

Six Brothers 1231

Chapter 1231 Lingering Influence

“Go remind Lynette to prepare some gifts to send to the Gibson family.”

Speaking of this, Kenton’s expression turned somewhat sour.

“After all, we used to be in-laws. We can’t become enemies. My brother-in-law

is indeed lucky. He’s risen quite a bit with a big figure supporting him.

“This current project relies heavily on him. If we secure it, the Chamber of Commerce will naturally belong to the Wray family.

“Tell my foolish sister that she’s caused enough trouble for the Wray family. She should apologize and resolve it herself. She knows very well how she got

that club of hers.”

Adrien nodded.

On the surface, Hawford seemed unchanged ever since the Quinnells prepared to return. However, some small businesses had indeed changed, though it was hard to pinpoint what exactly was different.

Adrien felt the Quinnell family’s lingering influence. However, he was unsure how to bring this up to Kenton. After all, if any incriminating evidence was found at the bar, the Wray family wouldn’t be left unscathed.

Fortunately, everything seemed under control. Once the bar reopened, people would quickly forget about the incident.

Meanwhile, at the crime scene, someone rushed over to Wynter and spoke urgently, “The victim’s family has arrived and is refusing an autopsy.

“They said according to their local custom, a girl who has been away from home for too long needs to be brought back as soon as possible.”

“Do they want to take her back when the case isn’t solved yet?” The investigators were puzzled.

Wynter raised her eyes slightly but otherwise showed no reaction.

The messenger also looked troubled. “Yes, they wouldn’t listen to us. They kept saying their daughter was already gone. They don’t want her to suffer anymore.

“The autopsy is crucial for solving the case. How is it considered additional suffering?”

The messenger shook his head and opened his mouth, wanting to say more, but Wynter interrupted.

“I’ll go meet them.” Wynter removed her gloves and glanced back. “Preserve the scene, and don’t let any information leak. If anyone else shows up, don’t stop them. Everyone, wear plain clothes, and don’t get noticed.”

“Understood.”

The investigators greatly respected Wynter ever since she demonstrated her skills multiple times. They regarded her as their commander after learning that she was from the Special Unit.

What was surprising this time was that Dalton did not follow Wynter when she left. Instead, he stayed in the bar’s lobby.

The crow was still tethered there. He couldn’t fly away because the rope tying him down was made using the Arcane Way.

Although Wynter stopped Wolf from roasting and eating him, she also

restricted his freedom. He had become almost like an exhibit, with everyone

who entered the bar glancing at him.

The crow was feeling stifled. Only after Wynter left did he finally get a chance to look at Dalton openly. After all, he had sensed the presence of Dalton's soul fragments nearby since the very beginning.

Not just the crow but even Wolf had felt something familiar in the

surroundings. However, without memories, Wolf couldn't pinpoint the source of this familiarity.

Upon finding what he was searching for, he rushed over to find Wynter. However, after looking around, he failed to find her. Instead, he found Dalton, who he usually kept his distance from.

With no one else to ask, Wolf turned to Dalton. He raised his hands and

gestured, inquiring about Wynter's whereabouts.

"She's busy with other matters. She left you in my care and told me to tell you to listen to me," Dalton said nonchalantly. He locked eyes with Wolf, as if

Chapter 1232 Bribery

wouldn't be able to eat him.

Dalton threw a handkerchief into the trash. "He won't be able to fly away."

Wolf looked between Dalton and the crow, who was panting for air. Finally, he decided to trust Dalton. After all, if the crow got lost, Dalton would pay him.

The crow was feeling truly exhausted. Fortunately, Wolf was easily swayed by money. After everyone left, the crow finally spoke up, "My lord, I can sense your presence here."

Dalton responded with a hum. With a wave of his hand, the rope binding the crow loosened automatically.

The crow felt he must have been dazed by Wolf. He had forgotten that Dalton could sense his own soul fragments. However, he was still confused as to why Dalton's soul fragment would appear in such a place.

"My lord, could it be that you didn't follow Ms. Quinnell because you wanted Wolf to pinpoint the exact location?"

Dalton didn't deny it. His eyes flickered in the dim light. It was impossible to know what he was thinking.

