

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

Chapter 311 Shane and Marie Return to Kingbourne

“Have things gotten so bad that my daughter has to extend an olive branch?”

The person who spoke from the doorway was Shane. He was dressed in an impeccable suit, and behind him was a team of doctors and secretaries, all of whom were lugging their bags. They must have

gotten off a flight not too long ago.

Naomi grinned and exclaimed in delight, “Dad, you’re home! Where’s Mom?”

“You know your mom doesn’t cope well with long flights. She’s too tired to make the trip back to the manor, and she can only fall asleep

when she’s in a hotel,” Shane explained.

He set his bag down on the couch. “Is your grandfather giving you a hard time?”

“No,” Naomi lied, shaking her head.

Fiona couldn’t stand the sight of Naomi looking so dejected. “Mr. Quinnell, you won’t believe how unreasonable Alexis was! Ms. Naomi worked hard to make a healing tonic for Mr. Quinnell Senior, but

Alexis refused to let her into the house and said her tonic was ‘risky’!”

Naomi feigned alarm. “Aunt Fiona!”

Fiona grumbled, “Ms. Naomi, I have to say something or you’ll just bottle up your feelings like you always do, and I won’t stand for it.”

Shane was equally surprised that Fabian would go to such lengths-

Chapter 311 Shane and Manu Return to Kingbourne

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including having Alexis keep an eye out on Naomi-just to defend a doctor.

“Ms. Young, I’m sure Alexis has his reasons for stopping Naomi from giving the tonic to my father,” Shane pointed out, glancing at Fiona. But there are better ways for you to stand up for Naomi than to throw a fit like this.”

Naomi gave Fiona’s hand an appreciative squeeze. Fiona quickly said, “Oh, there I go, running my m*uth again. I’ll bring you some tea, Mr. Quinnell.”

Shane fixed his gaze on Naomi and asked, “Is that what you think as well, Naomi? Did you feel that Alexis was giving you a hard time?”

“No,” she answered seriously. “I’m sure Alexis only has Grandpa’s best interests in mind, especially since Grandpa’s health is so delicate. But the family doctor did tell me that Grandpa needed plenty of nourishment.”

Sighing, Shane said ruefully, “Your grandfather is a proud and

stubborn man. That being said, you won’t have to prepare tonics or medicinal food for him after this. We have a private chef for a reason.”

“Okay.” Naomi clenched her fists tighter at his words, her manicured nails digging into her palms.

Shane did not notice this and continued with a smile, “We brought our trip forward this time so we could officially adopt you on the night of your birthday banquet.”

“Really?” Naomi’s eyes lit up with childlike excitement. “But will Grandpa agree to it?”

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Shane glanced at his watch. “I’ll go talk to him. You can come with me, but you must be on your best behavior. I’m sure he’ll soften up after you apologize to him.”

“Okay!” Naomi said sweetly.

Alexis wasn’t expecting Naomi to turn up at the Quinnell residence. again, and this time with Shane, who had apparently returned from abroad.

Shane flashed Alexis a charming smile. "My father should still be awake. He usually plays chess at this hour."

Alexis didn't reveal that Fabian was actually watching Wynter's old livestreams. He simply returned Shane's smile as he quipped, "You know him well, Mr. Quinnell."

"I ought to go inside and see how he's doing." Shane raised a brow, hoping Alexis would get the message.

Alexis stepped aside and replied matter-of-factly, "This is your family home, Mr. Quinnell. You can come and go as you like."

He had made his stance on Naomi clear with this simple statement. The only reason why he had stopped her from entering the house earlier was because he did not think of her as a member of the

Quinnell family.

The implication behind his words made Naomi bristle. She shot Alexis a dark look.

However, Alexis didn't so much as glance at her. He figured he had every right to snap back at her after he had been threatened with a demotion.

Chapter 311 Shane and Manu Return to Kingbourne

Shane, who understood what Alexis was implying, was also perturbed. "Alexis, you might want to watch your words from now on. Naomi will be an official member of our family soon."

"Of course," Alexis conceded with a pleasant smile. "I'll make sure to give Ms. Naomi the respect she deserves if she ever becomes a member of the Quinnell family."

Shane narrowed his eyes at the secretary, but chose not to entertain any of his snide remarks. He had to pick his battles, and right now, it

was to convince Fabian to agree to Naomi's legal adoption.

Chapter 312 Family Feud

It was nighttime, and Fabian was happily making yet more online purchases. With Wynter's arrival fast approaching, he wanted to welcome her with festivity, and that included redecorating her old

bedroom.

The old man was beaming over his shopping conquests when Shane showed up. He used to be furious with Shane and his incompetence,

but now, he simply let the latter ramble on.

Fabian sat there and listened to Shane talk until the cows came home.

When Shane had nothing more to say, Fabian tightened his grip on his cane and looked up at his son before saying, "I won't agree to this."

Shane's brows furrowed. "I don't understand why you won't accept

Naomi as a part of our family!"

Naomi, who was standing next to Shane, interjected calmly, "Dad, please, no fighting with Grandpa. The matter of my adoption isn't as important as Grandpa's health. Let's talk things out slowly, all right?"

