

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

Chapter 301 Charlie's Ignorance

Charlie had heard of Lucas' appointment as Secretary-General and recognized him immediately. Beaming, he greeted the latter, "Good day, Mr. Keller!"

Lucas suppressed his rage as he looked at Charlie impassively, "And you are?"

"Charlie Shepherd of the Shepherd family in Southdale. We're rather big in the medical industry," Charlie introduced himself with a gleam in his eyes. "My father and I have met you before."

Standing next to Lucas, Roland Lewis interjected, "Mr. Keller, the Shepherds have provided the resources we needed to rescue those abducted children-"

Lucas cut him off brusquely, "You know him?"

Roland blinked before answering, "Yes. The Shepherds run a renowned social enterprise in Southdale. You might not know this, sir, but they have the most advanced medical equipment and treatment methods. They might be one of the best in the country."

"Oh?" Lucas' expression was inscrutable. "If my memory serves me well, the Shepherds and the Gibsons were close friends, yes?"

Everyone stiffened when they heard this, and the team that had been trailing Lucas grew uneasy.

"Mr. Keller, our family-" Charlie began to explain nervously.

Lucas cut him off with a low chuckle. Although he sounded affable,

Chappé 101 Cnarken ignorance

his words were pointed as he spoke. "The Shepherd family must be quite a force if their son could have our hero thrown out of the

premises with a simple order."

Hero? Charlie wondered who it was. Disbelief filled his eyes when he realized that Lucas was talking about Wynter. How could a bumpkin

like her be the hero in question?

However, his jaw dropped as Lucas brushed past him and approached Wynter. The Shepherds were too full of themselves to see what Wynter had been getting up to since they bade her good riddance at the manor.

That said, Charlie had caught wind of her popular livestreaming, but he doubted she could go far as a streamer, famous or not. He likened her to a peddler whose beauty was her only advantage and did not bother to stay on top of her recent activities.

As such, he gaped helplessly at the older, influential men around him, hoping they could enlighten him about the situation at hand.

Some of these men had close ties to the Shepherd family, and even they had broken out in cold sweat.

One of them sensed that something was amiss and quickly feigned anger. "What's wrong with the Shepherds? Charlie has no right to kick anyone out of this event!"

Lucas paid no attention to these men and their swaying loyalties. He merely came to a stop before Wynter and offered her a handshake.

He said in a strong and clear voice, "Dr. Genius, allow me to thank you on behalf of the women and children who were rescued."

Chap 301 Charles Ignorance

"You're too kind, Mr. Keller." Wynter gave him a courteous smile, her posture straight and elegant. "The operation wouldn't have been a success without your leadership and excellent decision-making."

At this point, everyone at the event had craned their necks to behold this scene. Charlie, in particular, was so stumped that his expression

was comically slack.

Lucas, the Secretary-General himself, had gone up to shake the hand of a young lady in front of all the cameras. As if this weren't shocking enough, his words of gratitude to the young lady had everyone in an

uproar.

The audience began exchanging looks and forgot all about the

Shepherds.

Village and risked

"Dr. Genius? She's the one who went to Paradise

her life getting evidence for the police!" someone cried.

"I watched the entire thing on livestream! Everyone, that's the person we should be thanking for saving our children!" another exclaimed

"The case would never have been cracked without her!"

At once, the parents of the abduction victims all rose to their feet. They weren't so foolish as to not recognize the true hero of the day.

Lucas shot an icy look in Charlie's direction. "Seems like someone is eager to steal the thunder. I suppose I should look into the medical industry to see if there's anything amiss."

"Mr. Keller, there's been a misunderstanding!" Nelson, who had

hurried over to the scene, explained anxiously.

A Secretary-General worth his weight in gold would know that

something was wrong here Lucas exerted &

understanding?

The young Mr Shepherd Rae van ou Mare thrown out by sanity and are want to pass that as a ministered ending"

He Invismund and sale suttangol

the there anvienes Hare who

hemen der know the home of this operation in lave at

Chapter 101 Charlies Jomowance

A Secretary-General worth his weight in gold would know that something was wrong here. Lucas snorted. "A misunderstanding? The young Mr. Shepherd here wanted to have our hero thrown out by security, and you want to pass that off as a misunderstanding?"

He looked around and said authoritatively, "Is there anyone here who hasn't seen or doesn't know the hero of this operation? If so, leave at

once!"

Chapter 302 Eventual Disgrace

Roland was so anxious that he broke into a cold sweat. He quickly

ushered the Shepherd family out of their seats and snapped, "All of

you, to the back!"

"The back?" Charlie was incredulous as he protested, "But I'm supposed to go up on stage for the award!"

Lucas gave Roland an icy look. "Mr. Lewis, I expected better

arrangements from you."

Blood drained from Roland's face. He didn't bother with civility anymore as he grabbed Charlie by the arm and hauled him away. "Who do you think you are to go up on stage? That award is meant for

Dr. Genius!"

Charlie gaped at Roland in surprise. Nelson, on the other hand, knew better than to argue with Roland. As such, he turned away from

Charlie and flashed Lucas a polite smile.

