

## **The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell ) Chapter 411**

Posted by **AdminM**, 225 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 411 The Hotel Flourishes Overnight in Wynter's Hands

The manager nodded. "It's been written in novels. It's an amazing place!"

Wynter's voice was calm. "The robe that the man is wearing is from Mt. Dragon."

The manager was dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

Wynter lifted her chin slightly. "He's a real fortune teller. Whoever tries to kick them out will be unlucky."

The manager froze, and his mouth was agape. "No way, Ms. Sevie. I..."

"Hurry up and bring him back. Fortune tellers don't exist just in novels." Wynter's voice was casual. "Have you ever seen videos of debates? There's even been a conference going on recently."

The manager suddenly looked up. "W-what conference?"

Was this world really so fantastical?

"It's legitimate." Wynter took out her phone and showed him the webpage. "It's from the Academy faction. That man seems to hold a high position."

The manager immediately dashed off, blocking Kaspar who was about to be pushed out of the door!

\*Sir, I just failed to recognize you!" The manager said anxiously. "You're here for the conference, right?"

Kaspar snorted and adjusted his hat. "Yes, what else would I be here for?"

\*Please come in! Please come in!" The manager wiped the sweat from his forehead.

He chose to believe in fortune-telling. No one would want to offend a real fortune teller!

“I just wanted to ask you who broke the formation in your hotel. Why can’t you tell me?” Kaspar was also

helpless.

The manager was on the verge of tears. “We really didn’t hire anyone.”

“No one was hired?” Kaspar was very stubborn. “Impossible. I’ve lived for almost a hundred years, and I can’t be mistaken. The fortune just now came from the heavens!”

Heavens?

What heaven?

When Kaspar said this, all the other guests in the lobby turned to look.

There were already people taking photos, and now there were even more.

If this wasn’t handled properly, their hotel might face public backlash online.

The manager was very anxious and tried to stop people from taking photos, but it was futile.

After all, Kaspar had been here for so long; those who were quick on the draw had already posted the

pictures.

Chapter 411 The Hotel Flourishes Overnight in Wynter’s Hands,

The manager’s head was spinning, he didn’t know what to do..

Wynter returned and asked knowingly, “May I ask if this fortune from heaven is good fortune *or* bad

fortune?”

“Naturally, it’s good fortune.” Kaspar thought he had finally met someone he could communicate with. The last time I saw this fortune bestowed by the heavens was at the Quinnell family eighteen years ago. Only a grand master with heavenly aptitude can borrow fortune from heaven.”

“Young lady, there are talented individuals in this hotel.” Kaspar was eager to take on disciples, so he didn’t want to hide anything. “Have you seen anything?”

Wynter smiled. “Yes, I did. You came in too hastily, so you probably missed it. Take another look at this

hotel.”

Kaspar’s eyes suddenly narrowed. “Is **this** the Quinnell family’s hotel? How is that possible? Why is the Quinnell family’s fortune in such disarray?”

“Sir, are you saying this hotel isn’t good?” Wynter asked.

There were recordings being taken on the other side, and it seemed there was a blogger.

Kaspar stroked his beard. “Of course not. This hotel currently has the blessing of heaven’s fortune. People with good karma will receive blessings if they stay here for a short time. Those with good luck can even dispel illness and disaster, and maybe even win the lottery.”

“How mysterious!” Wynter smiled while playing with the purple sugilite pendant.

Kaspar looked serious. “Young lady, don’t you believe me?!”

“I believe you.” Wynter approached Kaspar, knowing that the recording was done. “How about I take you upstairs? My young master is up there, and you should know him.”

Chapter 412 The Hotel Goes Viral!

Kaspar’s eyes lit up. “Hurry! Take me there!”

This young master must be the disciple he wanted to take on!

But then.....

“Why are you here?”

Inside the hotel suite, Kaspar looked at Dalton’s extraordinarily handsome face and felt extremely helpless. “Why **aren’t** you staying at the Yarwoods” Manor but in a hotel?”

Wynter watched with amusement.

The gossip about the Yarwood family was mostly true.

The young master of the Yarwood family's fortune was so auspicious that even the masters of Mt. Dragon felt imbalanced.

Dalton cleared his throat a few times while maintaining his graceful demeanor and gentlemanly manners.

\*Mr. Stavius, long time no see. You still look as hearty as ever."

Kaspar turned his gaze away and looked at Wynter. "Is this your young master? Is he the one who

borrowed fortune from heaven?"

Wynter nodded.

