

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 361

Posted by **AdminM**, ? Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 361 Not Scared of Haunted Mansions

Wolf immediately pointed at his phone, signaling for Wynter to invite Marie out.

Wynter smiled, her tear mole subtly shifting. "No, we're going to her house."

The first issue she had to tackle was to uncover why Marie preferred to stay at a hotel instead of returning home.

Driven by curiosity, she asked Wolf to delve into Marie's background and family relationship. She had never been so intrigued by a stranger before.

Gathering information was child's play for Wolf—or "L" the hacker. He deftly bypassed the firewalls and hacked into the systems.

"Keep a low profile. Remember, we're in Kingbourne now," Wynter reminded him.

Nodding. Wolf took indirect routes and masked his IP address, ensuring his hacking remained undetected. However, he came up empty-handed.

Wolf looked at Wynter, shrugging helplessly.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Her information has been protected with confidentiality measures."

Wolf nodded in agreement.

Wynter suddenly thought of Dalton, wondering if all the Yarwoods were similarly protected.

"Forget it," she said with a yawn. "Well try again tomorrow."

They

could either proceed gradually or resolve everything at once by locating Marie's missing child.

As Wynter lay in bed, she mulled over the situation, pondering if the Scott family was so daring enough to employ their human trafficking scheme in Kingbourne.

After all, back in Havenlight County, Dickson and Fanny had admitted they wouldn't risk operating in Kingbourne. Their most perilous venture had been in Spring Hill

With the Quinnell family's resources, they could have easily retrieved their missing child even in the days of less advanced communication.

In other words, if Dickson and Fanny had been astute enough, they wouldn't have abducted Wynter

All human traffickers adhered to a simple principle: target children from ordinary families, not the wealthy.

Wealthy families were typically influential and resourceful, capable of apprehending traffickers if provoked. Therefore, traffickers wouldn't take such risks—unless someone had assured them of protection.

Wynter realized her abduction might not have been random, but instead a carefully orchestrated plan.

As her expression darkened, Wynter reached for her phone and composed a message. "I need a comprehensive list of all the Quinnell family's business rivals, dating back to my grandfather's era.

Chapter 361 Not scared of Haunted Mansbjpn.

"And also, Investigate the woman the Quinnells have been sponsoring, but not the publicly available data. I want information predating her sponsorship by the Quinnells, Let me know even if the data has been erased."

"Got it, Boss," the recipient replied promptly.

Setting her phone aside, Wynter settled in for the night.

She had a dream. In it, she lay in a cradle while someone playfully teased her. It was a sweet, comforting

dream.

Upon waking, Wynter felt an unusual unease.

With her prophetic dreams becoming more frequent, she was determined to uncover the mysteries behind them. Yet, the unexpected warmth of that dream left her unsettled.

Shaking off her disquiet, Wynter rose to begin her day. After instructing the bodyguards to deliver the lucky token to Dalton, she gathered Margaret and Wolf and headed to the mansion.

Despite the hotel's luxurious amenities, Margaret still found it uncomfortable. She longed for the familiarity of a neighborhood like Waterview Alley, where she could share tea and converse with

neighbors.

Understanding Margaret's preference, Wynter chose to reside in the mansion. Though rumored to be haunted, she remained unfazed by such superstitions

However, as they settled into the long-vacant mansion, curious neighbors emerged.

"Have you heard? Someone's moved into the westmost mansion."

"I saw them, too. A young woman, an elderly lady, and a kid."

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Chapter 362 Scions in Deep Water

"Is it because the rent is cheap?"

"Why else would they move into that house? They're definitely going to regret it!"

"It's hard to say. After all, that incident was many years ago."

As the neighbors gossiped in hushed tones under the tree, their conversation's subject—Wynter—

approached them with bags filled with fruits and wild root herbs.

“Good day, we just moved into the neighborhood. I’m Wynter, and this is my little brother, Wolf.”

Wolf, dressed brightly with a baseball cap, nodded politely.

Upon seeing Wolf’s adorable and guarded expression, the neighbors couldn’t help but grow fond of him, and their expressions warmed considerably.

gifts, her gaze

“Oh, you shouldn’t have,” remarked Joyce Kirk, one of the middle-aged ladies, on the gifts, her pleased. She was impressed by Wynter’s generous gesture and sincere words.

“Is that your grandmother? The lady who’s busy in the yard,” Joyce asked.

Wynter nodded with a smile. “Yes, that’s my grandmother. She’s a traditional medicine doctor. She’s setting up an outdoor kitchen in our yard. We’d like to invite everyone for a meal three days after.”

