

## Six Brothers 1221

### Chapter 1221 She Feels Sorry For Him

“Once I’m behind bars, he’d be left all alone, alone and ridiculed by our

relatives

“People like you disgust me. Do you think you’re so pompous and righteous to lecture others? One day, you’ll realize your kindness only brought misery to my dad!” Hazel laughed arrogantly.

Disinterested in her rant, Wynter began searching online for the names Hazel disclosed. Shortly after, she turned back to Hazel and asked, “Are you done?”

Her indifference left Hazel dumbfounded,

Tapping her temple in a calm and elegant manner, Wynter commented, “I can never understand the thoughts of someone like you.

“Your dad’s well-being is not my concern. He raised you to be spoiled and entitled. If he’s willing to overlook your crimes, he deserves a harsher life.

“I’m doing the world a favor by locking you up. Just so you know, the world doesn’t revolve around you. It’s time to wake up from your dreams, princess”

While Hazel wore a sour expression at Wynter’s remark, the investigators looked pleased.

Despite being serious about their work, there were times when the investigators wished to retort sharply against the youngsters’ arrogance.

The youngsters often leached off their families while deriding them, even resorting to gaslighting.

Hazel claimed to resent her father, Dylan Walsh, for bringing her into the world without providing her with a luxurious life.

Yet, she overlooked how Dylan constantly indulged her out of love for her, hoping to give her the best life possible.

The investigators had read through Hazel's chat histories. Despite having his doubts, Dylan still asked tentatively, "Why do your tuition fees keep adding up,

Hazel?"

"You know nothing about Hawford! The living expenses in this city are quite

steep. Besides, my school is more expensive than average," Hazel refuted in annoyance.

Dylan stopped inquiring further, merely responding with silence. Sometime later, he texted Hazel again.

His message hinted with joy. "I earned 500 dollars today, Hazel! My boss was king and treated me to a box of cigarettes. He even advised me to get a check-up for my back.

"I'm thinking of doing that before coming to see you in Hawford. You haven't been home this year, and I missed you."

However, Hazel replied impatiently, "Why would you come to Hawford? Just get the health check-up if you want; I'm not stopping you.

"Is it a habit for your generation to complain to your children? It seems that the people online are right about old folks like you. You could've switched on the air conditioner, but you preferred the hand fan instead!"

Dylan kept silent for a moment before sending a voice message, "That's not what I meant, Hazel. I just don't feel the heat. Besides, the electricity bills are high.

"It's just that my back starts acting up if I work too long. I'm thinking of taking a rest and visiting you."

Hazel gave a cruel reply, "Why would you do that? I'm too busy with

assignments. It's hard to find a job nowadays. You should keep working if you can since you'll lose a day's pay if you take a break.

"If you really miss me, send me five thousand dollars. My friends are going on a trip, but I can't afford to join them. It's humiliating, you know?"

Dylan was shocked. "Five thousand dollars for a trip? I can only earn up to 500 dollars a day, Hazel!"

"Then find a way to make more! It's important for my education," Hazel retorted dismissively.

Dylan didn't reply further. In the end, he only managed to earn two thousand dollars and sent it to Hazel. She swiftly accepted the money but complained it wasn't enough.

Dylan might've longed to see his daughter in Hawford, but was it worth the trip

when Hazel was raised as such?

The investigators couldn't help but contemplate the words of wisdom.

Were the older generations inclined to complain, or were the younger

generations simply ignorant of the high costs of living? Alas, their question remained unanswered.

Chapter 1222 A Trap

When Wynter exited the interrogation room, someone swiftly approached her and reported, "A representative from Club Solstice has arrived. It might be difficult to investigate the hidden passage."

"Bring them to me," came Wynter's instruction.

"He's a lawyer representing the nightclub. He seems difficult to deal with," the person added worriedly.

Yet, Wynter flashed a charming smile. “Well, I do enjoy a challenge.”

