

## Six Brothers 1261

### Chapter 1261 Fake Doctor

“As for my job...” Jesslyn quickly added, “I can work for the Wrays right away!”

Lynette frowned, wishing she could distance herself from the phone.

She wondered if Jesslyn was stupid. Without Jesslyn’s position in the Whitman residence, she was worth nothing to Lynette. How foolish could Jesslyn be?

“Oh, I’m not at the Wray residence now. Why don’t you go home and rest for now? There will be work for you later on.” Lynette barely disguised her impatience before hanging up right after she spoke.

If she wasn’t worried about Jesslyn spreading rumors, she wouldn’t have bothered with even that much.

Yet, Jesslyn felt triumphant, as if she had secured a great victory. Just you wait. Let’s see when the Whitmans will finally fall!”

While Jesslyn was reveling in her perceived triumph, she had no idea that her entire conversation was being recorded on a nearby phone. The person recording was none other than Wolf.

Despite his young age, Wolf was highly perceptive, especially toward people who harbored malicious intent toward Wynter.

Hence, he made sure to follow Jesslyn. Once he was done, he ran over to Wynter and gestured that he had captured the evidence.

Wynter enlarged the video on her phone. The footage was crystal clear, and the audio was perfect. Truly, it was an unexpected

windfall.

Just then, a passing Mercedes narrowly missed the both of them. Inside were Chester, delayed by an emergency surgery, and the Whitman family's current head, Noah.

From the moment Taylor's call came in, Noah had felt uneasy.

Immediately after finishing up his work, he picked up Chester from the hospital and headed straight to Quaint Villa. Who knew the traffic delays would slow them down?

Noah raised his hand and checked the time. His anxiousness was evident from his deep frown. The moment the car stopped, he and Chester hurried toward the house.

Seeing Noah's urgency, Taylor was puzzled. He walked downstairs and asked, "Noah, what's the rush?"

"Where's Dad? How is he now?" Noah halted. He was bewildered by Taylor's reaction. Why was Taylor, who was even more anxious than him all the time, acting so calmly?

Taylor smiled, "Oh, you're worried about this. Didn't you receive my text? Dad's fine. Dr. Harper's assistant did a great job."

"Assistant?" Chester, standing there with his medical kit, looked utterly confused. "I don't have an assistant. What assistant?"

Upon hearing this, Taylor's expression froze, and his breathing became erratic. "You don't have an assistant? What about any other doctors from your hospital? Did any of them receive a call to come?"

Chester shook his head. "I've always been the one responsible for Mr. Reuben. There's no way any other doctor would be called in."

A loud thud was heard as Taylor's phone slipped from his hand. He didn't bother to pick it up or explain it further.

He sprinted toward Reuben's bedroom, his eyes icy and filled with menace. He had never felt such urgency in his life. If no doctor had been called over, then who was the person that had just been

there?

Taylor couldn't fathom anyone daring to pull such a stunt under his watch. Who would have the audacity to pose as a doctor to enter the Whitman residence? What was their objective, and who had

sent them?

His mind raced with possibilities. He wouldn't spare anyone if anything happened to Reuben.

Seeing Taylor's panic, Noah felt even more uneasy.

With a loud bang, Taylor burst into the bedroom. The sound of the door being pushed echoed through the whole mansion.

However, he was met with the sight of Reuben, who had been weak for ages, practicing martial arts.

Chapter 1262 Being Lied To

Taylor paused, his eyes wide in disbelief. If it weren't for the fact that the sky hadn't fully darkened he might have thought he was dreaming. What was going on?

Reuben was practicing martial arts when he heard hurried

footsteps outside. He stopped and wiped the sweat off his brow before looking up at Taylor.

"What's the matter? Why are you in such a rush?"

By this time, Noah had arrived as well. He didn't understand why Taylor was in such a panic and looked over at him.

Taylor, now calmer, decided to address the situation methodically without mentioning the fake doctor. "Dad, weren't you feeling weak in your limbs? How are you suddenly able to practice martial arts?"

