

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

Chapter 341 Wynter the Expert

By 5:00 p.m., the crowd in Panzarath began to increase gradually. The lights were coming on, and the vendors were all arranging their items.

Nowadays, with the development of the internet, there were even people livestreaming to sell their items.

Despite the large number of people, it wasn't noisy. Everyone was whispering to each other.

At this moment, various gemstone accessories were also on display.

Wynter's goal of buying Evercrest Gems seemed simple. However, it was challenging. The difficulty lay in the fact that there wasn't much profit in it unless they were carved.

Unfortunately, Wynter wanted the gemstones themselves. Only two shops were offering them, and the prices quoted by the owners were

somewhat unreasonable.

Ronan held a paper fan and said, "Mr. Lott, this is too much. You want 1,000 dollars for three gemstones?"

"These gemstones are really from Evercrest. You have to consider my travel costs too," the owner, Robert Lott, replied.

"Sir Rathbone, you know how difficult business is getting. Why not buy an item from me, and I'll throw in the gemstones for you? How about this aromatic sugilite charm? It's been around for quite a few years."

Ronan was indeed interested in the sugilite charm. "Don't try to fool me."

"I would never dare!" Robert exclaimed. "You're an experienced dealer. If this charm passes through your hands and goes on auction again, its price will skyrocket!"

Ronan took the sugilite charm and continued examining it.

Meanwhile, Wynter grabbed about a dozen copper coins from

Robert's jar and played with them in her hand. "How much for the charm?"

"Oh, miss, you shouldn't ask about the price like that." Robert smiled and immediately brought out a calculator. "Is this your first time here?"

"Yeap," Wynter replied casually.

"Sir Rathbone is a regular customer of mine." Robert gestured an eight with his fingers.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "800 dollars seems a bit expensive."

"What do you mean 800?" Robert suddenly got a bit flustered. "Ar

you joking with me? Look at the quality of this sugilite charm. 800 dollars? Sir Rathbone, if you don't want to buy, you can just leave."

Ronan quickly intervened, "My niece is young and doesn't know much. Don't get agitated, Mr. Lott."

Robert also wanted to make a sale, so he proposed, "How about this? He then gestured a six. "And I'll throw in the Evercrest Gem for you."

"What about the copper coins?" Wynter asked casually.

Chopper 341 Wynter the Expert

Robert thought to himself that this young lady was really naive. She was asking for the least valuable items. "Sure, I'll throw them in. Take your pick. But next time you come to Panzarath, make sure not to do this again."

"Okay," Wynter replied with a faint smile.

Ronan thought the sugilite charm was quite good. He knew he could. make around ten thousand dollars in profit from it, so he went ahead and paid for it.

As soon as the two finished their transaction, Robert watched as Wynter pulled out a flashlight and began shining it on the copper coins she had received as a gift.

He was shocked that a young lady who didn't know anything knew to use a flashlight to inspect items. This was something only experts in their circle knew about. Robert was dumbfounded and turned to

Ronan.

Ronan also looked bewildered. "A flashlight?"

“Oh, it’s for inspecting goods,” Wynter explained casually and showed him the coin. “Sometimes, you can’t see certain things in natural light Wolf, pass me the blade and oil.”

Wolf immediately unzipped a black bag and handed over the professional equipment.

Wynter carefully pressed the blade against the rusty back of the copper coin, and the rust peeled away to reveal its true face. The coin gleamed with a bright, yellowish glow. It was clearly a rare and valuable item.

Chap 341 Wynter the Expert

Robert’s eyes widened in astonishment, and he exclaimed, “A lucky token! That’s a lucky token!”

Chapter 342 Wynter Makes Money in an Instant

The lucky token, also known as a lucky coin, was an ancient coin. used by the common folk for luck. Its origin dated back to 200 years ago, and they were extremely rare on the market nowadays.

Wynter’s acquisition of this coin was undeniably remarkable.

When Robert exclaimed, all the nearby vendors gathered around.

“It’s really a lucky token! Oh my! Miss, you’re so lucky!”

Some vendors directly approached Wynter. “Young lady, can I buy the coin from you? I’ll offer five thousand dollars.”

“Five thousand dollars? Don’t bluff her. This is worth at least 60 thousand dollars!”

“60 thousand dollars? Don’t listen to them, young lady. I’ll offer 200 thousand dollars!”

Seeing this situation, Robert regretted his decision. He had given.

away the lucky token as a gift. He even said that Wynter knew nothing.

