

Six Brothers 1191

Chapter 1191 The Unspoken Rule

Wynter had used the same strategy on Ewan before. She had

reclaimed the Yates group and restored it to Margaret's name. The Wray family's methods were indeed similar to hers.

The difference was that Wynter was merely reclaiming what rightfully

belonged to Margaret, whereas the Wrays' approach could drive people to ruin.

It wasn't just one business, but many Cascadian businesses had

been eliminated this way.

Wynter seemed to have thought of something. "Did the Wray family.

play a part in the Hudson family's decline?"

People in their circle had speculated about this before, but no one dared to voice it aloud. Judging by Desmond's expression, Wynter had guessed correctly.

"The Wray family has indeed done a lot to become one of the decision -making members. Ms. Quinnell, you must be very careful now that you're in Hawford.

"This time, the Wray family will undoubtedly do everything they can to prevent you from rejoining the Chamber of Commerce.

"It's not that the Wray family is particularly formidable, but they have a lot of capital backing them. Their leverage lies in the relationship. between the Whitmans and the Quinnells."

The business car arrived at the pre-arranged hotel as Desmond finished speaking.

Wynter played around with the purple sugilite pendant in her hand with a nonchalant expression. “Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Clarke. I’ll make sure to have fun with the Wray family.”

Desmond was stunned at Wynter’s words. Did she understand his words and analysis? How could she say she would have fun with the Wray family when things were already this dire?

The car’s automatic door opened. Wynter slightly curved her lips and picked up her black bag before exiting coolly.

Desmond wanted to say more, but Dalton, who had been silent the whole time, closed the finance magazine in his hand. “Go handle all the company–related business. Cut off anything related to the Wray family.”

Desmond’s face twisted with concern. “Mr. Yarwood, while the Wray family may not be honorable, their business tactics and connections are formidable. We’ve already offended the Clinton family, so there’s no need to...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Dalton, who was getting out of the car, glanced back at him. His gaze was filled with indifference.

Desmond immediately continued, “Mr. Yarwood, I need a reason. You can’t make such a decision just because of the current relationship between the Quinnells and the Wrays.”

As the branch manager, he couldn’t gamble with the future of all his employees.

Dalton quickly realized that Desmond was mistaking him for one of those domineering CEOs who sacrificed everything for a relationship.

“You’re overthinking,” Dalton said calmly. “Look more into the Wray family’s business dealings over the past two years. Some things are common practices, but that doesn’t make them right.

“The Yarwood group has never had close associations with

companies that maliciously swallow up Cascadian enterprises. I shouldn't need to remind you of this."

Dalton stood tall, his eyes glinting as if he had seen through the

facade. "The intentions behind the forces backing the Wray family are clear. They want to control the entire Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce.

"This Chamber was originally meant for Cascadian businesses in the southern region of Cascadia. Have you considered the consequences if it becomes a battleground for overseas capital?

"Commercial sanctions, cash flow shortages, and large-scale market share control. They will all be targeting our domestic enterprises."

Dalton's gaze settled on Desmond. "From now on, as the Yarwood Group's executive director, I refuse any cooperation with the Wray family. Do you have any problems with that?"

Desmond hadn't considered it so deeply before.

After all, staying in a fixed environment for too long led to

adaptations to certain unspoken rules. The prevailing mindset was that if everyone was doing something, not following suit would mean falling behind.

Chapter 1192 Wynter's Guidance

However, would it benefit other businesses if families like the Wrays.

became the most significant decision-makers in the Chamber of

Commerce? The answer was a definite no.

Desmond's expression changed dramatically. He said urgently, "Mr. Yarwood, I will go back to the company right now!"

As Desmond returned to the car, he hoped fervently that Wynter would be the victor of this tug-of-war even though her words seemed

somewhat unrealistic.

The Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce had fallen to such a

state. It was devoid of the integrity it once had in its early days.

If the Quinnell family still wielded the absolute influence they once

did in Hawford, they could certainly reverse the current situation. It

sounded as if the Quinnells returned for this exact reason.

Desmond wondered if Wynter really didn't know about the Wray family's affairs. After all, this information was buried. If that was the case, how could she possibly stand a chance against the Wrays?

