

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 351

Chapter 351 He Would've Been Dead If Not for Wynter

Logan had intended to go, but there was a sudden traffic jam ahead. In the past, he would have definitely taken a shortcut to go street racing.

But today, the more Logan looked at that group chat, the more annoyed he felt. When the traffic finally cleared, he suddenly remembered what Wynter had warned him about.

Logan opened his phone and replied in the group chat, "You guys have fun. I have a headache. Let's meet another day."

After sending the message, he turned around and went back home. Perhaps everything today was just too strange. Logan himself felt that his decision was somewhat funny too. But after returning to his place, he thought it over.

If he had really gone today, they would have ended up conspiring together to teach Wynter a lesson. After all, Tobias wasn't in the group. But Logan didn't have any strong opinions about Wynter.

That was just how the circle worked. If she could stay in the circle, good for her. If she couldn't, she shouldn't force it. He wasn't a saint, but he didn't want to kick someone when they were down.

But just as he was about to turn off the lights and lie down, his phone suddenly rang urgently.

It was his friend who had just invited him, Damien Cote. "Where are you? Oh my God! We're in big trouble this time, Logan! What do we do?"

"Calm down!" Logan immediately sat up. "What happened?"

He could hear the howling wind on the other end of the phone, accompanied by a low roar. Suddenly turned foggy. We've been very careful, but this damn mountain road..."

Logan's heart skipped a beat at those words. "I- Is someone hurt?"

“Denny fell off! We didn’t know there weren’t any guardrails ahead. And there’s also a car... There’s a pregnant woman in it...”

Before Damien could finish, Logan was drenched in cold sweat. Denny often competed with him for first place. If he had gone today, he would definitely have fallen off the mountain with Denny.

“A pregnant woman? What pregnant woman?” Logan’s hands were shaking.

Damien was also trembling all over. “Denny had been drinking and drove too fast. You know him. W- We

didn’t want...”

“Explain yourself clearly!” Logan’s throat was hoarse. “Did **you** guys bully someone again?”

“No! Really no. We just bumped them a little with our car. My family is here. I’ll call you again.”

Logan’s heart sank as he listened. What did he mean? Did they hit a pregnant woman? And Damien’s family was there? Were they trying to cover this up with connections?

The more Logan thought about it, the more confused he **became**. His decision not to go was impulsive.

Chupte: **351** H. Would’ve Been Danast Not for WinRET

Logan couldn’t believe how things could’ve turned out if he had gone.

A pregnant woman? Feeling anxious, Logan’s first reaction was to contact Chad.

Chad’s first words were, “Make sure no one else knows. I’ll come over.”

“I’m not there!” Logan clenched his **fist** with one hand. “Damien called me.”

After a pause, Chad said, “You’re lucky that you didn’t go. Take screenshots of the chat. The situation on the mountain isn’t your concern. Since Damien is here, the Cote family will handle it.”

“What about the pregnant woman?” **Logan’s** voice trembled.

Chad said meaningfully, "That's the Cote family's matter. You don't need to get involved."

Shouldn't they have called an ambulance **first**? Logan wanted to scream at someone, but he knew it

wouldn't help.

Chad's words represented the Winston family, and Clyde had always told Logan to learn from Chad. Some people tended to make enemies easily in the circle, just like him. But... this was a matter of life!

Logan grabbed his hair, thinking over and over.

Finally, he wrapped his head, put on a mask, and ran downstairs. He found a public phone and dialed a

number. "Hello, **911**?"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 352

Posted by **AdminM**, 344 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 352 Changing the Lavout of the Quinnell Residence

After finishing the phone call, Logan returned home feeling completely drained . He didn't know who he could share his feelings with now.

He had thought about calling his dad, but his dad would just scold him. "What nonsense. Can't you learn

from Chad?"

Feeling suffocated, Logan sent a message to Tobias on WhatsApp. "Bro, can we chat?"

His reply came quickly. "I'm busy. I'm looking for my sister.

Logan was puzzled. "Isn't your sister already back?"

Tobias, who was wearing sunglasses, was huddled in a corner. “She’s back, but I dare not go home. You know my grandpa. He frowns whenever he sees me.”

Logan immediately suggested, “Then come to my place. You’re a celebrity. Don’t wander outside. Watch out for scandals.”

Tobias was resolute. “No. I want to know who my sister is.”

After chatting for a while, Logan felt much better, so he recounted everything that happened earlier.

Tobias’ expression changed dramatically. “Did you call an ambulance?”

Logan nodded. “I **did**.”

Tobias breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good. Human life matters the most. But that lady you mention is impressive. I had no idea Ronan was acquainted with someone like her. Introduce me some time. Luck plays a big role in our line of work.”

“I should thank her,” Logan said with lingering fear.

Tobias agreed. “She did save your life. As for the accident, if the Cote family really wants to cover it up, I’ll go with you to the police.”

