

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

Chapter 281 Deciphering the Dream

Naomi had been sponsored and cared for by the Quinnells since young. She was adept in fine arts and literature, not to mention a graduate from a prestigious university overseas.

She was well-versed in finance, economics, and social etiquette, and even knew financial law. In short, Naomi was the epitome of beauty and brains.

Compared to her, Wynter was a local graduate who was neither cultured nor taught the ways of a socialite.

In the dream, Naomi was kind and would take Wynter everywhere.

She even made it a point to tell others that the true heiress of the Quinnell family had returned,

She didn't want the public to confuse her identity with Wynter's, lest the latter was put in an awkward situation.

But despite all this, Wynter always felt like an ugly duckling at every dinner party. It was as if she had crashed the party, and it showed.

Naomi could talk to anyone at the party about anything, but Wynter couldn't even tell what language Naomi was speaking, let alone join the conversation.

As the differences between Naomi's upbringing and hers became clear, Wynter began to realize that she had no makings of an heiress whatsoever. Everyone was saying how the Quinnells had brought back a bumpkin.

Wynter didn't fit into any social circle and eventually became the laughingstock.

None of the socialites cared for her, and even the staff attending to her had started ignoring her requests in favor of Naomi. Even

Wynter's parents, who had claimed to love her beyond all things, were growing embarrassed of her.

In the end, her parents hired a private tutor for her. Wynter dreamed she had toiled away on whatever art and subject the tutor taught her. But for some reason, she would forget whatever she learned.

One day, through bitter work, she finally mastered the piano and thought she could make her family proud.

However, Naomi won a prize for her performance in a piano concert abroad, and the Quinnells threw a feast to celebrate her achievement. During the party, they announced that they would officially adopt

Naomi.

From then on, Naomi and Wynter would both be heiresses to the Quinell name. And just like that, Wynter fell back into the shadows

before she could even emerge into the light.

Wynter's parents began to feel awkward around her. Her mother even seemed a little terrified of her. Thankfully, Fabian would drop by and visit her now and then, reminding her that she was his little princess.

Wynter vowed that she would master something to make her grandfather proud.

However, her brain seemed to be operating beyond her control. She couldn't master anything despite all the effort she put in each day.

Finally, all that stress built up and triggered her intermittent explosive

disorder. Without even being conscious of it, Wynter picked up a pair of scissors one day and stabbed Naomi's hand with it.

The household staff said Wynter did it out of jealousy, much to her parents' disappointment.

The family doctor advised that Wynter's condition be kept secret, or it might reflect badly on the Quinnells.

After all, no one wanted an heiress with intermittent explosive disorder, which was a psychiatric condition.

Her mother couldn't bear to part with her, but her father sent her to the countryside for what he called rehabilitation.

Fabian was sick at the time and couldn't take care of her. The next time Wynter got news of her grandfather, it was of his death.

The sound of the rain splattering against the window made Wynter bolt upright in bed. Her beautiful eyes were wide in the dark.

Beads of cold sweat had formed on her forehead, and her dark hair cascaded over her shoulders. She clutched the pendant that rested firmly against her midriff, her eyes glimmering.

She was not the self-pitying type, especially not over the lack of love or approval. She wondered what her dream meant.

Fabian wouldn't die that easily. She had examined him before. He had a lung condition, but a healthy diet and regular medication should help him manage it just fine.

Could it be that something had changed within the Quinnell family?

Atwater had taught her how to interpret dreams back in the day. She

OLAZI Pciphonog The Dream

had learned that dreams were like warnings from the universe to some extent. She would be a fool to disregard her dream.

She raised a brow as she considered her pathetic ending in the dream. That was unlikely to happen.

For starters, she didn't plan on going back to the Quinnells. Secondly, she would never sit by and let Fabian die.

Wynter looked up and gazed out the window, thinking of reasons why she might have had that dream. She wouldn't allow that dream to

become reality.

Meanwhile, at the Quinnell residence in Kingbourne, Naomi exclaimed happily into the phone, "Are you and Mom really coming home, Dad?"

Chapter 282 Formal Adoption

Naomi added, "I thought the doctor said it would be best for Mom to continue her treatment for three years."

Shane Quinnell chuckled on the other line. "Your mother misses you

so much she's been losing sleep these days. We figured we'd go home to see you. Besides, how could we miss our little sunbeam's

birthday?"

was sure

Shane his wife would get better after seeing Naomi. There

had to be some science behind that.

Life worked in mysterious ways sometimes. It was a wonder that Naomi looked identical to the Quinnells' long-lost daughter. They

even shared the same birthday.