Talking things out was the last thing Shane wanted. He had to

suppress his rage as he demanded, "Give me a reason why you won't agree to the adoption, Dad."

Fabian asked curtly, "Have all these years made you forget that you still have a daughter out there somewhere, Shane?"

Naomi faltered at this. She had never seen Fabian so distant and

grave before. In the past, a fight would have already broken out between him and Shane. But now, the old man looked like he had

Chapter 312 Family Feud

already won.

While Naomi pondered Fabian's strange demeanor, Shane inhaled sharply and countered, "Dad, no one was more heartbroken than Marie and I when we lost our little princess. But there's no point in

grieving like this any longer.

"The upstairs nursery has looked the same since we lost her. We have to move on." Tears pricked his eyes as he said this.

Fabian kept his cool gaze on Shane and spat, "We will move on after we find our little princess, dead or alive. In case you're wondering, she's healthy and thriving, and certainly no longer lost as you claim. She's more brilliant than anyone I've ever met!"

Hearing this, Shane gaped at Fabian in disbelief. "Dad, are you saying that... our little princess is..."

"Found," Fabian finished Shane's sentence for him, his gaze darkening. "And she'll be returning soon. Adopting someone else at this juncture seems rather inappropriate, don't you think?"

Shane paled, and so did Naomi. She couldn't believe what Fabian just said. If the Quinnells' long-lost daughter had been found, then what would become of Naomi? Naomi felt her legs go weak at the thought.

"You found our little princess?" Shane stepped forward as if to confront his father. "When? Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I'm telling you now, aren't I?" Fabian drawled. He no longer felt any rage toward Shane, only disappointment. He said a little too calmly, "Go and get ready to bring her home."

Shane couldn't wrap his head around this unexpected development.

Change:312 Fandy Feud

"She's been found. She's actually been found, and she'll be coming home."

Slowly, delight gleamed in his eyes as he asked Fabian earnestly, "Dad, do you have a picture of her? Who does she take after, me or Marie?"

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The question and the excitement in Shane's tone appeased Fabian, who answered impatiently, "I don't have a picture of her. Just wait until she comes home and you can see for yourself."

Shane looked like he was raring to go. "Where is she now? I'll go and pick her up!"

"She's on her way back to Kingbourne." Fabian kept his answer vague.

Meanwhile, Naomi was silent as she bit her lip. Her lowered gaze filled with anger and spite.

She didn't understand why Fabian decided to spring such news on them instead of informing them in advance. It was as if he had never considered Naomi's feelings.

But Shane was oblivious to Naomi's resentment. He was basking in joy as the news of his little princess' return sank in.

Naomi, on the other hand, began to fret over her position in the Quinnell family. Now that the long-lost heiress had been found, what would they do with an outsider like Naomi?

Chapter 313 Farewell

Fiona had never seen Naomi so angry. When Naomi returned to the Quinnell villa that night, she flung her favorite vase of roses onto the floor and shattered it. Fiona wanted to stop her but held back out of fear.

She wondered what had happened at the Quinnell residence to incur Naomi's wrath. But who could she ask?

Fiona also found it odd that Shane had not returned with Naomi even though he was the one who had brought her to the Quinnell residence to discuss her adoption with Fabian.

Curiosity got the better of Fiona, and she took it upon herself to seek the answers to her questions.

She had established a network of intelligence after serving in the Quinnell family for so long, and her sources included Shane's driver who happened to be her cousin. She was the one who had gotten him the job in the first place.

Fiona demanded of him anxiously, "What happened at the main residence?"

Her cousin spoke in hushed, secretive tones on the other line. "Fiona, I just dropped Mr. Quinnell off at the hotel. From what I heard during his phone call, his long-lost daughter has apparently been found."

"What?" Fiona shrieked in disbelief. She pressed a hand to her chest as she felt palpitations. "What do you mean she's been found? That's impossible!"

Chopper 313 Farewell

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"I'm serious, Fiona," came her cousin's nervous reply. "Mr. Quinnell Senior didn't even tell Mr. Quinnell until the last minute. The long-lost Ms. Quinnell will be coming home in two days."

"Promise me you'll take this to the grave. And you didn't hear about this from me. I'll talk to you some other time, Fiona. You'd better make preparations."

Fiona knew what preparations her cousin was talking about. All these years, the Quinnell family had exhausted their resources and connections looking for their long-lost heiress.

Now that she had been found, Naomi's adoption would become an impossibility.

Fiona had taken care of Naomi for years, and she was so happy to learn that Naomi was going to become an official member of the Quinnell family.

There was no worse time for the long-lost heiress to be found than now. The whole thing was too coincidental for comfort.

Fiona's lips paled when she glanced at Naomi's tightly-shut bedroom door.

Inside the bedroom, Naomi was sitting at her vanity and staring at herself in the mirror. There was a malicious gleam in her dark eyes.

Right now, she looked nothing like the cool-headed and proper young lady she had always portrayed herself as.

She grabbed her l*pstick and began to scribble nonsense onto the mirror. The more she scribbled, the more menacing she looked. She couldn't stand the idea of falling from her pedestal.

