

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

Chapter 291 Hidden Urges

Wynter gaped at him. She had expected something more than what Dalton had already told her.

An earnest look registered on Dalton's handsome face. "I used to feel like I was shackled to that fable, that it didn't matter if I struggled to break free because I'd never get to decide who I want to marry."

"But I can cure your-"

Wynter was cut off by Dalton, who chuckled and said, "But now, I'm grateful for that fable because it has bound me to you."

For once, surprise crossed Wynter's beautiful features when she heard Dalton's words.

He pulled her into his embrace. She could hear the steady beating of his heart. "I've liked you for a long time, and it has nothing to do with who you are," he assured her.

She craned her neck to look up at him, but he seemed unsettled as he pressed her face against his shoulder.

He nervously vouched for himself. "If it helps with your consideration, I don't have any bad habits, and I'm a good breadwinner."

Wynter hummed in response. The tip of her nose was buried into the warm fabric of his shirt. She could feel him breathing, and it was a little faster than usual.

She came here to reconfirm his identity in the first place, but her

confrontation had led to a different conversation, one with which she

had no experience.

As if he were coaxing her, Dalton muttered quietly, "I do believe that. biting your official boyfriend is more justifiable than biting a fake one."

"I don't like trouble," Wynter said in a voice barely above a whisper. "I could consider dating you, but I don't want to have to deal with girls who would come for my head."

Dalton laughed. "I promise you there are none. I draw boundaries, and I stick to them, like any honorable husband would."

How did he manage to go from pitching himself as boyfriend material to vowing to be an honorable husband?

Wynter looked up and raised a brow at him, the movement bringing attention to the pretty mole at the corner of her eye.

As she did so, Dalton's fingers brushed against her l*ps.

Both of them stiffened.

This time, Wynter could see the emotions that flickered across his face. She watched him swallow and saw his gaze darken as he surveyed her face.

For some reason, that red beaded bracelet he wore only made her focus on his wrist, which she thought was one of his best and most seductive features.

"Haha! I bet Wynter will like this... What are you both doing?"

Wynter's thoughts were interrupted by Fabian, who had shown up suddenly and was now eyeing Dalton suspiciously.

Dalton straightened up at once and let his arm fall smoothly to his side. His fingers reached for Wynter's hand, and by the time he turned around to face Fabian, he was the portrait of a gentleman.

Fabian frowned. He hadn't been worried before, but after witnessing that tension-charged scene between Dalton and Wynter, he wasn't so sure anymore.

He was convinced that Dalton was a no-good punk who was leading Wynter down a path of debauchery.

Naturally, Fabian did not show his granddaughter that he was displeased. He was smiling affably on the surface, but he kept a

watchful gaze on Dalton.

Dalton was smiling as well as he played with his beaded bracelet. He chided himself for being too careless.

Wynter was young, and he shouldn't put her in a position like this without first making things official. As things were, he would have to tell his family about this so that they could make preparations.

Even as he was doing something as practical as planning his and Wynter's next step, he still couldn't forget how soft her l*ps felt beneath his fingers.

Something deep down in him was demanding to be let loose. He clenched his beaded bracelet and forced his urges down.

Wynter's dark gaze flickered to Dalton. She had to admit he had quite the effect on her.

She was never one to dwell on feelings, and falling in love was not on her to-do list. However, a certain beautiful patient of hers was making

her reconsider this.

She willed herself to look unfazed.

Right now, she had bigger things to focus on.

One, she had to figure out what her dream meant, and why only Fabian and none of her brothers had shown up in it.

Two, she knew Atwater wouldn't have set up a betrothal for her for no reason. She had to be missing something important.

Three, she needed to find out who had put a voodoo curse on Fanny.

Wynter hated it when voodoo was involved in manipulating someone. Such a practice had been banned, and she was perplexed to learn that someone was still doing it.

Those aside, her most important task of all was to retrieve the sugilite charm.

Right now, all things pointed her to the one place where she would find her answers-Kingbourne.

Chapter 292 Return to Kingbourne

Fabian originally thought it might take longer to persuade Wynter to go back to Kingbourne with him, so he was surprised when she readily agreed to it.

This made Fabian even more excited about returning to Kingbourne.

Wynter packed his medication and told him her plans. "Grandpa, I won't be going back with you this time. I'll have to tell Grandma that we're moving to Kingbourne. I'll see you then."

"You won't be coming with me?" Fabian refused to be separated from his granddaughter. He said stubbornly, "Then, I'm not leaving."

Wynter laughed. "Grandpa, the medical facilities in the county aren't as advanced as those in Kingbourne. Besides, if I want to come up with a better prescription for you, I'm going to need more medicinal ingredients than what this county has to offer."

"Well, in that case, I'll come with you to see your grandma," Fabian suggested, uncompromising. "The visit's been long overdue, to be

honest. She did our family a great favor."

Wynter couldn't object to that.

Before she left, she visited Elliot. She was in the middle of adjusting his IV drip when he woke up.

