

Six Brothers 1241

Chapter 1241 Nothing to Do with the Whitmans Anymore

“Lynette, I appreciate your kindness, but look at me. I’m already one foot in the grave. Whether I live long or not, we should let nature take its course.”

Reuben smiled kindly, though it was impossible to tell what he truly thought.

However, Reuben’s demeanor made Lynette find him difficult to deal with.

For years, she had treated him like her own father, yet he always seemed to keep her at arm’s length. He appeared friendly but never truly listened to her.

Lynette lowered her gaze and suppressed the urge to roll her eyes, her mind full of calculations. When she looked up again, her expression had changed to one of sadness.

“Mr. Reuben, if you continue like this, Marie will surely blame me for not taking good care of you for her when she returns. After all, when Ms. Isabella...” Lynette smartly stopped there.

The mention of old wounds caused Marlon’s eyes to darken. For many years now, he had been avoiding thoughts of his once-beloved sister. After all, Marie’s actions had changed the Whitman family forever.

Considering this and the recent news, Marlon spoke in a low voice, “Lynette, if you’re here to plead for her, you can forget it.

“She is no longer part of the Whitman family, just as she wished. When my mother went to Kingbourne to see her, she shut the door in her face.

“From that day on, my mother was depressed and soon passed away. On her deathbed, she told us not to blame Marie. We can choose not to blame her, but that doesn’t erase the past.”

Lynette knew that Marie was the Achilles heel of the Whitman family.

Over the years, she had subtly reminded the Whitmans about Marie from time to time. Only then will the effect she wanted be evident. She simply didn't want the Whitmans to forget the harm Marie had caused them.

At this point, Reuben understood something from their conversation. "Has Marie returned?" he asked weakly while coughing heavily.

Marlon remained silent.

Lynette quickly interjected, "Yes, Mr. Reuben. Did you not know? Not only Marie, but even Wynter has come back.

"I remember how fond you were of her when she was born. She's quite formidable now, having taken over the Quinnell family. Has she not come to visit you?"

Marlon's gaze hardened at Reuben's troubled expression. "It seems the

Whitman family is still not important enough in the Quinnells' eyes. We dare not to trouble them."

Hearing this, Lynette added fuel to the fire. "Marlon, I must say something about Wynter. How could she be busy with other things instead of visiting you guys when she arrived in Hawford?

"If this gets out, it will surely embarrass you. You are her grandfather and uncle, after all.

"Even if Marie has severed ties, blood is thicker than water. For Wynter to neglect you like this is disrespectful. I don't know how the Quinnell family raised her," she concluded, feigning indignation as if she were part of the Whitmans.

Marlon and Reuben exchanged looks. They had to agree with Lynette. Although they had cut ties with Marie, Wynter was still part of the Whitmans.

Ever since Marie's divorce from Shane, Fabian had occasionally tried to mend fences, but there was always a barrier.

It all stemmed from Marie's words to Isabella. "I've married into the Quinnell family. I have nothing to do with the Whitmans anymore!"

Chapter 1242 Make the Whitmans Give In

These words undoubtedly added fuel to the fire. How could a daughter not think of visiting her father?

Lynette didn't mention a single word about Marie seeking her out. She did this intentionally, even spreading the word to ensure everyone was cautious not to spill the beans.

The Wray family, of course, wouldn't speak openly about this matter.

They would only say, "This is the Whitmans' private matter. All is good when we say the right things, but if we say something wrong, we'll be blamed by both sides.

"After all, it's hard for an outsider to judge family affairs. If the Whitman family is unhappy, it could harm our relationship."

With the Wray family avoiding involvement, others were even less likely to push themselves forward. As the Wray family said, there was no need to risk upsetting the Whitman family.

Moreover, given the current situation in the Chamber of Commerce, they weren't particularly eager to see Marie reconcile with the Whitmans.

The truth was, Marie had visited the Whitman residence once. The reason they didn't know about her visit was due to internal issues within the Whitman household.

Marlon was unaware of this as he had been traveling far and wide, tirelessly searching for a doctor who could treat Reuben.

