

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 441

Posted by AdminM, 167 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 441 Wynter's Identity Revealed

Duncan clenched his teeth.

"She poked her nose into our affairs and dragged our family into this."

Peter harbored animosity toward the term "young lady." He leaned on his cane, his eyes were dark **and**

ominous.

"I don't care how you do it, but you must ensure someone is working on the birth certificate. And those doctors, we need them. After all, they know the hospital channels better than anyone else."

"Fresh stock is urgently requested from the other side," Peter added **as** he glanced at him. "Hurry up and handle it. Your brother will be back soon, and we can't afford to have nothing in place."

Duncan bowed respectfully and asked, "Yes, Father. How is Mason doing?"

"Is there anything else that I can do?" Peter's **eyes** were dangerously **sharp** as he continued, "I've already sent someone to investigate the identity of the young girl Ronan was with, and I'll make her pay!"

Duncan was surprised. "I thought you said she was Ronan's niece?"

"That's something we need to ask the Winston family," Peter remarked. "Logan has been missing so far, and Chad insists all he heard was that she's the niece."

"Ronan has always been a local in Kingbourne. How could he possibly have a niece from Southdale?"

"That's what my subordinates reported." Peter threw an envelope at him.

“They said this girl suddenly appeared in Kingbourne. She caused quite a stir in Panzarath on her first appearance. Darrell provided the photo,” Peter scoffed coldly.

“She entered the shop, said a word, and Logan was out of the game. Instead, it ended up hurting my grandson. Does she think she can get on the Winston family’s good side just like that? The Winston family has already said they won’t protect her.”

Peter gripped his cane tightly and added, “Once we find this person, I’ll skin her alive!”

At that moment, Duncan had already opened the envelope and was trembling with anger at the photo inside. “It’s her! She was also the one who harmed Mason!”

“Really?” Peter looked over.

Duncan clenched the photo in his hand. “I can’t be mistaken. This is the face of the girl that embarrassed our family today. Not only that, she...”

“She what?” Peter furrowed his brow.

Duncan’s face was stern. “She has also linked us with the Gibson family case. I’m afraid to say more, as it might give us away, but no one had ever connected our family with Southdale before. If she is indeed the one who harmed Darrell, I suspect she really knows something. Every word from this young lady means something more. Since she is from Southdale, allowing her to stay in Kingbourne will definitely be a big

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problem later **on.**”

Peter didn’t look closely at the photos at first.

Now, as he looked again, his frown deepened.

He wondered if it was an illusion as he felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity, as if he had seen her **face** somewhere before.

But at that moment, he couldn’t **recall** where he had seen her.

Duncan continued, "The problem now is, she has the Quinnell family on her side. If we act directly, the Quinnell family will surely protect her."

"The Quinnell family," Peter narrowed his eyes. The Quinnell family was different from the Winston family.

The current Gibson family could not be compared to the Quinnell family.

So, even in front of Fabian, Peter had to be somewhat respectful.

After all, the power still lay with the Munns, the Kellers, and the head of the Quinnells, who was not on

their side.

Unlike the Winston family, interests were shared, and they wouldn't fall out over some minor favors or

bribes.

Peter thought of a compromise. "Give me the phone. We're all friends. The Quinnell family ought to show me some respect."

Chapter 442 The Gibson Family Sets Their Sights on Wynter

Peter was still full of confidence.

Duncan immediately handed him the phone.

They had to deal with Wynter. Testing Fabian's intentions was the right move, especially since he had

always protected her.

Next time, it might be more challenging for Fabian to justify protecting her again.

Holding the phone, Peter had different thoughts. "Walt, we need to determine if this lady truly has any predictive power or if she is merely bluffing. We can't let the Quinnell family gain such an advantage for

nothing."

“What do you suggest?” Duncan understood Peter’s approach. “Should we avoid mentioning the car

accident?”

Leaning on his cane, Peter said, “Apart from the Winston and Gibson families, no one else knows the details of the accident. Especially not the lady’s prophecy regarding **Logan**, which only Logan himself is

aware of. Even Chad thinks she’s just bullshitting.”

“What if she’s not? If she can provide such accurate predictions, she could be invaluable to our family.

