

Six Brothers 1151

Chapter 1151 The Missing Item

“You were completely devoted to Charlie back then, so it’s not surprising that you wanted to give it to him.”

Margaret was reluctant to bring up Charlie. However, she acknowledged that Wynter wouldn’t have wanted to give it to Charlie if the gift wasn’t valuable.

Margaret felt much more relieved after explaining. “You came to your senses just in time, and the Yate family’s engagement didn’t bind you.

“I planned to return it to you when you go to college, as the fortune teller had instructed, but now seems to be the right moment.”

Margaret had wanted to mention this the last time she saw Wynter, but Wynter looked unwell then.

Seeing how exhausted Wynter looked back then, Margaret decided to let her sleep a little longer. Unexpectedly, by the next morning, Wynter had already left.

Additionally, with Wynter about to leave for Hawford, Margaret didn’t know when they would meet again. Her only concern was to give Wynter the item.

Wynter was indeed curious about what the item could be, knowing it was left by an old

fortune teller.

She was certain the fortune teller was Atwater. She hadn't known he had left something for her. Her incomplete memories and vague fragments were a significant handicap.

At this moment, Wynter hadn't noticed Dalton's expression. He was sipping tea with a contemplative look. "Are you trying to pledge your lifelong commitment by giving him that gift?"

"Huh?" Wynter didn't catch on immediately.

"Let's have a look at what wedding gift Ms. Quinnell had intended to give Charlie," Dalton remarked calmly, though the air was thick with a hint of jealousy.

Wynter turned to look at Whitley upon hearing this. "You must have done something to provoke him. Otherwise, why is he acting so weird today? Something's off about him, and his vibe is a bit unusual."

Whitley pursed his lips. "I-"

Wynter whispered, "This is the second time today. Once more, and that's it."

Whitley felt helpless. He thought to himself that it was obviously Wynter who had made Dalton angry earlier in the Fenton residence. How could a turtle like him dare to provoke

Dalton?

Whitley, the Celestial Dragon, still thought he was a turtle. He was a Savior, after all.

With that, Wynter watched Margaret approach with a wooden box. “Everything is here.

Take a look.”

Maragter handed the wooden box to Wynter. It was indeed unique, locked up with an Arcane diagram. The outer layer was easy to open, but the inner layer required proficiency in Arcane Divination.

When Wynter reached out to take the wooden box and opened the outer layer, she found it empty.

Margaret quickly noticed, too. She took the wooden box back and inspected it. Impossible. I checked it recently. The item was still there. How could it be missing?”

Wynter stood up to comfort Margaret. “It’s okay. We’ll look for it later. It can’t get lost if it’s in the courtyard.”

The mansion was equipped with surveillance cameras everywhere. They were originally installed to ensure Margaret’s safety, but they unexpectedly came in handy in this situation.

The item was taken from Margaret’s room.

Wynter remembered the recent reports that Yvette had frequently been in and out of Margaret’s bedroom.

However, Yvette had always been diligent. She took care of Margaret and was nice to people. She didn’t seem like someone with a temper.

Wynter had previously reminded herself to investigate Yvette’s true intentions. After all, there was no smoke without fire.

Wynter couldn’t believe that someone who once held disdain toward Margaret would suddenly become grateful to her.

Chapter 1152 Family

Yvette definitely hadn't turned over a new leaf. There must be something more to it. Wynter had people investigate, but nothing was found.

Now, Wynter understood why Yvette kept coming around. Besides wanting to leverage her connection with Margaret, the items in the wooden box were also her goal.

"Grandma, the first layer of this box isn't locked. Do you know what was inside?"

Margaret knew well. "When the old fortune teller gave this to me, he mentioned the medical and the Arcane Way books in the first layer could be read freely, especially by you. They are all unique copies."

Suddenly, the dots in Wynter's mind connected. No wonder Yvette's skills seemed endless.

It was because of the books.

Wynter looked at Margaret. She didn't like beating around the bush and decided to speak bluntly, "Grandma, I think I know who it is.

"Several people have visited your courtyard recently, but there's one you're very familiar

with. It's Yvette Yates.

"She had been using these medical books to practice acupuncture and treat people recently. Her medical skills are fine. I'm just worried she might use the Arcane Way books to create a false reputation for herself."