Marlon was exhausted at this point. "Lynette, I know you and Marie are good friends and want to speak on her behalf. You don't need to make excuses for her. If she wants to come back, she will."

Lynette wanted to say more, but Reuben interjected as he gripped his

handkerchief, his face sallow. “Lynette, I’m old and can’t sit for long periods. Let Emma know what you’d like to eat.”

With that, Reuben stood up. His hand on the cane was trembling. His age had caught up with him, and his organs were failing. “Marlon, keep Lynette

company. Kevin, help me.”

Kevin Hinton, the butler, immediately came to assist Reuben to his room upon hearing him call.

Lynette’s goal was achieved, so she didn’t see a point in lingering further. Watching Reuben’s frail figure, she remarked sadly, “Mr. Reuben has aged so much these past two years.

“I still remember the time when nothing could rattle him. He would calmly write calligraphy even if the sky was falling. Now, we’ve grown up, and he has grown old.”

Lynette knew how to evoke emotions from Marlon. After all, they practically grew up together.

“Mr. Reuben doesn’t seem to like Dr. Campbell. Do you think he’ll refuse treatment when the doctor arrives?” Lynette continued, asking Marlon tentatively, “Should I ask my brother to hold off for now?”

“No need to wait. Keep Evan’s appointment. As long as he can help Dad, everything my brother and I promised the Wray family still stands,” Marlon replied calmly, as if discussing a mere transaction.

Lynette paused briefly before smiling, “Marlon, I see you as an older brother, just like Marie did.

“You sound upset. Is there a misunderstanding about my brother’s actions in the Chamber of Commerce? He just wants our families to collaborate more closely, nothing else.”

“Sorry, Lynette. I’ve been worried about Dad’s health and spoke hastily.” Marlon smiled slightly. “It’s normal to have different business philosophies. No hard feelings.

“We are all aware of how you treat Dad. You’ve brought plenty of herbal

medicine here. Only when you visit does he feel lively. I should thank you on his behalf.”

“Marlon, we’re family. Don’t be so formal I used to eat and live in the Whitman residence. When my father hit me, it was Mr. Reuben who intervened.

“I won’t mention Marie anymore. Dr. Campbell’s schedule is tight, so you need to act quickly.”

Chapter 1243 The Wise Reuben

Marlon nodded as he listened to Lynette’s words. His eyes revealed deeper thoughts as he lowered them.

Lynette stayed at the Whitman residence just long enough to have a cup of Earl Grey tea and a few pastries before leaving.

She came and went with a lot of items, as if this was the most normal thing. She was confident that she had handled the situation well.

Now, the Whitmans were the ones seeking the Wray family’s help to find a doctor. She mused that one day, even Quaint Villa might belong to her.

Before getting into the car, Lynette took one last look at the rose-covered walls. Even her cosmetically enhanced face was unable to hide her desire. This moment was unseen by anyone.

On Quaint Villa’s second floor, in the vintage study, Reuben had been sitting by the window since Lynette left.

He needed his medication. Otherwise, given his earlier condition, he might not have been able to eat anything.

Marlon knew Reuben was reminiscing again. His wife, Joslyn Avah, had mentioned that Marie seemed different when she visited recently.

Marlon was torn about whether to take a chance. After all, the past events still

haunted him.

He wasn't the only one who was afraid. Everyone feared that a reunion might do more harm than good when Reuben met her.

"How long are you going to stand outside?" The raspy voice came from inside. Despite his frail condition, Reuben's eyes were sharper when outsiders weren't

around.

Knowing that he was caught, Marlon pushed the door and entered.

"Was inviting Evan Campbell your idea?" Reuben asked with a deep tone.

Marlon didn't answer directly but instead glanced at the window. "Dad, you're catching a chill again. The hospital said you shouldn't expose yourself to the

cold."

As Marlon moved to close the window, Reuben reached out to stop him. "I'm asking you a question. Was inviting Evan your idea?"

"Yes." Marlon lowered his gaze. "Dad, your health can't wait any longer. He might be unpleasant, but his medical skills are undeniable.

"He is an expert in his field. Just last month, he managed to cure a patient with a condition similar to yours. Dad, he can heal you!"