Ronan claimed that she was his niece, but she was definitely an expert.

Robert was desperate. "300 thousand dollars! Miss, I gave it to you as a gift. It's only fair that you sell it back to me. You can make a 300

thousand dollar profit without losing anything."

"Mr. Lott, don't forget the rules of Panzarath. Transactions are based on mutual agreement. The highest bidder wins. Young lady, I can give

Chopper 242 Wynter Makes Money man Instant

you 350 thousand dollars!"

350 thousand dollars? Despite being the center of attention, Wynter maintained a calm smile on her face.

Meanwhile, Ronan was somewhat stunned. Wynter had made more money in an instant than he had in a month of work. He knew about lucky tokens, but Wynter's eye for items was simply exceptional.

"How about we sell it?" Ronan's eyes sparkled as he gazed at that copper coin.

Wynter chuckled. "Uncle Ronan, have you forgotten? I came here this time to pray for Grandpa. I don't plan to sell this lucky token."

Disappointed murmurs spread through the crowd.

"She's not selling?"

"Well, if I had it, I wouldn't sell it either. I'll take a gamble. Maybe it'll appreciate over time."

"Oh, please. There aren't many things that appreciate nowadays. Except perhaps items from the war era."

"That young lady will regret it if she doesn't sell it now. It's actually not worth much. Maybe just three or four thousand dollars."

Despite their dismissive words, they showed no intention of leaving. Their eyes were still fixed on the copper coin in Wynter's hand.

They hoped she would come to her senses. It was over 300 thousand dollars they were talking about. That wasn't a small sum.

Wynter paid no attention to the negative comments. She focused on

Chap 342 Wynter Makes Money man instant

3/3

her task and started to clean the second copper coin with the blade.

As the second coin was revealed, everyone present gasped in shock.

"Is that a coin from the 1700s?"

"Miss, you should buy lottery tickets with your luck. This is unbelievable!"

But it didn't end there. Wynter continued to clean the coins, revealing coins from three different eras.

The vendors were stunned, forgetting about their businesses and focusing solely on Wynter. Their mouths hung open wider and wider.

"T- That is an Epoch Collection!"

"No wonder she didn't want to sell her coins. She's assembling an Epoch Collection!"

"Oh my God! I've heard my great-grandpa talk about this, but it's my first time seeing it!"

Some younger vendors who were unfamiliar asked, "Epoch Collection? What's that?"

"The Epoch Collection refers to coins from five different eras, each representing pivotal moments in history. They're considered to possess a tangible link to our ancestors' achievements and cultural legacy. I can't believe I'm actually looking at the Epoch Collection."

"Then they must be very valuable."

“Valuable? It’s more than just valuable. Completing an Epoch Collection is no easy task!”

Chapter 343 Ronan Became Wynter’s Fan

“Those who possess the Epoch Collection will have limitless wealth flowing toward them. These coins gather the luck of our ancestors!”

Upon hearing this, everyone immediately turned their attention to Wynter, eagerly clamoring.

“Young lady, are you selling this Epoch Collection?”

“I’ll offer one million dollars!”

“Two million dollars! Young lady, look at me. I’m a businessman. really need this Epoch Collection!”

Although the crowd had been excited before, now, half the market had gathered around.

Nearby, Darrell was seeing off some guests. Seeing the commotion, he casually asked, “What are all the fuss and commotion about?”

“A young lady has assembled an Epoch Collection. It’s unbelievab

A young lady? Logan was intrigued. “Could it be the young lady M Rathbone brought along?”

Chad glanced coldly at the crowd. “Regardless of who it is, that is just hype. What do you think the Epoch Collection is? You can’t just assemble it so easily. If there really was an Epoch Collection,

wouldn’t the vendor keep it for themselves?”

Logan looked aloof. “What if?”

“I think you’re missing the basics of market economics.” Chad

Chapter 313 Ronan Became Wynter’s Fan

adjusted his suit jacket. “Forget about handling company matters. You can’t even tell that it’s just a trick to attract people.”

Logan seemed unconcerned. "I never intended to work for the company. Grandpa said it himself. You're in charge of the business. I'll just play the part of the idle heir.

"Sometimes, Grandpa is just disappointed in you." Chad looked at Logan. "Don't worry. I'll take care of you."

Logan shrugged. "I'm not worried about anything."

"You're spoiling Logan, Chad," Sean said. "By the way, what do you think about the situation across the street, Mr. Novak?"

