

Six Brothers 1211

Chapter 1211 How Scumbags Lie

The texts' content was not out of line. In fact, it was very mundane.

The texts starkly contrasted with Sky's image and created a strong sense of disparity. It was as if he could be a man worth committing to for life had he not worked in a nightclub.

For instance, there was a text that said, "Sorry, I just got off work and ordered some takeout. You should be asleep by now, right? Sleep well, goodnight."

There was another text. "Oh, did you go today? I wasn't there today. I was at the hospital with my grandma.

"Why didn't you tell me in advance? Let me know next time you come. I'll arrange my schedule for you."

Moreover, he was always gentle and respectful to everyone. He even refused when someone tried to transfer money to him privately.

His message read, "I don't like you coming to the bar, but this is my job. Don't transfer any money to me anymore. Save it for yourself. Aren't you about to graduate? Take good care of yourself, silly."

He really knows how to play the game." Wynter scoffed.

Having established the dark web herself, she had seen many such conversations. Talking to several people at once and pretending he just saw the messages when he actually just didn't want to reply.

Refusing transfers was a tactic to make the girls come to the bar and spend more on expensive drinks. Otherwise, he would have

met them privately and not have said things like "I don't like you coming to the bar".

It was just a way to keep them hooked. This made the girls feel they were special to him, that he cared for them not because they spent money but because he had genuine feelings for them.

These kinds of players had skilled ways of chatting. It made it difficult to discern their true intentions.

“His clients have a common characteristic,” Wynter remarked.

Joanne was puzzled. “A common charesteric? Are there others besides their age?”

Joanne looked over the documents again. The girls were extremely different. Some were rich and beautiful, others had average looks and came from modest backgrounds.

Their behaviors varied. They came from different regions, had no shared interests or fashion styles, and didn’t belong to the same category at all.

“Yes. All of them lack love.” Wynter looked up and fixed her gaze on a spot. “They were initially attracted to Sky’s looks at the bar. The real emotional attachment developed when they added him on social

media and started chatting.”

Following Wynter’s train of thought, Joanne went through the chat logs again. “Indeed. It seems like they only started talking a month after meeting.”

And somehow, these girls started treating Sky like a boyfriend. Was it just her imagination?

Wynter chuckled. “Don’t ignore your intuition. Online chatting can easily create a sense of dependence.

“Imagine if someone cared about your happiness every day. They would ask if you’d eaten and spoke to you in a doting tone. How would you feel?”

“I would think he’s interested in me,” Joanne blurted out instinctively. She quickly corrected herself when she realized the setting. “I mean...”

Wynter, however, praised her, “Exactly. The other girls would think the same. Even if he never explicitly says anything and keeps

emphasizing that they’re just friends.

“However, the hints of affection he subtly drops make it feel like he’s waiting for them to break the ice.

“A lot of girls in this situation would think he’s working hard because his family has fallen on hard times, and that he’s trying to take care of his grandmother.

“Whether it was the truth or not, no one knows.”

Chapter 1212 The Art of Gaslighting

“He might really have a sick grandmother, but the way he presented it is suspicious. You must be cautious when a man deliberately evokes your sympathy.

“He’s trying to deceive you, whether it’s emotionally or financially. Sky is obviously the latter.

“The clients would stay hooked only when he strings them along. It makes them return to the bar over and over again.

“There was even a girl who got into a fight for him at the bar. His gaslighting skills are considered intermediate.”

Gaslighting? Joanne’s expression shifted and suddenly became much more serious.

Wynter’s smile grew wider. “The top earner at the bar seems to have quite a depth of knowledge. It’s worth investigating this bar thoroughly.”

Wynter glanced at Sky, who was still in a frenzy. She then spoke calmly, “He’s quite clever. He’s more than his good looks.”

Upon hearing this, Dalton, who was standing beside her, raised an eyebrow.

His slender fingers paused momentarily, and his gaze followed before he spoke in a low tone, “Since when are you

someone like that?

