

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

Chapter 251 Women's Power Can Make Flowers Bloom in Hell

Garfield's head was abuzz when he heard the last sentence.

He wasn't worried when he heard that the villagers from Paradise

Village had abducted someone and Ryan came knocking on his door.

Even if the whole internet was tagging him, he still felt like he could

handle it. However, he started panicking after this phone call. Of all

the people he could have offended, he went for someone who was

backed by Jackson!

Unfortunately, the fog in the mountains was thick. Their car was even

stopped by a group of hoe-wielding rioters who came rushing over as

the car turned onto the downhill road!

Garfield had just gotten out of the car to speak when an old lady. came charging at him.

"Did you rescue that darn girlie?" she yelled.

"Ma'am, please calm down and listen to me. I am..." Garfield raised

his hands.

But instead of listening to him, the old lady spat at him. "I don't care

who you are. Just hand her over!"

Garfield was dumbfounded by the sudden attack. He remembered how adored he was by everyone the last time he visited the village.

“Are you out of your mind?” Garfield couldn’t stand these fools. “Do you know who I am?”

The old lady was about to continue shouting when the village chief stopped her.

“Are you crazy? This is Mr. Wade!” The village chief smiled apologetically. “Mr. Wade, it’s dark here. My wife didn’t recognize you.”

Garfield’s face darkened. “Enough with the excuses,” he warned. “Tell me where she is.”

“Who are you talking about?” The village chief pretended to be clueless.

Garfield pulled him aside. “Zohan, don’t use those tricks you use on outsiders to fool me. If I can’t find her today, the whole village is done for!”

Upon hearing this, the village chief knew that the Quinnell family had crossed a line this time. He immediately backed down.

“They escaped. We don’t know where they went. All we know is that they were driving Mr. Hubert’s car.”

“Damn it, Hubert!” Garfield spat, exploding in anger.

Everything in Havenlight County was within his control before this.

From top to bottom, he had balanced everything.

Even when reporters came to investigate secretly and ended up exposing certain things, what the villagers did couldn't be classified as abduction as long as the women were willing.

But this time, a girl had disappeared on his turf. The higher-ups even had their eyes on him!

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Garfield couldn't understand what kind of magic that girl possessed to bring such bad luck to Havenlight County! He kicked the tire hard.

Right when he was at a loss, Ryan told him to get in the car. Ryan then opened the tablet, revealing the livestream which had started again.

This time, the location was changed to the center of Paradise Village. They could even hear a girl chuckling.

"Babes, I'm back," Wynter announced as she bid farewell to the Mercedes. "Speaking of which, it sure was thrilling just now."

She pushed open the car door. "I'm a bit nervous about entering the Macintosh family's place in a moment. To the ladies who are here in this live stream for the first time, please subscribe to my videos."

The livestream was bombarded with comments the next moment.

"Is the streamer seriously in the mood to be asking people to subscribe to her?"

"I would have thought it was all scripted if it weren't for the cyber sleuths."

"This streamer never has a script. She sure is strange. Her

livestreams are the bomb!”

Wynter, who was using equipment, couldn’t see the barrage of comments.

“This time, we are solving the case together with the ladies in the live stream. You will hear some voices next, but before that, I want to mention this... Trafficking is always a crime!

“Even if the girl changes her original appearance due to fear or habit during this process, or even if her life is ruined because she was naively deceived, it’s not her fault. It’s the traffickers’ fault! Purity is not the only thing that proves a girl’s worth.”

Wynter then turned around and asked, “Am I right, Yarra?”

Chapter 252 Dalton to the Rescue

Initially, Yarra didn’t dare to get out of the car. After all, this was where her nightmare had begun.

She used to think that even if she managed to escape from here, she could never be the same as her peers again.

Unlike her classmates, who still had glorious futures, she was no longer a naive university student, but rather, the mother of a child.

She couldn’t help but blame herself for her stupidity. Why had she trusted the old lady and ended up being abducted to this rural place?

The feelings of inferiority and fear had been etched into Yarra’s bones over the two years. Yet, when she saw Wynter’s carefree smile in the dark, Yarra felt as if a fire had been ignited within her heart.

“Exactly! Innocence is never the only thing to prove a girl’s worth!”

Yarra exclaimed.

“Let’s go in then,” Wynter smiled casually, her eyes glancing at the courtyard lit up brightly. “The Macintosh family must be anxiously waiting for me, their future daughter-in-law.”

Garfield couldn’t bear to watch the livestream any longer. Every word Wynter uttered was enough to turn their county upside down!

