

## The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell )

Chapter 231 Her Biological Parents

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Chapter **231** Her Biological Parents

Wynter paid no attention to Angela and her clique. Instead, she found herself surrounded by classmates. Some offered congratulations, while others looked on with envy.

Someone even said, "Wynter, I'm sorry for misunderstanding you before." Wynter brushed off such remarks with a smile.

With

the announcement of the results, her classmates grew more eager to engage with her

They inundated her with questions about her study techniques and how she consistentlyaced even the toughest questions. Wynter didn't hold back and wrote down her problem-solving strategies on the blackboard for everyone.

As her classmates witnessed her explanations, they were enlightened, and in no time, their address for her changed from "Wynter" to "Wynter the Genius".

In less than half an hour, Wynter had amassed a group of admirers. Quinton was present throughout, and he was utterly dumbfounded by what he witnessed.

He reached for his phone, intending to text—Yvette, but found himself at a loss for words. The Wynter he saw was nothing like the one Yvette described.

She radiated such brilliance, like a beacon of light, drawing people naturally to follow her

lead.

His grandfather had once remarked that such a commanding presence was a trait only acquired by those seasoned in wisdom. Yet, Wynter possessed it at such a young age. It left Quinton's inner world in disarray.

Margaret's heart brimmed with joy as she watched her radiant granddaughter. After all, Wynter didn't have many friends at school, and she was always isolated.

Fortunately, things had turned around. Wynter's classmates now surrounded her, showing warmth and addressing Margaret affectionately as "Mrs. Yates Senior". They even expressed their admiration for her live streams.

Margaret had never imagined life could hold such promise. Everything at home was improving, although the goodness felt somewhat surreal. Even as they returned home, Margaret still felt a sense of disbelief.

Susan was eagerly awaiting the results back at Waterview Alley. She asked, "Mrs. Yates Senior, how did it go?"

Margaret became the center of attention as she shared the news with their neighbors. When

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she told them about Wynter's results, Warren was so astonished that he almost dropped his

"What did you say? A CGPA of 4.07" he exclaimed. Margaret nodded with delight.

"The highest achiever from the neighboring St. Holland High School only scored a CGPA of 105. Wynter is on track for Northorn University! That's incredible!"

"Mrs. Yates Senior, this child mustn't be held back!" Warren insisted.

Margaret took her neighbors' words to heart. Considering her family's financial struggles, they hadn't prioritized education.

Margaret had witnessed numerous families relocating to Kingbourne for the sake of their children's education.

She feared that Wynter's exceptional results might go to waste in Southdale if anything went wrong. She thought deeply about this matter and decided to call Victor for advice.

Upon hearing Margaret's concerns, Victor responded, "If you hadn't called today, I still would've reached out to you. Margaret, Wynter is gifted.

"While Southdale is alright, it's somewhat restricted. I was surprised by her grades yesterday. Initially, I considered keeping her at the medical academy as a representative..."

He paused briefly before adding, "But I can't be selfish. I'll make the arrangements in Kingbourne and focus on getting Wynter transferred. With less than half a year until the entrance exam, there's still time."

Margaret was thankful to have such a decisive friend in Victor, whose actions showed his unwavering support.

However, Wynter was unaware that both Victor and Margaret hoped she would transfer to Kingbourne.

With an impeccable memory, she would thrive regardless of the environment. Her true passions laid in mergers and acquisitions, as well as in healing others.

As Welkin Corporation expanded its portfolio, Gregory, the head of external affairs in Kingbourne, was in high spirits.

The secretary asked him, "Mr. Wollen, why are you so happy today?"

Gregory chuckled, "I sense the return of an old friend."

It was obvious who the old friend was. When Wynter returned to Kingbourne, those old buddies of hers would surely be overjoyed!

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Without confirming anything. Wynter signed the acquisition agreement and proceeded to clean her equipment in preparation for tomorrow's live stream.

Suddenly, a voice with a rural accent came through "I wonder if we've found the right place, dear. Is this the Empathy Clinic?"

## Chapter 232 Were They Truly Her Parents

Wynter glanced up to see a humble couple standing at the door, carrying bundles of belongings and appearing dusty from their journey. Wynter paused her actions and replied,

Yes?

The woman's face lit up with joy. "Do you know Dr. Genius?"

"That's me. And you are-

But before Wynter could finish her sentence, the woman covered her mouth and burst into tears. "Wynter, my dear, we've finally found you!" Tears streamed down her face. Her cries were so heartfelt that they were almost choked.

As the commotion drew the attention of the neighbors, they gathered around to see what was happening.

"What's going on?" someone asked.

"Are these Wynter's biological parents?" another neighbor inquired.

