

## Six Brothers 1161

Chapter 1161 Wynter The Angel Investor

“What’s wrong with you? The boss is going to Hawford. You should try to stop her at the very least. Even if you don’t stop her, you could at least send me to Hawford first

to test the waters!

“It’s not as if you don’t know how deep the capital circle in Hawford is! It’s not the same as our usual business!”

The only person in the entire Welkin Corporation who would dare slam the table in the chairman’s office was Larry.

No employees dared to approach at this moment. They were just curious about what had upset Larry. What could have brought him back from his vacation to confront

the vice–chairman?

Larry was genuinely worried. “It’s not like Welkin lacks capable people. Why would you send the boss, who’s a young lady, there alone so rashly? What if she gets taken advantage of?

“At the very least, we have some influence in the business association. If we reveal

the boss’s identity, those people in Hawford would have to show respect. Stop

drinking your crappy tea and say something!”

The vice–chairman of Welkin, Percy Spence, was getting a headache from his

shouting. He shut down his computer and set down his glasses.

“Larry, what are you worried about? Back then, the boss managed to revive us. Do

you really think it was just luck and timing?

“Don’t let her appearance fool you. Her business acumen is something we can’t

compete with even after so many years. Besides, there’s also her source of funding.”

Larry finally looked up slowly when he was reminded of this. “You mean...”

“Back then, a large amount of capital came in to revive our private enterprises.

Clearly, that was a losing investment at that time. Who would sustain such losses?

But did you ever see our capital chain break?”

All these questions stunned Larry. The company’s development had indeed been

smooth.

At that time, they were driven by sheer determination, believing they could succeed. But now, looking back, the reason they had such determination was that they never had any financial worries.

“Have you figured it out?” Percy poured Larry a cup of tea. “You’re still so impulsive at this age. If Ms. Quinnell needs us, she’ll let us know. If not, it means she has a way.”

Larry sat on the sofa, half-rising as if he wanted to say something else.

However, Percy interrupted him. “I’ve been handling the company’s funds. Several large sums of money came from the same company during our toughest times. You’ve probably heard of the angel investor.”

Larry’s eyes lit up, and he jumped up from the sofa. “The boss is the angel investor!”

Percy nodded and smiled calmly. “So if the boss is going to Hawford, it might not be what you think. It’s possible that Hawford was always a part of her business plan. She just lacked a reason to go.

“You know how the boss is about some things. She goes with the flow. The Quinnell family gave her a reason to go this time. The Quinnells originated from Hawford. Don’t be fooled by their current mediocre status in the Southern Business

Association.

“They may not rank high now, but the association’s founders were led by Mr. Quinnell Senior. You and I can’t stop the boss from going to Hawford. It’s inevitable.”

Larry sat on the sofa in a daze for a long time. If Wynter had intended to go to Hawford from the beginning, her strategy must have been incredibly vast for everything to fall within her expectations.

The people in Hawford’s probably had no idea, but Larry and his pals knew Wynter’s capabilities best.

Larry was now thrilled knowing the identity of the angel investor. The capital market in Hawford was about to change!

Chapter 1162 Is Wynter Not Enough

“I’ll ask the boss if she needs someone to carry her bag!”

Larry, with his usually big gold chain and large watch, was always quick to act. If the boss took him along to mingle with other capitalists, he wouldn’t mind at all.

Everyone who did business with Wynter got addicted to working with her. It was a

common trait. Everyone wanted to achieve something in business.

The longer they struggled in the market, the more they wanted to expand their blueprint. Every boss was the same, and an investor like Wynter was perfect for them because she never stopped.

Larry was filled with fervor and passion. Wynter had indeed received a lot of messages from him. She had been planning to go to Hawford for a while now, but numerous matters had delayed her. The recurring nightmares she often had were something she couldn't let go of.

Additionally, the unresolved issues of Marie and all her uncles weighed heavily on her mind, and she wanted to resolve them.

Now, with the items left to her by Gordon, she knew she had to go to Hawford to retrieve them. Therefore, Wynter never considered making a quiet, unnoticed trip.