Reuben knew Marlon cared for him deeply. His right hand trembled slightly."

My dear son, the Whitman family has been in business for many years.

"Our ancestors never bowed to foreigners. I won't be the one to break that tradition just to please a man who called Cascadians pigs just so that I can survive."

“Dad, you...” Marlon was surprised Reuben knew so much as the issue hadn’t been widely publicized.

However, it was indeed true. Evan was indeed anti-Cascadian.

“He’s always been polite to the Whitman family,” Marlon said as he clenched his fists. “Maybe there’s been a misunderstanding.”

“Do you even believe what you’re saying?” Reuben looked out the window.” Times have changed, I know. Our business dealings are global now, and it’s always been like this.

“But when doing business with each other, at the very least, there should be mutual respect. When a foreigner comes to Cascadia and we treat him well, yet he calls us pigs, where’s the misunderstanding in that? I won’t let him treat me.”

Reuben turned his gaze back to Marlon. “Besides his prejudice, there’s also the Wray family’s matter.”

Marlon paused, his eyes flickering. “What about the Wrays?”

“Marlon, do you really think I’m completely oblivious to what’s happening outside? I know the Wray family’s current state well.

“Did Kenton promise to bring Evan here in exchange for his voting rights in the Chamber of Commerce?”

Chapter 1244 Our People Need Us

Taylor didn’t deny Reuben’s assertion and raised his head instead. “I can’t bear watching you cough up blood all the time. With the Wrays’ power growing, Kenton will get what he

wants whether we like it or not.”

*And will you just let him? I’ve told you countless times—the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce was established to provide our people with necessities during challenging

times!

“It is our duty as Cascadia’s businessmen!” Reuben rebuked. He leaned heavily on his dragon cane as his chest heaved with every breath.

Taylor refuted, “Times have changed, Dad. Look around us—the people’s living conditions are better now. They no longer need our support. Besides, we businessmen are selfish individuals who only seek profit.

“I understand the Chamber of Commerce might fall into the outsiders’ hands if we agree to the Wrays’ proposal. However, they made that choice themselves. They might even think we’re standing in their way to wealth.

“After all, the substantial gains from foreign investment have caused them to lose sight of their initial aspirations.

“Noah and I only want what’s best for your health. Since our votes don’t hold much

significance in influencing the Wrays’ decisions, agreeing to their proposal might not be such a bad idea.”

Reuben was infuriated and disappointed by Taylor’s words. However, he understood that Taylor was simply stating the truth and not the one to blame.

The Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce’s founding aspirations appeared to have eroded over time.

Sinking back into his chair, Reuben slowly questioned, “Do you really believe no one needs our help?

“If the Wray family can absorb a major company, they can do the same to another. They might show us respect this time, but will that respect last?”

He continued, “Handing the Chamber of Commerce over to the outsiders places our

futures in their hands.

“The Whitman family may faller, but what about the SMEs that struggle to survive in a fluctuating market? With fewer companies around, there will be fewer job opportunities for our people.

“In the end, local businesses will fade away, leaving our people to work under foreign control. Is that what you wish to see, Taylor?”

With a stern expression, Taylor countered, “It won’t be as dire as you think, Dad. These days, foreign companies come with their own set of benefits.”

Reuben sighed. “You know exactly what I’m talking about, Taylor. I know both you and Noah have been desperately seeking treatment for my failing health.

“However, I will not accept Evan’s treatment—his prejudiced attitude only incurs my wrath. And I will not become your weakness for the Wrays’ exploitation.”

Placing a hand on Taylor’s shoulder, Reuben stated, “I may be old, but my heart remains young. You’ve always been compassionate, Taylor.

“When we used to load CDs to enjoy movies, I remember how you voiced your disdain toward the arrogant villains in the movie.

“A person of justice like you will never approve of the Wray family. You’re only working with them for my sake.”

As Reuben spoke, he coughed harder. He gently patted Taylor’s shoulder and continued, “I know everything, Taylor. I just want you to stay true to your principles. I’ve done my best to live up to our ancestors’ expectations.

“But if I become the cause of the family’s historic downfall and the erosion of ethos within. the Chamber of Commerce, my life will be filled with nothing but guilt and remorse.”