He desperately dialed Hubert’s phone but couldn’t get through. He tried Derek’s but had no luck either.

Fearing that the livestream channel might expose an even bigger scandal, Garfield pulled his chauffeur away and took the wheel, flooring the gas.

Meanwhile, another person also followed the livestream’s location and arrived in Paradise Village-Dalton Yarwood. This was the first time Dalton had called for a small military aircraft using his identity.

Ethan could sense the chilling demeanor around Dalton emanating since the moment he found out about Wynter’s “abduction”. Even the red beaded bracelet on Dalton’s wrist had turned bloody red.

Dalton sat there, with a black earpiece in place, and spoke with a deep intensity. “No matter who they are, send them all to prison.

Leave no one behind.”

With a pause, he added, “Except for Hubert. Bring him to me.”

“Yes, boss!”

With the Yarwoods’ intervention, things would be much easier. They could take down anyone, regardless of their background or the influence they wielded.

The Macintosh family had no idea of the trouble they were in, including Hubert, whose leg had been broken.

As the car door opened, Wynter promptly ejected Hubert, who landed in front of the town hall adjacent to the Macintoshes’ residence.

Once Hubert realized his surroundings, a trace of confidence returned to his expression.

This woman might have been clever, but she wasn't ruthless enough. Did she really believe the village council would side with her? What a

joke!

Hubert, just regaining consciousness, was unaware of Wynter's livestreaming. Cheryl remained unconscious in the car.

The moment Derek Macintosh, the chief of Paradise Village, saw Wynter throw Hubert to the ground, he bolted upright and slammed his teacup down! No one in the entire Paradise Village dared to challenge the Macintoshes like this!

Wynter stood in front of the town hall, holding the rope with Hubert tied at the other end, kicking him a few times out of boredom. Derek was ablaze with fury at the sight of it!

"I don't know where you're from, miss, but let go of my son now. Don't say I didn't warn you. You're breaking the law!"

Wynter responded in a casual tone, "I'm acting in self-defense and coming to the aid of others. How is that breaking the law? And if you don't know where I'm from, why don't you ask your debauched son,

Chief?"

"Dad, she's the woman Madam Fanny brought back." Hubert gritted his teeth. "This little b*tch! Dad, don't waste your time talking to her.

Arrest her now!"

Wynter stepped on Hubert's shoulder and chuckled. "Arrest me for what? I've brought you here to report you for human trafficking. If the chief won't accept my report, the local council certainly will."

Upon hearing Wynter's words, Derek immediately realized that she was just a naive, ignorant lady.

"Miss, let's talk things out. First, let go of my son. We certainly won't overlook the trafficking matter in our village. If my son is found guilty,

he shall be punished."

"Really? You mean it?" Wynter asked with a naive expression.

"You have my word." Derek signaled his men to stand by.

Chapter 253 The Macintoshes Are Done

“Fine then.” Wynter was surprisingly cooperative. With that, she pushed Hubert toward them, releasing the rope from her hand.

“Now will you take this matter into your hands, Chief Macintosh?” she asked.

Derek quickly caught Hubert, his expression darkening at the sight of his son’s crippled leg. He would make this little b*tch pay!

“Tell me, miss. What did my son do to you?” Derek’s tone, though polite, was ominous. “You’re lucky he showed interest in you. But instead of counting your blessings, you chose to harm him!”

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “So I should thank him for trying to force himself on me? Is that how the law works?”

“In Paradise Village, we, the Macintoshes, are the law!” Derek’s face drew near. “You were trafficked because you looked like an easy target!”

Wynter toyed with her purple sugilite pendant and asked casually, “You said the same to Yarra when she escaped and sought help here from the village council, didn’t you?”

“Yarra?” Derek glanced at Yarra, finding her somewhat familiar.

He then turned to his son. “Was she the one who cried when you slept with her?” Hubert remained quiet, tacitly admitting the truth of the question.

Derek continued with a disdainful tone, “I warned you about sleeping with someone like her! Was this her doing as well?”

“Yup. Yarra’s the one who brought me here,” Wynter confessed, her gaze locked onto Derek’s.

“Hmph! Looks like someone hasn’t learned her lesson yet.” Derek scoffed.

With a cold glare, Derek added, “Let’s see if you’ll be as arrogant as you are now after we teach you a lesson, just like how we taught

Yarra!”

Wynter chuckled and tapped her left ear. "I'm sure all the police officers on the channel have heard that loud and clear, right?"

Not only did they hear it, but they were boiling with anger, unable to believe that such beasts existed in their country!

They swore to investigate this matter, even if it meant searching throughout the entire Havenlight County!