Wynter had reviewed the history of the Quinnell family's rise. From the establishment of the Chamber of Commerce to the present day when the Chamber's meetings were held without notifying the Quinnells, this alone revealed the disdain they had for the Quinnells.

The Chamber of Commerce had been founded single-handedly by Gordon, but ironically, some outsiders assumed the role of the hosts and aimed to completely oust the Quinnells from the Chamber today.

Ha! What a clever scheme they devised. Well, they'll have to ask if Wynter agreed.

Wynter was dressed in black pants and a white T-shirt while sitting in front of her computer. Her eyes were deep and beautiful.

Her fingers flew swiftly over the keyboard, and as she pressed the enter key, an

Wynter Not Enough

unknown dialogue box appeared on the screen. It bore a symbol that only the dark

web would have.

Everyone in the business community knew what an angel investor represented. But the true identity of the angel investor depended on whether she was willing to reveal herself. If those capitalists in Hawford were to see Wynter's screen right now, they would be utterly speechless with shock.

As the night grew deeper, schemes were still being made in Hawford.

Yvette, who had been brought to the center of the banquet, raised her glass and moved gracefully. She was the focal point of curiosity for everyone.

After all, the Winston family had publicly claimed that Yvette could read Sin and

Grace, as well as predict fortune and misfortune. This was indeed a significant

highlight, especially in this circle.

"Oh, my dear Ms. Yates, you have no idea how fascinated I am by the traditional

culture of Cascadia. Truly, all of you Cascadians are skilled in martial arts, aren't you?"

The Frendan lady, Angelica Clinton, who was dressed in an evening gown, held up her glass. Her priceless necklace indicated her high status. She exuded warmth and

enthusiasm.

Such attention was something Yvette had never experienced in Kingbourne. After all, Kingbourne tended to be more conservative in its way. It was located in the vicinity

of the imperial palace where one had to act with discretion.

The banquets Yvette attended back then were at most of the level of the Fenton

family. It was nothing like now, with such international flair. She could even

encounter nobles from other countries, such as the lady before her.

Angelica was reputedly the foremost lady of the jewelry industry, where she could casually make deals worth billions. These were the kinds of gatherings that held real significance for Yvette now.

After getting involved with Hawford, Yvette felt that her time spent in Kingbourne before was a waste. There were too many formalities, and everyone held Wynter, who came from the Quinnell family, in high regard.

In the end, the only reason Wynter was more powerful than Yvette was because

Wynter was a member of the Quinnells.

Apart from this, what could Wynter possibly compare to her? Just based on the fact that Yvette had been reborn, she could easily beat Wynter.

Chapter 1163 The Person Lady Angelica Values

Yvette's vanity was unprecedentedly satisfied at this moment. She raised her glass and clinked it with Angelica's.

“My esteemed lady, there are so many incredible things in Cascadia, such as the Arcane Divination. If you’re interested, I can explain them to you anytime.”

“Oh! Ms. Yates! You’re so knowledgeable. I’ve heard about your feats. You can treat critically ill patients and read fortunes. Oh, did I pronounce the word ‘fortune’

correctly?

“I’m so curious. How do you know what each person will encounter next? I mean, even in broad strokes, it’s just incredible, you know? Do you have witch blood in you?”

Abroad, fantasy and fortune-telling were very popular. The king of Frenda was a firm believer in these things, and Angelica was an even stronger advocate.

After all, who wouldn’t believe in the power theology brought? It was something that

could make someone extremely wealthy.

“With you in control, it’s hard to imagine our project failing. Mr. Winston truly struck gold this time.” The Mr. Winston referred to by Angelica was Chad Winston.

Compared to Yvette, Chad didn’t wear his heart on his sleeve. As someone who frequented grand events in Kingbourne, he remained composed.

However, Chad couldn’t help but feel a surge of excitement. After all, this was the first time Clyde had officially sent him to represent the Winstons at a capital networking banquet. He shared the same sentiment as Yvette. After coming here, he

realized what it meant to be outclassed.

But before coming, Chad hadn’t forgotten Clyde’s teachings. He was taught to never lower his stance too much. He needed to dial the situation back since Yvette had

been too obsequious just now.