Darrell smiled faintly. "Mr. Chad has already said what I wanted to. Finding a complete Epoch Collection is too difficult. I do have copper coins in my collection. All these years, I've traveled far and wide and only managed to gather three, and they're all from the recent era.

"Anyone who owns copper coins here must be older than me. There are plenty of experts in Panzarath with keen eyes. If there truly were an Epoch Collection, someone would have recognized it by now.

"It's tough to do business now, so this kind of excitement isn't a bad thing. At least it ensures that the vendors have customers to engage with."

His words not only elevated Chad's stature but also hinted that the excitement was a performance aimed at attracting visitors and generating buzz. Previously, such methods had been effective.

However, what Darrell didn't know was that it was the vendors who wanted the Epoch Collection this time.

2/3

Chap 143 Ronan Became Wynter's Fan

3/3

Back at the market, Wynter politely but firmly declined, "Sorry, everyone. I'm gathering this collection for my grandpa. I'll seek you out if I come across any other items in the future."

The vendors, upon seeing her composed demeanor and respectful refusal, softened their attitudes.

They even gave a thumbs-up to Ronan, saying, “Sir Rathbone, your niece is really nice.”

“She has such poise at such a young age.” Some tried to build connections with Ronan. “Sir Rathbone, you see, I often give your discounts. If your niece really has good items, remember to come to me first. I’ll offer a fair price.”

Ronan couldn’t describe his emotions at this moment.

Originally, Fabian had arranged for him to accompany Wynter, fearing that she might be deceived in unfamiliar territory.

The concern was not about paying too much money for the item by about receiving counterfeit items.

Previously, Tobias had come with Ronan fully disguised and with on his eyes visible to avoid being recognized by fans.

Of course, the young lady adopted by the Quinnell family had also been here before. After all, she was considered an expert in this field, with excellent appraisal skills.

But even she wasn’t as impressive as Wynter.

Chapter 344 The Antiques Expert

Assembling an Epoch Collection was just unbelievable. Even if an archaeologist came, they wouldn’t necessarily be able to pick them.

out.

After all, Robert had that jar of copper coins sitting around for five or six years. Countless people had come and gone, and sometimes he couldn’t even give those copper coins away as gifts.

Those who came to browse items only cared about the prices. Who would be interested in these rusty copper coins? But Wynter hit the jackpot.

Robert's heart was hurting the most. Looking at the jar, he pulled on his hair and exclaimed, "I was really blind!"

For so many years, he didn't even know that he had something so valuable at home. Robert was choked up with regret, and his eyes turned red.

He was distraught that he had let go of something worth several million dollars for just six thousand, and they were included as part of a gift. The more Robert thought about it, the more he couldn't breathe.

Just as he thought he was going to suffocate from the pain, Wynter suddenly spoke up.

"Mr. Lott, this jar was a candle jar, right? It looks quite old too. It was likely collected from the same place as the copper coins I picked out. She was clearly passing a message.

If Robert didn't understand this, then he truly was foolish. "Y- Yes.

Clupp 341 The Antiques Expert

Yes! It was collected from the same place. My ancestors used it in the past."

"It should have been used in front of a guardian angel." Wynter smiled faintly.

Robert's face was full of shock at her words. "How did you know?"

"There are some candle wax on these coins," Wynter said.

Then she tapped the candle jar with her fingertips. "The guardian angel watches over the family and brings them luck. Fewer people believe in it now, but having a candle jar that was once lit for the guardian angel is truly a treasure. You're quite lucky, Mr. Lott."

Robert felt a surge of emotion. “You figured it out and didn’t try to take it from me?”

“I’m praying for my family’s safety, so ten copper coins and one charm are enough.” Wynter smiled gently. “There are still over 20 copper coins here.”

There was no need to go into further detail. The vendors rushed up a frenzy at once.

“Mr. Lott, we’re quite close, aren’t we? You should sell these copper coins to me!”

“Sell them to me! Name your price. Ten thousand dollars each, okay?”

“I’ll offer 500 thousand dollars for the candle jar, Mr. Lott!”

Seeing this, Ronan also joined in. “Mr. Lott, my niece was the one who recognized the candle jar. Sell it to me. I’ll offer one million dollars! I’ll offer another 500 thousand dollars for the copper coins!”

Chap: 344 The Antiques Expert

1.5 million dollars! Robert could earn 1.5 million dollars just for a neglected item.

He was tempted but didn’t agree. “I’ll only sell five copper coins for 20 thousand dollars each. I won’t sell the candle jar.”

“Why are you keeping the candle jar?” Ronan was anxious.