They would not tolerate it. Anyone standing in their way would be considered a person of interest in this case too!

"What police officers?" Derek was puzzled.

Suddenly, one of Derek's men came running over, stumbling. "C- Chief, you need to see this!"

Derek glanced at the phone his men showed him and saw a video of him playing on a loop.

"You were trafficked because you looked like an easy target!"

"In Paradise Village, we, the Macintoshes, are the law!"

Derek was dazed upon seeing the video. "What's this?"

Húbert, still under the effects of the drug, was slow to react until the familiarity of such a tactic struck him.

"You planned this!" Hubert's eyes quivered as he stared at Wynter, unable to believe he hadn't seen it coming. He couldn't help but wonder what kind of drug Wynter had used on him.

Of course, Wynter wouldn't tell him it was a type of nerve drug that could gradually turn someone into a dimwit. Regardless of what happened to the Macintoshes next, Hubert was done for! And Wynter had all this planned all along!

Despite his age and lack of familiarity with livestreaming, Derek's experience kicked in. "There's something fishy about this woman. Strip her down!"

The burly men behind him immediately raised their fists, ready for action. Sensing danger, Elliot, who had been unconscious with a high fever in the car, suddenly opened his eyes.

He hadn't anticipated that his allies would bring him to the village council instead of heading for the highway, but that wasn't his

concern at the moment.

He kicked the car door open with his long leg and pulled Cheryl out, shielding Wynter.

"Air Force Unit 037, Identification Number 001, Elliot Quinnell. I hereby command you all to step back!"

Derek sneered. "What? What the hell is an Air Force officer doing here? And you look nothing like an Air Force officer to me, pretty boy.

Chapje 253 The Mantoches Are Done

Get him!"

Suddenly, the sound of tires screeching against the ground pierced the air.

"Derek Macintosh! Have you lost your mind?" Garfield's voice came through before he even arrived.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

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Chapter 254 Found Elliot While Searching for Wynter

Derek was puzzled by Garfield's sudden appearance since everything seemed to be under control. Could he have come because of that

video?

As he speculated, Derek put on a smile to welcome Garfield. "Mr.

Wade, 1-

"Tell your men to disperse immediately! Now!" Garfield whispered urgently in Derek's ear as soon as he got out of the car.

Thinking it was just a show for Ryan in the car, Derek didn't take him seriously. "Mr. Wade, I can handle any video that's unfavorable to our county. Why don't we grab a drink at my place later? All of this will blow over after a good night's sleep.

Garfield was furious, his entire body tensing up. This damn idiot Derek! Now the whole nation knew that he was involved too!

Ignoring Derek's idiocy, Garfield quickly walked toward Wynter. "Don't worry, miss. I'm here to help you. Havenlight Country will ensure that justice is served."

Shifting her gaze between Garfield and Derek, Wynter smirked. "Oh? But I don't really trust you. You two seem to know each other quite

well."

Garfield's face turned pale instantly. Suddenly, Ryan came from behind, pushing Garfield aside. Before he could check up on Wynter, he was stunned by the sight of a familiar and striking face.

"Mr. Elliot!" Ryan exclaimed, bewildered. Unable to get a signal on his

phone on the way there, Ryan wasn't aware that Elliot was also present.

"You're injured!" Ryan's expression changed, and then he turned around and glared fiercely at Garfield.

"Havenlight County, huh! How dare you hurt Mr. Elliot and mess with the Quinnell family of Kingbourne!"

Kingbourne? The Quinnell family! When Ryan approached Garfield to look for Ms. Quinnell, he was cautious about revealing too much about his identity.

He simply mentioned that he served a family involved in business and provided a description of the abducted girl.

The reason for Ryan's discretion was rooted in the Quinnell family's history of receiving false information about Ms. Quinnell over the years.

The most alarming incident occurred when the Quinnell family decided to support Naomi. At that time, over 20 young girls from various parts of the country were brought to the Quinnell family for

DNA testing.

During this process, Albert Quinnell, the eldest grandson of Fabian Quinnell, discovered attempts at falsification.

There were even instances where individuals attempted to substitute the girls, resulting in one of the girls nearly losing her life.

Consequently, the Quinnell family became exceptionally cautious in their search for Ms. Quinnell.

Even if someone resembled Ms. Quinnell, they would investigate their childhood history rather than provide false hope to deter those seeking a reward.

Ryan was aware that Havenlight County was a complicated place. After all, he had been searching for Ms. Quinnell there for many days.

Despite his intuition about the place, he hadn't anticipated it to be so treacherous. Would Ms. Quinnell be safe if she had come here?