Dalton the

charisma. What was so charismatic about someone like Sky?

Wynter didn’t catch his words. “What did you say?”

“Nothing.” Dalton returned his gaze to her. “Investigate thoroughly.

Stop focusing on insignificant matters. Your taste still needs.

refinement.”

Wynter was puzzled at the sudden disdain.

“Since he’s more than his good looks, then his recent performance. was just an act.” Dalton raised his gaze casually. “Perhaps we should review the surveillance footage again.”

That was Wynter’s intention as well. The two of them were back on

the same page again. She knew that with Dalton’s sharp mind, he

would definitely understand what she intended to do.

It wasn’t just due to Sky’s testimony. After noticing the surveillance

cameras that were located everywhere inside the bar, Wynter felt the need to review the surveillance footage again.

In fact, the police were also trying to find clues from the surveillance footage. Oddly enough, everything appeared normal. Each frame.

matched the statements given by the girls.

“The bar has been very cooperative. They submitted the surveillance footage from inside promptly.

“However, the cameras aren’t positioned closely enough. We can’t discern what they were saying or analyze it from the footage,” Tristan Bray, the officer in charge of the footage, informed.

Wynter listened intently as her gaze fixed on the screen. “Wait. Slow it down here.”

Tristan replied, “When she stood up?”

“Fast forward it a little. Focus on Sky, and enlarge his image,” Wynter continued.

Tristan didn’t quite understand why Wynter, who was sent by the higher-ups, was so interested in Sky.

According to their investigation, Sky didn’t have the time to commit the crime. After all, for a long time after Vanessa left, he wasn’t alone. Moreover, two girls also ended up in a fight for him yesterday.

Although he did tend to gaslight his clients as evident from the chat *ecords, he had done it for money, just like he admitted earlier.

From a career perspective, Sky had no reason to sabotage his own lients. After all, they were all already obsessed with him. All he

eeded to do was to keep up with his image.

lowever, when the footage paused, Wynter leaned in. Her clear eyes eemed as though she could see through everything. “Enlarge it

urther! Focus on his ears and enhance the image.”

ne technicians maneuvered the mouse, and the clicking sounds ere incessant.

eryone in front of the monitor froze as they saw the image. Even eir breathing started pacing.

ere it was! An earpiece!

Chapter 1213 Nothing Escapes Wynter’s Eyes

There were people with different opinions. “It’s normal for nightclub staff to wear earpieces inside the ber.”

Wynter chuckled softly. Tm not saying it’s abnormal. It’s just that this might be our breakthrough.”

“What do you mean?”

Wynter gestured for them to look at the surveillance footage. “Countless cameras are recording every movement of everyone in this bar

‘That’s what we see on the surface. Hence, it’s our first instinct to check the surveillance. There’s nothing wrong with that.

The problem is that the bar handed over the surveillance footage to you in -advance. It's as if they had everything prepared."

Wynter pointed at the enlarged image on the monitor. These aren't ordinary earpieces. They have strong anti-interference capabilities, so they would have backup archives.

'Since the surveillance footage is preserved so well, we can assume that whatever Sky said that day was recorded as well. We need to find a way to get our hands on it'

Some of the officers were a little puzzled. How did Wynter know so much about communication devices?

But of course, she knew. It was part of Wynter's job. She had been involved in building security nets. She had knowledge of them since some of the

equipment came from the dark web.

Not everyone in the team knew Wynter's identity. The higher-ups only mentioned that she was there to help with the investigation. It appeared now that she was indeed a specialist in this.

Plus, as someone who had both medical and legal expertise, Wynter's eyes were sharper than anyone's.

'Also, the victim's walking posture seemed peculiar after she got up. People's movements may be unsteady when under the influence, and their legs may be

pea Wylers Eye

shaky, but they wouldn't exhibit the kind of behavior she did.

"From the footage, it seems like she was walking with self-awareness, but I'm inclined to believe she was unconscious of it.