But Wynter didn't seem surprised at all when she heard his words. It

was as if she knew everything. She even pointed out the reasons for

the Hudson family's decline.

Upon further reflection, he realized that Dalton would never explain

such things to him. It was Wynter who suggested for him to send

them back to the hotel. She was the one who asked all the questions:

along the way.

she seemed to be subtly guiding him.

didn't seem ignorar

Desmond's pupils flickered as he contemplated. Could Wynter be trying to guide him to ensure he didn't make misguided decisions?

After all, it was obvious from Dalton's words that there was

something wrong with the Wray family.

Desmond felt uncertain for a moment. Could a young lady like Wyr really be guiding him?

Meanwhile, Lynette couldn't continue to be as high-profile after causing Heather Not's death. She frowned as she listened to the c from the PR department.

"Are you saying they issued a formal statement stating that they haven't accepted our endorsement?"

"Yes, Ms. Wray."

Lynette was getting annoyed and impatient. "We offered so much money. Are they not tempted at all?"

"I heard that all of Tobias' external cooperation is now decided by his mother. I think it was her who rejected our offer." The PR

department's manager was also getting worried.

After all, it was Lynette who told them firmly to announce the endorsement.

She had said that the other party wouldn't have a choice but to accept

the endorsement even if they didn't want to. She even said that Marie was her friend and wouldn't refuse them.

Now, it had backfired. Many fans thought they were being tricked, and the club's reputation worsened even further. There were so many hate comments that it was impossible to delete them all.

Of course, Lynette knew about Tobias' situation. She knew that Marie was the one making decisions for him.

However, she hadn't expected Marie would actually reject the

endorsement for Tobias. This outcome was different from what Lynette had predicted.

Lynette thought to herself while seething in anger that Marie could forget about reconciling with the Whitmans if she refused to

cooperate with the Wray family.

"You don't need me to teach you how to shut the people online up, right?" Lynette's gaze fell on her phone screen.

She added, "There's already a ready-made sensational topic for us. She was just a female college student resorting to any means to climb the social ladder, starting with plastic surgery."

By focusing on the female college student's character, public opinion would naturally lean in their favor.

"Didn't the Winstons bring a fortune teller with them? Go ask for her

opinion."

Yvette was still in the Tranquil Manor, the Wray family's villa, when she received the news. With Angelica's connections, she had already become a respected medium in Hawford.

Chapter 1193 To Have Everything Go One's Way

In order to demonstrate her abilities, Yvette had been busy these past two days. She knew that the big shots in Hawford had been observing her, assessing if she was trustworthy.

Yvette had racked her brains over this. Simply relying on the Arcane Way wasn't enough anymore. In the capital circle, profit was paramount.

Yvette reflected on her past life when housing prices soared and the stock market experienced a period of significant gains. Instantly, she had an idea in mind.

She pretended to be profound and inscrutable as she said, "Everyone needs a house. People's conditions will only get better in the future.

"More and more people will move from rural areas to cities. The land in the west of Hawford is precious. It has fortune that allows for financial growth.

"The gold and pharmaceutical sectors will also follow the uptrend. I emphasized developing in these two directions when I advised Mr.

Wray."

Given the current situation, property prices were indeed booming. Yvette didn't believe she could influence things seven or eight years

from now. However, she urgently needed to prove herself right now.

She remembered that this was the year of a bull market. Although she may have forgotten the specifics, getting in early was sure to make

money.

It was because of this analysis that some of the people in the Wray family who were responsible for venture capital development thought

she had some real skills.

How could someone outside the profession analyze stock market fluctuations otherwise?

They also believed that the land on the west side of Hawford was about to see a peak in property prices.

This was not the first occasion when Yvette had gained recognition. by relying on her memories from before her rebirth.

The more people Yvette met, the more she felt she should have come to Hawford sooner to prove herself. Only here could she truly unleash her potential and achieve her worth.

The ladies in Hawford didn't believe in Yvette initially. However, in just three days, she had indeed helped them earn money.

Thanks to Yvette, they managed to earn money not because they were someone else's wife, but because of their own abilities.

In a place like Hawford, there were highly educated investment talents everywhere. For them to stand out among this crowd brought them recognition.

Who wouldn't love to realize their own self-worth? As a result, these ladies grew closer to Yvette and started placing sincere trust in her advice.