“Oh, your grandmother is a doctor?” Joyce smiled cheerfully. “No wonder she’s so well-dressed and looks so trustworthy. I’d love to meet her.”

“We definitely should. Look at all the gifts her granddaughter brought us; they’re all good for health.”

The people in this neighborhood seemed to be kind-hearted. Having lived carefree lives in Kingbourne, they were easygoing and friendly, even to strangers like Wynter.

Unable to withhold their thoughts, they openly advised Wynter, “Honestly, Wynter, you should reconsider. your decision to stay here. This isn’t the right house for you.”

“Reconsider?” Wynter joined the neighbors, accepting a handful of peanuts from Joyce. “I didn’t rent this

mansion. I bought it.”

The crowd fell silent

Raymond Rice, one of the neighbors, let out a long sigh. "You bought it? But a mansion can cost a fortune. these days."

"The previous owner had been eager to sell it off for years, so I managed to buy it outright for one-tenth of the market price." Wynter replied, relishing the orange that Wolf had peeled for her.

Wolf was delighted to be here, as everyone kept feeding him.

Joyce sighed. "You seem like a smart lady. Why did you buy this mansion, knowing it was sold for just one -tenth of the market price? Surely, you can sense that something's amiss."

Chapte 362 Salons in Deep Water

Wynter chuckled. "I couldn't resist a bargain like that."

The neighbors all shook their heads sympathetically. "My dear, didn't anyone tell you that being greedy can lead to big losses?"

"Something bad happened in this mansion. You'd be wise to have it cleansed before moving in."

"It's virtually unsellable now; all the real estate agents in this area know this mansion is a tough sell."

"Wynter, you may not be superstitious, but there are indeed Inexplicable forces in this world."

Wynter chuckled after listening. "I do believe in the supernatural. Truth be told, Wolf is quite adept in this

realm."

Wolf abruptly raised his head, puzzled by Wynter's statement. Since when was he an expert in

supernature?

The neighbors all gasped in disbelief. "What? Wolf? But he's just a kid!"

Wynter explained calmly. “Wolf is extraordinary. An old man from Mt. Dragon once said that Wolf possesses a gift, but it requires training. So, he took Wolf under his wing as his apprentice.”

*Mt. Dragon?” The neighbors gazed at Wolf in astonishment. “So, Wolf is a ghost hunter?”

Wynter pondered for a moment before replying, “He can do something similar to what a ghost hunter

does.”

“Incredible!” The neighbors began to discuss how Wolf could rid the haunted mansion of its ghosts.

Meanwhile, as everything seemed to going smoothly for Wynter, Logan Winstor found himself in deep

water.

Chapter 363 Salons Having Nightmares

“Logan, I’m really scared

Mason Scott, one of the scions involved in the street racing mentioned in Wynter’s group chat, grabbed Logan tightly as soon as he entered the room. Dark circles hung under his eyes.

He had been huddled in a corner, refusing to let his family enter his room until Logan arrived.

“I dreamt about Denny. He asked why we were still alive while he was alone in the cold underworld, urging us to join him,” Mason said.

Initially, Logan dismissed his words as grief-induced delusions, given the recent loss of their close friend. However, he couldn’t ignore the fact that Rupert Bailey and Austin Fenton had expressed similar

concerns

Rupert and Austin, being further away from the scene, appeared less troubled than Mason, though.

“Logan, do you think Denny might blame us for his death?” Rupert and Austin asked, their expressions cautious. “Is that why he keeps sending us dreams?”

“We didn’t mean to intimidate that pregnant lady,” Austin explained.

Rupert nodded. “Denny said she looked familiar, so he wanted to take a closer look. You know how Denny was when he saw a pretty lady.”

“Logan, do you think we should go meet that pregnant lady?” Austin asked in a low tone.

Feeling agitated, Mason shouted, “My family won’t even let me leave the house now! Besides, she’s a celebrity, she might expose us. And you’re suggesting we go meet her?”

Rupert glanced at Mason and added, “If she exposes us, she’d also expose her secret pregnancy, so she wouldn’t. But the problem is, she has lost the child.”

“She lost the child?” Logan exclaimed suddenly, realizing his call may not have saved them after all.

Mason held his head in horror. “Logan, that’s not the point. Something’s telling me that Denny isn’t dead

yet.”

“What are you blabbering about, Mason?” Rupert’s expression instantly changed.

“It’s just a guess,” Mason replied, his expression pale.