Just like that, the Shepherd family was put up in a remote corner.

Charlie was disgracefully escorted out of the hall as everyone watched in bewilderment. He stared at Roland with wide eyes and

demanded, "Roland, we agreed that I was supposed to go up on stage!"

With nobody watching them outside, Roland let go of Charlie like the latter was a filthy animal and snapped, "That's Mr. Lewis to you!"

Charlie wanted to step forward to confront Roland, but the security team formed a human blockade and stopped him from going any

Chapter 109 I ventual (haqtadel

further.

Roland sneered in contempt and wondered how the Shepherds had managed to raise such an ignorant son. Charlie hadn't even

pretended to understand what Lucas was implying! It was only a

matter of time before Lucas cracked down on the Shepherd family's

crimes.

In the past, Roland wouldn't have balked in front of Lucas.

After all, it would take a lot of work before Lucas could even get a hint of dirt on the Shepherds, and the investigation would have dragged on for months or years on end. At some point, Lucas would probably have called off the investigation or even deemed it a failure.

But things were different now, and Lucas' forces were formidable Nothing good would come to Roland from getting on Lucas' bad side.

Meanwhile, Charles couldn't believe that he had worked on his speech for a full day and overnight for nothing. It didn't help that his fellow university classmates were pelting him with questions in their group

text.

"Charlie, how's the award ceremony? We're all waiting for your

interview!"

"Why are you more anxious about this than Yvette?"

"That's because Yvette is busy and I'm asking on her behalf."

Yvette participated in the conversation diplomatically. "I'm at the school entrance. Coffee's on me, everyone."

"Long live Yvette!"

“An angel through and through-Yvette should be voted model citizen.

Charlie was feeling worse about himself as he read the group’s lively messages. He loosened his tie and could not shake off the bad feeling that was creeping up on him.

He was stunned that Roland and Lucas were speaking up for an imposter like Wynter. Narrowing his eyes, Charlie was determined to keep this a secret from his classmates.

“Something’s come up, guys,” Charlie texted. “An important

consultation came in and I have to miss the ceremony. Someone else will receive the award on my behalf. Sorry for the wait. Dinner’s on me when I get back to Kingbourne.”

The excitement in the group text died down at once. Some of his classmates felt bad that he was going to miss the ceremony, while others thought it was right of him to prioritize his patients.

No longer in the mood to read the messages in the group, Charlie

clicked on Yvette’s name and texted her privately.

“Do you know if Margaret has any important connections in

Southdale?”

Yvette read his message and frowned, replying, “Why do you ask,

Charlie?”

“No reason. I heard Margaret got to know a lot of important people during her prime, that’s all,” he lied.

He added for good measure, “I think you should keep in touch with Margaret every once in a while, Yvette. You can’t have that imposter

(Chanté 302)

winning your grandmother’s favor. You’re the one who’s related to Margaret by blood, after all.”

After that, he told Yvette about Lucas coming to Wynter’s defense, though he spared her the details. He sounded sure of himself as he declared, “I bet Margaret knows someone in the Keller family.”

Yvette grew uneasy as she typed, “How would Margaret know the

Kellers?”

In her previous life, the Kellers played a key role, and she only knew this because of Ewan. Lucas had been a decisive leader who didn't

hesitate to weed out all the corrupted figures in Southdale, the Shepherds included.

However, Lucas' days of glory did not last long, for someone eventually got ahold of his weakness. Within a year, he was demoted, and any hope of him getting back on his feet was dashed.

Chapter 303 Yvette the Oracle

Without the Scotts' support, there was no way Lucas would make any headway in his career, at least not in Southdale. Ruling it would be a distant dream for the man.

Yvette couldn't help the smugness that rushed through her as she contemplated Lucas' fortune. Be it good or bad, he was going to end up in shame despite his connections.

"Don't worry, Charlie," she texted back. "There's no need for a family as reputable as yours to be on friendly terms with Mr. Keller, not when he has such poor judgment."

Charlie was surprised by the boldness of her message. He gripped his phone tighter as he replied, "That's quite a statement, Yvette."

"What harm could come from making it? You should know that I'm faring well in Kingbourne now, Charlie. Lucas might be at the top of his game now, but that won't always be the case," came Yvette's

response.

She laughed as she followed up with another text. "Besides, it's only a matter of time before the Scotts and the Shepherds are allied through marriage. You needn't worry about Lucas anymore after that."

Charlie considered her point and felt better about himself. "You make a lot of sense, Yvette."

He meant it. He found her stone-cold analysis to be quite impressive, and for a moment, he felt like he had won the lottery with her. "I

should talk to my mom about us getting married."

“No rush.” Yvette lowered her gaze as she typed, “Your mom still hasn’t gotten around to liking me yet, but that’s understandable after my family’s downfall.

“With the loss of our company and my mother serving time in jail, I can see why your mom’s hesitant about me.”

Charlie sounded stubborn in his reply. “What happened to your mom had nothing to do with you! Besides, your father’s wellness company is doing well in Kingbourne. With a medical prodigy like you, it won’t take long for your family to make a strong comeback.”