“I’ve recovered,” Reuben replied with a hearty laugh, clearly in good spirits. “I feel particularly strong today.”

Taylor frowned. “Recovered? Dad, I need to tell you that the person who treated you earlier wasn’t Dr. Harper’s assistant but was an imposter.

“Dr. Harper is here now, and the person who treated you might have been a fake doctor. I was careless. Don’t move around first. Please allow Dr. Harper to examine you again.”

Noah’s face turned serious as he understood the gravity of the situation. “A fake doctor? No wonder you asked Dr. Harper those questions earlier.

“Check the home surveillance footage right away. Zachary, call the police. I want to know who has the nerve to fool us like this.”

Zachary, who hadn’t liked Wynter ever since she arrived, was eager to take action. Now it made sense she was an imposter after all!

“Mr. Whitman, I’ll handle it right away!” Zachary was more proactive than anyone at times liked this

Reuben’s smile fell, and his face darkened at the mention of calling the police. “Enough! Who said you should call the police?

“Haven’t you seen how much better I am feeling? My limbs feel strong, and I can get out of bed and walk around now. Why do you want to call the police?”

“Dad, I—” Noah tried to explain.

Reuben waved his hand dismissively. “You don’t know the full story, so don’t try to lecture me. Leave your office tactics at the door, they’re not welcome in our house. The person who treated me was not a fake doctor.

“Though young, her medical skills are exceptional. Her

acupuncture and massage techniques are top-notch. She might even be better than most traditional medicine practitioners in Hawford!”

Chester felt like he had heard this somewhere before. Many elderly people fell for scams like this.

He couldn’t help but chuckle softly before explaining to Noah, “Mr Reuben may have encountered a professional scam artist in traditional medicine, it’s easy to fake results.

“A few acupuncture needles and some psychological suggestions can make someone feel more energetic temporarily.

“In Hawford, there are very few skilled acupuncturists, and they are all elderly with years of experience. It’s unlikely that a young

person could be that proficient.”

Given the emphasis on practice and accumulated experience in medicine, Chester’s point made sense.

Even Noah was curious about what kind of scammer could fool Reuben. “Dad, how about you let Dr. Harper give you another

thorough check-up first?”

Noah’s main concern was Reuben’s health. Everything else could be dealt with later.

Reuben understood his sons’ concern, so he glanced at Chester. “I know you mean well. If it puts your minds at ease, we can have another check-up.”

Chester sighed in relief before giving Noah a knowing look. At least Reuben wasn’t duped too badly.

Chapter 1263 The Mysterious Doctor

Noah felt something was off. Reuben’s attitude was unusual, as if he had more to say. Regardless, it was best to allow Chester to do a thorough examination first.

Half an hour later, Chester's expression visibly changed. He didn't believe what he was hearing and used his stethoscope again.

The rales had significantly reduced, and Reuben's breathing wasn't as labored. The pus seemed to have cleared up, too. What was going on?

Noah noticed Chester's strange expression and grew concerned. "Dr. Harper? Has my dad's condition worsened?"

"Worsened?" Reuben interjected before Chester could respond, his tone relaxed. "It should have gotten better. Isn't that right, Dr. Harper?"

Chester nodded instinctively before realizing both the Whitman family heads, Noah and Taylor, were staring at him.

He opened his mouth but couldn't bring himself to lie, so he offered a more diplomatic response, "Mr. Reuben is indeed in better health today. Perhaps it's the result of the previous treatments taking effect!"

He was trying to salvage some of his credibility.

Reuben glanced at him. "Dr. Harper, you are quick to claim credit. Before that so-called fake doctor came, my health wasn't in this

condition.

"It was that young lady who performed acupuncture and cleared my meridians, which made me feel much better than before.

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"Before she left, she even told me that although my condition requires rest, it also needs appropriate exercise to regulate my spleen and stomach. She also advised against overusing

medication.

“Practicing martial arts, with its slow and continuous movements. helps regulate my breathing and blood flow. It allows a

harmonious state of body and mind while also enhancing my internal organs’ function.