“Lady Angelica, you flatter us. The Winston family has many talents like Ms. Yates. I believe our cooperation will be very pleasant,” Chad said.

“I truly look forward to it, Chad. You’ve really surprised me.”

Angelica did indeed hold Chad in higher regard now. In all honesty, she hadn’t been particularly impressed with Yvette’s attitude earlier. After all, she had lowered herself too much and it made her doubt Yvette’s capabilities.

However, the deeds attributed to Yvette were all verified, and Angelica still held a reverence for the mystical powers of the foreign lands. With Chad’s attitude now, she saw no reason not to seize the opportunity. After all, this venture was about more than just money.

Angelica was most interested in the Chamber of Commerce’s influence. She had invested in Cascadia for two reasons.

First, she was attracted to the vast Cascadian market due to its large population and strong consumer spending power. She knew that if she didn’t seize the opportunity now, there would be less of the pie to share later.

Second, Angelica was well aware of who had founded the Chamber of Commerce.

At that time, Cascadia was in a state of crisis. Yet, within a short period, the Chamber of Commerce managed to unite Cascadian businesspeople from both domestic and international spheres. They came together to save the country, regardless of the cost.

Angelica admired such vision and magnanimity. But she also thought that she would have nothing to worry about regarding her share of the future Cascadian market if



she could control the Chamber of Commerce or became one of its key decision-makers.

“I’ll leave everything to you, Ms. Yates.” Angelica gave Yvette ample respect at the banquet because she understood that one should never underestimate any person from the East. There were endless possibilities within them.

Angelica had encountered one before and had been trying to find them ever since. She was willing to give them all the power they desired, no matter the cost

#### Chapter 1164 Leveraging The Whitmans

No matter how much money it took, if the other party was willing, Angelica would give them all the power they desired.

Angelica wasn’t always like this. She used to believe that foreign countries were as depicted on TV and that they were ignorant and naive. It was only after she interacted with that individual that she realized there were few investors like them in the world.

Those foreign countries, especially Cascadia, were indeed formidable. Angelica could no longer view Cascadia with her old thinking. Thus, Angelica’s current respect and courtesy toward Yvette stemmed from that individual.

Yvette, however, believed it was her own accomplishments that had impressed Angelica. That made her even more arrogant. Yvette stood among the crowd and started to speak grandiosely.

In reality, Yvette felt diffident when Angelica first mentioned the investment direction. She only understood half of the contents of the books she stole from Margaret.

She could predict some major events thanks to her memories from another life, but she didn’t know the specifics. Moreover, she didn’t understand business development.

Nevertheless, Yvette was confident. As long as the general direction was right, with the Winstons and Angelica investing large amounts of capital, how could it not succeed? It was just a matter of time. So, Yvette naturally began to enjoy the current

adulation.

No matter how glorious Wynter was, she was only famous in that small circle in

Kingbourne. As for Yvette, she had already stepped into the international capital market. Hawford was where she belonged.

Yvette no longer needed to think about those people, including Ewan who held her back. She believed that he would only ruin her image. She was determined to

surpass Wynter step by step, so much so that Wynter would have to wait in line to

meet her in the future.

Yvette thought she should maintain her connections in the southern city previously. Now, she realized her vision was too narrow.

She should have transformed herself long ago, just like her new name, Magia Yates. It sounded mysterious and magical and was well-received internationally.

“Come, Ms. Yates. Let me introduce you to someone. This is Mr. Whitman. When it comes to the oldest family in Hawfors, it has to be the Whitman family.” It was clear that Angelica held the Whitmans in high regard.

Before coming, Yvette had heard of the Whitmans and knew about their feuds with the Quinnells. Anyone who was an enemy of the Quinnells was allied with her. She couldn’t do anything to Wynter in Kingbourne, but it was different in Hawford.

As long as Yvette built a good relationship with the Whitmans, who wouldn’t respect her in the future?

“Mr. Whitman, it’s a pleasure to meet you. You truly have the appearance of great wealth and nobility. Your ancestors’ virtue prospers. You can turn misfortune into fortune and crisis into peace.

“However, I have a word of advice. Though I’m not sure if it’s appropriate to say.”