Margaret wavered slightly upon hearing this. In her twilight years, she longed to enjoy the happiness that family brought her and was therefore easily swayed by the younger generation.

Recently, Margaret had thought that Yvette was different from the rest of the Yates family.

However, she knew that this way of thinking could cause more trouble for Wynter. So, she didn't agree to any of Yvette's requests and had subtly guarded against her.

Margaret hadn't expected that despite her precautions, Yvette would still find the items in her room.

What Margaret didn't know was that Yvette had been reborn and knew exactly what valuable items Margaret had kept hidden.

However, Yvettes had failed to open the inner layer of the wooden box despite having studied it for a long time.

Nevertheless, the medical books were the most useful to her, especially since they were unique copies containing many lost acupuncture techniques. She had pieced together the knowledge bit by bit.

Yvettes didn't intend to take the Arcane Way books initially. But later, she realized that many people she knew were fascinated by the Arcane Way.

After all, who wouldn't want skills that could help them rise to the top? Knowing that she could predict major future events, she decided to take all of the books.

No one knew that when she treated Alijah with acupuncture, she had also used the Arcane Way skills taught in the book as suggested by the medium.

But of course, Yvette wasn't foolish enough to reveal all the tricks up her sleeves. The medium only provided ideas, while she was the one who executed them.

Margaret now deeply regretted her actions. She pounded on herself. "Why was I so soft- hearted? I should never have let her into the courtyard."

"Grandma." Wynter stopped Margaret from hitting herself. "It's not a big deal. It's just some basic books. The important things inside are still there."

Margaret took a deep breath and decided to bring up something she had long wanted to say.

“Wynter, you don’t have to worry about me being alone in my old age. I have never felt lonely. I might be soft-hearted with them, but you shouldn’t be. Just be yourself.

“If you think someone deserves to be punished, do it. You must have known about Yvette’s visit.

“I understand that you want to leave a family member for me, but look at where we are now. What is family?”

Margaret laughed, as if she had come to terms with it.

“She came to me just to steal from me or use me to get to you. If that’s the case, I’d rather not have them around.”

“Grandma...” Wynter was about to continue, but when she saw Margaret’s unwavering gaze, she nodded. “Don’t worry. I won’t be kind to them anymore.”

Chapter 1153 Love Lingers Stubbornly

In the past, Wynter had indeed wanted to leave Margaret a family tie. After all,

Margaret had given all her love for Yvette to Wynter.

Later, when the Yates family drove Margaret out, Wynter had seen her staring blankly

at a pair of crib shoes. They were handmade gifts meant for Yvette.

However, Wanda had shown disdain and refused to accept them. She even prevented Margaret from seeing Yvette. Wynter knew how much Margaret had

wanted to see Yvette back then.

It was said that blood was thicker than water. Wynter could face the world rationally, but not Margaret. When everyone rejected her, it was Margaret who stood by her.

Margaret had always said things about never letting Wynter go hungry, and how Wynter must go to school. Whatever Wynter wanted, Margaret would save up to buy them, and she would do the same for Wolf as well.

Everyone had weaknesses. They would lower their defenses for the ones they loved because they clung to hope.

Although Margaret never said it, Wynter knew she had once held hope for Yvette. That was why Wynter hadn't been ruthless enough when dealing with Yvette.

But that would change. Wynter realized that, compared to Yvette, Margaret probably needed her and Wolf more.

"I will bring Wolf back from Hawford to keep you company," Wynter said.

Margaret's eyes lit up. Though she really wanted it, she knew Wynter needed more help outside.

"Hawford and Kingbourne are different. It's best for Wolf to stay with you. His unspent strength would be wasted on an old woman like me."

Wynter wanted to say more, but Margaret patted her hands. "I have no grand ambitions, so I don't ask for much. As long as you and Wolf are safe outside, that's enough for me. I'll be here waiting for both of you to return."

Wynter felt a warmth in her heart and nodded slightly.

Whitley observed from a distance, sensing the difference. He felt an unprecedented sense of peace and comfort, like a warm spring breeze.

However, this feeling also made him more certain that there was something unusual about Margaret, though he wasn't sure exactly what it was.

Whitley glanced surreptitiously at Dalton, who probably knew.

Noticing Whitley's gaze, Dalton turned away slightly. His eyes were deep, and his refined, noble face was partly obscured in the backlight and shadow. He revealed no

emotion.