Wynter, standing in the center, hesitated for a moment, then looked back at the couple.

The man, with a weathered face and a humble demeanor, spoke up, "Your mother has been longing for you. She feared she might never see you again. We traveled all night just to find you."

"Why are you telling her this?" The woman nudged the man, her eyes brimming with tears. Witnessing this scene, the neighbors couldn't help but feel moved.

Wynter spoke up, "Please, come inside."

The couple remained timid, and even after entering, they didn't look around. They truly embodied the essence of simple mountain folk. Wynter brewed tea and offered them fruits and snacks, which the couple politely accepted.

Margaret couldn't bear to see their discomfort. "Treat this as your own home, don't be shy." Wynter remained silent, idly playing with her teacup as she drifted into deep thought.

The woman turned to Margaret with gratitude. "Thank you for looking after Wynter all this time. We're truly indebted to you!"

Before she could kneel, Wynter intervened with a gentle smile. "I'll repay Grandma's kindness. You both must be tired from your journey. Let's sit and chat."

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"okay " The woman extended her hand tentatively toward Wynter's face. However, apprehensive of Wynter's possible rejection, she withdrew her hand "You've grown so much! When you were little, you were so cute, obedient, and fate"

Wynter's memory was fragmented, leaving her curious about whether the events of the past were intentional or accidental so she asked the woman for more details, wanting to fill in the gaps.

The woman recounted the events clearly "It was raining heavily that day, and Mrs. Yates and I were both at the same clinic, ready to give birth. Then, a mountain disaster struck, and the clinic was plunged into darkness. We couldn't see anything..."

In the chaos, the nurses accidentally switched the babies of two families. This aligned perfectly with what Wynter had discovered herself. The details matched so well that it left Wynter with an indescribable feeling.

The woman looked at her, appearing somewhat uneasy, "Wynter, don't overthink it. Though we live in a remote mountain area, our family is not poor. We won't burden you. I just wanted to see you."

The compassionate Margaret couldn't bear to see this. Her eyes welled up with tears. The woman even lowered her head and patted the luggage by her side. "I brought some money for you. Your father brought mushrooms from the mountains. You and your grandmother can either eat them or sell them."

The man nodded and said, "Yes, yes, yes."

The couple appeared to be unfortunate parents in search of their daughter, and everything about them seemed genuine and sincere.

That evening, Margaret insisted on hosting them for dinner, and the atmosphere in the yard became especially lively. Amidst the meal, the topic of their delayed arrival was broached. The woman laughed bitterly and said, "Her younger brother fell ill, and was diagnosed with acute pneumonia. We couldn't risk traveling until he was discharged from the hospital."

lit up. "Wynter has a younger brother?" Margaret's eyes

The woman nodded, "Yes. He wanted to visit his sister. Despite his health condition, he insisted on coming along. But the doctors said he still needs treatment."

Margaret frowned. "He still needs treatment?"

The woman fought back tears, her voice strained. "It's nothing serious. It's just that he really wants to see his sister."

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Hearing this, Wynter's gaze locked onto her, as if she could see right through her....

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## Chapter 233 Unraveling Her Origins

The man's nudge silenced the woman, but the teary gleam in her eyes betrayed the turbulence lurking within their home. Margaret's heart swelled with empathy for them.

She turned her gaze toward Wynter, who was tapping her fingers on the table in a rhythmic pattern, lost in her own thoughts.

After dinner, Margaret suggested they stay the night. However, the couple declined, mentioning they had already found a nearby inn. Before leaving, they left a parcel for Wynter.

Margaret couldn't shake her concern, even finding herself unable to focus on the television shows. "Your brother is seriously ill," she mentioned.

"Sounds like it," Wynter replied. Lost in thought, she habitually twirled her teacup with her fingertips.

Margaret straightened her posture and suggested, "Wynter, let's make a trip to Havenlight County to visit your brother."

"Alright," Wynter responded, her smile serene. "You're right. It's time we visited him."

The parcel left by the couple included their identification, leaving Wynter pondering whether it was an oversight or a deliberate gesture. Regardless, Wynter knew she had to unravel the mysteries of her past.

Back then, with scarce internet access and few locals of Havenlight County exploring outside their vicinity, Wynter's investigation led her only to the Empathy Clinic.

Upon reflection, the Paradise Village in Havenlight County did seem rather peculiar. It was a place so elusive that even the Dark Web Alliance couldn't penetrate.

Wynter's lips curved into a smile. "I'll give them a call later."

Margaret didn't detect anything out of the ordinary. She tenderly ran her hand through Wynter's hair. "From now on, you'll have your parents to take care of you."