Rupert gazed at him and said, “Mason, you should get some rest. When was the last time

you slept?”

Mason shook his head, his eyes circled by dark rings. “Say, if that starlet hadn’t been rescued and had fallen off the cliff with Denny, do you think Denny would have stopped blaming us?”

“Mason Scott! Are you out of your mind?” Logan felt a surge of anger. “If you won’t snap out of it, don’t ask me to come over to your place!”

“Chill, Logan.” Austin tried to calm Logan down. “Mason is really shaken up by those dreams.

Chapter 363 Salons Having gidmares

“Besides, there’s something strange going on with all of this. It seems you’re the only one who hasn’t

received any dreams from Denny.

Suddenly, the door opened, interrupting their conversation.

In walked Peter Scott, leaning on a cane, his dark eyes scanning the room until they settled on Logan.

“I didn’t realize you were here, Logan,” Peter said with a gentle smile.

Logan always found it awkward to converse with the older generation, especially Peter Scott, who had a close relationship with the Winston family. There was something about Peter that unnerved him.

Peter had the maid bring in some tea, then let out a long sigh as he regarded Logan.

“Logan, Mason mentioned that you were supposed to join them yesterday. He said the two of you had chosen that spot together because it was less traveled and had plenty of twists, perfect for thrilling drives.

Logan, holding a teacup, felt uneasy. “Yes, I was the one who initiated-”

“But why did you back out at the last minute?” Peter interjected.

Logan ran his fingers along the teacup. “I got stuck in a traffic jam yesterday. And my grandfather scolded me again, so I was frustrated and decided to head home to sleep.”

“Logan, you and Mason have been friends for a long time. Whenever you got scolded by your grandfather, you’d always go street racing with Mason,” Peter said.

Rubbing his temples, he added, “Mason mentioned you were acting strangely yesterday.”

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Chapter 364 What Happened

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Chapter 364 What Happened

Logan knew the cat would be out of the bag soon if the Scott family started investigating. Unwilling to cause trouble for his buddies, he decided to spill the beans about what happened in Panzarath.

“Someone predicted you’d get into trouble if you went street racing?” Peter asked, his brows furrowed.

Logan nodded, shuddering as he recalled Wynter’s prediction. “The lady only told me not to go. I didn’t expect it would turn out so tragically.”

Peter patted his shoulder, comforting him, “Son, you’ve had a fortunate escape. No matter who that lady was, you indeed owe her your life.”

While Logan might have escaped death, the Scott family ended up suffering instead.

If this incident were exposed, they’d become the center of attention. The headline “Pregnant Woman Almost Killed by Scion’s Street Race” wasn’t the kind of publicity the Scotts wanted to be associated with.

Though it was unfortunate the Jenkins family had lost one of their own, they still needed to see the bigger

picture.

“Do you know where we can find that lady?” Peter asked.

The Scott family had already contacted Lucky’s agency, and both parties had agreed to settle the matters

silently with monetary compensation.

However, Peter couldn’t shake his worry that someone else might expose the incident, especially since it seemed someone had tipped off the ambulance.

Logan, concerned about implicating Wynter, shook his head. "I was angry because my brother was teasing me at the time, so I didn't exchange contact information with her."

"Your brother was there, too?" Peter asked, intrigued. "Alright, I get the picture now. Do drop by to see Mason sometime. As you can see, he's terribly shaken up by this incident."

Logan hesitated. "Mr. Scott Senior, shouldn't we have some experts check on him?"

Peter glanced at him. "No, that won't be necessary. After all, the cause of this accident ended up dead.

Consider it a closed case.

"Mason is shaken up because he's too sentimental and soft-hearted. I'm sure he'll recover in a couple of days. Remember, Logan, superstition is unbecoming."

Even Logan, oblivious as he might be, understood Peter's underlying message.

He was implying that the Scott family wasn't directly involved in the matter, so they saw no need to involve supernatural experts to examine Mason. If they did, that would suggest Mason was responsible

for the accident.

"You're right, Mr. Scott Senior," Logan replied, lowering his head obediently.

"Alright, off you go now. Your brother will be here soon with the invitations. I heard you're in charge of

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hosting the guests this time, aren't you? Well, I'm looking forward to it!"

Peter smiled warmly and casually, as if the incident had never happened.

As Logan, Rupert, and Austin exited the Scott residence, Rupert bid the other two farewell.

“Bye, Logan, I’m heading home now,” he said wearily, his mind elsewhere.

Rupert, who usually drove around in a sports car himself, now arrived in a chauffeured ordinary sedan.