Even Derek, as ignorant as he might be, had heard of the Quinnell family from Kingbourne.

In a panic, Derek's head was buzzing as he looked at Garfield. "Mr. Wade, we didn't lay a finger on him! It was the villagers! They surrounded him when he tried to take a villager's wife away.

1- "

"Shut up!" Garfield slapped Derek across the face, his expression a mixture of fury and fear. "Havenlight County is doomed because of

you!"

Already intimidated by Ryan's connection with Jackson Munn,

Garfield now found himself confronted by a member of the Quinnell family from Kingbourne.

It was all over. Even seeking help from higher authorities would be futile now. Garfield felt like he might as well die there and then.

Meanwhile, Derek attempted to defuse the situation. "Mr. Wade, this

is all just a misunderstanding."

Chapter 255 The Macintosh Family Has Supports

"Dad? Are you scared? Why are you scared of them?" Hubert, whose intellect had been dulled by the drug, was now consumed by pure

malice.

"Kill them all! No one dares to defy us in Havenlight County! Anyone who crosses me shall die! Even the so-called Quinnell family of

Kingbourne!"

"Son, what are you blabbering about!" Derek was bewildered by

Hubert's words.

Swiftly covering Hubert's mouth, Derek looked at Elliot, whose expression was cold, and said remorsefully, "Please forgive us, Mr.

Quinnell, for not recognizing you sooner."

Then, he crawled over, grabbed Ryan's leg, and pleaded, "Mr. Lloyd,

you've visited our village several times. You know me and my son are good people. How could we possibly have harmed Mr. Quinnell?"

Ryan kicked him away in disgust. "You and your son snatch others wives and daughters, shelter traffickers, and you call yourselves good people?"

Needless to say, the Quinnell family would not let this go easily. Was this some kind of sick joke? Who on earth would settle matters amicably with this family of bullies? Even a merciful saint could not tolerate this!

Derek was cunning. Realizing that pleading didn't work, the 60-year- old man showed his badge and knelt, tears streaming down his face

as he looked at Garfield.

"Back then, when the roads were difficult to traverse, my fellow villagers and I stayed behind, and that's how this village came to be.

"Mr. Wade, your superiors have specifically reminded you to stand for us in times of need. Even if someone rich and powerful comes, you

still have to take care of us, Mr. Wade!"

Garfield couldn't help but feel disgusted upon hearing his words. Wynter watched with a slight raise of her eyebrow.

She had sensed something fishy about Paradise Village. It turned out that the Macintosh family had played a role in the village's

development, resulting in them receiving special treatment from the authorities.

"You can't let us down, Mr. Wade! Think of all the hard work and effort we pioneers have put into building a home in these rural mountains!"

Derek wept harder as he spoke.

The elderly villagers gathered around, exchanged glances, and the slowly approached Garfield.

"That's right, Mr. Wade. We were once the pioneers that everyone was proud of."

“What’s Chief Macintosh done wrong? Just because he offended some rich guy from Kingbourne?”

“Mr. Wade! Have you no heart at all?

“And who does that so-called manager think he is, coming to our village to show off his power?”

“We have no women in our village, so what’s wrong with buying a bride?”

“If that missy doesn’t want to marry the Macintoshes, so be it! Didn’t the Macintoshes apologize to her? Is it necessary to resort to such extreme measures?”

Garfield found it quite difficult to communicate with these naive villagers sometimes. Nevertheless Derek was right. They did enjoy special treatment due to their efforts in developing this village.

Moreover, the Macintosh not only had the support of the villagers but they were also backed by the Scott family of Kingbourne. Hence, Garfield had to take his next steps cautiously. Then again, what could he possibly do under such circumstances?

When he tried to argue based on legal principles, the villagers responded emotionally, appealing to personal connections instead of logic. Not to mention the heavy pressure from his superiors.

“Mr. Quinnell, do you mind if we table this matter for now?” Garfield had no choice but to seek a compromise with Elliot.

Already suffering from a high fever, Elliot had just eased his tension upon seeing Ryan, but now his demeanor turned cold again.

“What is there to hold for a scumbag like this?” he retorted.

But before Garfield could respond, the villagers began to shout.

“Mr. Wade, don’t waste your time with him! Let’s see what this rich guy from Kingbourne can do to us old bones here!”

“When we were clearing the land, he probably hadn’t even been born

Chungen 2000 The Marselli

yet!”

“Anyone who wants to lay a finger on Derek has to go through us first!