“Most importantly, she confidently told me she is certain she can cure my illness. Dr. Harper, don’t you see? Her treatment method is completely different from yours.”

Chester’s face turned red with embarrassment at Reuben’s words.

After all, he had long ago concluded that Reuben’s illness was incurable and could only be managed daily with mist therapy and medication, from which he had profited significantly.

Yet, in a brief moment, just because he was late, an unknown ” traditional medicine doctor” had seemingly turned things around and claimed she could cure the disease.

How could that be possible? She wasn’t a renowned doctor like Evan.

But nothing was wrong with the stethoscope. Chester was starting to doubt himself.

Noah snapped out of his thoughts. “Dad, where is this doctor you mentioned? I didn’t see anyone when I came in. I must thank her properly in person!”

If this doctor could truly cure Reuben’s illness, it didn’t matter which hospital she was from or whose assistant she was.

“That young lady left a while ago. Reuben smiled. “If you want to thank her, prepare the consultation fees for when she returns for a follow-up in two days.”

“Absolutely!” Noah felt relieved as he unfurrowed his brows.

Reuben did seem to be more energetic and the best he’d been in months.

At that moment, Noah was filled with gratitude for the doctor he had never met. He was even a bit impatient to meet this person.

Taylor even felt regretful. He had missed the opportunity to meet the young doctor because of a phone call.

Only Chester remained uneasy. His words came out lacking in courtesy. “Mr. Noah and Mr. Taylor, I still believe you should both proceed with caution.”

Chapter 1264 Lacking In Medical Skills

“All the doctors in our hospital have diagnosed Mr. Reuben’s condition. It’s not something that can be cured this easily. Even if it’s acupuncture, it should be performed by someone well-known.

“Mr. Reuben, if may I ask, did she mention who she is?” Chester asked.

“No.” Reuben glanced sharply at Chester, exuding an authoritative presence. “However, I realized something from our conversation. Your prestigious number-one hospital seems to have lost its

essence.

“A hospital’s purpose is to save lives. But from what I’m hearing, it sounds like you don’t want me to get better.”

Chester’s face turned pale as he hurriedly explained, “Mr. Reuben, I didn’t mean it that way. It’s just that the CT scans show-”

“CT scans. All you rely on now are machines to determine a patient’s fate. I remember your hospital’s original motto. ‘Do not define life and death; strive to save every life.’

“It seems that Dr. Harper is not suitable to continue treating a ‘dying

man like me.”

Reuben's words were nicely said, sending a very clear and direct message. Chester was no longer welcomed.

Chester hadn't imagined that Reuben, who had always cooperated with his treatment, would suddenly turn against him. This treatment for the Whitmans had been pivotal for his career advancement.

The Wray family had specifically asked him to handle this case,

and he had even hoped to have the opportunity to assist Evan. That would have looked perfect on his resume!

Yet, an unknown traditional medicine doctor suddenly appeared and took his job! Who would do such a thing?

Chester racked his brains but couldn't figure out who it could be.

How could there be a doctor in Hawford he wasn't familiar with?

The crucial thing was that Reuben's improved condition was undeniable. Who on earth was this person?

After leaving the Whitman residence, Chester couldn't contain his frustration any longer. He leveraged his connections to inquire

about the situation.

"No one has been to the Whitman residence. You're overthinking Chester. With Mr. Reuben's condition, no one but you would dare

take it on."

"Don't say such things. Once Evan arrives and performs the surgery with you, the patient will naturally get better."

“But it’s true that we haven’t been there, and it’s even less likely for any traditional medicine practitioners.”

“Could it be a scam? Wait a couple of days and observe Mr.

Reuben’s condition. I don’t believe two needles can work miracles.

There must be some medicine involved.”

These were all the responses Chester received.

So, he decided to wait and see, aborting his plan to call Kenton. He was fully aware that informing the Wray family that he was no longer needed by Reuben and that they had found a better replacement would only make him look incompetent.