“How did I get so lucky with you, Charlie?” Yvette mused.

At this point, Charlie was besotted with Yvette, and her praise only served to stroke his ego.

He wasn’t bothered with Wynter’s accomplishments now. As far as he was concerned, she would never make it to the ranks of high society.

Although Charlie was unaffected by what had happened in the

hall, his family, who were still in the audience, were humiliated. The press would have a field day.

The Shepherds were always the focus of award ceremonies like this one, and they were used to having people fawn all over them.

They never expected Charlie to be so publicly thrown out of the event hall, or for Roland to force them into a remote corner of the audience.

“Whose tail did Charlie step on?” one of them asked Nelson.

With the weight of keeping up the family’s reputation on his

shoulders, Nelson ground out, "I don't know, but it seems that wench is behind this humiliation."

The Shepherds had intended to use this rescue operation to showcase their altruism and prove themselves as saints. They never thought Wynter would be involved and steal their spotlight.

"We'll talk about this later," Nelson hissed as he texted Roland.

However, Roland did not so much as read his texts, let alone reply to them.

Nelson understood Lucas' implication earlier. This time, the

Shepherds were going to have the Secretary-General breathing down their necks, especially after he discovered that they had been getting

up to no good.

Loud applause filled the event hall, especially when the leader of the Special Affairs Unit and his men appeared on stage.

The operation this time was led by the Special Unit, but no one expected the Top Unit to beat them to rescue the victims. By the time they got to Havenlight County, they were surprised to find that the perpetrators had already been arrested.

As an award recipient, Wynter seemed out of place with her mask on as she walked up on stage.

However, Lucas had explicitly given her permission to do so, and she was confident there would be no objection from anybody.

The person who was giving the speech of gratitude was none other than Yarra, who was overwhelmed at the sight of Wynter.

Having wrapped up her speech, she paid no mind to the cameras

Chap 303 Yvette the Oracle

directed at her as she threw her arms around Wynter.

"My parents and I have been wanting to thank you and your boyfriend for what you did for us," Yarra said. "We've managed to get our food truck license, and we'll be operating at the Southdale train station as a relay point. We're hoping to help more people find their abducted

children.

“Also, I’ve enrolled in night school, so I’ll get to stay with my parents for a while. You were right when you said that feminism would lead

the world out of darkness.”

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 304 Ian’s Warning

There was a microphone pinned to Yarra’s collar, so whatever she said to Wynter was broadcast to the entire hall.

Everyone in the audience who heard this couldn’t help but tear up at Yarra’s words, especially the victims parents.

Wynter was not accustomed to such an open show of kindness and gratitude, so she patted Yarra’s shoulder and encouraged softly, “I wish you all the best. You can always reach out to me if you need any

help in the future.”

Only those who had yet to be reunited with their abducted children, understood the significance of this successful operation.

Despite their young age and their masked faces, Wynter and Yarra were a symbol of hope as they stood in the center of the hall. They made the people believe that their lost children would one day return.

home.

It went without saying that the human traffickers received brutal punishments. No one dared to come to their defense now that the discourse surrounding their crimes was spreading like wildfire.

The public was satisfied to learn that the traffickers had gotten what they deserved.

The ceremony wrapped up with the presentation of awards. This time,

the three people who went up on stage were counselors. Among

them was Ian.

Wynter didn’t think much of this at first, given that the segment would

be recorded.

However, as the spotlight fell on her, the man presenting her the award whispered to her, "You've got guts, young lady, but you'll be smart to stay in your lane from now on. You're better off not poking your nose in dangerous business."

The man who whispered this warning in her ear straightened up after that. He was bespectacled and wearing a suit, looking every bit the affable counselor.

He flashed her a polite smile as he said, "Careful now, this trophy's a little heavy."

He was friendly enough on camera, but Wynter still raised her brow at him. She would be a fool to not recognize the threat in his sugarcoated statement.

It seemed the Havenlight County incident had not exposed every connected person. This man was probably one of those who had gotten away in time.

Wynter took the trophy and smiled slowly like she had found her new prey. "How shall I address you?"

Ian hadn't anticipated this. He was surprised that she even dared to ask at all, especially when most leaders in Southdale tread around him carefully. It seemed that the claims that the young lady Margaret raised had nerves of steel had some merit after all.

Roland was the first to admonish Wynter, hoping that her question could be passed off as a show of youthful ignorance. "Don't you know it's rude to ask questions like that, young lady?"

Lucas had made a point of showing his favor for Wynter. It was also no secret that the Kellers and the Scotts did not get along well.

Roland had yet to decide whose side he was on. Until then, his priority was to keep the two families from butting heads.

Wynter drawled nonchalantly, "I should at least know the name of the person presenting me the award."

"You can call me Mr. Scott," Ian said, emphasizing his last name. "Mr. Lewis, go easy on our hero. She's allowed to ask me that question, if only so she could put a name to a face."

Ian's smile did not reach his eyes.

Wynter would not sit by and do nothing now that he had threatened her. She clutched her trophy and pointed out coolly, "I wonder if you know, Mr. Scott, that any advice would be lost on young people like us

because we like to march to the beat of our own drums."

