

## Six Brothers 1201

### Chapter 1201 The Impending Danger

The man casually took a seat by the girl's side and asked, "Is this your first time here?"

Flustered, Vanessa Chadwick answered softly, "Yeah, I came with my friends."

Despite his instinct to withdraw upon hearing her answer, the man could only obey the orders from his earpiece. "Where are your friends?"

As soon as he asked, a few girls approached them. One of them

teased, "Oh my god, Vanny! Did you actually hook up with a guy while

we were in the bathroom?"

Vanessa's face flushed redder. "That's not it. He just thinks I'm bored."

Unbeknownst to Vanessa, the man visibly relaxed upon recognizing

her friends. They secretly exchanged knowing gazes, which Vanessa

failed to notice.

The girls surrounded Vanessa and started to persuade her. "Oh, don't

turn him down, Vanny! Go on, have a sip. Don't worry, we've got your

back."

The man offered a reassuring smile. "I mean no harm. I just want to

share a drink with you. If you're still worried, I'll take the first sip."

Vanessa glanced at the man before turning to her friends, who stared

at her expectantly. They were kind enough to bring her along, and she didn't want to dampen the mood by refusing.

With that, Vanessa picked up the glass and took a sip of the wine.

"I can't hold my liquor. That's as far as I can go," she explained

apologetically.

"It's fine. Don't worry about it." The man gently comforted her instead

of coaxing her to drink. It was as if he was sincerely hoping to

befriend her.

Vanessa studied that man. He had fair skin and dressed in a stylish

manner, giving her the impression of a rich scion.

He didn't strike her as someone deceitful. Besides, her friends were

around to keep an eye on them.

Feeling reassured, Vanessa matched the man's pace and sipped the

wine.

The club speakers blared music as neon light flickered. Someone

decided to serve an expensive champagne of Armand de Brinac,

drawing the crowd's attention./

Vanessa could feel the place pulsing with thrill and joy. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine meeting a wealthy and charming man in her life, not to mention he was a gentleman.

The man softly whispered in her ear and generously paid for her

drinks.

However, Vanessa felt light-headed after finishing her wine, as if she were floating in the clouds. She wondered if her low tolerance for

alcohol was to blame.

The air was permeated with perfumes and colognes, overlaid with a

hint of alcohol. Vanessa could vaguely hear her friends murmuring nearby. She shook her head and closed her eyes.

The man suddenly stood up and seemingly bid Vanessa goodbye. He moved to the other side of the table and continued his drink, acting as though they had only shared a brief conversation.

At that moment, Vanessa rose from her seat and staggered toward the VIP room. A stylish bed waited inside, positioned to overlook the city light through the windows.

Vanessa lay on the bed with a flushed face. She could barely feel her body, let alone her consciousness.

A man in his 50s opened the door, gazing at Vanessa with lust in his eyes. He was always fond of pure and innocent girls like her.

Back in the meeting room, the bodyguard reported softly beside Kenton, “Everything has been prepared as you ordered, Mr. Wray. The hidden cameras have been installed in the VIP rooms.

“Should we advise them to exercise some self-control? The authorities have been conducting strict inspections lately.”

Chapter 1202 Wynter’s Here

“Indeed. Those old men never stop plotting against me. It’s time they

learn who’s the boss here,” Kenton murmured and stubbed out his

cigarette in the ashtray.

In their circle, having the goods on someone could be as valuable as

any advantage.

After a short nap, Kenton prepared to leave for home.

At that moment, a muffled thump echoed in the night, as if something

had crashed onto the ground. Some were startled by the noise, while

others remained oblivious due to the loud music.

As for Kenton, he dismissed the noise and drowsily got into the car.

The next morning, Club Solstice was bustling with a crowd. The

nightclub was known across Hawford for its luxuries, drawing not only regular patrons but also famous influencers.

It had become an online sensation, with rumors suggesting it was

exclusive to reservations.

