

Six Brothers 1121

Chapter 1121 Change in Attitude

Logan looked utterly distressed, with reddened eyes and his hands cradling his head.

Perhaps it had to do with his family history of losing his mother too early. That was why family meant everything to Logan.

Chad had always outshone him since they were kids. Even their father, Jadiel Winston, took pride in Chad alone.

Only Clyde showed unconditional kindness toward him.

When Logan was young, Clyde always told him, "My dear, you don't need to be outstanding. Just grow up safe and sound."

He always remembered it. Once, when he had a high fever, Jadiel refused to take care of him, and even the maids kept their distance from him due to its highly infectious bacterial nature, which could spread to the lungs.

The doctor recommended isolation. However, Clyde stayed with him and told him stories while patting his shoulder.

"My dear, don't be scared. I'm here with you. You'll be alright and will recover soon. Tell me if there's anything you want to eat."

Logan couldn't believe how Clyde, who had been so caring, could change so drastically. He couldn't pinpoint when Clyde suddenly became much colder toward him.

It seemed to start around the time when Logan entered middle school.

Diego Winston, Clyde's father, had just passed away. Or, it might have been because his exam results were poor, and Clyde was genuinely disappointed in him.

Since then, Clyde's attitude toward him changed.

Logan couldn't quite put his finger on what went wrong.

He wanted to try harder, but he could never measure up to Chad. He even asked Clyde once if his disappointment stemmed from his own inadequacy.

Clyde, already into medicinal herbs by then, gave him a cold look.

"Who let you in here?" Clyde had never spoken to him like that before.

Logan was so shocked that his face turned pale.

He accidentally spilled the bowl of herbal remedy on the floor. After running off, he hid inside a large wooden cabinet. He didn't come out, no matter who called for him.

He didn't understand what he was afraid of.

That night, he ran a fever again. His memories became hazy from the heat.

No one noticed he was missing.

Later, he heard from the maids that Clyde had asked for him. It was then that Jadiel finally pulled him out of the wardrobe.

Outsiders often said Clyde spoiled him, forbidding him from doing this or that. He just wanted Logan to grow up as the Winston family's scion.

The butler also said, "Mr. Logan, please don't run around. Mr. Winston Senior worries about you a lot. "His study is off-limits. How many times have we said this? Why did you go there again? Mr. Winston Senior didn't throw a fit because he treats you well, but you should remember this time."

Logan heard these words vaguely as he lay in bed with a burning forehead.

One thought occupied his mind-did Clyde really treat him well?

Before, Clyde had been by his side all night, calling him his dear. There had never been any rule about not entering the study.

Now, as he lay feverish once more, Clyde didn't spare him a glance.

Logan couldn't make sense of it all, so he attributed it to his own lack of excellence compared to Chad.

The next day, when he saw Clyde, the latter asked him what he had seen last night, as if ready to pounce on him if he said the wrong thing.

Logan couldn't fathom why Clyde was asking this. He instinctively shook his head.

Only then did Clyde smile and put a piece of bacon on his plate. "Looks like you're still a bit weak. Rest more and eat plenty of meat. Don't worry about your studies."

Chapter 1122 Dream or Reality

Onlookers often remarked on how Clyde doted on Logan.

On the surface, it seemed true that he'd been pampered by Clyde all along. Clyde never demanded he be like Chad. Logan could do as he pleased, and his academic performance didn't matter.

Yet, this was actually another form of neglect. To Clyde, Logan was dispensable. That was why Logan took to bar-hopping and street racing. He liked everything thrilling.

Since Chad was so excellent, he could take charge of the family.

Logan felt that perhaps Clyde might feel more at ease when he acted like a flamboyant scion.

He could sometimes still feel warmth from Clyde, but recently, that had disappeared entirely.

Plus, after what he'd witnessed this time, some memories surfaced from deep within and replayed incessantly in his mind.

He couldn't even distinguish if they were real memories.

Nightly, Logan started having a recurring dream.

The dream's content was somewhat chaotic. Sometimes, he was at school, and other times, he seemed

to be at home. Everything was white, like someone had passed away.

Yet, he was laughing, perhaps because he was young, while Clyde and Jadiel were crying.