Chapter 1245 Reuben’s Wisdom

“It seems that I’ve become a burden to my sons,” Reuben asserted. His words left Taylor stunned.

Taylor hurriedly assured, “Why would you say that? You’re not a burden at all! Fine, I’ll turn down the Wrays’ offer and find some other experts to treat you.”

“Good. That way, I can tell your great-grandpa I didn’t mess up.” Reuben nodded with a smile. However, Taylor wore a somber face as he observed his father’s frail and weakened

state..

Raising his head, Reuben narrated, “Regarding the Quinnells, I stand by my words—don’t let personal grudges sway your vote.

“Back then, Mr. Gordon single-handedly established the Chamber of Commerce with Grandpa Kieran’s support.

“They were close like brothers. During the national crisis, they constantly risked their lives to handle negotiations. In particular, Mr. Gordon lashed out at the Foplyan businessmen to save Grandpa Kieran in those critical moments.

“Instead of submitting to the foreigners’ oppression, Mr. Gordon provided thousands of Cascadians with nourishing food and worthy jobs. The Chamber of Commerce only came

into existence because of his dedication.”

Turning to Taylor with a stern gaze, Reuben continued, “Sevie is coming back to reclaim what rightfully belongs to the Quinnells. As her uncles, you can choose not to help her, but you cannot hinder her.”

Taylor was surprised to hear the familiar name. Marie was still recuperating after Wynter’s birth, yet the baby had won both Reuben’s and Isabella’s hearts.

Worried that Wynter might be hungry, Isabella stayed at the Quinnell residence to look after her granddaughter.

In Taylor's memories, Wynter was a child with round, sparkling eyes and a smooth, rosy complexion. She wore a tiger-head hat and sucked on her pacifier.

Upon noticing the Whitmans, she would light up with a radiant smile and stretch out her tiny arms, eager to be held.

Reuben and Isabella adored her, and Taylor was equally fond of her. Alas, that was all in the past. The ones who loved Wynter most were now gone.

Taylor clenched his fists and calmly replied, "I understand. You can rest assured, Dad."

"Good... I'm relieved you understand," Reuben said between coughs.

With that, Taylor prepared to leave. However, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned to Reuben. "You weren't coughing like that in front of Lynette. Do you suspect her of..."

"She's from the Wray family. You've probably forgotten what you said when you were a boy," Reuben interjected as he glanced at Taylor.

Taylor was puzzled. Since growing up, he no longer remembered what he said in his early years.

"You said that Lynette refused to leave Marie's room and asked you to be her brother instead," Reuben disclosed.

Taylor was surprised. "Did I really say that?"

"Indeed. As you age, you'll start reflecting on the past," Reuben stated with downcast eyes.

"Dad, do you miss Marie? How about I arrange a meeting with her for you?" Taylor suggested softly.

Reuben stiffened at the sudden suggestion but eventually shook his head. The study fell into silence once more, broken only by Reuben's heavy coughing.

As Taylor stared at the bloodstained handkerchief, his heart sank. Despite his promise to Reuben, he feared that he might lose the chance to save his father.

Chapter 1246 A Change in Dalton

At the Wray residence, Kenton was on the brink of a breakdown as his plans faced constant disruptions.

To make matters worse, the Whitman family had suddenly reneged on their agreement. Kenton wondered what Lynette had done to bring about such predicaments.

"I didn't expect the Whitmans to break their promise. They gave me their word! That old man is going to end up dying for his troubles!" Lynette argued aggrievedly.

"How are we supposed to manipulate the Whitman brothers if Reuben dies? Use your brains for once!

"And you better clean up the mess at the club. You're doomed if we get dragged into your scandals," Kenton warned angrily over the phone.

Hearing that, Lynette was visibly displeased. "You have some nerve lecturing me like that. You wouldn't have gotten this far if it weren't for my club. Besides, have you forgotten who sowed the seed of vanity into those girls? It was me!"

"Okay, you win. Keep contacting Marie and dig into the Quinnells' situation," Kenton groaned.

He couldn't shake the feeling that he had overlooked something, especially upon discovering his men had lost track of Wynter.