"Has the forensic department conducted any analysis? Or are the victim's family refusing an autopsy?"

“We’ve contacted her family, and they are on their way here now. It’ll take some time.”

Wynter glanced at the time on her phone, her gaze then settled on the corner where Vanessa had disappeared. “Let’s retrieve the data archive first. Don’t alert anyone.”

Not much time had passed since the incident. The other party likely hadn’t had a chance to delete it yet if there was anything recorded in the data archive.

Judging from the bar’s response, they seemed more concerned about the surveillance footage.

Wynter was experienced in this regard. While others might not realize, she understood better than anyone that while surveillance footage could sometimes provide clues, it could also create illusions.

For instance, the footage might give the impression that Vanessa had disappeared in the corner. However, in reality, she might have simply walked into one of the cameras’ blind spots.

Moreover, these cameras were not stationary. With someone capable of manipulating camera angles, what you saw was exactly what they intended to show you.

Wynter pointed to an empty section of the corridor. “Get the investigation team to check this stretch of pathway. Specifically, investigate whether there are any hidden passages leading to Hawford Financial Center.”

“Hidden passages?”

Wynter nodded. “It can’t be teleportation. A person can’t just inexplicably appear in another building. Yet, the security guard in Hawford Financial Center

is certain that the victim never entered their premises.

“There is also no footage of the victim on their surveillance. That’s why I suspect there might be a hidden passage here.”

A hidden passage? Wasn’t that overly complex? Some of the officers were considering this.

One of them voiced their skepticism, “This isn’t a movie or a TV show. What would a bar gain from having a hidden passage?”

Chapter 1214 A Flock of Lambs

“That’s a great question.” Wynter looked up. “If there really is a hidden passage, we need to think carefully about what the bar is aiming for. The female students who reported the incident may have clues regarding this.”

“The girls?” Some of the police officers were completely puzzled now.

They were failing to follow Wynter’s train of thought. Even if the bar did have a hidden passage, what did that have to do with the girls?

Wynter didn’t rush to explain. She knew that her speculations still needed evidence.

“How’s the investigation into those girls’ interpersonal relationships and financial situations?” She tilted her head and got straight to the point.

Joanne responded diligently, “We’ve already gotten the information. Every one of them has debts currently. Quite a significant amount, too.”

Joanne found it quite surprising after she finished speaking. “What got you to

ask me to check their financial situations in the first place?”

She wondered if the Special Unit’s members had precognitive abilities.

“Did you forget that I looked through one of their phones?” Wynter smiled faintly.

Joanne furrowed her brows. “But her phone didn’t display any financial records.

Wynter shifted through extensive data, multitasking as she answered Joanne’s

query.

“Cosmetic procedures aren’t cheap. Yet, they’ve had more or less some work done on their faces. It’s a current trend, and of course, girls have the right to enhance their beauty.

“A single procedure costs around five to six thousand, excluding the maintenance fees. The results can be a hit or miss, with effectiveness lasting less than six months. In addition, the handbags they use and the clothes they wear are all branded.

ich high expenses are typically beyond what most households can afford. Akyeover, it’s obvious they aren’t locals om Hawford. Their accents don’t match*

Wynter’s gaze shifted toward Joanne. “They don’t seem like scions who have their own credit cards. They came this time to sponge off others’ cards. They were drinking alcohol at bars without paying for it themselves.

“Usually, in such cases, they’re either invited by an influential figure or

someone needing a lively atmosphere. This aligns with what’s confirmed from then statements.

When their income doesn’t meet their current lifestyle, they either find ways to get money from their parents or resort to online loans. There are numerous options available now.”

As Wynter’s voice trailed off, she set down the investigation materials she was holding

She narrowed her eyes and tapped on the desk. A string of data floated in and out of her mind. If one were to describe it her brain now resembled an

exceptionally clear mind map.

Filtering through information, she pieced together the coincidence among these girls from the most fragmented of data.

The girls couldn’t have known each other from the beginning.