Whitley felt an inexplicable sense of pressure, prompting him to quickly avert his

gaze.

Meanwhile, above the mansion, a crow flew by and perched on a poplar branch.

As a Savior, Whitley quickly noticed this. He was particularly sensitive to the

presence of his kind. He had a feeling that this crow seemed to follow Dalton around.

With this in mind, Whitley shook his head and thought it was probably just his imagination. The crow was in Quinnell Villa too when Dalton wasn't.

However, though they were both Savors, Whitley couldn't help but feel that the crow's appearance usually heralded bad news.

The crow was unaware that Whitley, his former companion, was thinking ill of him.

He had sensed Dalton's unstable energy recently and thus appeared frequently. He

also wanted to see if Whitley was behaving foolishly in front of Dalton.

As a Savior, the crow also had a foresight ability. Recently, the weather in the southern region had been unusual. He had a feeling that Dalton's last trace of soul

was about to be found.

Margaret prepared many things for Wynter, knowing that Wynter would leave the next afternoon.

It was just like when Wynter had exams. Margaret would always cheer her on back then, even when her grades were abysmal. This support gave Wynter the time to

study the Soul Lock Formation.

Chapter 1154 Wynter's Item

Brute force wouldn't work when it came to opening the Arcane diagram.

It required opening it from the east, through the "Birth Gate", striking out through the "Rest Gate" in the southwest, and re-entering from the "Open Gate" in the north to

break the formation.

However, even then, the formation was not truly broken.

The wooden box was marked with eight characters -Rest, Birth, Hurt, Restriction, Scenery, Death, Surprise, and Open. These characters represented the eight gates within the formation.

Wynter looked at the corresponding numbers and suddenly had a flash of

inspiration. A clicking sound was heard when she pressed the characters in the correct order. The lock opened.

Wynter raised her eyebrows. Not because of anything else, but because the string of numbers was particularly familiar. "0715. It's my birthday."

Wynter casually opened the wooden box. "It's indeed a date Atwater would choose."

However, Wynter knew that her birthday fell on the Spirit Festival. It was a day when many people would remind children to return home early.

Likely due to this festival, Shane had always believed that Wynter's horoscope was unfavorable. After all, it was widely recognized as a festival for ghosts.

On the day of the festival, altars were set up and worshiped in the streets and chapels.

Larger ceremonies would include offerings to the Ghost King. Few knew that the Ghost King was also known as the Salvation King, an incarnation of the deity Daynon.

A gust of wind swept through the moment the wooden box opened completely. This caused the flowers in the courtyard to sway.

Even the stray cat stopped in its tracks, its beautiful glass eyes seeming fixed on

something. The usually restless wolf-like dog also fell silent as it stood there in a

daze.

It was as if something had emanated from underground, spreading throughout the

entire mountain range. It was invisible to the human eye, but animals could sense it.

In nature, animals always reacted faster than humans to impending events. For

instance, before an earthquake, a school of fish would jump out of the water.

This phenomenon wasn't because of anything supernatural but was due to the geological changes preceding the earthquake.

It affected gas solubility in the water due to the sudden increases in geothermal heat. It would decrease oxygen levels and increase sulfide content.

Fish were the first to sense the change.

Similarly, Whitley could see the reactions of the surrounding animals and knew that whatever was in the box was extraordinary. More importantly, he sensed that whatever was in the box could imprison him./

The crow that landed on the branches also saw what was inside the box. His eyes narrowed instantly, and the black feathers on his wings that fell off increased in

numbers.

Dalton sat beside Wynter as he gracefully held a teacup made of turquoise stone.

His refined figure cast a rich shadow on the ground. The light falling on his excessively handsome face highlighted his jaw's angular contours, making it difficult for anyone to discern his thoughts.

Yet, when Dalton's gaze fell on the item, his deep eyes seemed bottomless.

The crow kept his gaze on Dalton. For the first time, the crow seemed a bit flustered. He was too familiar with what was inside the wooden box. The grand master had once used the item to pierce Dalton.

What the heck? Why was this thing still here?

The crow flapped his wings and was ready to descend when Dalton simply raised his

hand slightly, sending the crow bouncing back onto the branches.

The crow's eyes half-lowered. Did Dalton mean for him to not interfere? But it would

be bad if someone used that item.