Logan laughed. “Go with me to the police with your superstar identity? Forget it. If something really happens, I’ll report it myself.”

He suddenly saw the light. No entanglement in the circle was more important than human life.

Dalton had never mingled in their circle, but his abilities alone commanded respect. The same applied to Tobias, who succeeded without relying on the Quinnell family’s influence.

This near–death experience prompted him to consider changing his ways.

At the same time, at the Quinnell residence, Fabian was delighted to see Wynter arrive with Wolf. He ordered the chef to prepare a meat-heavy meal, including some freshly grilled lamb chops.

Wolf eagerly watched and occasionally assisted the chef by fetching items as needed.

The maids were surprised to see such a young boy in the Quinnell residence, especially when they

Chapter 352 Changing the Layout of the Quinnell Residence

witnessed his immense strength.

2/2

When

Wynter asked him to move something, he picked it up and carried it away immediately. Even the stone sculptures in the foyer were no challenge for him.

Alexis, wide-eyed, said, 'Ms. Quinnell, should I call a few more people? Wolf seems-

With a thud, Wolf placed the item down and lifted his head to look at him. Alexis rarely found himself at a loss for words, but he was speechless now.

Smiling, Wynter said, "Wolf has learned martial arts. He knows how to use his strength skillfully. You don't need to worry about him."

Alexis chuckled awkwardly. He was still smart enough to distinguish between employing strength

skillfully and relying solely on brute force. Wynter only kept Wolf away from the goldfish she had brought.

Changing the layout was simple. They moved the larger furniture and added some Evercrest Gems. With this simple adjustment, light immediately flooded into the house.

Standing inside, Alexis felt the difference at once and couldn't help but be convinced. "This is quite

magical.”

“The previous lack of light was bad for the body,” Wynter said casually. “Wolf, go walk around the yard.

There’s a tree over there.”

Wolf immediately went out at Wynter’s command.

Alexis didn’t understand. “Why are you asking him to walk around the yard by himself?”

“Kids should take a walk before meals,” Wynter said with a smile as she placed the goldfish into the pond.

The Quinnell family’s home was indeed well-chosen.

This environment and layout originally attracted swallows, which symbolized good luck and wealth. However, an extra large tree had grown, blocking half of the house.

Enjoy Ad-Free Reading>>

Chapter 352 Changing the Layout of the Quinnell Residence

witnessed his immense strength.

2/2

When

Wynter asked him to move something, he picked it up and carried it away immediately. Even the stone sculptures in the foyer were no challenge for him.

Alexis, wide-eyed, said, ‘Ms. Quinnell, should I call a few more people? Wolf seems-

With a thud, Wolf placed the item down and lifted his head to look at him. Alexis rarely found himself at a

loss for words, but he was speechless now.

Smiling, Wynter said, “Wolf has learned martial arts. He knows how to use his strength skillfully. You don’t need to worry about him.”

Alexis chuckled awkwardly. He was still smart enough to distinguish between employing strength

skillfully and relying solely on brute force. Wynter only kept Wolf away from the goldfish she had brought.

Changing the layout was simple. They moved the larger furniture and added some Evercrest Gems. With this simple adjustment, light immediately flooded into the house.

Standing inside, Alexis felt the difference at once and couldn't help but be convinced. "This is quite

magical."

"The previous lack of light was bad for the body," Wynter said casually. "Wolf, go walk around the yard.

There's a tree over there."

Wolf immediately went out at Wynter's command.

Alexis didn't understand. "Why are you asking him to walk around the yard by himself?"

"Kids should take a walk before meals," Wynter said with a smile as she placed the goldfish into the per

The Quinnell family's home was indeed well-chosen.

This environment and layout originally attracted swallows, which symbolized good luck and wealth. However, an extra large tree had grown, blocking half of the house.

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 353

Posted by **AdminM**, 365 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 353 Wolf Protects the House

If the tree were a sycamore tree, it would have better symbolism. However, it was a locust tree with ivy. Over time, not only did the tree lose its vitality, but even the house's owner would be dismayed.

Trees like this were prone to attracting wild animals, causing unrest in the home. Having Wolf walk around the yard without carrying the copper coin could serve as a way to protect the house.

No matter the species, they wouldn't dare approach this place. Indeed, the maids were perplexed and whispered among themselves.

"Why aren't the stray cats meowing today?"

"I don't think they're here today."

In the past, the cats would start meowing around this time. The kitchen staff would often feed them. But there was one occasion when a black cat inexplicably glared at them ferociously and even scratched

Elliot.

Fortunately, Elliot didn't hold it against them or pay much attention to the incident. However, the maids felt guilty. Elliot didn't come back often, and when he finally came home for Christmas, he fell ill.

Being kind-hearted sometimes wasn't wise. The meowing cats gave them headaches. Fabian had trouble sleeping at times, and this was often the reason.

The black cat was very fierce. Its eyes were red, and it scratched people when provoked.