Minutes later, the group gathered around and took their seats.

Someone started the introduction between the two parties. “Everyone, this Mr. Calvin Adams, a renowned lawyer in Hawford. Mr. Adams, this is the criminologist specialist handling the Club Solstice case.”

Calvin Adams shook Wynter’s hand with a smile before diving into the negotiations. He stated in a professional tone, “I’m Mr. Carlson’s power of

attorney.

“As far as I know, Mr. Carlson has provided all relevant evidence we could possibly offer. As Club Solstice’s manager, it’s detrimental to his reputation to remain detained.

“While we extend our condolences to the late Ms. Chadwick, there’s no

evidence suggesting my client is involved in her death. You are free to question him, but I request for his release after 24 hours.

“Moreover, I reserve the right to pursue legal actions against the slander toward Mr. Carlson and Club Solstice. I do hope you uncover the truth pr

as we intend to issue a formal statement

“Mr. Carlson has a weak heart, and a prolonged interrogation may trigger negative responses. You may verify this with the doctor’s statement.”

As he spoke, Calvin presented a detailed cardiac diagnosis. It appeared quite well-prepared.

Instead of disclosing the fresh leads in the investigation, Wynter retorted calmly. “Why the rush, Mr. Adams? We still have half a day.”

Calvin believed Simon wouldn't reveal anything he shouldn't. In truth, he didn't

intend to bail Simon out

Calvin's visit served two purposes—one was to remind Simon about his backers and ensure his silence on sensitive matters. The other was to gather updates from the police on their investigation if Simon remained detained.

Yet, Wynter withheld any information from Calvin.

He had previously guaranteed his superior that he could resolve the situation, given his familiarity with the standard police procedures. He was certain he could discover something from the timing and the officers' attitude.

However, Calvin felt uneasy when Wynter disrupted his plans. Not only was she young, but she also seemed frivolous. She didn't give off the impression of a crime specialist at all.

Calvin was at a loss. He wasn't certain if Wynter's words implied new evidence or if she was simply bluffing.

At that moment, Wynter instructed, "Prepare some tea for Mr. Adams, and take

him to his client after."

Calvin was dumbfounded. Typically, he would be restricted from meeting his client under such circumstances. And yet, Wynter proposed a meeting before. he could even request it.

Was she not concerned he might exchange code words with Simon? Or was she confident that he wouldn't try anything under surveillance? Maybe it was a trap!

Being as cautious as ever, Calvin instinctively declined Wynter's offer. "Since there's nothing else, I'll wait outside until the time comes."

"Suit yourself." Wynter hummed and prepared to leave.

Seeing her poise and composed demeanor, Calvin instantly regretted his decision and blurted out, “On second thought, maybe I should meet with my client. I’m worried about his health.”

## Chapter 1223 Everything Is Fine

Wynter smiled and gestured to the door, yet her eyes betrayed no secrets.

Calvin couldn’t help feeling that he was tricked, but he lacked substantial evidence. Regardless, he decided to pay Simon a visit.

His superior had tasked him with warning Simon to stay silent on sensitive

matters.

After all, Simon had reneged on his words once. If he slipped up again, the police might cleverly take advantage of it. Calvin knew he had to be cautious.

Moments later, Calvin was led to the visitation room where Simon awaited. Upon meeting Simon, Calvin pondered how he could pry for information under

surveillance.

Much to his surprise, Simon appeared relaxed and composed, showing no signs of distress. Still, Calvin sought clear answers about Simon’s

predicament.

“How are you feeling, Mr. Carlson? Are you troubled with certain queries? In that case, you can leave them to me. You have the right to remain silent at present. Or perhaps, there are other clues you could share?”

Despite sounding supportive of Simon’s innocence, Calvin intended to fish for information. Unfortunately, his efforts would prove futile.

Unable to deny he was being interrogated, Simon merely shook his head. Everything is fine. I just want to know when I can leave.”