The crow flew on Dalton's right side, following him wherever he went. If the investigators saw this scene, it would definitely leave their jaws hanging.

The sight resembled a scene straight out of a comic book—a man in a dark suit walking down the vintage hallway in Emstia, his cold, pale skin contrasting with the black feather resting on his finger.

The demonic energy was palpable.

At the end of the hallway, apart from leading to another building, it was also connected to an unexpected place. There, a seal emitted thick black mist, representing an indelible resentful energy.

If one looked closer, one could even catch a glimpse of the 12 Courts of the

Underworld.

At 2:20 pm, Wynter arrived at the forensic identification center. Before even entering the room, she could hear a loud commotion.

"I've already said we want to take our daughter home!"

Chapter 1233 Something More than Feeling Inadequate

Such a huge commotion was sure to draw a crowd.

Steve Chadwick sat on the ground. “Everyone, come see for yourselves. I can’t even take my own daughter back. They’re also pushing me!”

Sometimes, reasoning with such people was difficult. Nowadays, everyone could record videos. Hence, law enforcers must be mindful of their actions.

Being too forceful was not an option, especially when the other party had legitimate reasons.

People started to gather. Some were taking pictures, while others discussed the situation.

“It’s not that you can’t take her back. It’s just that the case isn’t solved yet.”

Steve was clearly frustrated. “You brought us here and told us that my daughter went to a bar and ended up jumping down a building. Everyone knows about it now, yet you’re telling me the case isn’t solved. Is this how you

people do things?

“Yes, sure! We’re poor, and our lives are worthless. But you can’t treat us like this!”

The reason why Steve would say such a thing was because the law

enforcement officers had told them to find a place to stay while they waited for the investigation to progress before deciding on an autopsy.

It sounded like a joke to him. Did these government officials know how much it cost to stay one night in Hawford? It truly was easy to talk when they weren’t

the ones suffering.

When the police car arrived earlier today, many people laughed at them. His daughter was already gone, and now the whole ordeal was being publicized.

They could no longer stay in their hometown. In just an hour, many people had come by to ask them how they felt having raised such a daughter.

There were even people who asked, “Did you not give your daughter enough money? Is that why she had to go to bar meet scions?”

Steve indeed didn’t have much education. But he believed he never lacked in providing for Vanessa. He never expected her to change so much.

Who would want to believe their daughter was the “bar girl who jumped” that was being discussed online? But when reality stared them in the face, they had no choice but to accept it.

Steve’s current thoughts were simple. He just wanted to quickly take his daughter home.

The insurance company had also called. They said that Vanessa had bought insurance long ago.

They would be eligible to receive one million dollars in compensation if her death was ruled an accident and her cremation and funeral were conducted within the stipulated time.

One million dollars. How many years would it take for people who came from such a small place to earn that amount?

Vanessa was gone, and Steve was indeed heartbroken. But soon, that pain slowly diminished and was overshadowed by mockery and gossip.

He even started questioning himself. How did he raise such a daughter?

Going to a bar to find a scion, getting slept with by some unknown person, then having an accident because she couldn’t handle it.

Vanessa’s parents had worked honestly all their lives. How did their daughter end up like this?

Wynter stood among the crowd as this happened. Her focus was different from others.

She was watching Astrid Cortney, who was beside Steve, her head hung low. She had tanned skin and wore loose clothes. No one knew what she was looking at.

Astrid hadn't spoken a word since the beginning. She would occasionally lift her eyes, but her expression was empty.

"Mrs. Chadwick, please persuade Mr. Chadwick. We are doing this for your daughter's sake. Don't you want to know why your daughter jumped?"

Astrid seemed to have heard the officer's words yet also not at the same time. She simply shook her head. "No more suffering. We don't want her to suffer anymore."

Steve was furious as she tugged at Astrid. "Why are you wasting your saliva on

them?"

Chapter 1234 Failure as Parents

Astrid shrank back and reverted to her timid self. Nevertheless, she never stopped saying, "No more suffering."

This was a heart-wrenching scene.

If Vanessa's parents took her body away, some evidence would be lost. Despite the clear explanations, it seemed like Steve and Astrid just didn't understand. The young law enforcement officers were getting anxious.

But did they really not understand?

Wynter noticed the phone that Astrid was clutching onto. The phone kept lighting up with new messages.