Hearing their words, Ryan was so furious that he started panting.” Foolish rioters!
You’re all a bunch of lawless troublemakers who can’t

tell right from wrong!”

Wynter, on the other hand, remained calm. She quickly estimated the number of people and whispered to Elliot, “What’s your rank?”

“First-class. But I cannot use force against civilians,” Elliot said in a hoarse voice, “At this rate, we’ll be in danger.”

Chapter 256 Dalton Targets Those With Backing

Wynter said in a calm voice, “There’s a small path to your 4 o’clock. Take Yarra and Ryan with you. Someone will meet you there.”

Indeed, a Special Unit had been standing by all along. Wynter had mobilized them with the note she wrote before leaving Southdale. However, the Special Unit operated in the shadows, never revealing

themselves.

Even the Top Unit had no authority over them because their operations involved highly confidential cases that ordinary people should not know about. Wynter was the core of this Special Unit.

“Why hasn’t Boss given us the signal yet?” Lance, a brown-haired teenager in a long robe, stood halfway up the mountain, blowing bubble gum, with two heavy motorcycles behind him. “She doesn’t

want us to show up, does she?”

Violet, a sweet-faced teenage girl with twin ponytails, wiped down a

black knife and glanced at the man lying on the ground. “You men are simply disgusting! How dare a lowlife like that look at Boss with such

lecherous eyes!”

Lance raised his hand. “Whoa, hold your horses. I’m a charming teenage boy. I’m nothing like the dying scoundrel over there.”

“Wait. Do you hear that?” Violet suddenly stood up.

Lance looked up, his eyes flashing. “It’s a small military aircraft. Did

Boss contact someone else besides us?"

"I don't think so," Violet replied. She leaped up silently, employing her ancient martial arts. "Let's go take a look."

Lance shook his finger. "Don't forget, Boss told us not to show up in front of her when people are around."

"We'll sneak a peek. I miss Boss already. I don't understand why Boss always brings that foodie L with her instead of me. What's so good about him?" Violet suddenly scoffed. "Is it because he's small and short?"

Lance shrugged, hoping that no one would notice them in the mountain. Otherwise, they might be mistaken for some ghosts from the past because of their unique costume.

Meanwhile, hearing the sound of the aircraft, Wynter lowered her hand which was about to send out the signal.

As the grass on the ground swayed with the aircraft's movement, Elliot recognized it as the sound of a small military aircraft. In contrast, the ignorant villagers began to panic and clamor, pushing forward.

While Garfield was taken aback by their naive yet malicious expressions, Ryan couldn't help but wonder why there were still such ignorant fools in the world.

In fact, Derek had capitalized on this ignorance. Unlike the villagers, Derek had completed his junior high school education and amassed his wealth through dubious means.

He took advantage of a national program to secure a position and remained in the village to oversee its development.

At that time, background scrutiny was minimal. As long as you

pt 256 Dalton Larnets Those With Hacking

contributed to rural development, you were regarded as commendable.

Consequently, with Derek's cunning and social skills, the Macintosh family also established a relationship in Kingbourne.

While his old buddy struck it rich and departed the village, Derek chose to stay, relishing his role as a village king. With his extensive network throughout Havenlight County, he felt invulnerable.

Furthermore, the reserved and uneducated locals proved to be easy targets for his manipulation, allowing him to overcome anything obstacles.

Derek cowered behind the elderly villagers, glaring menacingly at Wynter. If he managed to escape this time, he vowed to make Wynter regret ever crossing him, regardless of her background!

Suddenly, an unusual gust of wind swept overhead, accompanied by the sound of aircraft blades. Numerous operatives descended on ropes.

The most conspicuous among them, dressed impeccably in a suit, was Dalton.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

hapter 257 That Is My Girlfriend

Dalton's short brown hair swayed in the air, accentuating his distinguished and striking presence as he descended gracefully. He looked as if he was bathed in moonlight.

He landed on one knee. He was adorned with leather gloves and had a pair of golden-framed glasses resting on his nose.

No one could tell from his skillful landing that he was suffering from a long-standing illness if his pale complexion hadn't given it away.

As Dalton touched down, operatives emerged from the surrounding mist. Eight heavily modified SUVs arrived with roaring engines,

drawing everyone's attention to the red markings adorning the vehicles.

"Chief! What's going on?" The villagers panicked, having never witnessed anything like this before.

Even Garfield, who had only watched such large-scale operations on TV, was taken aback. Derek's eyes darted nervously as he pondered

how to manipulate the villagers to escape once more.

The operatives swiftly formed a perimeter around the group. Their brisk movements and authoritative uniforms added to the urgency of

the situation.