What then would we have to fear?”

Peter was thrilled at the prospect.

Although Darrell was proficient in geomancy, Peter felt his results were too slow.

Peter aimed to reach higher and faster!

He could have completely disregarded Wynter if she hadn’t saved Fabian.

Naturally suspicious, Peter didn’t trust such a series of coincidences. If Wynter truly had some abilities and the Gibson family alienated her, he felt the loss could be greater than any gain.

After a moment’s thought, Peter handed the phone back. “First, investigate her thoroughly. We’ll discuss

further once we have more clarity on her.”

“I find that lady difficult to manage,” said Duncan, who had previously interacted with Wynter. His irritation was palpable. “She’s articulate, not someone who seems like she would work for our family willingly.”

Peter

leaned on his cane and chuckled softly. “You’ve been a professor for so long and still don’t get it? **In** this world, if the price is right, there’s nobody who won’t work for the Gibson family.”

“Isn’t it obvious that a young lady, who probably covets power and wealth, has ulterior motives for aligning with the Quinnell family?”

“Find a chance to meet with her. If the price is negotiated properly, she will surely agree ... Don’t approach her angrily, **We** should be polite and virtuous. If she really is capable, the Gibson family can overlook her previous misjudgments.”

Chapter 442 The Gibson Early Sets 1tu

Inspired by his father’s words, Duncan smirked sinisterly. “Dad, you always think one step ahead. I’ll get on with those arrangements right **away**.”

However, as he walked downstairs, he passed another room.

The idiotic voice of his son emerged, filling him with boundless hatred.

“You! Get down and let me ride you like a horse!”

Mason was riding the butler, laughing loudly, “You poor students, do you dare to challenge **me**? Do you

even know who I am? You’re just a poor breed!”

Some people were naturally malicious even in their stupidity.

The butler’s hands were raw. The maid standing by had her hair messed up. It was a clear sign of

mistreatment.

Yet Duncan felt only pity for Mason. He stroked his head and said, “Once I capture her, you can decide

how she **dies**.”

Once intelligent and proper, Mason had always been Duncan’s pride. Now, he felt that it was all ruined.

Duncan thought that Wynter had better truly have the skills to save herself. Otherwise, as **long** as his son remained impaired, he would stay by his son’s side in the Gibson family for as long as necessary.

Chapter 443 Preparing for the Recognition Banquet

In the evening, at the Quinnell Corporation, the Gibson family had not made their call.

Fabian was already furious. “Have I been too kind these past years, letting the Gibson family think the Quinnell family is without support?”

“The Gibson family probably doesn’t know about Wynter’s identity yet,” Alexis said. “But why would the Gibson family push for an orphan doctor? I really can’t wrap my head around this.”

Fabian fell into deep thought after listening to Alexis.

Just then, Wynter pushed open the door and entered. “Grandpa, what are you and Alexis discussing?”

“The recent actions of the Gibson family are troubling.” Fabian looked at his beloved Wynter and added, ”

You’ve just arrived in Kingbourne, and you might not understand yet how the Gibson family works.

“I know Duncan Gibson well as a person. He appears to be a scholar on the surface, but in reality, he is extremely cunning and even has connections with some pretty influential people. Over the years, I’ve always kept my distance from him because I felt uncomfortable interacting with him.”

Leaning on his cane, Fabian made a decision. “It’s time for your brothers to come back. We should formally announce your identity to the media and the noble families.”

“I understand you’re concerned about what the Gibsons will do to me. I can protect myself. And as you

said, Duncan is a cunning person. Seeing me with Alexis, he probably won’t do anything to me

immediately but would investigate me first. He might even try to recruit me.

Wynter’s fingertips touched the repelling coin as her lips curved upward. “At this stage, he won’t make a move against me.”

“I won’t gamble on his intentions,” Fabian walked up to Wynter. “Only when you truly return to the Quinnell family can I rest easy.”

Wynter agreed, “I’ll go along with your plans, Grandpa.”

“Excellent! That’s perfect! Fabian said, his smile widening. “Alexis, hurry up and let all the major departments know, along with my old friends. And don’t cut corners on the invitations -make sure we print plenty of invitations! And contact the media, too! And the PR department, contact them all!”