Ian clenched his fists upon hearing her words. If it weren't for the cameras, he would have taught Wynter a lesson for condescending

him this way.

Given that this was a public event, he restrained himself for the sake of his image and guffawed good-naturedly instead. "Well said, young lady! I hope you can keep up that unbreakable spirit of yours."

"Young people these days are something else, huh?" Roland tried to smooth things over. "I'm sure she will learn invaluable life lessons along the way."

Wynter didn't bother with these two men as she left the stage. Ian, on the other hand, had gotten down from the stage as well. He was

fuming at the disrespect Wynter had shown him, and he vowed to teach her a lesson.

Chapter 305 Sycophantic Behavior

Wynter stared at Ian's back as he walked away, a smile curling on her

lips.

She had been wondering about the mastermind behind Havenlight County's human trafficking syndicate. After all, someone had to be pulling strings with the authorities if things like DNA tests and birth certificates for the abducted children could be forged.

The forgery had been so well done that even the government database reflected those records. It made it hard for parents to track down their missing children. The more they investigated, the more they felt like they were running a fool's errand.

The Scott family from Kingbourne fit the profile perfectly. Wynter narrowed her eyes as she contemplated the possibility.

Ian thought of his encounter with Wynter as an unhappy exchange with an ignorant peasant.

The Scotts had been on the top of the social food chain for a long time. They could easily manipulate the lives of those far beneath them with a snap of their fingers. With such power, the Scotts never thought of Wynter as a threat.

Ian had no idea that Lucas had managed to uncover the dirty secrets of Paradise Village because of a seemingly ordinary young lady like Wynter.

All the Scotts knew about Lucas' relationship with Wynter was that they had met by coincidence. But little did the Scotts know, that was exactly what Wynter wanted them and the public to think.

The only reason why the Quinnells had such a hard time tracking Wynter down was because her identity was kept top secret. Even Lucas had no clearance to access information on Wynter, let alone the Scotts.

When the award ceremony ended, Lucas walked up to Wynter unabashedly and said, "Come on, Wynter. Thanks to you, I'll get to dine with our mentor."

If Ian hadn't left early for Kingbourne, he wouldn't have missed such vital information!

Most of the leading figures of Southdale were still loitering around the hall, including the Shepherds, who were angling to get into Lucas' good graces.

Nelson blanched when he heard what Lucas said to Wynter. Everyone else in the room went silent.

Roland's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "Mentor? Are you sayin that this young lady is Mr. Munn's..."

“Mentee,” Lucas finished Roland’s sentence with a smile. “And so am

I, though Mr. Munn certainly makes me look like an accessory next to Wynter.”

At this point, everyone learned two things about Lucas. One, he hailed from the formidable Keller family, and two, Jackson Munn was his

mentor.

As if those weren’t groundbreaking enough, he went on to reveal that Wynter, the imposter that the Yates had gotten rid of, had also

received instruction from Jackson.

Jackson was a force to be reckoned with and was practically a legendary figure. Despite all the years they had been in Southdale, even the Shepherds weren’t good enough to meet him in person.

Nelson was horrified, and regret instantly filled him. His family were exchanging looks behind him, their thoughts mirroring his.

Known for being thick-skinned, Nelson immediately hurried to catch up to Lucas and Wynter. “Oh, Wynter! Over here!” Hearing this, Lucas and the others stopped in their tracks.

There was none of Nelson’s usual arrogance and criticism as he beamed at Wynter. He looked sycophantic, which was the opposite of how he had looked that night when he cast Wynter away from his

manor.

“I have yet to congratulate you on your accomplishments, Wynter! Margaret must be proud to have a granddaughter like you,” he gushed, hoping to bury the hatchet with Wynter. “I hope your grandmother is doing well. It’s been some time since I saw her.”

Wynter’s icy gaze fixed on Nelson’s grinning face.

Just as everyone around them pondered on their dynamics, they heard her say dryly, “My grandmother’s been doing great now that our courtyard is clear of any riff-raff who demand to call off

engagements.

“She’s been getting stronger too, which I bet is going to piss off a certain powerful medical family who look down their noses on traditional medicine. To think these are the same people who called her obsolete and made it sound like they were better than us.”

y

Chapter 306 Thick-skinned

Nelson's expression darkened gradually with Wynter's every word.

She might as well have mentioned the Shepherds by name if she was going to be that obvious with her retort.

Anyone who heard her immediately understood what Wynter was implying. The contemptuous looks they cast Nelson cut him open like daggers.

Nelson didn't expect Wynter to be so sharp-tongued. She had put down the Shepherds in public without even breaking a sweat.

At first, he thought she would be easily manipulated given her history with Charlie. According to Charlie, Wynter was still pining over him, and her indifference back at the manor had been a mere act.

With all this in mind, Nelson had approached Wynter to let everyone see that the Shepherds and Jackson's favorite mentee were on friendly terms. He never expected to be humiliated by her.