Lynette had sent someone to inquire with Yvette mainly to seek

reassurance and wanted to know if there were any ways to mitigate risks.

However, Yvette wasn't adept at fortune-telling. Even with that book, she couldn't predict how things would turn out for Lynette.

Yvette hadn't seen any news about Lynette in her past life. But from what she knew, cosmetic clubs weren't likely to go bankrupt. No matter how bad the future economy was, the beauty industry wouldn't decline.

Cosmetic procedures were becoming more sophisticated. Botox was just the simplest procedure of all.

There were also anti-aging treatments such as ultrasound and

Thermage. In addition, whole-body slimming and liposuction were the most profitable.

Plastic surgeries could be addictive for women. After their initial procedure, they often went for a second, then a third, and so on.

These were driven by ongoing dissatisfaction with certain aspects of their appearance.

This cycle of dissatisfaction also meant additional expenses for subsequent corrections.

Yvette couldn't imagine anything that could threaten Lynette's club. After all, it was a place sought after by Hawford socialites and some influencers.

Hence, she confidently told the other party, "Tell Ms. Wray to handle it boldly. There won't be any downsides."

Chapter 1194 Following Her Heart

Lynette shared the same thoughts. Now that the Wray family seized control of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce, they had free rein in Hawford.

No companies dared to offend them—even the death of the poor wouldn't pose a threat to their authority. Besides, Lynette had absolutely no involvement in the girl's death.

She instructed, "They can blame it on their own greediness. Nothing comes for free in this world. Did she truly expect to get a full makeover at such a cheap price?

"Ignore the parents' complaints. We've provided an informed consent form before the surgery.

"She's not illiterate; she should've read through the terms before

signing. Tell the lawyer to emphasize this point. There's no one else to blame when she was the one signing the form.

"If the parents come pestering again, just tell them that their daughter was the cause of her own tragedy.

"Because of her poor education, she failed to understand the terms and walked to her own demise. Not to mention her death has tarnished the club's reputation.

"We've done our part in this case. But if the parents remain dissatisfied, we'll have no choice but to take this to court."

Before Lynette returned to her beauty sleep, she added with a scoff, If they're not familiar with the internet, show them the criticisms there about their daughter. That ought to clear their eyes a little.

"That girl will always be trapped in poverty, yet she thought to change her fate with cosmetic surgery. Who does she think she is?"

Yvette couldn't help feeling a sense of familiarity with Lynette upon their initial encounter, though she couldn't quite place the feeling.

However, Lynette was widely known for her obsession with cosmetic surgeries. Inevitably, there were moments when she bore a resemblance to others.

After all, beautiful women often shared—striking features.

More importantly, Lynette appeared noticeably younger and prettier with her smooth and radiant skin.

Though her secrets remained unknown, many girls were drawn by the results and sought to join the club for the same beauty.

Meanwhile, Wynter and Dalton were at Harmony Hotel. Located within the Golden Triangle area of Hawford, the waterfront hotel boasted a long history and stood as one of the famous landmarks.

The exotic architecture blended perfectly with a majestic design, highlighted by the symbolic doves engraved in the hall.

Stories told that during the special period, one's safety would be guaranteed upon stepping into the hotel—no matter of their sins.

Neither the authorities nor the underworld would dare to trouble you within those walls.

That was the reason tourists could still be spotted outside the hotel snapping pictures even at night. But what took Wynter by surprise the most was an invitation from the Wray family.

“According to Mr. Clarke, the Wray family shouldn't be anticipating the Quinnells' return to Hawford, let alone send me an invitation to the meeting,” Wynter mused aloud, picking at the invitation.

Raising an amused brow, she asked instinctively, “Did the Yarwoods intimidate them?”

Dalton pushed the fruit platter toward her with a faint smile. “This is the Quinnell family's birthplace, along with the chamber of commerce. The Yarwoods have no right to interfere.”

In other words, Dalton feared upsetting Wynter if he encroached on her turf.

“Then, why would they send me an invitation if they weren’t intimidated by the Yarwoods?” Wynter was puzzled. It was as if she was handed a weapon by her enemy just before entering the battlefield.

Though Wynter had a plan to show up in the meeting, the invitation came as a fortuitous stroke of timing. Should she accept it?