Furthermore, the situation wasn’t critical yet. The likelihood of a

scam was high,

Chester couldn’t believe there was a traditional medicine practitioner in Hawford more skilled than Evan. He hadn’t seen one in many years. Hence, he was confident the Whitmans would seek him out again soon.

Meanwhile, Reuben stood by the window as he watched Chester drive off.

He clutched the note Wynter had given him. His previous frail condition had prevented him from realizing that so many in the Whitman residence were untrustworthy.

Taylor noticed Reuben’s gaze and lowered his eyes. “Dad, are you suspicious of Dr. Harper?”

“He’s not the problem.” Reuben turned to face his two sons,

meeting their eyes. “He didn’t misuse any medications on me. He just couldn’t cure me.”

Chapter 1265 Wynter

Taylor immediately asked, “Then, can that doctor who came by mistake really cure you, Dad?” He worried that Reuben might be putting on a show just to replace Chester.

“Of course, she can.” Reuben smiled. “She did impersonate Dr. Harper’s assistant. Although I don’t know why, she must have her

reasons.”

Noah sensed something amiss. “Dad, you seem to trust this doctor too much. Is there something you didn’t want to say in front of outsiders just now?”

“Indeed. I’ve been wanting to tell you guys that I’ve known this young doctor for a long time,” Reuben admitted.

Taylor was puzzled. “Known her for a long time?”

“Do you remember what I told you about the time I donated supplies during the outbreak of the infectious disease years ago?

“A young lady gave me some pills that prevented me from getting infected,” Reuben explained with a smile. “She has saved my life once before.”

Noah and Taylor remembered the incident. Reuben had even returned to Southdale to find the girl but had no success because

he didn’t know her name.

“What a coincidence” Taylor was astonished. “How did she know you were ill now? And why didn’t she reveal her identity directly?”

“She only knew that someone in the Whitman family was ill.” Reuben looked up. His reply hit the nail on the head.

Noah frowned slightly. “Do you mean she came to save someone in the Whitman family, and there must be a reason she didn’t reveal her identity?”

Reuben nodded and handed them the note Wynter left him. “Take a look at this.”

The two brothers examined the note, and their expression shifted.

“The Wrays’ influence has extended too far.” Reuben placed both his hands at his back, his gaze fixed on a corner of Quaint Villa. ” Sometimes, I wonder if there really is some misunderstanding.”

Noah remained silent while Taylor hesitated for a moment.

“Let me think it over,” Reuben said, turning his eyes to a photograph. It was of the late Isabella, who had passed away too soon. Noah and Taylor, who had once pampered Marie like a princess, were in it as well.

Who would have thought that later, Marie would allow Shane, that scoundrel, to wreak havoc on the Whitman family’s market?

If it weren’t for Fabian who rushed over from Kingbourne to intervene, Noah and Taylor would have gotten into serious trouble.

If it weren’t for the fact that Shane was their brother-in-law, with Marie, their blood sister, vouching for him, who would have trusted him so much?

That incident had taken years for Noah and Taylor to recover from. Any other person might have never bounced back.

What hurt the most was Marie’s reaction at the time. She had completely disappeared, and when she finally showed up, she asked if any of it mattered.

Thinking back, Reuben took a deep breath. “You two should think

about it as well,”

Noah suddenly spoke up, “Dad, some people from the Quinnell family will be at the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow. How about coming with me if you’re feeling well?”

For the past few years, due to Reuben’s poor health, Noah had been attending the Chamber of Commerce for him. He now suggested it because he felt the timing was right.

“I heard that Wynter will be representing them,” he added.

“Wynter...” Reuben recalled his soft, cuddly granddaughter. She would always wear a tiger-head hat and extend her arms to ask for hugs. His heart softened at the thoughts of Wynter.

Then, he remembered the young doctor’s words. A wounded heart could only be mended by tending to the inner wounds, and misunderstandings could only be cleared by talking about it.

#### Chapter 1266 Come With Me

The first thing Wynter did when she returned to the hotel was to report everything that had happened at the Whitman residence to Marie.

Marie couldn’t sit still upon hearing this. “How could your

grandfather’s health suddenly deteriorate so much? Was it due to medication errors, or something else?”