Many came to the funeral, but no one cared about him. Chad wasn't even there,

Logan was running after butterflies on the lawn when someone called him suddenly.

He vividly remembered that Diego had turned to ashes, lying in a cremation urn. Why would Diego call out

to him, looking so worn out?

Logan wanted to pretend he hadn't heard because he was too scared.

But dreams had no rules. The next moment, he was back home with his school bag.

The only clear memory he had about that dream was that it was Clyde's birthday. He wanted to surprise Clyde, so he quietly slipped into Clyde's study.

Everyone said Clyde wasn't well. They warned him to be quiet and not disturb Clyde while he was taking his herbal remedy.

However, Logan was eager to show Clyde the wooden plane he'd made at school. His teacher said he could be a pilot someday as the wooden model he made was so realistic.

Logan thought Clyde would be thrilled to see it. It was the best birthday gift he could give Clyde.

He saw Clyde drinking the herbal remedy, but the scene was eerie. It was different from the usual study.

There was a wooden daybed inside with heavy curtains, and Clyde lay there.

Logan thought Clyde was dying, so he approached cautiously.

When he saw the herbal remedy beside Clyde, he gasped.

"That wasn't herbal remedy. It was blood. I don't know whose blood it is, but I smelled blood. Though, I can't tell if it was a dream or reality."

Logan's voice dropped. "Last month, I sneaked back to the hillside villa. I saw that bowl of herbal remedy again and heard strange noises. I ran away in fear, dropping the copper coin as I fled."

He lowered his gaze. "I'm sure Grandpa didn't notice me. The copper coin shielded me from something.

"Wynter, is something wrong with my grandpa? Is he possessed, like I was? If that's true, can you help

him?"

Suddenly, it clicked for Logan. "Grandpa's not himself. He must be possessed. That's why he stopped calling me his dear."

Chapter 1123 No Memorial Hall

Logan muttered. "Why don't I think of this before? I'm supposed to be the most sensitive to this stuff.

I feel so stupid, making Grandpa suffer for so long. I'm really stupid. I should've just thrown my brain

away

He tightened his grip on Wynter's hand. Wynter, don't go to the Fenton residence. Come to my house first.

As the socke, the faces around the dining table showed varied expressions.

Albert and Tobias exchanged a glance, then frowned.

According to Logarts account, Clyde had been drinking that herbal remedy all along. This so-called herbal

remedy was none other than blood soup.

If he had been consuming it since before Logan started middle school, it meant this had been going on for years

In other words, had the kind Clyde who used to appear in front of them for all these years now been possessed? Had not one of them noticed after so many years?

The other party must have behaved exactly like Clyde to deceive everyone for so long.

But whether in private or in public, Clyde had never shown any flaws.

To imitate a person for a day might be possible, but to do it for so many years required an intimate
ence sending

Or, had the real Clyde perhaps already disappeared, leaving behind only this imitation, with his behavior

becoming Clyde's?

Tobias was close to Logan. He couldn't fully accept what Jadiel had done to Logan, let alone Logan

"Don't overthink it. Wynter will help you figure it out." Tobias was sitting beside him. "Eat something first, and well go right after. You're looking a bit pale right now."

Logan insisted, "I'm fine. Wynter, please, go to our place first."

He feared that if they waited any longer, he might never see Clyde again.

Wynter looked at him. After setting down her fork, she said directly, "Your grandpa isn't in Kingbourne but in Hawford. Don't you know that? You're the Winston family's scion."

"Hawford? Logan looked bewildered.

Wynter wiped her hands, explaining, "Chad took him

there. They say there's a famous doctor in Hawford who can treat Clyde's illness.

Clyde

'Since Clyde isn't in Kingbourne, there's no need to rush to your house. Have some food first. There are a

few things I need to ask you."

Since Wynter had spoken, Logan naturally obliged.

"Where's your great-grandpa's memorial tablet? Is it in the hillside villa?"

Logan shook his head. "I don't know."

“Do you not even know this?” Wynter paused.

Frowning, Logan said, “I don’t remember Great-grandpa having any memorial tablet.”

“What about your family’s memorial hall? Where is it?” Wynter asked again.