Yvette wanted to stand out and make a lasting impression in Hawford’s capital circle. She wouldn’t pass up this excellent opportunity.

By giving the Whitmans a divination, regardless of it being true or false, people would remember the name Yvette Yates.

Before Robin Whitman, the head of the Whitman family, could speak, Angelica chimed in. “Mr. Whitman is not an outsider. You can speak your mind, Ms. Yates.”

“I can tell that Mr. Whitman has a weak affinity with relatives. Wealth rises in the south and falls in the north.

“Mr. Whitman tends to be soft-hearted toward family, but some self-serving relatives should be avoided. Otherwise, Mr. Whitman, you will face a great disaster.”

As soon as Yvette’s words landed, the surrounding people’s gazes changed. Murmurs of the discussion arose. Even Robin’s hand that was holding the wine glass paused in mid-air.

#### Chapter 1165 The Whitmans in Hawford

It was common knowledge in the Hawford circle that Marie had recently been striving to reconcile with the Whitmans.

However, Yvette had just arrived from Kingbourne and couldn’t possibly know the intricate details of the situation in Hawford.

Yet, she talked about kinship right off the bat. Was she referring to Marie? Or perhaps the Quinnell family members who were about to arrive in Hawford?

Regardless of who Yvette was referring to, her fortune-telling was eerily accurate. The readings provided by Yvette skyrocketed her fame overnight.

In reality, the aristocratic families had each been harboring their own ulterior motives. They had long been waiting to cause trouble for the Whitmans. Yvette's readings struck a chord with them perfectly.

The Wray family, who had a good relationship with the Whitmans, approached them. "Robin, you really should be careful if even the fortune teller says so."

Robin stood there. The ring on his finger bore the family crest, a symbol of his

immense wealth and power.

Despite being middle-aged, he exuded an air of sophistication. He maintained a well-kept physique and looked sharp in his suit. He had an air of mature elegance.

"I've never believed in Arcane Way and such. You should know I'm a staunch materialist," Robin said.

Kenton Wray was about to say more when Robin tapped his glass. "I have other matters to attend to. I'll take my leave now. As for Lady Angelica's cooperation terms, I'll go back and consider them carefully."

"I can see you're hesitant about teaming up with the Winstons." Kenton gave Robin's shoulder a reassuring pat.

"However, you have to consider this. Times have changed. Trying to monopolize everything can bring risks.

"You may not think highly of the Boyd family, but they've been solid in risk

management. Let's explore a new approach to collaboration."

Robin didn't turn him down immediately. "I will give you an answer by next week."

"I hope you come around soon. There's no better offer than what Lady Angelica has put forward," Kenton replied.

Robin chuckled lightly upon hearing this, neither confirming nor denying it. As he walked away from the venue, he was followed by seven or eight black-clad

bodyguards.

In the current Chamber of Commerce, he was the only one who could bring bodyguards to attend banquets. Over the years, the Whitmans had always held the

highest position.

“I didn’t know that Mr. Whitman could be so commanding and imposing,” Chad remarked in a low voice as he walked beside Kenton. “Doesn’t show much on the

surface.”

“He has always been great at hiding his true self.” Kenton glanced sideways. “That’s why I told you to be cautious.

“The Whitmans have a scholarly reputation. They are renowned for their refined

manners and civility, but they’re also the most ruthless of all.

“We should try our best not to provoke him.” Kenton set his wine glass down. “I’ve repaid my debt to Clyde for his past assistance, but you should also convey my message to him.

“The Whitmans are not easily manipulated. We must wait for the right opportunity and people before getting involved.”

Chad responded respectfully, “Thanks for the guidance, Uncle Kenton. Rest assured, my grandfather has made arrangements. When the time comes, I’m sure you’ll also

secure the position of Vice Chairman in the Chamber of Commerce.”

Kenton remained silent, and a smile played at the corner of his lips. Their thoughts and unspoken understanding were intertwined in that single glass of wine.

News of the divination from the banquet had spread in less than half a day. Disbelief

didn't mean indifference, especially when coupled with long-standing unresolved grievances. Upon hearing the divination, the Whitmans fell into a heavy silence.