His eyes turned into crescents when he registered Wynter's presence. "Hey, Wynter."

They were strangers before this, but owing to their sibling connection, they only needed to exchange a few words before they warmed to each other.

"As your brothers, we will stand by you in this Quinnell-Yarwood engagement business." Elliot stroked Wynter's hair. "You don't have to marry Dalton. Once you get to Kingbourne, you can date and marry whoever you like."

Amused, Wynter let out a small laugh. "I wouldn't want to be labeled as a serial dater. You just focus on getting better, Elliot. I can take care of things on my end."

"All right, but remember, I'm always here if you need me," Elliot said. He recalled how she had rescued him from the cellar the other day. Judging by her swift maneuver, he figured she must have been bullied to pick up those skills.

If Wynter knew what he was thinking, she would tell him he had greatly misunderstood her. She had never been bullied.

She and Elliot talked for a while longer.

Elliot, in particular, seemed to have an endless supply of

conversation. He showed Wynter photos of her from when she was young. "Food was your favorite thing. See how you used to stuff your face with candy?" "Actually, I don't remember anything from my days with the Quinnell family," Wynter admitted. She would never lie to someone who treated her with such sincerity. "I still think it's best if we run a DNA test. It's just to make sure I'm related to you and the Quinnells."

Elliot paused and looked up at her. "You don't have to, tell anyone else that you don't remember. This could stay between us. Besides, you were only a year old then. It's perfectly normal for you not to remember things from that age.",

There were tears in his eyes as he said, "I know you're our sister. Anyone who doubts it can take their concerns up with me."

After Abel had described the Quinnell family as shark-infested waters, Wynter suspected that the family was plagued with internal conflict.

As such, a DNA test couldn't be remiss. It was easy enough to accomplish for Wynter. She had already taken samples from Fabian and Elliot so that she could run them against her own.

The DNA test results should be out later in the day.

However, she knew the test results would be redundant once she returned to Kingbourne. She reckoned there would be others in the family who would demand that a DNA test be done.

The DNA test she had gotten done would be for Fabian and Elliot's benefit.

When a doctor at the hospital first handed Fabian a folder, Fabian was at a loss. It was only after he saw what it contained that tears sprung to his eyes.

Alexis caught a glimpse of the DNA test results and the attestation at the bottom of the page.

“Ms. Quinnell must have gotten this done to put you at ease,” Alexis pointed out, his voice clear. “She’s more thoughtful than we expected.”

“I wish she’d be a little more selfish, Fabian mused ruefully as he clutched the folder. “Go back to Kingbourne and prepare for Wynter’s arrival. I don’t want anyone to question Wynter’s identity upon her return.”

“Yes, sir,” Alexis answered dutifully.

Chapter 293 An Impressive Entrance

In Southdale, Margaret had been anxiously waiting at Waterview Alley since receiving Wynter’s call earlier that afternoon.

Margaret and Susan had been on the edge of their seats when they watched Wynter’s live stream of the operation in Paradise Village.

If Mr. Keller hadn’t been there to explain the details of the operation, Margaret would have traveled to Havenlight County.

“Mrs. Yates Senior, is that Wynter? What a fancy fleet! It seems the cars are all registered in Kingbourne!”

Kingbourne?

Margaret looked up and saw half a dozen luxury cars pulling up by the alley entrance.

The next second, Wynter got out of the car at the front of the fleet. She then turned and helped a man, who wore a suit and sported a head full of gray hair, out of the vehicle.

“How... How did Wynter come to know that old man? He’s obviously well-off!”

The other residents of Waterview Alley stood outside their homes and craned their necks to get a better view.

Margaret beamed. “The old man is Wynter’s biological family.”

Wynter had called Margaret yesterday and caught her up to speed. Being the thoughtful granddaughter that she was, the last thing

Wynter wanted was for Margaret to be caught by surprise.

Before hanging up yesterday, Wynter had said, “Grandma, I found a place with a courtyard in Kingbourne for the three of us. You and Wolf will like it. It even comes with a heater, which will be perfect for you.”

Wynter had made her intentions clear. Despite having family in Kingbourne, Wynter was not going to abandon Margaret in Waterview Alley. The three of them would move to Kingbourne together.

Margaret smiled as her heart warmed at the thought.

Meanwhile, the residents in Waterview Alley were taken aback by Margaret’s answer. They gaped at her and demanded, “Her biological family? I didn’t know they were from Kingbourne!”

“I thought they were from some village in the mountains!”

None of them had expected this plot twist.

Ewan might just kick himself if he ever found out how wealthy

Wynter’s family was. It was precisely because he and Wanda thought Wynter’s real parents were bumpkins that they threw Wynter out of

their home and tried to destroy her career.

But now, it seemed Ewan and Wanda had been greatly mistaken about Wynter’s background.

Wynter noticed the commotion and hurried to her grandmother. She bent down to embrace Margaret, saying, “Hi, Grandma. You have no

idea how tired I am after the trip to the mountains. Do you think you could make some of that delicious meat stew for me?”