Kaspar chuckled twice. "Borrow? He doesn't need to borrow. He is the luckiest man alive."

"Mr. Stavius." Dalton poured a cup of tea and handed it over. "You're mistaken."

As he spoke, he looked at Wynter. Since when did he become her young master?

But that title wasn't bad at all.

Kaspar took the teacup from him and suddenly grasped his wrist to read his pulse. Kaspar furrowed his brow. "Your pulse seems stronger. It seems the Yarwood family has found a miracle doctor."

Miracle doctor?

Dalton seemed to grasp onto a thought and looked at Wynter with a smile in **his** eyes. "I hadn't thought

about it in detail before, but it's quite possible."

Wynter ignored how he was thinking and made a gesture lazily.

It meant that Dalton could continue to deceive Kaspar while she went to check on Marie

.

Dalton looked at Wynter's back and couldn't help but smile.

This was clearly a sign for him to clean up the mess.

How should he put it?

The Hotel Goes Vira!

Compared to before when she didn't want to trouble him, he liked the feeling of being needed now.

"Mr. Stavius, why are you here alone?" Dalton naturally diverted Kaspar's attention. "Did something happen?"

Another person who asked the same question.

Kaspar took a sip of tea. "I saw someone breaking the Earthbound Formation in this place. Their technique was too ruthless, and it needed to be corrected. But I must admit, they would be good disciples! It's just easy for them to go astray."

Was he talking about Wynter?

**Logan** shifted uncomfortably, shrinking into the corner and not daring to speak.

Wolf wasn't here either.

Who knew Dalton deliberately led Kaspar toward him?

As **expected**, when Kaspar saw Logan, he couldn't help but shake his head. "Dalton, where did you get to know this man? It's rare to see someone with such a terrible constitution."

"Mr. Stavius, you haven't been to Kingbourne in recent years, so you probably forgot about the Winston family." Dalton placed an orange in Kaspar's hand. "This is the second young master of the Winston family."

Kaspar

loved these sweet and sour oranges. As he peeled one, he said, "It's not easy for him to have survived until now. Did you help him change his fate?"

"Me?" Dalton was about to raise his eyebrows, but then he remembered Wynter's instructions and smiled. "Yes. I helped a bit."

Logan was speechless. It was clearly Wynter who helped him!

"The more you help, the narrower your own fate becomes." After finishing the orange, Kaspar clapped his hands. "I'll go and find my disciple. You should be careful not to provoke the miracle doctor."

Dalton nodded. "Got it."

Kaspar didn't want to leave just yet; he wanted to look around a bit more.

But the electronic watch on his wrist suddenly rang.

His disciples were all frantically sending him messages. They said that a video of him at the hotel had gone

Chapter 413 Claiming Wynter Did Not Know and That It Was Staged

Kaspar had never left the mountain without first thinking twice because it was too easy to expose his identity, given how advanced the Internet was these days.

The sudden popularity flabbergasted Quinnell Corporation's PR department as well.

The attention was a windfall.

Without doing anything, Quinnell Corporation had become a trending topic.

Moreover, their hotel managed to snag the top three spots on the trending topics list.

One of the tweets was most sensational: "Shocking! I actually won the lottery! The fortune teller's words are reliable! Check into the hotel, folks!"

Previously, the rating of the hotel was as low as 4.3.

As a result, many people no longer chose to hold business meetings at this venerable five-star hotel.

Reviews also mentioned the passive-aggressive behavior of the hotel's staff and that guests would

always get sick while staying there.

Someone claimed that they started to have bad luck after staying at that hotel, so they didn't believe it would bring any kind of fortune.

They were positive the old fortune teller was an actor the hotel had employed and that he had been

acting

The elderly members of the hotel administration who were planning to teach Wynter a lesson suddenly

had an idea when they saw that

One of them called Shane right away.

“Mr. Quinnell, considering that Ms. Quinnell recently took over the hotel, I can understand that she wanted to show some results, but her approach was far too outrageous.

“If it was discovered that she was the one who led the old man to speak, our hotel will be inundated with

critical reviews instead of positive reviews.

“This is a publicity stunt, and to put it mildly, if blown out of proportion, it is a scam, Mr. Quinnell!”

This call agitated Shane even **more**.

He couldn't understand why Wynter was so impatient to take over the hotel when their family matters weren't even settled yet.

In his opinion, it was simply a hotel. He would not stop her if she really wanted to manage it.

Although this had all been decided by Fabian, Shane still held the hotel's official seal.