Ultimately, Wynter decided to accept the offer. Regardless of the Wray family’s intentions, she wasn’t one to pass up a golden opportunity.

Chapter 1195 Investment

“Forget it. I’ll know what they’re up to once I see them.” Wynter

hummed and kept the invitation away.

Just then, her phone started to buzz. Wynter took a glance and saw that her connections from Hawford had sent her a message on the

dark web. She swiftly tapped on her phone and listened to the voicemail.

“Boss, Larry said you’ve arrived at Hawford! Is there anything your need? But why have you suddenly decided to visit?

“I thought you were taking a break from venture capital to focus on your exams and spend time with your family this year.

“Could it be that you’ve noticed that the market trend is bullish? The exchanges are full of green indicators!” Pablo Latham exclaimed excitedly in the voicemail.

He, along with the others, who had followed and witnessed Wynter’s rise in power shared a silent understanding—they would never reveal her identity in real life.

Even if they happened to meet her in person, they would remain silent. about her identity.

After all, Wynter was clearly not your average person—she was an unpredictable genius.

If Larry hadn't gone to Southdale, the only person to contact Wynter would have been Welkin Corporation's chairman.

collaborator.

After all, no one was willing to give up on the wealth that was right. within their reach.

However, the collaborator insisted he sold his stocks. Though Pablo was confused, he followed the instructions since the money

belonged to his longtime collaborator.

He couldn't shake off some regrets, predicting the stocks would only decline after ten days based on major stock indices.

After Pablo decisively sold all his stocks, he was soon faced with an unexpected turn of events.

Market volatility was common, and the sudden strike of international upheavals only made it worse. There were even risks of a stock market fall caused by sudden blackouts in stock exchanges.

As Pablo watched the sinking data in disbelief, he could almost hear the people lamenting their losses. It seemed that many would remain awake throughout the night.

But it didn't stop there. Several stocks continued to drop, impacting the market at large.

Within days, traders were reported to be left with barely one-tenth of their assets. Those who had mocked Pablo now ended up crying in the streets.

Following that incident, Pablo came to recognize the impressive capabilities of the mysterious collaborator who guided him online.

While Pablo made a profit of around 200 thousand, he was surprised to learn that his collaborator also merely kept 200 thousand.

The remaining 600 thousand had been donated to the border forces

and children's charities.

In truth, earning a million wasn't particularly significant in the stock market. However, Pablo was deeply impressed by charitable

donations.

Judging by their decisive and composed demeanor, he had assumed that his collaborator was a mature and dignified figure older than himself.

Pablo couldn't believe his luck in receiving timely assistance from such a person. Sitting in front of the computer, he expressed his

sincere apology for mistaking the other as a scammer.

Just as he spoke of them respectfully, he received their call.

different majors. Despite Larry's self-deprecation, Pablo never considered him as a lowly and ignorant villager.

Larry had commendable qualities. He always paid his employees on time and was never involved in dangerous mining practices. Plus, he frequently donated his profit to his hometown.

Upon recognizing Pablo's situation, he requested Wynter to help his friend instead of scorning him.

Although Pablo had encountered his fellow alumnus, they all

regarded him cautiously as if he were a dangerous beast.

Obviously, they feared he might ask for money. Plus, those who used to flatter him decisively abandoned him.

Yet, Larry remained unchanged. When Pablo was rich, Larry never

took advantage of him and treated him the same.

Following that night, Pablo was a changed man. He occasionally met. up with his old friends. Though they all came from different backgrounds and industries, they shared the same sentiment.

Despite Wynter having lost contact with them, they anticipated her

return.

Upon learning of Wynter's arrival in Hawford, Pablo was thrilled. "Where are you right now, Boss? I'll come meet you!"

Years had passed, but Pablo felt as though he had returned to that fateful day. He might have aged, but his passion remained

undiminished!

Wynter couldn't help feeling sentimental over his enthusiastic voice. She zipped up her bag with a soft chuckle. "You're well-informed. But

what are you thinking, leaving the company just to meet me?"

"Well, I can always leave it to the vice president. Besides, you know prefer stocks over business. Or will I be a bother, Boss?" Pablo

sounded concerned.