“All you ever think about is food,” Margaret chided affectionately as she patted Wynter’s back. “But I’ll save the lecturing for later.”

Fabian made his way over with his dragon-headed cane. A few

bodyguards clad in black followed him closely from behind.

At the sight of this, Margaret's neighbors exchanged an impressed look and muttered, "What an entrance, eh?"

Wynter did not hesitate to make introductions. "Grandma, this is my grandfather from the Quinnell family."

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Madam," Fabian greeted Margaret politely, humbling himself. "Wynter is lucky to have someone like you in her life. The whole Quinnell family is in your debt."

Margaret took a long look at Fabian's face and froze. "Mr. Fabian Quinnell?"

"Do you know him, Grandma?" Wynter raised a brow in surprise.

Fabian was puzzled as well.

Margaret laughed and explained, "I don't blame you for not remembering us, Mr. Quinnell, but my fellow research associates and I will always remember what you did for our department.

We were researching traditional medicine, and it was only through your investments that we managed to keep our herb farm. If not, Riftgard would have overtaken it.

Fabian recalled the incident after hearing this. He guffawed and said casually, "Oh, that. You don't have to thank me, Madam," he said, grinning.

"I only wanted to have some fun by giving Riftgard a hard time. With the abundance of medicinal herbs in Florand, that garden is the

legacy of countless doctors who dedicated themselves to practicing traditional medicine. As if I'd let Riftgard take that away from us!"

Margaret thought this was rather noble of Fabian, but she never expected him to be Wynter's biological grandfather.

At first, she thought Wynter's real family had simply come from money. She glanced at Wynter, and though she was happy for the latter, she couldn't help but worry.

Kingbourne was a whole different ball game, and Wynter would have

to watch her words and her every move once she arrived there.

Margaret wondered if Wynter would fit in.

Chapter 294 A New Place for Troublemaking

Margaret had been wondering if she should move to Kingbourne with Wynter, but now, it seemed moving was inevitable.

She might not be able to help Wynter with much, but at least she could keep an eye on the latter.

Presently, Margaret and Fabian were getting along swimmingly.

They pored over photos of Wynter from when she was a child. “See her blank little face and her empty gaze? I was worried she was

falling behind on her studies, but she went ahead and became the top scorer of the district!”

Fabian’s eyes lit up. “Top scorer of the district?” He knew Wynter had taken after his intelligence and practicality. He wished he could say the same for Rowan and Tobias, who showed more interest in performing arts than academic excellence.

“That’s right,” Margaret confirmed. She added guiltily, “At the end o the day, my family could have done better in raising Wynter. That insolent son of mine and his wife weren’t exactly kind to her.”

Margaret went on to tell Fabian what Ewan and Wanda had put Wynter through.

Fabian was compassionate. “But none of those have anything to do with you. In any case, you raised Wynter on your own. That’s why

Wynter is so adamant about providing for you and taking care of you.”

“Wynter tends to bottle up her feelings.” Margaret slid a photo to

Fabian as she said, “She’s stubborn, and she will always stand up for what is right regardless of the consequences.

“I know it’s not my place to say this, but please come to her defense if

she were to offend anybody in the Quinnell family.”

Fabian’s heart wrenched at Margaret’s words. He knew her concerns were not unreasonable. It wasn’t a secret that the Quinnells had sponsored Naomi and ended up pseudo-adopting her.

However, that decision was rearing its ugly head now that Fabian had to shield his biological granddaughter from any potential harm.

He gripped his cane tightly and said reassuringly, “Madam, I promise I will not allow anyone to pick on Wynter as long as I’m alive.

“She’s the youngest. I’ll let her do whatever she wants, and I won’t have anyone reprimanding her for anything. That’s the least we can do for her.”

Margaret understood what he meant. Her voice was hoarse as she said gratefully, “Well, I’m glad to hear that, Mr. Quinnell.”

The last thing Margaret wanted was for Wynter to suffer any more. hardship.

Fabian grinned. “You can call me Fabian from now on. Shall we proceed with more stories from Wynter’s childhood?”

“Of course,” Margaret replied graciously. “Now, Wynter has always been friendly, and here at Waterview Alley...”

Just like that, the two of them spent the entire afternoon sharing stories over a pot of tea.

Ryan was more than happy to top up tea and biscuits for the elderly

duo. As for the bodyguards who had come with Fabian, they were dragged to practice some punching moves with Wolf.

Wolf was displeased to find a small crowd in his courtyard at first, given that they were taking up his space for free. He resorted to

glowering at the guests until Wynter whispered something in his ear that cheered him up.

He signed out the question, "We get to kick some ass in Kingbourne?"

"Mind your language, Wolf. I said we were going to make money.

there, not kick some ass," Wynter corrected lazily. "Now, go and play.

Remember, this is just training, so don't hurt anyone."

Wolf's eyes glittered at this.