Besides, Shane couldn't agree with Wynter's method. The online debate was giving him a headache.

Chapte 41 Clean Water boi hot hoed Hot Werland

More and more people were beginning to have doubts about the **hotel**.

“It's clearly staged. I can't believe people would fall for such a scam.”

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“Here's an inside scoop! The person who spoke with the old man is the recently appointed owner of the

hotel.”

“I've been saying that the old man doesn't even **look** spiritual, yet they claim he's a fortune teller.”

“If he's a fortune teller, I'm a living god. Haha!”

“Hotels like this should just close down!”

“Does the new owner think we're fools?”

In an instant, the Quinnell family was thrust into the line of fire.

**Shane** didn't want the hotel to fail, of course. After all, he had been running it for years..

Naomi, who had just awoken, heard Shane's frazzled voice outside. She looked up and asked, "What's wrong, Dad?"

Shane heaved a long sigh. "The hotel is having some trouble."

"Hasn't the hotel always been doing well? Why is there trouble now?" Naomi was sitting on the bed, her **face** drained of color. She looked worried about the family.

The sight of her **consoled** Shane. "It's nothing serious. The most important thing for you right now is to take care of your health. I'll help you with the rest. The matters concerning Ms. Young have nothing to do with you."

"Dad, as long as you still believe me, that's good enough for me." Naomi looked down, tears streaming down her face. "I'll explain it to Wynter slowly."

Shane sighed. "Right now, Wynter..."

"What is it?" Naomi was puzzled.

Shane gave her his phone.

After reading the tweets, **she said**, "Dad, online public opinion is very important. If this is not handled properly, I'm afraid the hotel's reputation will suffer greatly. It will be detrimental if it affects Quinnell Corporation's share price."

"I knew you'd be aware of the severity of the situation." Shane frowned. "Wynter just came back from elsewhere. She doesn't understand these nuances yet."

Chante: 414 An Omen From the Past

Chapter 414 An Omen From the Past

As usual, Naomi appeared understanding. "Wynter also wants the hotel to get more business. That's why she has taken such drastic measures. Don't blame her, Dad,"

"She had just been brought back, yet the old man let her run the hotel. That was a rash decision on his part." Shane seemed exasperated as he shook his head repeatedly.

"Of course, as her father, I won't hold this against her. However, the hotel has many other shareholders. If this mess persists, I fear something major will happen. Although the Quinnell family made the largest investment, the other shareholders' voices should not be ignored."

As Shane was speaking, his phone rang. "Just look at this. It's another call asking me to go back and take



over the hotel's operations."

Naomi remarked, "Dad, other matters are easy to deal with, but public discourse is time-sensitive. If no statements are made, things will fester, making the situation more difficult to resolve later on."

Shane was well aware of that. "I'm worried that Wynter will be defiant if she is asked to bear responsibility.

"Then you can apologize on her behalf," Naomi said promptly. "This way, you can protect her, and the company's integrity will be shown. All netizens want is the truth. As long as you are sincere, the other family members will simply view it as Wynter being hasty. Nothing major will come out of it."

Shane furrowed his brow at her words. "But that means admitting that Wynter hired the fortune teller."

"I'm sorry, Dad. I didn't think of that." Naomi was lying on the bed. Her breathing still seemed somewhat, weak. "I wish I wasn't sick. I'd be able to speak up for you then."

"You're still a child. It's normal for you to overlook that. Besides, your sister brought this upon her-" Shane paused at that point. He realized that his tone had turned bitter.

Naomi appeared innocent and confused.

Shane helped her in adjusting her IV drip. "Your sister has much to learn. If I don't correct her this time, she'll have a tougher time down the road.

"You're right. The best course of action right now is for me to apologize on her behalf. I hope she can rein in her selfishness after this and not make such mistakes again."

The last few days had not been pleasant for Shane.

Though he agreed that the Quinnell family had certainly failed Wynter all these years, he still thought

Fabian shouldn't be so willful.

Fabian had given Wynter the Quinnell family's hotel so quickly after she returned.

What was next, giving her the entire company?

It was ridiculous to Shane.

Chapte 414 An Ohich From the Past

Shane calmed his breathing. Since his daughter's return, there have been a number of incidents.

Somehow, he had been labeled as a bad father who did not care about his daughter.

His wife had also

grown distant from him.

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And now, the company was having an issue.

All of this prompted him to recall an omen from 19 years ago.

Back then, he saw a murder of crows flying. The signs of a blight were evident.