Lost in thought, Logan was eager to contact Ronan, confident he could reach Wynter.

However, Austin interrupted Logan’s plan with a straightforward excuse. “Can you give me a ride, Logan? I didn’t drive here today.”

Logan glanced at the Scott family’s bodyguards around them and nodded. “Sure. I’m a bit concerned about letting you go back alone as well, I have to make sure you get back safely to your grandmother,

don’t I?”

Meanwhile, on the second floor, Peter observed them through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

“Rupert and Austin... You’re certain they didn’t see what you did, right?” Peter asked Mason, his gaze fixed on the three downstairs.

Hugging himself, Mason nodded with a pale expression. “They didn’t see anything.”

Peter tightened his grip on his cane, feeling frustrated that his grandson was the only one suffering while the rest seemed unaffected.

He patted Mason lovingly and comforted him, “Hang in there just a little longer. Your brother will bring Mister Novak back to see you soon.”

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Chapter 365 Ask Wynter for Help

“Grandpa, did you find out why Logan bailed at the last minute?” Mason’s eyes held a hint of malice,

From his perspective, true friends would stick together through thick and thin.

He had specifically tagged Logan to join them in street racing the previous day, yet Logan chose to be a no-show. If Logan had been at the scene, none of these would have happened!

Peter replied in a low tone, "He said someone predicted he'd be caught in misfortune if he joined you yesterday, so he changed his mind. I'll get the insights from Chad when he's here later.

"I've told you before; you should've mingled more with Chad instead of Logan, Logan is nothing but trouble."

Mason abruptly raised his head. "Someone predicted that accident? Then maybe that person could solve my problem, too!

"Seriously, whenever I close my eyes now, I see that kid smiling at me. I can't take this anymore, Grandpa! Why does it keep coming back to me? Why me?"

Mason clutched his shirt, drenched in cold sweat.

"Snap out of it, Mason." Peter urged him to calm down. "Stop blabbering nonsense.

"You should learn from your brother. Be tougher and more ruthless! Remember, Mason, you've done nothing wrong. Got it?"

Mason nodded with dark circles under his eyes.

Peter caressed his face. "Don't worry, Mason. Grandpa will take care of everything for you."

Meanwhile, as Logan drove Austin home, Austin clutched his seatbelt, visibly uneasy.

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"There's something I need to tell you, Logan. Denny wasn't actually the one who hit that pregnant woman yesterday."

ogan slammed on the brakes and pulled over, glancing at him in disbelief.

“What?” Logan s

Austin replied in a trembling voice, “The truth is that we saw that woman before the street race.

“Mason seemed to have a thing for her, thinking she looked innocent like an angel. So, when he realized

she was pregnant, he sort of snapped.

“Mason was furious, feeling deceived. He wanted us to teach her a lesson together. The fog was thick, but Denny sped up regardless and fell off the cliff. It seemed to have forced her to stop.

“Then, Mason crashed into the back of her car.”

Logan’s expression darkened as he exclaimed, “What? Did he realize that crash could have killed them both? Wh

were you doing? You coldblooded monsters!” He grabbed Austin by the collar.

“I didn’t have a choice, Logan. You know we were just following Mason’s orders,” Austin said, his

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reddened eyes filled with guilt and regret.

He added, “Rupert and I were also to blame. We did provoke the woman, but we were just messing with her and never intended for this to happen! The fog was simply too thick at the time.

“Now that Denny’s gone, we can’t possibly point fingers at Mason. You know the Scott family won’t let us off that easily if we do, Logan!”

Logan questioned him in a stern tone, “Tell me: did Mason Intentionally crash into that woman’s car?”

“I’m not sure, either,” Austin replied, recalling the confusion they experienced back then.

Logan lit up a cigarette, his hands shaking uncontrollably. "We have to report this to the police."

"Report it to the police?" Austin couldn't agree to that. "Don't do it, Logan! You're not thinking straight now. Besides, the Scott family has already sorted things out with the starlet using money."

Logan said in a harsh voice, "But Denny's gone, and so is that baby."

"Denny's family, the Jenkins, has already reached an agreement with the Scott family. Although they have lost Denny, the Jenkins family's business will prosper from now on.

"As for the baby, its mother never wanted to keep it anyway," Austin said as he lowered his head.

Wiping his face, Austin continued, relieved, "Logan, I'm telling you all this because it's been weighing on my mind. I really needed to get it off my chest.

"Als

I'm worried that you might offend the Scott family because you're unaware of the truth."