Logan shook his head once more. “I don’t remember.*

For an aristocratic family, this was absurd. As the Winston family’s true eldest grandson, he shouldn’t be ignorant of such things. That was more fitting for the illegitimate son, Chad.

“Does Chad know?” Tobias couldn’t stand by silently any longer.

After thinking for a moment, Logan continued to shake his head. “He doesn’t know. I don’t think our family has a memorial hall. We’ve probably followed the policy and broken all those things.”

“A memorial hall doesn’t fit into the category of toxic culture as per the policy.”

Even Tobias, who typically didn’t let things bother him, sensed that there was something wrong with all of

this.

“What’s going on with your family? I remember you saying before that your great-grandpa did business with foreigners and built the family fortune on that.”

Chapter 1124 The Man in the Formation

“He’s not the only one who said that,” Albert spoke up. “It’s the general consensus in the business community.

“They believe the Winston family rose to prominence in the south. After the factories’ collapse, the government increasingly encouraged entrepreneurship rather than relying on communal resources.

“They say Mr. Diego seized this business opportunity back then and expanded his enterprise. He then

moved from the south to the north, finally settling in Kingbourne.”

Logan nodded. “That’s true.”

“Mr. Diego had led the Winston family for so many years. Doesn’t he deserve a memorial tablet?” Albert’s

question hit a sore spot.

“He didn’t want one,” Logan said, unfazed. “Maybe it’s because of foreign culture’s influence. After all,

they don’t have that kind of thing.”

“Fine, then.” Wynter played with her purple sugilite pendant. “Your great-grandpa might not have a memorial tablet, but your family must have a family tree.

“Finding it would help me interpret the divination. After all, the whole business community knows your family’s history.”

Logan’s expression changed at her words.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong?”

“Our family tree was burned a long time ago.” As Logan said that, he pulled out his phone. “I’ll ask Chad if

there’s anything left.”

Before he could dial the number, Wynter stopped him.

“No need to ask him. Your grandpa does have a problem, but it’s not possession. It’s something else. The missing family tree is strange, but if you ask now, I won’t be able to find anything.

“For now, let’s follow Phil’s plan. After visiting all the families, I’ll go to your house. I want to find out what’s really going on with Mr. Winston Senior as well.”

As Wynter said that, her eyes changed noticeably, though Logan didn’t notice.

She was now 80 percent sure that Clyde was the problem. As for the Fenton family, they definitely had

issues.

Since Phil had already announced her intention to visit the aristocratic families, Wynter decided she might as well go.

She had been thinking about how to naturally observe each family’s geomantic layout.

Now, as Fabian’s biological granddaughter, visiting the aristocratic families for a meal and introductions

was perfectly normal.

against the natural order and money, no grove over 19 can’t

Yet, Clyde did.

No, she shouldn’t call him Clyde. The person in his body wees Wely the man the scouted the formation

If that were the case, sysrfing would male sane, kolding why he had been sick for so long

By normal logic, he should have died long ago, but he had a method to deceive the underworld and thus Clyde was not just practicing the dark arts. He was using them to extend his life. Perceiving this, yet suddenly do

Chapter 1125 To Hawford

"Then, get ready. We're going to Hawford," Wynter announced decisively.

The man's decision to go to Hawford wasn't made on a whim. There was something there that could help

him achieve his spiritual goals.

Though Wynter wasn't yet clear on what exactly that was, her intuition told her she'd regret not going.

Pai didn't immediately agree this time. He was always steady in his affairs and adept at navigating social

intricacies without ever giving anyone a handle against him.

After some thought, he responded, "Ms. Quinnell, while I would go without hesitation to any other city,

Hexford requires careful consideration."

Wynter quickly grasped his meaning "is it because Mom's brothers are there?"

The Whitman family made their fortune in Hawford and have been prominent there for years.

"When Mrs. Quinnell initially married Mr. Shane, the Whitmans didn't approve. After all these years and all that's happened, even Mrs. Quinnell has hardly ventured there."