However, Calvin was left unsettled by Simon’s reassurance and nearly shot him a meaningful glance. What did Simon mean by “everything was fine”? Where were the details?

Understanding Calvin’s anxiousness, Simon tacitly added, “I’m deeply

saddened by the tragedy as well. However, we can only wait for the police to conduct their investigation, especially since the victim has visited our

nightclub.”

“I understand. Rest assured, you’ll be released promptly in 24 hours. I’ll be waiting outside. Please take care of yourself,” Calvin reassured, to which

Simon nodded in acknowledgment.

Judging from Simon’s nonchalant and composed demeanor, Calvin believed Simon wasn’t facing serious trouble.

If the authorities had discovered something significant, Simon would’ve been thoroughly interrogated, given his role as Club Solstice’s manager.

The fact that Simon appeared relaxed and unruffled suggested that the police had yet to uncover anything significant.

Upon exiting

the visitation room, Calvin hurriedly walked to the front door to place a call. Being as cautious as he was, he simply uttered, “Please rest assured, Mr. Carlson is in good health.”

In truth, it was a code word he established with Kenton.

If everything remained under control as expected, Calvin would affirm Simon's good health. But if the police had discovered something requiring the Wrays' -intervention, Calvin would express that Simon's health was failing.

After hanging up the phone, Kenton flashed a confident smile. "I told you there's nothing to worry about. The police will never find anything. Even if they suspect something, they won't make any progress."

He then turned to his secretary and instructed, "See if they've contacted the girl's parents. Find a third party and settle this without involving the Wray family.

"Also, tell the parents discreetly that their daughter isn't proper. I'm sure they'll accept the money then. It'll be bad for their reputation if they cause a scene. After all, no daughter will stoop so low, don't you agree?"

The secretary, Adrian Meyer, smiled reassuringly. "You can see to it that the matter is resolved, Mr. Wray.

"Some people are excessively greedy, thinking they could rise to the top without paying the price. They should understand that nothing in life is free."

Chapter 1224 He's as Fine as Could Be

"You understand the thoughts of the poor well. Well, you may go now. Handle this flawlessly, or else it could affect the voting session," Kenton ordered.

All that mattered to Kenton was seizing control of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce. He didn't perceive Wynter as a threat, let alone consider the protocols he had familiarized with..

It turned out that people tended to disregard the value of life once they became wealthy.

Aware of the dangers posed by the wealthy, Wynter refrained from directly confronting those of the names mentioned lest she would alert her adversaries. In such moments, she knew she needed an ally.

As Wynter glanced at her laptop, an investigator approached her and reported, Ms. Quinnell, your associate has wandered into the nightclub's corridor for reasons unknown.



“We’ve cautioned him against contaminating the crime scene, but he ignored us. He also brought along a child, who appears quite physically strong.”

Hearing that, Wynter raised her head as a confident and determined figure flashed across her mind. For the first time, a radiant smile crossed her face

“He’s probably looking for the hidden passage. Rest assured, he won’t contaminate the crime scene. Let him proceed. I’ll head there right away,” Wynter instructed.

She couldn’t help but wonder how Dalton managed to call Wolf over. As far as she knew, Wolf had remained at Mt. Dragon to dispel the hostile aura

surrounding him. Had that process been completed?

Despite her uncertainties, Wynter strongly believed that the child mentioned was indeed Wolf. After all, there was no other child physically stronger than

him.

Despite knowing Wolf was Chaos, Wynter anxiously wanted to check on his condition. If he were to awaken, she would possess unimaginable power as

his master

Whether it was an auspicious beast or a fearsome beast, its energy was likely to be harnessed by

the master they acknowledged.

However, Wynter wished that Wolf would never awaken into Chaos. He was perfectly fine as he was—he might be a glutton, but he was an obedient child.

Wynter even thought about his education. Now that he was a recognized citizen, he could attend elite classes.