Naomi could already imagine what the upper-crust society would say about her once word of this got out. She would be cast out immediately.

She lowered her gaze, her resolve turning into molten steel. She wouldn't sit by and do nothing, even if it meant resorting to cruelty.

As she contemplated her next steps, she threw her l*pstick into the bin and heard the thud that followed,

The scribbling she had made on the mirror seemed to reflect her clamored mind, but there was something inexplicably sinister about it.

The next morning, Waterview Alley was lively as a crowd had gathered outside Margaret's house. Firecrackers had been lit as the neighbors bade farewell to Margaret. Everyone had come to wish her well.

They'd known her since she was young and sprightly, just as they had seen her at her most disgraced. They had seen how her son and daughter-in-law were determined to bleed her dry.

The neighbors had been furious with Ewan and Wanda, but eventually the despicable couple stopped coming altogether.

Without access to welfare funds, Margaret was forced to make ends meet by setting up a massage parlor

She was kind and often scrimped to get by, but she never stooped so low as to take advantage of others. At some point along the way, she adopted Wynter and had her help as an apothecary-in-training.

Now that things were finally looking up for Margaret, Wynter, and Wolf, the entire Waterview Alley couldn't help but rejoice on their behalf. The loveable trio was going to set up shop in Kingbourne,

which was an amazing feat in its own right.

Susan and Ruth were reluctant to let Margaret go. They flanked her and fussed over her.

“Margaret, promise us you’ll come back to visit us often. We can make raspberry tarts again once the fruit is in season.”

“I will,” Margaret reassured as she patted both the ladies’ hands.

Wynter was surrounded by a crowd as well, including the leaders of Harmony Community.

Among them, Zach was the most reluctant to let Wynter leave, but he knew it was in her best interests in the long run.

“Traditional medicine has been a misunderstood field for a long time. Make sure you set the record straight and prove those conservative fools wrong when you get to Kingbourne.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

Chapter 314 Pulling Strings

Wynter wrapped her arms around Zach in a gentle embrace. “Don’t worry about me. Keep an eye on that waist and don’t go spraining it.”

Zach, who normally wielded a fiery temper, now returned Wynter’s embrace like a child bidding goodbye to a playground friend.

“You can always go to the Kellers if you run into trouble. I’m sure they won’t mind helping out Jackson’s favorite disciple, to say nothing of the favor you did for them,” he said. “Without you, Lucas wouldn’t have made any headway in Southdale.

“Remember, you’ll always have a place here in Harmony Community. I don’t care who your parents are, but if they ever make you upset, just know we won’t stand for it.”

“Mr. Zurich is right. We’ll march into Kingbourne if we have to,” an elderly gentleman piped up. He added a little hesitantly, “Nothing can scare us.”

Zach glared at him. "Oh, quiet you. You were the reason Wynter was wrongfully brought into custody."

"I... I..." the gentleman stammered.

Wynter laughed. "It's not Mr. Gustavo's fault. Some people are just good at hiding their true colors."

"Not his fault? Bah! He just wanted to relive his glory days and have a say in everything. If this were the past, he'd have been tried for abuse of power!" Zach snapped.

Chapter 314 Pulling Strings

He glowered at Pierre Gustavo, the elderly gentleman from earlier, and demanded, "Do you admit that you were in the wrong?"

Pierre said immediately, "Yes, sir!"

He then turned to Wynter and explained, "Mr. Zurich is right. If you hadn't uncovered the crimes in Paradise Village, that rascal would

have continued wreaking havoc in Southdale and claim to be associated with me! I shouldn't have said anything to him."

They were talking about the time Wynter had been ambushed during her livestream and wrongfully arrested.

The rascal in question was none other than Jerome. If he had been allowed to continue in his corrupted ways, Pierre's name would be dragged through the mud as well.

It would be unfortunate if someone as patriotic as Pierre had to lose his reputation because of this.

Just thinking about what might have happened made Pierre's chest tighten. There were a few elderly folks in the community who no longer wanted to play chess with him despite their years of friendship.

Not that he could blame them. Jerome was his mentee, and the very

same mentee allowed Wynter to be wrongfully arrested and interrogated to protect a bunch of criminals.

Pierre was eager to make amends. "Wynter, if you don't feel like asking the Kellers for help, you can always reach out to my connections there. I've given them a heads-up, and they're prepared to help you at a moment's notice."

"Thank you, Mr. Gustavo," Wynter said gratefully, smiling. She knew

Chapter 314 Pulling String-

Pierre must have had quite a formidable history if he had connections and any sort of power in Kingbourne

Pierre grinned at her affably.

Zach turned to Wynter and reminded sternly, "Don't fall behind on your studies, Wynter. My former students in Kingbourne will lend you a helping hand whenever you need it. Since you're much younger than them, I doubt they'd turn you down if you ask for help."

"All right, Mr. Zurich."

Wynter could tell just how much the elderly folk around her cared for her. They wanted to make sure she had someone to turn to for help. while in Kingbourne. Hence, they pulled strings here and there for her

sake.

There was warmth in Wynter's eyes as she reached her arms around

Zach once more.

He couldn't help the tears that pricked his eyes. "Go. Be brave and hold your head up high. You've got family here rooting for you."