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Chapter 366 Perform a Ritual

"You were the one who called the ambulance, weren't you, Logan?"

Austin asked, gazing at Logan. "Mason called you and claimed that Denny was the one who crashed the woman's car, didn't he?"

"I'm guessing he's trying to create a voice record as evidence to prove his innocence. Mason was trying to involve you in that incident, but

he didn't anticipate you calling the ambulance."

Austin lit a cigarette, his hands still trembling. "Logan, I don't want to paint Mason in such a negative light, but you have no idea what desperate people are capable of. Being a Winston, you have nothing to fear, unlike Rupert and me."

Logan understood that this matter was more complicated than it seemed. Not only did everyone choose to turn a blind eye to the truth, but there was also no solid evidence or witnesses to prove Mason's wrongdoing.

Not to mention he had unwittingly become the witness who received Mason's call and heard of his innocent claim, safeguarding the Scott family's reputation.

Logan lit another cigarette, contemplating his relationship with Mason, whom he had considered a friend up until now.

Mason was someone who sought enjoyment in life, always including Logan in outings to nightclubs and street races.

Initially, Logan felt uneasy about these activities, but his grandfather disapproved of his hesitation. Since Mason had a knack for lifting his spirits, Logan began to think that perhaps Mason's idea of fun wasn't so bad after all.

He genuinely viewed Mason as a friend, but did Mason feel the same? Or was their friendship based solely on Logan being a Winston?

Feeling a shiver run down his spine, Logan sat in his car and smoked two cigarettes in succession.

Austin smiled bitterly. "Logan, you certainly dodged a bullet. At least you're not having nightmares like us. Whenever I close my eyes now, I find myself back on that mountain again. It's torture.

"I wanted to return to that place to offer my apologies to Denny and that baby, but my family won't allow it. They said the area has been sealed off."

Austin's expression turned pale. "Denny and that baby had every reason to blame me."

Logan gazed at him. "Do you truly regret it?"

"Of course!" Austin murmured, "Thank goodness you called that ambulance, Logan. Otherwise, that starlet might have died, too."

Logan tightened his grip on the steering wheel. "If the police ask you about this incident, will you tell the truth?"

"Yes!" Austin's eyes lit up. "Logan, I may be a coward and am too afraid to stand up to tell the truth. But if anyone asks me, I won't chicken out and lie. Someone has to speak up for Denny."

Logan pinched his cigarette. "I know someone who can help us."

"Who?" Austin's disbelief was palpable.

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"Ronan Rathbone's niece. Let's go find her now." Logan made a U-turn.

Seeing Austin's perplexed expression, Logan recounted everything to

him.

Austin's mouth fell open. "That lady predicted something bad would happen, so you bailed?"

"Yes. Her words stuck with me like a weight on my mind," Logan admitted, a glimmer of hope emerging. "She seems to know her stuff.

I'm sure she can help us."

Austin straightened up. "If it means redeeming myself, I'll do whatever it takes. Do you think she can perform a ritual for me?"

"We'll find out when we see her." Logan, once skeptical of superstition, now acknowledged its potential.

Meanwhile, Wynter was supervising the helpers in tidying her mansion while Wolf wandered with a stone doll in his arms.

Wynter pondered how to contact the wealthy lady she had met the day before. Despite sending her numerous WhatsApp messages, she had received no responses from Marie.

Could Marie have forgotten about her overnight? Something didn't feel right.

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Chapter 367 Unusual Sleep

While Wynter was still lost in thought, Marie had been sleeping since she returned to the hotel.

Shane had confiscated her phone and placed it aside after muting it.

Although he held contempt for the fake heiress attempting to deceive

his wife, he wasn't so crude as to inspect Marie's phone.

Observing Marie's peaceful slumber on the bed, Shane signed softly." Why are you so soft-hearted?"

Concerned about the possibility of her overdosing, Shane called the family doctor to come over to check on the medication dosage.

The doctor shook his head, reassuring him, "Everything is fine, Mr. Quinnell. Mrs. Quinnell hardly slept since her episode two days ago, so her physical strength is quite depleted. That's why she's sleeping so deeply."

Shan breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear."

"You're truly a devoted husband, Mr. Quinnell," the doctor said, his tone tinged with envy. "I'll prepare some nutritional supplements for Mrs. Quinnell to receive intravenously."

Shane nodded. Before heading to work, he lit a medicinal incense in

the room. Even though he couldn't take time off work at the moment, he decided to arrange for Yvette to examine Marie the following day

as a precaution.