Despite booking ahead, there was a chance of being denied entry at the door. After all, the club was renowned for favoring those with attractive appearances.

If their appearances or figures weren't up to the nightclub's standard, they were refused entry.

Some young girls took pride in securing entry to the nightclub. Not only could they admire the attractive crowd, but they also had a

Chapter 1203 Wynters Here

chance to meet famous influencers and celebrities.

Plus, the second floor was teemed with wealthy individuals boasting assets worth over 100 million. If they could manage to hook up with a wealthy man, they would be promised a life of ease and luxury!

However, the once vibrant nightclub was now caught up in an accident. The road was packed with police cars, and videos of the crime scene quickly went viral online.

Even those uninterested became aware of the news, let alone a

passing Wynter.

When Fabian asserted that she was the root of the conflict, Wynter

decided to visit the Whitmans for a resolution.

Given Marie's illness following the abduction, Wynter doubted that her

mother had been aware of the feud between the two families.

Wynter couldn't help but wonder how a fragment of Marie's soul ended up in the hotel's basement. Based on her theory, she

speculated that the mastermind intended to drive a wedge between

the Quinnells and Whitmans.

However, Wynter felt that her postulation was flimsy upon taking

Declan's incident into account.

She doubted they painstakingly formulated a plan just for Declan to seize control of the Quinnell family. It seemed more plausible if they involved the Whitmans in their scheme.

With her chin propped in her palm, Wynter fell lost in her thoughts while listening to Dalton's phone conversation. Suddenly, the car

came to a halt.

"It seems there's been an accident up ahead. The entire lane is closed,

came the driver's report.

Benjamin Leigh, the driver, was a local sent by Desmond.

Peering ahead, Benjamin mused aloud with a thick accent, "How strange. This part of town has never seen such heavy traffic before."

Wynter raised a brow as her gaze fell onto the police cars outside. The scene was cordoned off with barricade tapes, with a forensic doctor in attendance. The sight was uncommon for a standard police deployment.

Wynter instantly deduced that a murder had occurred. However, she doubted that anyone would risk committing a crime in a place under constant surveillance and bustling with crowds.

Relying on her past experiences, she instinctively lifted her head. Frustrated, the drivers started blaring their horns impatiently.

Confused, Benjamin attempted to step out to inspect the situation. when he heard Wynter asking him a question.

"What's that building?" she asked.

Despite his irritation with the traffic, Benjamin replied respectfully, "It's the Hawford Financial Center, Ms. Quinnell."

"You might not be familiar since it's your first time in the city, but that place houses numerous finance companies worth over 100 million. See that building across? That's Hawford's famous stock exchange."

Wynter closed her eyes, seemingly deep in thought. A three-

dimensional layout of the crime scene and its surrounding buildings. materialized in her mind. When she opened her eyes once more, she noticed the car had slightly moved.

Wynter shifted her gaze and questioned, “What about that majestic building?”

“Oh, that? That nightclub has been the youngsters’ favorite! It’s been all the rage for the past two years.

“You should’ve seen the crowd flocking in. My daughter wanted to check it out and asked for my money, but I refused.

“Call me conservative, but I don’t think young girls should visit such places often. If you’re interested, you can ask Mr. Yarwood to

accompany you. Just don’t go alone as it’s dangerous,” Benjamin advised.

Wynter chuckled in response. “I’ve been there a few times. It’s quite decent under normal circumstances.”

As soon as she spoke, Dalton seemingly finished his conversation

and removed his Bluetooth earbud. He looked at her, his face

charming and elegant, and asked, “You’ve been there a few times?”

When Wynter affirmed, Dalton didn’t seem bothered. Instead, he

teased, “To think you’ve even gone to such places. Your business

interests truly span various industries. Have you also paid for the

male escorts then, Dr. Genius?”



Wynter answered truthfully, “It’s something you have to experience at least once. It’s one of the privileges of being a wealthy woman.”

“Oh? You sound quite used to this,” Dalton hummed as he caressed

his scarlet rosary bracelet. Though his face was as handsome as ever, his eyes remained cold.