Shane softened at the thought of Naomi's face, which so strongly resembled his wife's. "Naomi, I heard about what happened in Kingbourne lately. I'll speak to your grandfather about this when I get

back.

"It wouldn't be right for us to abandon a kid we raised for an outsider."

"Dad, it's not Grandpa's fault. Now that you mention it, I think you and Aunt Fiona can't stand to see me sidelined after you've watched me

grow up.

"I was wrong to lash out at Grandpa's most trusted doctor, and I deserved the scolding he gave me," Naomi said with a sheepish

chuckle.

She added worriedly, "Dad, promise me you won't talk to Grandpa about this. He'll only get mad, and I don't want any arguments over this."

Shane's smile deepened at this. "Well, I'm glad you think that way, Naomi. But don't worry, I'll make sure things are made right when I return. I think it's about time your mother and I formally adopt you into the family."

"I don't know what Grandpa and the others will make of such a sudden announcement," Naomi countered, lowering her gaze. "Elliot and Tobias will likely be the most upset about it."

Shane frowned. "That's not true. Don't think that way, Naomi. Elliot tends to be brash to everyone, not just to you."

"Dad, I was an orphan before the Quinnells gave me charity." Naomi sounded like she was choking back on her tears. "No matter what happens, you and Mom will always be my dearest family, adoption or not."

Shane could never bear to his wife and daughter upset. He was further resolved to return to the country as soon as possible after hearing Naomi's words.

It was about time he talked to Fabian about formally adopting Naomi. That way, she wouldn't be embarrassed in front of their social circle or be made their laughingstock.

Early next morning, Wynter was still in bed when Fabian had ordered the chef to prepare no less than 20 breakfast dishes.

The spread could only be described as a continental feast, with most of the ingredients having been air-flown in.

Chap 262 Formal Adoption

Fabian had also asked Wynter back when they were at the hospital in Southdale what young ladies her age might like.

After getting his answer, he commissioned the best couture brand to design an entire collection for Wynter. Abel, who was the relay point, practically bolted upright when he saw the order.

The Quinnells might have been wealthy, but he had never seen anyone willing to pay such an astronomical sum for clothes.

Licking his l*ps, he quickly screenshotted the invoice and sent it to Wynter. The sound of his camera shuttering filled the room.

Meanwhile, over at the hotel, Wynter was woken up by the sound of a ringtone she had long forgotten. "Wake up, Quinnell the Rich! Order

incoming! Quinnell the Rich, wake..."

There was a loud thud as Wynter's palm landed squarely on her phone. She picked it up and tapped the screen.

As it lit up before her, she said coldly, "Abel, this had better be an emergency order or I'll rip your purple hair out."

Previously, Abel wouldn't have been able to understand the gravity of Wynter's threat. Now, having seen the way she beat up somebody, her faltered and explained quickly, "No, Boss. You'll like this order for sure."

"It's not technical at all, and it's from Mr. Quinnell Senior himself. He commissioned an entire collection from us. If you don't take this order, then we'd be k*ssing goodbye to a windfall!"

"Mr. Quinnell Senior?" Wynter woke up properly. Feeling lazy and somewhat puzzled, she wondered what her grandfather was getting up to with this order.

- Chappé 282 Formal Adoption,

Abel chose to be cryptic. "That's right, Boss. I think they've finally found that long-lost Ms. Quinnell, or Mr. Quinnell Senior would never personally appoint you to design this collection."

"It's not just the clothes he wants. He commissioned an entire jewelry line too! Tsk, this old man's dirt rich!"

Chapter 283 Spoiling Wynter

Abel cast a wistful gaze on the order form. "Man, I wonder when

Grandpa will finally spoil me like this."

Wynter skimmed the order form and pointed out, "This is a ridiculously expensive quotation, Abel."

"Boss, be reasonable here. How are we going to convince the rich that we put out quality, high-end couture if we don't charge like it?" Abel

was baffled by Wynter's reaction. Her stance had been different back when she had first analyzed the market.

"The Quinnells aren't just your average rich family," Wynter said dryly, pulling her hair back.

"Dare I suggest a 20% discount?" Abel asked.

Wynter splashed water on her face. As droplets glimmered on her fresh, snow-white skin, she said decisively, "Make that 90%. And the clothes are on the house if they commission the jewelry."

"Huh?" Abel wondered if Wynter was possessed, but dared not question her any further. After all, even with the abhorrent discount, they would still be raking in millions of dollars.

After running the final quotation by Wynter, he mused, "I wonder who the infamous Ms. Quinnell might be. My last lead indicated she was at Havenlight County. Do you think she's from the village there?"