"Not really. I came to Hawford for business, Wynter replied.

As she was talking on the phone, Dalton suddenly whispered beside her, “I’ve ordered steak for you. Would you prefer to dine in the

restaurant or have it delivered to the room?”

Pablo was taken aback by the masculine voice and asked, “Boss, is that…”

*He’s my fiancé. Didn’t Larry tell you I’m engaged?’ Wynter answered truthfully.

Chapter 1196 The Greatest Investor

Pablo remained disinterested. At that moment, a notification from the bank informed him that 50 thousand had been deposited into his account. Simultaneously, he received another message.

“Here’s my investment. You can collect profits based on market price after deductions, with additional commissions possible. All I ask is that you heed my words and open an account,” the mysterious sender

texted.

Staring at the money in his account, Pablo decided to take his chances. He patiently monitored the stocks for several days, acting only when they had risen as the sender speculated.

Even now, Pablo could remember the thrill of those moments.

Day after day, he sat in front of the computer and watched the green indices rise. He witnessed the money steadily grow from 500

thousand to a million.

Pablo was deeply impressed. Stock investments typically involved

losses, yet he only witnessed a continuous surge. Anyone would’ve

been delusional by such extraordinary luck.

Just as Pablo could hardly control his impulse, he received a message telling him to sell his stocks.

“I don’t believe that’s a wise choice. The stock indices in the overseas.

market have yet to reach their highest point. I say we wait for a little

longer.”

Pablo believed in his own judgment and gave an analysis to his

collaborator.

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Chapter 1197 My Fiancé

“Don’t call me ‘sir.’ I’m a woman,” came a languid voice tinged with youthfulness. Pablo was utterly dumbfounded, wondering if the other

person on the other end had even reached adolescence.

Indeed, Wynter was still young and busy with her homework. Having

recouped their capital, she entrusted Pablo to handle the future

investments on his own.

Pablo sat stupefied in his seat. He never imagined hearing such words from the one he respected. He had expected a mature and experienced elderly man, only to find a young girl instead.

In truth, Wynter didn’t reach out to Pablo by chance. “Larry.

recommended you. After looking at your background, I see his point,” she explained.

It was only then that Pablo realized Wynter had intended to help him out of his predicament. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have ventured into

stock investments.

That said, it was his first time encountering a financial genius. throughout his life as a trader.

According to Larry, Pablo wasn’t the only one that Wynter had helped. It appeared she would selectively invest in individuals who had retired

from state-owned enterprises due to market shifts.

“Look at me. I’m just a humble villager who only knows how to mine.

coal, yet Boss still offers her help,” Larry once remarked with a grin.

Larry and Pablo had attended the same school, though they pursued

different majors. Despite Larry’s self-deprecation, Pablo never

considered him as a lowly and ignorant villager.

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"He's my fiancé. Didn't Larry tell you I'm engaged?" Wynter answered truthfully.

Chapter 1198 Fabian's Regret

Wynter found it strange that Larry kept her engagement a secret. She had expected him to share the news excitedly.

Pablo was stunned. “But weren’t you supposed to be in college, Boss?

“I repeated a grade and only started college this year. Besides, age doesn’t have anything to do with my bethroral. We’ve been engaged since we were kids,” Wynter replied nonchalantly.

Pablo was curious to know the man that caught Wynter’s attention. Judging by the voice, he assumed the fiancé came from the northern

region.

He also noted a faint cough over the phone. While Wynter’s fiancé seemed considerate, Pablo couldn’t help but worry for his health.

Wynter realized Pablo had yet to learn that she was the Quinnell family’s daughter. However, she understood it was an oath of secrecy

that Larry and his friends had taken.

“That reminds me. I need your help, Pablo. I recall you hold

considerable influence within the Southern Cascadia Chamber of

Commerce.

“Are you perhaps familiar with the Wray family?” Wynter asked upon

recalling the invitation she received.

“Of course. Are you thinking of joining the chamber of commerce,

Boss?” Pablo replied eagerly, feeling happy to be of assistance.

Wynter smirked. “Indeed. To be exact, I’m more interested in the Wray family.”

Pablo’s tone instantly turned serious. “The Wrays aren’t exceptional characters but are sharp in business. They’ve been hoping for a collaboration, but I turned them down. What do you need to know

about them, Boss?”