An unusual stillness enveloped the Whitmans' residence that day. It was as if everyone was avoiding any mention of the past. Each individual believed they had moved on. But in reality, some wounds only festered deeper with time.

Chapter 1166 To Hawford

People who were troubled often found it hard to sleep at night.

There was an old cottage covered in layers of creeping vines in Hawford, and

sycamore trees cast eerie, swaying shadows that were both sinister and frightening outside of the cottage. It seemed that someone was speaking amid the rustling

moonlit scene.

"Sir, I don't understand why you're hesitating. If we can seize the Quinnells' fortune, surely we can take the Whitmans' as well." The person who spoke was still shrouded

in a black cloak that concealed their face.

"Lady Angelica is already on our side, and everything is prepared. The saintess is growing impatient. Why are you still hesitating?"

The old man let out a cold scoff in response to the question. The sound of his

coughing could be faintly heard through the white veil.

“You people gave me the wrong horoscope and information. I miscalculated the Quinnells’ fate thanks to that. Yet, you dare rush me now? How dare you?”

The other person was wary of the old man. He was fearful of the unexplainable matters and immediately bowed and said, “Sir, you’ve misunderstood. I have no intention of rushing you. It’s just that such an opportunity is rare.

“This isn’t Kingbourne where we have to avoid the Celestia Force. The Whitman family holds a pivotal position in the Chamber of Commerce. If we can take over the Whitmans, we can control the Southern Cascadian Chamber of Commerce, which has international influence.

“By then, whatever Cascadia wants to buy or sell won’t be up to them. When that day comes, sir, whatever you desire, we will offer it to you with both hands.”

The old man stood up and lifted the white veil. “I’m not one of those idiots. You don’t need to give me empty promises. Go back and tell your master to do what needs to be done. As for the Whitmans, I have my own plans.”

The other person had witnessed the old man’s methods before. Even someone as shrewd as Alijah from the Fenton family in Kingbourne followed his order.

Declan from the Quinnell family, who was originally their pawn, was somehow manipulated by the old man to serve his purposes, while he remained hidden behind the scenes.

The trip to Hawford was no different. People's attention was mostly on Chad and Yvette, not an elderly man seeking medical treatment.

The shadows under the lights resembled a dance of demons, The representative of Foplyan businessmen dared not look further and hurriedly left the white building. The old man's eyes were dark and intense. He slowly closed his eyes, exuding an eerie sense of foreboding.

The next day, at the Quinnell's residence in Kingbourne, Warren was so busy that he barely had a moment to breathe.

The amount of stuff he had people prepare was so extensive that anyone unaware of the situation might have thought Wynter was moving out.

Even Albert thought it was a bit excessive. Compared to his single carry-on suitcase, Wynter's belongings would probably fill an entire car.

"Mr. Wick, do we need to bring all this?" Albert raised an eyebrow and glanced briefly

at his watch.

Warren smiled calmly. "Unlike you, Mr. Albert, Ms. Quinnell has never been to the Whitmans' residence since she was born. So, it's necessary to bring all these things.

"Also, Ms. Hodge and Bryce will be going along too. The villa in Hawford needs

people to clean and manage it. They are well-suited for the job."

Wynter knew that Bryce was trained to be Warren's successor. Despite his young age, he was particularly reliable in his work. He often had everything prepared before

anyone even asked. Most importantly, he was loyal to the Quinnells.

In today's society, the concept of loyalty between masters and maids was rare. Most people believed that simply being paid for their work was sufficient, and indeed, it



often was.

However, for the Quinnells' residence in Hawford, it was essential to have someone like Bryce, who treated the Quinnell family as his own. Only with such dedication

could they better manage the move to Hawford

Chapter 1167 Wynter and Albert

Just by looking at Bryce, one might think he was ignorant. He was like a freshly

graduated college student. He wore a bright and innocent smile as if he was the

easiest person to deceive.

However, Wynter knew that Bryce was exceptionally skilled when it came to

etiquette and interactions between aristocratic families, as well as managing the

inner workings of a household.

"Looks like Mr. Wick is giving us his most talented student." Wynter chuckled.

Bryce took the luggage for Wynter. "Mr. Wick will feel more at ease if I stay by your side, Ms. Quinnell. I'll take good care of you when we reach Hawford. You've been exhausted lately."