"If so, Mr. Quinnell Senior's going to have his work cut out for him.

He'll have to educate her on the stuffy mannerisms and cultured interests, or she'd have a hard time fitting into high society." Abel sighed.

Wynter was brushing her teeth and didn't respond immediately.

When she was sure Abel was done talking, she wiped the corners of her mouth and asked slowly, "Why would she have a hard time?"

"You wouldn't know, Boss, since you've never been to Kingbourne." Abel glanced over his shoulder and straightened up. "Let's take my grandfather as an example. He used to be well-respected in

Kingbourne before moving to Southdale.

“Now that he’s back here, his old connections couldn’t even help you get a spot in any of the schools here. If my grandfather’s already having a hard time, imagine how bad things will be for Ms. Quinnell, who grew up in a village. She’d become a laughingstock.”

He sounded rather sure of himself as he added, “The Quinnells do charity on the side and have been sponsoring underprivileged students for some time. They adopted one of the orphans, and she is now a well-known socialite in Kingbourne.

“How is a cloistered bumpkin like Ms. Quinnell going to compete with a well-cultured young lady like that? She’s already lost the battle before it even started! Poor thing.”

Abel was starting to think that his family wasn’t that bad. At the very least, Quinton wouldn’t walk all over him.

However, Wynter smirked. There was ice in her voice when she asked, “Who are you calling a cloistered bumpkin?”

“Ms. Quinnell, of course! She...” Abel paused. He considered Wynter’s wry response. As realization dawned upon him, his jaw dropped and his eyes widened in surprise. “B- Boss, don’t tell me you’re...”

Wynter cut him off dryly, “Yes, I am-to quote your delicate description -the cloistered bumpkin who will become the laughingstock of Kingbourne.”

There was a thud as Abel fell to his knees in shock. He hurriedly explained, “Hear me out, Boss. I was only analyzing the situation. Those fancypants in Kingbourne are the snobs here, not me!”

He could have cried as fear rushed through him. “I truly had no idea you were the long-lost daughter of the Quinnell family. I mean, didn’t we turn down the order the last time?”

It had only been a day since Abel found out Wynter was his boss, and now, he had to cope with the groundbreaking news that she was the Quinnells' long-lost heiress. He wasn't sure his heart could take any

more surprises.

"I only just found out myself," Wynter said, not bothering with details

Abel immediately took up the role of a strategist, albeit an

unconvincing one. "In that case, you've got to squeeze the Quinnells for what they're worth, Boss.

"These people adopted someone else before they found you, and now you'll have to compete with her for your birthright. If my father did something like this, Grandpa would have kicked him out of the house!"

Wynter raised a brow. "Are you trying to drive a wedge between me and my family?"

Chapter 284 Wynter's Formidable and Mysterious Background

Abel was an information collector, and it helped that he loved

indulging in gossip. "No, Boss! The Quinnells are as rich as kings. But if I must be honest, it's a good thing you're the long-lost daughter

they've been looking for.

"Any other young lady would have a hard time fitting in the Quinnells' dynamics. It'll be like feeding chum to the sharks."

Wynter's voice was unamused as she asked, "Right, enough of this. Did you find anything on Mr. Rathbone?"

"Mr. Rathbone of Southdale comes from three generations of antique dealers," Abel replied dutifully as he scrolled through the information he'd found. "Of course, this is just a cover act. In truth, Mr. Rathbone's grandfather was likely a grave robber.

"Grave-robbing was the Rathbones business operation model until Erwin's generation, which was when they decided to become legitimate antique dealers, and famous ones at that. They specialized in unwanted artifacts that others were too scared to own.

"At some point, the Rathbones' business expanded overseas. Now, most of their exhibitions that I can find are held in Kingbourne."

Wynter's expression remained unchanged as she took this in. "What do you mean by 'unwanted artifacts?'"

"Probably those that were dug up from the earth," Abel guessed. He asked in hushed tones, "Boss, do you think those artifacts dug up from the ground are still circulating on the market? The government

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would have seized them all, right?"

"I want more information on Erwin. Find out when he's coming back to the country. I plan to meet him," Wynter said instead of answering

Abel's question, her fingers tapping against the purple sugilite pendant she was wearing.

"Yes, Boss!" Abel began his investigation at once.

Before ending the call, Wynter said, "By the way, tell Mr. Lopez Senior

to stop worrying about finding a new school for me. I'll be bringing Grandma to Kingbourne with me sometime this month.

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"That said, I'm going to need you to find me a house. It must with a courtyard."

come

"A house? Boss, won't you be living with the Quinnells?" Abel asked

"No," she answered nonchalantly. "You said if I did, it'd be like throwing chum to the sharks."