“Tell me everything about the Wray family. And can you tell me about Cleo Sinclair in Hawford? What about Clyde Winston? Have you heard anything about his whereabouts?” Wynter fired off her questions.

Despite having conducted an online investigation, she believed it wasn’t enough.

Wynter had journeyed to Hawford to retrieve an item left by Gordon. However, she discovered layers of secrets as she delved deeper into

her investigation.

It was as if an unseen force was orchestrating a sinister conspiracy. On top of that, they had been stalked since arriving in Hawford.

As the Special Unit’s leader, Wynter quickly identified the stalkers with her sharp counter-surveillance skills. Instead of confronting them, she chose to ignore them as she hoped to uncover their intentions.

Based on the clue Gordon had left on the newspaper, Wynter deduced that the item was hidden in the Quinnell residence in Hawford.

As she was conspicuous, she instructed Bryce to head to the Quinnell residence instead. No one would care to notice a butler anyway.

Wynter didn't reveal her search to anyone. She instructed Bryce to observe the residence for anything unusual and look into the

remaining individuals Gordon had brought with him.

She also tasked Bryce with identifying those who remembered Gordon's kindness.

Only after obtaining the necessary information could Wynter proceed with her plan.

Meanwhile, Warren was reporting to Fabian in the Quinnell family's memorial hall in Kingborne.

"It seems Ms. Wynter and her companions have safely arrived in Hawford. She has instructed Bryce to head to the residence there.

"As expected of Ms. Wynter, she has cleverly understood my intentions. When do you think we should initiate the preparations, sir?

Warren questioned.

Fabian sighed wearily. "The time will come. There's no need to hurry. I have faith in Wynter's capabilities. While I'm unconcerned with other matters, I'm troubled by the Whitmans. We need to know the cause of

their resentment.

"I sense there's more than just the issue with Madam Morrow. Now

that Sevie has gone to see them, I hope we can mend the rift that has lasted for so long, even if it requires my personal apology."

Chapter 1199 The Wray Family

Fabian had been consumed by guilt over Shane's misdeeds.

Understanding his distress, Warren shifted the conversation and mentioned Tobias' endorsement.

He added, "Ms. Marie has made a brilliant and flawless decision. The Wrays might have a hard time stirring conflict.

"I believe blood is always thicker than water. The Whitmans will come to acknowledge Ms. Marie and Ms. Wynter.

"Besides, the scions from the Whitmans used to adore Ms. Wynter as well. They'll surely attempt to reach out to her."

Fabian stood with his dragon cane as he looked out of the window. The Wray family has absorbed many companies throughout the years. Some of our partners can hardly survive under their rule.

"As for the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce... I only hope Sevie perceives my thoughtful intent."

Warren comforted him. "Ms. Wynter is a smart girl. I'm sure she'll understand your ambition.

"Besides, Mr. Albert willingly suggesting going to Hawford validates your decision. I'm sure none of the ancestors would have wanted to

see the fall of the Chamber of Commerce."

Looking up, Warren continued, "The Quinnell family hasn't changed. This is something everyone has anticipated, including yourself.

"And now, our time has come. Entrusting the company to Ms. Wynter

is just the first step. Hawford presents a more challenging and

complex environment compared to Kingborne, but that's not a

concern.

“What’s important is ensuring the Chamber of Commerce remains in the Cascadians’ hands. That is our legacy.”

As he spoke, Warren cast his eyes downwards. “I’m truly grateful that Ms. Sevie is here. She has fulfilled many of my regrets. She’s a

remarkable leader, and I believe she’ll let an old man like me reflect on the past with fondness.”

Indeed, an average business person could never restore the Southern Cascadian Chamber of Commerce to its former glory.

With how the world had changed, it was difficult to find loyal followers who would adhere to their rigid rules. Warren could only pray for a miracle.

“In that case, let’s look forward to Wynter making waves in Hawford!” Fabian gazed at Warren with a hearty laugh.

It seemed the city was in for a sleepless night ahead.

In contrast to Fabian’s cheerfulness, the Wray family was enveloped

in glum. Upon learning the Wrays had delivered an invitation to

Wynter, their allies couldn’t help expressing their confusion.