Vincent had stated that Wynter was with the Yates family in Southdale before Fabian found her.

The Yates family wasn't doing as well as they had before. Fortunately, their daughter was a doctor and had made a name for herself in Kingbourne. If not, the family would have been ruined.

Shane had always been a believer in fortune-telling and divination.

He did not believe that all that had happened was a coincidence.

Even now, the thought of that omen terrified him.

Shane called the previous number. "Tell the PR department to get ready. I'll apologize to the public on Wynter's behalf."

"Alright." The manager's eyes lit up on the other end of the call. "Mr. Quinnell, please come back quickly after this. Such a major incident occurred. It's difficult for us to communicate with Mr. Quinnell Senior."

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### **Chapter 415 Kingbourne Socialites Are Eager to Mock**

**"We'll see** about that **once** everything has been taken care of. Hurry up and get the public statement **ready**.

Shane hung up when he was done speaking.

In the ward, Naomi looked out the window into the hallway, her eyes betraying a sinister gleam.

When she saw a nurse coming in, she lay down and took out her phone.

Without Mason and Logan, the group was not as lively as before. With that being said, news of the hotel trending was still forwarded to the group chat.

Somebody tagged Naomi.

“Naomi, this is your family’s hotel, right?”

“Why are they using this method of marketing? **If** I had never stayed at your family’s hotel, I would have

believed it.”

“Who is the new person in charge? Tell Mr. Quinnell to fire them quickly. This is quite embarrassing.”

Naomi could no longer hold back her smile, but the words she typed were conniving.

“Guys, don’t say that. My sister just came back and still doesn’t understand the market. It’s understandable that she would make some minor mistakes sometimes.”

More people became active in the group.

“Sister? The one that the Quinnell family recently brought back? Isn’t she from a rural area? She’s managing a chain hotel after just returning?”

Naomi replied: “Grandpa feels sorry for her. It’s to compensate for the Quinnell family’s absence in her life all these years.”

“She’ll ruin the hotel. Her strategy is way too dumb.”

“Shh. Don’t say that here. If somebody takes a screenshot of that and the Quinnell family sees it, you’ll end up in trouble.”

“Everyone in the group understands that not being able to fit in is a personal problem. They shouldn’t use their family background to intimidate us.”

“That’s right. I meet enough people from the lowest rungs every day. The thought *of* having to attend the party with that bumpkin grossed me out.”

“Whoever betrays the group knows what they will get.”

“You should all dial it back as well. Don’t put Naomi in a difficult position.”

Pretentiously, Naomi replied: “**I** think I should just leave the group. She is, after **all**,

my sister.”

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“Don’t, Naomi. You are your own person, and the bumpkin is her own.”

“That’s right. At worst, we can just stop bringing her up as much from now on. After this, she’ll probably realize how stupid she is. At that point, I doubt she will force us to hang out with her.”

“Good for you. Our family is close to the Quinnells. My grandfather told me that I would have to hang out with her at the party, even if I had to pretend to enjoy it.”

“If I were her, I’d be ashamed to show up after causing so much trouble for the **Quinnell** family.”

The conversation went on.

Someone asked: “What’s with Mr. Logan today? He hasn’t said anything.”

“Mason hasn’t shown up either. How odd.”

Someone else who heard some rumors entered a private chat with the person who brought Mason up.

Stop asking about that. Do you not know that something has happened to the Scotts? Just stop talking.”

No one dared to say anything about what had happened to Mason.

However, they treated Wynter’s situation like a joke.

Shane’s attitude had a direct bearing on it.

After all, Naomi’s presence indicated how things were developing within the Quinnell family.

Wynter, who had just been brought back, was in quite an awkward position in the family.

Aside from Fabian, no one dared to take her side. It was important to keep in mind that Marie was unable

to leave Naomi.

Furthermore, regardless of how successful the sick woman had been in the past, all she could do now was take her husband’s last name.

The only person people were afraid of was the Quinnell family's youngest son. They did their best to avoid him.

Some of the girls had a smaller group chat themselves. Someone asked there: "Naomi, I heard that Tobias came back recently. Is that true? You need to be careful. I'm sure he will help that bumpkin."

"Tobias is actually back! My friend is crazy about him! Naomi, when you meet him, make sure to get his autograph for me!"

"Are you dumb? Asking Naomi for his autograph? Have you forgotten how Tobias treated her last time? He's not a gentleman! All he has is an attractive face! It's ridiculous to me how someone like him is a celebrity. His fans lack taste."