Wynter's concerns for Wolf were sensible and pragmatic.

She still recalled him once mentioning he enjoyed playing computer games and staying with Margaret. He was content with the labor and delighted in having bread rolls for meals.

As such, Wynter was determined not to let the innocent Wolf be condemned by the world.

Despite his inability to distinguish right from wrong in his youth, Wolf never intended to harm anyone. Was such a beast truly deserving of condemnation?

With downcast eyes, Wynter quickened her pace. Though she was eager to meet Wolf, she made sure to bring her laptop along. With Wolf around, her work efficiency would improve.

Meanwhile, Dalton fixed his gaze on an oil painting in the corridor of Club Solstice. Both Dalton and the investigators hadn't noticed it earlier as it seamlessly blended into the nightclub's interior.

Upon confirming the wall's solid construction with a few taps, they decided not to explore further.

Based on the information gathered, their attention was directed to the floor above the private suites rather than the corridor.

Despite investigating the areas Hazel mentioned, the entire floor had been meticulously cleaned without any traces left.

The lavish lifestyle of the wealthy was unimaginable until one saw it firsthand.

The floor itself was notably extravagant, boasting an infinity pool uncommon for a nightclub setting. From the windows in the room, one could gaze upon the entirety of Riogeb.

Chapter 1225 Not a Plaything

Clearly, the view at night would be stunning.

The hall was equipped with wine racks and party items, and the floor offered a picturesque view of Riogeb. Gazing down the towering floor, it felt as though the entire nightclub lay beneath their feet.

Unfortunately, the investigators were frustrated as they failed to discover any clues.

Just as they were at a loss, Wynter appeared asking about Dalton's

whereabouts. She had tried calling him multiple times, but he didn't answer

once.

"They're not here and have gone to the corridor below," an investigator replied. They had prudently donned disposable shoe covers to avoid contaminating the

crime scene.

As Wynter was about to look for Dalton, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. From where she stood, she had a clear view of the nightclub. In particular, she noticed the bar stools lit up whenever someone was seated.

Upon recalling the young women mentioning Vanessa being chosen, Wynter realized her mistake. She had assumed Hazel and her friends brought Vanessa to Club Solstice after catching the influential figure's interest online.

Yet, it turned out that the targets were randomly selected within the nightclub. Poor Vanessa had been targeted from that special floor!

Wynter stood tall with a dark expression. The ostensible figure's impulsive decision had claimed a young woman's life. To them, those young women. were mere playthings and to be used as they pleased.

Vanessa wasn't the first or last victim of their cruelty. If her case remained negligently investigated, there would be similar incidents in the future.

More young women would flock to the nightclub. While some sought to find a rich partner, among them were innocent souls who risked becoming playthings simply to seek a taste of life's experience.

Under no circumstances should the man force himself on the woman after her  
rejection. Unfortunately, it was hard to prove one's Innocence within such gray  
areas

Based on the information, Vanessa wasn't an ideal victim—she had hoped to secure a better life with  
a rich scion. However, she didn't deserve to be treated as a plaything by others.

Wynter understood that the case was challenging, filled with twists and rumors swirling. To uncover  
the truth, she knew she needed hard evidence.

The law should never condone a crime, especially to those who viewed lives. as mere playthings.

Wynter glanced at the surveillance cameras, having figured out how the  
targets were chosen. She also deduced the instruction relayed to Sky through his earpiece.

On the surface, Sky greeted Vanessa, who seemed to fit his customer profile In truth, he approached  
her to satisfy certain individuals' gratification.

Obviously, someone had given him orders. While Sky wasn't involved in th previous cases, similar  
escorts were doing the dirty work.

Despite understanding their fears, Wynter couldn't simply urge the young women to protect  
themselves and their innocence.

The forensic report indicated that Vanessa had engaged in sexual behavior before her death, yet no  
foreign substances were found in her body. The oth party left no traces of evidence.