"Chief, they're—" The elderly villagers felt a sense of dread.

"Don't worry, we're not ordinary folks. We're pioneers with

commendable service." Derek's confidence propelled him forward,

badge in hand, as he addressed the lead operative. "Comrade, we-

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But before he could finish his sentence, the stern-faced operative swiftly pinned him to the ground. His movements were fast and precise.

"You can't treat me like this!" Derek protested as he struggled with his face pressed against the ground.

"Derek Macintosh, we are the Top Unit. We've been instructed to request your cooperation in an investigation. Please comply. Any resistance or provocation will be met with force."

"T-the Top Unit?" Derek was stunned. He was a self-made man who was more knowledgeable than the average civilian.

When Garfield confronted him, even upon realizing that the injured man was Elliot Quinnet, he faced the situation fearlessly. He knew that he could escape legal responsibility if the entire village was

implicated.

With a little help from his old buddy and manipulation of public opinion, he was certain he could evade consequences.

However, upon hearing the mention of “the Top Unit”, he knew he was doomed! Why would the Top Unit be involved in a human trafficking case?

With his face sore from being pressed against the ground, Derek watched as Dalton, clad in a black suit, approached him.

Dalton’s striking appearance and dignified demeanor instilled a sense of chilling superiority in Derek under his gaze. Removing his gloves and handing them to one of his men, Dalton spoke in a calm tone.

“Derek, your old buddy asked me to pass on a message. He said

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you’ve brought him in big trouble and wanted me to deliver you to him.

“H- How did you know?” Derek felt a chill run down his spine, wondering who this man exactly was.

No one, not even Derek’s wife, knew about Derek’s relationship with his old buddy! While Derek had hinted at a connection in Kingbourne, he never disclosed specifics, preferring to allow his old buddy to manipulate things discreetly.

Dalton gazed at him casually and said, “You abducted my girlfriend, so it’s only fair if I did a little digging on you. Don’t worry, Derek. I’ll take care of your son. You can rest assured.”

“No, you can’t do that! I have a badge! I have merit!” Derek yelled.

Dalton looked at him nonchalantly. Then, on behalf of the government, I’ll take your badge. So much for being a pioneer of a

rural village, huh? And do I need to remind you of the blood on your hands?”

Derek’s face drained of color instantly.

Wynter listened quietly, her l*ps slightly curled. How had she not noticed that her exceptionally attractive patient could speak so

eloquently?

Chapter 258 I Can Find That Person for You

Derek's knees buckled beneath him. Dalton had known too much. So much so that Derek had no idea how to clear his name.

Shaking with fear at the sight of the small military aircraft and SUVs surrounding them, the elderly villagers had no clue who Dalton was, nor did they dare to speculate.

They were all too aware that Dalton must have wielded considerable influence. Otherwise, he couldn't have orchestrated such a massive

operation.

The idea of the Macintoshes almost coercing the girlfriend of such a powerful figure into marrying into their family was unthinkable!

Even the elderly villagers trembled at the mere thought. With their expressions tinged with regret, the Macintoshes felt the weight of their actions-particularly Cheryl.

As Cheryl watched Derek being taken away by the operatives, her mind raced. She had underestimated Wynter, thinking her to be a

naive student who could be easily manipulated with money and

sweet words.

Fanny had even assured her that Wynter was nothing like her daughter, Yvette, who was now the heiress of a wealthy family in

Kingbourne.

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Fanny described Wynter as just a foolish student, more focused her online part-time gigs than her poor academic performance, which resulted in her parents disowning her.

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As Cheryl pondered Fanny's words, she felt an intense urge to confront her. If only Fanny had bothered to investigate Wynter's background thoroughly, perhaps the Macintosh family wouldn't be in such dire straits now.

Everything was ruined! The Macintosh family's decade-long prestige was all gone now! Everyone on the scene was frozen in fear, cowering on the ground with their heads bowed.

The operatives acted swiftly. They apprehended their targets and ensured those deserving of imprisonment were taken into custody.

Garfield's hands grew cold as he realized he couldn't evade

investigation in this matter.

However, Dalton, leading the operation, didn't offer him a quick resolution. Instead, his icy gaze focused on Hubert, who was babbling incoherently, as Dalton addressed Garfield.

"Mr. Wade, is this the competent assistant you wish to promote?"

"I- It's all a misunderstanding! We Havenlight County-" Garfield tried to explain, regretting his entanglement with the Macintosh family.

"But this isn't the first time Havenlight County has been implicated in such matters," Dalton interjected, producing a newspaper out of nowhere.