They checked online and found that it did that for self-protection. There was nothing they could do but endure it and get vaccinated if they got scratched.

The black cat did indeed arrive. It eerily entered, but suddenly froze at the next moment. **Its** fur stood on end, and all four legs trembled. Animal instincts were usually more sensitive than humans.

From a distance, Wolf saw it and was about to run over. However, the black cat immediately ran away. This left Wolf feeling frustrated. He had finally found a little cutie, but why wouldn't it play with him?

Upset, Wolf returned to the living room and gestured to Wynter, his fair little face clearly displaying his frustration.

Last night, when Wynter left, she had heard the meowing. She didn't believe that his was a good sign. A truly good cat wouldn't harm those who fed it. That was why she brought Wolf along today.

"Not bad," Wynter said as she put the red string back on him. "You'll come once a week for four consecutive weeks. After that, not even birds will enter, let alone cats."

Wolf thought she was praising him, so he straightened his back. "I'm a lucky star!"

Wynter smiled. "Yes, you're a lucky star."

Wolf's self-perception was always the opposite. But he paid no mind. Upon seeing the goldfish in the pond, he wanted to go take a closer **look**.

Chapter **353** Well Protects **the** House

Wynter immediately pulled him back. "Your lamb chop is ready. Why don't you go take a look?"

Wolf immediately turned around and gestured. "I'll cut it. I have good cutting skills."

"Go then," Wynter replied casually.

After saying that, she looked outside the courtyard and tossed a copper coin into the pond. Instantly, the atmosphere in the house changed.

Alexis found it hard to describe the feeling, and he could only stare at Wynter in shock.

Meanwhile, Fabian hung **up** the phone and walked over with a smile, holding his dragon cane.

“Wynter, Ronan told me everything. If I’m not mistaken, not only do you know fortune telling, but also appraise antiques, right?”

you

can

“Yes.” Wynter didn’t hide it. “I just don’t usually do it.”

Saying this, she took out the Epoch Collection bracelet she had strung and was about to put it on Fabian.

Fabian’s voice was filled with amazement as he exclaimed, “Is this the legendary Epoch Collection?”

“Yes. You should wear it.” Wynter was thinking about her dream. “The Epoch Collection can protect you.”

If something really happened, it could save Fabian’s life.

I

Fabian was moved. “Wynter, I should be the one compensating you. Without you, I would have lived out my days in Southdale.”

The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 354

Posted by **AdminM**, 329 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 354 Toblas’ Appearance

“Grandpa. Wynter’s eyes were deep. “You’ve led an honest life. Having been in business for many years, you never forgot your roots and helped countless people. You should live long and well.”

Upon hearing this, Fabian nearly teared up and turned to Alexis. “How can I not be blanded against this kid?”

“It’s only natural.” Alexis chuckled. “Don’t worry. The other kids will understand.”

Fabian felt grateful. “Tobias gave me a call today to ask about his sister.”

“Mr. Tobias even saved up money for Ms. Quinnell,” Having said that, Alexia looked at Wynter. “It’s meant to be your wedding gift.”

er paused upon hearing his words. “Actually, you could tell him that there’s no need to rush.”

Wynter

Smiling, Fabian said, “He’s worried that you won’t like him. He’s had quite a few scandals and can be quite arrogant. Plus, he has a bit of a temper. You’ll see when you meet him.”

Outside the Quinnell residence, Tobias, who was huddled in an MPV, sneezed heavily and opened his eyes. His short blue-black hair and striking face clearly marked him as a celebrity.

“My rival must be badm*uthing me!” he said to his assistant, Sammy Newman.

Sammy was somewhat fearful. “Tobias, if Jacqueline finds out we came back, she’ll definitely be furious.”

Tobias waved his hand. “I’ve finished my magazine shoots. What’s she going to be furious about? If I attended those drinking sessions, I would only offend the sponsors. She’ll have to figure out a way to manage public relations.”

“That’s true. But they specially requested to see you.” Sammy flipped through the schedule. “Whether you get to join the new variety show depends on this big sponsor. You know that, right?”

Tobias was nonchalant, propping up his chin. “I don’t. I can have a meal with them, but I won’t sell my

body.”

“Tobias! Don’t say that out loud!” Sammy nearly shouted for help. “You can’t simply say that kind of thing. By the way, why **are** we parked here? This family seems quite rich.”

“Of course they are,” Tobias said mysteriously. “Don’t you know whose house this is?”

Puzzled, Sammy shook his head.

Tobias tapped his fingers. “It’s the Quinnell family of Kingbourne’s. They share the same last name as me. They’re the richest family around.”

“I see!” Sammy’s attitude immediately changed. “Tobias, I misunderstood you. You’re trying to cozy up with the Quinnell family, right?”

Tobias picked up his phone to fiddle with it. “You could interpret it that way.”

Chapter 311 Tobias’ Appearance

2/2

Sammy disapproved. “You’re already a top star. There’s no need for you to do that. Besides, the Quinnell family has a good reputation. You won’t stand a chance.”