Cosmetic clinics, bars, loans. Each person was short of money, and each enjoyed befriending innocent-looking students, especially freshmen.

Wynter opened her eyes abruptly as she thought about this. Her dark eyes glinted.

“Perhaps it really is like a movie. One thing leads to another. The old bringing in the new, and only then will the flock of lambs grow in number.”

Wynter then asked, “Where are their phones?”

Her rapid train of thought left those around her struggling to keep up. “They’ve all been turned in. They’re in the next room.”

Wynter stood up. “Draft an application report. I need to recover the chat logs from all their social media accounts.”

“Recover all the chat logs?” Some of the investigators looked surprised and taken aback. “If there’s a valid suspicion, we can certainly investigate and draft an application report.

“But recovering the chat logs will require the technical team to come over. That might take some time...

Chapter 1215 Club Solstice’s External Agent

Wynter glanced at them. “No need to trouble the technician team. Get them to handle the data archive. I’ll handle the chat logs myself.”

Everyone in the room was rendered speechless. Were all new crime specialists so versatile nowadays?

Joanne, who stood beside Wynter, didn’t speak any further. Instead, she picked up the documents Wynter had placed on the table earlier. She saw that Wynter had written something on the paper.

Joanne’s eyes widened in surprise as she read the words on the paper.

She knew that the Special Unit’s members were extraordinary, but seeing it firsthand was different.

Wynter had only flipped through the pile of documents casually, yet she remembered everything and identified obvious clues.

Joanne had heard of geniuses who could quickly summarize and find patterns among a mass of data. Indeed, the Special Unit was not for ordinary people.

She glanced at the documents again. The word “accomplice” was particularly noticeable. There was a note next to it, saying “business?”

“Joanne, are we really allowing her to restore the chat logs? It’s my first time seeing a non-tech person do it.”

Joanne snapped out of her thoughts. “From what I see, she’s faster than the tech department so far.”

Indeed, in just half an hour, she had uncovered so many clues. Before this, they usually spent ages just watching the surveillance footage.

Who would have thought that Wynter would come and astonish everyone? She monitored ten screens at once, each covering different time periods simultaneously. She was indeed impressive.

“Alright, stop standing here like a mascot. Can you watch eight or nine screens at once?” Joanne asked.

“Even if I wanted to, my eyes wouldn’t allow me. Which team is she from?”

Rub Solstices External Agent

“I have no idea. But I must admit, experts are built differently,” Joanne replied.

“If she actually recovers the chat logs, then she truly is exceptional! She doesn’t even look that old. She’s probably still young, and tech experts don’t usually look like that.”

If Wolf were here, he would demonstrate what true talent meant. Genius had nothing to do with age.

Meanwhile, Wynter connected Hazel Walsh, one of the girls' phones, to a laptop using a data cable. Data transmission and virus implantation were fastest through a data cable.

Her fingers danced swiftly on the keyboard. The scene mesmerized the people watching from outside the window.

"Can she really recover the chat logs?"

Wynter didn't look elsewhere. Her eyes were fixed on the monitor as lines of code continuously appeared.

The phone screen synced with the computer, and social media apps were opened and closed one after another.

Finally, Wynter paused the screen on the most commonly used app for sharing insights—Instagram.

Hazel had posted photos of Club Solstice and some guides. The posts started in March last year.

"Hawford's must-visit bar! Perfect for photos! The vibe is spot on!"

Someone commented, "No way, sis. We can't get in."

It didn't take her long to reply, "Babes, I forgot to mention that they have a face- control policy. DM me if you have the looks and figures. I can get you in without spending a single dime. We can drink together."

Following this lead, Wynter swiftly recovered their chats from Instagram. Hazel seemed to be casually recommending the bar. But in reality, it seemed more like she was an external agent for Club Solstice.

Chapter 1216 Beware of Scams

There was also a very noticeable pattern Hazel only followed girls who looked innocent and were under 23 years old.