Wynter raised an eyebrow and stepped forward. "Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, right?"

“Who are you?” Astrid frowned.

Wynter lied, “I’m Vanny’s classmate.”

Upon hearing this, Steve and Astrid exchanged a glance. They had heard that Vanessa went to the bar because she was led there by her classmates.

Hence, their attitude toward Wynter was very hostile. “A classmate? Students like you are just a bad influence nowadays. It’s all about plastic surgery and partying every day.”

Wynter remained silent.

Steve seemed to have recalled something. “The whole school must know by now, saying that Vanny went to places like that to find a scion! I regret allowing her to attend that school!”

Astrid couldn’t help but steal a few glances at her phone as she listened.

Wynter could clearly see the lock screen on Astrid’s phone from her angle. It showed a very harmonious family of three.

The child stood in the middle with the parents on either side. Their eyes were filled with love and joy.

However, Vanessa was not in the photo. Instead, standing in the middle was a

boy, who, judging by his age, must be Vanessa’s younger brother.

“Officers, we need to take Vanny home. We have matters to attend to. We have no objection to the case being ruled as a suicide.” Astrid seemed extremely disappointed with Vanessa.

She continued, “We taught her what she should and shouldn’t do when she was still at home. One wrong step and everything went astray. This is all fate.”

At this point, there was not much left to be said.

The onlookers realized from the conversation that these were Vanessa's parents, and they couldn't help but feel a little sympathetic.

Just as the officers thought it was hopeless, new classified information about the case came in. "Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, you cannot take the victim away yet.

Astrid and Steve, who were already packing their stuff, looked extremely upset upon hearing this. "Why not?"

"New evidence has emerged in the case. We need your cooperation for further investigation."

Their tone was much firmer this time. After all, they were a lot more confident now that they'd received instructions.

Wynter had arranged for the new case classification document to be sent before she arrived. The timing was perfect. It would no longer matter how much Steve protested now.

Astrid suddenly rushed over to one of the officers when she realized she couldn't take Vanessa's body away.

"You are such a busybody. My daughter is dead, and we just want her to rest in peace. Your actions show that you are indifferent to how we feel."

Her fierce expression was entirely at odds with her earlier silence. In fact, it was Steve who pulled her back and gave her a meaningful look.

It was at this moment when Wynter spoke, "Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, don't you want to find out the truth about Vanessa's death? Why are you so reluctant to investigate further for evidence?"

The word "evidence" stopped Astrid and Steve in their tracks.

Others also began to wonder. "Yeah... Why do they seem so eager to believe their daughter committed suicide?"

Chapter 1235 Parents

Steve and Astrid were able to cause such a commotion earlier because they exploited their vulnerable image. Now, with Wynter's question, people's

thoughts were brought back to track.

"I noticed that Mrs. Chadwick's phone was constantly ringing. The notifications were from the insurance company."

Wynter's experience with various cases had taught her the outrageous things people could do when money was involved.

"Did Vanny have an accidental death insurance policy in her own name?" Wynter stepped closer. "Did the insurance company tell you there's a payout now that Vanny is gone? Are they urging you to claim it quickly?"

These few sentences made Astrid's and Steve's expressions change

drastically. They grew even more nervous considering Wynter had said she

was Vanessa's classmate.

Vanessa might have mentioned the insurance to her friends. How else would Wynter know so much?

People around them began to pick up on the implications of Wynter's words.

"Are they in such a rush to claim the insurance money?" one person speculated.

"These parents are something else," another remarked.

Astrid's expression twisted with anger as she glared at Wynter venomously after hearing the murmurs around her.

“You! Young lady! What nonsense are you spouting about? What insurance? I don’t know anything about that! I haven’t answered any of those calls!”

“Mrs. Chadwick, there will be records on whether you’ve answered the calls or not.” Wynter’s eyes were dark. “Vanny just passed away. What parents wouldn’t want to find out the truth? Mrs. Chadwick, you seem a bit too eager.”

Astrid took a deep breath and clutched her hands tightly. Suddenly, she started hitting her thighs and wailed. “You are falsely accusing me! My daughter just died! I’m more heartbroken than anyone!