Years ago, Wanda ventured to the county to give birth to climb the social ladder. The landslide was indeed a significant disaster, documented and accessible even to this day.

With the scars still visible on her belly from that tragic incident, Wanda naturally harbored **resentment** toward her child. Neither Wanda nor Ewan proved themselves fit for the role of

parents.

Margaret let out a heavy sigh. "When your mother thanked me, I was **at** a loss for words. The

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**Yates** haven't treated you kindly."

Wynter nestled her head onto Margaret's shoulder, "Grandma, having you is more than enough."

As Wolf returned from mushroom picking, he stumbled upon the heartwarming sight. His eyes gleamed with a hint of jealousy as he too desired to join in the embrace. Margaret's face lit up with affection when she saw Wolf.

However, Wynter didn't entertain Wolf's desire, "I'll be leaving on a trip tomorrow, so you stay here and keep Grandma company," she instructed firmly.

Before Wolf could even react, Margaret interjected, "No, we're all going together."

"Grandma, with the recent rain in the mountains, your leg will surely ache," Wynter gently persuaded. "When that happens, I'll need to take care of you."

That was the most compelling reason she could think of. Otherwise, Margaret would undoubtedly remain stubborn.

Margaret considered for a moment before deciding, "You can't go alone. Wolf will accompany you."

"If he goes, he'll devour all the food in the village," Wynter joked, glancing at Wolf.

Wolf lowered his gaze, seemingly lost in thought.

Wynter subtly hinted, "The Empathy Clinic is popular now. To prevent any further reports, it would be best for you to stay at home and take care of Grandma."

Wolf confidently patted his chest, reassuringly implying, "Don't worry, leave it to me!" Once they had reached an agreement, Wynter made a call to her parents.

The couple questioned incredulously, "Wait, are you saying you can actually come back with **us**?"

Wynter calmly responded, "I'm planning to make a short trip to visit my ailing brother."

Tears of joy flowed down the woman's face as she exclaimed, "You and your brother are always looking out for each other. Gary will be over the moon when he hears this! Sweetie, call Gary right away!"

As Wynter listened to the commotion on the other end of the call, her beautiful face stayed hidden in the shadows, keeping her expression a mystery.

Nevertheless, a slight chuckle could be heard in her voice as she advised, "Get some rest, and I'll see you tomorrow."

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“Alright, alright! See you tomorrow!”

The woman’s excitement from a moment ago vanished instantly after she ended the call. “That girl is truly difficult to deal with!”

## Chapter 234 Tricked Back Home

The man, puffing on his cigarette and engrossed in a game on his phone, chuckled, “Well, at **least** Yvette didn’t deceive us. That girl truly is a beauty.”

“No matter what, we can’t afford any slip-ups tomorrow,” the woman **said** with a frown. “Yvette didn’t disclose how sharp she is. Look at the questions she asked me. They were all probing!”

This couple had been involved in human trafficking for many years, especially Fanny. She **was** a master of deception. It was difficult for ordinary people to **see** through her unless they were experienced detectives.

Unlike Fanny, Dickson Quirk wasn’t as skilled at deception. As a result, he kept his words minimal and concentrated on transportation.

Reassuringly, he said, “You don’t have to worry about tomorrow. We’ll take the usual route. It’s only right for us to meet our daughter, and no one will suspect a thing.”

Fanny harbored resentment. “It’s all because of that family. They’re constantly watching us like hawks and hindering our business. With so many children back then, who would’ve known which one belonged to them?”

“Keep your voice down,” Dickson pulled her closer. “We are lucky that the village chief is suppressing this matter. Otherwise, it would have been exposed. Don’t talk about it anymore and avoid them when we go back”

The couple bickered with each other until midnight

The next day dawned, and before Margaret could even prepare breakfast, the couple arrived, bearing a heap of food. Inside the house, Wynter wrote a note to Wolf. After reading it, Wolf nodded knowingly.

The couple waited outside. Wynter packed very few belongings, with only a single black bag slung over her shoulder.

Atop her head sat a baseball cap, taming her waist-length hair, while her attire consisted of a black T-shirt and trousers.

Adorning her fair wrist was a purple sugilite pendant that added an elegant touch to her overall appearance.



As Wynter emerged, Fanny nudged Dickson, signaling him to swiftly approach and assist Wynter with her bag.

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"I can handle it myself," Wynter smiled lightly. The couple didn't argue over helping her with the bag.

Margaret couldn't bear to part with Wynter. Even if it was just for a few days, she showed her with endless reminders. Havenlight County had no access to high-speed trains, with not even a train station available.

The only way to return was by taking a long-distance bus. The terrain was rugged, nestled amidst mountains, and bordered by a river.