Alexis was also delighted as he stood up straight. "I'll get right on it!"

"Hold on, Wynter will need some people by her side," Fabian stopped him. "How can a young lady not have her own subordinates? Arrange more bodyguards, and all the cars too. All of them should be from the hotel's fleet for our Ms. Quinnell. We need to make a statement."

Wynter interjected, "Alexis, that's not necessary. I have Wolf. He can handle it."

"You think I don't know? You sent Wolf to protect your mother," Fabian looked at Wynter, coughing heavily. "It's our Quinnell family who wronged the Whitman family. A perfectly fine young person came to the Quinnell family and was changed. In the end, it's all my son's **fault**. Fortunately, you came back and

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cured your mother."

Wynter supported Fabian. "Grandpa, you've forgotten what I told you **again**."

"I know, I know, don't **get** agitated, smile more. It's just that whenever I bring up that worthless scoundrel, I can't control myself." Fabian now seemed like an old, naughty child,

Wynter followed his words. "Then I should bring up Elliot more. He has made outstanding contributions

recently."

"Elliot is a child of our Quinnell family. I've seen it. He's fearless when carrying out tasks. Well done!" Fabian was delighted to have such a grandson. "It's just too dangerous, you know, the border area."

Wynter helped Fabian to sit down. "Elliot is a person of integrity. He's passed the tribulations in Havenlight County. I'm sure everything will go smoothly for him in the future."

Chapter 444 Wynter's Strategy

Upon hearing this, Fabian paused. Then, he asked rather seriously, "Tell me, have you really only learned the basics of geomancy?"

"Not exactly," Wynter hesitated somewhat when this topic was raised. "I'm an idealist. When the old man was teaching, I didn't study properly, but I'm definitely better than most people out there."

Fabian had not believed in this before. He had no concept of it, so he just mentioned, "How about when compared to Mr. Novak of Panzarath?"

"I'm better," Wynter replied, peeling an orange and handing half of it to Fabian. "I'm very familiar with some of Mr. Novak's techniques. Grandpa, don't go to him. If you really need someone to tell your fortune, the man who appeared at our hotel is good."

Upon hearing this, a rare look of surprise appeared on Fabian's **face**.

"Mr. Stavius!"

"That's **him**." Wynter took a sip of tea. Her movements were pleasing to the eye. She added, "He

has profound knowledge. I'll invite him over if you're interested."

Fabian hadn't thought about this. He just laughed heartily. "Wynter, your abilities always surprise me. Mr. Stavius from Mt. Dragon rarely comes down from the mountain, yet you have a connection with him."

"I'm just average, but I think my beautiful patient is the one who has a connection with him," Wynter spoke naturally. "They must have met numerous times by now."

Fabian was still pondering. He recalled who that beautiful patient was.

Since Wynter had returned, he had forgotten about Dalton.

"Dalton," Wynter explained. "They're familiar,"

Fabian suddenly felt a crisis brewing. "Wynter, although that young man from the Yarwood family is indeed handsome, handsome men are often the most prone to making mistakes..."

"Grandpa, are you not satisfied with him?" Wynter glanced sideways. "He's handsome, and I'm not planning to change fiances."

Fabian **stiffened**. He didn't understand how young people these days develop their relationships.

But he occasionally saw netizens say never to be love-struck. He wondered if Wynter was love-struck when she said that he was handsome.

Fabian convinced himself to stay calm and planned to discuss this with his grandsons later.

Wynter then handed another orange **over**.

Fabian tasted it. It was sour.

Wynter didn't realize her words had unwittingly drawn a wave of hatred towards someone. She used the

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CEO's private elevator, wearing a baseball cap to keep a low profile.

No one knew Wynter's identity except for the black-clothed bodyguards that Alexis had arranged for her.

"Miss!"

They didn't call her Wynter, but 'Miss', to make things convenient for her.

Wynter could tell they were all trained. She recognized one of them. "Aren't you the driver who follows Grandpa around?"

"That's me," the man stepped forward. "We are all loyal to your grandfather. It would be most appropriate

for us to protect you."

Wynter fiddled with her amethyst pendant. "What's your name?"