Robert glanced at Wynter. “To remind myself that family is more important.” It was clear that Robert was very grateful to Wynter.

Normally, knowledgeable buyers would want to buy everything. Many small vendors sometimes regretted sales so deeply that it affected their mental health.

But Wynter was saving him with her words earlier. She left him the items and made his business thrive.

Out of gratitude, he brought out all the Evercrest Gems he had in the stall. "Take your time and pick. This batch is of excellent quality. I'll give them to you."

"It's okay. Just charge me the market price." Wynter signaled for him to pay. "One thousand dollars apiece."

Robert refused to accept anything. "Just let Sir Rathbone bring you often. Your advice will benefit me greatly."

"You're exaggerating, Mr. Lott." Wynter took a red string from his stall.

"I'll take this as your token of gratitude. May you have a booming business."

As Wynter left, countless vendors surrounded Robert.

Chapter 344 The Antiques Expert

Some vendors even said directly, "Mr. Lott, whatever that young lady saw and wanted just now, I want the same!"

Chapter 345 Ronan Is in Awe

The crowd was overwhelming. Ronan looked at the unprecedented scene before him. His shoes had been stepped on several times, and even his collar was askew.

After straightening it, he still felt reluctant. "Ms. Quinnell, are we really leaving like this? If you want that candle jar, Mr. Lott will definitely give it to you."

"The candle jar used for the guardian angel is meant for the family that worships it." Wynter strung the Epoch Collection with a red string and placed it in her bag.

Smiling, she said, "Uncle Ronan, we can't covet others' blessings. It may backfire. Plus, Mr. Lott is a good person. His items are all genuine."

Although his items were pricey, they were not fake. It was reasonable.

After listening to her, Ronan rubbed his head. "I thought you would think I'm getting ripped off by always buying from him. His prices are clearly higher."

"Nowadays, good items are scarce, and there aren't many real businesspeople left in the circle." Wynter was smart and naturally saw through things.

"You were born here and don't want to see it decline. After all, our ancestors' things used to go out from here. You just want to keep as much as you can."

Ronan paused at her words. He had been in Panzarath since birth.

Changer 345 Roman is in Awe

When his grandfather was alive, he was most concerned about items that were sold outside of Panzarath.

Ronan couldn't afford to buy them back himself, but he wanted to make sure that the folks in Panzarath who dealt with antiques could still make a living. That way, the aesthetics of their ancestors' generation would not be lost.

What he hadn't expected was that Wynter would see through his thoughts.

Others thought he was just a wasteful prodigal son who relied on his ancestors' money.

Ronan looked at Wynter and smiled. "Ms. Quinnell, I've offended you in many ways before. I hope you can forgive me. Now I finally understand why Mr. Quinnell values you so much.

"To be honest, I had some initial prejudices against you. Mainly because, as you can see, everything in Panzarath is based on circles.

If you don't know enough, you can only integrate slowly.

"But I was too narrow-minded before. With your knowledge and demeanor, you don't need to integrate into any circle."

Ronan was very pleased now. "You really resemble Mr. Quinnell when he was young. It's right for him to hand over the company to you. I

agree with that."

"The company?" Wynter rubbed her wrist. "I don't plan to take over.

But we can talk about that later.”

As she spoke, she raised her hand and handed one of the copper coins strung on a red string to Ronan. “Here, this is a Xerton coin. It

T

doesn’t look very nice, but wearing it can attract wealth.”

Ronan didn’t expect to have one himself. His eyes widened, and he quickly waved his hand. “No! I can’t accept this, Ms. Quinnell. This is too valuable.”

“Valuable? This is just a replica. It’s not as expensive as you think.” Wynter stuffed the coin into his pocket.

Ronan wanted to say something more, but then he noticed Wynter still focused on cleaning the coins as if nothing had happened.

With some slight pressure on the knife handle, the last remaining copper coin revealed a lotus shape.

It didn’t look like part of the Epoch Collection. This one exuded a calm feeling, more like an artifact of a religion.

Ronan stared and asked, “What is that, Ms. Quinnell?”

“A little toy,” Wynter replied. She strung the copper coin with the red string and paired it with a bell before putting it on Wolf’s wrist.

Puzzled, Wolf stared at the thing on his wrist, shaking it back and forth. He was asking if this thing was supposed to keep him from

going crazy.

“For now. I’ll change it for you when I find something more suitable.” Wynter caressed his head and smiled faintly. “But even if you do go crazy, it’s okay. I’m here.”