However, Kenton heard that Albert had acquired some stocks and met with several venture capitalists in Hawford.

In the past, Kenton would've been wary of such news. But with Yvette at the helm, he did not need to worry about his investments.

After all, Albert was no match for the prophetic Yvette. Still, Kenton couldn't help but wonder about Wynter's whereabouts.

Believing Kenton was fretting unnecessarily, Lynette gave a dismissive scoff. "How much can a young lady accomplish? Besides, the bodyguards mentioned losing track of her while she was shopping in Riogeb.

"She's probably dazzled by Hawford's splendor and plans to bring home some luxuries. After all, she's just returned from the countryside." "You're underestimating her. She must possess remarkable skills since she took over the Quinnell family.

"Though my friends in Kingborne can't quite identify her capabilities, they've all warned me against starting a conflict with her. They called her a jinx. "So, you better be more cautious and make sure no one finds any dirt on you," Kenton warned with narrowed eyes.

Lynette scoffed disdainfully, "Right back at you. With such a major incident at Club Solstice, it would be disastrous if your friends were discovered. One arrest could unravel the entire criminal network!"

Kenton had always been annoyed with Lynette's biting remarks. If she weren't his blood sister and hadn't been helping him with falsifying the accounts, he would've kicked her out of the house.

That said, Kenton agreed to stay vigilant on the Club Solstice case. After all, Vanessa's parents didn't strike him as the type to hold secrets. "Have we cut off all connections with the insurance company?" Kenton questioned as he strode forward.

"Rest assured, Mr. Wray. They won't trace anything back to the Wray family," Adrien replied confidently.

Indeed, the Wray family was clear of suspicions.

But, unbeknownst to them, Wynter was looking into the patrons on the day of Vanessa's death. Thanks to Wolf's expertise, she had compiled a full list of suspects.

As certain evidence required time to process, Wynter decided to visit the Whitmans. After giving the necessary instructions, she hopped into an inconspicuous SUV.

The SUV was different from the one the Wray family was trailing, which explained why they lost sight of Wynter. Never in their dreams did they expect Wynter would gain access to the sealed crime scene.

When Wynter settled into the car, she met Dalton's gaze. For some reason, she felt that his eye color seemed to have changed.

Chapter 1247 The Darnell Family

True to Wynter's suspicion, Dalton had undergone noticeable changes. He could feel the evil aura intensify as he drew closer to his soul fragment..

It seemed that someone had been exploiting his remaining power for their own benefit. How bold, yet incredibly foolish.

Dalton caressed his red beaded bracelet, his fingers so pale they almost seemed transparent. He didn't recall having any connections with the Wray family, though his memories had become hazy over time.

Beside him, Wolf sat obediently. Upon noticing Wynter, he hurriedly gestured to her with an angry face. His sign language made it clear that he was furious with the crow's escape and vowed to skin him the next time he caught the bird.

The crow observed Wolf from the shadows, wondering if they should clear his head. Though Wolf suffered a blow to his head during the thunderstrike trial, he shouldn't be confusing his allies with enemies.

Seeing Wolf's frantic desire to devour him, the crow mused how Wolf would react upon meeting Whitley. After all, the fearsome beast Chaos had a penchant for eating snakes. The crow couldn't help but wonder if Wynter was aware of that fact.

Unfortunately, Wynter had yet to realize Chaos' eating preferences. She wasn't particularly troubled by the crow's disappearance as she wasn't keen on forcing a mythical beast to stay.

At that moment, she seemed to recall something and turned to Wolf.

“You’re meeting a friend tonight. He showed up around your time of appearance.” Wynter grinned, leaving Wolf puzzled as he focused on counting his payment.

In truth, Wynter had left Whitley to protect Logan. Given Logan’s condition, she feared that something terrible would happen to him without a mythical beast’s protection.

Wynter had even arranged for Logan to join Tobias’ film crew, hoping that the two could look out for each other while ensuring Logan’s safety. She was aware of Tobias’ talent in spiritual practices and felt it would be a waste not to put it to use.

At that moment, Pablo called to update her about the invitation from the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce. Apparently, the Darnell family had requested the Wrays to send Wynter the invitation.