"I mean, you could go and get some money out of them." Abel rubbed his hands deviously. "Also, you're no chum. You can survive them, and I doubt shark-infested waters could bring you down anyway."

Wynter drawled, "Yeah, I'm not interested. The courtyard has to be big. Wolf doesn't like small ones."

“Got it!” Abel let out a low whistle. He shouldn’t have underestimated

how cool and awesome Wynter was. After all, any young lady would dream to live with the Quinnells and enjoy the luxuries they had.

Then again, Wynter was probably the only person Abel knew who wasn’t tempted by what the Quinnells had to offer.

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Hotels in the county had nothing on their big-city counterparts.

However, Fabian made do with what he had and made sure the hotel was decorated with flair. After that, he sat in the center, chuckling as he waited for Wynter to come downstairs.

Alexis could tell how happy Fabian was. The old man had never bothered himself with the way eggs were cooked, but he spent the entire morning supervising breakfast preparations.

Occasionally, he would ask, “Wynter will like this, won’t she, Alexis?”

Alexis chuckled. “You’ve prepared a whole feast, Mr. Quinnell. There’s bound to be something Ms. Quinnell likes.”

“Good!” Fabian gripped his dragon headed cane and laughed. “You should’ve seen my little princess’ appetite as a child. She’d stuff her face with food and still want more.

“I can tell by the way she finished her pizza last night that she’s not picky about food. That’s more than I can say about her bratty brothers.” It was clear to see that Fabian was enamored with Wynter

Alexis tried to hide his laughter. Before he could speak, his phone rang.

He couldn’t help his annoyance when he saw the caller ID. “Mr. Quinnell, it’s your son.”

“Shane?” The smile on Fabian’s face sl*pped. “Here, I’ll take it. I figured he should know his daughter has finally been found.”

Alexis obediently handed the phone to Fabian.

Chters Formidable and Mysterious Background

The first thing Shane said as soon as he was put through was, “Dad, I need to talk to you about something. I understand you had your

reasons for scolding her.

“However, the fact that you’re still angry with her over some debacle with an unknown doctor really hurt her feelings.”

Chapter 285 The Quinnells’ Legacy

Fabian’s fingers clenched tightly around his dragon-headed cane as he listened to what Shane had to say.

Unaware that he had already offended Fabian, Shane continued, “Dad, I’ve talked to Marie and we both agreed that it’s unfair for Naomi to be

put in such an awkward position in our family.

“I was thinking of bringing forward the family meeting so we could. officially adopt Naomi in front of our relatives. What do you say, Dad?”

“No.” The cane nearly snapped in Fabian’s grip as he narrowed his eyes. “Did you forget about your biological daughter?”

At the mention of this, Shane stiffened. His voice was hoarse as he

said, “Dad, it’s been so long since... I mean, can she still be found?

Could she be...”

“Shut your m*uth!” Fabian snapped, his chest heaving. “How did I end up with such a useless son like you?” He ended the call brusquely.

His outburst had left him somewhat short of breath.

On the other end, Shane stayed sitting on the couch for a long while He didn’t want anyone to replace his daughter, either. But she had been missing for far too long. At some point, one had to move on.

Shane clicked into his phone gallery and found the album dedicated to his daughter. He muttered to himself while gazing at the photos, “You’d understand if you were here, right, little princess?

“You were always so considerate. You wouldn’t want us to be stuck in grief forever, right?”

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He couldn’t risk Marie’s condition relapsing. He had too much to lose.

Marie had nearly gone insane In the two years that followed their daughter's abduction. Their family would have been ripped apart by grief and madness if Naomi hadn't shown up.

That said, Shane understood where Fabian was coming from. If anything, he wished he could get his daughter back too.

Meanwhile, Fabian was in such a rage that he didn't even tell Shane that Wynter had been found.

Alexis thought that was for the best after hearing what was said on the call earlier.

"It's probably a good thing to keep the news of Ms. Quinnell's return a secret before she goes to Kingbourne," he advised Fabian. "Once we bring her home, her position as the true heiress of the Quinnell family

will be made clear."

Fabian knew Alexis was talking about the mole in the company, which was concerning, to say nothing of Shane's incompetence. "Have someone draft up a legal declaration that Quinnell Corporation will be

left to Wynter."

"You're leaving the company to her?" Alexis knew Fabian loved Wynter and felt sorry for her circumstances, but he never expected the old

man to make such a drastic decision. It was groundbreaking.

Fabian, sharp as he was, elaborated, "That son of mine doesn't have what it takes to run a business. He's not good with connections,

either.