It seemed that Wynter’s interests never changed. Perhaps, he should praise her for her commitment.

Sensing the awkward tension within the car; Benjamin quickly gave a soft cough.

He shot a glance at Wynter through the rearview mirror, signaling her to show some restraints. After all, it didn’t seem appropriate to

discuss male escorts in front of her fiancé.

Unfortunately, Wynter failed to recognize his cues and posed another

question instead. “Mr. Leigh, you mentioned your daughter is

interested in that nightclub. What makes it so special?”

“Can’t say I understand what the youngsters find appealing. However,

this place does offer a sensation of luxury and extravagance.

“It might look nothing out of the ordinary right now, but when night falls, this street will be lined with branded sports cars,” Benjamin

replied while steering the car toward a different path.

Wynter smirked as she pictured Benjamin's description. "The owner has a good head for business. It seems they have some powerful backers."

"Indeed. Even the Wray family has their stake in it," Benjamin remarked.

Hearing that, Wynter gazed out of the window once more and instructed, "Stop the car. Mr. Yarwood and I are going for a walk."

Benjamin did as he was told. Once the car pulled over to the roadside, Wynter realized there was more to the crime scene than met the eye.

Chapter 1204 Best Friends

"Make way. Everyone, please make way."

The police were doing their best to maintain order at the scene.

However, the incident had occurred at a well-known location, which naturally attracted a large crowd of onlookers. The fact that the report was made by several female college students only added to

the intrigue.

"What happened?"

"I'm not sure. I heard someone jump off the building."

"Why did they jump?"

"The final statement is not out yet. The person just got taken away. They probably didn't make it."

Wynter lifted her gaze and looked over amidst the murmurs around

her. Through the crowd, she saw several girls crying as Joanne Grande, a policewoman, comforted them.

“Don’t be afraid. We’ll get to the bottom of this.”

The eyes of one of the girls were red from crying. “Officer, we never expected this to happen in such a short time. She drank too much. last night. We were just out to have fun together.”

The girls seemed distraught. Joanne knew that no one could remain calm in situations like this.

“Do you have the contacts of the victim’s family? We need to get in

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touch with them.”

The girls shook their heads upon hearing this.

“Vanny rarely mentioned her family. She didn’t seem very close to her parents.”

“Yeah. All I know is that she said she was from the north of Cascadia, and her parents were farmers. She envied the lifestyles we have here.”

“If we had known this would happen, we wouldn’t have brought Vanny along. It was her birthday yesterday. She said she’d never been to a bar before and wanted us to show her.”.

“She also said that her life at home was tough, and she just wanted to have some fun and ideally meet some scions along the way. Of course, she might have been joking. We often joke like that.

“But we thought we might as well fulfill her wish on her birthday since we’d all be graduating soon and wouldn’t see each other much anymore.”

The girls spoke sincerely, and it did sound like something close friends often said to each other. After all, there were jokes going around online that real besties would get male escorts for each other.

Joanne wasn’t quite sure how to respond. The girls in front of her were still students. She wanted to remind them to avoid such places in the future, but bars and nightclubs had become so mainstream.

Furthermore, since they weren’t minors, she had no way to interfere. They might even think that she was just old-fashioned if she were to lecture them.

“I smoke, drink, and go to nightclubs. But that doesn’t stop me from

being a good lady.” Everyone had seen this saying before. There was no way to argue against it.

Joanne opened her mouth before hesitating. Instead, she started to

write down parts of the statement and notified her colleagues to contact Vanessa’s family as soon as possible.

The interaction was observed by Wynter. Her gaze fixed on the girls’ faces and never wavered. Every word they said was true. But when pieced together, Wynter felt an inexplicable sense of discord.

What exactly was it? Their expressions revealed nothing. Yet, something about it made Wynter uneasy.

Ah, that was it. It was condescending.

True friends wouldn’t belittle each other. Yet, these girls had subtly implied several things.