Wynter understood Marie’s anxiety. She reassured her by placing hand on her shoulder.

“Mom, don’t worry. Grandpa will be fine. The medicine is already on its way. What I wanted to talk to you about are the previous misunderstandings.

“After you recovered, you tried to return to the Whitman family several times, but neither Grandpa nor my uncles seemed to know about it. Besides the Wray family, there must be others causing trouble.”

Wynter lowered her gaze. “Let’s attend tomorrow afternoon’s Chamber of Commerce together. You can use the invitation, and I’ll find another way to get in.”

Marie was more than eager to see Reuben after hearing about his illness. Hence, she agreed to follow Wynter's plan after knowing that she could meet him. However, she had one concern.

"The Wray family's connections in Hawford are very intricate. I'm worried about you," Marie said while holding Wynter's hand.

Despite Wynter's capabilities, Hawford was perilous. The Wray family's rise to power wasn't simple. There must have been more

than what met the eyes.

Wynter smiled softly. "Mom, don't forget that Grandpa has paved the way for me. I'm going to visit the old Quinnell residence now." "Going to the old Quinnell residence will definitely draw attention."

Marie recalled today's news reports and felt uneasy. She had an idea of what could have happened which led to the tragic incident involving Vanessa jumping to her death.

Marie wasn't at the age where she was clueless and innocent. After learning that the Wray family has a share in the bar, it added to her anxiety.

Ever since they reached Hawford, it felt as if Wynter, Albert, and even the hotel she was in were under surveillance.

If Wynter went to the old Quinnell residence, it would mean telling the people in the Chamber of Commerce that she was there to reclaim the leadership for the Quinnell family. Such an approach was bold but also dangerous:

Marie, as her mother, didn't want to hinder Wynter's ambitions but sought a safer approach. "I'll go back to the Whitman residence again. Even if I can't get in, I can at least divert some of the Wray family's attention."

"Mom, there's no need. Let them come to me. That would be for the best." Wynter smiled. "That way, I'll know exactly who doesn't want things to return to their rightful place."

Her logic was sound. The Chamber of Commerce was founded by Gordon. Now, those people not only wielded power but were also oppressing the very people who helped build it.

Wynter couldn't allow this to continue. Every debt had a debtor, and she intended to settle accounts with everyone involved.

The fact that the Winston family had yet to show up was another matter weighing on her mind.

If Wynter had a weak point, it would undoubtedly be Marie being alone in Hawford.

Therefore, she left Whitley at the hotel to protect her. With a Savior around, no evil forces would succeed. This would ensure absolute safety for Marie.

Having arranged everything, Wynter returned to the taxi. A closer look revealed that the taxi was modified.

Wolf sat inside. The back seat was surrounded by monitors displaying different areas of Club Solstice.

Unlike usual, Wolf seemed exceptionally hungry. He can't help but find his surroundings aromatic. He was constantly nibbling on bread and staring at the hotel with bright eyes.

Wynter noticed his unusual behavior. She furrowed her brows as a thought struck her. "You mentioned wanting to eat grilled snake before. Do you have a particular liking for reptiles?"

Chapter 1267 Lynette's Jealousy

Wolf's appetite was whetted by the mention of snake meat. He eagerly nodded and abandoned his work momentarily.

Wynter paused for a moment before she pulled out her phone and googled what Ancient Beasts preferred to eat. The search results were incomplete, so she turned to the knowledgeable Dalton for help.

Dalton's reply was prompt and straightforward. "Dragons."

As expected.

Wynter felt a sense of relief as she patted Wolf's head. "It's a good thing I didn't take you upstairs. Alright, let's switch cars. You're coming with me to find something."

Switch cars? Wolf was visibly puzzled.

Just then, a brand new Lamborghini arrived at the hotel. Its appearance was incredibly sleek, with lights and a rear wing that looked stunning.

Wolf's face lit up with excitement. His youthful features reflected a single thought—trouble! He knew Wynter well enough to

understand that the flashier the entrance, the bigger the plan. And he loved it.