As Shane pondered, thoughts of Fabian's recent unusual behavior crossed his mind.

Upon arriving at the company, he headed straight to Fabian's office to confront him.

"Dad, you can't just keep Sevie hidden from us. What's your plan?"

Shane questioned.

"When the time is right, you'll meet her," Fabian replied calmly. "Since Sevie is returning to the Quinnell family, we can't take it lightly. We need to gather all her brothers and your in-laws as well."

Shan was taken aback. "My in-laws?"

"Of course!" Fabian retorted. "What's the matter? Worried they might bite you?"

Shane let out a sigh. "Dad, why do you always push me like this? Aren't you upset when my in-laws disrespect me?"

"If you were my son-in-law, I'd probably treat you the same as them," Fabian remarked.

Tapping his cane on the ground, he continued, "My daughter-in-law is flawless, whereas you-Just stay out of our sight, will you? Come see me when you've figured things out and stop bringing up that adoption matter."

Shane hung his head in despair, feeling isolated as no one in the family seemed to understand him. Even his sons ignored his messages.

On the contrary, Shane's uncle, Declan Quinnell, seemed to empathize with him, often advising him not to take it to heart.

Despite Declan's advice, Shane couldn't help but feel angry.

Chap; 367Unusual Sleep

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"Uncle Declan, do you think it's right to kick Naomi out of the Quinnell family like this? She's just a college student. We can't just cast her aside like that."

“Your father probably worries that Sevie would be upset when she sees Naomi,” replied Declan, Fabian’s cousin and the Quinnell family’s eldest member.

Shane smiled wryly. “Sevie has been away from home for so many years. During her absence, Naomi was the one who brought a brief moment of peace to the family.

“I’m sure Sevie will understand when she returns. We’ll explain everything to her.”

“I see your point, but your father sees it differently,” Declan said, taking a sip of tea. “Be patient, Shane. Let’s wait until we meet Sevie.”

Shan glanced at Naomi, who was admiring antiques in the living room. “Naomi’s such a dear, I don’t understand why my father disapproves of her.

“She carefully selected a set of antiques for him, but he rejected them all. Poor Naomi. She’s just trying to be a thoughtful granddaughter,” Shane said sympathetically, unaware of the contradiction in his words.

Declan stroked his beard. “We still have plenty of time ahead of us, so there’s no need to rush.”

Meanwhile, Naomi, overhearing their conversation, couldn’t help but feel jealous. She knew Fabian planned to gather all the Quinnell brothers to welcome Sevie.

Even after all her years with the Quinnells, she had never received such treatment.

It was evident that the Quinnells favored the blood-related heiress more than her.

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Chapter 368 The Scotts Are in Trouble-

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Chapter 368 The Scotts Are in Trouble

Naomi lowered her gaze, looking dejected.

Marcus, who was standing right beside her, noticed and comforted her immediately.

“Don’t worry, Naomi. We won’t accept someone from the countryside like her. How can she compare to you?”

“Chad and Mason said so themselves. No one would accept her in their circle. She’s nothing but a joke.”

Naomi’s head jerked up at that. “Marcus, don’t ever say that in front of Grandpa Fabian.”

“Great-Uncle Fabian is playing favorites.” Marcus pouted. “Was I wrong? I was just stating facts. If my grandpa were in charge, he would never let that bumpkin into the family.”

“Marcus! How can you

Naomi looked behind Marcus and grew angry say that? That's your cousin you're talking about. Even if outsiders call her a bumpkin, you shouldn't!"

"Naomi, why are you still siding with her? Why is it that Great-Uncle Fabian is driving you out as soon as she returns?"

"Mason thought about it carefully and concluded that that woman must have said something to Great-Uncle Fabian. She's already jealous of you before even stepping into this house!"

Shane's brows were furrowing deeper. "Marcus, don't trust rumors blindly when you haven't even met Sevie. Can't you think for yourself?"

Chapter Bus The Satts Arem Tumble

His displeasure was evident from his darkened expression. "She doesn't even know of Naomi's existence. How can she be jealous?"

Marcus was unabashed even after being reprimanded. "Think about it, Uncle Shane. Does she really not know? Great-Uncle Fabian would have told her.

"Why else is Great-Uncle Fabian not letting you meet her when it's been so many days? It must be that bumpkin sowing discord!"

Shane clenched his fists slightly. "Enough!"

"Shane, there's a better way to discipline a grown adult."

Right then, Declan walked over and delivered a hard slap across Marcus' cheek.