Indeed, he didn’t stand a chance. Alexis’ words were as precise as they come.

Tobias was exhausted. “Let’s go to the hotel.”

Sammy immediately started the car, still discussing the variety show with him.

Just as Tobias left, Wynter finished dinner and came out with Wolf.

She didn’t want to keep the Yarwood family’s driver waiting, so she rode her motorcycle back. Wolf sat behind her wearing a helmet and holding a big **bag** of snacks.

With Fabian out of danger, Wynter finally had time to plan. Her mansion needed cleaning. Only when her place was comfortable could she focus on other matters.

As Wynter was deep in thought, she noticed a woman in a hospital gown wandering near the intersection. She was clutching her chest as if she was having trouble breathing.

Normally, Wynter wouldn’t intervene in such a situation. But since she encountered it, she wouldn’t turn a blind eye.

Wolf also noticed the woman and his eyes widened. He knew Wynter's intention when she stopped the motorcycle.

He tugged on her coat and gestured to her. "She's missing something."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Missing something?"

[Claim Bonus For Free Every Day>>](#)

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 355

Posted by **AdminM**, 370 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 355 Wynter Saved a Wealthy Lady

Wolf sniffed the air and moved closer. He sensed that something was off with the woman. She didn't

seem normal.

Wynter knew that Wolf hadn't fully recovered. But based on his instincts, something either indicated a missing part of her soul or some kind of spiritual disturbance.

Wynter's gaze deepened. Regardless of the cause, she couldn't just ignore it. Allowing someone in such a state to roam outside was unsafe.

"Let's go take a look," Wynter said, removing her helmet. Her actions were smooth and cool.

It wasn't too late outside, so onlookers were passing by. However, no one dared to step forward to help.

After all, the woman seemed quite peculiar and appeared intellectually impaired. She grabbed everyone who passed by, asking if they had seen her daughter.

The pedestrians were frightened, particularly because she was dressed in a hospital gown, which gave

her an eerie presence.

“Did she escape from the asylum?”

“She doesn’t seem ill. Her face looks clean.”

“Yeah, her skin looks well taken care of. I bet she’s a wealthy lady.”

“My husband has always wanted a watch like hers, but he just can’t justify the expense.

“Alright, let’s go. She’s too scary.”

The passersby hurriedly whispered about the woman before Wynter appeared and stood in front of her. The woman grabbed Wynter’s hand, her clear and gentle eyes fixed on her. “Young lady, have you seen my daughter? She’s a bit shorter than you, loves eating candy, and has a contagious smile. S- She’s just like you. She loves black too.”

As she spoke, her gaze became distant, as if she were lost in thought.

“Oh yes, she’s not a child anymore. She’s grown up and **has** even won awards.”

Noticing the woman’s unusual state, Wynter immediately placed her hand on her wrist and pressed on her acupoint for calming.

It didn’t seem like she was being bothered by spirits. Rather, it appeared that she was suffering from a disorientation disorder.

From a medical perspective, psychiatric conditions in patients could stem from hidden genetic factors or might have been triggered by neurological stimulation following significant accidents.

However, some individuals termed psychiatric patients could easily lose a part of their soul when their spirits were disturbed.

This situation was quite similar to the condition of neurological stimulation following major accidents.

Suddenly, the woman’s gaze started clearing. She **looked** around and then muttered softly to herself, “I’m out again.” Again? Wynter raised an eyebrow.

The woman's face was apologetic. "Kiddo, did I cause you trouble?"

Wynter withdrew her hand, speaking casually. "No, I was just helping you stand."

"I know my condition. A little help won't cure me." The woman's tone was gentle. "But thank you, kiddo. Do you happen to study medicine?"

It was the first time Wynter had been called "kiddo" **by** someone. She couldn't quite describe the feeling, but she felt that the woman wasn't someone missing a part of her soul. After all, she looked well-mannered and knowledgeable.

Her face was remarkably youthful, transcending her age.

"I've studied a bit," Wynter replied with a faint smile. "If you don't mind, I can help you calm down."

The woman's breathing had been unstable. Wynter thought that she likely had a heart problem, possibly triggered by something before she came out.

The woman smiled. "I don't mind, but I can't let you treat me for free. I..."

I

Realizing she didn't even have her phone, she looked at Wynter. "Can I have your phone number? I'll **jot** it

down."

"No need for that." Wynter supported the woman's back and inserted two silver needles into her

acupoints.

Compared to earlier, the woman looked calm and elegant now. This was how she looked when she wasn't having an episode

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 356

Posted by **AdminM**, 329 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 356 Who la That Wealthy Lady

The woman's waist-length hair cascaded down. Beneath the wide sleeves of the hospital gown were delicate, snow-white arms.

In addition to a watch, she wore a beautiful emerald bangle, giving her the appearance of a wealthy lady. Kiddo, your medical skills are more impressive than you lot on."