When they arrived at the bus terminal, Fanny clutched the ticket and explained, "Your father was concerned that you wouldn't be comfortable on a large bus, so he arranged for a

minivan."

"A minivan?" Wynter raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Meanwhile, Dickson was already seated inside waving to them. "Over here, dear!"

While the exterior of the minivan looked worn out, the interior was surprisingly spacious. The back seats were folded down to accommodate their luggage. Besides the driver, there were only three of them.

Dickson was haggling with the driver over the fare. The five-hour mountain journey cost 800 dollars, with delivery to the village included.

Fanny chuckled softly. "I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable. This way, we can stop anytime for you to use the bathroom." Indeed, Wynter couldn't stand long rides on big buses.

As a medical student, she possessed a keen sense of smell, and the rough terrain of the journey could easily trigger headaches for her. Wynter simply grabbed her black bag and climbed into the minivan.

With w

Wynter already settled in the minivan, the couple exchanged a glance, feeling a sense of ease. Their smiles grew wider as the minivan successfully left the city and merged onto the highway.

Fanny glanced at Wynter and handed her a bottle of mineral water. "Wynter, it's a long journey. Have some **water**."

"No, thanks." Wynter shifted her gaze from the window and smiled. "I'll take a nap," she said.

Fanny returned the smile warmly. "I'll wake you up when we reach the rest stop."

"Okay," Wynter said, closing her eyes. At that moment, she seemed like an innocent young

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girl who was untouched by the complexities of the world.

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Fanny exchanged a glance with Dickson, and a hint of disdain flashed in their eyes. Despite looking formidable, Wynter, like most students, was inexperienced and easily deceived.

In contrast, the couple were seasoned human traffickers.

#### Chapter 234 Tricked Back Home

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Chapter 235 Cautioning Dr. Genius

Raindrops tapped gently against the windowpane, creating a soothing melody. However, Margaret couldn't shake her unease. With Wynter gone, even with a full list of patients to tend to, the courtyard felt empty and desolate.

Unlike the heavy rains in Southdale, the mountains merely cast a somber shadow over the land.

Fanny's soft voice broke the silence, "Wynter, would you like to stop at the rest area for some food?"

"Sure," Wynter replied agreeably. However, she made sure to bring along her trusty black bag. This peculiar action of hers caught Dickson's attention as he stepped out of the car to smoke.

The driver nodded subtly at Dickson. Dickson lowered his voice and said, "Let's not rush."

He fretted over the thought of Wynter waking up midway without having consumed the dugged water.

Taking any action on the highway wasn't safe. They had to wait until they reached Havenlight County to pull over.

The food options at the rest stop were limited, **but** Fanny made sure Wynter was well taken care of. To onlookers, she appeared to be the epitome of a caring mother.

"Be careful, it's hot," Fanny warned as she placed a bowl of noodles in front of Wynter.

Just as Wynter **was** about to take a bite of her noodles, a voice broke the silence with surprise. "Hey, aren't you the young doctor who was gathering mushrooms on the mountain that day?"

Harry's eyes lit up when he saw Wynter. "I've been wanting to find you at Waterview Alley! What brings you here?"

Wynter had an impeccable memory for faces, so when she looked at Harry, she instantly recalled their previous meeting. "Sir, it appears your heart has recovered."

"Thanks to your advice that day on the mountain," Harry remarked, his brows furrowing. Where are you headed? And what brings you to this rest stop?"

Wynter smirked slightly. "I'm going back to my hometown with my mom."

Though initially wary of the stranger's sudden appearance, Fanny couldn't help but smile upon hearing Wynter's words. "We're here to pick up Wynter."

## Chapter 235 Cautioning Dr. Genius

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Harry found it peculiar. Hadn't Wynter mentioned before that she was an orphan? How did she suddenly have a mother?

"Hello," Harry greeted, though puzzled. "Dr. Genius, where are you headed? I have a car. I can give you a lift." Harry had been itching to repay Wynter for saving his life on the mountain.

Wynter blew on her noodles and calmly stated, "We're heading to the Paradise Village in Havenlight County."

However, Harry's expression changed drastically at the mention of Paradise Village. He glanced at the woman beside Wynter as if he had something to say. However, he hesitated.

Wynter asked, "What is it?"

"Dr. Genius, are you from there?" Harry found it hard to believe.

Wynter chuckled lightly, deflecting the topic. "Probably."

"What do you mean, probably? That place..." Harry halted as he noticed the woman's gaze shifting toward them.

Wynter raised an eyebrow and asked indifferently, "What about it?"

"It's dangerous, especially for college girls and children," but Harry couldn't bring himself to say it directly. He had already noticed the local trafficker smoking outside.