The people under the Wrays, who had been following Wynter all day, finally caught a glimpse of her and looked at each other in confusion.

"Is she just coming out of the hotel? Didn't she already leave?"

"Could she have come back earlier? When did she return?"

"Never mind, just tell everyone outside to head to the front. Tell them that Wynter Quinnell has appeared, and it looks like she's heading toward Riogeb."

But Wynter's destination wasn't just Riogeb. She drove the Lamborghini with its sunroof wide open, making a grand spectacle from Riogeb all the way to the Wray family's club. The attention she garnered was impossible to ignore.

Many onlookers, including wealthy ladies who frequented the club for beauty treatments, were abuzz with gossip.

"Whose child is driving so wildly?"

“That’s the girl from the Quinnell family. She just arrived in Hawford.”

“A girl?”

“Yeah. Marie’s daughter.”

Lynette, standing nearby and listening, felt increasingly irritated. She hadn’t expected that after all these years, the mother-and- daughter duo could still dominate conversations so effortlessly.

Someone asked her, “Lynette, do you know Marie’s daughter?”

“I haven’t met her,” Lynette replied with a stiff smile. After all, she just got botox treatment. “But from this display, she doesn’t seem much like Marie.”

“Indeed, she seems more like a nouveau riche. She is showing her car off as if no one else has luxury cars.”

Lynette’s smile remained fixed, though she was inwardly pleased by the comment.

“Well, I did run into Marie recently. She looks just as she did before.

“You saw her? When?” Lynette didn’t believe that her old acquaintances could still reach Marie, as she had long intervened.

“Just yesterday. Didn’t she come to the club?” The person

hesitated, glancing at Lynette before continuing in a lower voice,” And she left in someone else’s car.

“Someone else? Who?” Lynette asked.

“The one from the Darnell family.”

As soon as those words dropped, Lynette's expression instantly changed. She gripped her coffee cup tightly, struggling to control her emotions. "That's impossible! How could she be in his car?"

Lynette didn't think Marie deserved such treatment. Although she didn't say her last thoughts aloud, her voice was sharp enough to silence the surrounding chatter.

Realizing the sensitivity of the topic, the person quickly corrected herself, "I must have been mistaken. How is it possible for her to be in his car?"

Everyone present knew Lucius Darnell's significance and Lynette's intentions.

"Of course, it must have been a mistake!" Lynette yelled before she continued, "Still, it's shocking how poorly Marie raised her daughter. I wonder if Mr. Reuben's health would deteriorate if he saw this..."

Chapter 1268 Angering the Wrays

The chatter resumed in the club, but Lynette couldn't act like

nothing had happened. Her old acquaintance's words had struck a nerve.

Marie was always such a flirt! How dare she, after having so many children, still shamelessly throw herself at others?

The more Lynette thought about it, the angrier she became. She desperately wanted the Whitman family to collapse completely.

Did Marie really think that returning to Hawford meant she could go back to the way things were before? It seemed she needed to be taught a harsh lesson.

Lynette was already fuming by Tobias' refusal to endorse their club. How dare they refuse her when she gave them a chance?

She wanted to see how Marie would come begging for help once Reuben was left without medical care!

What Lynette didn't know was that her plans were already thwarted. After all, the Whitmans had just formally rejected all cooperation with the Wray family.

This left Kenton fuming in his office. He threw a fit right after hanging up on Taylor. "What is going on with the Whitmans?"

They were clearly about to sign the contract. As long as he could invite Evan, the Whitmans would seal the deal.

But in the blink of an eye, the Whitmans had changed their minds! Taylor had abruptly said they no longer needed him. This "grateful son" dared to say they didn't need his help! What a joke!

Kenton called the hospital frustratedly only to be told that Chester was already resting.

Just then, his staff reported that Wynter had shown up, driving a sports car that was currently parked outside his company building. Kenton thought Wynter would come up to plead her case. He believed that by now, she should understand who held the power in the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce.