"I'm just ok." Wynter removed the needles and offered a few words of advice. "Ma'am, as your doctors probably told you, sometimes you'll feel better after letting go."

The woman was stunned for a second, then suddenly smiled. "Kiddo, do you and your little brother have plans later?"

Initially, Wynter wanted to say she needed to go home. But the woman's eyes pleaded with her to say no, so Wynter shook her head.

The woman immediately suggested, "Let me treat you both to some beer. Oh, right, children can't drink alcohol. Your brother can have Coke. How about we go **get** fried chicken?"

Wynter was too full. However, Wolf's eyes lit up at the mention of fried chicken. He nodded vigorously.

He tugged at Wynter's sleeve and gestured seriously. "You **can't** let a person who has lost a part of her

soul wander the streets. What if she gets possessed and harms someone?"

Wynter raised his small face and glanced at his canines. "You know quite a lot."

After saying that, she turned to the woman and chuckled. "There's a KFC up ahead. After we eat, I'll have

your family come pick you up."

“Okay,” the woman replied happily.

She found it odd how close she was getting to Wynter. It was probably because of her eyes. When Wynter

looked at her, she didn’t feel the fear others usually felt.

The woman was well aware of how people reacted to her during her episodes. Even her husband’s eyes were always filled with fear and pain when he looked at her.

She wasn’t sure if her condition was improving or deteriorating.

The good news was that some of the painful memories were starting to fade. Previously, she’d have an episode once a month. Now, she had one every six **months**.

The bad news was that her brain felt like mush. Everything she did seemed illogical. Doing her usual job felt like she was reading an alien language now.

Even though her husband told her not to bother with it, she didn’t want to just stay at home. She nearly

forgot what she was like before.

She always felt like she had forgotten the most important thing to her. Even when she slept, she would cry as she just couldn’t remember.

212

KFC was usually open 24 hours, especially in the city. There were several office buildings around where workers doing overtime could be seen coming down to buy coffee and burgers,

Wynter was ordering from the self-service kiosk, while Wolf eagerly tapped on the screen to **add** more items.

The woman took a sip of her cold beer. As she bit into her fries, her **eyes** squinted with satisfaction. “It’s been so long since I felt so relaxed. Fried food really does bring joy to people.”

“Then you should indulge occasionally,” Wynter replied as she adjusted Wolf’s sleeve. When she lowered her eyes, the mole beneath her eye was covered.

Looking at Wynter, the woman was lost in a daze for a second. Wynter raised an eyebrow.

Only then did the woman smile. “I must look like a middle-aged woman freeloading off food.”

“Not at all. You don’t seem like a middle-aged woman at all.” Wynter squeezed some ketchup onto the woman’s plate. “It’s been a while since I’ve treated him to this kind of food, so it’s a good opportunity to reminisce.”

Wolf held a chicken wing, vigorously nodding his head while gesturing with his hands.

The woman understood. “Your grandma won’t let you eat this?”

Wolf froze, his eyes widening. She understood! Wynter also looked at the woman, slightly amused. Smiling, the woman said, “I used to be a teacher and learned a bit of sign language.”

Enjoy Ad-Free Reading

The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 357

Posted by **AdminM**, 329 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 357 Healing a Disorientation Disorder

Wynter had always respected teachers, so she clinked her beer glass with Marie.

Marie smiled even more brightly. “Kiddo, has anyone ever told you you’re mature and likable beyond your years? Being with you improves my mood.”

“We probably just have a good vibe together,” Wynter replied, picking up a piece of fry. She rarely let her guard down naturally around anyone like this.

Marie was tolerant **and** open-minded. Even when Wolf approached her, he didn't react harshly.

Wynter used to think only her grandmother had this kind of gentle presence, but now she had

encountered another. And it was a stranger.

She also found it unbelievable.

Marie chuckled softly. "No one has ever liked seeing me having one of my episodes."

Wynter paused briefly.

Marie continued, "Sorry for letting you see me in such a state, but I'm quite grateful. I probably wouldn't

have met you if I didn't have my episode."

Wynter smiled. "Indeed, your family must take excellent care of you.

"They really do." Marie recounted, "My husband is very good to me. He removed all sharp objects from the house because he was afraid I might harm myself. He even stays in hotels with me when I prefer

She had a sip of her beer and continued, "After I started having episodes, he encouraged me to resign and seek treatment abroad. He handles everything at home, and my sons have grown exceptionally well

because of him.

"He's afraid they'll disturb me with their boisterousness, so he lets them manage their affairs. My sons are all sensible. Many people praise their excellence."

han why

Wynter tapped her index finger, asking directly. "Then why aren't you happy?"

“I want to work, and I want my **sons** to occasionally bother me.” Marie looked at Wynter. “I feel like this isn’t how I used to be. I’m starting to forget who I am.

“Is this what happens to women after marriage? Slowly losing themselves?”