As for Wynter's mother, she also appeared peculiar, although Harry couldn't precisely pinpoint why.

In an attempt to avoid the local trafficker's gaze, he lowered his voice and cautioned, "Dr. Genius, it's best if you don't go there. That place is infested with mosquitoes, and there are many diseases. I'm afraid you won't adapt well."

"Your friend is quite humorous," Fanny remarked as she handed Wynter a piece of sausage. "We're going home, and we have medicine for dealing with mosquitoes."

Harry's face turned even grimmer at Fanny's reply. It was a coded message, warning him not to stir up trouble.

“What’s the deal?” Dickson chimed in, appearing at just the right moment with his trademark humble look. As Dickson and the driver drew nearer, Harry’s eyes darted about nervously.

## Chapter 236 Drugged

Fanny grinned and said, “Looks like Wynter bumped into an old friend.”

“An old friend? Well then, buddy, why don’t you join us on the ride back?” Dickson said, warmly draping his arm over Harry’s shoulder.

Harry quickly shook his head. “No, it’s alright. I’ve got a car.”

With a concerned glance, he turned to Wynter and said, “Hey, Dr. Genius, I’ll be taking off. Take care on your journey, okay?” Harry stressed the word “take care”, hoping Wynter would catch on to **his** concern.

But to his surprise, Wynter just smiled. “Don’t worry, sir. With my parents by my side, I’ll be fine,” she said. With that, she lowered her gaze and resumed slurping her noodles.

Seeing her relaxed demeanor, Dickson eased up. “That’s my girl...”

Harry felt a twinge of anxiety. How could Wynter be so oblivious? However, he couldn’t say much, especially considering they were her parents. He could report the situation, but he feared it would only stir up trouble.

As a local, Harry knew about Paradise Village in Havenlight County. It was a place known for its dangers, and no ordinary person would dare to venture there alone.

Furthermore, the destination they were headed to fell outside the jurisdiction of any authority. Over the years, there had been reports filed, but they all ended up being

unresolved.

Harry feared reprisal from the local thugs if he got involved. However, he couldn’t abandon Wynter, who had saved his life. He paused briefly and then turned back as if to intervene.

However, before he could say a word, Wynter cut in, saying, “Sir, drive safe out there. Your daughter’s waiting for you back home. Go on, get back to her.” Harry was taken aback.

Meanwhile, Fanny had finished packing and was ready to hop in the car. Wynter’s innocent smile seemed to hide everything beneath it. As Harry stood there in bewilderment, the old minivan had already pulled **away**.

As soon as they got into the car, Fanny started questioning her, "Wynter, who's that man? He seemed quite concerned about you, and he even spoke

in our county's accent."

Wynter nonchalantly propped her chin up and replied, "He's just someone I met on the mountain once. I treated him for an illness."

Hearing her words, the driver and Dickson exchanged a glance. With that sorted, there was

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no need to fret. He was merely a patient, so it was unlikely that he would interfere in their

affairs.

"You must be tired. Get some more sleep. Your mom will wake you up when we arrive," Dickson said with a smile.

Fanny was equally considerate. She adjusted her seat to make sure Wynter slept soundly.

"It's nice having parents," Wynter remarked with a yawn, sinking her chin into the collar of her black T-shirt as she lazily stretched.

Despite only the upper half of her face being visible, she exuded an innocent beauty. Soon, drowsiness took over, and her eyelids grew heavy.

When Fanny noticed her sleepy expression, she knew instantly that the medicine in the instant noodles had taken effect. Her grin grew wider.

After five minutes had passed, Wynter appeared to have drifted into a deep slumber. Fanny waved her hand in front of Wynter to check her response. Finding Wynter unresponsive, her expression instantly changed.

"This is driving me nuts. Pass me a cigarette, will you?" Fanny requested, skillfully reaching for her lighter.

Dickson couldn't help but feel a bit impatient. "How is it possible that you two manage to bump into one of her old friends even while eating noodles?"

"Who knows," Fanny's heart began to race. "Could something go wrong?"



Dickson pointed ahead. "We're nearly at the exit. Don't worry, that guy seems timid. Just keep an eye on her."

"Once we reach the village, she won't be able to leave anyway, so why bother watching her?" Fanny glanced at Wynter again. "But I must admit, this girl has quite a charm."

The driver chuckled. "Can't bear to see her go, Madam Fanny?"

Fanny sighed deeply and said, "It's a pity." She affectionately ruffled Wynter's hair. "Lassie, if anyone's to blame, it's your striking looks..."

## Chapter **237** The Enigmatic Village

The village chief had already seen the photos of Wynter and was quite taken with her appearance. He made it clear that he wished to meet her promptly.