"Zack," the man replied with a deep voice.

Wynter looked back and then turned around. "Two of you can follow me. The rest can go to protect Grandpa, but change the setup this time. Protect him from the shadows as instructed. In half a month, I need to

know who has tried to get close to him."

Wolf had smelled the scent on Naomi, which didn't match what had caused Fabian's illness.

Chapter 445 The Strange Vagabond.

Wynter was always concerned about one thing. Although it appeared that the crisis was over and that Fiona's special team was under investigation now, there was still an indefinable sense of discord.

She needed to ensure that Fabian was completely safe. Since the threat came from an insider, vigilance was crucial.

Zack looked up suddenly after hearing Wynter's comments. "You mean to say.

"I didn't say anything" Wynter glanced at the other black-clad bodyguards nearby. "You've been with Grandpa the longest, and just so you know, I've looked into you."

Zack paused.

Wynter's voice was low and calm as she spoke, "Every time he wants to see me, someone leaks the information regarding our meeting. That means someone around him is breaking the rules."

"Yes, Mr. Quinnell Senior is also investigating **this** matter," Zack replied.

Wynter's eyes darkened. "Grandpa is a sentimental person. He subconsciously overlooks those who have suffered with him. Zack, my order is simple. Keep him well protected."

Zack understood the hint in her words. "Rest assured, Miss. I will."

"You're the only one who knows the specific rotation for the bodyguards. For the others, position them one by one," Wynter instructed as she was about to hail a cab.

Just then, she noticed a commotion in the company lobby. She gestured for the bodyguards to disperse on the spot and walked towards the other side of the company building.

"I want to see your chairman!"

The shout came from a vagabond holding a broken bowl with a QR code. He was causing a scene.

The receptionist tried to soothe him gently, "Your attire doesn't meet our company's standards."

"Why does my clothing matter?" The vagabond saw security approaching and dusted off his clothes. "Fine, then give this to your chairman for me."

He slapped a wooden box on the counter and was about to leave. His appearance was somewhat abnormal, attracting the employees' attention on the first floor. No one dared to check what was inside the box, let alone hand it directly to Fabian. Such an unusual occurrence had to be reported to the general office first.

Someone had already called Alexis, seeking advice on how to deal with the situation.

Seeing that the vagabond was about to leave, Wynter stepped forward and stopped him, "Wait a minute, sir, why do you want to see the chairman right away?"

The vagabond was shrewd. He wore an expression which suggested he didn't want to talk

Chapter 445 The Straty Vagabond

Wynter lifted her phone and sent a hundred dollars to him by scanning the QR code. “Is this how we can **get** you to start talking?”

Hearing the notification of funds received, the vagabond’s eyes lit up. “Thank **you**, that’s very **kind** of you.”

“Tell me, what’s with the wooden box?” Wynter stopped him at the doorway, away from the center of the

commotion.

The vagabond knew how to pique her interest. “Today, I was just performing on the street when

someone...

He looked at Wynter.

Wynter’s gaze intensified, “Are you looking for more money?”

“I haven’t eaten for days. How about we sit down and talk?”

The vagabond thought of seizing the opportunity to scrounge for money.

That was why he agreed when someone asked him to deliver something to the Quinnell family. He never expected it would be so challenging to get in.

He didn’t want to face another lawsuit and thought about slipping away quickly.

But here was a naive, wealthy lady, which he thought was easy to exploit.

“I get dizzy and forgetful when I’m hungry. Look at me, oh, what was it again?” The vagabond continued his act and feigned forgetfulness.

Wynter smiled slyly. “Then come with me. It’s time for you to eat something. It’s not good for you to

starve.”

“How lucky am I to meet a great person like you!”

The vagabond was delighted. He **was** unaware of the events that would soon make him swear off scamming people for money again....

Chapter 446 Making Wynter’s Life Difficult at the Quinnells

There was a bakery near the building.

Wynter was dragging a large **bag** of bread. She looked down at **the** expressive vagabond, and said, "Eat."

"I.. I cant eat anymore, hic!"

The vagabond was leaning against the wall. The bread in his mouth **caused** him to hiccup continuously, not knowing what tricks Wynter had played on him.