"Wynter didn't get to grow up having me around. She had to suffer

through so much hardship. You know very well that in our circle, connections could either make or break a man."

He had contemplated the grand scheme of things. "What will a young lady as honest and grounded as Wynter do in Kingbourne without support? Who will take care of her and protect her after I'm gone?

"I have to do something while I still have some power in Kingbourne. With all those vultures eyeing the prize, I might as well leave Quinnell Corporation to Wynter and appoint her as the CEO.

“Hah! That’s what bad parents get. They don’t deserve anything more than to be Wynter’s subordinates. Shane can adopt anyone he wants after that!” Fabian delivered the last part of his reasoning with a

triumphant snort.

Wynter had seen and heard everything from the landing. She fixed her gaze on Fabian’s gray hair and slightly slouched back. The old man’s unconditional love and thoughtfulness struck a chord in her.

Wynter decided she would not betray his affections. The Quinnells could do anything they wanted for all she cared, but she wouldn’t

hesitate to hunt down and finish off anyone who hurt Fabian.

“Grandpa, I can hear you scheming from upstairs,” Wynter said in amusement, not at all hiding the fact that she had overheard him.

She chuckled as she approached Fabian. “I appreciate your generosity in giving me the company, but what will my brothers think?”

Chapter 286 A Grandfather’s Concerns

Amused by Wynter’s concerns, Fabian burst out laughing and beckoned her over. “Come here, Wynter. Look at what I prepared for you! Your favorite cinnamon rolls from when you were little!

“As for your brothers, they’re tough and have their own careers. Besides, they were ecstatic when they heard you’ve been found. If they have any pride at all, they won’t go after anything that belongs to

you.”

“What Mr. Quinnell said is true. I can vouch for it,” Alexis chimed in suitably. “Now that Mr. Elliot is awake, he insists on seeing Ms. Quinnell in person. He would have pulled the IV needle out of his arm if the doctor hadn’t stopped him.”

Fabian nodded. “Elliot would have it no other way than for you to have the company, Wynter. He always loved giving you piggyback rides when you were kids. As for Tobias, he’s been taking on more movie roles to make up a hefty dowry for you.”

“Grandpa,” Wynter began as she handed Fabian a glass of warm water. “We can save this for some other time. Your health is more important than anything else right now. It’s time to take your

medicine.”

Fabian was more than happy to take his medicine now that Wynter was the one feeding it to him. She was thoughtful enough to bring

him candy afterward too.

She also took the time to make lunch. She had made two portions- one for Fabian, and one for a certain beautiful patient of hers.

Chap 286 A Grandfathers Concerns

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Fabian never thought he would one day loathe to see Dalton,

considering all the time he had spent lauding the young man with praise. In all fairness, he had thought Dalton was very well-

accomplished.

But that was no longer the case. Dalton was an eyesore to him now.

"If you're here, then who's running your company?" Fabian asked

pointedly, making it clear that Dalton was not welcome here.

Dalton took out his Bluetooth earpiece and answered politely, "Don't

worry, Grandpa, I've got a bunch of managers at the company who are

more than capable of handling things in my absence."

He had even dropped all formalities and addressed Fabian as

Grandpa"!

Fabian glowered at Dalton and set a black chess piece down forcefully. "I distinctly remember someone telling me that his poor health would hinder a young lady's bright future. He told me that it's probably in my little princess' best interests that he didn't choose her."

"Well, Wynter's been taking good care of me these days." Dalton's smile did not falter, and he looked unfazed in his immaculate suit as he picked up a white chess piece. "I'm feeling much better now."

Fabian's eyes widened at the young man's obvious bragging.

Wynter stumbled upon this scene just as she returned with her stethoscope.

She recalled Fabian being friendlier to Dalton during their previous chess games. But now, the former appeared to be harboring some grudge against the latter.

Chapter 286 A Grandfather's Concerns

She shot Dalton a look as if to ask, "Did you piss Grandpa off?"

Dalton shook his head and chuckled, his gold-framed glasses adding a regal edge to his features.

To Fabian, Dalton and Wynter's unspoken exchange came off as

flirting. He sighed and relented. There was no point in taking jabs at the young man if Wynter liked him so much.

Nonetheless, Fabian did not beat around the bush.

He moved another chess piece and said to Dalton, "I'll be handing Quinnell Corporation to Wynter once we return to Kingbourne. I don't want to hear anyone saying Wynter isn't good enough for you, considering you've turned down a marriage alliance with our family once."

This was a warning to Dalton and a reminder that the Yarwoods had better prepare to welcome Wynter into their lives.