Fanny and the others were eager to bring Wynter over as soon as possible. They knew they had to keep up the charade to ensure Wynter remained compliant.

After all, many young women who initially resisted eventually accepted their fate after experiencing intimacy. They settled down in Paradise Village to raise families. Indeed, once a woman transitioned into motherhood, her heart found peace.

As they entered Paradise Village, Fanny immediately reached out to the matchmaker to arrange a meeting for that evening.

The meeting was set for that night. After all, the longer things took, the more potential for complications.

The journey was far from smooth. The road ahead was riddled with potholes and bumps, causing the van to jostle and shake relentlessly. In terms of infrastructure, some areas were overlooked, resulting in unreliable internet along the road.

When Wynter finally stirred from her slumber, she found the van had come to a halt.

Fanny affectionately looked at her and said, "Wynter, it's time to get out. Let's go meet your grandfather."

Wynter's long hair was slightly tousled, but her composed demeanor remained unchanged. She lifted a hand to her forehead. "I feel a bit dizzy."

"You've been in the car too long, and the road was rough," Fanny said, handing her a plum. "Have this to wake yourself up."

Dickson unloaded all the luggage from the car. Wynter, clutching her black bag, stood gracefully by the village sign, taking in the quaint path ahead.

“Wynter, let’s go. Everyone at home is eager to see you,” Fanny urged. Indeed, everyone was eager to welcome the victim they had brought back this time.

The villagers were incredibly hospitable. They warmly greeted Dickson when he returned.

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“Dickson, you’re back! Is this the girl you brought back from the city this time?” a middle-aged man inquired.

“She’s stunning!” a woman chimed in.

## Chapter 237 The Enigmatic Village

Dickson chuckled, ruffling his hair. “You bet! Come over for drinks sometime!”

“Absolutely!” the man replied with a nod.

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Wynter remained silent throughout the stroll as if still shaking off her slumber. Her quiet demeanor put Dickson at ease.

He preferred this version of her to the one who seemed to see through everyone back in the city. Moreover, she would have to switch out of her attire at the earliest chance.

As Dickson pondered this, they arrived at the Quirk family’s residence. Indeed, as Fanny had mentioned, their family wasn’t lacking in resources.

At least within the village, their home stood out with its tiled roof and spacious courtyard. The yard harbored a small vegetable patch where eggplants and cucumbers flourished under the warm village sun.

Additionally, several mother hens roamed around, and their cheerful clucking filled the air. It was the perfect picture of rural bliss, where every moment felt serene and inviting.

The tranquil scene was shattered by the sudden appearance of two menacing dogs. Their aggressive gaze was fixed on Wynter as if poised to attack at any sudden movement. Dickson was taken aback by the unleashed dog and shouted into the house, “Gary, what are you doing? How could you leave Biggie and Brownie unattended?”

Turning back to Wynter, Dickson reassured her, “Don’t worry, Wynter. Biggie and Brownie may look fierce, but they won’t harm anyone in the family.”

That remark piqued Wynter's curiosity. If the dogs wouldn't harm their family members, did that mean she was exempt since she wasn't officially part of the family?

Wynter arched an eyebrow at his words and let out a chuckle. Her laughter hung in the air, causing Dickson to wonder if he had misheard.

"Hey! You're my sister, aren't you?" Suddenly, a figure emerged from the house, swiftly reaching out to grasp Wynter's hand.

This boy was anything but a child. He was tall, robust, and appeared to be around 15 years old.

Wynter gazed at his face and smiled gently. "You certainly don't look sick. You seem quite healthy."

## Chapter 238 Cracking the Enigma Puzzle

"..." Gary, still young and naive, was taken aback by Wynter's words. His gaze began to wander as if it were about to betray him.

Fanny immediately intervened, saying, "He's just trying to act tough. He's healed yet, but he insisted on coming out."

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Gary did indeed have a cold. His voice was hoarse as he said, "I've missed you."

"Alright, let's all head inside," Dickson said, smiling. "We'll let Wynter try some of our home-cooked dishes." The couple, cleverly synchronized, ushered Wynter into the house.

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Inside, it was a multi-generational abode. Dickson introduced them one by one:

grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins-in-law.

Everyone else seemed quite ordinary, except for the young cousin-in-law, who was only a couple of years older than Wynter. She appeared disheveled, holding a child in her arms with a vacant expression.

Wynter called out to her cousin-in-law a couple of times before she finally snapped back to reality. "Oh, hello," she greeted, her voice devoid of any rural accent.

Wynter glanced at the inside of her cousin-in-law's forearm and teasingly remarked, "You're not a local, are you?"