As for the rest, she would decline their request and wouldn't even bother recommending Club Solstice to them

Wynter was familiar with the internet and understood various apps promotional strategies. These apps often engaged users by leveraging extensive data for targeted notifications.

Instagram, in particular, was trusted by many and indeed served as an effective platform for inspiration.

However, many posts were crafted to attract attention. For instance, there were captions such as 'Writing novels for nine years! Earn six figures by your 20s! Offering mentorship for \$399 that came along with a bunch of royalty screenshots.

Many people would be amazed and envidus. This was especially true for housewives and college students who might be tempted to try

However, after paying for the mentorship, they would end up taking a bunch of useless courses and barely making any money.

It might seem as if they were making money. But in reality, anyone who wrote 100 thousand words per month would make a few bucks, regardless of mentorship.

The writing industry relied on individual insight. If one believed they were a genius in this field, no famous author was taught their way to success.

If one was not a genius and wanted to try their hand in this field, they should read more and start writing directly.

Ultimately, they would be told that success depended on their own

comprehension ability.

Firstly, royalty screenshots could be falsified easily with editing software. Secondly, individuals earning six figures per month typically prioritized their own writing over teaching others.

meone attempted to expose this, they often faced backlash from a community that defended these individuals, claiming they were assisting newcomers and dismissing the criticism as envy.

However, few considered that charging money for these services was not genuine assistance but rather a business transaction.

People tended to blindly follow and admire someone influential, believing and respecting everything they said

This was the case in Hazel's comment section. Despite warnings that there was no such thing as a free lunch, many still believed and strongly defended. her. This phenomenon was not uncommon these days.

Wynter reviewed the comments and eventually identified two other accounts.

These two accounts appeared to be familiar with Hazel. Otherwise, they wouldn't have assisted in generating such a buzz. This was merely Wynter's

intuition.

The clues were starting to resurface. These two accounts' owners had the same job as Hazel.

Wynter's gaze darkened as she skimmed through the comments. Her fingers.

moved even faster.

Instantly, the girls' texts popped up. The latest messages were from early this

morning.

The first text was from Hazel. "Vanny has already drunk that glass of wine. I'm curious to see how different she'll be from her usual self."

Very quickly, Adrina Seth followed. “She acts so pure and innocent all the time. She never goes out when we ask her to. But her eyes were practically glued to Sky as soon as he showed up. She’s so fake!”

Rosaria replied to Adrina, “Who cares? Let her be as fake as she wants. What’s important is that she was the chosen one. We’ll benefit from it. Let’s go. shopping once we get our commission!”

“I’ve scheduled a mesotherapy session. can finally pay off the amount I owed

last time I went,” Hazel texted.

Adrina continued with a question. “What if Vanny reports to the police

afterward?”

Hazel answered Adrina’s text, “Let her. It was obvious to everyone that she was willing.

“Is she going to be unhappy when she realizes it’s a different guy she slept with? She’s the one who wanted a scion. Who’s to blame?”

“Vanny is lucky that she was chosen. Those people are big shots. They are not people we can meet under normal circumstances.” Rosaria agreed.

Chapter 1217 Evil Does Evil

Hazel responded, “Exactly. Let her report to the police if she wants to. They won’t suspect us since it has nothing to do with us,

“Even if she reported it, there will be people to handle it. Cases like this are hard to crack. Also, who can prove that she wasn’t willing?

“She is still dreaming of marrying a scion, after all. Alright, enough about this. Let’s delete our chat log. Vanny has been picked. We need to find new targets.”

All the investigators felt a chill run down their spines when these chat logs. synced to the display screen.

The girls who sat behind the glass hadn't even graduated and were merely seniors in college. Yet, they were targeting girls both in person and online. before luring them to bars.

The investigators clenched their fists as they looked at those four young faces. They weren't people who were trying to help out their juniors. They were practically demons!

Wynter wasn't surprised at the revelation. She was merely confirming some of her suspicions. She had sensed something was off when she first saw these girls downstairs.