#### **Chapter 416 They Had No Idea They Were the Joke**

"It's not quite right to say that. Tobias gives amazing performances. Posting a photo or video of yourself with him now will quickly make you go viral."

"Well, the Quinnell family is also going viral right now. He's only acknowledged his biological sister and has been making Naomi look bad, hasn't he? Mark my words. Sooner or later, he'll be dragged down by that bumpkin."

When Naomi read that, she gave a timely response. "Wendy, it's normal for Tobias not to acknowledge

1. me. I'm just a sponsee of the Quinnell family."

"Don't give me that. Mrs. Quinnell lost her mind back then. Nobody knows what the Quinnells would be like today if you hadn't been there. Now that the bumpkin is here, they want to disown you, and they've even made the hotel's rating plummet during the mess."

"Wendy, Dad has always treated me well. He's trying to fix this right now. Let's stop talking about my sister."

Wendy Winston was Logan's cousin and had been close to Naomi since childhood. They even attended the same college but were in different departments. She was well-known on campus. Though

she appeared to be wealthy and outgoing, she had always alienated others, even over rival matters.

Essentially, their social circle was headed by the younger members of the Quinnell, Winston, Scott, and Fenton families. Scions from other affluent families were also in it.

Wendy had always been a spoiled young lady. She was fearless.

Almost everything she and Naomi said dictated the course of events in the circle.

The six brothers of the Quinnell family did not hang out with them. As a result, Naomi, the adopted daughter, became the representative of the Quinells' younger generation.

The Yarwood family was not like the other four families. Their wealth and prestige far surpassed the others. So, they were unconcerned about social circles and did not join the group.

**In** the hotel, Logan was holding his phone, infuriated.

"Wynter, have these people lost their mind or something?"

Wynter had just helped her mother calm down. Logan's words were the first thing she heard when she came out.

"Who are they?" She was parched. She looked at Dalton, then at the cup of tea in his hands.

Dalton gave her an attractive smile before moving the cup to her lips.

Logan froze in the middle of opening the group chat.

He was stunned by how professional Dalton seemed to be waiting on Wynter.

Chapter 416 They Had No Idea **They** Were the Joke

The group chat **would** go mad **if** they saw this.

It appeared to him that Wynter had treated Dalton as her gigolo. As soon as she sat down and nodded, Dalton voluntarily peeled a fruit for her.

Most importantly, with Dalton's noble and aloof bearing, he didn't appear like the typical gigolo.

He appeared more like a demon from a fairy tale that she had tamed, cunning yet gentle

.

Dumbstruck, Logan briefly forgot to speak.

“Well? Who are they?” With her energy restored, Wynter asked again.

Logan handed her his phone and raised his right hand in an oath. “All I said was that you were brought back from the mountains at the start. I didn’t say anything else after that. Austin was quite involved. You can stop trying to save him, Wynter.”

Wynter looked at the group chat before bringing up the members list, swiping up and down a few times,

and handing Dalton the phone.

“Take a look to see if there is anyone from your family. I don’t want to harm any allies by accident when I go all out.”

Dalton’s mirthful eyes turned cold after he read what the group had been discussing. “Kingbourne

socialites?”

When he said that, he was looking at Logan.

Logan’s back stiffened. At that moment, he could see the coldness in Dalton’s expression.

“I... I honestly never said anything about Wynter.”

Only then did Logan realize that everyone in the group was probably doomed.

Putting aside how impressive Wynter was, even Dalton could make them suffer greatly.

Wynter raised her brow and poked Dalton’s face. “Look for your family members.”

“There’s none. The Yarwood family is no match for those at this level.” Even though Dalton was grinning, he never took his eyes off Logan. The pressure was bearing down on Logan.

## **Chapter 417 Making People Eat Their Words**

**Logan understood** what he meant. He would have to make preparations for his impending doom.

Wynter, on the other hand, looked over the chat history calmly, with no intention of betraying Logan. “You still **hang** out with them. It’s not good for you to defend me. You can put your phone away.”

**With that**, she tossed his phone back to him.

Nonetheless, Logan wanted to defect to her. “I was naive back then. I thought having a group like this was cool. I now realize that gossiping about and ostracizing others is wrong. I am not siding with you because I want you to become powerful. I just understood things a lot better after today.”

He had lost his mother at a young age, and he had always enjoyed being around and having fun with

others.

Thus, he had many friends. Even if he didn’t enjoy something, if his friends did, he would still join them.

Regardless, **if** they truly were his friends, they would not have dragged him back or forced him to take the

blame.

