

# Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell )

## Chapter 1

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### Chapter 1 Kicked Out

The road was wet. It had been raining in Southdale for the whole day.

Wynter's backpack was disdainfully thrown out of the gate by the family's butler, Glen Clark.

"Ms. Quinnell, Mr. Yates will not come. Let me handle some things for him. Your biological parents are in the countryside, with the last name Quinnell. The Yates family had mistakenly thought you were their daughter. Now that Yvette has been found, we hope you will be sensible and stop contacting the Yates family," Glen said.

Taking out a card, Glen continued, "This is ten thousand dollars. Mr. Yates asked me to give it to you as compensation." 1

"I don't need it." Wynter didn't even look at it. She lifted her black bag.

Glen looked at the girl in front of him with annoyance. Wynter didn't even want the money. Was she trying to act like she was well off?

Tsk. Wynter didn't even consider whether the Yates family would still want her. The Yates family had already found their biological daughter. She was just a poor village girl. She couldn't climb up the social ladder.

"Well then, Ms. Quinnell. Please excuse yourself!" Glen slammed the gate shut.

Wynter ignored him. She left the Yates family with only a black bag. She had a straight and graceful posture.

She would leave exactly the way she first arrived here. Apart from the raindrops that made her look a bit disheveled, that is.

The people upstairs saw her leaving and laughed. They did not bother to hide their conduct so she could hear.

"She finally left."

“I was afraid she would stick to us and not return to the countryside.”

Wynter paid no attention. There was a faint smile at the corner of her mouth.

Should she say that the Yates family didn't know how to appreciate good things?

Indeed, they didn't.

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Wynter nonchalantly nibbled on her fruit candy. Her beautiful eyes, her long hair, and her pale face didn't make her look disheveled. Instead, it added a mysterious charm to her...

At the same time, in a courtyard in Kingbourne, the Quinnell family was holding a transnational meeting.

Fabian Quinnell sat at the top, his hand holding a dragon staff. His presence was **imposing**.

“So many years have passed. There's still no news about your sister?” Fabian asked his six grandsons.

The six sons of the richest man in Kingbourne, the Quinnell family, were all elites. When they were in the public eye, each one of them could cause a stir in their respective circles.

But today, they all looked dejected, with a hint of melancholy and longing in their eyes.

They had lost their seventh sister back then. She was just a little baby at that time, cute and lovely. She neither cried nor fussed.

18 years had passed, and they had been searching for her all this time. They lost the last clue in a small mountain village. They didn't know how she had been human trafficked.

“Grandfather, we will continue to search. We will find her!”

Just then, a chubby man rushed in with documents and panted. “Mr. Quinnell! We found Ms. Quinnell!”

Fabian, who had always been calm, immediately stood up. His hands shook a bit.

“Where is she? Arrange for someone to bring her back immediately!” he said.

The man handed over the documents and said, “She’s in Southdale. We are still confirming the exact location.”

“Then, set out for Southdale!” Fabian replied in excitement. “Prepare the car!”

It was sunset in Southdale when Qynter was kicked out. She did not return to the countryside. Instead, after the rain stopped, she returned to her residence.

It was in a rather inconspicuous neighborhood. When she parked her car, someone greeted her, “Welcome back, Wynter.”

“I’m back.” Wynter smiled lightly.

The fruit seller handed her an apple and said, “I haven’t seen you for half a month. No one has been looking after me. My hands tremble whenever I play chess.”

Everyone in the Harmony Community knew Wynter. Some retired officials liked chatting with her while she consulted them.

Their seemingly ordinary appearances should not fool anyone. Secrets surrounded them, such as the chess player who once competed nationally.

As for the rest of them, Wynter never investigated their identities. She lived here just for relaxation.

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