Her smile carried a hint of sadness. “I’ve lost touch with my old friends a long time ago. I don’t even know

who distanced themselves first.

“It just happened naturally, and suddenly, there was no one left around me. Should I blame my husband for protecting me so well?”

This was beyond Wynter’s professional scope. “I’ve never been married, so I wouldn’t know.”

“Oh, right.” Marie covered her mouth and chuckled gracefully. “How could I ask a kid such questions?”

3:57 + Sealing u Diponentation Disorder

Wynter smiled gently. “But I can analyze other things. If there’s something you want to do, pursue it. Working might help with your treatment.”

“I’m afraid of hurting others. Marie admitted. “You saw it for yourself. If I harm someone during an episode, I feel guilty for the rest of my life.”

Wynter looked at her. “Your illness has a cause. Once you find that cause, you can start to heal.”

“A cause?” Marie frowned, wondering why no one had ever mentioned this to her.

Wynter’s eyes were deep as she looked at Marie. “You’ve **lost** something crucial to you. Perhaps

memories, belongings, or even a person.”

A person?

Marie held her beer glass, and suddenly, it dawned on her. Yes, indeed, there was someone.

As she tried to recall, she raised her hand and **pressed** it against her head.

Wynter gently removed her hand and said, “No need to rush. Take your time.”

Marie looked up, about to say something, when suddenly, there was an exclamation from nearby. “Ma’am, I finally found you!”

“How did you find me here?”

“A passerby told me, and I didn’t really believe it.”

A sharply dressed man hurried over. From his attire, he seemed very smart.

Wynter recognized his face. She had met him when she first arrived in Southdale.

The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 358

Posted by **AdminM**, 329 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 358 Biological Mother

Wynter recognized him as Vincent Jenkins, Dalton’s special assistant.

She swirled the beer in her mug with a glint of puzzlement in her eyes.

Did this mean she had saved one of the Yarwoods?

Vincent hadn’t anticipated bumping into the Yates family’s fake heiress in Kingbourne—the last person he

wanted to see.

After all, she was the reason Dalton had transferred him to Kingbourne; he merely mentioned to Dalton

her bad reputation and expressed doubts about her intentions to save Anthony’s life.

Though someone told him returning to Kingbourne was a blessing, Vincent highly doubted it. How could

leaving Dalton's side and distancing himself from the Yarwood family's core be considered a blessing?

In the end, he had no choice but to gather his documents and secure finally making his comeback.

a position within the Quinnell family,

However, his role in the Quinnell family was rather different. He was tasked with taking care of Marie,

who occasionally had episodes.

Never in Vincent's wildest dreams did he expect to encounter Wynter in Kingbourne, let alone witness her sharing a beer with Marie!

Vincent arrogantly ignored Wynter, feigning ignorance of her presence. He firmly believed that even acknowledging the existence of **this** fake heiress from a small town would diminish his status.

Approaching Marie, Vincent spoke with a displeased tone, "Ma'am, why didn't you inform me before wandering off?"

"Sir was in a meeting; I tried to reach you on your room phone, but no one answered. So, I assumed you weren't in the hotel. I almost called the police, you know?"

Marie glanced at him from her seat. "Are you lecturing me?"

Vincent was taken aback, sensing Marie was somehow different than her usual self.

Marie was usually kind and considerate. Yet, she had wandered off despite her health condition, causing inconvenience to those, namely him, who worked for them.

Vincent attempted to reason with her. "You should have at least informed me. If I can't inform Sir about your whereabouts, he'll be extremely worried."

"Vincent," Marie said as she stood up, her smile remaining, "my husband hired you to take care of me.

“You might think that a crazy woman like me doesn’t need to stay hydrated, but I do. I did try calling you earlier, but you didn’t pick up.”

Vincent acknowledged that it was indeed his fault; he had overlooked the time and missed the call. However, he had assumed Marie wouldn’t bring it up, considering her usual easygoing nature.

Chapter 358 Bavlnen

Chapter 358 Biological Mother

Wynter recognized him as Vincent Jenkins, Dalton’s special assistant.

She swirled the beer in her mug with a glint of puzzlement in her eyes.

Did this mean she had saved one of the Yarwoods?

Vincent hadn’t anticipated bumping into the Yates family’s fake heiress in Kingbourne—the last person he

wanted to see.

After all, she was the reason Dalton had transferred him to Kingbourne; he merely mentioned to Dalton her bad reputation and expressed doubts about her intentions to save Anthony’s life.

Though someone told him returning to Kingbourne was a blessing, Vincent highly doubted it. How could leaving Dalton’s side and distancing himself from the Yarwood family’s core be considered a blessing?

In the end, he had no choice but to gather his documents and secure a position within the Quinnell family, finally making his comeback.

However, his role in the Quinnell family was rather different. He was tasked with taking care of Marie,

who occasionally had episodes.