A while later, the bodyguards found themselves at Wolf's mercy, and

they couldn't help getting upset. They wondered, "How can a child his age have such tremendous strength?"

Wolf was just getting warmed up when Dalton showed up at

Waterview Alley with his entourage.

Pausing, Wolf looked up at Dalton sullenly, his hostility showing on

his little face.

The bodyguards were incredulous and wondered if they had simply imagined Wolf's strong dislike for Dalton.

Dalton, on the other hand, met Wolf's gaze.

Wolf narrowed his eyes and snarled. He was about to lunge for Dalton when Dalton pulled out a bank card and tapped it against the

little boy's head. "Where is she?"

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Place for Troublertaking

Naturally, Wolf knew who Dalton was asking after. He grinned and

took the bank card from Dalton, then pointed in the general direction of the farmer's market.

The bodyguards nearly gasped as they thought, "How could Dalton hand over a bank card to a child so easily?"

"Take me there," Dalton said to Wolf. He stood tall and straight, looking elegant and chivalrous as he extended a hand toward Wolf. He was silently asking Wolf to hold his hand, but Wolf signed at him angrily after some thought, "That'll cost you extra!"

Chapter 295 Special Skill Set

Dalton patiently asked, "Where's your QR code?"

Wolf pointed at the strap on his shoulder.

Dalton scanned the code with his phone. He then transferred 1000 dollars into Wolf's bank account and said, "I heard you like black truffles."

Wolf nodded once.

Chuckling, Dalton ruffled the kid's hair affectionately. "I'll bring some for you next time."

Wolf stared at Dalton in an assessing manner and signed, "I'll spare you this time, but only because you paid me and promised to bring me food the next time."

Wolf's perception of Dalton could not be changed. He couldn't be feeling that Dalton was dangerous, and he felt the urge to run away

whenever Dalton was near.

Wolf could only hope that Wynter had taken his warning seriously.

He sighed as if he was carrying the world's burden on his shoulders. Little did he know that what he said before would come back to bite

him.

Meanwhile, Wynter still had some unfinished business in Southdale. She figured she could do some investigating while Fabian and Margaret were chatting away at home.

After arriving at the destination, the landlord informed Wynter, "You mean those gangsters? I don't know where they went, but I bet they got into huge trouble. Why are you looking for them, young lady?"

Wynter chuckled and kept her answer vague. "No particular reason.

One of them-the one with the white hair-reminds me of my brother."

"That one?" The landlord's gaze flickered, and he looked like he was debating on telling her something.

Wynter did not press him as she set down cartons of milk and a basket of fruits for his children.

At the sight of this, the landlord finally caved. "Young lady, I'm not trying to spook you or anything, but that brother of yours is a little... odd."

"How so?" Wynter probed gently.

The landlord's voice dropped to a whisper. "My grandson was almost bitten by a pack of stray dogs when your brother showed up alone and stood there in complete silence. It was like he could make the dogs obey him or something!"

"Oh, he was an animal whisperer," Wynter explained breezily, smiling. But he got held back somewhere along the way."

The landlord was amazed. "An animal whisperer? I never knew there was such a thing!"

"Yeah," Wynter said. She gave the landlord her number. "Would you mind giving me a call if he ever comes back?"

Sighing, the landlord looked at her ruefully. "I don't think he's ever

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coming back, young lady. Don't get your hopes up."

Wynter had seen it for herself. It appeared Whitley had packed up and left in a hurry, as if he had encountered something terrible. She

wondered if that was why he hadn't been showing up at the Empathy Clinic.

However, if Whitley and Wolf were related, she doubted he would run into any trouble he couldn't handle.

She still remembered what Atwater used to tell her. It was along the lines of everything in this world had its place and time."

Once she was done tying up loose ends, she shrugged on the woven basket and made her way to the farmer's market.

The elderly folk there immediately surrounded her as soon as she arrived.

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old man who came with you your family?"

"Yeah," Wynter replied.

"Well, he's well-off, isn't he? You'll be living like royalty from now on!"

"About time too! She's suffered enough."

"Darn right, she has!"

Wynter laughed as the market folks fussed over her. As she perused the usual fish and meat selection, she went ahead and took the vendors' pulses.

"Mr. Webb, your blood pressure is a little high today, Have you been drinking?" Wynter asked in mock disapproval.

"Heh." Nolan Webb had the decency to look sheepish. "Maybe just a bit more than usual."

"Aunt Ruth, you've got to keep an eye on him," Wynter chided playfully.

“What do you want me to do? He’s stubborn as a donkey!” Ruth added, “I’ve got some lovely cuts of beef today, Wynter. Let me bag some up for you. On the house!”

Wynter scanned the QR code to pay the Webbs. “I’m practically royalty now, Mrs. Webb. I’ve got money to splurge.”

This made the entire market burst into laughter.

“I heard you were planning on bringing your grandmother with you to Kingbourne,” Ruth said, more of a question than a statement.

Wynter hummed in response. “She’ll recover better in Kingbourne, what with her leg condition and all.”