Albert realized that Warren had put in extra effort for this arrangement when he watched Bryce running around and handling things even more efficiently than his

own assistant.

"Hawford is deep waters. Remember, safety first in everything you do." This was the last piece of advice given to them by Fabian.

Nothing was more important to Fabian than his grandchildren. The conflicts within the circles were often hidden beneath the surface, especially when it came to financial investment. One misstep could lead to losing all funds, or, in the worst-case scenario, being taken in for investigation.

Fabian had also caught wind of the current activities in Hawford. He had

undoubtedly made every possible arrangement to ensure his grandchildren's safety and well-being since they were heading there.

"Once you arrive in Hawford, go find this person first. Consult him if there's anything you don't understand.

"He used to work alongside your great-great-grandpa and was extremely loyal to him. He'll certainly help the Quinnells in any way he can." Albert recalled Fabian's words as he sat in his business class seat.

Albert declined the lunch offered by the flight attendant and took out the business

card from his pocket before examining it closely. It was for a Cleo Sinclair, also known as Mr. Sinclair.

Albert had people investigate the current financial sector in Hawford and found that Cleo was reputed to have connections in both legal and illegal circles. He was knowledgeable about everything. Yet, he stayed clear of entanglement. He remained an outsider in all matters.

For someone like Cleo to have come this far, it was clear his abilities were exceptional.

Albert didn't keep the business card. Instead, he passed it to Wynter. "Wynter, keep this. It will be useful for you."

In reality, Wynter also had some connections in the capital circle and didn't really need these introductions. However, she had never found the right opportunity to bring it up.

"You keep it, Albert. I have my own contacts."

Albert thought Wynter was referring to Dalton. However, upon further consideration, while Wynter excelled in managing the company and creating publicity stunts, she might not have much experience in the capital finance circle. It would indeed be more appropriate for him to deal with socializing.

“Then we’ll split up once we’re in Hawford and meet at the villa in three days.” Albert had his own matters that he needed to deal with.

Wynter was well aware that Albert didn’t rely solely on the family’s wealth. She did not doubt his ability to earn money. Nevertheless, the saying on Winnow Street that Albert was capable of turning stones into gold was an exaggeration.

But as the angel investor, Wynter knew better than anyone Albert’s

accomplishments. She knew that Albert had started with only a thousand dollars and managed to turn them into ten million dollars before gaining recognition from capital abroad. She knew it wasn’t just luck.

If Albert didn’t return, he could still have his own industry overseas.

However, there were still some issues in Hawford that needed Wynter’s attention, especially matters involving hidden obstacles. If she could help Albert dismantle

them, it could further benefit his performance.

Moreover, the main objective of this trip was to make money, explore the market, and

resolve the misunderstandings between Marie and the Whitmans.

Wynter wanted to ensure that the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce remained in the hands of Cascadians. Most importantly, it was time for Wynter to meet Clyde.

The business class service was excellent as expected, with occasional phone calls discussing projects. Some people were carrying laptops and rushing on and off the plane.

Chapter 1168 Threatening Dalton Yarwood

Wynter lay on her side, with Dalton beside her on the right. Despite Dalton's prolonged absence from home, he didn't seem concerned about any grievances from the Yarwood family.

It was obvious that Dalton was in a meeting. His voice was deep and pleasant, and

his speech was interspersed with authentic Frenese occasionally. He spoke softly,

almost hypnotically, making it impossible to hear him clearly from a distance.

The people on the other side of the meeting dared't utter a single dissenting word.

Despite Dalton's neutral tone, the underlying sense of authority was palpable and

intimidating.

Bosses who easily flew into a rage weren't necessarily frightening. The truly

intimidating bosses were people like Dalton. He was difficult to read in terms of his emotions. Yet, he was capable of ruthless action.

"Then we won't form a joint venture. The Yarwood Group will proceed independently."

?

Dalton chuckled lightly before continuing. "Gentlemen, it seems you have forgotten that this is Cascadia. This is no longer the early days when our nation lacked market experience and needed substantial capital influx.