To proceed with prosecution, solid evidence was needed. Her suspicions weren't enough.

"It's time to ask them who exactly selected the targets and who those big shots are." Wynter stood up, her side profile looking cold and composed.

Her efficiency was so remarkable that the investigators in her team felt a little. on edge.

The girls were still oblivious when they were taken from the rest area to the interrogation rooms. They were all separated into different rooms.

Adrina was visibly anxious as she glanced toward Hazel.

Compared to the other three girls, Hazel was the calmest.

From her perspective, Vanessa's death had nothing to do with her. Vanessa

was just some Joner at school, someone who came from a poor family but acted high and mighty just because a few seniors liked her.

Who didn't know what Vanessa thought? She wouldn't admit that she was just after money but was more excited than anyone when invited to the bar. Yet, she acted all innocent and pure.

Jumping off a building was her own doing. Hazel didn't understand why they had to suffer because of her.

Typically, the most anxious person would be the first to be interrogated . But Wynter had a different approach. Her focus was on Hazel.

Hazel didn't take it seriously when she saw that it was Wynter who

approached. Being an experienced manipulator, she wasn't fazed by such a young interrogator.

Wynter noticed Hazel's attitude and smirked slightly. "I saw your posts on Instagram. It was interesting, especially your promotional pieces for the bar.

"Do you want to experience a scion's life? Then you must visit this bar.' It's well

-written."

Hazel turned a shade paler with each word Wynter spoke.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Club Solstice paid you quite well, didn't they?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. I just like recommending good places online," Hazel explained. "I've recommended more than just that bar. I've also suggested some cafés in Hawford."

Wynter rested her face on one hand, her beauty almost unreal.

"Hazel Walsh, you've portrayed yourself as a scion. You hitch rides for photos, flaunted when you're at your friends' houses, yet you struggle to even afford meals each month.

"When your dad cuts back on your allowance, you question if he should even have had children in the first place if he can't support them.

"Your dad is getting older. You were born in his later years. He works three jobs to put you through school, yet you act like a parasite. You are insatiable."

Chapter 1218 Messing with Wynter

Hazel was furious when Wynter hit the nail on the head. Her face was red from anger yet paled from fear.

She resisted the urge to storm up from the interrogation chair. “Who gave you the right to investigate my personal privacy?”

“Hazel, take a look at where you’re at before you start slamming tables,” Wynter replied calmly. “Who else should we investigate if not a criminal suspect?”

Hazel scoffed. “Since when am I a suspect? You people are just incompetent. Go catch those big shots if you are so capable. What are you arresting me for?

To slander me?

“Vanessa likes jumping off buildings. What’s that got to do with me? I will tell you again—don’t accuse me without evidence!”

“Do I need to remind you of your image as a gentle and caring senior?” Wynter said without any change in her expression.

The investigators who were watching outside had already decided there was no saving Hazel.

Hazel took a deep breath. “I’m just doing outreach work. It’s nothing illegal, right? You are accusing me without any evidence. Is this how you people conduct investigations?”

“You seem convinced that I have no evidence,” Wynter said as she pushed Hazel’s phone forward. “You should be more familiar with these chat logs than

I am.

Hazel’s eyes widened in shock. Her face turned ghostly pale.

Hadn’t she deleted the chat logs? Did the others not delete them? But this was clearly her phone!

Hazel was in disarray. Her previous bravado had vanished. Her hands trembled as she tried to deny it.

However, Wynter spoke before her, “There’s no point in arguing back and forth. The chat logs are clear evidence.

“Vanessa’s death is connected to you. You intentionally brought her into the bar and sold her to the big shots. You also drugged her, didn’t you?”

“...” Hazel’s eyes darted around. “I didn’t want to, either. I was forced into this. I’m just a student with no one to rely on in Hawford.

“The people in the bar threatened me. I didn’t dare to disobey since I was afraid they would harm me if I didn’t comply.”