Firstly, it was that Vanessa had a poor relationship with her family and looked down on them for being poor farmers. The second was that she wanted to come to the bar to find a wealthy and attractive man out of vanity.

They were intentionally belittling Vanessa!

Chapter 1205 Not Guilty

“We’ve already notified the victim’s family. They should be here soon. You girls have to wait a bit longer since you were the ones who

reported the incident,” Joanne said as she moved aside, eager to gather more information.

Wynter’s gaze darkened, but she didn’t leave her spot. She was more interested in these girls than the crime scene itself.

The police would soon be able to determine the cause of death. The initial assessment suggested suicide. Given the way Vanessa fell, they could quickly trace it back by checking the floors above.

That was indeed the case. The bar manager looked troubled as he stood there.

“Honestly, we get thousands of customers every day. There’s no way to keep track of a drunk girl’s whereabouts. We can’t control where people go or who they go home with, right?

“You have no idea. Sometimes people at bars get drunk, hit it off, and hook up just like that. We can’t just stop that from happening.

“Also, nobody knows why she went up to that floor. Now there’s all this talk online about our bar being unsafe. We really hope the truth comes out soon.”

The scene remained chaotic. Onlookers continued to gather in large numbers. Trying to maintain order in such a busy city center proving to be extremely difficult.

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Vanessa’s body was still covered with a white cloth and had not been

taken away yet. Experts had doubts about the cause of death, and the police were still searching for clues.

Wynter wasn't the type to meddle in others' business. With the police involved, it was only a matter of time before the case was solved.

However, this building gave her an unsettling feeling. It felt like it harbored a long-standing resentment or something else entirely.

Furthermore, Benjamin mentioned earlier that this was the Wray family's property.

Wynter's gaze returned to the girls' faces. They were exchanging subtle glances, and their expressions were hard to read.

Joanne was too busy and hadn't noticed this. Her colleague was upstairs reviewing the surveillance footage and would communicate any findings with her.

Joanne listened intently to the voice in her earpiece before asking, "Did a male escort buy you girls drinks last night?"

"Oh, he didn't buy it for us. It was for Vanny. They were already talking when we came back from the restroom."

"Yeah. Vanny thought he was a scion and seemed quite shy about it."

Upon hearing this, Joanne held up her phone. "Is it this man?"

The girls shook their heads.

Joanne showed them another picture. "What about this?"

"It's him." The girls nodded their heads firmly.

Suddenly, a soft voice interrupted.

“Why did Vanessa think he was a scion, but you didn’t? It seems like you girls already knew he was a male escort. Do you girls know him? Wynter asked while she wore her work badge.

Joanne wanted to warn Wynter not to interfere with the police

investigation. However, upon seeing the emblem on her work badge she suddenly fell silent.

The girls were momentarily stunned when faced with such a straightforward question.

Wynter approached the girls. Her stunning beauty along with a strong sense of authority created an overwhelming presence.

The girls were left flustered, as if Wynter had disrupted the flow of their story.

But soon, one of the girls spoke up, “We’re different from Vanny. It was her first time at Club Solstice, but we’ve been here several times Sky is the top male escort here. We’ve seen him before.”

Joanne nodded at Wynter, indicating that the girls weren’t lying.

However, she was taken aback by the presence of the Special Unit who were typically reserved for inexplicable cases and known for their unpredictable actions.

Chapter 1206 Use Money to Settle Problems

But this case seemed like a suicide on the surface. Was there more

to it?

Upon closer consideration, it didn’t make sense. Vanessa was a

young girl in the prime of her life and was a college student who was about to graduate.

Why would she jump off a building without a reason? What she experienced before her death was the crux of the case!

“I apologize. I’ve misunderstood. Wynter quickly adapted and smiled at the girls with a hint of embarrassment. “I’ve just graduated and started working, so I find it unfortunate. It’s hard to believe she would jump off like that “

The girls looked at her and thought Wynter wasn’t familiar with her work. They also saw Joanne glancing at her earlier.