Wynter also realized that this curved dagger was different. It wasn't just a typical Cascadian weapon. Its construction was more refined, and its shaft resembled an

unknown animal's skeleton.

The curved dagger that Atwater left behind wasn't discovered because it was

dismantled and needed to be reassembled.

Chapter 1155 The Entanglement Between Two People

There was also a partition in the wooden box. Now that it was the 21st century, Wynter knew it was impractical to carry a skeleton around without attracting

suspicion.

Atwater's way of doing things sometimes really resembled those cultivators from Mt. Dragon.

As soon as Wynter's fingers touched the dagger, she immediately felt a surge of heat from her blood. It was as if the weapon was meant to be in her hand. The tassel on the curved dagger was exquisitely made.

She had recalled some memories from her past life the last time she entered the formation and got the Soul Commanding Badge. Wasn't she a cultivator in her previous life? Since when did cultivators use daggers?

Wynter had seen cultivators use swords. At least, that was what they showed on TV, something related to flying sword techniques. She wondered if using a dagger

meant she belonged to a small sect.

Wynter ran her fingers along the dagger's hilt. She liked it at first glance. By the

second glance, she was already quite attached to it.

Atwater wouldn't have left her a dagger without a reason. Given her experiences in formations, the dagger must have a connection to her,

“Do you like it?” Dalton’s voice came from beside her. His voice was unhurried and slightly deep.

Wynter smiled. “It feels nice, but it’s inconvenient to carry around. It’ll get confiscated, whether on a high-speed train or a plane.”

Upon hearing this, Dalton lowered the side of his face that rested on his hand, as if he was smiling. Wynter didn’t understand what was funny about her concern.

Dalton grasped Wynter’s hand. His eyes were like pools of dark ink, arced into a hint of a smile. “It lacks a scabbard.”

Wynter agreed. “Indeed. A proper scabbard for such a unique dagger is hard to find.”

“I have one. I got it when I was in Oakdol.” Dalton pretended to measure the dagger and got very close to Wynter. “It’s a perfect fit.”

Wynter raised an eyebrow. This was too coincidental.

Dalton looked into Wynter’s eyes and laughed softly, with a slight cough. “Don’t overthink it. It really is a coincidence. I bought it because I liked the patterns on the scabbard.”

Dalton wasn’t lying when he said that. At that time, he hadn’t remembered anything yet. He simply bought it because he liked the scabbard when it was sold.

Later, whenever he saw the scabbard, he would always play with it in his hands. After all, it was something that took his life. He had painstakingly carved the patterns bit

by bit on the scabbard himself.

It seemed that Wynter had forgotten how many boy toys she used to have.

Dalton rubbed her wrist with his thumb and spoke softly, “I’ll have it sent over before you leave.”

Was he saying she should bring this to Hawford? As much as Wynter liked the dagger, she didn’t want to carry a skeleton everywhere she went.

Dalton seemed to read Wynter’s thoughts and chuckled softly. “Where else would you put it?”

Dalton had a point. Where else was Wynter going to put the dagger? The item in the box would easily be coveted by others. It was safer if she held onto it.

“Alright, have the scabbard sent over.” Wynter’s hand tightened around Dalton’s. Her tear mole added to her allure. “Consider it as payment for your medication.”

Dalton looked up, his gaze landed on Wynter’s moist lips. “There’s no need for such formality between us, my stingy fiancée.”

“Then should I consider it a wedding gift?” Wynter laughed lightly. Her slender waist bent slightly, exuding an unrestrained charm.

When they were together, it was hard to tell who was teasing whom by their

demeanor.

Dalton's composure was unwavering, as if nothing could sway him. Even when his gaze darkened, tinged with an unfamiliar desire, he remained aloof and untainted,

exuding an air of noble grace.

Dalton's hand rested on Wynter's waist before he spoke again, his voice lowered much more, "Yes. Consider it a wedding gift."

The crow was most familiar with this scene. Long ago, he had seen it often when he was on the mountain.

Was Dalton repeating his mistakes? Or was it because being with Wynter could help him find all his remnants?

Chapter 1156 A Chimera's Skeleton

The crow couldn't fathom Dalton's thoughts. But he did fear that dagger made of a

Chimera's skeleton.

Indeed, the curved dagger wasn't just any ordinary animal's skeleton. It was from a Chimera, an ancient beast. Most importantly, it still carried the spiritual energy

formed between heaven and earth.