To add salt to injury, Wynter pointed out dryly, "May I remind you, Mr. Shepherd, that it was Charlie who wanted to kick me out of this ceremony? You tried to pass that off as a misunderstanding, but it does make me wonder about Shepherds' arrogance.

"Did you assume I was playing hard-to-get when I said I had not interest in Charlie whatsoever? Did you also assume that I turned up today just so I could beg Charlie to take me back?

"Well, pardon me, but I can't even stand looking at Charlie's face. And I have nothing else to say about his bad grades, terrible personality, and untrustworthiness."

She stopped in mock apology. "Ah, perhaps I've gone too far. After all, what would a commoner like me know about the prestigious

Shepherd family who are way out of my league?

“Everyone, please don’t think differently of the Shepherds because of what I said. I was merely stating my opinions. I had to be crude, you see, or the Shepherds wouldn’t be able to understand the full extent of

my annoyance.”

At once, the crowd that had gathered to listen began to whisper among themselves.

This confrontation was different from the last. It was public, for starters, and Wynter’s newfound status as a hero gave her an edge.

The more the bystanders whispered, the more Nelson felt like he was being publicly ostracized.

Wynter even smiled as she added, “I wonder where you got the nerve to come up to me in the first place. Mr. Shepherd.”

Nelson wished a hole would open up and swallow him whole. He was furious with her blatant insult. As for the rest of the Shepherds, they doubted they could ever show their faces on the streets again after this humiliation.

No one would again think of them as a reputable medical family, but rather as a family who had been publicly put in their place by a young lady.

Then again, Charlie and Nelson reaped what they sowed. Anyone in their right mind would see that the Shepherds were delusional to think themselves better than Wynter. Such st*pid arrogance was rare indeed.

At the sight of the bystanders’ mocking grins, Nelson blanched and anxiously sought out Roland to speak with him. However, Roland avoided him like the plague.

Standing some ways apart from the crowd, Quinton asked his brother

in puzzlement, “I thought Wynter was head over heels for Charlie. Why is she doing this now?”

“Do you have a brain in that head of yours or is it just a bunch of loose screws? Stop bothering me with stupid questions,” Abel

snapped.

“Charlie is just a pompous brat who doesn’t deserve Wynter. You must be an idiot if you think otherwise.”

Quinton muttered, “I was only quoting what Yvette said. She also told me she felt bad for dating Charlie because of Wynter.”

“Don’t you ever get sick of hearing that pretentious wannabe ta Abel asked sharply, his expression grave. “Haven’t I told you before You know where our family stands when it comes to the Shepherd

“They aren’t our friends, and if you think otherwise, then maybe Grandpa’s sheltered you too much. Snap out of your idiocy before it

costs us.”

Abel hardly ever got angry, but Quinton could tell that he was furious

this time.

Quinton shuddered at Abel’s cold fury. Yvette was still texting him for updates, but he thought he would be wise to ignore her from now on

and quickly turned his phone off

Meanwhile the Vandervond and family that had long been

oppressed by the Shaphande en go from the sowed heard that a

pertain antenne na Varger granddaughter into

calling riff the antingen

Wow that same person is walang dok

skinner it makes me sick?

wie kamelot Her thick

and quickly turned his phone off.

Meanwhile, the Vanderwoods, another family that had long been

oppressed by the Shepherds, piped up from the crowd, "I heard that a certain someone coerced Margaret and her granddaughter into

calling off the engagement.

"Now, that same person is walking back on his decision. He's so thick-skinned, it makes me sick!"

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Pla

Chapter 307 The Shepherds' Disgrace

The Shepherds grimaced at the Vanderwoods' taunting, but they dared not retort. In the end, they fled the hall in shame.

Much like the rumors suggested, the Shepherds had resorted to underhanded ways to call off Charlie's engagement to Wynter.

They had chosen Yvette as the ideal wife for Charlie, believing that only an heiress who was both learned and cultured could be good enough to marry into the Shepherd family. As such, the betrothal was made very early on with the Shepherd's future glory in mind.

However, the Shepherds never expected Charlie to be betrothed to an imposter, or for that imposter to have come from such a powerful

background.

To make matters worse, the Shepherds hadn't discovered the latter part until after the engagement had been called off.

Safe to say, none of them were happy about this. They were fuming by the time they came out of the hall.

Their foul moods worsened when Charlie began to pelt his uncles with inane questions. "Uncle Jonah, Uncle Vance, why do you both

look so grim?"

"What do you think? This is all your fault!" Jonah Shepherd growled as he patted his chest. "You embarrassed our entire family today! How am I supposed to show my face in public after this?"

"Nelson, keep an eye on your son if you want to stay the head of the family. I can always have you replaced!"

Charlie had been coddled his entire life. His family praised him, and he was popular in school and at work.

Being the most talented child in the family, he had never once been admonished by his uncle, much less so harshly. Even his second uncle, Denzel Shepherd, didn't bother to spare him a second glance.

Upset, Charlie turned to his father helplessly. "Dad, what happened?"

"Shut it," Nelson snarled in a low voice. He wanted nothing more than to get out of there.

Charlie trudged after his father to the car, feeling the passers-by's contemptuous gaze on him.