If she wanted to reconcile with the Whitmans, she would have to pay her respects to him first.

With that in mind, Kenton smirked. He leaned back in his executive chair and crossed his legs. "What can't get from the Whitmans, I'll get from the Quinnells. It will be the same."

In a partnership, there should always be something to gain. Since Wynter was the one asking him for help, he was sure to set a high price.

Confident and prepared, he had his secretary ready an investment contract and coffee.

But five minutes passed, then ten, and she still hadn't come up. He waited and waited until he finished his coffee, only to be told, "She just drove around and left."

Kenton's blood boiled even further as his anger flared. "That

Quinnell brat!" Clutching his aching chest, he was truly at his wits' end with frustration.

Meanwhile, Wynter's purpose for the joyride was merely to stir up resentment. It wouldn't be fair if only Reuben was ill. It would only be right if everyone was equally angry.

Wynter wanted the focus on her, ensuring the ongoing

investigation proceeded smoothly. The most crucial key was that no one knew the true intentions behind her act.

Her antics had already spread throughout the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce, painting her as rebellious and uncouth.

Among the members of the Chamber of Commerce was Taylor. He saw the photos and touched the screen with his fingertip.

As her uncle, his only thoughts were that Wynter remained unchanged since childhood. She had always enjoyed interests that boys typically liked. She was rough and rebellious, just like him!

As Wynter completed her round, she mentally mapped the routes and noted down some network passwords.

"How was it?" she asked Wolf and casually rested a hand on the steering wheel.

Her handsome racing attire and wind-blown hair gave her an effortlessly chic look, especially as she turned to him with a smirk. She looked just like a stunning antagonist straight out of a movie.

Chapter 1269 Elites

Sitting in the passenger seat, Wolf intently observed the

flickering data on his laptop. His eyes brightened as each line

screen. Soon enough, he gave

of data scrolled across the

Wynter an affirmative thumbs-up,

Wynter smirked. “Looks like being in the same network area does boost efficiency.”

In truth, her act of speeding around the city was meant to synchronize all the Wray family’s network devices with Wolf’s laptop.

Since the Wray family had a penchant for spying on others, it was time to give them a taste of their own medicine.

Once the synchronization was completed, Wynter set off to the old Quinnell residence. Her sole purpose for coming to

Hawford was to fulfill Gordon’s last wish, which he had left as Hawford was to f

a clue in the newspaper within that formation.

Wynter was determined to uncover the reason behind Gordon’s unusual way of reaching out to her. Perhaps, she might find some hints at the old Quinnell residence.

By the time Wynter arrived, night had fallen. The mansion’s gate was locked, and not a single light glimmered inside.

Wynter once witnessed the bustling mansion within the formation, though it had now faded into a more subdued silence.

Upon noticing her arrival, the caretaker rushed to the front gate with a torchlight in hand. He raised his torchlight and asked, ” Who goes there?”

“It’s me, Wynter,” came the warm reply.

Recognizing Wynter from the photo, the caretaker cried out excitedly, “It really is you, Ms. Wynter!”

Although the mansion's caretakers hadn't followed Gordon to Kingbourne, they had been mindful of the deeds Wynter had taken. While others might have been skeptical, the caretakers held a firm belief in her.

After all, Wynter had shown genuine concern for their well-being before arriving in Hawford. Not only had she doubled their wages, but she also provided retirement and medical

benefits.

Plus, Fabian had informed them in advance about the reason for her visit.

"Sorry for being late. There were some accidents along the way," Wynter stated as she proceeded inside while the caretaker reassured her that she had arrived on time.

Wynter knew that Gordon wasn't one confined to narrow viewpoints. In truth, those who remained in the old Quinnell residence were all highly skilled and capable.

Although some were physically impaired or deemed

unwelcome due to their old age, Wynter was aware that the mansion was full of highly competent individuals.

in international economics.

"There have been some unusual movements in the stock market recently, Mr. Rachford. My brother, Albert, might need your expertise. Would you be willing to help?" Wynter inquired.