Phil was concerned "Misunderstandings tend to run deep when it's family because they care about each

other. This whole situation stemmed from Mr. Shane's mistakes.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior tried several times to mend fences, but every attempt fell flat. After all, the damage

had already been done

Mrs. Quinnell was Hawford's belle back then. She was sought after for alliances. In the end, she chose

Mr. Shane

"At first, the Whitmans weren't entirely on board because Mrs. Quinnell's father, Mr. Reuben, didn't see Mr. Shane as suitable. He thought Mr. Shane was too superficial and constantly trying too hard to please,

which he disliked

"At that time, Mr. Shane wasn't as impressive as Mrs. Quinnell. There was even a very eligible gentleman pursuing her, but she ultimately chose Mr. Shane."

Wynter was puzzled. "So, did the Whitmans cut ties with her just because my mom married a jerk? There

must be more to it."

The jerks identity was obvious, Wynter didn't mince her words at all,

Albert and Tobias remained impassive, sipping their coffee. As his sons, it was hard for them to evaluate Shane now

Shane was selfish and always tried to undermine Marie

In the past, Tobias found those loving scenes uncomfortable because Marie's eyes betrayed no happiness at all. She seemed more like a canary kept in a cage.

Marie was unmistakably the most vibrant rose in Hawford, adorned with thorns and possessing her own

charm.

The current outcome of everything was all because of the irresponsible Shane.

Since he was already serving his time in jail, Tobias didn't want to think about him anymore. But he still felt bitter when he thought about it.

Phil knew how the Quinnells felt and wanted to make sure they were prepared in advance.

This trip to Hawford was unlikely to be as smooth as their other trips.

After all, family alliances could be helpful in business development.

In reality, the Quinnell family was once prominent in Hawford, alongside the Burton family.

In times of turmoil, warlords reigned, leading to various instabilities. However, during that period, the Chamber of Commerce held sway.

Gordon was very influential in local circles and forces from both sides of the law.

During that time in Hawford, there were numerous Frenda Concessions, and there were more foreigners compared to now.

After all, that was then, and things changed over time.

When the Quinnell family moved to Kingbourne, their development trajectory shifted. If they went back now, those longstanding families in Hawford probably wouldn't be very welcoming.

Chapter 1126 Someone Sowing Discord in Hawford

The market share in Hawford was limited. The Quinnell family's entry would inextably take a portion of it

Moreover, Marie's greatest wish was to reconcile with the Whitmans

Wynter's visit to Hawford would surely bring a sense of crisis, with people likely sowing discord.

After voicing these concerns, Phil added, "Indeed, as you suspect, there's more to it, Ms. Ournell. But outsiders will latch onto this and continuously feed information to the Whitmans

Phil poured coffee for everyone. Mr. Rauben was famously devoted to his daughter, When Wrs. Qunnell agreed to the marriage, the Whitmans didn't have much to say about it.

"At that time, Mr. Shane offered shares to reassure the Whitmans. Later, as you know, the Quinnell family's shares were diluted. Mrs. Quinnell fell ill after you were kidnapped

The Whitmans came numerous times, especially Mrs. Quincell's brothers, Mr. Cedric and Mr. Marion They were desperate to bring her back.

'Mrs. Quinnell's grandmother, Madam Aleena Morrow, adored her and found it unbearable to see her

suffer

Phil continued, "Madam Morrow's health also declined with age. Despite her condition, she personally came to take Mrs. Quinnell back to Hawford.

"Everyone thought Mrs. Quinnell would go back with Madam Morrow, but she refused and told them for to come again, saying she was married and belonged here.

"Madam Morrow was heartbroken. Not long after returning, we received news of her passing

'Mrs. Quinnell fainted upon hearing the news. After that, her condition worsened, and she was sent

abroad for treatment.”

Phill said with a sigh, This incident is a deep pain for Mrs. Quinnell and a significant concern for the

Whitmans

“Mr. Quinnell Senior attempted reconciliation. But each time, the Whitmans, though polite, clearly wanted

no contact

“Mr. Cedric and Mr. Marion are adamant. Mrs. Quinnell has broken the Whitmans hearts, and Mr. Shane never considered Mrs. Quinnell’s feelings. It’s difficult for them to make up after so many years.

“Besides this, it’s said that someone in the Whitman family was injured because Mr. Shane prevented Mrs. Quinnell from returning. Details will only be known once we reach Hawford”

Reminiscing about the past, Phil still felt a chill.