They showed no regard for the lives of others simply because they were wealthier. He could not accept

that.

“If you need me, let me know. At worst, I’ll just have to cut ties with them,” Logan said.

Wynter shook her head. She could easily invade a group if she wanted to. It didn’t have to be so

complicated.

Moreover...

“The fortune-teller is real,” Wynter said nonchalantly. “I’m looking forward to seeing how Shane will fix this mess I made.”

There was no doubt that Fabian would hear about the incident at the hotel.

Some unruly shareholders had started to surface as well.

Before Wynter’s return, Fabian did not want to be so harsh **on** them.



Now that Wynter was back, those elderly still wanted to play dirty.

Fabian was the first person to object. “Alexis, tell them that, as chairman, I have the deciding vote. The hotel can only belong to Wynter. have faith in her character as well. The Quin nells never do things just for show.”

“Yes, Mr. Quinnell.” Alexis nodded and acted quickly.

However, that did not deter some people from taking foolish actions.

The public statement that the PR department had written at Shane’s request was done. Shane added a few finishing touches to it after that.

**Knowing that** he did not have authorized access to Quinnell Corporation’s account, he posted an apology **using** the subsidiary company’s account:

sincerely apologize for occupying public resources. I am the Q Hotel’s former administrator, and I’ve seen the discussions online. Regarding today’s incident, I would like to apologize on behalf of our new administrator. She’s still young. In an effort to draw in traffic, she employed some unconventional marketing strategies. For that, I deeply apologize. I hope that you can give Q Hotel another chance.”

As soon as that statement was released, their place on the list of trending topics rose,

“What does it mean? Is the hotel’s previous owner admitting that it was staged?”

“I told you. No way staying at a hotel will make you win the lottery. It’s absurd.”

“This former administrator is quite nice. They’re sincere as well. Why did they get replaced?”

“Where’s the new administrator? It’s not right for them to lie to customers like that.”

Many were digging for Q Hotel’s information.

Naturally, Wynter saw the statement as well.

Fabian was so furious that he couldn’t stay upright even with the support of his cane. “This is not what a father should do! He’s pushing Wynter into the lion’s den!”

Shane had admitted that it was staged by his daughter. Anyone with half a brain would not do such a

thing.

Alexis also thought that Shane was hopeless. He was not a Quinnell family member, so his thoughts were more conspiratorial.

Wynter did not run the hotel well. That meant she was incapable of taking over the company.

That would be good for Shane. After all, he needed the shareholders' support.

Regardless, he could not bear to tell Fabian that. He did not want to make Fabian sad.

Fabian was sober and calm. He exhaled a long breath. "Get in touch with the press. Since Shane did that, he can't blame me for disowning him."

However, at that moment, the situation online shifted.

Mt. Dragon had made a post to vouch for the authenticity of the video.

"The fortune-teller in the video is Mr. Kaspar Stavius, the head of Mt. Dragon. We appreciate your generous support for him. He stated that the hotel would improve your luck. That means it will improve your luck. There is no deception!"

proved the Awful Father.

## **Chapter 418 Disproved the Awful Father**

That post caused another **stir**.

The **netizens were** all in a dither.

"What does it mean? The head of Mt. Dragon? A real fortune teller?"

"Let me enlighten you. Mr. Stavius is the last custodial of Mt. Dragon. He's proficient **in the** Five Elements."

"Damn! I've heard of him. He's on Wikipedia. He's a national-level astronomy and geography expert!"

"Let me enlighten you again. He does not tell fortunes lightly nor does he accept employment from any family. He left the mountain recently to attend the Arcane Way Convention."

"That means you can actually win the lottery by staying at Q Hotel!"

No one had expected such a twist.

To defend their head, Mt. Dragon had personally refuted the rumors. It meant that there were no deceptions.

**In an** instant, the hashtag of Quinnell Corporation's subsidiary company trended again.

"I was curious why Mr. Quinnell was apologizing on the new administrator's behalf when she didn't say

anything."

"Can't you **tell**? It's an internal power struggle. He wants to force the new administrator aside."

"I'm a guest of Q Hotel. I told them I had won a prize, but the hotel called me a troll. Give me a break! They were praising their hotel, yet they called me a troll and asked me to delete my post. I can't even give them a positive rating?"

"You don't get it, do you? They're pressuring the new administrator to give back control."

"Respect the consumers? I hesitated, and now all the rooms are booked. Mr. Quinnell, come out and give us an explanation!"

The PR department never imagined that this was how the incident would progress.