Even if they wished to pursue legal action, they couldn't find the perpetr

That was the truth behind the unresolved cases. The mastermind was fami with the law and had established many connections. It seemed there was another manipulator besides the Wray family.

## Chapter 1226 Delicious Bird

In the first-floor corridor, a small figure was seen moving items with a blank.

expression. He occasionally looked up at Dalton, silently asking when he could finally meet Wynter.

While the investigators were puzzled by Wolf's presence, they were astounded by his remarkable strength. He appeared unable to speak, communicating with gestures instead.

The investigators glanced at the wine barrel beside him, wondering how he managed to lift it with one hand. Were the laws of physics being defied? Was he the mighty Hercules?

Wolf merely ignored the gazes that fell on him. He recalled waking up in a hot spring pool deep within the forest. It felt nice, but he was hungry.

Wolf stomped in frustration and checked his teeth in the water's reflection. After confirming his condition, he glanced around the forest.

There wasn't a single soul in sight except for a bunch of spirits. To his dismay, the spirits retreated fearfully whenever he took a step forward.

As a renowned hacker, Wolf was heavily dependent on electronic devices. He nearly flew into a rage upon finding his Apple watch removed. Although he was unsure of his current whereabouts, he felt a sense of familiarity.

Following Wynter's advice, Wolf refrained from eating indiscriminately. When he attempted to ask for directions, the spirits scattered in fear.

After a long chase, he finally learned that he was at Mt. Etna, though the name didn't sound appetizing to him.

As Wolf was thinking of an exit, he noticed a crow landing on a tree branch. His initial instinct was to grill the delicious-looking bird.

To his surprise, the crow suddenly spoke and instructed him to head to

Hawford.

Wolf tucked the talking crow into his pocket, intending to present it to Wynter. He entertained the idea of having the crow sing for Wynter before grilling it—a fitting end for such an extraordinary bird.

Charter Tree Dekodus Bord

Unbeknownst to Wolf, his every thought had been overheard by the crow. Despite being a mythical beast, he could only fold his wings and cower quietly in Wolf's pocket. The crow dreaded that Wolf might snap his wings in half.

In terms of sheer strength, the crow stood no chance against Wolf.

When Dalton ordered him to fetch Wolf, the crow had strongly expressed his refusal. Though Wolf had gained a human conscience, all he could think about was food.

As the crow struggled inside the pocket, he attempted to signal Dalton for freedom.

Upon detecting the crow's movement, Wolf instantly cast a glance at him. His round eyes gazed adorably at the crow, but his mind was set on knocking the crow unconscious for his defiance.

When the crow was left speechless, Dalton finally spoke, "Put down the barrel and stand here. Let's see if the camera captures you."

Dalton held a white handkerchief against his nose. His thick eyelashes fluttered, giving off an indescribable presence.

Anyone else striking that pose would have appeared feminine, yet Dalton's tall figure and well-fitted suit lent him an air of reserved elegance.

He resembled a young underboss who had returned from overseas in times past, attracting lingering gazes from those around him.

## Chapter 1227 Wolf Did Not Go to Mt Dragon

Upon arriving at the scene, Wynter was stunned by the sight. She vaguely recalled seeing that person strike the same pose with a white handkerchief in Hawford some time ago, though they exuded a more malevolent air back then.

For some reason, Wynter sensed that their trip to Hawford wasn't a mere coincidence. Rather, it seemed they were led there.

Wolf shook his head, his expression blank as he ran tests on the surveillance

camera.

Upon spotting Wynter, he swiftly dropped everything and dashed to her side. He started gesturing toward her excitedly, as though he had a lot to share.

Wynter tilted Wolf's head and pinched his soft cheeks. She then glanced at his teeth and praised, "Good. You haven't eaten anything you shouldn't have."

Wolf puffed his chest out, wordlessly affirming that he had followed Wynter's instructions.