When he got into the car, Nelson slapped him on the face and roared, "I told you to be smart in choosing women, and this is what you did?"

"Dad!" Charlie gaped at his father in shock. "What's wrong with the woman I chose? Yvette's doing well in Kingbourne, and that's a territory that we can only dream of setting foot in!"

"There's nothing wrong with Kingbourne. But at the end of the day, roots are in Southdale," Nelson snapped, clenching his fists. "Thing would be easier if we had power in Kingbourne, but you've made a mess of our lives here in Southdale just because you couldn't handle

a woman!"

Charlie cupped his throbbing cheek as rage filled his eyes. "Dad, did that bumpkin stir up trouble again?"

"Don't you ever call Wynter a bumpkin again, at least not out loud. She's Jackson Munn's disciple!" Nelson closed his eyes as if to collect his thoughts. "Not that it matters anymore at this point. I'll ask

you this, Charlie-are you sure that brat still has feelings for you?"

Charlie smirked. "She can't leave me alone. I mean, you saw the Letters she wrote to me."

"She certainly didn't behave that way today," Nelson countered darkly. He considered his options and added, "Why don't you go test the waters and see if she still likes you? If she does, then you have to make her believe you have feelings for her too."

Charlie's jaw dropped. "Are you suggesting that I cheat on Yvette,

Dad?"

"No, you're just making another friend behind her back," Nelson said deviously.

Wynter's connection to Jackson was far too valuable for him to pass up. "Besides, you're still the golden boy of Southdale. Surely you can charm your way back into Wynter's life."

Charlie was a little reluctant at first. But after hearing his father's spin on the situation, he supposed he could see the logic.

After all, with Yvette thriving in Kingbourne, Charlie could pursue Wynter in Southdale without the former ever finding out.

He would be lying if he said Wynter's pretty face wasn't a persuasive factor in its own right. It had been half a year since he last saw her, and her sparkling eyes were still as beautiful and captivating as ever.

Licking his lips, Charlie began to consider the plan in earnest. It was a shame he hadn't been able to take things to the next level with Wynter while they were still engaged.

Meanwhile, over in a private dining room of a restaurant in Southdale, the table boasted a spread of the town's local delicacies.

Jackson was a simple man who couldn't be bothered with the high life. He couldn't care less about where he was having his meals as long as the establishment was clean and respectable.

However, simple as he was, he still had the grace and mannerisms of

an apex predator. Even as he sat at the table, he looked so intimidating that none of his bodyguards dared to step any closer.

The air in the dining room only warmed slightly when Wynter showed

1.

Jackson beamed at her and appraised her for a moment, before frowning. "You've lost weight."

Chapter 308 Favorite Disciple

Jackson then glanced at Lucas and said offhandedly, "Lucas, have the waiter add a helping of pork ribs to our order, will you?" Jackson was probably the only person who could order Lucas around this way.

The rumors about Jackson being an intimidating and formidable force were true. Everyone was scared of him. Even Lucas dared not step out of line in the old man's presence.

Being the youngest at the table, Wynter chided Jackson good-naturedly, "You shouldn't be having pork ribs when you have hypertension. Let's order something else."

"Lucas, go order something else then," Jackson ordered. He had Wynter sit next to him, and his eyes were full of concern as he stared at her. "Your recent trip to Paradise Village caused quite a stir."

Wynter poured him a cup of tea. "I didn't mean to. I only went in search of the truth of my identity, so I guess we can chalk this up

coincidence."

"Coincidence? Lucas told me you left him a note before you left f Paradise Village," Jackson said.

He then pointed at Lucas. "You're lucky that Wynter is so full of wit and surprises. You wouldn't have been able to get to the bottom of Southdale's corruption without her help!"

Turning back to Wynter, he added, "You handed him the kind of political accomplishment he needed, and uncovered the ugly truth of Havenlight County just as he expressed interest in doing the same.

"Lucas, you ought to thank Wynter for helping you out the way she did. No one else could offer you the same amount of dedication as

she did."

At once, Lucas rose to his feet and raised his wine glass to Wynter, who responded by raising her cup of tea.

"Wynter, I thank you on behalf of the good citizens of Southdale. I appreciate what you have done for me, and feel free to come to me for help in the future." With that, he knocked back his wine.

Having dedicated most of his life to Florand's betterment, Jackson never had children of his own. It was after he had spent his good years toiling for the sake of the country that he met an upstarting young man such as Lucas.

He could tell Lucas had a good heart and a love for his country.

Jackson was patriotic as well, and all he wanted was for his fellow citizens to thrive. However, his poor health forced him to recuperate

in Southdale.

However, the public seemed to think of his retirement in Southdale as a form of exile, which was funny because Jackson could never stop worrying over the greater good of his country.

Now that he was feeling better, he needed to return to Kingbourne to straighten out some things. He wouldn't rest until he had gotten rid of the division between the rich and the poor.

The transfer back to Kingbourne came about suddenly, but Jackson had expected it. The only concerns he had now were for Wynter. "You don't have to shoulder everything alone, Wynter.