When Shane found out, he was asking Naomi, who was in the hospital bed, what she would like to eat.

With

a clang, the cup in his hand toppled over. His expression shifted as he exclaimed, "What did you say? Public opinion has completely changed?"

The PR

department manager, standing in front of Shane, was wiping off cold sweat. "The person in the

video is a real fortune teller."

"So what if he is a real fortune teller? If I wanted someone to praise the hotel, I'd also hire a real one. The point is that it's a marketing ploy and a lie." Shane folded his arms. "I already posted the apology. You're on your own now. As my PR department manager, I shouldn't have to teach you how to retaliate."

The manager was trembling. "**Mr.** Quinnell, listen to me. We can't fight back against this fortune teller."

“There is no fortune teller beyond the Quinnall family’s reach Shane furrowed his brow. “Mr. Novak has connections in that regard. Ask him to use his connections and offer the fortune teller some money”

Seeing that he couldn’t get through to him, the manager decided to be direct. “The person who said the hotel can improve one’s luck is Mt. Dragon’s Mr. Stavios! You know him. Back then, you asked him to tell you your fortune, and he refused. Mr. Novak probably wouldn’t dare to offer him money either

Stavios?’ Shane’s eyes widened. He never imagined the situation would be this difficult to deal with Why was he involved? Why is he here?”

Shane could no longer stay calm. He rambled on, “He never left the mountain. Perhaps Dad set this up to mess with me? No, that’s not possible. If Dad could invite Mr. Stavios so easily, he wouldn’t have waited so long to bring Wynter back.

“Mr. Stavios has never been concerned with worldly matters, and he doesn’t tell fortunes lightly. There’s no way he would go to a hotel!”

Shane grew more agitated as he spoke. He grabbed the manager’s collar and scolded, “Without investigating the person in that video, you made me apologize! Have you lost your mind?”

The PR department manager was regretful as well. However, he had to make one thing clear. “Mr. Quinnell, we never asked you to apologize. You told us to write a...”

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Chapter 419 A Rift Appeared Between Wendy and Shane

“That’s enough!” Shane had completely lost his temper. “Do you want to get fired? Go figure it out right now! Do as much damage control as you can!”

It was impossible to control the damage that was caused.

The statement was out in the open.

Even if the PR department wanted to delete it, it had been screenshotted and shared everywhere online.

Fabian also meant it when he said he was disowning Shane.

Alexis didn’t want to upset him, so he kept some things vague. That did not mean Fabian did not

understand.

He was not so senile that he would turn her daughter over to the public to reclaim management of a hotel.

Fabian was genuinely disappointed.

Alexis knew it was painful for him. “Mr. Quinnell, the PR department is asking if the company can take

action and request assistance from mainstream media.”

“We’re not helping. Shane caused this mess, so he should deal with it himself. If he had Wynter in mind

and wasn’t so heartless, things wouldn’t have turned out this way.”

Fabian

stood up, supporting himself with his cane. After letting out a few heavy coughs, he walked to the windows, watching the street traffic. “I’ve never made a mistake in my entire life. Having a son like him is

my trial. Wynter finally came back. If I still help that stupid son of mine indiscriminately, I’ll hurt those who

are close to me while my enemies rejoice.”

Fabian was thinking way ahead. “Wynter is a popular live streamer. She was protecting my dignity. That’s why she didn’t use the main account. If she had used the Empathy Clinic’s account to speak, my dumb

son would’ve been doomed.

“I can’t pretend to be unaware of the situation just because Wynter is sensible. Even if Wynter hadn’t

come back, I wouldn’t be at ease handing over the company to my stupid son either. The Quinnells can’t

lose our integrity over money and power.

“Quinnell Corporation is business-oriented. Business can make a person rich. However, wealth is not just

for us. We can only help others if we are capable of doing so.

“There is a century of history behind Quinnell Corporation. It can’t be ruined by fame and fortune. Go and make my position clear,” Fabian reiterated.

Respectfully, Alexis replied, “Yes.”

The twist was abrupt and forceful.

It was as Fabian had said, the Quinnell family would stand as long as their integrity was intact.

Shane's side was in total chaos. No one picked up his calls. The shareholders who had instigated him

Chapter 419 A felt Appeared between Wendy and Share

**seemed to** have vanished.

The ridicule was overwhelming. The public's power should never be underestimated, particularly when it concerns the matter of getting rich.

The mere existence of such a hotel was pleasant enough. Even if they could not reserve a room, they

could pay a visit.