Wynter pulled Wolf into her embrace and ruffled his hair. She had missed him, dearly, and only now did his presence ground her in reality.

Wynter's feelings toward Wolf differed from the others. No matter what Wynter would become, Wolf remained loyal to her.

When Wynter became unstable, and Margaret struggled to make ends meet, Wolf did his best to support the family despite his difficulties with learning and speech. His small, bustling figure lingered vividly in Wynter's mind.

In truth, Wolf's aptitude in computer science promised a brighter path ahead. With such exceptional skills, he could've been treated preferentially in any place. After all, no company would overlook a computer genius.

Though he was once offered a hefty sum for his recruitment, he never thought of leaving Wynter for the big city.

Since Wynter started her business, Wolf had never once left her side. He was her anxiolytic.

Wynter often found comfort and reassurance in his presence, knowing she could protect her home just like any other person,

The crow remained stiff in Wolf's pocket. If he could express himself,

the crow would appear astounded.

As far as he knew, Wolf never allowed anyone to caress his head. When Dalton did so, the child sulked begrudgingly. After all, it was hard for a fearsome beast to change its habits.

Shocked by the sight, the crow sneakily cast a glance at Dalton.

Wolf appeared less like the fearsome beast he was known to be. Instead, he seemed to be enjoying Wynter's touch as he gestured animatedly with his hands.

Though the crow wasn't familiar with sign languages, Dalton understood the gestures. Wolf had wordlessly conveyed that he found himself someplace unknown without his Apple watch, leaving him stranded with no means of

contact.

Upon deciphering Wolf's sign language, Wynter furrowed her brows. "Were you left in the middle of nowhere? I thought you went to Mt. Dragon."

Her question was clearly directed at Dalton.



Back then, he insisted that Wolf remained on Mt. Dragon as its spiritual ene was beneficial for Wolf's condition. Not to mention Kaspar was the first to suggest it.

Yet, Wolf's response implied otherwise and he didn't seem familiar with place at all.

What was going on?

Chapter 1228 Belongs to Kaspar

Though the crow wasn't familiar with sigh languages, he realized that Dalton's lie and disguise were likely to be discovered

Dalton was still missing a fragment of his soul, and the crow was uncertain how Wynter would react if she learned of Dalton's identity.

In truth, both Dalton and the crow came to Hawford in search of the missing soul fragment. They couldn't afford any missteps that might jeopardize Dalton's safety.

As the crow grew worried, Dalton approached Wynter and explained, "There's a holy ground that lies deep in the forest on Mt. Dragon.

"That place is brimming with spiritual energy and inhabited by various beasts. Humans rarely go there. I believe Wolf was sent there."

Wynter arched her brow. "Is there truly such a place on Mt. Dragon?"

"Indeed, but it's remained confidential to the public," Dalton replied calmly.

Wolf

Wynter turned to for confirmation Wolf thought of the secluded forest and nodded in agreement.

Suddenly remembering something, he whipped the crow out of his pocket and stuffed it into Wynter's hands. He pointed at the crow, silently implying that the crow had guided him out

of the forest.

Wynter gazed at the crow with amusement, recognizing him as the mythical beast she had seen back at the Quinnell residence.

“It seems fate has brought us together again. So, tell me, why did you guide Wolf out of that place?” Wynter asked with a meaningful tone.

The crow attempted to play dead, but Wynter saw through his tricks. “Playing dead again? Enough with this pointless act. You’re a mythical beast, after all,” she said with a snicker.

The crow stiffened in Wynter’s hands. Unsure of how to react, all he could manage was a helpless squawk. How could he explain that he guided Wolf out of the forest?

I’ve heard that a Mythical beast has activated a cultivator from Mt.