Marcus was stunned, his eyes widening in disbelief. "Grandpa?"

His grandfather had always doted on him. How could he hit him?

Declan glanced at Naomi before shifting his gaze back at Marcus.

“The person they’re bringing home is your cousin. If I hear you call her a bumpkin one more time, I will return you to your father. And don’t forget, Marcus, your Great-Uncle Fabian dislikes fools.”

Declan’s voice was deep and husky when he spoke, scaring Marcus. He didn’t understand where his grandfather’s anger was coming from. It wasn’t like their families were close anyway.

They were bringing home a bumpkin and he would never acknowledge her as his cousin.

However, Shane’s anger felt genuine, leaving Marcus no choice but to

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apologize.

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“I’m sorry, Uncle Shane. I was influenced by the rumors. Grandpa is right-I’m a fool. Please forgive me. I’ll apologize to Sevie personally when I meet her.”

Shane’s mind was foggy, and he simply responded, “Forget it.”

“People are actually talking about Sevie like that? Thank goodness Naomi knows better and has Sevie’s back,” Shane muttered to himself.

He shifted his gaze to his adopted daughter. “Don’t worry, Naomi.

Grandpa has a temper, but he won’t kick you out.”

Naomi sniffled. “Grandpa won’t even see me these days. It’s not really a big deal. I can leave the family. I’m just worried about Grandpa’s

health.”

Shane was moved. “There, there. I’ll talk some sense into him. It’s the Scotts that is the problem. They’re absolutely wicked!”

Shane was furious about the rumors they created about Sevie. How dare they call her a bumpkin? She was his daughter!

“You don’t need to concern yourself with them. Mason got into some trouble recently.” Declan took out a handkerchief and coughed heavily into it twice.

Seemingly weary, he advised, “It won’t be easy for him to get himself out of this situation. Be careful. Don’t get too involved with them.”

The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 369

Posted by **AdminM**, 301 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 369 There Is More to Wynter Than Meets the Eye

What could have happened to the Scotts?

Shane thought of asking Vincent to look into it as soon as he exited

the villa, but he wasn’t around. When he called his number, he was greeted by so b s.

“My nephew, Hayden... He’s gone.”

Hayden was the same person Chad and his friends called Denny.

After Shane understood what had happened, he felt uneasy. His head - throbbled even more. It reminded him of his wife who also sometimes acted strangely.

Suddenly, he asked his driver to turn back. "Take me to Mr. Novak's."

"Yes, Mr. Quinnell."

Darrel was especially busy today. It seemed like all of the aristocratic families in Kingbourne -except for the Winstons-were seeking him

out.

Logan Winston was searching for Wynter instead.

"Sir Rathbone, you're telling me you don't know?" Logan didn't believe him.

"Sir Rathbone, just look at Austin's dark circles. Could you please just tell us where your niece is?"

"Mr. Logan, calm down." Ronan was playing with crickets in a cage. Hear me out. From what I could see yesterday, your brother looks down on my niece.

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"If she shows up again, there's no telling what he's going to say this time. Don't you agree?"

Logan went around him and bowed slightly. "Sir Rathbone, I know my brother's actions yesterday were shameful. That woman saved my

life, yet my brother accused her of seducing me.

"Could you please ignore the fact that I'm a Winston? Austin really can't keep going on like this."

It was only then that Ronan looked at him, his gaze deepening. "The Winston family has always sought spiritual guidance from Mr. Novak.

"Mr. Logan, I'm saying this for your own good. If you seek someone else for help, you will definitely be reprimanded by your grandfather.

"He'll just reprimand me for a day or two. It's no big deal. I just really

want to help out.” Logan was truly regretful.

Ronan hesitated before responding, “Give me a minute. I need to ask-her fiancé.”

Both Logan and Austin were dumbfounded. Just what was Ronan playing at?

Ronan stepped out to make the call, and it seemed like the person who answered agreed because Ronan returned with a smile.

“Come on, follow me. Just don’t forget to repay your debt of gratitude.

“We won’t!”

At that moment, Logan and Austin had no idea that this debt of

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gratitude would come in handy in the future.

Next to a beach, a carpenter was going in and out of a mansion’s courtyard.

He was only responsible for the labor since their client this time appeared to be a designer. The drawings and quality raw materials were already provided to them. Once they finished work today, it

would be used tomorrow.

The mansion’s interior boasted a Cascadian style. Since the previous owner had renovated it beautifully, there was no need for further enhancements.

While the carpenter was working on a cabinet, he asked, “Ms.