“Yes, but we don’t know when we might see her again,” Ruth pointed out sadly.

This made Wynter pause. “It’s a four-hour train ride from Kingbourne. to Southdale. Once everything’s settled, I’ll bring Grandma back here for a visit whenever she wants.”

She hadn’t realized she had overlooked something important until Ruth pointed it out to her. More often than not, the elderly didn’t like.

moving into new surroundings.

Margaret had always been selfless whenever it came to Wynter, but that didn’t mean she would acclimate to a new life in Kingbourne.

At the thought of this, Wynter pulled out her phone and quickly sent a message.

hapter 296 Picky Eater

Dalton arrived at the farmer’s market to see Wynter bustling around, giving consultation to the market folk instead of buying groceries.

He had never seen anyone more well-liked by senior citizens than

Wynter.

Before coming to Southdale, Dalton had intended to pull some strings for Wynter's sake, only to realize that she didn't need his help at all. He was even more surprised to learn that she knew Jackson

personally.

Dalton watched Wynter from a distance as he toyed with his beaded

bracelet, his expression pensive.

Wynter, on the other hand, didn't notice Dalton at all. She went around examining the pulses of the market folk, carrying her grocery basket

in her free hand.

Suddenly, someone took the basket away.

She whirled around to see Dalton staring at her. He was as handsome

as ever, with a bookish charm to his appearance. She noticed that he looked less intimidating today, but that was probably because he

wasn't wearing his glasses.

Wynter could tell he had put in effort to avoid drawing attention to himself. He had foregone his usual business attire in favor of a

windbreaker.

Unfortunately, his plan of blending in with the market folk failed, for

the elderly folk swarmed around him as soon as he showed up.

"Wynter, is this the young man your grandmother told us you were seeing? My goodness, he's handsome!"

"You two make a lovely couple! What a catch!"

Dalton's charm worked on women of all ages, though his height and graceful demeanor helped too.

Even the young men from Waterview Alley who had secret crushes on Wynter couldn't help conceding to Dalton's superiority.

Arnold Hammond, the fishmonger, flushed in embarrassment when he saw Dalton. It was only moments ago that he tried to chat Wynter

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Dalton didn't need to look to know Arnold was embarrassed, but he didn't give Arnold a hard time. He smiled graciously and took the carrier bag of fish from Arnold, then said, "Thanks. How much is it?" Dalton was so focused on helping Wynter carry her groceries that he'd forgotten about his allergies.

He was about to scan the payment code when Wynter quickly stopped him. "Sir, all you have to do is stand there and look pretty. I don't want precious cargo like you to get damaged."

"Okay," Dalton said obediently, grinning.

Dalton's bodyguards fell speechless at this. They never thought this day would come. After all, Dalton hadn't hesitated to get blood on his hands to punish some deserving crooks, but now the man was acting as if he couldn't get his hands dirty at all.

On the bright side, the bodyguards no longer needed to drive across great distances.

They exchanged dubious looks, each of them wondering if Dalton was turning over a new leaf.

Presently, Wynter perused the vegetables on display. Dalton fell in step behind her.

She nodded at the radish selection. "You eat those, don't you?"

Dalton stared at her long, dark hair. "I find it a rather bland vegetable."

"What about butternut squash?" Wynter asked.

"I don't like how mushy it gets," he replied.

She narrowed her eyes. "Carrots then."

He considered this, then frowned and said, "It smells funky to me."

Having concluded that Dalton was an extra picky eater, Wynter avoided buying all the vegetables he didn't like and settled for other greens.

Frankly, she was surprised that he hadn't minded swallowing any of the medicinal food she'd made for him before.

After a successful market haul, Dalton and Wynter made their way back to the house. Fabian and Margaret were still in the midst of conversation.

Ryan offered to help Wynter with the groceries, but she turned him down. "Wolf, go start a fire. We're cooking medicinal food today."

Wolf immediately bounded over, his QR code still dangling from his shoulder.

Wynter glanced at him curiously. "You made him pay you?"

Wolf nodded and pointed at Dalton.

"I'm surprised you took his money." Wynter pointed out with a raised brow. "I thought you said he was dangerous."

Wolf signed his reply. Wynter pinched his face until his crooked incisors showed. Her gaze darkened as she said, "That's enough now. Give him back his money, Wolf. Greed isn't a good look on you."

Wolf made a strangled noise. He never said no to Wynter.

As such, he obediently returned the money to Dalton and set off to start the fire, showcasing his super strength.

Wynter watched him at work, her gaze flickering as the first flames came to life and her face inscrutable.

The move to Kingbourne wasn't just for her sake, but it was for Wolf's as well. He had been away from Kingbourne for too long, and it was time he went back.

Meanwhile, it was getting late in Kingbourne. Somewhere, someone

demanded agitatedly, "What did you just say?"

Chapter 297 Warning

Peter clutched his phone tightly, his eyes wide with disbelief.