Back then, even the crow hadn't expected that a seemingly insignificant sect that was consistently at the bottom in the Arcane Way tournaments every year would

possess the purest spiritual energy.

Furthermore, it was hidden deep within each of its members.

If the crow hadn't followed Dalton to live on the mountain, he wouldn't have believed it. Dalton was also so bewitched by the art of the Arcane Way back then that he willingly became one of Wynter's boy toys.

Later on, Dalton stayed because he loved the sect's spiritual energy. That was also when the crow shifted his stance and no longer disturbed Dalton.

When Dalton mentioned that he wanted the scabbard, of course, the crow would bring it for him.

In addition to the curved dagger in the wooden box, there was also a somewhat inconspicuous emerald and a turtle shell-like object used for divination.

Yvette only took some of the unique books, which required someone capable of deciphering their contents. But what remained now could predict fortunes and disasters.

While Wynter touched these items, Leo, Dora, and Carol nearly lost control and revealed their original forms in public.

These items were far too unfriendly to evil unborn souls. They were all imbued with spiritual energy and were capable of injuring the spirits once unsheathed.

Having a scabbard for the dagger was better. Otherwise, the three of them wouldn't

dare come out and eat the food fed by Wynter.

Whitley observed everything from a short distance. He didn't dare approach, either, The curved dagger was too intimidating.

But he didn't understand why Dalton remained indifferent. After all, he should also be able to sense the dagger's uniqueness,

Still, Whitley was only guessing since he hadn't recovered his memories.

Meanwhile, Margaret packed some of Wynter's favorite foods into a bag. Although she knew that everything was available on the road nowadays, she couldn't help but worry as an elder,

"When you see Wolf, make sure he eats more. These fried shrimp shouldn't spoil in one night. He loves them."

Wynter looked at the box of shrimp, a smile reaching her eyes. "I love them, too."

"He's a little glutton, and you're a big one. It's getting late, so you should go. Since you're leaving for Hawford, Albert will surely have instructions for you.*

Margaret wasn't ignorant. On the contrary, she had learned to let go of some things at her age. But she always paid extra attention to what she truly cared about.

"As for the Whitmans, I believe that you'll find a way." With that, Margaret said no

further.

Before getting in the car, Wynter bent down and hugged Margaret. Others might not understand what Wynter was doing, but Whitley did. She was using her own life span

to extend Margaret's life.

Whitley furrowed his brows, but before he could move, Dalton raised his hands to separate Wynter from Margaret.

His gaze was calm. "You'll be back soon. Your grandma will still be here. Get in the

car.*

Margaret also urged Wynter. It was as if Margaret was deliberately avoiding Wynter's palms that were on her back. She waved her hands. "Go on, silly child. I'll be waiting for you to return."

Wynter lowered her gaze. She couldn't tell if it was just her imagination, but Margaret

seemed different from before.

The more people experienced, the more they changed. Yet, there were some changes Wynter would rather Margaret had never undergone.

Yvette shouldn't have crossed the line. If Yvette wanted to pretend, she should have at least done it well and accompanied Margaret until the end before scheming and stealing.

Wynter's gaze dimmed. Since Margaret meant nothing but exploitation to Yvette, she could forget about using the things she had stolen from Wynter.

Chapter 1157 Retrieving the Quinnell's Holdings

At night, Fabian stood before the ancestral tablets at the Quinnell residence.

"Wynter is returning to Hawford, but it's different this time. Many difficulties and obstacles await.

"Fallen leaves must return to their roots. What I couldn't accomplish, Wynter will do for me. I humbly request my ancestors' protection and guidance."

Due to the circumstances in the past, Fabian had moved their business from Hawford to Kingbourne.

At that time, he thought he could return anytime they wanted. Who would have known that 70 years would pass before he got the chance?

Both Fabian and Warren were sentimental individuals. Over the years, they had considered ways to return, but circumstances kept changing.

Each year brought new challenges, and the Hawford business circle became increasingly complex with the influx of foreign investments.

They couldn't spare time from their commitments to leave Kingbourne, especially after Shane married Marie.

Fabian thought Shane would stay in Hawford, as he had promised the Whitman family. But he turned out to be completely unreliable.