Never in Vincent’s wildest dreams did he expect to encounter Wynter in Kingbourne, let alone witness her sharing a beer with Marie!

Vincent arrogantly ignored Wynter, feigning ignorance of her presence. He firmly believed that acknowledging the existence of this fake heiress from a small town would diminish his status

Approaching Marie, Vincent spoke with a displeased tone, “Ma’am, why didn’t you inform me before wandering off?”

“Sir was in a meeting; I tried to reach you on your room phone, but no one answered. So, I assumed you weren’t in the hotel. I almost called the police, you know?”

Marie glanced at him from her seat. “Are you lecturing me?”

Vincent was taken aback, sensing Marie was somehow different than her usual self.

Marie was usually kind and considerate. Yet, she had wandered off despite her health condition, causing inconvenience to those, namely him, who worked for them.

Vincent attempted to reason with her. “You should have at least informed me. If I can’t inform Sir about your whereabouts, he’ll be extremely worried.”

“Vincent,” Marie **said** as she stood up, her smile remaining, “my husband hired you to take care of me.

“You might think that a crazy woman like me doesn’t need to stay hydrated, but I do. I did try calling you earlier, but you didn’t pick up.”

Vincent acknowledged that it was indeed his fault; he had overlooked the time and missed the call. However, he had assumed Marie wouldn’t bring it up, considering her usual easygoing nature.

Marie understood that kindness could sometimes get taken advantage of. But she never intended to make things difficult for anyone, especially when it could exacerbate her condition.

“I won’t mention your mistake to my husband today, but I don’t want it to happen again. Do you understand?” Marie said sternly.

his time.

Vincent was taken aback, but quickly responded, "Understood, Ma'am. It was my negligence this and I assure you it won't happen again."

Marie nodded. It felt as if this were her true self. Then, she said, "Give me my phone."

Vincent handed it over without questions, and added, "I've already informed Sir of your current location. His meeting ended early, so he'll be joining us soon."

"Okay," Marie replied nonchalantly. After retrieving her phone from Vincent, she turned to Wynter. "Miss, can I have your number?"

Did Marie say she wanted Wynter's number?

Vincent's expression changed, fearing a repeat of past events.

He stared at Wynter, silently signaling for her to decline the request, promising a handsome reward in

return.

Noticing his glance, Wynter playfully smiled and responded, "Of course, Ma'am. I'll type it in your phone."

Marie's expression lit up with joy as she handed Wynter her phone. "Let's continue our conversation: another **day**. Since you're a doctor, I'm sure you can cure me."

Claim Bonus For Free Every Day

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 359

Posted by **AdminM**, 324 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 359 True Love or Pretense

That fake heiress, a doctor? Vincent would rather place his bet on the Yates family's real heiress, Yvette, who shot to fame in Kingbourne after curing Clyde Winston's illness.

Though he disagreed with Marie's opinion on Wynter, Vincent decided not to argue with her, considering she couldn't be reasoned with given her illness.

Instead, he chose to bring this matter to her husband, Shane Quinnell, and provided him with the details.

"I need to get back to work now," Wynter said. Before leaving, she whispered in Marie's ear, "If you don't want to return to your previous job, let me know. We're currently hiring."

Marie's eyes lit up slightly as she watched Wynter's departing figure. She started to feel lonely without her, though she knew she had to let Wynter return home.

As Wynter departed, Shane entered with a worried expression, his brows knitted in concern.

Upon seeing Marie, he sighed in relief. "Didn't I tell you to stay in your room and not wander around? It's not safe to go out alone."

Draping his jacket over Marie's shoulders, Shane caught a whiff of alcohol, fueling his frustration.

"Were you drinking? You know you can't handle alcohol with your condition! When will you stop reckless behavior?"

Shane felt overwhelmed by stress. Nothing seemed to go smoothly recently.

this

Just when his hands were tied with company matters, his wife had an episode and disappeared. And add to his worries, Fabian had informed him of Sevie's return but refused to let him see her.

Uncertain of how his wife would react to Sevie's return, Shane grappled with conflicting emotions.

"If you keep on doing this, I'll make sure Naomi is aware of this," Shane warned her, knowing that Marie would only listen to Naomi, her beloved daughter.

Marie was startled, as if recalling something. However, Naomi's name seemed to switch her mind off, leaving her with a murmur, "Can't let Naomi worry."

"At least you still know not to let her worry." Shane remarked as he lowered his head, rubbing her cold hands. "Are you? You should have put on something warm before coming out."

Marie shook her head, her beautiful eyes appearing a bit dull yet gentle.

Shane arranged for some food to be prepared for Marie before she took her sedatives. Everyone in the hotel had recognized him as a doting husband who personally took care of Marie.

After Marie had fallen asleep, Shane called Vincent to the study.

"What? Are you saying someone is **trying** to deceive Marie? I want to know the details," Shane said

solemnly. He despised those who would take advantage of Marie's illness.