He laughed uncontrollably, "Ha ha ha, hic!"

"I don't want to know anymore." Wynter stuffed another piece of bread into his mouth. "It's important to eat, being hungry is bad."

The vagabond felt like dying, "I, hic! I was wrong! Young, young lady, I..."

Only then did Wynter reach out and remove a needle from his **body**.

The vagabond collapsed in the corner and gasped for air, drenched in cold sweat.

Wynter's voice was soft and detached. "I'm running out of patience. Don't beat around the bush. Speak

directly."

on who "The person

o gave me this, I really didn't know who it was. I was lying down at the time and didn't manage to look up. The person told me to take it to the Quinnell building. Then, I was given a thousand dollars in cash." The vagabond said while pulling out all the money he received at dawn. "I'm really telling

the truth."

"What's inside the wooden box?" Wynter glanced at him.

The vagabond averted his gaze. "I don't know."

Wynter didn't bother to argue. She just lifted the bread in her hand again.

The vagabond quickly said, "It's just a few wooden sticks **and** a piece of yellow paper, like those used for fortune-telling."

"Divination sticks," Wynter guessed immediately.

The vagabond nodded, "Seems like it."

Wynter raised an eyebrow and asked, "Aren't you worried about bringing such things here? You could catch some bad luck from the Quinnell family or even get nabbed by the police."

The vagabond looked around and whispered, "Well, I can read stuff like these. The divination was ominous, specifically mentioning Ms. Sevie of the Quinnell family. They definitely wouldn't want something like that getting out. They won't cause me any trouble. Actually, they might even pay me a good sum to keep quiet."

"You seem to know quite a bit," Wynter said as she toyed with a silver needle. "Tell me more about what's

(Chapter 426 Maknu hynter V–Lite piñault ist the thi
written on those sticks."

The vagabond was scared now. He cautiously said, "The stick says that Ms. Sevie of the Quinnell family is a calamitous loner who brings misfortune to her relatives. Anyone connected to her will be **plagued by** illness, especially her parents and siblings, who will be disastrously affected. Their businesses will fail miserably, and their academic pursuits will flounder."

Wynter latened as if all this was unrelated to her.

She lowered her gaze and chewed a mint candy before casually saying, "Every divination has a solution. What about this one?"

"It says there's no solution," the vagabond responded. "Imagine, the Quinnell family found **such** a person. If they knew her fate, would they dare acknowledge her in front of other noble families?"

Wynter pondered his words, "So, the person who sent you with this doesn't want the Quinnell family to acknowledge Ms. Sevie?"

The vagabond was confused momentarily and wondered if that was what he implied.

"You're quite clever," Wynter smirked.

The vagabond was left speechless as he didn't say anything.

At that moment, Wynter suddenly grabbed his collar. A chilling pressure enveloped him. Wynter remarked, "You have surely seen the person who gave you **this**. They taught you to say what you just said. Let me guess how they instructed you. They probably said, no matter who asks, you should stick to this story."

Wynter smirked. “The goal isn’t really to deliver a wooden box, but to spread the word, from one to ten, from ten to a hundred, letting all Quinnell employees know

Chapter 447 The Gorgeous and Impressive Wynter

“Let **me** guess, the one thousand dollars is just a deposit, right? The bulk of the money **should** be yours after you’ve spread the word.”

Wynter’s gaze was intensely dark. She resembled a demon walking out of hell in the absence of sunlight as she continued, “You don’t really think I believed what you just told me, do you? Divination isn’t something that can be understood **and** solved by many.”

“I, I...” The vagabond panicked **as** cold sweat formed on his forehead.

This was not going as he had expected. In his mind, no matter how clever a young lady was, she shouldn’t have been able to deduce the entire situation. He was shocked by how she was able to guess everything

correctly!

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “I’ll give you one last chance. Who instructed you to deliver the wooden box?”

“I don’t know, she wore a black cloak. She was very intimidating. Although she used a voice changer, I could tell she was a woman... Yes, just a... I am guilty.” The vagabond’s demeanor began to falter.

Wynter immediately lifted his arm to check it.

The vagabond’s expression changed, “God will surely punish me. I have committed an unforgivable sin.”

