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Bonnie's heart leaped into her throat at the sound of this.

She was more than familiar with this voice.

During the past year that she had spent with Jim, Harvey had clung to her as well, and therefore, his best friend, June, also spent almost all hours of her day with Bonnie. There was no way Bonnie could not recognize June's voice! "Help me-" "Help me, please!"

June's screams grew even louder and shriller than the last. Bonnie could feel all the nerves in her body tighten, and she could not help quickening her pace as she strode in the direction of the voice. All of a sudden, Jim furrowed his brows and squeezed her hand. "Don't act on impulse." He took a step forward to shield Bonnie's body behind his, then continued to make their way toward the direction of the voice.

Soon, they arrived at a dungeon, and the door leading to it was left ajar.

The closer they got, the louder they could hear June's cries for help. Jim slowed down and, still holding Bonnie's hand in his, slowly inched toward the noise.

Peering through the open door, he could see that there were two women, who were wearing face masks and appeared to be servants, inside the room, cutting through the flesh of June's arms with scissors!

June's arms were stained red with blood, and she was shouting for help with all her might, so much so that her voice had gone hoarse.

Bonnie felt her heart sink at this sight. June was only six years old! How could they do this to a child? It was already cruel enough to force June, who treasured her long, beautiful hair more than anything, to shave her head, but they had sorely underestimated these people. There was no limit to what they would not do! Bonnie was so furious that she wanted nothing more than to storm into the room and fight these women!

"Don't act rashly," Jim reminded her, his eyes narrowed as though he could feel Bonnie's rage. "We're still very far away from them, and if you go in now, they might take her as a hostage against us."

"If that happens, not only will we fail to save her, but we might even put her in more danger." Then, he squeezed Bonnie's hand. Bonnie was pained by this. She knew that Jim was right and that now was not the time to act, but she still could not help feeling pained as she listened to June's cries of agony. Jim understood how she was feeling, but he was more fixated on finding a way to save June at this moment. If he let his sympathy take over, it would only lead to more suffering for June.

Jim clutched Bonnie's hand tight in his, and Bonnie squeezed his hand in return. After a long time, and June had lost her voice entirely, the two servants finally tired out. One of them put down her scissors and leaned against a nearby cushion to rest, while the other got up to pour them some tea. A glimmer flashed through Jim's eyes. This was the perfect opportunity! He gestured at the guards waiting patiently behind him, and the group of men immediately rushed into the room. Some of them restrained the woman on the cushion, while the rest went for the woman who had gotten up. After the two servants were tied up, Bonnie stormed into the room, sobbing, and pulled June into an embrace. "I'm sorry, June. It's all my fault! I arrived too late!" June's entire body was covered in bright red blood, and her head was clean-shaven. She lifted her pale, almost colorless face to stare at Bonnie, and tears slid down her cheeks.

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"It hurts, Aunt Bonnie... It hurts so much..." Bonnie's heart broke at the sight of this. She held June close to her and glared at the two servants, who were restrained by the guards. "Who the hell ordered you two to do this? How can you do this to a six-year-old child?" The woman leaning against the cushions shot Bonnie a cold look but did not reply.

The other one, however, stammered, "W-We were just following Mr. Simms' orders! He told us to cut the flesh off her arms...and then...mail them to her father..."

"That way...her father will be willing to hand over what Mr. Simms wanted to save his daughter!"

Jim furrowed his brows upon hearing this. "What does Christopher have that's so important to Quentin that he'll do anything to get him to hand it over?"

Jim did not understand this. Christopher was just a doctor, so what did he have with him that was so irresistible to Quentin? "I...I don't know." The servant lowered her head. "All I heard is that...this little girl's father possesses the recipe to a poison that can erase a person's memories and put them under the control of the giver of the drug." Bonnie's

entire body froze upon hearing this. Was this not the same poison that Jim had been put under?

She suddenly recalled that when she met Christopher the day before, he had declared to her excitedly that he was in the process of formulating an antidote that would restore Jim's memories.

Did this mean that the recipe of the original drug was in Christopher's hands? Was that why he was able to formulate a corresponding antidote? Bonnie could feel her scalp crawl at the thought of this.

Quentin had intended to use June to threaten Christopher into handing over the recipe!

Bonnie had always known that Jim was a strong and mentally resilient man, but even someone like him had fallen victim to the poison. As a result, he had lost most of his memories and was put under Charlotte's control, subject to her whims and fancies.

If... If Quentin were to get his hands on this drug and manufacture it for his selfish means, the consequences would be dire! As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie bit her lip nervously. Jim pulled June into her arms. "I won't let you do this..." Jim furrowed his brows when he saw this. He, too, had connected the dots and figured out what Quentin wanted from Christopher. Was this what Christopher had meant when he said he had something important to take care of? Was formulating the antidote to this drug the important task Christopher had mentioned?