Hearing that, Wynter arched a brow as she gently tapped on the armrest.

The Darnells were a highly affluent family with a diverse portfolio across various industries. Wynter wondered why such a family would send an invitation to the Quinnells.

“What do you think of them, Pablo? Are they a friend or a foe?” Wynter questioned curiously.

As Pablo monitored the stock trends, he replied, “Their representative in Hawford has close ties with the Wray family. However, I recently learned that their new head has arrived at Hawford.

“He might be the one who requested the invitation for the Quinnells. It’s possible he’s keen to meet the Quinnells, but he could have other intentions. I’m still working on the details.”

He paused momentarily and asked, “There’s something strange going on with the stocks lately, boss. Should I acquire some?”

“Strange stocks, you say?” Wynter hummed with interest.

“Several stocks have experienced a meteoric rise. I suspect someone has been deceitfully tampering with the stock prices. They’ve gone up over 100 points now,” Pablo reported as he moved the cursor.

Wynter’s eyes showed a brief flicker. She calmly instructed Pablo, “Give me the stocks’ names. I’ll check it out tonight.”

With that, Wynter ended the call with Pablo. She then messaged Albert, asking for a meeting about the recent stock trend. After contacting Albert, she looked into the Darnell family’s recent activities.

While others struggled to uncover detailed information, Wolf easily pulled up a side profile picture of the Darnells’ new head on his screen.

“We can’t see his face clearly. Are there any front-view pictures? But I guess he’s as secretive as you are.” Wynter chuckled as she enlarged the photo.

Her comment was directed at Dalton. When Wynter investigated his background, all she had been able to gather was a wide-shot photo capturing his tall stature and commanding presence.

The same went for the Darnell family’s new head—he was equally mysterious and elusive.

Chapter 1248 The Truth About Dalton

Dalton wasn’t aware that Wynter had looked into him. Upon hearing her comment, he turned to her and asked, “Did you want my picture?”

Before Wynter could reply, Dalton added, “Was this about our engagement? Were you trying to see if I was your type?”

Wynter attempted to explain, but Dalton cut her off again. “You don’t have to. Your taste in men is a bit off, anyway.”

Left speechless, Wynter couldn’t help wondering who had upset Dalton. The truth was, no one had. Dalton simply recalled some bad memories.

The incident with Sky had been infuriating, and the discovery of the remnant underground only added to Dalton's irritation.

It seemed that whoever was borrowing his power had burdened him with personal grudges. Thinking of that, Dalton closed his eyes and attempted to soothe the hostile aura

within.

Wynter wasn't the senseless type who would direct her anger at her uncomfortable boyfriend.

As a doctor, she could easily discern a person's condition through their breathing pattern, especially someone with a high body temperature like Dalton.

Wynter immediately placed a hand on Dalton's forehead while her other hand checked his pulse. She found that it was unusually erratic—that never happened when they were in Kingbourne.

"What's wrong with you?" Wynter asked with a frown.

Dalton hadn't expected her to notice his discomfort, despite his discreet efforts to hide it. He rolled down his sleeve and looked at Wynter with a shadowed gaze. "I'm fine. Just a little tired," he replied.

Wynter didn't buy Dalton's words. He had been much more robust and lively during their time settling cases in Kingbourne. Wynter couldn't help but notice the purple aura around him had intensified.

Wynter understood that too much fortune would lead to Dalton's downfall. Aside from altering his fate, she had also constantly drawn on his luck in an attempt to keep him off the heavens' radar.

However, all of that seemed to be catching up to Dalton since arriving in Hawford. Just moments before, he had been perfectly fine.

At that moment, Wynter thought of something and turned to Wolf. "Where was Dalton just

now?

Wolf shook his head, recalling only that he had been instructed to run laps. Wynter turned to Dalton, who merely flashed her a faint smile. She reached out and forced a stern expression onto his face.

“Listen here, pretty boy. Wolf and I have been scouring the mountains for herbs specifically for you—some of them are rare and highly valuable. So, you’d better take good care of your body.