Suddenly, he looked at Wynter and felt terrified. “Shush! Don’t speak, it’s not safe, God might hear us!”

“I am guilty,” the vagabond said as he began hitting his own head. “Why did I start spouting nonsense? Why did I start spouting nonsense!”

Seeing this, Wynter pressed the needle down on his arm swiftly in and out.

Finally, the vagabond calmed down, though he was not yet back to his senses.

Wynter observed a small bulge on his arm. Her eyes deepened. She bit her finger, then sliced the vagabond’s, and the bulge scurried towards her.

It was a tiny creature trying to find a new host, drawn by the allure of enticing blood. Unfortunately, it met

its demise upon contact with Wynter.

Wynter looked coldly at the creature. It seemed like it had been burned when she pulled up her sleeve.

The vagabond lay sprawled out as he was clearly disturbed. He wouldn't be able to spread any rumors. He was shivering and soon knew nothing more.

"Hand him over to the police." Wynter gestured for the bodyguard to appear and immediately called Alexis. "Don't touch that wooden box."

"It hasn't been touched." Alexis was reliable as always. "You've said before. Everything must be checked first before going into Mr. Quinnell Senior's office."

Wynter took one last look at the vagabond. "Alexis, has Grandpa ever done divination based on my birth my birth chart?"

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"Mr. Quinnell Senior doesn't believe in these things," Alexis responded quickly, then added, "Mr. Quinnell Senior would definitely listen to anything you say, but he doesn't believe in other things. The **Yarwood** family did look into it, though."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "It was Master Atwater who did the divination, saying marrying me would bring Dalton good fortune."

"Yes. Alexis nodded.

Wynter didn't say it was just Fabian's doing to find her suitable matches.

"Inside the wooden box is a divination about me..." Wynter explained the vagabond's situation. "Let's not wonder whether the divination is true **or** false for now. There **are** people in Kingbourne who **use** creatures like that. Both you and Grandpa must be careful. No body should touch that wooden box, I'm on my way."

Alexis's expression grew serious. "I'll wait for you in the reception hall."

Nobody dared to touch the wooden box after such an incident at the company. Everything was too eerie..

They all watched as an incredibly gorgeous woman approached. She single-handedly pried open the wooden box and pulled out three divination sticks and a yellow paper..

Chapter 448 It is Time for the Brothers to Come Back

People craned their necks to look, not to peer at the objects inside the box, but to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous woman!

Her figure was excellent, with long, straight legs and a dazzling smile.

She was none other than Wynter.

“It is indeed very ominous,” Wynter said as she handed the divination sticks to Alexis.

Alexis looked at the divination sticks and became indignant. “Fakes/

Since Wynter returned, she had revitalized the company’s hotel, not to mention the arrangements she had made for the family previously! Without her, Fabian would likely be confined to the ICU by now, as she had saved him several times.

And there was Elliot, who had been rescued from the cellar. She wondered how such a divination could be interpreted in a way that was so wrong!

“Where did these divination sticks even come from!” Alexis looked at the employees and ordered, “Go

find out!”

Wynter took the wooden box. “Leave the investigation to me, Alexis. Just keep Grandpa safe.”

“You shouldn’t take the divination seriously. In the past ten years, the happiest thing that’s ever happened to Mr. Quinnell Senior was being able to bring you back.”

Alexis didn’t want the family to become suspicious of each other over a piece of divination, so he explained.

Hearing this, Wynter smiled. “Alexis, I’m not that petty. It’s clearly someone trying to create discord. But there is one thing that really concerns me.”

“What?” Alexis couldn’t help but ask.

Wynter spoke slowly, ‘These are divinations from Mt. Dragon. They are real.’”

Alexis paused as he knew what that meant. If rumors were to spread, the impact on the Quinnell family’s public image could destabilize the corporation’s stock.

He pondered who would go to such lengths to cause the Quinnell family harm!

Alexis realized the severity of the situation, and his expression turned dark. He took the divination sticks from Wynter.

Fabian was furious but also realized there might be aspects he hadn’t considered. He posted the divination in The Bandits group chat without a second thought.