The person on the other line explained in hushed tones, "Dad, our syndicate at Havenlight County has been busted. A special task force was involved this time, and so were the Yarwoods. We have no

choice but to hit the kill switch before anyone traces it back to us."

"The Yarwoods?" Peter narrowed his eyes. "Why would they get involved in something like this?"

"Dad, do you think the Yarwoods are working together with the Kellers?" the man on the other line asked.

Peter considered the possibility. "No," he concluded. "The Yarwoods are mavericks."

"Lucas didn't even stumble once during the operation. That adopted wench from the Yates family is a pain in the ass!" the person on the other line said through gritted teeth. He seemed to hate Wynter with a passion.

Peter's gaze darkened. "You mean that wench is involved in this too?"

The man on the other line replied, "If it hadn't been for her live-stream, the shenanigans that go on in Havenlight County would never have been exposed to the whole nation.

"The repercussions are too dangerous for our syndicate to continue to operate. Even Garfield was arrested!" He added quietly, "Garfield knows too much. I'm worried he might crack under pressure and rat us out."

Peter set his cigar down and snapped, "Find a way to tell him to keep his m*uth shut if he wants his wife, daughter, and 80-year-old mother

to continue living happily in Kingbourne.”

“Yes, Dad.”

A shadow passed over Peter’s face as he asked, “So, what did you find out about that wench?”

“She was kidnapped and brought to Paradise Village ten years ago, along with the other runts. I don’t know who her parents are,” Ian explained. “After some digging, I reckoned her folks are poor bumpkins.

“Her identity aside, she’s a famous live-streamer, so it’ll be tough to take her down.”

Peter demanded hoarsely, “Tough? Give her a warning, then! You’re in Southdale now, and I’m sure she’ll think twice about crossing you after learning who you are.

“Some things just cannot be compromised on. She’ll stay out of our way if she’s smart.”

“You’re right. The City Bureau will be awarding her for her bravery tomorrow,” Ian said, his voice barely above a whisper. “I’ll let her know we mean business by then.”

“She and her grandmother are the same,” Peter hissed venomously.

“They are a pair of ignorant fools,” Ian agreed. “Don’t worry, Dad. It’ll be easy to make her disappear this time.”

Peter pinched the space between his brows and said tiredly, “Hold your horses. You don’t always have to be so extreme. Giving these peasants a chance might eventually work out for us. Now, go and make the arrangements like Timothy asked.”

“The Shepherds have already chosen from their lot and will be sending them over to Kingbourne soon, but those aren’t enough. We’ll have to look for more,” Ian explained.

A rush of anger seized him. “If that wench hadn’t disrupted things in Havenlight County, we’d have enough numbers for the arrangement.”

Peter wasn’t bothered. “The Shepherds will know what to do. They hold stakes in hospitals outside of Southdale, too.”

“I understand,” Ian replied, grinning deviously.

As if having grown weary of the conversation, Peter said dismissively,

“Go. Don’t dawdle any longer.”

“Yes, Dad.”

Meanwhile, over at Empathy Clinic, the guests had gathered around the stove, steeping tea.

Dalton watched as Wynter dropped a few curls of orange rind into the teapot, which added a citrusy fragrance to the tea.

Fabian had originally planned on returning to Kingbourne after visiting Margaret and Wolf but found himself reluctant to leave despite having already had dinner.

Next to Fabian, Ryan pointed out gently, “Mr. Quinnell, it’ll be dangerous for us to drive after nightfall. Shall we leave now?”

He still had plenty of things to take care of in Kingbourne.

Wynter suddenly handed Ryan her phone. “Ryan, you and Grandpa can take the train back to Kingbourne. Bring two of your bodyguards with you. I’ve already bought the tickets, so all you have to do is show your

ID at the station.”

Chapter 298 Under Review

Fabian looked at the electronic ticket on Wynter’s phone. He had two more hours left until the train ride, which meant he could stay for another hour of tea.

He brightened up at this and went back to chatting with Margaret.

Wynter went into one of the rooms and packed Fabian's medication for him. Before Fabian and Ryan left for the train, she handed the medication to Ryan and said, "Alexis told me that no one tampered with Grandpa's last prescription, but Grandpa's breathing was labored

when I examined him.

"Could you keep an eye on his diet, and he follows through with it? He can take everything else in moderation. I'll examine him again once I

go over to Kingbourne."

Fabian's condition had improved considerably in the last two days..

He had been coughing when he first arrived, but if his flushed cheeks were any indication, he was much better now.

Wynter also insisted that he carry his medication on his person

Fabian had planned on getting some work done on the train, but the medication Wynter gave him contained a mild relaxant. That, coupled.

with the comfort of the premium coach, put Fabian to sleep before

the train even left the district. He had never been this relaxed before.

Moving to Kingbourne required more packing than anyone expected.

Dalton wanted to stay and help Wynter, but she turned him down.

After all, she didn't want him to see Wolf's secret stash.

She hadn't forgotten how their equipment was lost as a result of Dalton tracking them down.