"I..." Yarra Raine looked at Wynter as if she wanted to say something.

Fanny nudged her from behind. "Yarra, why are you standing here foolishly? The ribs are ready. Why don't you go eat a few pieces?" The underlying threat in her words was evident.

Yarra immediately lowered her gaze. "Right, I want ribs. Gotta eat meat to grow tall," she mumbled to herself.

Wynter raised an eyebrow at the childish remarks. "Mom, is there something off about her?" "She's got some issues," Fanny explained, pointing to her head. "She nearly drowned once, and when she woke up, she started telling everyone she's a college student from the city." Wynter chuckled as she toyed with the purple sugilite pendant around her waist. "That does explain her foolishness."

"It's not just that," Fanny continued. "When she sees strangers, she cowers and cries for help. She scared away quite a few tourists previously. Did she frighten you too?"

Wynter glanced innocently at Fanny. "A little. Her messy hair was rather scary." Upon

Chapter 238 cracking the Tingana Puzzle

hearing this, Yarra slouched even further.

The Quirks had prepared a table full of dishes. Despite the lively atmosphere, Yarra never once lifted her head.

Seated next to her, a 30-year-old man gently coaxed, "Darling, try this dish." Yarra acted like a puppet, obediently doing as she was told.

Wynter's gaze shifted toward them. Noticing this, Fanny leaned in to explain, "Finding someone for Yarra isn't easy, but fortunately, Beny doesn't mind. Other than the age gap, everything else is fine."

Just then, Dickson accidentally knocked over a dish while toasting, splattering Wynter's T-

shirt.

Fanny stood up and scolded, "Dear, how could you be so careless!"

Dickson's face flushed red as he stammered, "I...."

"It's alright, it's just a shirt. I'll change into something else," Wynter said shyly. "Since Yarra is around my age, could she help me watch the door?"

Wynter specifically asked for Yarra, prompting Fanny to frown instinctively. "Wynter, you..."

"I'm shy," Wynter lowered her eyes and explained.

Wynter's fair complexion, along with her long, dense eyelashes, exuded an innocent vibe that eased Fanny's doubts. She glanced at Dickson, who nodded in agreement, before saying, "Yarra, go with Wynter, but don't act strangely."

Yarra shifted awkwardly, her expression somewhat blank. Wynter didn't attempt to hold her hand either. The two walked away, one after the other.

As they vanished into the house, Gary trailed along, as was his custom, ensuring Yarra wouldn't attempt to flee.

Fanny lowered her voice. "Beny, why did you let her come out?"

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## Chapter Ato Something Different

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Dickson chimed in with frustration, "Beny, I hate to say it, but It's been three years. How come you still haven't sorted her out?"

"Well, being a university student, she's literate and harder to handle," Beny chuckled. "But hey, Dickson, the girl you brought back this time is really good-looking! She seems well-behaved too. Maybe 1-

Fanny cut him off sharply. "Don't even think about it! The village head fancies her, and they're coming over soon to check her out. Wipe that lecherous grin off your face!"

Fanny sneered, "Thank goodness this girl is dim-witted. Otherwise, with your lecherous look. I'd have to figure out a way to fool her!"

'Alright, let's put an end to this discussion," Dickson intervened. "Keep a close watch on the man Yarra brought along. Make sure he doesn't come out."

Beny's anger flared at the mention of it. "He's just some brat who popped out of nowhere, daring to meddle in our village's affairs. It's really getting on my nerves."

Dickson frowned. "He's no ordinary fellow. Even with ten times the sedatives, he wouldn't go down. If it weren't for the village head's help, he might've snatched Yarra away! What then? The whole family would be in trouble thanks to you!"

"He didn't take her," Beny snapped impatiently. "I checked. They're not involved. Yarra just happened to save someone and ran into this brat. Damn busybody!"

"Regardless, keep a close watch," Dickson warned.

"He's locked in the cellar, with Biggie and Brownie on watch. He won't get out," Beny assured his mother as he dished out more food. "Ma, stop eating just potatoes, have some

meat."

The family continued their meal unperturbed, seemingly accustomed to such occurrences. Through the window, the Quirks appeared to be just another peaceful and warm family. But beneath the surface, things were quite different.

Yarra wanted to follow Wynter inside the house, but Gary stood behind her, making sure she

## Chapter 239 Something Different

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Unable to express herself verbally, Yarra communicated with her eyes, silently urging Wynter to glance outside. She hoped her message would be understood.

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Finally, Wynter glanced back but only gave a faint smile before shutting the door. Yarra pondered whether Wynter hadn’t grasped her silent plea or if she genuinely believed Yarra

to be insane.

The more desperate Yarra felt the more relaxed Gary became on patrol.