Fabian's lifelong wish was to return to Hawford with Warren once the Quinnell family was stable and everything was on the right track.

He thought his wish would be impossible in his lifetime. However, when Wynter and Albert proposed entering the Hawford business circle, Fabian was both worried and gratified.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior." Warren stepped forward to support Fabian. "Everything in Hawford has been arranged. Some of the trading firms will be handed over to Ms.

Quinnell. But as you know, they might not listen to her."

Fabian leaned on his dragon cane and glanced at the ancestral tablet once more.

"The Quinnells have been away from Hawford for too long. It's natural for people to forget us. However, I believe that there are still some who remember us.

"Those who swore their loyalty to my grandfather will not let their descendants make things difficult for Wynter. The real worry is that some people might be unwilling to return what belongs to us.

“Once they hold power for too long, they will start thinking that it belongs to them.”

Fabian turned his gaze back to Warren. “Warren, make further arrangements. Above all, ensure Wynter’s safety.”

“Understood.”

Having worked with Fabian for so many years, Warren was more like a close friend than a servant.

“You don’t need to worry too much. As long as Ms. Quinnell can find what Mr. Quinnell Senior left behind, those people will fall in line.”

Fabian wasn’t sure what Gordon might have left for Wynter. The Hawford businesses had been heavily infiltrated over the years.

As the head of the Quinnell family, he hoped Wynter could reclaim all of the Quinnell Group’s holdings. But as a grandfather, he cared more about his granddaughter’s and grandson’s safety.

Perhaps sensing Fabian’s concern, Albert spoke up before departing, “Rest assured that I will ensure Wynter’s safety. I have my methods when it comes to dealing with foreign enterprises.”

Fabian was aware of the accomplishments Albert had achieved in Winnow Street over the years.

However, Albert had never shown any intention of returning. In previous visits, he made it clear that he wanted to separate from the Quinells’ business ventures.

This time, Albert’s change of heart filled Fabian with warmth. He reached out and patted Albet’s shoulders. “You’ve grown up. I was too strict before.”

“I was immature.” Albert wa essed sharply in a suit. He spoke with intellect and

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composure, “You were worried I might end up like my dad. Our personalities are very

similar, both somewhat arrogant.

“After returning and seeing Wynter, and learning about Grandpa Gordon’s life, I understand better the teachings you imparted to me in my youth. I went out, and it’s

now time to come back.”

Albert looked directly into Fabian’s eyes. “As a member of the Quinnell family, one can pursue ambitions, but the premise must be to serve the country.

“You wanted me to return not out of a desire to control, but because you hoped I

would apply what I have learned on our land.”

Chapter 1158 The Real Cultivator

Fabian’s eyes welled up in tears as he looked at Albert, whom he had originally wanted to personally nurture. He felt that his whole life had been worthwhile.

As people grew older, they came to understand a simple truth.

If their descendants understood their thoughts instead of telling them what worked

in their era was no longer applicable, that was a tremendous joy.

Now, Fabian could truly entrust everything to the younger generation. He finally felt

worthy of the Quinnell family.

On the second floor, in the bedroom, Tobias furrowed his brows. “What are they

talking about?”

“It’s probably about going to Hawford. Some business arrangements are needed.

Why?” Wynter intentionally left time for Fabian and Albert to talk, while she snacked and played games in Tobias’ room.

Upon hearing his question, Wynter laughed. “Are you interested too, Tobias?”

“I’m not cut out for business.” Tobias couldn’t sit still and started pacing back and forth. His cool and handsome silver hair was inspired by animated shows. “It’s about the drama... Wynter, can I really do it?”

Tobias took the chips from Wynter’s hands before hesitating when he remembered what his manager said about being camera-ready and not gaining weight.

Wynter put down the gaming console. Her eyes were calm. “Didn’t you read the script?”

“But everyone says the screenwriter is very picky, and it’s filming in Hawford.” Tobias hesitated for another moment before handing the chips back to Wynter. “I’m afraid I’ll embarrass our family.”

Wynter chuckled. “With Rowan around, you have nothing to worry about. Besides, haven’t I told you? Tobias, you won’t embarrass anyone.

“Your face alone suits the drama role perfectly, especially since you’ve mastered opera, haven’t you?”

“How did you know that?” Tobias widened his eyes in surprise. His handsome and charming actor’s appearance shone through, his complexion flawless. “Did you arrange someone to keep an eye out for me?”