“Would any of this have happened if it weren’t for you guys dragging her to that bar? Now, you’re talking about insurance! How would a rural woman with no education like me know anything about that?”

“You wouldn’t have set a reminder if you didn’t know.” Wynter shot back, getting straight to the point. “You’re in a hurry to get the insurance money. Why? Because your son needs it?”

Wynter made this guess based on the initial investigation of Vanessa’s phone records. Although she hadn’t directly mentioned her family, it was clear from her messages that she envied other people’s families.

For instance, in her chats with Hazel, she often said things like, “I wish my dad was like Uncle Dylan. Hazel, don’t always ask your dad for money. I can see that he is tired.”

It wasn’t common for people from happy families to say such things.

Moreover, Vanessa often mentioned feeling very tired and would rather stay in Hawford to work during the holidays than go home.

Wynter hadn’t understood why Vanessa would say she was tired until she saw the family photo. In this family, it was clear that their son came first.

Sure enough, Astrid’s face twisted further in anger. “How do you know about my son? Was that girl complaining again?”

“I knew we shouldn’t have allowed her to go to school. She tells everyone we’re unfair and that we favor her brother! We raised her for so many years, and this is how she repays us!”

“Enough, stop talking.” Steve intervened from the side.

Astrid shoved his hand away. “Look at what she’s been doing! She’s been telling everyone we’re bad parents! We raised her for more than ten years, and this is how she repays us!”

“She’s still bringing us shame even after her death! She went to a bar and threw herself at men! What did she want in return? How could she be so shameless?”

Chapter 1236 As You Wish

Such unrestrained shouting and cursing shocked everyone around.

No one could believe that a mother would speak about her daughter in such a manner. It was far too viscous and beyond what people expected.

Yet, Wynter remained unchanged, her demeanor calm throughout.

Wynter even responded to Astrid’s outburst with complete calmness. “She wouldn’t have died if she had no dignity. Did you ask what she wanted in

return?

“Of course, it was to give you money. If you weren’t biased, then why did your son receive 150 dollars for allowance, while your daughter only got 15? That is a huge difference.”

Astrid gritted her teeth. “My son has a bigger appetite. Can’t I give him more? Sure, she gave us money, but we never forced her!”

“You didn’t force her to give you honey, but you constantly told her she

shouldn’t be in school and that a girl should get married early.”

Wynter's voice was steady and unruffled. Yet, her words hit hard. It left Astrid speechless, choking her into silence.

It became clear to everyone what was really going on.

The couple's favoritism toward their son and their desire to claim the insurance money were the real reasons behind their urgency to take Vanessa's body. It wasn't because they wanted her to rest in peace.

Vanessa wasn't a completely blameless victim, but her desperation for money stemmed entirely from her family's situation. With parents like hers, how could any daughter be happy?

Due to her lack of love, she would put all her guard down and consider people her best friends whenever they were even slightly kind to her.

Wynter knew why this couple was here at this moment. She raised her eyes and said, "It was true that Vanny wanted money, but she didn't randomly sleep with people. Her jumping shows that it wasn't consensual.

"She must have resisted. While her intentions might not earn much sympathy, the fact remains that the truth isn't as the internet portrays."

"Can the truth put food on the table? We are old now. We can't handle this like you young people can. I still need my reputation!" Astrid was furious at Wynter, who was meddling with her situation.

Astrid tapped her own face and spat out her words, "I'm taking my daughter home today! Go ahead and arrest me if you have the guts!"

Wynter's eyes darkened. "As you wish."

Her voice was so low that Astrid didn't hear her clearly.

Suddenly, a group of young people in plain clothes approached and swiftly

handcuffed her.

Astrid was dumbfounded. She hadn't expected to be actually arrested.

Initially, people might have sympathized with her, but now they had seen through their act. The couple truly didn't deserve to be parents.

There were the Wray family's people amongst the crowd. The couple's appearance here had been orchestrated by the Wrays.

After all, tracing back to the Wrays directly would be challenging due to the layers of intermediaries involved.

Their goal was to have Steve and Astrid admit that Vanessa was desperate enough to do anything for money.

Even if the police uncovered something suspicious about her death, it would merely seem like a misunderstanding that could be resolved privately without any lasting impact.

But they had to report this issue to their superiors now that Vanessa's parents

had been arrested.