I’ve

Dragon as their master. It’s not surprising that the crow has guided Wolf out of the forest as the beast must’ve sensed Wolfe awakening on the holy grounds,”

Dalton calmly explained

Though his words sounded convincing, Wynter couldn’t shake her doubts. “Are you implying that the crow belongs to Mr. Stavios?”

“I only know that a cultivator has been acknowledged, but I’m not sure who

they are.” Dalton nonchalantly replied.

Despite her doubts, Wynter didn’t have time to confirm the crow’s identity. She suddenly noticed Dalton standing at the hidden passage’s entrance.

In an instant, Wynter looked up and realized they were out of the surveillance cameras’ view.

Closing her eyes, Wynter slowly recalled Vanessa's last movements after her drink. It appeared that Vanessa would've passed through that area either way.

Wynter speculated that a switch or a master control might operate the hidden passage. As for where the hidden passage would lead to...

Wynter handed Wolf her laptop and a flash drive. "Hack into this nightclub's local area network and restore the chat histories," she instructed.

It had been ages since Wolf last worked with a computer. He innocently accepted the laptop and started tapping on the keyboard.

While Wolf focused on hacking, Wynter turned on her flashlight and glanced at the dark passage. A fleeting flicker passed through her eyes, though it

betrayed nothing of her thoughts.

"Well then, let's find out where this leads." Wynter smirked. If the hidden passage truly opened onto the other side of the building, Vanessa's case would be solved.

Chapter 1229 The Victim is Not Innocent

The hidden passage was short. Wynter reached a door after walking less than 60 feet.

She realized that the door was locked from the other side as she attempted to open it. In most situations like this, the usual approach was to first locate the lock mechanism before unlocking it.

However, Wynter merely raised an eyebrow and listened. She suddenly raised her hand and signaled Dalton to halt.

There was a sound on the other side, which meant someone was in there.

Wynter knew a lot about criminal psychology. Many perpetrators would return to the scene after committing a crime, either to cover up evidence or for other

reasons.

“It was just as you said—no one investigated this place. You’re reliable. I’ll see you at the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow,” said the voice from inside.

Wynter knew she wouldn’t make it in time no matter how quickly she rushed over. But one thing was certain—the surveillance cameras would definitely capture who it was this time.

These people had been so brazen because the surveillance cameras in Club Solstice and Hawford Financial Center were merely for show. They allowed you to see only what they wanted to show.

They had not expected that the control of the local area network was no longer in their hands, nor did they expect the case to be solved this quickly.

Within ten minutes, Wolf had the results.

Wynter kept zooming in on the photo. In an instant, everything matched with Hazel’s earlier statements, providing substantial evidence pointing to the culprit.

It was also at this moment when a torrent of criticism against Vanessa erupted.

People initially thought there must have been some untold hardships behind Vanessa’s decision to jump off a building. But now, the rumors about her wanting to marry a scion were exposed.

Many people left comments.

“Who can she blame for not keeping herself in check?”

“Everyone wants to marry a scion, but first, you need to see if you’re qualified.”

“No matter the situation, the girl is dead. Can’t you guys be more respectful with your words?”

“What’s going on? What’s with the sudden hate comments?”

“Check out the Instagram post. An insider has spilled the tea. The girl who jumped to her death is Vanessa Chadwick.

“She was popular in her school and had situationships with multiple seniors. It was as if she was just playing the field.

“In reality, she just didn’t like the fact that she wasn’t from Hawford and her family wasn’t wealthy enough. Apparently, she mistook a male escort for a

scion at the bar.

“She drank the drink he offered, thinking she could go home with him. But for some unknown reason, she ended up jumping off the building.”

“Sis, get the full story before spilling the tea. The post I read clearly said she wanted to sleep with a scion but woke up to find it was an old man instead. Mistakes happen after drinking too much after all.”

“Is that why she jumped? She wanted to sleep with him. Who’s to blame?”

“I don’t understand the victim’s logic, but one thing is clear. If she didn’t want

to marry a scion this badly, none of this would have happened.”