Dalton squared his shoulders and said solemnly, "I promise I'll protect

Wynter at all costs, Grandpa. Don't worry, I've never been one to go easy on gossipmongers."

It was only after hearing this that Fabian was appeased. "Your grandfather..."

Dalton said, "My grandfather has already met her. He likes her a lot, and he's impressed that she's so well-versed in medicine. He believes she will go far in the future. In his words, Wynter is giving me a run for my money."

Dalton was speaking the truth. Thep had been asking about Wynter,

and Dalton's only concern was that the old man might scare Wynter

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off.

Fabian laughed wholeheartedly. "Your grandfather has good judgment. I ought to have a drink with him when I go back to Kingbourne."

"He would be delighted." Dalton smiled. Despite his penchant for dark humor, he tried his best to win Fabian over.

He hadn't realized that Wynter had raised her brow in amusement when she heard what he said.

Chapter 287 Sabotage

Elliot drew a deep breath as he lay in the intensive care unit of Havenlight Hospital.

It seemed as if he was the only person in the world who had yet to meet Wynter, his long-lost sister. Everyone else had already met her, as far as he knew.

He glanced at Ryan despondently. "Hey, Mr. Lloyd. Shouldn't Grandpa at least bring Wynter here to visit me?"

"Mr. Quinnell did come by, but you were asleep," Ryan said as he peeled an apple for Elliot. "Alexis told me Wynter's been taking care of Mr. Quinnell after his condition relapsed."

Elliot had a deadpan look as his gaze flickered down to his bandaged shoulder. "I need someone to take care of me too."

"Mr. Elliot," Ryan chided quietly with a smile. "Your grandfather has finally reunited with Ms. Quinnell. I'm sure he'll remember you after a few days and come to visit you. Just be patient."

Elliot chuckled. "I guess Grandpa hasn't changed at all."

Ryan grinned and made no reply.

"Well, that's probably for the best," Elliot said with approval. "At least then everybody will know who's the real heiress of the Quinnell family."

Hearing this, Ryan handed Elliot the freshly peeled apple and

explained, "The thing is, your father called Mr. Quinnell this morning

Chap 287 Sabotage

and suggested that the Quinnells hold a family meeting.

"He plans to formally adopt Ms. Naomi, and you can imagine how furious your grandfather is about that."

Elliot frowned at this as emotions flickered in his eyes. "Why is Dad even considering adopting Naomi? Doesn't he know Wynter has been

Ryan quickly motioned for Elliot to keep his voice down. "Mr. Quinnell didn't tell your father that Ms. Quinnell has been found."

Most of the Quinnells were sharp and intuitive, not airheads. Elliot understood at once the implication behind Ryan's words.

"Is there something bothering Grandpa?" Elliot guessed.

Ryan did not hold back for once. "Everything went smoothly when we started tracking down Ms. Quinnell this time. But halfway through, we kept feeling as if someone was sabotaging us and always stayed one step ahead of us."

"We knew Granite Village was a treacherous place, and the strange topography of Havenlight County made looking for Ms. Quinnell even harder."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Quinnell and I knew there was another reason why our operations kept getting hindered -someone else was trying to stop us from bringing Ms. Quinnell home!"

Elliot clenched his right fist when he heard this. A dangerous look flashed in his eyes as he bit out, "Who?"

“We haven’t found any potential leads, so we’re only guessing at this point.” Ryan glanced at Elliot. “There’s a storm brewing in Kingbourne.

Chary+107 Sabotage

Come home if you can, Mr. Elliot.”

“I will,” Elliot said, his gaze dark. “I can’t believe someone would target Grandpa. What do they take the Quinnells for? Chopped liver?”

Ryan laughed. “Naturally, Mr. Quinnell is tougher than he looks. His only concern is that Ms. Quinnell wouldn’t get the support she needs

if she comes home with us to Kingbourne.”

Intelligent as he was, Elliot stared at Ryan and remarked, “You really care for Wynter, don’t you, Mr. Lloyd?”

Ryan blinked. “Oh, I... uh...”

“Thank you, Mr. Lloyd.” Elliot beamed. “It’s no wonder Wynter likes you so much. You’ve been a far better brother to her than any of her actual brothers have, myself included.”

Elliot could only hope that Wynter would continue meeting people who were as kind as Ryan down the road.

He was well aware of what she had gone through. Fanny and Dickson, the wretched couple from the mountains, were worse than devils.

Elliot and his brothers would have greatly failed Wynter if they couldn’t promise her security and comfort after her return.

After a moment of thought, Elliot clicked into a group text named “The Bandits” on his phone.

A conversation was already well underway, and the person who was sending the most messages was none other than his younger

brother, Tobias Quinnell.