The group’s name had been humorously changed to “The Bandits Save Grandpa.”

“Everyone, take a look, they’re using this against Wynter.”

Chapter 4481 Time for the Biolie.

Fablan recounted the issue, including how disdainful the Scott family was of Wynter.

The chat exploded Instantly.

“Was I showing too much respect to the Scotts?”

“I just happen to have a lawsuit against the Scott family. I’ll take it to the public now.”

“What nonsense divination, such feudal superstition should not be encouraged.”

Wynter’s brothers lost their composure whenever she was involved in something, except for Sebastian, who was nitpicking the words.

“This divination is indeed very real.”

Toby the Celebrity: “What do you mean? Are you saying the divination is credible?”

Attorney Seb: “Don’t go around saying you’re my brother if you’re so obtuse.”

Attorney Seb: “Hmm, not many people could get Wynter’s exact birth time.”

???

Attorney Seb: “Look inside the family.”

A–lister Rowan: “This is no simple matter. I’m coming back.”

Attorney Seb: “You sold yourself to the Yarwoods. Do you think it’s appropriate to call yourself a Quinnell

heir?

CEO Albert: “Grandpa, isn’t it time for us to go back? It’s been long enough. Wynter is all one in Kingbourne, and she needs our support.”

Fabian looked at the texts with a warm smile on his face. He planned to clarify the matter of succession

at this gathering.

Attorney Seb: “Wynter is the most suitable to take charge, I’ll be the legal adviser.”

A–lister Rowan: “I’ll be the spokesperson, I have a good public reputation.”

CEO Albert: "I've got the overseas business, Wynter can rest easy."

Fabian smiled. "Then pack up and come back, everyone. The Quinnells are in a disarray. I'm not at ease with you all abroad. I missed all of you, too."

Chapter 449 Going to Tobias at the Set

Fabian would not have said such a thing in the past. Since Wynter's return, his way of dealing with things had changed significantly. He seemed to have become gentler. He spoke openly about his concerns, fearing someone might harm his grandsons abroad.

Over the phone, all six Quinnell heirs could feel that deep affection,

Toby the Celebrity: "Grandpa, I'm just in the suburbs. I recently joined a variety show and will finish recording soon, then I'll come back."

Tobias is stubborn and dislikes relying on his family. Being a top celebrity meant having many fans and haters. Any minor actions could be magnified.

Just as Tobias stood up, Jacqueline introduced someone to him. "This is your new assistant, Yvonne."

"A new assistant?"

Tobias's warmth was reserved for family. On set, his personality and looks gave off an overly handsome aloofness with a faint hint of coldness. "Jacqueline, why did you change my assistant again?"

Jacqueline adjusted his clothing. "She's just an intern. She will follow you for a couple of days. Why do you think so? Don't think I don't know about you sneaking out last time. You're too familiar with the crew. It's not good for you."

"I refuse to change assistants." Tobias glanced at the blue-haired woman.

He put his hands in his pocket and displayed a rebellious profile. He disliked how the new assistant looked at him as if she wanted to cling to him. It reminded him of the crazy fans he encountered at the

airport

Jacqueline frowned and spoke slowly, "Everyone is watching, so don't make a scene. If you really want to change assistants again, wait a **few** days."

Tobias squinted at the camera across from him and said nothing more. He just asked the makeup artist to apply some lip balm on him. He then wore a soft, fuzzy sweater to record a promotional video.

Every variety show required prep work before filming.

Standing nearby, Yvone was thrilled. Tobias had always looked handsome on TV, but she felt he was even more outstanding in person!

The Yogi family in Kingbourne also had some wealth and often encountered minor celebrities. However, they were all too effeminate.

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She thought that Tobias was different.

Yvonne was so excited she forgot her actual job.

Jacqueline glanced at her and reminded, "Keep up. Tobias drinks a lot of water. Always have his water bottle ready"

Chapter

Yvonne was somewhat annoyed at Jacqueline ordering her around. If it weren't for her need to get **close** to Tobias, she wondered who would take such a job!

The set was noisy, and nobody paid attention to a small assistant.

Yvonne **seized** the moment to take a picture and sent it to Yvette. "Done!"

Some people began to take notice of Tobias.