"Today, as one of the world's largest markets, Cascadia is not short of investment opportunities. What we need is genuine cooperation that can foster mutual

friendship.

“If any of you have other opinions, feel free to discuss them with others. The Yarwood Group will not be entertaining it.”

Dalton’s remarks left the executive at the online roundtable with varied expressions. Some were fearful of Dalton. Even overseas participants dared not speak up again.

However, some stubborn individuals pressed the voice button and spoke up. “Mr. Yarwood, please allow me to interrupt. Lady Angelica is very sincere in her desire to collaborate with the Yarwood family.

“Since we are all expanding into Hawford, why not join the Chamber of Commerce together? If Yarwood Group votes for us in the Southern Cascadia Chamber of

Commerce, Lady Angelica will also offer you concessions in our harbor business.

“Mr. Yarwood, you should also understand that business nowadays is heavily influenced by international factors. Even some of your universities support our country’s former talents with subsidies and preferential treatment.

“It’s not just about attracting talent. Good capital also needs corresponding policies.

“You can rest assured. Everything else has been arranged by Lady Angelica. As long as you agree to the conditions we’ve proposed, we won’t leave you out on projects in Hawford. I’ve already sent you the project proposal. I believe you’ll be satisfied with the contract.”

As the man spoke, there was an undeniable air of arrogance about him. After all, he usually dealt with Cascadian businessmen who hoped to receive support from

foreign investors, especially those with substantial capital backing them.

The man believed no Cascadian businessmen would refuse such tempting

cooperation terms. His patience in explaining was partly because he was speaking with Dalton, the head of the Yarwood family. He might not have been so polite with

other Cascadian businessmen.

Foreign enterprises might not even consider opportunities in Cascadia even when they are sought after by Cascadians.

They were well aware of how impoverished Cascadia had been in the past. It was a fact acknowledged by all. However, current situations compelled them to come. Otherwise, they risked falling behind.

Even foreigners had to admit that Cascadia was undoubtedly at the forefront in terms of communication network construction now.

People only noticed that Cascadians hardly used cash anymore upon arriving. Everything in Cascadia was digitalized. This widespread practice was unimaginable

in their own country.

This caused a crisis for Daryl Warrel. The instructions given by Angelica were that it was crucial to gain control of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce. If their network company could fully cover the market, the profits in the future would be beyond measure.

Chapter 1169 Regretting It

However, there were always some stubborn, slick old folks in the Chamber of Commerce who refused to budge.

What happened last time was a good example of this. Daryl thought the other party, who was money-crazed, would surely agree. But after he arrived, although he drank quite a bit of wine, they didn't discuss any business at all.

It took Daryl two days of hangover to realize he had been fooled. That cunning old man!

Daryl looked at the screen, refocused, and continued, "Mr. Yarwood, it's not just Hawford's company now. Even the Winston family from Kingbourne is considering collaboration with Mrs. Yarwood.

“If you have any concerns, you can tell me. However, there’s an old saying in Cascadia—time and tide wait for no man. I hope you consider carefully, as the risks sole proprietors face will be considerable.”

As Dalton listened to these words, he remained completely impassive. He even extended his arm to make Wynter more comfortable.

The attendant looked on with envy before she asked softly, “Dinner for one, sir?”

Dalton nodded. Still sporting a Bluetooth earpiece in his left ear, he signaled the attendant to bring him a cup of tea, polite yet distant.

The attendant had spent enough time in the business-class cabin to encounter countless guests.

Rich people were often successful in their careers but generally out of shape. Plus, as if dreading others not knowing how big their business was, some bosses would speak loudly on the phone/disturbing everyone.

And then there were the very delicate ones who bullied the weak and cowered in the presence of someone more powerful. If someone walked by, they would complain, claiming it affected their sleep.

There were many such typés, of course, and also many guests with excellent manners.

But men like Dalton were indeed rare.

At first glance, he looked like a new movie star in his meticulously tailored suit.

However, his aristocratic air revealed it wasn't something cultivated overnight.

Even so, he was young. With his sharply defined features, he was handsome and noble in a way that seemed out of place in this era. Whether reading or looking up, he

maintained a low-key demeanor.