Most of the folks in Harmony Community did not have children of their own, and they had long ago seen Wynter as their child.

Dom had been bright enough to recognize Wynter's potential from the

moment he got to know her.

The leaders of Harmony Community all had impressive track records, and if they favored Wynter so much, then Dom shuddered to think of the path to glory they had paved for her.

If he were being honest, he was extremely envious.

Chapter 314 Pulling Stongs

Wynter hadn't even arrived in Kingbourne yet, and already the influential parties there had been alerted to take good care of her, courtesy of Harmony Community's string-pulling.

Chapter 315 Princess and the Philistine

Setting a bowl of oatmeal down on Naomi's nightstand, Fiona prompted gently, "Ms. Naomi, you have to eat something. My sources told me that the Quinnells' long-lost daughter grew up in a mountain village."

There was contempt in Fiona's voice as she continued, "She was one of the kidnapping victims rescued from Havenlight County. No proper young lady has ever come from an impoverished place like that. So don't worry, Ms. Naomi, you've already won by upbringing alone."

Upon hearing this, Naomi finally poked her head out from underneath

her covers. She muttered, "Aunt Fiona, once you leave this bedroom, make sure to never repeat what you just told me. You don't want anyone hearing you insult the Quinnells' biological daughter."

"I'm just stating facts, Ms. Naomi. You and that wench are from t different worlds. She's a young lady in name only, but a philistine

upbringing," Fiona pointed out. ↑

Relieved that Naomi had finally spoken, she went on to say, "Just wai and see. Even if she were reunited with the Quinnells, it would take a

lot more than a fancy last name for her to fit into high society. You know how vicious the elite crowd can be. They certainly won't go easy

on a bumpkin."

Naomi stirred the oatmeal as she took in Fiona's words of comfort,

contemplating. "Aunt Fiona, your prejudice toward the young lady will

put my parents in a hard place.”

Fiona sighed. “You’re too kind for your own good, Ms. Naomi. You

Chapter 315 Princess and the Philistine

may wish to be friends with this bumpkin, but what about her? She’d probably want you to disappear.” Her voice grew louder at the thought of this. “Why, I bet she’s already told Mr. Quinnell to send you packing!

“Aunt Fiona!” Naomi stopped Fiona’s ranting and warned softly, “That’s enough badm*uthing. Now, why don’t you help me prepare a welcoming gift for her? We can think of it as a present from a

younger sister.”

Fiona was obliging as ever to Naomi. When she saw the dark look in the latter’s eyes, she immediately said, “Right away.”

Meanwhile, things were getting lively at the Quinnell residence. Shane, in particular, looked like he had looted an entire mall.

He went up to Fabian and asked, “Dad, when’s our little princess

getting here? Look at all the stuff I bought her.”

After that, he gestured for the men to bring the haul into the house.

can’t wait for her to see all this.”

“Instead of going on mindless shopping sprees, I suggest you think about how you’re going to tell our little princess that you’ve adopted another daughter,” Fabian countered sarcastically. He never liked

Shane’s indecisiveness.

Shane paused before saying quietly, “I’m sure our little princess will

understand.”

“What are you saying?” Fabian nearly sputtered in disbelief. “That you’re not going to send Naomi packing even though your long-lost daughter is finally coming home?”

Chapter 315 Princess and the Philistine

“Why should Naomi have to go?” Shane argued, his emotions riding high. “Dad, we took in Naomi as a child. I would think we have a moral obligation to at least let her stay with the family.”

Fabian narrowed his eyes. "I had no qualms sponsoring her when your first suggested it years ago, and I'm more than willing to help pave her way to a bright future. But do you seriously expect your daughter to understand your decision to let Naomi stay with us?"

"This isn't a swapped-at-birth story, Shane. Your daughter was kidnapped and suffered all these years. How would she feel if she came home and found out her parents adopted a daughter to take her

place?"

He was so mad that his hands trembled. He thought Shane would at least have some good sense when it came to matters like these.

But to his chagrin, Shane still argued, "Dad, that's not what I'm saying I just think that it's going to hurt Naomi's feelings if we send her

packing now.

"She's been recognized as our adopted daughter all her life. What will she do if you cast her out of the family?"

Fabian pointed out grimly, "So what you're saying is, it's not good enough for me to sponsor Naomi's studies and help her build a better

life for herself?

"She can go anywhere in the world and choose to do whatever work she wants. But because I won't let her stay in our family, I've as good as thrown her out on the streets? She was never part of our family in the first place!"

Flying into a rage, Fabian kicked Shane's leg and roared, "Take your

things and get out of this house! My granddaughter will not have an incompetent moron like you for a father!"

hopper The TowÉL

Chapter 316 Toxins

Shane bristled and made to argue further. Fabian, however, was in such a rage that his chest tightened. His breath came up short, and when Shane drew near him, he broke into a violent coughing fit.

Shane hadn't come to rouse Fabian's temper. He was just about to rub Fabian's back to soothe the coughing when the latter suddenly

coughed up blood.

A spray of crimson landed on Shane's shirt. "Dad!" he cried in alarm. "

Dad, what's wrong?"