Upon hearing the news, Adrien's face paled. He walked in and interrupted the meeting that Kenton was in. He leaned close to Kenton's ear and quietly explained the situation to him.

Kenton simply said, "Adjourn the meeting." He then stood up and strode purposefully toward his office before a loud bang was heard.

Chapter 1237 Streak of Bad Luck

Kenton slammed his phone onto the desk.

"Didn't you say things would go smoothly? How did the couple end up getting arrested?" Kenton was so furious that he was getting a headache.

He had been irritable during the conference earlier. Some investors who had previously decided to increase their funding for his ventures had suddenly become hesitant and decided to wait and see before making a decision.

Kenton couldn't understand it. How could any other family compete with the Wray family? Moreover, everything had been going well in their discussions. Now, suddenly, everything had fallen apart.

He was understandably bitter. What was even more baffling was that some investors he had good relations with asked him, "Have you offended anyone recently?"

Offend someone? People should be worried about offending the Wray family, not the other way around!

Well, perhaps the Quinnell family was an exception. He had investigated this

as well.

Albert was reputed as a rising star in Winnow Street's venture capital scene. He excelled at helping the company buy funds and stocks, never failing once.

But that was just stock trading and investment. It wouldn't make investors back off suddenly. Other than Albert, there was no one else in the Quinnell family involved in such matters.

Kenton felt like he was on a streak of bad luck, with one problem after another coming his way. "Didn't you teach them how to cause a scene?"

-Adrien paced closer. "I did. It was working well initially. According to those on the scene, a female student was meddling and exposing the Chadwick family. After that, no one sympathized with them anymore."

"A female student?" Kenton found it hard to believe. "How would she know

about the Chadwicks' situation?"

“They say she was a classmate of the deceased girl and had heard a lot about

the family. The most significant issue was that the couple foolishly checked their insurance messages on their phones right at the gate.

“That was how the girl managed to see the screen and expose their intentions

on the spot.”

How incredibly stupid!

Kenton’s expression grew darker with Adrien’s words. “Things will get

complicated with them arrested. That couple could ruin everything for us. Find

connections and think of a way to get them out.”

The insurance situation shouldn’t have been known to anyone. If Astrid or Steve spilled something detrimental under police custody, it would cause big problems!

Who was this meddling girl? She was infuriating!

He feared that the case of Vanessa, a mere girl from the poor, could expose all of Club Solstice’s affairs.

Kenton squinted and felt less secure for the first time. “Get more people to check the club. Find out what’s really happening.”

Meanwhile, in the depths of Club Solstice, the crow was flying ahead, but he, seemed to hit an invisible barrier.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t get through and eventually returned to Dalton’s shoulder. “My lord, we really can’t get in. We need a cultivator to open

it.”

The crow observed Dalton’s expression as he spoke, “It wouldn’t be safe to bring just anyone. After all, part of your soul is in there.

“Bringing Ms. Quinnell would be safest. After all, the Celestial Dragon listens to her now, and Wolf is by her side. It won’t be dangerous.”

The crow was driven by his ambitions. He hoped for Dalton to return to how he was before his slumber.

However, Dalton remained silent. He seemed to be contemplating through the endless black mist. It seemed as though he was unwilling to destroy what he had now.

Chapter 1238 Meet Them Tomorrow

At the same time, Wynter had already arranged for others to attend to the interrogations. Her identity made it unsuitable for her to reappear.

Soon enough, the Chadwick couple confessed. They mentioned receiving a call from the insurance company this morning. The company reminded them of a policy worth one million dollars and urged them not to miss the claim period.

The policy and the insurance company were legitimate, but the people handling the claim were a different case.

The Wray family had been cautious. This made it difficult to find a breakthrough in a single day.

Following the methods provided by Wolf, the tech department managed to recover the call data. The content was indeed mind–blowing.

However, aside from Sky’s unaltered voice, the others had used voice changers. Hence, it was hard to identify them without sound wave analyses!

The breakthrough lay in the individual from the video. Diluc Huddleston, a

member of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce, was admired as a

financial magnate and had even been named a philanthropist.

Reports praised him for embodying the spirit of the Chamber of Commerce as he had always helped young people and supported many underprivileged students. It was thanks to him that some people were able to attend college.