“She’s probably feeling a lot of pressure. We don’t know the specifics But Vanny would sometimes complain that her hometown was too poor, and she didn’t want to go back.

“However, she also didnt know what she could do in Hawford, either We aren’t sure

Wynter followed the flow of their conversation. “So, you’re saying that she...”

“There aren’t things we wanted to bring up because it’s not very flattering. Vanny had some extreme ideas lately because she wanted to stay in Hawford. She was pretty and was hoping she could make

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use of that to stay.”

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “Is that why you girls introduced this work.

to her?”

“No, we didn’t. It was her own idea to find someone wealthy,

preferably a scion. She was fine with them being older too, as long as he treats her well.”



Rosaria Rowe, one of the girls, took her phone out and showed Wynter some chat records on her phone to convince Wynter.

In one message, Vanessa had written, “I really envy those women. who marry rich guys and don’t have to work.”

Joanne was at a loss for words upon seeing the text.

Wynter’s eyes flickered slightly, but she didn’t speak further.

While Rosaria was showing her the phone, Wynter inadvertently noticed a notification from a women’s club reminding her of an

upcoming repayment appointment.

Rosaria noticed Wynter’s gaze and smiled awkwardly. “I had a nose. job before. I was going to have it adjusted today.”

She sighed as she spoke, “None of us expected Vanny to do something like this. I’ll cancel my appointment with them first.”

From a logical standpoint, Vanessa’s death did seem unrelated to them, and they were not prepared for it. If there had been any premeditation, Rosaria wouldn’t have scheduled these cosmetic procedures for today.

Wynter glanced at Rosaria’s face. She tapped on her phone with her

The Money to Settle Problem

slender fingers before giving Joanne a meaningful look.

Joanne nodded slightly and turned back to the girls. “We’ll need your assistance in providing a detailed statement. We have to record

everything thoroughly.”

Things were unlikely to settle down quickly after such a chaotic event.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged man was in a panic in Kenton’s office. He was far removed from the usual composed demeanor he had shown in the news. His tie was askew, and he was sweating profusely.

“Kenton, what do we do now? You have to help me!”

“What do we do now? I want to know that, too!”

Kenton was more frustrated than anyone. The bar was under his name, and several departments were already on his case.

Fortunately, he was just an investor and had left a subordinate in charge, or Wray Group’s stocks could have been affected.

“I told people to repeatedly warn you guys not to go overboard. This isn’t overseas! And you! What have you done? You drove someone to their death!”

Kenton pounded the table in anger. “I’ve said it so many times. When something goes wrong, use money to settle it. Why didn’t you listen?”

Chapter 1207 Wynter and the Whitmans Shall Not Meet

The person who was getting scolded was Diluc Huddleston, a new

member of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce.

He was well-connected in the venture capital circle and had

previously been recognized as a philanthropic entrepreneur.

Diluc's face was pale at this moment. "I told her I'd give her money, but she wouldn't listen. She kept moving backward. I'm innocent. Why am I so unlucky? Everyone else was fine."

He wasn't the only one who went to the VIP room last night.

"It's too late to be saying this now," Kenton said with experience. "The

police will eventually find out about you. We need to come up with a

plan. First of all, you can't be freaking out like this."

Diluc

was slightly confused.

Kenton patted his back. "Think about your usual image. It's not uncommon for young women to be attracted to you.

"That girl was clearly infatuated with Sky last night. It was caught by

the surveillance camera. She could have mistaken you for him.

"Even if she didn't, she could have just been attracted to you. A one-

night stand wouldn't be out of the question."

"But how do I explain the fact that she wanted to jump off the building as soon as she woke up?" Diluc wasn't stupid. He quickly spotted the key issue.

Kerton narrowed his eyes. "Think carefully. You mentioned earlier that her first reaction wasn't to call for help when she woke up. She

didn't walk forward she backed away. She accidentally fell

“It was indeed an accident. I even tried to pull her back. The surveillance cameras outside should have captured that.” Diluc remembered vividly that Vanessa fell because she kept walking

backward.

