushed him to the hospital, but it was too late," Lucas informed her grimly.

To that, Wynter replied that she would gather more information at the hospital. Although Dalton could infer the situation from her words, he said nothing and merely gazed at her.

Sensing his gaze, Wynter explained, "Mr. Tarvin, Colifernia Chamber of Commerce's chairman we arrested recently, had an unexpected incident while dining. We need to visit the hospital before heading to Mr. Theo's place."

With that, she started the engine and rode off toward the hospital.

As for Theo, he had grown more fond of Wynter, especially since he received her message urging him to leave Colifernia for fear of the virus outbreak.

He made a call to Fabian and asked, "Hey, Fabian, when are we going to arrange Wynter's wedding? We can't wait to have her join our family-we even prepared the wedding gifts!"

On the other end of the line, Fabian replied, "It's not my place to meddle in the youngsters' decisions. Besides, it's up to Wynter to choose if she wants to marry. She's still young, and I doubt her brothers will approve of her marriage."

"Those boys aren't a concern. What truly matters is Wynter's consent. If she agrees, we could have the wedding tomorrow morning, and by the afternoon, she'll be a cherished member of our family," Theo persuaded.

The two elders went back and forth-one pushing for the wedding to happen soon, while the other was reluctant to see Wynter get married.

At that moment, Wynter stood over Rohan's corpse, observing his purple lips and the foams lingering around his mouth.

"He ate the same food as us, yet this happened," the custody officer reported.

When asked whether they had bought the food from outside, he replied affirmatively, "We got it from our regular restaurant."

Hearing that, Wynter ordered a search for clues at the restaurant mentioned. She quickly realized that Rohan was marked for death, and Eric had likely staged it.

Despite knowing that Eric was behind Rohan's death, Wynter had no evidence to prove it.

Taking out a silver needle, she inserted it into one of Rohan's acupuncture points. When she withdrew the needle, it was blackened.

There was no mistaking it-Rohan was silenced. Eric must've realized that she had noticed him, so he asked her out for tea and presented himself as one of Gordon's retired loyal followers.

"Take care of the corpse and send it to the chamber of commerce. Tell the members that Mr. Tarvin died of food poisoning," Wynter instructed the custody officer.

Though Rohan held no significance to her, his life still mattered. No one should ever take another's life in any way.

"Come one, let's go to Mr. Theo's place," Wynter said as she glanced at Dalton.

Just as they arrived at Theo's residence, the table was already set with food. Upon stepping inside, they found Theo on the phone. It was surprising how long the elders could talk. As expected, the entire discussion revolved around the couple's wedding.

Noticing their arrival, Theo shouted into the phone, "Enough talking, my granddaughter-in-law is here!" He then swiftly ended the call.

"Hey, when did my granddaughter become your in-law?" However, Fabian's confused protests echoed in the silence.

Theo turned to Wynter with a beaming smile. "Come and sit here, Wynter. I know you have a light appetite, so I prepared your favorite food."

He didn't even bother to spare Dalton a glance, seemingly regarding his grandson as little more than a messenger. Dalton shook his head and sat beside Wynter.

"Try this, Wynter. It's delicious! And this, too!" Theo insisted as he piled Wynter's plate high with food.

Just then, he suddenly inquired, "When will you have the wedding, Wynter? I've already spoken with Fabian, and we're both eager to meet our great-granddaughter." Wynter was taken aback before replying, "We'll get to that once everything is wrapped up." Theo was elated by the response. "Fantastic! I'll be waiting for your good news."

As evening approached, Wynter excused herself to handle her affairs, while Dalton chatted with Theo.

Riding her superbike, she noticed a car rapidly closing in behind her before swerving into her lane. She immediately slammed on the brakes and intended to examine the situation, when a sudden flash in the distance caught her eye.

Her alertness shot up, and she attempted to move toward a blind spot. The moment she shifted, a bullet shot toward her from above.

Despite there being only a few pedestrians around, the sound of the gunshot still sent them into a panic.

Wynter swiftly issued an order through the dark web. "Track my location and lock down the streets. Someone just fired a rifle in the open. Search carefully, and don't let anyone suspicious escape!"

When Wynter looked back at the place where the shot came from, there was no one there.

Just as she prepared to move, a figure suddenly appeared before her with a gun pointing straight at her.

Wynter was surprised upon recognizing his face. "It's you!"