“I’ve put in a lot of effort to get you into top shape, and I don’t want to see you fall back into a weakened state. So, tell me, did something in the nightclub cause this?” Wynter inquired

with a serious tone.

She had smartly pieced together what happened and went straight to the point, highlighting her prowess as the Special Unit’s leader.

Her sharp intuition and logical thinking made her hard to fool, which deemed her the natural choice for handling abnormal cases.

“Something appeared, but it got away,” Dalton swiftly admitted.

“You should’ve called Wolf,” Wynter chided. At the mention of his name, Wolf raised his head and nodded in agreement. He would’ve entertained himself by roasting whatever it

was.

Dalton assented and glanced at Wynter’s posture. It was only then that Wynter realized she had overstepped his boundaries and quickly retracted her hand.

Benjamin, who had been watching in silence, was alarmed by the scene.

Desmond had mentioned that Dalton wasn’t fond of anyone encroaching on his personal space. Judging from the couple’s conversation, it seemed that Wynter had been financially supporting Dalton.

The assumption left Benjamin puzzled. He wondered if Dalton tended to live off women.

On the other hand, Wynter paid no mind to his speculations about her relationship with Dalton.

Opening her bag, she took out a pill and popped it into Dalton's mouth. "You're going back to the hotel. I'll head to the Whitman residence on my own."

Chapter 1249 Visiting the Whitman Family

Dalton didn't oppose Wynter's instruction. Given his current state, it wasn't suitable for him to visit the Whitmans. More importantly, he couldn't stay with Wolf any longer lest the latter lose control.

As Wolf followed Wynter out of the car, his gaze remained fixated on Dalton. Noticing Wolf's unusual behavior, Wynter questioned curiously, "Is something wrong?"

Wolf gestured to warn her that Dalton was turning more menacing and that provoking him would lead to serious trouble.

"Are you saying someone will be in danger if they mess with Dalton?" Wynter inquired.

When Wolf nodded, she casually assured him that everything would be fine. After all, she wouldn't be the one suffering the consequences.

Wolf walked a few steps before glancing back at Dalton. For some reason, he felt a sense of familiarity, as if Dalton were someone he knew and trusted.

Wolf hurriedly dismissed the thought, chiding himself for mistaking Dalton as his master. Shaking his head, Wolf quickened his pace to catch up with Wynter.

When Wynter first took on Vanessa's case, she had bought some fried chicken for Wolf. Now that she was unoccupied, she could finally hand the food over.

Wolf was carrying a black bag nearly his size, and his eyes lit up with delight at the sight of food.

In truth, Wynter had prepared a variety of gifts for the Whitmans. However, her journey was delayed by an unexpected murder case, leaving the gifts less fresh than intended.

In comparison, the herbs Wolf carried were still in perfect condition.

Despite their exceptional skills at shaking off their pursuers, Wynter found that she was no longer being followed after leaving the SUV. Apparently, no one expected her to hail a taxi to the Whitman residence.

When Wynter and Wolf finally arrived at the Whitman residence, it was nearly dinnertime.

Listening to his growling stomach, Wolf looked up to Wynter and made a questioning gesture. He wondered if Reuben would give him as much meat as Fabian did.

Wynter gently caressed his hair and replied, “He might, or he might not. He still holds onto his resentments.”

Just then, a voice called out to them. “W—Where did you come from? You can’t go any further as this is a private residence.”

While watering the plants in the garden, a maid spotted Wynter and Wolf. She rushed over and signaled for them to leave. It was then that Wynter realized the mansion before them

belonged to the Whitmans.

“We’re here to meet Mr. Whitman Senior. Could you please inform him of our arrival?” Wynter asked, discreetly hiding her identity to secure her entry.

Instead of avoiding one another and speculating about motives, Wynter sincerely believed that any grudges or misunderstandings could be resolved by having a thorough and honest conversation.

With that in mind, Wynter decided that securing her entry was her top priority.

“Mr. Reuben isn’t feeling well today. He’s not in the condition to welcome any guests. Which family do you represent? I’ve never seen you before,” the maid, Jesslyn Garcia, replied with a note of hostility and wariness.

Wynter instantly came up with an excuse. “We’ve been sent by Mr. Whitman to check on his father.”