Kenton quickly came up with a plan. “Do you remember when your mistress claimed that she was pregnant with your child and tried to

force you into marriage?

“When the police question you, stick to the story that she was your extramarital affair. She recognized you last night. Got it? The rest will

be taken care of

Diluc’s eyes darkened upon hearing his plan. I understand.

“Alright. Now go. There are no surveillance cameras on this route, so

it won’t leave any record of you

‘Have your lawyer voluntarily contact the police and offer to provide information. It’s better if you come forward than be found out. You can deflect suspicion this way”

Centon continued with a sinister expression, “Besides, her death has nothing to do with you. This could have been easily resolved. Yet, she

hose to jump ‘

hanks to Vanessa, his bar was getting dragged into the mess

Women who couldn’t handle it but still frequented nightclubs were

sally troublesome.

“Don’t worry, I know what to say Diluc’s face showed no tre quilt any longer, only impatience at the trouble,

He added, “You need to be prepared if you’re going to play clearly someone who couldn’t handle it but didn’t say anything have Mr. Boyd prepare everything”

Kenton nodded, “The Boyd family doesn’t tolerate idleness. I up information about a girl is simple. Make sure they hurry so i doesn’t affect the upcoming conference.

“Rest assured. As a member of the Southern Cascadia Cham Commerce, your annual contributions to construction projects no one will make things too difficult for you over a personal m Their eyes met, and it was clear they had formulated a plan.

As he drove past the bar, Diluc still felt unlucky that this had happened to him. He decided to have Yvette give him a proper reading when he had the time.

Kenton wouldn’t allow his allies to fall during such a crucial time. T Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce was almost within his grasp. He wouldn’t let a minor issue disrupt his plans.

“Find out where that girl from the Quinnell family is. By right, she should be figuring out how to reach out to the Whitmans now. Find a way to prevent them from meeting before the conference.”

Chapter 1208 Slanderous Attacks on Our Bar

“Understood,” the bodyguards behind Kenton said before immediately heading downstairs.

Kenton was still unaware that Wynter had not gone to the Whitmans but had instead already entered Club Solstice.

Wynter was sitting in the same spot where Vanessa had sat earlier. She looked up, and her eyes reflected a thoughtful change.

Surveillance cameras were everywhere and unhidden. It was as if the bar didn’t care about them being seen, almost intentionally so.

Wynter followed her train of thought and continued forward.

“Hey, you! I’m talking to you. This area is off-limits. How did you get in here?” Jeffrey Griffith, a security guard from the bar, spoke.

He hadn’t realized that Wynter had connections with the police. He assumed that she was one of those bloggers who snuck in for some online clout.

Whether she was a blogger or reporter, it was still problematic. Only the police had the right to investigate. Others were not allowed to malign the bar.

Vanessa jumping off the building had caused a huge commotion. As an employee in the bar, Jeffrey feared that the bar would be shut down.

The police had already suspended operations for rectification and had told them it would take at least three days before they could

reopen.

Although Vanessa had jumped from the building next door, she had indeed visited Club Solstice before she died. She also appeared to have drunk quite a bit.

Upon hearing this, Wynter turned her gaze toward Jeffrey.

Jeffrey was momentarily stunned by her appearance. If she had come to their bar, many scions would surely compete to buy her drinks.

Behind Wynter stood Dalton, who drew even more attention. His demeanor was cold and noble. He had a pair of deep, inscrutable eyes that gave off an air of superiority. Ordinary people wouldn’t be able to handle him at all.

Even though they were both men, Jeffrey couldn’t help but gasp. He knew that the wealthy women who frequented the bar were most enamored with men like Dalton.

If he could get these two to work at the bar for the night scene

be set for life!

At that moment, pretty privilege was vividly evident.

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Jeffrey's face shifted from a scowl to a smile. "Hey, what are you two up to? Didn't you see the security line over there? How did you

convince them to let you in?"