Wynter really cared about him. Tobias was uplifted once again. After all, compared to the other brothers, Wynter cared most about him and was closest to him.

When Tobias smiled, he radiated an exceptionally bright and sunny demeanor. His eyes were crescent-shaped, just like the moon. This was a stark contrast to how he

used to be.

Back then, his face often clouded with melancholy, as if trouble loomed constantly. It

was either he was hurting someone or himself.

Tobias' sadness was evident on the surface. The rumors about him were twisted into

hurtful gossip. Those who listened to such gossip and believed it concluded that he

was unfit to be a proper idol.

The gossip was about Tobias having a bad temper, being fond of establishing a

certain image, using his teammates to advance his own position, and so on.

In Wynter's dreams, Tobias' fate wasn't solely due to one reason. In his work, many

people envied him and wanted to trample him underfoot.

Wynter understood all this after participating in that TV show. This time, she would

clear the path for Tobias.

Tobias was Wynter's biggest supporter. So, if he wanted to become a celebrity, Wynter would make it happen. She was more than capable of doing that. Moreover, Tobias' birthday was approaching.

Wynter looked at Tobias, knowing he still had a hurdle to overcome. But there was one thing she was curious about. "Tobias, how were you able to use the Epoch

Collection back then?”

“How was I able to use it?” Tobias half-supported himself with one hand on the ground, and his long legs were slightly bent, exuding a superstar vibe.

He answered, “I just threw them at Logan. Given the circumstances at that time, I figured doing something was better than doing nothing at all.”

Wynter looked him up and down. “Really?”

Tobias nodded. “Yeah, I just casually threw them.” Wynter couldn’t sit still after hearing that.

Chapter 1159 Will Not Favor Wynter

Atwater once said that Wynter was the most suitable candidate for spiritual practice.

As the supposed number one in spiritual practice, borrowing fortune from the Epoch

Collection wasn’t as easy as throwing them casually. It required significant practice

at the

very least.

It was lucky that Tobias chose the entertainment industry. If he had gone up the

mountain for spiritual practice, those geniuses from Mt. Dragon might start doubting

their life choices.

“Tobias, have you considered changing industries?” Wynter asked.

Tobias shook his head and exuded a rebellious expression. “Wynter, look at this face of mine. I’m born to be a celebrity. It can’t go to waste.”

“True.” Wynter had gotten used to Tobias’ arrogance. With that face, both devilish

and cold, he was naturally idolized. However, he attracted too much attention and

faced numerous hardships.

“I have another Epoch Collection here.” Wynter took out a beaded bracelet and

placed it on Tobias’ wrist. “For safety.”

Tobias wasn’t stupid. On the contrary, he was very smart. It was evident from their performance on the TV show where the two siblings solved problems. He wasn’t the foolish, naive person the public thought him to be.

Upon seeing the Epoch Collection, Tobias’ gaze deepened and landed on Wynter’s face. “Wynter, you seem worried that something might happen to me.”

Wynter admitted, “I am worried. So, Tobias, you must protect yourself. When you sense something wrong, avoid the risk first.”

“Don’t worry, I’m different from before. Now that I have all of you, I cherish my life

even more,” Tobias said candidly.

In the past, he always wanted to carve out his own path to prove himself to Shane,

sometimes even disregarding his health and safety.

Tobias would tough it out even under immense pressure. He had even fainted on

stage once.

Over the years, as an actor, he had faced countless attacks and criticism, Tobias had been holding on by sheer willpower.

Now, he continued to strive toward his goal, but with greater ease. Because he knew that behind him stood Wynter, Rowan, Fabian, and the entire Quinnell family.

The saying that the environment shaped a person was true indeed.

The Quinnells were continuously improving themselves both externally and within the family. They were once scattered like stars in the sky.

But now, they gathered like a blazing fire. Yet, this fire was bound to make others

wary.

Ever since people learned that Wynter was coming to Hawford, many could no longer sit still.

The Quinnells' return to Hawford couldn't be kept a secret. After all, sneaking back to

their ancestral home wouldn't be dignified if word got out.

However, with such blatant openness, the Boyd family was the first to sneer. "Does she think this is Kingbourne? Does she think this is somewhere Fabian can back her up, so she can do as she pleases?"