Wynter's eyes grew colder as she reviewed his credentials.

The spirit of the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce? Gordon's original intent in founding the Chamber had been completely destroyed by these people. They were even dominating the market in the Chamber's name!

Wynter knew that the more people were involved in the case, the wiser it would be to not take them all down at once in a short period.

Each of them had their own intricate network of connections. If they sensed any danger, the Wray family might be able to escape unscathed.

Besides this "bride selection bar", which preyed on scions for profit and

pleasure, there were certainly other undiscovered places.

When a cockroach appeared in the open, it meant there were already heaps of them hidden in the dark.

"Boss, we've checked the records and found no traces. Their precautions are very thorough."

"Y is still investigating. She mentioned having a lead."

The Special Unit had various talents, particularly in forensic science. However, Y was extremely introverted and avoided communication. She also spoke very slowly.

She was petite and wore black-framed glasses. Investigators often found themselves feeling anxious during interactions with her given how slowly she talked.

Wynter approached her and handed her a piece of paper along with a pen. Write down what you've found."

Y felt relieved and quickly jotted down her findings. "The victim resisted before death. Though the traces were faint, I found clothing fibers and rust from the railing in her fingernails.

"I suspect she didn't intend to commit suicide but was surprised at the intimate position. In her panic, she stepped back and accidentally fell while struggling. They were likely by the window. Boss, you understand, right?"

The investigators were stunned.

"I understand." Wynter raised her chin slightly. "Continue."

Y's voice was soft. "There was a period when her body's metabolism accelerated significantly.

"I conducted a blood analysis, and it closely resembles a previously banned hallucinogenic drug. I recall we cracked down on a batch of it from abroad before."

"Quite the coincidence." Wynter's lips curled into a cold smirk. "Submit your report to Mr. Preston, and tell him to grant me the highest level of

confidentiality for this case."

Y's eyes sparkled. "Understood!"

She continued, "Boss, there were also faint traces of subcutaneous tissues under the victim's fingernails. I compared it with the DNA database but found no matches. Do you have a way to identify it?"

The investigators thought that was the main concern.

"Yes." Wynter casually placed her hand in her pocket and took an item out. "I'll meet them tomorrow."

Chapter 1239 Put on the Mask

"Meet them?" The investigators hesitated. "They're not easy to meet. Shouldn't we apply for an official request to get in touch with them?" After all, their identities were not simple.

Wynter held her phone with a single hand, seemingly sending a text. "No need for that. There's a meeting we'll be attending together."

What kind of meeting would allow her to meet with such people? The investigators were shocked.

Y was used to Wynter's ways. She seized the moment and asked, "Boss, while you're at it, can you get hair samples from those you suspect? That way, I won't have to go through the trouble of finding them."

"Sure." Wynter put her phone away. "I will leave this place to you guys. You know the principles."

Y was excited and adjusted her glasses. "Treat everyone who tries to bail them out as suspects and bring them in."

The investigators were speechless. Was this how the Special Unit operated? They were so bold. "Watch closely. The skies over Hawford are about to change," Wynter said.

An old detective watched Wynter's departing figure. He carefully placed the report aside, his eyes with hope.

filled

Meanwhile, Lynette had been troubled enough these past few days. To top it off, Kenton insisted she curry favor with the Whitman family.

She couldn't understand it. With the Wray family's current status, why did they still need to appease the Whitman family? It seemed unnecessary.

Yet, here she was, often asked to move around. She had to listen to lectures about how if she hadn't offended her ex-husband, that country bumpkin, things wouldn't be as they were now.

The thing she hated most was people bringing up her previous marriage.

Her ex-husband had nothing but terrible taste. She had only reluctantly agreed to the marriage for the Wray family's sake. Yet, Kenton kept bringing it up, which made her exasperated.

Lynette held an umbrella as she entered Quaint Villa. Despite its modest size and landscape compared to some villas, it had a greater value.

The sycamore trees inside might have been 100 years old. The Frendan-style architecture, paired with blooming roses, was serene and picturesque. It was reminiscent of old Hawford posters.

Although Lynette didn't like visiting the Whitmans, she had always hoped to have a mansion like Quaint Villa.