Dalton raised an eyebrow and was about to speak when Wynter placed a hand on his wrist and made a shushing gesture with her other hand. "We snuck in because we were curious about the situation."

"Young lady, you

shouldn't be curious about these things," Jeffrey

said while glancing around. "You better leave before they notice you. If you want to come to the bar, you can come back in three days."

Upon hearing this, Wynter's tone became subtly intrigued. "Three days? Can the bar reopen that soon? I heard there was a big incident."

"There will always be a higher-up to handle it no matter how big the issue. Besides, everyone entering and exiting the bar here is either rich or well-connected. Honestly, no one would dare cause trouble for

a girl in front of so many witnesses.

Jeffrey waved his hand dismissively before continuing. "That girl.

while pretty, wasn't notable enough to stand out here. Most who come here are willing participants. They are not forced."

Wynter detected a hint of disdain in Jeffrey's tone toward the girls

who frequented the bar.

"But I heard she was forced to drink. That's why the incident

happened. Wynter feigned ignorance to provoke a response from Jeffrey.

"Where did you hear about it? That's nonsense. No one has ever been

forced to drink at our bar."

Jeffrey scoffed. "You're kidding me. I've worked here for three years. The girls who come here either get brought in by someone or are strikingly attractive.

"Young lady, someone like you would be welcome at the bar, but

some can't come in even if they wanted to.

In these few sentences, Wynter picked up on something crucial.

Forcally people needed to be brought a by someone else to gain

Chapter 1209 Top Earner

Wynter recalled the girls' testimony from earlier. "We're different from

Vanny. It was her first time at Club Solstice, but we've been here.

several times. Sky is the top male escort here. We've seen him before.



Wynter hadn't thought much of this statement at that time as it seemed like a normal response.

But now, as she considered the situation and Jeffrey's comments, she realized that Vanessa likely entered the bar thanks to regular customers bringing her in.

The girls all went to the bathroom simultaneously right after bringing Vanessa into the bar. Could it really be a coincidence?

Wynter chatted a little longer with Jeffrey and gathered quite a bit of information from him.

As she was about to leave, Jeffrey asked, "Would you and your friend be interested in working here at the bar? The pay is very good. It's one thousand a day, and this is still excluding commissions."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Us? But we're still students. Is that okay?"

Dalton, who hadn't been a student in ages, shot Wynter a meaningful glance.

Wynter signaled him to cooperate.

Dalton chuckled softly and shook his head, his gaze full of indulgence.

"Of course you can. We like hiring students here."

Jeffrey was starting to warm up to the conversation. To him, Wynter and Dalton were undoubtedly his potential goldmines.

"Grades don't matter as long as you're attractive. You can make more money than you can count.

"Especially your friend here. He could easily make three to four

thousand a day, if not more. Plenty of wealthy women would buy him drinks.

“Look at our top earner, Sky. He makes more money than most people see in a lifetime.”

A gleam appeared in Wynter’s eyes upon hearing the name Sky. “You mean my friend here looks better than Sky?”

“Much better! It’s mainly that rare, captivating presence he has!” Jeffrey had run out of superlatives, hoping to recruit them.

Wynter’s smile widened. “I agree. He would definitely be the top earner in no time if my friend here got into the business.”

“Exactly! It seems that we share that opinion. So, when can you start-

Before Jeffrey could finish, Dalton interrupted. His voice was calm yet detached. “Do I look like I need money?”

“Huh?” Jeffrey looked bewildered.

Wynter looped her arm through Dalton’s. “Don’t mind him. He gote shy. We’ll get back to you about the ich

schedule. We’ll be in touch.”

She made a phoning hand gesture to Jeffrey in a practiced manner as she walked out. If one didn’t know, it would seem like she was very familiar with such places. It almost seemed like she was a recruiter.

Dalton, being pulled along, lowered his gaze slightly. His gaze rested on Wynter’s head. He suppressed the urge to tie her up as he contemplated ways to correct her long-standing habits.