He then continued, "Seven years ago, a female teacher from Havenlight County was hailed as an inspirational figure. Ironically, she was trafficked into your county too."

Dalton pressed the newspaper into Garfield's hand and added, "Mr. Wade, don't pretend you didn't know about this."

"After all, during that time, the Macintosh family flourished, and the Quirk family even received the title of 'kind-hearted matchmaker' title, which you bestowed upon them."

Garfield's legs weakened, nearly giving away beneath him. Realizing the gravity of the situation, he knew he had to speak up or face the consequences. With little hope of assistance from the Scott family, he understood he was on his own.

"I admit it! I'll confess everything!" he exclaimed, locking eyes with Elliot. "Mr. Quinnell, you haven't located the person you're looking for, have you? If I approach the Quirks on your behalf, they'll surely provide information!"

His words struck a nerve with Elliot, aggravating his already feverish state.

Ryan's fury erupted. "I've asked you countless times before, and each time you claimed ignorance!"

"Mr. Lloyd, I need to keep a trump card to secure myself, don't I?" Garfield responded, avoiding his gaze. "As you've seen, the folks of Paradise Village aren't forthcoming with strangers. You won't get any useful information from them, but I might."

Elliot approached Garfield, clutching his injured shoulder. "If you dare deceive the Quinnells, I'll strip off my uniform and personally send

you to hell."

Garfield shuddered, speaking cautiously, "Mr. Quinnell, I swear on my family's honor that the person you're seeking is among the girls the Quirks trafficked. Only they know who and where the girl is now."

Chapter 259 Can't Dislike Elliot

Upon hearing Garfield's words, Wynter paused. Her hand hovered over the purple sugilite pendant. Ryan glanced at Wynter, his mouth slightly agape. If that was the case, then Wynter...

Wynter knew what Ryan was thinking. She furrowed her brows slightly and said, "I was switched at birth, not trafficked."

At least, that was what the Quirks had claimed, though they weren't exactly trustworthy. Wynter decided to keep that part to herself. Honestly, she found the actions of the Quinnells, raising that spoiled

woman, rather unacceptable.

According to Ryan, the Quinnells had been spoiling Naomi simply

because she looked too much like Ms. Quinnell when she was young.

From Wynter's perspective, it was akin to projecting love onto a surrogate.

Nevertheless, it was understandable to lose track of and fail to locate a child back then, especially in remote areas.

After all, the internet was not as widespread at the time. Moreover, facial recognition, DNA sampling, and household registration checks were not as advanced as they were now.

Moreover, human traffickers often used cunning strategies, making it extremely difficult to recover abducted children. Many parents traversed mountains and rivers, prematurely aging in their relentless search.

However, Wynter found the Quinnells' decision to raise a child solely because she resembled their lost girl rather... incomprehensible.

If all parents in the world acted similarly and allowed a stranger to replace their missing daughter, what hope would remain for those abducted girls who still clung to the hope of being reunited with their

families?

Elliot couldn't quite pinpoint it, but he sensed a subtle reluctance from Wynter toward the Quinnell family, despite her smiling demeanor and light-hearted attitude. His intuition suggested that she harbored some aversion toward the Quinnell family.

The realization left Elliot feeling somewhat disappointed, though he couldn't quite understand why. Nevertheless, his overwhelming determination to find his little sister overshadowed these sentiments.

He turned his gaze toward Dalton. It was evident that the two were acquainted, but not particularly close.

"Hand him over to me, and I'll owe you one," Elliot said urgently.

Wynter's attention was drawn by Elliot's words, causing her to glance at him. Despite his injury, Elliot continued to stand protectively close

in front of her.

Although Wynter couldn't comprehend the actions of the Quinnell family, she couldn't bring herself to dislike Elliot Quinnell.

It was odd. Given her typically retaliatory nature, she would have normally distanced herself from the family whose adoptive daughter, Naomi, looked down on her and disrupted her and her grandmother's

peaceful life.

Could it be that adversity had forged a friendship between them?

Wynter's gaze lingered on Elliot for a long moment as she contemplated.

Noticing Wynter's unwavering gaze on Elliot, Dalton tightened his lips, and his tone grew colder. "He's yours. You don't owe me anything. I've already promised Mr. Quinnell Senior to assist in this matter."

Extending his hand, Dalton added with a gentle smile, "Can I have my frightened girlfriend back by my side now?"

Wynter smiled and placed her hand in his. After ensuring she was unharmed, Dalton removed his beaded bracelet and placed it on her

wrist.

"I can't accept this," Wynter protested.