Dalton was still grinning when Wynter shoved him out. "Shouldn't I be helping?"

"I'll call you if I need you," she said curtly. "Grandma needs help moving because of her bad leg, so you can come over and help by

then. Bye."

After that, she slammed the door in his face, making her dismissal of

him clear.

Dalton fell speechless. He had given Wynter the impression that he was overly fragile and couldn't contribute to the moving effort,

perhaps save for becoming a driver.

Even his bodyguards were staring skyward in exasperation. This was the first time they had seen anyone slam a door in Dalton's face.

At this point, they wondered if Dalton had succeeded in becoming Wynter's boyfriend at all.

Now that Dalton was out of Wynter's sight, he had shed his warm

demeanor and returned to his usual imposing self. He looked particularly domineering in the moonlight.

His bodyguards kept quiet until one of their phones suddenly rang.

"Mr. Yarwood, it's your grandfather," the bodyguard said.

The Maybeck was parked nearby this time. Dalton stood next to it as he took the phone from the bodyguard, and he only slid into the car

after putting the call through. "Hey, Grandpa."

"You brat! Tell me Samson wasn't joking about what he reported back

to me," Theo demanded, though he sounded happy on the phone. "If you're lying to me, I'll beat you up no matter how weak you are!"

Dalton chuckled. "I'm pretty sure Max fed you some intel before this. I thought you'd be less surprised."

At the mention of this, Theo cleared his throat to mask his guilt and said, "Don't change the subject. Are you serious about getting

engaged?"

"Yes." Dalton plucked his beaded bracelet, the shadows playing over

his handsome profile. "I'm just not sure if I'll be rejected."

Theo sat up straight, alarmed. "What do you mean?"

"There are some things that can't be rushed, Grandpa," Dalton chided jokingly. "You told me that when you were giving me calligraphy

lessons, remember?" He glanced out of the car window, his gaze as dark as the night.

Theo heard the forlorn edge in Dalton's voice and burst out laughing.

Well, who would have thought you'd end up in this situation, huh?

Hasn't Dr. Genius agreed to go out with you yet?

"I told you to stop being so high-handed and cocky, or you'll end up being single for good, but you just wouldn't listen! Now look at you,

moping over a girl! Haha/

Dalton groaned in exasperation, "Grandpa, would you mind?"

Theo sipped his tea smugly and said, "Someone's finally come along to put you in your place, you brat. I heard from Fabian himself that your performance is under review. I bet you're kicking yourself for

calling off that engagement!"

Chapter 299 Powerful Connections

Dalton pointed out dryly, "In my defense, I didn't know she was the person the Quinnells have been looking for."

Theo stopped teasing Dalton after a while. Just knowing that Wynter might one day become his granddaughter-in-law was enough for him. "In that case, do your best. If you don't know how to go about asking

for her hand, then read a novel or something!"

Dalton thought, "A novel?"

He would have never done anything so st*pid as to read a novel for inspiration, but when he clicked into his inbox and found no

messages from Wynter, he decided otherwise.

With a click and a swipe, he stumbled upon a very popular romance web novel. All the comments were raving about the male character, who was apparently the man of every woman's dreams.

Dalton had no issues negotiating a billion-dollar deal, but reading a

romance novel was a different ballpark altogether.

He frowned as he read the first chapter.

Meanwhile, Wynter was unaware that Dalton had resorted to seeking inspiration from the wrong sources. So, when a hundred cups of coffee of various types and brands were delivered to her house along with rose petals the next day, she was entirely baffled.

Her neighbors in Waterview Alley gaped at the coffee and flowers piled up outside Empathy Clinic.

Wynter distributed the coffee to the neighbors and saved the ones with sugar for Wolf, who happily gulped them down. When he was done, he signed, "I never want to drink coffee again!"

She ruffled his hair. "Good luck, kid. By the way, hand those flowers out for me, will you?"

Wolf frowned in agitation. All he wanted to do was find out who had sent all these coffee and flowers.

Wynter picked up a rose and laughed. "Who else? A certain Mr. Yarwood, I presume."

Wolf signed, "I like him better when he's handing out bank cards."

Wynter neither agreed nor disagreed with him. She glanced at her phone and put on her baseball cap and mask. "Stay home with Grandma. I'm going out to get my award."

Wolf blinked at her, as if asking, "Prize? What prize?" He knew Wynter, would never attend anything like an award ceremony, and he

wondered what made her change her mind.

In truth, Wynter had promised she would make an appearance. She wanted to see how the survivors, especially Yarra, were doing.

After all, with Havenlight County taking up half of Southdale's territory, the rescue operation at Paradise Village had caused quite a stir.

Countless children who had been rescued and parents from all over had flocked to Southdale to personally thank Lucas.

Lucas oversaw the whole operation until the end. He first set up medical units for the children who had been rescued, then looked into all the departments that had allegedly taken bribes from the traffickers. After that, he visited every village in every county.

Things were shaking up in Southdale.