As a long-time staff member of the Quinnell family, he disagreed with everything Shene did.

When Marie fell ill, Shane could have taken her back to visit her family. Instead, he angered the Whitmans and even caused misunderstandings to snowball.

Chapter 1127 Dalton Follows Her Everywhere

“Why?” Phil was surprised. He thought Wynter would understand the stakes after his explanation and

wouldn’t be in such a rush.

Wynter glanced at Logan, clearly reluctant to speak in front of him.

Logan, looking puzzled, asked, “Wynter, are you really not going to visit my house?”

“I will, but we’ll follow Phil’s plan.”

Since their visit to Kingbourne was to visit all aristocratic families, it was crucial not to reveal too obvious

a motive.

Visiting Kingbourne’s relatives before going to Hawford to see her uncles made everything more logical.

Clyde likely didn’t know that Gordon had left something behind.

Wynter moved closer to Phil. Lightly gripping her purple sugilite pendant, she said in a lowered voice,”

There’s actually something that I couldn’t find.”

Gordon had left it for her, and it was published twice on the Youth Daily.

But Wynter hadn’t shared that because the less she revealed about the Earthbound Formation, the clearer

her view of the situation.

“I initially thought it was at the Quinnell residence, but now it seems more likely to be in Hawford.”

When Gordon’s message in the paper said to come home, she instinctively thought it meant the Quinnell

residence.

Today, as Phil spoke, she realized the Quinnell family's true residence wasn't in Kingbourne but in Hawford.

She should have considered this earlier, but one thing after another had clouded her thoughts.

To Gordon, home was always that old house she had visited.

In his time, things were unstable, and he surely had many unresolved issues. He probably never expected

the Quinnell family to move to Kingbourne.

To the older generation, the most cherished place was home.

Wynter's fingers twitched as her emotions stirred.

Noticing that, Dalton looked over.

Few knew about the previous formation, but Dalton did. It was a deadly formation, containing not just

grievances but also countless souls' faith.

Mishandling it could trap someone forever.

He had rushed back from Mount Etna, fearing for her safety. After all, Wynter always dared to enter any

formation and bear anyone's burdens.

Dalton had encountered that formation long ago, when it was filled with profound despair.

Those who had achieved great success in spiritual practice could draw everything around them into their influence.

Defying fate meant enduring severe backlash.

If someone survived within the formation, as long as their inner demons persisted, the formation would not disappear.

Later, the formation ceased to show any anomalies. It was likely that the person found another source of solace.

Its recent activity was due to a disruption in the people's collective faith.

This formation was like the deadliest of knots. Even Dalton wasn't sure he could fully dissolve it.

There was actually one solution—eliminate everyone who had experienced the formation to remove all lingering regrets. They could just identify and find each person in the present.

However, this approach was the most extreme and would bring about more personal burdens. But it would guarantee no one else got caught up in it, nor would it disturb the flow of fortune.

Wynter's actions were always so unpredictable. She must have received some information about Gordon from the formation, causing her emotional fluctuations.

However, any emotional disturbance was dangerous for a cultivator. It was especially so since her personal burdens were growing deeper, some of which even he couldn't transfer.

With this in mind, Dalton placed his hand on her wrist. "I'll go with you."

Chapter 1128 Public Display of Affection

Wynter wouldn't refuse. Dalton's excellent formation-breaking skills were too good to pass up.

With him around and his heavenly luck boosting them, there was hardly anyone they couldn't handle,

especially those dabbling in dark arts.

Wynter had a feeling that this trip to Hawford would unravel all mysteries.

They may have settled the regrets within that formation, but the root issue remained.

If their opponent kept feeding evil through the internet, the formation's power would continue to grow.

Wynter was worried that this wasn't the first instance. There might be a second or a third.

The Martinez family's heavy blow meant the cultural heritage was cut off. Someone like Jaxon wasn't fit

to follow Haddon's legacy.

This was Wynter's first encounter with such a method of manipulating someone.

Someone morally bankrupt—a mistress—could destroy years of effort by Haddon in an instant.

Jaxon's affair was bound to affect Haddon.

Even though Wynter tried to conceal Haddon's information, it was useless. The higher-ups would

evaluate Haddon due to this matter.