Nonetheless, someone had to say that it was fake before having to eat their words later.

As expected, Shane was dragged into it as well.

His peers were also analyzing the incident. Their comment was concise. "I've never seen someone so dumb. He rejected such profitable attention to force the new administrator aside. I would use this for publicity every day if it were our hotel."

"He's not dumb. He's jealous. He's incapable, so he causes trouble."

"This Quinnell Corporation's executive president isn't any good. They should just fire him."

Shane had never been subjected to this kind of treatment before. He grew more sullen the longer he read, grew more sullen the longer he read,

looking extremely upset.

"Dad, what's wrong? Is the company-"

Shane's anger flared before Naomi could finish her sentence. "Naomi, don't ask about the company from now on! Look at how the stupid idea you gave me turned out!"

He hurled his phone over, muttering under his breath. Naomi jerked her shoulders up, startled by his behavior.

I ž

## Chapter 420 The Group Members **Eating Their Words**

I **shouldn't** have listened to you!"

With **that**, Shane left the hospital.

Naomi reached for her phone immediately. As soon **as** she opened the webpage, she was hit with the news of the complete shift in public opinion.

**Even** the group was talking about it. Her phone screen was full of people who had tagged her.

"Naomi, that fortune teller is Mr. Stavius. Why didn't you mention that earlier?"

"It is very difficult to invite Mr. Stavius. My grandfather made numerous trips to Mt. Dragon, but he never got to meet him. Even my grandfather needs to show him deference and respect."

"I never thought Mr. Stavius would be at your family's hotel. If I had known, I would have stayed there too."

"Naomi, my father wants to know if you can contact Mr. Stavius for him. The cost is not a concern."

In an instant, the comments in the group had completely changed.

Logan was not in a position to speak freely.

Austin couldn't hold himself back. "You're all rather strange. If you want to meet Mr. Stavius, you shouldn't ask Naomi, You were all saying that Wynter hired an actor, that her approach was dumb, and that she had no idea how to run a hotel. Now all of you have to eat your words, yet you still don't get it."

"Who are you talking about?" Wendy was the first to shoot back.

Austin didn't go easy on her either. "I'm talking about whoever is upset. The person talking to Mr. Stavius in the video was Wynter, not Naomi. Do you believe Naomi can contact him even if you ask her to?"

Hilarious."

The group was silent for a moment.

Everyone had to admit that Austin was right.

That included Wendy, who had always prided herself on being carefree. All she could do was bite her tongue while looking at her phone.

Naomi, on the other hand, tightened her grip on her phone, her eyes brimming with unbridled hatred.

She'd never felt so humiliated in the group as she did that day.

The people in that group had always treated her like a princess, eating up everything she said.

She blamed Wynter for Austin speaking up and proving her wrong.

Naomi took a deep breath. The words she typed remained soft and gentle. "It is true that I never imagined she would be able to get Grandpa to help her invite Mr. Stavius.

I'm at the hospital and didn't pay close enough attention to the video, which led to the misunderstanding

### **Chapter 420 The Group Members Eating Their Words**

**this time.**

"I've just received information that Mr. Stavius is here to attend the Arcane Way Convention. When that's **over**, he will peruse the antiques in the exhibition. I know about antiques. I can try to inquire about his schedule through Mr. Novak's connections for everyone."

As soon as Wendy read that, she immediately asked: "Is it that prestigious antiques exhibit? The one with the auction?"

"**It is.**" Naomi chuckled. "I still have three empty spots. I can give them to you guys then."

Wendy was delighted. "Naomi, you're resourceful. A certain someone is only reaping the benefits of being associated with Mr. Quinnell Senior. Who knows what she would be without him."

Seeing this, Austin shared a screenshot from a netizen. "Open your eyes. Mr. Stavius entered Q Hotel by mistake. At first, the manager even wanted to drive him away, but Wynter allowed him to stay and asked him a few questions that she had come up with on the spot. That's how she got him to tell her that the hotel can boost fortune. Invited by Mr. Quinnell Senior? That there is a lie."

What Austin had said was right from the start. It was Wynter herself who had invited Mr. Stavius.

Naomi's face froze. She was unable to say anything else.



Wendy was infuriated. "Austin, what's wrong with you today? You are going against us on purpose!"

Austin was blithe. "I just can't stand how you all isolate others. Remember this, Wynter is their biological family. Have you ever seen the six Quinnell brothers join the group? You're just helping someone else speak for the family and alienating people in the process. You're not using your brains. I won't be a part of