287 Sabotage

Tobias' text read, "Hey, guys, don't just ignore me! Look at all the crap they're saying about me! Don't you feel sorry for me?"

Chapter 288 The Quinnell Brothers

Tobias' message was met with a series of replies from his older brothers.

CEO Albert: "Set up a meeting and solve the problem yourself."

Racer Blake: "Hey, Rowan runs in the same circles as you. Ask him for help."

A-lister Rowan: "I'm busy. Go ask Sebastian."

Attorney Seb: "My fees aren't cheap.

Toby the Celebrity: "..."

Attorney Seb: "Ask your agency. I doubt the Yarwoods would let you be plagued with controversy."

A-lister Rowan: "What can his agency do about his crappy acting?"

Racer Blake: "I've got it! Tobias, why don't you quit acting and go back to run the family business?"

CEO Albert: "I second that."

Toby the Celebrity: "Nice try, guys, but no dice. If anything, Elliot should be the one to quit his dangerous job and run the family business."

Attorney Seb: "Elliot hasn't been checking his messages. He's probably on an assignment again."

Racer Blake: "Pitching in a million dollars for Tobias to run Quinnell
Changi za The Gonnell Brothers
Corporation."

CEO Albert: "Five million dollars."

Incognito Elliot: "@Everyone, I have news."

Attorney Seb: "Elliot?"

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Toby the Celebrity: "Do my eyes deceive me? Is Elliot joining our chat?"

Incognito Elliot: "Before I say anything, I need you all to calm down."

There was a pause before Elliot added: "Our little sister has been
found."

The group chat fell silent at once.

Where the six men had been scrolling their phones one second, they
were sending out voice notes the next. Elliot could tell how anxious
all of them were over the phone.

"Where is she?"

"We'll go over right away!"

Pleased to know that at least he had seen Wynter before any of them,
Elliot said, "I can't tell you where she is right now, and I'll need your
guys to keep this a secret."

"Why?" Tobias demanded. As a rising celebrity, he was used to being
blunt.

Elliot replied impassively, "I don't want word to get out, especially
from Albert."

“You’re worried I might tell Naomi,” Albert mused, his voice deep and

CVZNy Quammell Brothers

smooth. “Do you hate her that much, Elliot?”

Elliot pointed out bluntly, “As long as she doesn’t bring up the matter of adoption, then all’s well. She’s just one of the many children our family has sponsored, and I have no qualms with that.

“But if she starts getting any ideas, such as taking our sister’s place in the family, I’ll never forgive her.”

Albert chided, “She’s not manipulative like that, Elliot.”

Elliot’s smile did not reach his eyes. “I’m just taking precautions. Also, now that our sister’s back, shouldn’t Naomi leave?”

“Well, duh. There’s more than one way our family could carry out charity work. We don’t necessarily have to adopt Naomi to show her we’re grateful,” opined Sebastian Quinnell, the fourth-eldest brother and a famous attorney. “I’m with Elliot. I won’t let anyone take our sister’s place.”

Tears welled up in Elliot’s eyes as he recounted, “I could have died if.

Wynter, our sister, hadn’t saved us. You have no idea what kind of hell she’s been through since she was kidnapped.”

“Elliot,” Albert said patiently, sighing. “I never said anything about anyone taking Wynter’s place. I’m merely pointing out the fact that Mom and Dad are attached to Naomi after all these years.”

“I don’t care about what Mom and Dad think,” Elliot argued. “I want to hear what you think ”

As much as Albert wanted peace in their family, he drew a line at letting his sister suffer.

Frankly, he couldn’t care less about Naomi’s adoption as long as it

wasn’t at Wynter’s expense. With that in mind, he declared, “If Naomi does plan on taking Wynter’s place, then I’ll make her regret it for the

rest of her life.”

“So how come you almost died, Elliot?” one of the brothers asked.

Elliot told them what happened during the last few days. When he was done, all his brothers wanted to storm into Paradise Village and burn it down.

“Grandpa plans to bring Wynter back to Kingbourne. Mr. Lloyd was right when he said Kingbourne is where our real battle lies.

“Someone’s bound to snub Wynter for what she’s been through,” Elliot said after telling his brothers to calm down.

Rowan agreed. “I’m in Meridon right now, but I’ll go back as soon as shooting wraps. Rumors were going around after the Yarwoods.

called off the engagement last time.

“Our circle can be vicious, and I don’t want Wynter to be bullied the.

moment she comes home. In any case, she should be the one who calls off the engagement, not the Yarwoods.”

Elliot interjected with a frown, “Hold up. Rowan, did you just say Dalton called off the engagement?”