The other gentleman who came with him was similar. They were clearly raised with excellent manners, though their presences differed. The woman with them sure was

fortunate!

As the attendant marveled, Dalton raised an eyebrow at Daryl's remark. Setting down

his book, he glanced over, his deep gaze entrancing.

"Do you think I'm here to negotiate with you?"

His tone was casual, as if he was discussing an ordinary matter.

Daryl was taken aback.

Dalton pressed the number 1 key. "Notify all ships under the Yarwood Group to cease trading at Port Victoria in favor of the opposite port. After all, our incentives

differ."

Daryl hadn't expected Dalton to have his threat countered.

Ships under the Yarwood Group frequently docked, supporting numerous local jobs beyond a mere few individuals.

If the Yarwood Group changed ports, Angelica would definitely admonish him!



“Mr. Yarwood, let’s talk it out. I didn’t mean that. I’m not very fluent in Cascadian. Please don’t act rashly.” He tried to persuade Dalton to reconsider.

However, Dalton wouldn’t give him the chance.

The convenience of landing ports indeed affected costs.

It seemed that, with the Yarwood family staying out of direct action, even Angelica

had grown bold and was attempting to use import and export trade as leverage in

recent years.

Chapter 1170 A Dominant Kiss

“Go back and tell Angelica Clinton this.” Dalton raised his hand, ended the video call,

and dropped a final remark. “Cascadia will make the decisions for the Southern

Chamber of Commerce.”

Daryl tried calling again, but no one answered.

For a long time, they had enjoyed many privileges in Cascadia. As Dalton had

mentioned, some universities showed favoritism in policies toward overseas

students, even providing significant care.

At a car exhibition, they were given priority entry and treated to ice cream and drinks. Some Cascadians were delighted just to exchange a few words with them.

Daryl's friend even got an obedient Cascadian girlfriend who stuck around no matter what. When they insulted her, she laughed along. She was fine with anything as long as his friend could take her abroad and give her a permanent resident card.

All of this made them feel superior.

Daryl, who had always been held in high regard by Cascadian businessmen, had never experienced such a plight before.

There were also suppliers and port officials from other countries online. After Dalton rejected Daryl, others surprisingly suggested changing ports. This made Daryl

somewhat anxious.

"How did this happen? He's just a businessman from Cascadia. Fuck! Why does he have so much influence?"

Daryl couldn't understand it and had no choice but to report to the higher-ups.

Dalton seemed completely indifferent to all this. However, Wynter, who was half-lying beside him, pulled down an eye mask from her face and looked at him with bright eyes.

"Is someone trying to take advantage of the Southern Chamber of Commerce?"

Dalton responded with a hüm. "It's a former overseas partner." He had no intention to hide anything.

"Is it not important?" Wynter noticed how unconcerned he seemed.

Dalton took a sip of water before he turned to look at her, his sharply defined and handsome face particularly striking on the speeding high-speed train.

As they passed through tunnels, the interplay of light and shadow made him look.

even more attractive and restrained.

“It’s optional. Their absence won’t make a difference. You, on the other hand...”

He put down the cup. He was about to say something when the train suddenly jolted.

His lips accidentally brushed against her face.

The cool, soft touch made Wynter pause. This unexpected closeness was different

from the times when they had to let fate do its magic.

In this narrow space, all of Wynter’s senses seemed to be amplified, especially since her other eye was still covered.

The sound of the high-speed train entering a tunnel filled her ears. Amidst the swaying, it felt as if something had seized her breath, and Wynter could feel the warmth from Dalton’s palm. It was unusually hot for him.

Their breaths seemed to intertwine. Even his eyelashes brushed against her face

when he blinked, sending a shiver through her.

As Wynter half-raised her arm to push Dalton away, he instead restrained her wrist. The strength wasn’t overwhelming, yet she couldn’t resist him.

Wynter then realized she had underestimated his skills. His proficiency in combat was likely superior to hers.

Dalton’s noble figure cast a deep shadow over her. He then pulled down her steam eye mask. As it grew warmer, he bit her lip gently, causing her to flinch.

Wynter could feel his breath deepening. A tingling sensation proceeded to spread from her tailbone throughout her entire body.