With bodyguards carrying gifts behind her, she composed herself and walked in with a smile.

Upon seeing Lynette, a maid from the Whitman family, Emma Stanton, quickly opened the door. "Ms. Wray, what brings you here today?" Her tone was filled with surprise.

"Nothing much. I just thought I'd check on Mr. Whitman Senior." Lynette put away her umbrella. Her demeanor was gentle and elegant, starkly different from her usual self at the club.

"Mr. Whitman Senior is reading in the study. He'll be thrilled to know you're here. I just brewed some rose tea. Please, have a seat, Ms. Wray."

Emma was very friendly. Just as she handed over the teacup, an elderly, slightly hoarse voice came from the third floor. "Lynette, you're here."

Reuben smiled. It was obvious he was not in the best of health as his face was showing signs of fatigue. "Mr. Reuben, please sit down." Lynette caringly stepped forward to help Reuben into a seat.

She continued, "I just had my brother bring back some supplements from abroad. There are century-old root herbs and other herbal medicines to help you regain your strength."

She instructed her subordinates to present the gifts as she finished speaking. Emma readily accepted them. Reuben glanced at the herbal medicines in Emma's hands. He coughed a few times amid his smile.

"You're so thoughtful, Lynette. Over the years, you're the only one who still brings me such supplements from time to time. The others have long forgotten me."

Chapter 1240 Reuben's Condition

"Mr. Reuben, what are you saying? Marie and I are closer than sisters. I've been coming to the Whitman residence to play since I was a child, and you've always treated me like one of your own.

"I was just worried people would say I was overreaching. Now that the Wray family has risen, I finally feel confident enough not to worry about that," Lynette spoke skillfully.

People tended to value family ties more as they aged, and Reuben was no exception.

He used to have his wife, Isabella Gomez, and grandchildren for company in Quaint Villa. After the many incidents, the house had become much quieter.

Now, hearing Lynette's words, a flicker of emotion crossed his eyes.

Just then, Marlon returned home. He seemed like he brought a lot of news. However, he realized something and stopped short when he saw Lynette.

On the contrary, Lynette greeted him warmly, "Marlon, you're back."

Marlon smiled faintly. "Yes."

"Marlon, have you been busy lately?" Lynette was trying to fish for information.

Marlon, however, had no intention of discussing work. He merely nodded slightly before turning to Reuben. "Dad, how have you been feeling recently?"

"Not bad," Reuben replied. Though in truth, his health had been declining.

Reuben knew that everyone must face death eventually. No one could stay in this world forever as they grew older.

However, his sons were constantly trying to extend his time. Even his bedroom was equipped with oxygen and nebulizer machines.

Marlon could tell that Reuben was merely trying to reassure him. His eyes darkened slightly. "Dad, I've contacted Dr. Campbell from abroad, and he'll be visiting Cascadia soon. I'll do my best to schedule a surgery for you."

"I thought it was hard to schedule an appointment with him."

Although Reuben had not left the house for a long time, he was still well-informed about international affairs.

"Moreover, didn't he say he wouldn't treat Cascadians? If that's the case, we shouldn't be so eager to flatter someone who despises us."

Reuben seemed very displeased as he said that. The older generation was very patriotic. He didn't want Evan Campbell's treatment upon hearing that he looked down on Cascadians.

However, Lynette spoke up, "Mr. Reuben, patients should never reject a doctor's help. Nothing is more important than your life. With Ms. Isabella gone, you must not be stubborn."

Isabella Gomez's death was a deep wound for the entire Whitman family, partly due to unspoken reasons related to Marie. For many years, no one had mentioned it in front of the Whitmans.

Lynette quickly corrected herself as she realized the weight of her words, "What I mean is, Evan isn't how you think he is. There are misunderstandings about him. He just doesn't like the fact that our people can sometimes be too brusque."

"You are a distinguished person, so he will surely respect you. You'll change your mind about him once

you meet him."

Lynette didn't want Reuben to cancel his treatment. Evan's visit to Cascadia was arranged by Kenton. He was a foreign doctor closely associated with the Wray family.

Kenton mentioned that if Evan successfully treated Reuben, the Whitmans would owe the Wrays a huge favor.

Then, the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce would be firmly under the Wray family's control.