"She is just a naive youngster. When she arrives, she'll realize that in Hawford, it's not about connection. It's about making money and understanding market opportunities. As for the rest, we'll just listen to her babble."

"Mr. Russell is right. When the Quinnells' eldest son came, didn't he leave in disgrace

as well?

“The Quinnell family isn’t what it used to be. They look glamorous on the surface, but their sensitivity to the international market is particularly low. They can’t keep up

with the times.”

“Albert is the one we should be wary of. He’s a very successful investor.”

“After all, they are the Quinnell Keeping up appearances is what they do best. As

for everything else, the market share is only so big, so there’s no room for

concessions. They might not understand it even if we give them a chance.”

“Our branch was initially supported by Mr. Quinnell Senior. I wouldn’t argue if he came personally to ask for something. But after so many generations, everyone knows the score.”

Chapter 1160 Setting Up Traps For Wynter

Seven or eight people sat together as they ate. They seemed to be discussing

Wynter’s arrival. But in reality, they were simply reluctant to return what belonged to

others.

They had started to believe that these things rightfully belonged to them after having

occupied the nest for so long.

Their current plan was to not embarrass the Quinnell family. After all, public perception couldn’t be too harsh, but they also couldn’t sacrifice their own interests.

Of course, if possible, they were willing to impress Wynter with the power of Hawford’s capital circle. If she invested a few billion in them, they would gladly

cooperate.

It was like when they played Shane before. It was quite entertaining.

However, Sebastian was more difficult to fool. He looked at them coldly at such a young age and quoted legal terms whenever he spoke.

The reason why the Quinnell family hadn't fallen was largely due to these grandchildren's efforts.

However, there was discord between appearance and reality, and they had heard a lot about it. Not all grandchildren would listen to their grandfather.

As for Wynter, they had ways to deal with her. The trap was already set before Wynter even arrived.

"Let's not take the lead. After all, there's still the Whitman family."

The grievances between the Whitmans and the Quinnells were well-known in Hawford. This was almost a sore spot for the Whitmans.

It was unthinkable for the Whitmans to assist the Quinnells. It would already be considered a positive outcome as long as the Whitmans refrained from causing harm to the Quinnells.

This was also a point that Hawford's capital wanted to leverage.

Unlike Kingbourne, doing business in Hawford was more receptive to international financing. Therefore, among the conference attendees, there was also a Foplyan

businessman.

The Foplyan businessman listened to everyone's comments but didn't speak. He

was wearing a neat light gray suit.

He didn't look bad. On the contrary, he had a kind of sedimentary intellectual beauty, like a very educated young man.

If it weren't for the fact that he didn't say where he came from, no one would have

noticed that he was not Cascadian.

"Alright, enough about that. Mr. Lyle probably doesn't like hearing these things. Let's

talk about our future direction."

"Now that artificial intelligence has become a trend, the most important thing

domestically and internationally is still relying on the internet. As a trading center and financial hub, Hawford will attract more people."

"The Winston family from Kingbourne has also come, and it's said they've brought a talented person. I wonder if Mr. Lyle has received the news?"

When asked, Doug Lyle nodded slightly. While he blended in with the Cascadians, one could still hear the difference in his accent when he spoke.

"I'm very interested in the cooperation proposal from the Winston family. What is everyone's opinion on this?"

Laughter was heard. “Mr. Lyle, the Winstons have just arrived. Let’s see what they have to offer first before making a decision.”

“Mr. Fenwick is right. Mr. Lyle, let’s wait a bit longer.”

The aristocratic families each had their own agendas regarding the new Foplyan businessman. Everyone wanted to collaborate with him due to his immense financial

power.

The money seemed endless when the capital started to flow. On the other hand, they were particularly averse to businessmen coming from the north.

This had been a longstanding issue. It was never changing. The Quinnells couldn’t solve it alone.

Upon hearing that Wynter was going to Hawford, one of Welkin Corporation’s founders, Larry Hilton, was worried.

“Boss, Kingbourne is our home turf. Even without the Quinnells, our group is formidable here. If you go to Hawford, we won’t be able to help.”

Wynter, however, remained the calmest of all. She casually replied, “Don’t worry.”

Larry was extremely anxious. He was originally a corrupted boss and was always straightforward in his dealings. Upon receiving the news, he immediately headed to the chairman’s office.