Wynter smiled upon hearing this. “Oh, really? Who exactly threatened you, then?

“The person in charge. Wait, no! The manager! Our outreach manager. He said he’d come to my school if I didn’t obey,” Hazel said as she glanced at the surveillance camera.

Wynter tapped on the table, as if she was deep in her thoughts.

Hazel thought Wynter believed her and pitifully added, “I didn’t have a choice.

“Also, I did warn Vanny not to drink any alcohol handed to her by random people before we entered the bar. There are surveillance cameras in the bar. You can check them.”

“Hazel Walsh, the issue isn’t with the drinks. It’s the drugs you prepared.” Wynter chuckled softly. “After all, you can’t detect substances in a glass, can you?

“Those involved in illicit activities wouldn’t risk exposing themselves to such easily traceable evidence.”

Wynter stared at Hazel before suddenly leaning toward her. Her presence was suddenly overwhelming.

“You were jealous of Vanessa because the boy you like preferred her. That’s why you wished for her to catch someone’s eye at the bar.”

The disposable paper cup next to Hazel hit the ground. Her heart was pounding.

Wynter must be trying to intimidate her. There was no way she could know her secret! No one knew about this!

“Don’t speak nonsense!” Hazel forced herself to remain calm. “Are the police

handling cases without even considering evidence now?”

Wynter tapped Hazel’s phone. “This is an era where everyone texts. The

internet remembers everything. Did you forget about the messages you left late at night? If you want evidence, I have plenty.”

Chapter 1219 Who Did You See

Technically, Wynter’s Interrogation method didn’t comply with legal standards. However, it was effective enough to get Hazel to confess.

“Yeah, I was envious of her. So what? Were from the same humble

background, yet she acted high and mighty. I’m prettier than her and always dressed in branded clothes.

“So, I don’t understand why I’m considered inferior to her. She might look more innocent, but she also admitted she hoped to snag a rich partner,” Hazel

argued.

With a snicker, she added, “You’re interrogating me like this too, huh? Why don’t you ask the others?”

“I’m sure everyone had gone to the nightclub for the same reason. Vanessa wouldn’t have joined us eagerly too if it weren’t for her own vanity.

“There’s no such thing as a free lunch, but humans are greedy. A little temptation is all it takes to hook them.

“Like the other girls, Vanessa also fantasized about marrying a rich and handsome man. She wouldn’t have taken that leap out of the window if she had slept with Sky.”

Upon catching onto a piece of key information, Wynter calmly questioned, “So, who did she sleep with?”

Stunned, Hazel only realized that she had fallen right into Wynter’s verbal trap and revealed something she shouldn’t. However, it was too late to take back

her words.

Wynter raised her head and instructed, “You’ve heard her. Check the cameras opposite and near the crime scene. There might be some clues.”

Finding the surveillance cameras suspicious, Wynter suggested searching for clues from the footage.

With Hazel confirming the presence of a second individual at the time of Vanessa’s death, Wynter strongly believed the case shouldn’t be dismissed outright as a simple suicide.

Wynter tended to entertain conspiracy theories.

As far as she knew, the Wray family had a stake in Club Solstice. Although they weren’t directly responsible for the nightclub, its meticulous operation and

outward image mirrored their typical approach.

After all, the Wray family was known for their ascent through internal

fundraisings and strategic onboarding.

While the nightclub thrived on its luxurious and extravagant services, the

young women hinted that influential figures had been picking out targets for their own carnal desires.

As Hazel argued, relationships formed within gray areas were difficult to define.

Wynter eagerly concluded the case as murder to prevent the Wray family from scheming under the radar. However, she doubted the Wrays could pull off any

tricks at that moment.

Glancing at the time, Wynter reminded Hazel, “You may choose to remain. silent, but I doubt your friends will do the same. Or perhaps you would like to put your strong friendship to the test.”

In truth, Hazel didn’t share a particularly close bond with her “friends“. They were merely posing as socialites.