"Get out," Fabian rasped.

Just then, Alexis walked into the living room, saying, "Mr. Quinnell Senior, I have Ms. Quinnell on the phone. She's on the highway now and will be arriving in Kingbourne this afternoon. Do you want to... Mr Quinnell Senior!"

Alexis' smile was replaced by a look of horror when he saw Fabian's ghastly state, and his voice filled with panic.

It was only then that Fabian seemingly caught his breath. "S- She's on the phone? Quick, hand it to me!"

"But, Mr. Quinnell Senior, your cough..." Alexis hesitated.

Wynter had heard everything on the other line. Frowning, she asked, "Grandpa, are you all right?"

"I'm fine, little princess. Alexis is just being dramatic," Fabian lied to keep her from worrying.

Chap 316 Towns

He tried to keep his breath steady as he continued, "Is there anything you and your grandmother would like for lunch? I'll have the chef make whatever you want. Why don't you stay here for the night?"

Wynter had always been perceptive. So when she heard Fabian rasping on the other line, she asked gravely, "Grandpa, turn on the camera."

"I'm fine," Fabian insisted. "Trust me little princess."

As he said this, he waved his hand, motioning for Alexis to get Shane out of the house.

Shane heard the female voice speaking on the other line that supposedly belonged to his long-lost daughter.

He leaned forward, but just as he was about to say something, Alexis clamped a hand over his m*uth and dragged him out of the room.

Fabian didn't want Wynter to find out about the nonsense her incompetent father had spewed.

Alas, Wynter sensed there was something off on Fabian's end."

Grandpa, is somebody there with you?"

"Just a manager from the company, Fabian lied, suppressing a cough.

She assessed his condition through his labored breathing. "Grandpa, I'm a doctor. You don't have to lie to me about your condition. Did someone make you angry today?"

"I'm just frustrated with work, that's all," Fabian said dismissively. "All those loose ends got the better of me."

Chapter 316 Torna

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Wynter did not press him for details. "Grandpa, if you want me to stay at your place tonight, you'll have to let me assess your condition. Your infection spreads from your bronchus to your lungs. Did you perhaps cough up blood?"

Realizing he could hide it no longer, Fabian sat down on his rosewood armchair and turned on the camera. He stared at the screen obediently and let Wynter examine him through the phone.

She did so and took in his pallor. She then glanced at his bluish l*ps. A dark look flashed in her eyes. "Grandpa, did anyone mess with your

food today?"

"No," he answered, still coughing violently. "Alexis always personally delivers my food, including today."

In that case, Wynter could rule out food as a cause for his sudden coughing fit. She considered the other possibility, which was that h had breathed in something to trigger his infection. Could it be an

airborne substance?

She advised calmly, "Grandpa, have someone open all the windows in the house, and remember not to get worked up today. I'll see you later."

Fabian beamed. "Looking forward to it, little princess! I think you'll

Jove your bedroom. I decorated it myself!"

She laughed. "Promise me you won't get worked up, Grandpa. No takebacks."

"I have no reason to get worked up, not when my little princess is arriving soon," he quipped, cheering up considerably.

Chap 316 Toxins:

After a while of cajoling him, Wynter said, "Grandpa, could you pass the phone to Alexis? I need to ask him a couple of things."

Alexis had only just gotten rid of Shane, who had left begrudgingly after Fabian wouldn't let him speak to his long-lost daughter on the phone.

Alexis took the phone and said, "Ms. Quinnell, about Mr. Quinnell

Senior's condition-"

"I know," Wynter cut him off, her voice crisp. "It's caused by toxins. Alexis, get rid of anything scented in the house and leave the rest to

1. Also, I'd like to know who Grandpa saw today."

If there was nothing in the house that was releasing toxins into the air, then there was only one possibility left-someone brought the toxins in.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Playb

Chapter 317 Precious Cargo

Alexis did not hold back. He named the people who had dropped by the house and described whatever they had carried on their persons.

“Ms. Naomi, whom the Quinnells sponsored, came by yesterday with tonic for Mr. Quinnell Senior,” he said.

Wynter raised a brow. “Tonic?”

“Yes. She would drop by the company at first, but lately, she’s been delivering tonics to the house,” Alexis elaborated.

“Assuming Grandpa didn’t drink it, I don’t think the tonic is the issue here,” Wynter remarked plainly.

“Mr. Quinnell Senior didn’t take one sip of it,” Alexis confirmed. “I didn’t let anyone into the house either. The only ones who came in were the chef and Mr. Quinnell.

Wynter’s gaze darkened. “Mr. Quinnell?”

“Your father,” Alexis clarified, though he sounded reluctant to dive into this conversation. “He got into a fight with Mr, Quinnell Senior earlier.”

On the other line, Wynter appeared to be in deep thought. After a long pause, she said, “Alexis, could you prepare a few medicinal

ingredients for me? In the meantime, keep an eye on Grandpa and don’t let him see anyone until I get there, even Mr. Quinnell.”

The formality with which she addressed Shane told Alexis enough- she wouldn’t acknowledge Shane as her father anytime soon.