Little did they know, as soon as Wynter entered the room, her demeanor changed. She chewed on a piece of candy as her gaze drifted toward the window. Within the depths of her eyes, a mysterious allure lingered.

“Biggie and Brownie? That name isn’t as cool as Wolf’s,” she remarked.

Wynter casually lowered her gaze and swiftly changed her T-shirt. She then opened her black bag and retrieved a miniature camera connected to her phone, deftly fastening it to her shirt button.

The receiving device, concealed within the black ring on her index finger, had extensive network coverage. Once everything was set up, she opened the platform and hit the broadcast button.

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"The Empathy Clinic is finally live!" a viewer exclaimed in the chat.

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## Chapter 239 Something Different

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## Chapter **240** Live Broadcast of Human Trafficking

“Something different? I still want to do live consultations via video call, sob!”

Wynter chuckled softly. “There won’t be any consultations today. Pay attention, everyone. We’re shooting human trafficking live to help prevent it.”

“What?” a viewer exclaimed.

“Did I hear that correctly? Trafficking?” another curious viewer inquired.

“Whoa! That’s exciting!” Some viewers even expressed excitement about the topic.

“Dr. Genius? Hello? Dr. Genius, can you speak?” a worried viewer asked.

Wynter remained silent. She muted her earphones, leaving only the microphone on.

Fanny’s alertness sparked as she realized it had been a while and Wynter still hadn’t emerged. “Wynter, have **you** changed your clothes? We have guests at home who would like to see you!” she called from outside the door.

“What’s happening?” a curious voice chimed in.

“Is this scripted?” another wondered.

Wynter opened the door and walked out. The camera focused on Fanny's face.

However, Fanny was entirely unaware of the camera's presence. She was pleased with Wynter's attire. "Wynter, your aunt heard you've returned and insists on arranging a match for you. Let's meet them first. Even if you don't agree, it's okay."

"What?" Wynter frowned, her irritation bubbling up. "I'm not even 20 years old, and I don't intend to marry. Didn't you ask me to come back to tend to my brother's illness?"

Fanny chuckled and said, "Silly girl, I felt bad to reject them. This family is well-off, and you won't find anyone wealthier around here. Besides, he's a government official. Since they're here, let's just meet them."

"What's going on?" a viewer exclaimed.

"Yeah, something feels off about her mother," another viewer added.

"Wait, didn't Dr. Genius only have a grandmother?" someone asked.

Fanny was still unaware of the livestream. Her demeanor turned stern as Wynter disregarded her words. "Wynter, this isn't the city. Social norms matter here."

Chapter 240 Live Broadenst of Human Trafficking

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"In that case, let's go meet them," Wynter seemed somewhat apprehensive. "But I wonder what position he holds in the government?"

Seeing Wynter's compliance, Fanny affectionately patted her hand. "He works in the village council. Next year, he'll be transferred to the county. His father is the village chief. They have the surname Macintosh."

"But I prefer living in the city. It's easier to make a living there," Wynter continued.

Fanny smiled. "Silly girl, the Macintosh family is no ordinary household. Money's no issue." Lowering her voice, she added, "They practically run the entire county."

"Really? That sounds impressive," Wynter's interest was piqued. "Do they wield that much power?"

"You'll see when you meet them." Fanny thought Wynter was simply money-oriented and believed she could easily sway her. Unlike their daughter Yvette, who adamantly refused to marry Hubert.

Hubert, who was slightly older, was known for his flirtatious nature. However, with the Macintosh family's wealth, marrying him promised a life of prosperity.

Wynter and Fanny walked ahead. Yarra attempted to stop them, but she was powerless to do so. Hubert was there. He was a wolf disguised in sheep's clothing, exploiting his authority in the village for years.

Yarra recalled her past experiences and glanced at Wynter. She couldn't bear to see Wynter's life ruined, especially since it had just begun.

"You" Yarra attempted to speak.

However, Wynter cut her off, "Yarra, I left my bag inside. Could you fetch it for me?"

Yarra couldn't fathom why Wynter still wore a calm smile as if she were unafraid of whatever **was** to come.

x to stop

"Is the girl Dr. Genius?" one viewer speculated.

"Could Dr. Genius be in danger?" another questioned.

"Check the livestream's location!" exclaimed yet another.

"A human trafficking case in Paradise Village? Oh my!"

The comments flooded in without Fanny knowing. Feeling that Yarra was hindering the plan, she quickly ushered her into the house. Inside, there was a black bag with a message written on it.

Chapter 240 Live Broadcast of Hurrian Trafficking

"I know what's going on, told tight. I'll rescue you guys," Yarra stood there, stunned.