But nobody knew that Marie was among those who had applied this time and joined the crew together.

Assigned to protect Marie, Wolf smelled something unusual as soon as he arrived.

Without a second thought, Wolf sent a message to Wynter, "This place stinks, not tasty."

When Wynter received the message, she had just handed the wooden box to Abel. She furrowed her brows. She knew that a place even Wolf found distasteful must have serious issues.

Usually, with Wolf accompanying Marie, Wynter would not worry about anything.

But now, she **did** have some concerns. She looked at Abel and said, "Check the source of the wooden box. I need to know who else could use these creatures. Also, keep a close eye on Mr. Rathbone."

"Yes," Abel said thoughtfully as he took on the task.

Watching Wynter ready to ride off on a motorcycle, Abel added, “Wynter, Grandpa is still in a daze. He can hardly believe your identity.”

“Mr. Lopez Senior will get used to it, tell him I’m not transferring schools, it won’t affect my grades.

With that, Wynter snapped on her black helmet and sped toward the filming location in the suburbs...

Chapter 450 Danger Approaches, Unknown to Tobias

In the suburban filming location, high-definition drones were hidden high in the sky.

They were there for a costume fitting and to walk through the process, but the live broadcast had already started.

The nation’s hottest reality show, “Ultimate Survival“, had gathered a massive fan base since the airing of its first season.

Its down-to-earth and bizarre content had created countless Internet sensations. Therefore, when it was announced that the second season was coming, it immediately topped the trending searches.

It was unprecedented. Just after notifying the guests, filming started right away. No reaction time was given to the **guests** as they aimed for authenticity!

Right after Tobias finished his shot and was about to **get** up, someone called, “Mr. Quinnell, don’t go yet. Here is your task card.”

“Task card?” Tobias raised an eyebrow.

His blue hair made his face look particularly enchanting on camera.

The on-site director nodded.

Tobias unfolded it, and a line of real-time subtitles appeared on the screen. “Congratulations, my guest. Welcome to the second season of Ultimate Survival. The show officially starts now. For the sake of authenticity, from this moment, each guest will have only one cameraperson following them. If you feel unwell during filming, you can press the emergency button to exit...”

Tobias glanced sideways at Jacqueline. “It has already started?”

“Yes, Mr. Quinnell.”

Tobias tilted his head and smiled wryly. This really caught him off guard.

As the camera zoomed in, fans watching the show were already enamored with his charm.

Jacqueline had also only received the news just before coming. But she trusted Tobias's ability to adapt on the fly. Even if the filming started suddenly, she believed he could still shine.

The new guests on the show weren't as calm. The actress from the first season was already used to the show's unconventional approach. She knew this was the only way it could maintain lasting popularity.

Some newcomers were literally frozen in place on the spot.

One of them was an idol star who often competed with Tobias for endorsements, Zane Lawton. Holding foreign citizenship, he had gained countless fans with a single youth thriller film. In reality, though, his acting was somewhat cringe-worthy. Therefore, **his** genuine emotions were not well hidden in front of the camera.

Chapter 450 Banger Approach

The on-site director explained, "Mr. Lawton, rest assured, it will definitely not overlap with **your** other schedules. We've already coordinated with your agent.

"**She's** useless," he scoffed coldly. "Aren't you afraid my fans will make a fuss out of this?"

Whether the fans would make a fuss or not was unknown, but his attitude was clear to everyone on the Internet. The directors exchanged glances as they felt a delicate tension.

Everyone had assumed that if anyone were going to make things difficult, it would be Tobias, given **his** many scandals.

Unexpectedly, the first to cause a scene was Zane, known as a gentleman of **high** social standing! The Lawton family was well-off, and as a returnee who supposedly had a strong network in the capital, even his fans who had been praising him were momentarily speechless.

Ultimate Survival thrived on this effect. There was no hype, no filters, just the real celebrities themselves. Hence, artists with dubious characters should really think twice before joining outdoor shows, especially unscripted ones like this, as it was easy to expose themselves.

Zane's agent was still on the scene and couldn't let things go too far, quickly signaling him to look up!

"This is a live show, darling."

"These are raw emotions. Tobias is too fake!"