Chptr 317 Precious Cargo

“Don’t worry, Ms, Quinnell, I’ll take good care of Mr. Quinnell Senior,” Alexis promised solemnly.

“Thanks, Alexis,” Wynter said. Her tone grew serious as she added, “Remember, do not let anyone see Grandpa until I get there.”

She had been feeling that something was off ever since she had that nightmare weeks ago.

Under normal circumstances, Fabian would have more than a year to live despite his condition, unless somebody was deliberately poisoning him.

If that were the case, the person poisoning Fabian must have been family or someone trusted, or Fabian wouldn’t have let his guard down.

She tapped her phone as she contemplated. The toxins that had triggered Fabian’s infection could be slow or fast-acting.

For Fabian’s condition to worsen so suddenly today meant someone had probably predicted his outburst.

Meanwhile, Margaret had fallen asleep and did not know of Wynter’s phone conversation. Wolf, on the other hand, was staring at her while signing something.

Wynter glanced at the driver assigned to bring them to Kingbourne and shook her head at Wolf.

As comfortable and spacious as the Alpard was, Wolf was agitated by it. He signed furiously, “Was this driver assigned to bring us to Kingbourne or to keep an eye on us? I don’t like this one bit!”

Chapter 317 Precious Cargo

Wynter simply tossed him a tablet and sent a message to it. "I want all the information you can find on the Quinnells before we reach our destination."

Wolf looked at the message on the tablet and grinned. He then began typing in codes.

Wynter turned to the driver and requested that he speed up. The driver worked for Dalton. Though he looked unassuming, he was well-versed in combat.

More importantly, the Alpard was the Yarwoods' family car. Dalton had made his intentions clear-Wynter might have been the long-lost daughter of the Quinnells, but to Dalton, she was the future mistress of the Yarwood household.

As such, the driver dared not disobey her. He sped up accordingly, and the fleet of cars behind them followed suit.

Presently, Shane was still standing outside Fabian's study at the Quinnell residence and trying to force his way in. Alexis was still pleasant as ever, even as he refused to let Shane through.

In the end, Shane relented. He sighed and said, "Fine, I won't go in, but could you at least ask Mr. Quinnell Senior if he was serious about casting Naomi out of the family?"

Alexis adjusted his glasses. "Sorry, Mr. Quinnell, but Mr. Quinnell Senior needs to rest now."

Shane wasn't so single-minded that he had become heartless. "I've brought Dr. Shepherd with me. Why don't we let him examine my

dad's condition?"

Still smiling Alesis answered, Munnell Seniors doctor is on the way right now Let's wait for her before we proceed

Shane grew grim at Alexis uncompromising behavior and snapped
You're trying to prevent me from seeing my father? Are you going to deprive him of medical attention even when his condition is deteriorating? Who will bear the responsibility if anything happens to him

The last part was directed at Alexis pressure him into letting Shane through

Chapper 317 Precious Cargo

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Shane grew grim at Alexis' uncompromising behavior and snapped, " You're trying to prevent me from seeing my father! Are you going to deprive him of medical attention even when his condition is

deteriorating? Who will bear the responsibility if anything happens to him?"

The last part was directed at Alexis to pressure him into letting Shane through.

Chapter 318 The Scions of Kingbourne

Inside the study, Fabian was listening to the voice note from Wynter reminding him not to get worked up

He refused to open the door for Shane and raised his voice as he

said, "I'll be fine if you stop pissing me off. You'd better leave before I think about revoking your position in the company."

Shane grew anxious and stepped closer to the door. "Dad, I'm just worried about your health."

"Worry about your intelligence." Fabian gripped his dragon-headed cane and snarled. "Leave."

Shane's fists clenched at his sides. He couldn't understand why Fabian had such an aversion toward him. It was like he meant nothing to Fabian.

"Fine, I'll leave," Shane relented. "But my doctor will be stationed outside your study just in case."

When he heard no reply from Fabian, he left. Until now, he had yet to tell Marie that their long-lost daughter had been found.

He wasn't sure how he was going to break the news to her. He worried that if he did, her condition would deteriorate.

More importantly, he didn't understand why Fabian was adamant about sending Naomi away. It was tantamount to emotional blackmail at this point.

The Quinnell family would still be grieving if it weren't for Naomi.

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Shane was planning to meet his long-lost daughter so that he could explain his side of the story. However, Fabian seemed intent on never letting them meet.

It was ridiculous how Shane was made to feel less when he was the biological father. There was nothing more important than having peace and solidarity in the Quinnell family.

Shane couldn't bring himself to send Naomi away and leave her

homeless. He figured he could wait until he saw his long-lost daughter and talk things out then.

Meanwhile, after arriving in Kingbourne, Wynter grabbed her purse and got out of the car before anyone else.

Her black motorbike was stored in the back of the mover van. She put on her helmet and had the driver set her motorbike down on the ground.

The house with the courtyard that she had chosen from Abel's properties was across town from the Quinnell residence.

She was grateful that Dalton had assigned enough men to escort and her family to Kingbourne, for they helped Margaret settle do into the new house.