“Her family is very poor. It’s not surprising she had such thoughts, but she couldn’t handle the consequences.”

“I hate girls like this the most. They claim to be pure and chaste, but when they meet a scion, they are more ready to throw themselves at him.

“Now she threw herself at the wrong guy, jumped off the building, and caused concerns for the public.”

“I have a question. If she really died like the Instagram posts said, who is the guy she slept with? Will he be punished?”

“You’re missing the point. She did it willingly. The guy who slept with her is damn unlucky.”

These comments were unusually skewed!

Wynter narrowed her eyes.

How could the perpetrators have anticipated the sequence of the investigation so accurately? They had preemptively overturned public perception. It was all to ensure that Vanessa would not be seen as innocent!

Chapter 1230 Starting with Her Parents

Once these comments solidified, the truth and resolution of Vanessa’s case would never come to light.

In the past, such public opinion would create immense pressure on the investigation, which would make some inquiries difficult to conduct.

However, in a short time, Wynter had uncovered issues in Club Solstice’s operational mode. She even discovered a whole chain of criminals behind this case who were actively committing crimes and providing cover.

As a result, the case confidentiality was elevated to the highest level.

This seemingly simple case of a girl jumping off a building unveiled a massive corruption and collusion scandal involving officials and businessmen.

Not only was the Special Unit on its way, but even the International Criminal Court was prepared.

Meanwhile, the public opinion orchestrated by the perpetrators continued to

ferment.

Kenton was only interested in the results.

The efficiency of Adrien Meyer, Kenton's secretary, was impressive. "Mr. Wray, we've located Vanessa Chadwick's family. They are on their way to Hawford."

"Did they agree to the conditions?" Kenton asked as he fastened his cufflinks.

Adrien nodded. "They agreed. They've seen the comments online."

"Although they are heartbroken over their daughter's death, they also feel ashamed. After all, they come from a small town. It's said that the neighbors are quite curious about their family."

"The elderly couple's lives have been affected because of this. When the police went to pick them up, Vanessa's father didn't bring anything with him and simply got in the car."

"Raising a daughter like that... If it were me, I wouldn't want to acknowledge her, either." Kenton sighed dramatically as he adjusted his tie in front of the mirror. "It's better to take the money and have a comfortable retirement."

"Make sure everything goes smoothly. When the couple arrives in Hawford, I want reporters there. And as usual, don't use our people."

"Understood." Adrien nodded.

Adrien was about to leave when Kenton was reminded of something. "What's my sister up to lately?"

"Ms. Wray? She's probably busy with the club."

Kenton's expression turned contemptuous upon hearing Adrien's words. "How many times have I told her? Her priority should be strengthening ties with the Whitmans."

"She's really all brawn and no brains. She couldn't compete with Marie back in her school days and is still as stupid as ever."

Adrien remained silent. After all, he shouldn't comment on his employer's family. But he had to admit, some of Lynette's actions were indeed baffling.

Lynette had been married before to someone within the constitution. The Wray family arranged the marriage to facilitate land acquisition for their projects.

However, after the wedding, Lynette looked down on her husband, considering him a man who worked a dead-end job.

Despite the benefits to the Wrays, she felt that he was of no use anymore. Compared to others, her marriage was like a tomb.

A proper divorce would have been acceptable if that was what she felt about her marriage. But she continued relentlessly humiliating her husband. She took advantage of the influence the Wrays had and disregarded everything.

Her actions infuriated her in-laws to the point of hospitalization, and she even brought a male escort into their home. Naturally, her husband's family was outraged and demanded that Kenton take Lynette away.

It was only because of the Wray family's rising influence that her ex-husband remained silent and quietly finalized the divorce. He made it clear they didn't want any future disturbances to their elderly family members.

Lynette didn't take it seriously initially. To her, she had finally rid herself of a useless husband, who had been a humiliation and an obstacle to her romantic prospects.