Jim sighed and glanced at the little girl in Bonnie's arms. "Bring her upstairs and tend to her wounds."

Bonnie nodded.

She got up, carrying June in her arms, but after just taking two steps, she suddenly froze. She paused in her steps and turned to glance at Jim, then at their surroundings. "June is the only one imprisoned here... Where's Charlotte?" "I've already found her." Jim curled his lips into a smile. He turned to glance at the servant sitting in silence on the cushion. "Don't you agree?"

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A glimmer of fear flashed past the servant's eyes. However, a split second later, she regained her composure and lifted her head to stare coldly at Jim. "I don't know what you're talking about, Sir."

“Like the maid standing next to you, I, too, was under Mr. Simms’ orders to execute this. We hadn’t meant to hurt her at all, and I hope that you, Sir, and...and this beautiful lady with you can show us some mercy.” The woman’s voice was hoarse and croaky, like a broken, creaking door.

Jim could not help frowning at the sound of this.

According to his guesses, Quentin must have disguised Charlotte as one of the servants, and based on how silent this servant had been since they entered the room, he was fairly confident that this was Charlotte.

Nonetheless...

He remembered Charlotte’s voice, and even though she did not possess a melodic voice, it was still clear and resonant, not at all like the sound that came out of this woman’s throat!

Bonnie shared the same thought, too.

Initially, after hearing Jim’s accusations, she also agreed that the quiet servant must have been Charlotte in disguise, but as soon as she heard this voice, she began to doubt it. How could Charlotte have ended up like this within a day?

Something must have gone wrong! Bonnie glanced at Jim, frowning. Her eyes were etched with confusion.

Jim, too, narrowed his eyes.

Countless clues pointed toward his postulation; the woman standing before them was none other than Charlotte!

However, the sound of her voice and the look in her eyes... All of a sudden, Jim could not help doubting himself. He hesitated for a moment, then finally chose to trust his instincts.

He sneered and strode toward the woman. “I’ve been wondering this since I walked in.

“This is a dungeon, and the air here is quite stuffy. We arrived only a short while ago, yet we’re already drenched in sweat, so why are the two of you still wearing masks?

“Is this some kind of strange preference, or is it because...you don’t want us to see your faces?”

Then, he narrowed his eyes tore the mask off her face.

“Ahhh!” June, as soon as the mask was removed, let out a scream of terror and burrowed into Bonnie’s arms, trembling in fear.

Bonnie and Jim stared in disbelief at the woman’s face.

For a split second, Bonnie felt like vomiting, and if it were not for the fact that June was in her arms, she would have screamed and covered her eyes. What monster was this?

It turned out that the wounds on Laura’s arms were nothing compared to this! This woman’s entire face was covered in rows of scratch marks that cut into her flesh, but apart from that, there were even deep knife wounds, and her skin was severely burned, as though someone had poured acid all over her face. Her entire face was covered in wounds of varying degrees that obscured her original looks entirely. No one could make out what she used to look like.

Bonnie bit her lip nervously, and she could feel her heart thumping in her chest. “You... Your face...”

“Mr. Simms was the one who did this.” The woman sneered. “He’s a monster. I’m his daughter, but that didn’t stop him from doing this to me and sending me down here as a servant and hurting this little girl.”

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The servant quickly put her mask back on, then shot Jim and Bonnie a somewhat pleading look “Please, I’m not a bad person. Can you... Can you show me mercy?”

Jim furrowed his brows, staring at the woman, then turned to glance at Bonnie and June.

He reached out to cover Bonnie’s eyes and finally glanced at the other servant, who had been pressed onto the ground by one of the guards. “Take off your mask, too.”

The woman nodded and did as Jim ordered.

This woman’s face was also charred and mutilated beyond recognition.

“Are you Quentin’s daughter too?” Jim asked, frowning. The woman shook her head. “No, I’m not. How can I possibly...be Mr. Simms’ daughter? Only Char-only the girl next to you is Mr. Simms’ daughter.” Then, she quickly put her mask back on, trotted over to the other servant’s side, and gently grasped her arm. Then, she glanced at Jim with an

earnest look and said, "Sir, the two of us were forced to be here against our will, and if we had a choice, we wouldn't have chosen to hurt this little girl. "However, since this was Mr. Simms' orders, we had no choice but to follow... There is nothing we wish to do more than leave this place..."