Quinnell, who was this mansion’s previous owner?

“Everything inside seems unused, yet the mansion’s already been sold to you. Selling those pieces of furniture would fetch quite a fortune.”

“It’s possible that they had financial difficulties,” Wynter said with a faint smile. She then casually grabbed a handful of food before walking into the living room.

She absentmindedly played with a lighter after placing a mahogany twig in the middle of the room. Smirking, she seemed to silently

m*uth, “Get lost.”

The carpenter didn’t hear her. However, he noticed that the mansion appeared much brighter when he came back in.

Meanwhile, Wolf appeared to be playing under the tree, staring at a ball for a very long time.

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When the old folks from the neighborhood came in and saw him, they asked him, “Wolf, why did you bring that back? Be a good boy and

throw it out. Let’s not play with old toys.”

Wolf tilted his head. Throw it out?

Instead of doing so, he stepped on it. The ball popped with a loud sound.

He was very annoyed that it had been bouncing on its own.

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The Heiress’ Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 370

Posted by **AdminM**, 293 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 370 Wynter's Marvelous Foresight

The old folks were bewildered and broke out into a discussion.

"Didn't they say the ball can't be deflated?"

"That's what I recall too, and it seemed pretty scary."

"They said whoever tries to step on it will surely fall. Haven't we been hearing noises at night? I have a feeling it was coming from the ball."

"But there's no one here. How could it make noises? Let's drop it. It'll get dark soon. We don't want to scare Wolf."

Wolf looked up with an innocent look on his face, holding the ball in his hand.

Something didn't seem quite right to the old folks.

"I guess it's understandable. Didn't Wynter mention that Wolf was a ghost hunter?"

While they were talking, Margaret entered the yard with fruits and snacks in hand, about to invite the neighbors to a game of chess.

It was quite unusual that a once-haunted house was now bustling with a lively gathering. Wynter was even busy setting up the barbeque grill, preparing to grill a rack of lamb,

A passing property agent was baffled by this scene. Rubbing his eyes, he asked the person with him, "Did nothing happen here?"

"Nope. They're doing good. It's making me want to buy a mansion. myself, but it's just too expensive. I wonder how much this mansion was sold for."

How much? Well, the property agent had sold it at a loss, and he regretted it deeply.

Right then, Ronan approached with Logan and Austin in tow, their affluence apparent at first sight.

The property agent thought of squeezing in another deal and asked them, "Gentlemen, are you here searching for property? This mansion is selling at a bargain!"

"A bargain? I think you're just trying to sell us a haunted house," Ronan responded while still going through the address in his hand.

The property agent gestured to his side. "Sir, please don't say that. Have you seen this place? Despite the rumors in the neighborhood, does it look like a haunted house to you?"

"People have moved in. They only claimed it's a haunted house to lower the price."

Ronan was a long-time Kingbourne resident, so he knew of a few mansions that were off-limits not only because of their bad energy but also because of the presence of ghosts.

Ronan recognized the place when the property agent pointed it out.

"This place?" It coincided with the location he had been given.

Logan was smart when he needed to be. He commented, "Sir Rathbone, your niece is amazing. She can even fix a haunted house. She would definitely be able to guide us through a cleansing ritual!"

A cleansing ritual? Was the previous owner a medium?

The property agent opened his m*uth as if to speak and glanced

toward the mansion. Originally intending to deceive Ronan and his group, he inexplicably shivered and left in a hurry.

The mansion's courtyard was well-designed and brimming with energy. There was even a glass pavilion where sunlight streamed in. It looked nothing like a haunted house.

Austin's reaction was even more bizarre. As soon as he entered, the chills he felt disappeared, and his shoulders felt lighter. It was as if whatever had been following him had vanished.

Austin's eyelids grew heavy, and he yawned. Excitedly, he grabbed Logan, exclaiming, "Logan, it really works!"

Logan was puzzled. "Nothing has been done yet. What works?"

"I just love it here. I want to stay here. It feels safe!" Austin couldn't explain it, but he truly felt peaceful inside. How could he not?

Meanwhile, Wolf was still playing with the deflated ball. When he saw Logan and Austin, his eyes narrowed and shone with an extremely dark gleam.

He then ran over to Wynter and tugged at her shirt, signing excitedly,

"The scions are here! I like that man's scent very much!"

Getting Wolf's interest wasn't a good thing.

Wynter raised an eyebrow and looked toward where Wolf was pointing, her gaze landing on Austin.

That man... didn't have much time left to live.