Henry Rachford replied with a bright smile, "Of course, Ms. Wynter. Just let us know what you need. We've been awaiting your presence as the new head of the family, after all."

Although Henry was older than Fabian, he was still hale and hearty. Despite wearing a formal suit, he didn't quite fit the image of a butler.

Henry looked at Wynter with a gleam of joy in his eyes. “I’m sure the late Mr. Gordon would be thrilled to see you, Ms. Wynter. He once mentioned that he would pass on the family assets to his granddaughter if he had one.”

“I’m still lacking in comparison to Grandpa Gordon. To be honest, I’m here to check out his former residence,” Wynter admitted.

With the Wray family and their associates focusing elsewhere, it was her perfect chance to find what she needed.

Hearing that, Henry led the way with the torchlight. “Please follow me, Ms. Wynter. We’ve heard about your situation. Don’t worry about the Whitmans—we have a plan to deal with them. As for the quota for the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce...”

#### Chapter 1270 A Heartfelt Sincerity

“I have a plan to deal with the Chamber of Commerce,” Wynter interjected.

She refused to burden an elderly man with her troubles. And, given her status as one of the few angel investors, she could easily join the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce.

Aside from Larry and his associates, no one knew about Wynter’s role as an angel investor. Even Fabian was unaware of her involvement at such a young age. It might be bewildering, but Wynter was undeniably an exceptional

individual.

Her remarkable intuition for profits and sharp business acumen set her apart from others. What began as casual investing had turned Wynter into a prominent angel investor.

If those in the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce

learned of that, they wouldn’t have belittled her as an ignorant girl.

Little did they know that Wynter might hold certain shares in their companies. The aristocrats were dependent on

capitalists, and Wynter was one of them.

Although Henry acknowledged Wynter's capabilities, he feared the application of Kingborne's methods into Hawford might lead to setbacks.

Despite Wynter's reassurance, Henry still arranged for someone to accompany her. "This is Marco Vaughan, Ms.

Wynter. He's fourth in rank here.

"While he might be mute, he's well versed in the affairs and personnel in the Chamber of Commerce and knows a lot of secrets. We'd feel more at ease if you bring him along.

tomorrow," he introduced.

As Wynter had suspected, the caretakers at the old Quinnell residence were all highly capable. Appreciating Henry and the other caretakers' goodwill, Wynter accepted the offer.

"Mr. Gordon's room is up ahead, Henry informed Wynter as he led her to a room.

Wynter could tell that Henry had been taking great care of the mansion. Despite the passing years, the mahogany furniture was carefully preserved and showed no hints of decay under the lights.

"Mr. Gordon used to read the papers by the window. Many policies were decided right there back then." Henry recalled with a nostalgic smile.

The caretakers, who were once supported by Gordon, had never forgotten the Quinnell family's former glory in Hawford.

Yet,

only the strong would thrive in the world. They could only watch with sorrow and helplessness as changes unfolded within the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce.

Following Henry's gaze, Wynter spotted a small, outdated desk with a pen holder and a few history books scattered across it. A newspaper rack stood beside the desk.

Wynter walked over and flipped through the books. She soon

stopped at the 47th page, marked by creases.

"Has anyone touched these books?" Wynter asked casually, but she was keen on catching every clue in the room.

"There was none. This room has been preserved exactly as it was before Mr. Gordon's death. These were among their

favorite books to read, including the papers over there," Henry replied respectfully.

Though Wynter noticed the newspapers, she doubted she

would find any clues in a short time. As she had a trip

scheduled for tomorrow, she decided to gather any important

information she could.

"Grandpa Fabian mentioned you've been taking care of Grandpa Gordon until his death. Is that right?" Wynter inquired.

Holding an oil lamp in hand, Henry approached Wynter to provide better light for her reading.

"Indeed. Mr. Gordon was deeply concerned about the Chamber of Commerce and jotted down several suggestions here."

Henry answered Wynter's question truthfully without withholding any details.

Hearing that, Wynter set the newspaper back on the rack and disclosed her true purpose. "Actually, the reason I came back here is because of a dream."