Jaxon not only had conduct issues but also abused his position in many ways. Ironically, Phoebe had a

hand in many of these.

Wynter had already informed the Special Unit to closely monitor the other three students for any anomalies.

Wynter admitted that their opponent was indeed clever. The easiest way to gather a hostile aura in a short time was to search online.

Perhaps there was something about the Winston family that she had overlooked.

Wynter looked at Dalton and nodded.

Only then did Dalton smile, dispelling the indifference in his eyes from earlier. There was an inexplicable charm in his lowered gaze.

The more Wynter looked at that face, the more she found it attractive. But now wasn't the time to appreciate beauty.

She playfully poked the slight dimple on his right cheek. "Alright."

Wynter's mood had improved, but Tobias and Albert wore complex expressions.

Outside of their family, people said Dalton wouldn't fancy Wynter and that it was futile for her to pursue

It was quite amusing. At the family reunion banquet, those people seemed oblivious either due to poor eyesight or hearing if they saw this scene, they wouldn't have anything else to say.

What about when visiting the aristocratic families in Kingbourne?" Phil knew how to strike while the iron

was hot.

Daton didn't dodge the poke on his cheek. He just looked at Wynter with eyes deeper than ever.

His gaze didn't move away. After a slight cough, he said in his deep voice, "I'm the Quinnell family's son-in-law. Of course I'll go with her."

They aren't you jumping the gun a bit?" Tobias couldn't care less about his contract with Dalton. His concern as a protective brother was intolerable, especially since Wynter was still young.

They were only engaged now. What if Dalton turned into a jerk later?

Daton was ruthless in business, leaving no room for the other party. Others might not know, but Tobias did. Wynter must have been deceived by his sickly appearance.

When Dalton looked over at Tobias, he showed no flaws in etiquette. "You're right. We should have the wedding sooner

Tobias was speechless for a moment. That was obviously not what he meant just now.

If you follow us, people in the Hawford circle might get more nervous," Albert said. "The Yarwood family hadn't been to Hawford for many years. Your presence would break the rules, wouldn't it?"

Chapter 1129 Some People Must Be Slapped

"Wynter's fine as long as we're with her," Albert asserted.

With Shane as a precedent, Albert felt lingering anxiety. He understood his uncles' feelings very well.

It wasn't like the Quinnell family couldn't support Wynter. If their shares weren't enough, he could transfer all the companies he invested on Winnow Street under Wynter's name.

She must not marry so early, no matter what.

There were few brothers in the world who would turn a blind eye to annulments.

Dalton, of course, noticed the Quinnell brothers' caution. He understood their concern for their sister. After all, he had backed out of the engagement twice before.

Whenever he mentioned it to Fabian, his health became poor. And the Quinnell brothers were there when the engagement was canceled.

Dalton cleared his throat lightly. When he looked up, his eyes were on Wynter. His face, cold and pale, was so delicate it seemed it could shatter at a touch. His eyelashes fluttered slightly.

"I'd like to go as your fiancé. With me there, the Whitmans should at least not shut the door in your face. After all, it's their niece's first time bringing someone home."

One had to admit that Dalton's face was quite persuasive. It was as if not taking him along would be a slight against him. Wynter loved this fragile charm beneath his cold demeanor. Whenever he looked at her like that, she couldn't help but relent. "Albert, he hasn't fully recovered yet. If he comes with me this time, I can help him recuperate," Wynter said, taking Dalton's hand. Dalton lowered his gaze with a faint smile. His dark suit concealed the complex and sinister intentions lurking beneath.

At that moment, he resembled a classic antagonist from a novel who was hiding mischief behind a polished exterior.

It was easy to imagine how conflicted Albert must feel as Wynter's brother.

Tobias had never had much imagination for scheming men before, but witnessing this scene made him understand that description.

Dalton was quite something. And Wynter... well, that was hard to say.

"Well then, I'll go prepare," Phil said with a polite smile before gracefully excusing himself.

There was a certain gentlemanly air about long-time butlers. Some old butlers even exuded more class than newly-minted family heirs. "Yes, Ms. Quinnell wishes to visit. Thank you." Phil handled the arrangements at once.