Glancing at the map, Wynter saw that the traffic was building up on the main roads. The fastest way she could get to the Quinnell residence was on a motorbike, and she wasted no time in doing so

She perched on her motorbike and leaned forward, revving up the engine. The sleek black motorbike gleamed under the streetlights.

From a distance, the motorbike effortlessly weaved through the

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traffic piling up on the road like a shadow.

Upon noticing that the biker was a woman, some men seated inside a flashy sports car whistled at her. Wynter ignored them. She had to get to Fabian's place as quickly as possible.

However, the men in the sports car were none other than the scions of the Scott and Winston families.

Chad Winston, the eldest of the Scott scions, did not bother looking out the window as he drawled, "Can we make a move already?"

"Are you that worried about Naomi?" Logan Winston asked.

Sean elbowed Logan, who quirked his lips in displeasure before grumbling, "She only looks for you when she needs something from you, Logan. Besides, everyone in our circle knows who she has feelings for."

Chad's expression turned grim. "If you have nothing better to say out."

"All right, calm down guys. Logan, you should know better than to badmouth Naomi in front of Chad," Sean Scott interjected. "She's not as bad as you think, and she only went to the Yarwoods' place because of the engagement."

Logan shrugged. "Yeah, which is a thing of the past. Anyway, do we know why she's in such a bad mood, Chad?"

Chad's jaw went rigid. "Because the Quinnells have found their long lost daughter."

"What?" Logan's eyes widened. "They found her? I thought she was kidnapped, and nobody knew if she was dead or alive! How did the

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find her?"

Sean was concerned about something else. "If the Quinnells found their daughter, what will happen to Naomi?"

"Mr. Quinnell Senior wants her to pack up and leave," Chad answered, his fists clenching. "She'll be heartbroken if they make her go through with it. You guys know the Quinnells are like family to her after all these years."

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Sean nodded. "I don't think anyone could take such sudden news with an open mind."

"Chad," Logan began, "Naomi is just an orphan sponsored by the

Quinnells. Are they obligated to adopt all the orphans they've sponsored then? She should leave now that the Quinnells have found their long-lost daughter."

"Shut up," Chad hissed angrily.

Sean quickly tried to placate both of his friends. "I am curious as to why the Quinnells didn't say a word about this. You don't think the news of their daughter being found is fake, do you?"

"As if they'd let anyone know that their daughter was found in the mountains. I heard she's illiterate," Chad said contemptuously, though he remained straight-faced.

"We don't know what she looks like, but I bet the Quinnells must want her to go through etiquette lessons before they announce her return to make her debut easier."

Sean rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "She's the polar opposite of Naomi."

Chad sneered, "There's no competition. Naomi's in an entirely different league."

"Chad, I don't think the Quinnells care whether the young lady is well-cultured or not as long as she's their biological daughter," Logan interjected exasperatedly. "Tobias even said that he never thought of Naomi as a sister anyway."

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Sean gasped. "He said that? Outright?"

Logan kept his hands on the steering wheel as he shook his head.

Yeah, it was during a dinner party or something. He got all angry.

when someone told him his sister had arrived.

"He said Naomi wasn't his sister and that his real sister was still missing. Nobody had the guts to argue with him. You guys know what Tobias is like when he's angry."

Chad was silent after hearing this. A moment later, he said, "Tobias doesn't speak for the Quinnells. Mr. Quinnell does."

Logan didn't bother arguing with Chad and simply dismissed the

latter's statement as one made by a lovesick fool. After all, one would have to be foolish indeed to meddle with the Quinnells' private affairs. He would have stayed out of this if he were Chad, lest Tobias decide to beat him up for interfering.

The Quinnell brothers were formidable characters, and one had to tread carefully around them. At any rate, none of them had ever seen Naomi as a sister.

Logan couldn't help wondering when the public had simply treated Naomi as the Quinnells' adopted daughter. It was odd how that became a commonly accepted fact, and Chad's infatuation with Naomi was odder still.

Wynter, on the other hand, had no idea that she was already being talked about in the upper-crust society despite having yet to make her debut.

Meanwhile, Alexis was waiting anxiously outside the Quinnell Chupp 319 The Real Ms. Quirinell residence. The last thing he expected was for Wynter, the Quinnell's heiress, to show up on a motorbike.

However, it made her incognito. No one even noticed her arrival except for Alexis, whose eyes lit up as he immediately went up to greet her.

Wynter wasted no time on niceties as she pulled off her helmet and demanded, "Where's Grandpa?"

"In the study. He hasn't moved or eaten anything since the phone call with you, and he insists on waiting for you for dinner," Alexis

answered.

He glanced at the men standing behind him. "Go and park Ms.

Quinnell's motorbike."

The men couldn't hide their shock as they stammered, "R- Right away!"

They couldn't believe that the young lady speaking to Alexis was the Quinnells' long-lost heiress. She was nothing like what they imagined.

Wynter looked as if she could command the attention of a room. Her face was a work of art, and with her long hair and mile-long legs, she

was a vision.

Even her motorbike was an impressive BMW Tomahawk. It took guts

and a lot of confidence for a young woman to ride a bike like that. She was not the bumpkin the rumors made her out to be.