The average person might not be able to tell, but those who did civil work knew that Lucas would one day restructure and rule Southdale with an iron fist.

Before this, there was talk that Lucas might not live up to the expectations as the new Secretary-General. The politics in Southdale were not the easiest to figure out, after all, since they were so deeply entrenched in connections.

Lucas never turned down any case that was escalated to the City Bureau. There was no foul play at work regardless of how big the case was.

"Mr. Keller does his job well," someone remarked.

"Tell me about it. The top brass came by the other day. I bet Mr. Keller can expect a promotion soon."

Wynter heard the drivers conversing before she went in. These drivers worked for the cadre..

Her name might have been on the list for the award ceremony, but she didn't tell anybody the time she would arrive for it.

Dom didn't seem to mind as he stood by the entrance. At the sight of Wynter, he immediately beckoned her over. "Dr. Genius! Over here!"

"Mr. Fisher," Wynter greeted with a smile. "Fancy running into your here."

Chapter 299 memefulConnections

Dom was dressed formally today. He chuckled and said, "Mr. Munn Senior is here too. He said to invite you for dinner after the ceremony."

"That's fine by me. I haven't seen Mr. Munn Senior in a while," Wynter remarked casually.

The drivers who heard this nearly dropped their cigarettes. They wondered who Wynter was. She had shown up here riding a

motorbike, and the drivers thought she was one of the rescued.

If that were the case, then how did she have such a powerful connection as Jackson?

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Chapter 300 Jumping to Conclusions

Dom paid no mind to what the others in the community thought. He was happy enough to have accomplished what Jackson had asked of him. "You know, Dr. Genius, the leaders have missed you. They go onto your live-streaming channel all the time and hardly dare to take

bathroom breaks."

"I figured I'd go visit them before I leave," Wynter said as she walked alongside Dom.

Dom gaped at her. "Leave? You're leaving, Dr. Genius?"

What was he going to do if she left? He couldn't handle the cadre on his own, and he knew better than to give it a shot.

"I found my family, and they're in Kingbourne," Wynter explained with a smile. "Don't worry, Mr. Fisher. I'll tell the others."

Dom was still dazed as he muttered, "Mr. Munn Senior will be leaving for Kingbourne in the next few days, and now you're leaving for Kingbourne." He sighed.

Wynter was surprised that Jackson was leaving for Kingbourne. She didn't think he would be transferred anywhere at his age. Perhaps she

had underestimated him.

She didn't press for details, given that it was Jackson's private affairs. She followed Dom to the seating area right in front of the stage.

The ceremony was about to start. Reporters from various media channels, along with the Lopezes and the Shepherds, had shown up.

Abel was too far away to spot Wynter. As for the Shepherds, they sat at the very front of the audience, looking as regal and arrogant as

ever.

Wynter couldn't help lifting a brow at the seating plan. She asked

Dom, "Mr. Fisher, why are the Shepherds seated up front? Are they receiving awards too?"

"No, I don't think so." Dom had no opinions on the Shepherds. "But I heard they were the ones who supplied the DNA database that allowed parents to find their children."

Wynter toyed with her purple sugilite pendant. "They supplied the database?"

"Yes," Dom replied without thinking much of it.

Wynter went quiet as she processed this information.

The audience clapped and cheered as the victims of the kidnapping took their seats.

The Shepherds appeared to be the center of attention as the victims and their families thanked them profusely for their contribution.

Charlie, who had always loved being put on a pedestal, smiled graciously as he said, "No thanks necessary. We were only doing our job as doctors."

The parents of the victims were beyond grateful as they took turns shaking Charlie's hand.

Charlie gave a speech on behalf of the Shepherds, who were already the center of attention before taking the stage.

However, he stopped short when he got to the front, and his gaze fell on Wynter. He asked in a clipped tone, "What are you doing here?"

Why did she have to show up wherever he was? He had called off their engagement ages ago, and he couldn't understand why she wouldn't leave him alone.

Charlie thought Wynter had meant it when she behaved indifferently toward him at the manor.

However, the fact that she was here could only mean she was playing hard to get.

“Wynter, you and I are over,” Charlie said as he gazed down at her imperiously. “You shouldn’t be here at this ceremony. Leave before you force me to make a scene.”

Hearing this, Dom clenched his fists and made to stand up.

With one hand on Dom’s shoulder, Wynter kept the man in his seat. She shot Charlie an icy look. “I’m starting to think if that brain of yours has atrophied, Charlie. Why do you always jump to the most

ridiculous conclusions?”

“Excuse me?” Charlie was furious, but he had to keep his voice down on account of the surrounding media crew. “If you want to do this the

hard way, Wynter, then so be it!”

With that, he turned around and demanded, “Get security to kick her out of here! She’ll do nothing but cause trouble at an event like this.”

“Kick who out?”

Just then, a group of cadres showed up, all of them in suits. The person who had spoken was none other than Lucas, the man who was going to restructure Southdale with an iron fist.