Recognizing her chance, Hazel hurriedly confessed, “I’ll tell you what I know. The nightclub has an additional floor—I’m not talking about the floor with private suites, but a higher one.”

She paused briefly and questioned, “Are you sure this will remain confidential?”

Upon Wynter’s assurance, Hazel continued with a gulp, “Only a high-ranking member can access that floor. Normally, I wouldn’t be allowed there. However, I stumbled upon it while searching for the restroom.

“That floor isn’t meant for ordinary people. Though I only caught a glimpse of two individuals, I could tell the rest on that floor were more powerful and influential than the ones I saw.”

Chapter 1220 An Attempt to Guilt Trip Wynter

Wynter looked at Hazel calmly and asked “Who did you see?”

“Someone from the news. Are you really sure this stays confidential ?” Hazel questioned uneasily.

Wynter glanced at the audio recording device and disrupted the audio feed. ” You can say the name now. Who did you see?”

Clenching her fists, Hazel replied softly “One was Braxton Rowland from the local trading association, and the other was from the Southern Cascadia

Chamber of Commerce...”

Hazel’s revelation remained unheard by others. One of the investigators removed the buzzing headphones and swung the door open.

“This goes against the protocols!” they scolded with a stern face.

Wynter retorted calmly, “And according to protocols, you should be leading the investigation yourself.

“Considering its business practices and incidents over the past year, the authorities should’ve conducted a thorough inspection of Club Solstice. Why wasn’t that done?”

The investigators were rendered speechless by Wynter’s inquiry. At that. moment, someone argued indignantly, “There have been no incidents before. We’ve only learned of the situation!”

“Perhaps. However, records found several reports from the same nightclub. I’m sure the officers in that area were aware of the situation and requested to be dispatched.

“Unfortunately, the cases were left unresolved, weren’t they?” Wynter countered

as she rose from her seat.

The investigator was stunned. In truth, they did notice the reports Wynter mentioned while reviewing the records.

“The same thing happened every time. Shouldn’t the nightclub be inspected for such consistent incidents?” Wynter continued.

The investigators felt uneasy at Wynter’s assertion.

Indeed, Club Solstice harbored deep secrets that warranted thorough Investigations, yet every attempt hit a dead end. Obviously, someone in authority had been obstructing further investigations.

Gazing at the investigators, Wynter warned, “Hazel’s silence guarantees her personal safety until the truth is disclosed. But that doesn’t mean she’s

walking away from her crimes.

“Likewise, you’ll face consequences if anything is revealed before the Special Unit’s arrival.”

Hearing that, some of the investigators exchanged shocked glances. At that moment, they finally understood Wynter’s prowess. However, they wondered if members of the Special Unit were as young as her.

Amidst her colleagues’ stunned silence, Joanne remained calm and

composed. Fixing her cap, she locked eyes with Wynter and assured, “Rest assured, we’ll resolve the case.”

“Exactly. If the victim has adamantly refused the other’s advances, there’s no point covering for their crime. No one can escape justice, no matter how powerful they are,” the investigators echoed enthusiastically.

Wynter smiled at their determination and prepared to leave.

Just then, Hazel hurriedly pleaded, “Wait, you can’t just leave! I’ve given an important clue. Surely, that compensates for my errors and grants my release, right?”

Wynter merely cast her a cold glance and stated, "A despicable person like you should learn some lessons behind bars. You'll get to leave once you know it's wrong to leech off others."

Hazel flew into a rage. "You tricked me! And what do you mean by calling me despicable?"

"I know wealthy people like you often look down on those inferior to you. Otherwise, you wouldn't bring up my beggarly dad. Tell me, would you rather have him as your father?

"I just don't understand why he chose to have children in such poor circumstances. Why bring me into this world if he couldn't provide me with a

luxurious life? He's as poor as they come

At that moment, Hazel burst into a haughty laugh. "Do you think you're doing my dad a favor by locking me up? My mom passed away early, and I'm all he has. Instead of being thankful, he'll probably resent you!"