Chapter: 959 The Love of Pretense

Vincent exaggeratedly recounted the situation. "That fake heiress already had a bad reputation in

Southdale.

"Now, she seems to have picked up some folk remedies and claims to be a doctor. But in reality, she's **just** a student at a vocational school."

"Vocational school?" Shane, who had **only** received an elite education overseas, was unfamiliar with the term. "Are vocational schools still a thing nowadays? Are they similar to trade schools?"

Vincent nodded in response.

Shane couldn't help but laugh. "How dare a vocational school student treat people without proper

training?"

“People from small towns are usually less civilized.” Vincent sighed deeply. “She’s adept at gaining people’s trust, which worries me. I fear Ma’am might fall victim to her deception.”

Shane’s tone turned cold as he set down his coffee. “Then find a way to keep her away from Marie.”

“Yes, Sir. I’ll take care of it right away,” Vincent replied, eager to carry out Shane’s directive.

That fake heiress, Wynter, was trying to ingratiate herself with the Quinnell family by orchestrating a chance encounter with Marie. She clearly had no idea how much the Quinnells despised such schemes! That fake heiress’ supposed cleverness was about to land her in deep trouble.

The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 360

Chapter 360 Something Suspicious About Her Illness

When Wynter and Wolf returned to their hotel suite, it was already late at night, and Margaret had already fallen asleep. They moved to the living room to chat so they wouldn’t disturb her slumber.

Typing on

his laptop, Wolf lifted his head and gestured, “They’re asking when you’ll meet them.”

“Not for the time being.” Wynter replied, ordering a bunch of items online to be sent to her newly bought

courtyard.

Wolf responded to the group chat with a head-shaking emoji, instantly dampening the other members’ spirits. Nonetheless, they still felt obligated to report their findings to their boss.

“Tell Boss there was a car accident halfway up the mountain just now. A pregnant woman was involved. The place is now sealed off, but we fear there might be trouble once the seal is lifted.”

Wolf thought it unnecessary to bother Wynter with such an insignificant and unpaid matter, so he was

about to type a refusal.

But before he could type, Wynter suddenly took his laptop and typed, “Has it turned into a specter? If not, you **guys** wouldn’t be so worried, right?”

“Boss!” The members were thrilled by Wynter’s sudden message. The chat immediately flooded with

emojis, and everyone’s mood seemed to brighten up.

“Here’s the situation: The pregnant lady is someone of special status, and the child she was carrying was

out of wedlock.”

Wynter chuckled and replied, “Cut to the chase. Don’t make me guess.”

“The pregnant lady’s name is Lucky Walker, an actress who recently shot to fame. But her pregnancy

wasn’t known to the public.

“Yesterday, there was a car accident halfway up the mountain. The racers were heirs of famous families in Kingbourne. The driver who intimidated her fell off the cliff and died..

“Lucky’s unborn child perished in the accident, and Lucky’s still in a coma.

agency is

“If someone hadn’t called for the ambulance, Lucky might not have been so lucky. However, her agent determined to keep her pregnancy under wraps.

Wynter addressed the main point straightforwardly. “She’s involved in an affair?”

“That’s my boss, sharp as ever! But it’s hard to determine if Lucky has been purposely involved in this

affair.”

Wynter asked in a casual tone, "Has the embryo developed?"

"Yes, that's our main concern. We need to perform a cleansing ritual on that road; otherwise, all those street racers will be doomed."

Wynter took a sip of tea **and** replied lazily, "What are our rules?"

"Never help evildoers The message was quickly followed by another, "But we're not helping those selons, Boss. We're helping the baby"

Wynter replied with a head—
stroking emoji followed by, "Send me the address."

A location immediately popped up in the chat. "Dons, are you going to perform the ritual yourself?"

Wynter glanced at it, then calmly replied, "I might know those heirs. That place must be under surveillance now, so I'll head there when it's less conspicuous. Those heirs can suffer a few days first."

"I know what you're thinking, Boss. You want to wait for them to come and beg us, right?"

Wynter chuckled. "We have to let the baby vent and taste a little sweet revenge first, don't we?"

"Exactly!"

Wolf expressed with sign language. "I'll go bite those heirs to death!"

Wynter pinched his cheek **and** said, "You better think about how to tidy up our courtyard tomorrow. Our viewers are still waiting for our live broadcast."

Wolf wasn't too worried about that, knowing he could handle it easily. He followed Wynter, who was heading to bed, and gestured, "Will that lady we met today come?"

Wynter stretched lazily and replied, "Beats me. It's up to her."

Wolf glanced down briefly, then back at Wynter. "She smells like Mom."

Wynter halted as realization dawned on her. She didn't notice that when they met earlier.

Upon reflection, she grasped why the woman had seemed peculiar. Despite her child being high primary concern, she only looked for the child during episodes, never outside of them.

“There’s something suspicious about her illness,” Wynter told Wolf. “We need to meet her again.”

Enjoy Ad-Free Reading>>