She wiped her tears and continued, "Can you help us escape? We promise that we'll never do anything to hurt anyone else again after leaving Quinn Mansion!" Bonnie pursed her lips and sighed at the sight of these two women. "If we manage to find Charlotte and take her away from here, I can help you two escape, too." After all, if they successfully found Charlotte, Quentin would have been accused of harboring a criminal fugitive, and they would be able to use this to threaten him into doing whatever they said. By that time, getting him to release the two servants would not be difficult.

As soon as they heard Bonnie's response, the two servants were overwhelmed by their gratitude and began praising Bonnie for her kindness.

Jim was the only one who noticed that even while thanking Bonnie, one of the servants had a cold, icy look in her eyes.

He narrowed his eyes at this sight FUVeJ=IL hesitated for a moment, but still smiled and added, "Initially, I hadn't wanted to get involved in this, but since you're willing to show kindness to these two poor souls, Bonnie, let's help them."

Then, he put his arm around Bonnie's shoulder, looked down at June, who was still in her arms, and ordered the men to bring the two restrained servants up, "Let's go upstairs." Bonnie froze. "So soon?" They had only managed to find June, but not Charlotte. "There's no other place that Quentin could've hidden her." Jim shook his head. "We can't find her here."

Bonnie could feel her heart sink.

Could it be that...Joshua and Luke's men were wrong? Had Charlotte already left Quinn Mansion before they arrived? All of a sudden, Bonnie felt her breath catch in her throat. "However..." Jim narrowed his eyes and glanced at the two servants. "We managed to find something else, didn't we?" Bonnie turned to glance at the two women behind her and furrowed her brows. "Do you think Quentin will let them go?" "He will. Even if we can't find Charlotte, he will."

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Bonnie shot Jim a puzzled look, then finally sighed and held June closer to her as she walked up the stairwell, followed by Jim. Even though they did not manage to find Charlotte, they had at least found June.

Bonnie gently stroked June's bald head and chuckled. "I bought you lots of hats, some of them with wigs attached. Haven't you always wanted to change your hairstyle frequently? Well, when we get home, you can finally fulfill your wishes of changing your hairstyle every day!"

The sound of Bonnie's gentle voice made June's trembling body stiffen.

A split second later, she lifted her head to stare at Bonnie with wide, shiny eyes. "How many?"

Bonnie felt her heart soften at this sight. This was a six-year-old girl, after all. Even after she was treated terribly and wounded all over, she still could not suppress her curiosity and asked how many hairstyles she could get. How could one possibly not love such an adorable little girl? "More than you can count," Bonnie said reassuringly as they continued walking. "Harvey and I chose more than ten hats for you, and he told me that you'd look beautiful in every one of them. He can't wait to see you in them!" June nodded. "Okay! I'll go home and try them on for Harvey..." Following behind them, Jim's heart softened when he saw how hard Bonnie was trying to console June.

He could not help...finding her endearing at times.

For example, the memory he had recalled of her sitting on his lap and reassuring him about his fear of the dark

Another instance was this exact moment of her consoling June.

It was no wonder that both Sean and Christopher had fallen for her, and no wonder he himself had dated her before losing his memories.

There was no denying that Bonnie possessed her own charm. Soon, they made their way out of the stairwell.

By the time they arrived back in Granny Quinn's bedroom, Joshua, Luna, Luke, Gwen, and even a pale-faced Quentin were already waiting. Granny Quinn's bedroom was filled with people. "June!" As soon as Bonnie emerged with a blood-streaked June, Luna immediately let out a cry of surprise. ERRAN>IJ stormed over to their side. "Is there a doctor here? We need a doctor to tend to her wounds," Gwen said calmly. A man dressed in white stepped out from behind Luke. "I can do that."

Gwen glanced at him and, recognizing him as the doctor who personally tended to Luke, nodded in approval. "Be careful. She's only six, so you must be gentle with her."

The man nodded, strode over to Bonnie, and gingerly took June in his arms. "Come with me, and I'll help you bandage your arms." June froze, then instinctively glanced at Bonnie.

She did not trust anyone after what she had been through, except for Bonnie. Bonnie glanced at Gwen, then at the soft-spoken man standing before her, and nodded. "You can go with him. He's with Aunt Gwen, so he's not a bad guy." June bit her lip, glanced at the man once more, then finally nodded and allowed him to take her away.

After June left, Quentin glanced coldly at the two servants that had been brought out of the dungeon by Jim and finally lifted his head to meet Jim's gaze. "Didn't you say you were going in to find Charlotte? Why did you kidnap my servants instead? "Are you here to claim my servants as yours, Mr. Landry?" Bonnie furrowed her brows upon hearing this and shot Quentin a cold look. "Mr. Simms, I've always known you were a malicious man, but I seem to have underestimated you. "One of these servants claimed to be your daughter and that you were the one who tormented her and ruined her face! How can you do this to her?"