Yet, Wynter seemed oblivious to the gravity of the situation. She even looked a little excited. “That security guard has great taste. I also think you’d be a huge hit if you work in the nightclub.”

“You seem very pleased,” Dalton remarked, his voice tinged with amusement. He leaned in, his breath warm on Wynter’s ear. “Do I need to remind you that, officially, you’re still my fiancée?”

Wynter paused and glanced to the side. Now was the perfect time to change the subject. “Why do you think the victim jumped?”

“Anything can happen in a bar. People could be drunk, confused,

disoriented, or not even aware of their own—state of mind. But I lean toward the idea that there was someone present when she jumped,” Dalton replied.

Chapter 1210 How to Identify a Scumbag

Dalton’s deduction skills had always been quite formidable. It was on par with Wynter’s, and she knew this.

Otherwise, as someone who had navigated the realms of society for so many years without ever being caught, Wynter wouldn’t have lost her modified laptop when dealing with the Gibsons back in Riverburg. It was all due to Dalton’s tracking.

“I also believe there was someone else involved.” Wynter pulled her gaze back, and a faintly sinister smirk played on her lips. “It looks like we’ll have to focus on those few girls, as well as their top earner, Sky.”

No one would want to see anyone dead. In a bar, one could wake up and cause a scene, demanding compensation for being slept with.

However, the nature of the situation changed when it involved a person’s death.

As the person who handed the drink to Vanessa, Sky had become the focal point of the investigation. Unlike those few female students, Sky was brought in as a suspect.

Through the interrogation room’s window, Sky was visibly agitated and panicked. Nevertheless, e insisted he had only had a few drinks

with Vanessa and hadn’t done anything else.

“These are the rules of our profession. We can’t ignore any

customers, have to greet everyone who comes in, and have quotas to

hit. What are we there for if the customers don't drink?"

What Sky said wasn't wrong. But there was o

up.

Wynter glanced at Joanne beside her, indicating that she would take over the questioning.

"If it's about quotas, why didn't you choose other wealthy ladies instead? Why pick a seemingly inexperienced university student like her?"

"You're the top earner. Such a customer isn't worth you personally serving her drinks."

Sky listened to Wynter with a sense of resignation. "This is really just a misunderstanding by the public. Being a top earner sounds good, but the actual earnings are just average.

bar is very strict. We aren't allowed to accept gifts privately from clients, nor are we permitted to develop personal relationships with them. It could affect our reputation.

Moreover, the image they've assigned to me at the bar has always been gentle and soothing. The ones who are actually spending the most money aren't those wealthy ladies. You can check my clientele.

They're mostly in their 20s. It's because we share common topics due to our close age gaps. Also, those wealthy ladies either have husbands or complicated relationships. I'm afraid I won't be able to handle them."

He's telling the truth." Joanne pushed the document toward Wynter. here are the details of the customers he has attended to recently.

While there are some older ones, they usually don't come back for me after meeting him twice. Besides, the overall spending is pretty

consistent

“So, are girls in their 20s the ones who spend inconsistently?” Wynter immediately caught on to the key point. She glanced at Sky in the interrogation room again.

He had very fair skin and a cool, slightly decadent look. He was dressed like someone wealthy, and his appearance had a cold. elegance.

“Someone like him would indeed make younger women prone to impulsive spending.” Wynter said.

Joanne shook her head. “Indeed. Those without money would take out loans just to go to the bar and buy drinks for him. The wealthier ones would splurge their money in the bar to compete for his

attention.

“Look at this one. She comes from an ordinary family yet worries that he might be tired from work. She bought a bottle of wine worth ten thousand dollars so that he gets to rest a bit longer at her table. This kind of spending habit...”

There was no way to judge it. Saying more would be overstepping. After all, these were all consensual.

Wynter looked at the chat records. She noticed that Sky preferred to reply to messages at around 4:00 am or 5:00 am.