“Yeah,” Rowan answered. “You’re away so much that you must have missed the news. It happened some time ago.”

Elliot narrowed his eyes. “And that man has the nerve to approach Wynter?” He couldn’t believe Dalton had the audacity!

Chapter 289 Wynter’s Keepers

Sebastian demanded sharply, “Dalton’s with Wynter? What for?

Everyone in Kingbourne is still talking about him calling off the engagement!”

Elliot’s lips pressed into a thin line “I don’t know. But according to him, he’s dating Wynter.”

“Excuse me?” The whole group burst into an uproar.

“What is he playing at?”

“Come on, superstar. Explain your boss’ behavior!”

“How did our sister and Dalton become an item?”

All the questions were directed at none other than the youngest of the brothers, Tobias.

However, Tobias had been quiet since Elliot dropped the news of

Wynter’s return and was currently searching for flights. Now that Wynter had been found, he would take it upon himself to bring her

home.

Meanwhile, his stylist was raving about his flawless skin and saying, ”

Here we go, Mr. Quinnell. This make-up suits you. Don’t listen to what the haters say online about you being a womanizer.”

The stylist was caught off guard when Tobias asked her, “Say, Jacqueline, what do young women like these days? I want to get my

precious baby a surprise gift!”

Chapter Wyntern

With his goofy grin, he looked nothing like the rising new star he was supposed to be. Jacqueline and Tobias’ manager, Ursula Lowenstein, were rendered speechless.

Tobias ignored both of them as he typed out a text. “I think the

engagement is better off canceled, Elliot. Wynter’s too young to get

married, especially to an arrogant prick like my boss.”

Ursula pursed her lips when she saw this. She wondered what she had done wrong to be handed the task of managing Tobias, who thought so little of Dalton that he would badmouth the man behind.

his back.

She paused as she craned her neck to see who Tobias was texting.

Tobias sensed Ursula breathing down his neck and quickly turned his

screen away from her prying gaze.

Meanwhile, Albert said through a voice note, "I agree with Tobias. If

Dalton is serious about Wynter, then he'll have to prove it to us. Why backtrack after canceling the engagement?"

"I'll talk to Grandpa about this," Elliot said, irked that Dalton had called off his engagement with Wynter before dating her.

"Also, tell Wynter that she doesn't have to be afraid of anyone.

coercing her into marriage. The Yarwoods might be tough to deal with, but at least she has us to back her up," Albert added.

The Quinnells had always been protective of their own, especially of Wynter.

When Tobias saw that a decision had been made by his brothers, he privately messaged Elliot. "Send me a photo of Wynter, Elliot."

"Focus on dealing with Dalton, Tobias. I can take care of Wynter here," Elliot replied, already knowing what Tobias was up to.

Unfortunately for Tobias, he could do all the digging he wanted and he still wouldn't get any information out of Elliot.

If he wanted to know everything, he was going to have to wait until Wynter was back home in Kingbourne.

The Quinnell brothers were good at keeping a secret. None of them told Shane that Wynter had been found.

Shane and his sons had been divided ever since the former decided to adopt Naomi, albeit informally.

Naturally, the brothers couldn't care less about what happened in Kingbourne since they all had business elsewhere. Now that Wynter

was coming home, they decided that they could carry on their present

endeavors in Kingbourne.

They were going to become Wynter's support system, especially after the Yarwoods had called off the engagement. These brothers were determined to show Wynter that there were plenty more fish in the sea than Dalton.

As for Dalton, he was oblivious that his gesture from a while ago had grandly pissed off Wynter's brothers

He was on a call as he stood in the elevatory bay, looking every bit the powerful and elegant businessman that he was.

Surrounding him was an intimidating entourage of bodyguards, which successfully kept passers-by from drawing close to Dalton.

Chap 289 Wynters Recpers

Wynter waited until Dalton hung up the call before walking over.

When Dalton saw her, amusement danced in his dark eyes. "Here to see me?"

"Yeah." Wynter smiled. "I need to talk to you about something."

He didn't think much of this. He took the scarf which his bodyguard handed to him and draped it around Wynter's neck instead of his own.

"What is it?" he asked her gently.

Dalton wrapped the scarf around Wynter's neck with an easy grace.

At this proximity, she could smell the faint and pleasant scent of herbs on him.

The scarf was soft and covered her chin, drawing attention to

Wynter's delicate features. She was disarmingly beautiful.

“I don’t recall ever having met your family,” she said forthrightly.

had lied about his identity for so long.

Dalton’s dark gaze met hers as he answered, “As I’ve told you before,
he said I must marry you if I want to live past 30.”