Kenton gently blew on his coffee before setting the cup down. “It’s

not my decision to make. Someone from the Darnell family requested

it.”

“Are you talking about that person? Has he returned to Hawford?”

Someone wore a pale expression at Kenton’s words.

“What’s with the face, Callum? You had a weird look when you heard about him.” Kenton chuckled.

“That guy really roughed me up back in school,” came the reply. The others instantly burst into laughter.

“That said, the Darnells rarely involve themselves in official affairs. Why did they decide to step in now?” one questioned curiously.

Kenton gave a casual shrug. “Who knows? It’s not a big concern, anyway. That person has beef with the Quinnells. There’s no way he’ll stand by their side.

“He might have sent the invitation to embarrass them. Moving on, I’ve gathered everyone here to hear your thoughts.”

Kenton gestured to open the box behind him, leaving everyone astounded. Though they were no strangers to money, they couldn’t help but marvel at the hefty sum.

“Here’s the deposit. You know we’re currently short a key member. In

fact, Ms. Clinton has repeatedly expressed her interest in investing in

the Chamber of Commerce,” Kenton explained.

Chapter 1200 Keep an Eye on Her

Kenton remarked, “Some stubborn traditionalists refused to listen to

my advice and lectured me instead. I understand we originate from foreign places, but our hearts lie with Cascadia.”

“Indeed. I even donated to the flood victims last time,” someone

chimed in.

“The Clintons have considerable influence at the port. Those idiotic old-timers can oppose them all they want, but they shouldn’t drag the Chamber of Commerce into it,” another huffed.

Kenton flashed a gentle smile. “That’s what I thought. Therefore, must ensure no mistakes during the voting.”

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“I’m sure you have other plans aside from the voting, don’t you, Mr. Wray? The Hudsons are a good example,” the person beside Kenton added with a knowing wink.

Kenton merely smiled in response. Though everyone knew the truth behind the Hudson family’s downfall, none spoke of it aloud.

The Hudsons refused to yield to the Wrays. They insisted that the Quinnell family deserved a seat in the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce, citing Gordon’s foundation.

Unfortunately, their deep loyalty toward the Quinnells blinded them from recognizing the changing circumstances.

As the group burst into laughter at the Hudsons' decline, someone interjected, "But I've heard the girl that the Quinnells recently

Kingbome have fallen under her thumb

"Even the Winstons have been robbed of their share of the ple. They have no choice but to seek new opportunities in Hawford. I suggest we keep an eye on her, Mr. Wray."

Kenton agreed to the suggestion. "Rest assured, I've already had

someone trailing her. As for the Winstons, they came to Hawford because of Mr. Winston Senior's declining health.

"I admit that the Quinnell girl is formidable, but her influence is limited

to Kingborne. We know what kind of place Hawford is. Even if she

intends to take action, she'll need the chance to initiate it."

The underlying implications in his words were clear. At that moment,

everyone had their own axes to grind.

Kenton suddenly clapped his hands, and the large monitor slid open

to reveal a hidden area.

The group observed the scene below in a soundproof space. It

appeared they were in a famous club, where many young girls had

gathered.

“Alright, let’s start the game tonight. Take your pick,” Kenton declared.

He wasn’t afraid of being discovered as he had covered his tracks

well. With just a few steps, he could access Lynette’s club and obtain

the necessary information. Plus, some of his debtors were among the

people below.

Though their eyes gleamed with excitement, the group remained calm and composed in their seats.

It seemed that it wasn’t their first time

engaging in such activities.

“I like the one in the white shirt and braids. She looks so clean and innocent!” a man exclaimed.

“You sure have a taste, but she’s too young and inexperienced. It might be difficult to cover up,” another advised.

“There’s nothing to worry about with Mr. Wray here. All they want is money, and I’m willing to pay extra. I’ll have her,” the man insisted gleefully.

Once everyone had chosen their target, Kenton shot a glance at the bodyguard nearby.

Little did the guests know that the surveillance cameras in the club could pinpoint their exact locations. The bodyguard gave an instruction through his earpiece, and a handsome man approached the chosen girl.

“Hello, are you alone? Mind if I buy you a drink?” the man flirted.

The girl was taken aback by the sudden provocative approach and blushed madly.