"If you're worried about my reputation, you can always ask Domie for help in dealing with the Shepherds and the Yates. Stop keeping everything to yourself or you'll burst.

"It's no big deal," Wynter said casually. She knew Jackson had bigger things to worry about than her problems, such as the well-being of the nation.

"Besides, Mr. Fisher is a busy man as well. He's waist-deep in work tending to the needs of the community."

Jackson's heart went out to her. "You remind me of my younger self."

"Mr. Munn Senior, I don't think that's the compliment you'd hoped it would be, seeing as Wynter's a young lady," Lucas pointed out jokingly as the atmosphere relaxed.

A moment later, he said, "The Shepherds are incredibly thick-skinned.

I've never met anyone like them in Kingbourne."

Wynter picked at the roast lamb Jackson had put on her plate. If she didn't start eating, the food on her plate would spill onto the table.

"They're irrelevant," she remarked as she set her utensils down. "But I believe there is a family you ought to pay close attention to the Scotts from Kingbourne."

Lucas' expression was solemn. "What about them?"

“Well, one of the counselors who showed up at the award ceremony happened to be from the Scott family. He presented the award to me along with a thinly veiled threat,” Wynter elaborated, her gaze as clear as her thoughts.

She continued coolly, “As things are, I have no proof that they played a part in the Havenlight County incident, but I figured they’re worth looking into now that one of them has exposed himself. That said, I think you should tread carefully when investigating them.”

Lucas raised a brow. “What makes you say that?”

“I mean, we should all watch our backs around dangerous people like them,” Wynter pointed out. “But my concern is that they might hurt you.”

Jackson took in all this and interjected, “Lucas can take care of himself, Wynter. You’re the one who should be more careful.”

“Me?” Wynter blinked. A wicked gleam shone in her eyes as she said, “I’ll be going to Kingbourne soon. Once I’m there, I’d like to see them try to get me.”

Chapter 309 The Greater Good

Jackson’s delight was evident. “You’re going to Kingbourne too?”

“Yes. I’m sorry I waited so long to tell you, but I’ve found my biological family, and they live in Kingbourne,” Wynter explained as she poured

Jackson another cup of tea.

She added, “I’ll introduce them to you after I’ve settled down in Kingbourne. We’re also planning to set up a branch for the Empathy

Clinic there.”

“Sounds like a solid plan to me,” Jackson said with a grin. “You’ll be able to reach more patients if you set up a branch in Kingbourne.”

Wynter clarified modestly, “It’s Grandma’s wish.”

Lucas grew even more impressed with Wynter. “Does that mean we’ll be meeting in Kingbourne?”

Wynter understood the implication within his words. "You mean you're heading back to Kingbourne too, Lucas?"

"That's the plan, but it won't happen anytime soon," Lucas answered chuckling. He had no qualms divulging such information to Wynter.

"Originally, Mr. Munn Sneior and my family had plans for me to leave Southdale in three years. They want me to go further south and see

what I can do to fix the economy in Halsbury.

"Now that you've helped me crack the case of Havenlight County, I

can go back to Kingbourne in another six months, which is way

sooner than expected."

This alone was proof of how much help Wynter had been to Lucas. The incident at Havenlight County revealed the dark underbelly of Southdale and suggested that many influential parties were carrying out dirty work in secret.

Since Lucas' inauguration, he had successfully restructured

Southdale's economy and its people's welfare, not to mention uncovered the inhumane crimes in Paradise Village.

Those who had tried to pull his leg or manipulate the current social dynamics against him had failed to do so.

To this end, Jackson was relieved, and he could think of no greater form of repayment on Lucas' part than his return to Kingbourne.

"The Keller family will likely extend their gratitude to you once you

arrive in Kingbourne," Jackson remarked confidently.

Wynter took this information lightly as she chewed on her food. "As Lucas' junior, it won't do me any good if he fares poorly in his position. This way, at least I'll prosper alongside him."

Jackson guffawed. "You certainly know how to make a joke, Wynter!"

Lucas grinned wholeheartedly. "Here's to you and your prosperous future, Wynter."

The trio continued to dine happily after that.

Lucas was starting to see why Jackson had taken such a strong

liking to Wynter. She was young, but her wit and insight were unmatched.

It made Lucas want to be better. When he received a message from the Scotts, he did not ignore it as usual. Instead, he made small talk with them while concealing his intentions of investigating them.

After the meal, Jackson left in a Peugeot, an understated vehicle for a man who did not like flashy things. The entourage that followed him consisted of only a bodyguard and his driver.

Jackson glanced out the window at the place he had stayed at for two years. He remembered what a mess this town had been when he first arrived, which was why he had Lucas transferred here.

Now, he no longer had to worry about the citizens' welfare. At least they no longer had to pay an arm and a leg for basic healthcare.

Still, the greatest accomplishment he had witnessed during his stay here was the downfall of Paradise Village.

Jackson had come across the heartbreaking news Dalton mentioned the other day, about how the most beautiful teacher in a small village had actually been a kidnapping victim who was sold into the village during her university years.