They stood so close that she felt as if she was enveloped in his embrace, surrounded by his refreshing scent.

"It's to help you relax. You can give it back to me later." Dalton's deep voice was rather soothing, "After all, you might have nightmares after what happened today."

Nightmare? Wynter wasn't sure what he meant, but she was often the cause of nightmares for others.

"I doubt you'll easily forget someone as ugly as Hubert," Dalton

offered a plausible explanation.

Wynter couldn't deny it. She still couldn't shake off the memory of Huber's face or the neighborhood where the Quirks lived.

Digging into her memory, Wynter began to describe what she had seen. "There are other abducted girls in that neighborhood. I can't

rescue them all.

"Every household has dogs there. When you sneak in, check the sheds and cellars in the yard.

"The minivan I took is for transportation. It's parked at the third house from the entrance of the neighborhood. You should start from there."

(Claim Your Surprise

Chapter 259 Can't Dislike Elliot

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(Claim Your Surprise

Chapter 260 You Can Find Your Sister for Sure

Wynter’s remarkable memory seemed to have memorized the layout of the Quirks’ neighborhood in her mind.

“The Quirks should have left the neighborhood and headed somewhere for treatment since they were severely poisoned by me. I suggest splitting up and checking Havenlight Hospital,” she advised.

Dalton listened quietly, allowing Wynter to finish speaking without interruption.

She looked at him earnestly and said, “Bring Dickson and Fanny to

1. I have questions for them.”

Without hesitation, Dalton replied, touching the beaded bracelet,’

Okay.”

”

This was precisely why Wynter enjoyed being around Dalton. Not only did he offer her comfort, but he also assisted without question.

Ryan wanted to interject but found himself at a loss for words. He couldn’t shake the nagging thought. Was Wynter truly switched at

birth?

He vividly recalled the first time he laid eyes on Wynter. He had genuinely mistaken her for Ms. Quinnell...

If Wynter hadn’t denied it, and if the Quirks hadn’t provided more information, Ryan would have insisted on a DNA test.

According to the Quirks, the abducted girl was thin and small and had only left them around the age of 14. She turned out to be a short,

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pretty teenager. Ryan couldn't help but question the credibility of their words now.

However, Wynter never responded well to being pressured, and she had also mentioned that she had never left Southdale since childhood.

Ryan's mind was swirling with questions. He decided to interrogate the Quirks first before jumping to conclusions. Everything would become clear once the truth emerged.

Elliot, despite running a high fever, remained determined to find his little sister as soon as possible.

"Mr. Elliot, leave this to me. You should go and check your injury first," Ryan advised him in a hushed tone.

"I'm fine. Go get the car," Elliot insisted firmly.

Sensing his determination, Wynter placed her hand on his chest. Elliot raised his eyebrow in surprise.

"You need to disinfect the wound and get an IV started right away.

Get some rest. Your wound is severely infected, and may require surgery." Wynter's advice was sound.

"When my sister went missing, my brother Tobias and I bore the weight of the responsibility," Elliot suddenly said in a low voice. "If only we had kept a closer watch on her.

"We were buying her a toy to try and cheer her up. But in a blink of an eye, she vanished." Elliot's voice cracked with emotion.

"Do you remember the cellar you rescued me from? Now, whenever I close my eyes, I can't help but wonder if my sister was also trapped

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there. She was so small. How could she have endured it

“Could she have survived in such a cruel, heartless place? Or did she suffer the same fate as the little girl we met, assimilated into their world?”, Elliot lowered his head, his eyes tinged with red. “I have to get the answers from those two monsters myself!”

“Three hours,” Wynter said, raising her hand and expertly inserting silver needles into various acupuncture points on his body. “Whether you’ve found your answers or not, let Ryan bring you to me after three hours.”

Ryan felt a wave of relief hearing Wynter’s instructions.

Ever since the incident with Naomi, Wynter had distanced herself

from the Quinnell family. Wynter was someone who clearly distinguished between those she liked and disliked.

Although she didn’t know much about the Quinnell family, she recognized Elliot’s determination and strong will.

She admired Elliot’s character, especially when he prioritized her and Yarra’s safety amidst the dire circumstances. Wynter wasn’t

ungrateful. She believed in repaying kindness twofold.

“After you get in the car, you’ll probably feel thirsty, so make sure to drink plenty of water to flush your system,” Wynter said in a calm

tone.

She then added, “Don’t stress too much. Even in the darkest of times, maintaining a positive mindset can make all the difference. Believe in your wishes, and they will come true You’ll find your sister.”

Elliot smiled, a glimmer of hope in his eyes. “Okay.”