He made a call first, then personally wrote several invitation letters with a quill. It was a tradition that had been maintained for years. While the Quinnell family had seen its ups and downs, Phil's position among the butlers of aristocratic families had never wavered. The aristocratic families who received the invitations looked at the gold lettering and remarked, "The Quinnell family still upholds tradition." "But why would the Quinnell family's daughter suddenly want to visit us?"

"Well, it's about time. After all, she's a junior. But hasn't she been said to not understand these customs?" "Regardless of whether she understands or not, her achievements in Kingbourne these days are undeniable. "Times have changed. The Quinnell family is at its peak now. All of you should know what to say, right?"

"I'll do my best to have a good conversation with her."

Some people, deep down, were just so ignorant of their prejudices. It was just like the negative speculations surrounding Wynter at the family reunion banquet.

They thought she, coming from a small place, wouldn't last long in their circles.

Even if she had won against Naomi, she truly couldn't compare to the young ladies raised in Kingbourne's aristocratic circles in terms of social graces.

Chapter 1130 Wynter Is Welcomed

he aristocratic families' social engagements had significantly decreased, and they couldn't exchange sources as freely as before.

the past, the Quinnell family would host parties occasionally.

aomi had been especially meticulous in her hospitality. Back then, everyone envied Shane.

en if Shane had made some mistakes, was it really necessary for him to fall so far? He was still

ynter's father, no matter what. Must she be this ruthless?

nce Wynter's return, the Quinnell family had been constantly embroiled in trouble, with no more parties

speak of. It was only a matter of time before she encountered issues.

However, they had to admit she was skilled at managing companies.

the time, they had thought that the Quinnell Group had long-standing issues that not even Fabian could

When she took over the Quinnell Group, they didn't expect much from her. Most people were just there to

Who could have expected that in just a short month, the Quinnell Group would become an irreplaceable

entity under her leadership?

is had indeed altered the course of recent years. Otherwise, these few families might have been able to

touch up to the Quinnell family. They were just one final step away.

They didn't know if they should marvel at the good fortune of the young or something else.

Meanwhile, the Winstons and Fentons were all smiles. Wynter's proactive visit would definitely allow her

inspect their home's geomantic layout as well.

Others might not know, but some of the ladies now adored Wynter. After all, her divination had driven away many ill-intentioned sluts.

Some businessmen were like that. If they were told that this young lady was after their money, they

uldn't believe it.

t if they were told that her horoscope could jeopardize his finances, they would sever ties with the
lies quicker than anyone else.

ose who were never home were now back after work to eat dinner and take walks.

irla had been wanting to thank Wynter for a while now. When she heard Wynter was coming to the
nton residence, she started preparing.

stin was thrilled as well. After all, that was Wynter—the goddess who saved him. He was her biggest
now.

was always bragging to Malik, but the latter just wouldn't buy it. "Since you say she saved your
life, the

Fenton family will surely repay her for that. But saying she knows everything might be a bit
exaggerated."

Austin thought to himself that Malik knew nothing. He would understand when he saw what
Wynter could

do with his own eyes.

Austin's mother and aunt, on the other hand, seemed quite excited.

Austin was a bit puzzled. He had thought they wouldn't acknowledge Wynter before.

Why were they bringing out their favorite fine wines and displaying that emerald bracelet outside? Someone might think they were preparing wedding gifts.

Austin didn't dare to offend Dalton. "Why are you all so attentive to Wynter? These are things meant for your daughter-in-law. Can you put them away? If Mr. Ernest misunderstands again, our family will be

ruined."

He spoke in hushed tones.

His mother, Josephine Crawford, gave him a pat on the back of his head. "What are you thinking? Daughter -in-law? Do you think you're worthy of marrying Ms. Quinnell?

"You always have girlfriends around, you scoundrel. Also, you need to respect Ms. Quinnell. Don't call her Wynter. She's a medium. You have to approach her with sincerity."

Austin was suddenly at a loss for words. He remembered his uncle, Bruno Fenton, as the one who was superstitious at home.

And back then, when he said Wynter saved him, Josephine was still a staunch materialist. Why was she acknowledging Wynter as a medium now?

The world was changing so fast that Austin felt a bit flustered