Jackson believed that the public had some awareness about tragedies like these. Once the story of Paradise Village began to spread far and wide, the public would learn to reconsider their backward values.

"Mr. Munn Senior has always loved a good game of chess," Wynter mused to Lucas as she watched Jackson's black Peugeot fade into the distance.

Her eyes twinkled as she added, "I think he's been waiting for this day ever since he had Mr. Fisher bring you to the Empathy Clinic."

As her words sunk in, Lucas froze and turned to look at her in surprise. He quickly broke into a smile as he asked, "Are you not angry that Mr. Munn Senior used you as a pawn?"

"I chose to go to Paradise Village," Wynter said with a smirk. "I can't see the whole chess board like Mr Munn Senior can, but I'm more than willing to become his pawn if it's for the greater good of this

nation."

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Chapter 310 Despicable Duo

Lucas finally understood why Wynter had won over the hearts of those in Harmony Community.

She was young and insightful, not to mention driven and cool-headed. He looked forward to hearing about her legendary feats in Kingbourne.

However, some things prevented them from getting a clear picture,

and it would take time to uncover them all.

Meanwhile, over at the Quinnells' residence in Kingbourne, Naomi once again found herself barred from entering the house.

She was holding a thermos flask containing hot soup, and she looked visibly upset as she demanded, "Alexis, I've brought tonic for Grandpa, and it's supposed to be good for him. The doctors watched me make it, and they would have stopped me if they thought it would be bad for

Grandpa."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Naomi," Alexis said indifferently. "But Mr. Quinnell Senior's condition is unpredictable and can quickly go from good to

bad. We have been advised by the specialist to monitor his diet

closely and do away with any risky tonics."

Naomi tightened her grip on the thermos flask. Tears welled up in her eyes as she objected, "Alexis, listen to yourself! What do you even mean by 'risky tonics'?"

"There, there, Ms. Naomi," Fiona comforted soothingly.

She glared at Alexis and added angrily, "What does a secretary know about tonics anyway? I see no reason why Mr. Quinnell Senior's

granddaughter has to be subject to such scrutiny when she's delivering food to him!

"Ms. Naomi scalded herself while preparing that tonic, and you're just

going to let her efforts go to waste?”

Naomi chewed on her lip, looking wounded.

Fiona bristled and snapped at Alexis, “I’ve been working for the Quinnells for 20 years, and never have I heard anything so ridiculous!

Move!”

However, Alexis did not budge from the door.

Grimacing, Fiona threatened, “Do you want Mr. Quinnell to hear of this and demote you when he gets back?”

“I’m Mr. Quinnell Senior’s personal secretary, so my position is not under Mr. Quinnell’s purview,” Alexis answered pleasantly with a smile

as he adjusted his glasses.

The more unfazed he was, the angrier Fiona got. If Naomi wasn’t allowed entry into the house, it would mean the Quinnells didn’t recognize her as one of their own. In other words, Fabian’s refusal to see her was a form of humiliation.

Unable to comprehend the old man’s thoughts, Fiona grabbed Naomi by the elbow and attempted to storm past Alexis.

However, Naomi still had her wits about her. She knew that if she were to barge into the house, she had as good as acknowledged that the Quinnells wanted nothing to do with her.

If she simply turned around and walked away without causing a scene, then she could at least play this off as a failed visit on account of Fabian’s poor health.

As such, she bit her lip and clutched Fiona’s hand, saying, “Aunt Fiona, we should leave. Grandpa must be worn out. We can come back another day.”

“Another day? Ms. Naomi, you didn’t travel all this way to-” Fiona protested

Naomi cut her off brusquely, "Aunt Fiona, we're leaving now!"

Fiona saw the vicious gleam in Naomi's eyes and shuddered. She quickly escorted Naomi off the front doorstep. She glowered at Alexis

before leaving.

"You can be sure that I'll call Mr. Quinnell and tell him about this!"

"Be my guest," Alexis drawled sarcastically.

He was starting to understand why Wynter couldn't stand Fiona and Naomi. They were the reason why Wynter had a bad impression of

the Quinnells. They were rude and high-handed despite their positions in the household.

Alexis only prayed that Wynter would come to Kingbourne sooner

Even a true heiress such as herself did not treat him condescendingly.

This only made Naomi appear more crass by comparison. She was merely the Quinnells' charity case. But she behaved as if she were the master of the household. No one with any amount of self-respect could tolerate her.

Alexis might only have been a secretary, but that didn't mean Naomi could talk down to him.

It was nightfall when Naomi and Fiona returned to the manor.

Naomi asked Fiona worriedly, "Something's off about Grandpa. Do you think he's trying to dissuade my parents from legally adopting me?"

"There's nothing to worry about, Ms. Naomi. Your parents adore you, and Mr. Quinnell Senior has certainly never given you a hard time at home. I bet that wench from the village is just playing games!" Fiona seethed, the hatred she had for Wynter shining in her eyes.

Naomi's gaze darkened at this. "She's definitely a problem that we need to get rid of. I need to talk to Grandpa before things get worse

between us.”

She had only just said this when she heard laughter coming from outside the door.