The bodyguards and housekeeping staff at the Quinnell residence were all stunned by her beauty and presence. The older staff tried to get a better look at her under the lights.

"She looks a lot like a certain someone," one of them mused.

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"Who?" another asked.

"Who else? She bears a strong resemblance to a young Mrs. Quinnell

Senior."

The Quinnells owed their current prestige to Fabian's wife, Harriet

Danes, who hailed from a powerful family and had a knack for keeping the Quinnells' family affairs in order.

Her formidability rivaled that of the Yarwoods' patriarch, and they were in a league of their own. No one in Kingbourne's upper-crust society had been able to match their status.

The Quinnells' household staff never thought they would meet

someone who resembled Harriet so strongly.

They used to think Naomi looked a lot like the family's long-lost heiress. But now, they were even more surprised to find that the long-lost heiress had grown up to look like Harriet.

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Play

Chapter 320 Slow Poisoning

Wynter looked as sharp as she was stunning, a trait that a true Quinnell heiress would have. None of the household staff dared challenge her identity. They couldn't even help staring at her.

They watched as she made her way from the threshold to the study in long, confident strides. There was no denying her beauty as the staff took in her chiseled profile.

Wynter never thought she could win over a crowd with her looks alone, not that she particularly cared about winning anyone over. She was more concerned about the toxins that were working their way through Fabian's system.

As the door to the study swung open, Fabian leaped to his feet and grinned at Wynter. "Come here and let me have a look at you, Wynter. Are you cold?"

"I would have sent my fleet of cars to bring you to Kingbourne, but that Yarwood brat told me his entourage offered more security.

Anyway, where's your grandmother?"

"She said she'll come over another day," Wynter answered and immediately reached out to take Fabian's pulse. "How are you feeling,

Grandpa?"

Fabian felt perfectly fine. "My temper got the better of me, I think."

Without another word, Wynter pulled out her black pouch and took a silver needle from it. She then swiftly stabbed the needle into Fabian's acupuncture detox point. When she pulled out the needle, the tip was nearly completely black.

Wynter looked grim at the sight.

Fabian froze. "Wynter, is that... poison?"

"Yes. The toxins were built up slowly in your system," Wynter concluded as she stored her needles.

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She took out a long, rectangular box, from which she produced a stalk of herb. "Alexis, have someone remove the roots and cook only the stem and leaves. Be careful, though, because the roots are poisonous.

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Alexis had no idea what the herb was, but the doctor who followed him into the study had been privileged enough to come across the herb before. "A Zenith herb! A real-life Zenith herb!"

Zenith herb was extremely hard to come by, and for Wynter to produce an actual, freshly plucked one was surprising.

"You want this cooked?"

"Yes," Wynter replied, sounding almost nonchalant about it.

Fabian had deduced from the doctor's reaction that the herb was extremely rare, hence his question.

The doctor smiled and said, "You're lucky to have such a resourceful

granddaughter, Mr. Quinnell. The herb is only sold by the Heavenly Medical Guild once every five years, and the bidding price starts at

five million for a stalk.

“It cures all kinds of diseases. We call it a miracle herb. I never thought you would have such a precious herb on your person,

Ms

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Quinnell.”

Hearing this, Fabian looked at Wynter in alarm. “Wynter, you shouldn’t waste such an herb on curing me. Save it for yourself.”

Wynter reasoned with him gently, “Grandpa, the herb can cure you sooner than conventional detoxing methods. Besides, the herb isn’t as rare as they say, and Heavenly Medical Guild probably rigged its market price. It doesn’t cost that much.”

She could always farm more of the herb. It was difficult to cultivate Zenith herb, but it certainly wasn’t extinct.

Fabian chuckled. “You’re the only one I know who’d say such things. about Heavenly Medical Guild. But you should be careful of what you say. Even an outsider like me knows how incredible the guild is in the

medical world.”

“It’s so-so,” Wynter countered vaguely before changing the subject. Grandpa, shall we eat?”

Delighted, he said, “Of course. Alexis, could you bring the gifts I bought for Wynter?”

“You bought me gifts again, Grandpa?” Wynter gleaned at her phone and did not see any invoice that indicated orders from Fabian.

He patted her hand. “I didn’t want you to worry about commuting, so I got you a few cars.”

“A few?” she repeated as dread filled her.

Fabian cleared his throat. “Just a few. Shall we adjourn to the dining

room?”

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Chapter 370 Slow Poisoning

He had never been one to feel like splurging, but that changed when Wynter came into his life. He bought the cars after watching a livestream. While the viewers had praised the cars' appearances, they

found the million-dollar price tags too steep.

However, Fabian had only taken one look at the fronts of the cars and called up the dealers to order them.

Wynter cast him a thoughtful look. She knew he only meant well, and she smiled as she took the keys.

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“Thank you for the gift, Grandpa. It's perfect. I was just thinking getting one so I could bring Grandma around, what with her bad legs.

and all.”

“I knew you'd like it!” Fabian beamed. With half the toxins out of his body, he could breathe properly again.

Everything seemed fine until Wynter reached the living room and spied the man-made waterfall that flowed into a lily pond on the west side of the house.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as she assessed the set-up and found something amiss.