However, Jesslyn remained skeptical. “The Whitman family has always called for Dr. Chester Harper.”

“Dr. Harper will arrive shortly. We’re just here to see if Mr. Whitman Senior needs a change of dressing,” Wynter explained as she showed her medical qualification certificate.

Though Jesslyn didn’t expect such a young woman to be an attending physician, she refused to give entry without further verification. “Hold on, let me confirm with Mr. Taylor.” With that, Jesslyn contacted Taylor via the intercom phone. Once Taylor confirmed that he had contacted a doctor, she finally allowed Wynter and Wolf inside. “I apologize for my rudeness, miss. Please come inside.”

Chapter 1250 Meeting Uncle Taylor

Following Jesslyn’s lead, Wynter walked down a beautifully decorated corridor. The ancient lamps hung on either side of the wall emitted a soft, dim glow.

It appeared the mansion had retained its original architectural elements.

As the sun began to set, the lights flickered on. Despite the dimming light being shadowed by the rose bushes, the house was far from gloomy while the roses’ gentle fragrance filled the air.

The evening glow streamed through the window panes, casting a warm radiance across the floor and vintage carpet.

The vintage carpet, with its intricate yet elegant design, perfectly complemented the surrounding decor. Such aesthetic designs showcased the owner’s refined tastes.

Reuben had studied in Frenda during unprecedented times, which was reflected in the renowned artistic creations that adorned the house.

Along the way, Jesslyn occasionally sized Wynter up. At first glance, she had dismissed Wynter as a country bumpkin, inwardly criticizing her casual attire and decision to bring a child along for work.

However, Wynter proved to be rather perceptive. She didn't sneakily glance around nor show her amazement at the Whitman residence's decor, leaving Jesslyn impressed.

After turning around the corner, Jesslyn brought out disposable slippers for Wynter and Wolf.

"Mr. Reuben is staying on the second floor. You may change your shoes here. After heading inside, please be mindful of your steps."

Such rules sounded reminiscent of an ancient wealthy household. Though Wynter didn't voice her objections, she realized something was amiss from Jesslyn's expression and behavior.

Even without her fake identity, she had learned about the Whitman family from her days as a venture capitalist.

In the past, businessmen were known for their principles and integrity. Yet, such qualities seemed increasingly rare in the present era.

Wynter couldn't help recalling Fiona's attitude during her first appearance in Southdale.

She doubted that the maids working for the Whitman family—known for supporting SMEs through their business transformations would display such haughtiness and snobbery.

Though Jesslyn sounded polite, her eyes betrayed her arrogance. She showed little respect to Wynter and even less to Wolf.

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'Don't touch anything inside. I'm still not used to having new doctors around. Dr. Harper is usually the one who handles treatment.*

"How should we address you, madam?" Wynter asked with a faint smile, subtly prying for information.

Noting her politeness, Jesslyn seemed to be more at ease. “Just call me Jesslyn. That reminds me, I didn’t catch your last name.”

“I go by Quinnell,” Wynter answered honestly. She had no intention of hiding her last name.

Jesslyn appeared stunned by the mention of that last name. Yet, Wynter feigned ignorance and asked, “What’s wrong, Jesslyn?”

Jesslyn quickly dismissed the question and walked away, murmuring about the choice of that last name.

She then pressed a door open, revealing a grand living room with a majestic chandelier hanging from the broad ceiling that soared three stories high.

The living room featured a dashing, vintage style that evoked the look of an old film. Under the lights, a man in a suit stood tall as he engaged in a phone conversation.

His well-maintained physique hinted at a regular workout routine. Though he appeared fairly young, he carried an air of maturity and authority. He embodied the image of a classic leader of a prestigious business family.

As Wynter stared at the man, she recognized him as Taylor, one of her uncles.

Unbeknownst to Wynter, Taylor was deeply engrossed in a phone conversation with Kenton regarding Reuben’s illness. He was determined not to miss any chance to save his father.

Taylor barely noticed the guests Jesslyn had brought in. At that moment, Jesslyn approached him and reported respectfully, “The doctors are here, Mr. Taylor.”