

Six Brothers 1281

Chapter 1281 Live For Yourself

Marie opened her mouth before closing it again. “I...”

“You have the right to choose your own life.” Wynter patted her own shoulder. “Look at me. You gave birth to such an excellent daughter and brothers who care for me. Without you, I’d probably still be at a random corner eating pickled vegetables.”

Marie was amused by Wynter’s words. “You’re talking nonsense again.

“I’m not talking nonsense. I was born into a good family.” Wynter continued softly, “My horoscope isn’t great, and I can’t read my fortune. But I’ve realized something recently. If I had a different mother, I wouldn’t be fated to be a part of the Quinnells.

“You’ve been muddling through for so long. It’s time to make plans for yourself.” Wynter looked up at Marie. “As long as you’re willing, go ahead and do it. I’ll deal with anyone who opposes you.”

Tears welled up in Marie’s eyes. “I know. I have the best daughter in

the world.”

“So, Mom, did you meet Mr. Lucius willingly?” Wynter was only

concerned about this.

Marie gave her a firm answer. “Yes, I was willing.”

“That’s all that matters.” Wynter chuckled and grinned. “I trust your judgment. I bet Mr. Lucius is completely under your thumb.”

Marie didn’t know what Wynter was so amused about. “Wynter, you....”

“I’ve heard from Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Rachford. That Lucius guy is quite a charming man.” Wynter leaned closer to her. “I will have a look at him at the conference tomorrow. But, Mom, can I know what terms you have discussed with him?”

“Of course, you can.” Marie was slightly taken aback.

Generally speaking, at her age and after a horrible marriage, one’s children would advise them against trusting men again. They would tell her to avoid being swayed by emotions and would likely question all her judgments.

But Wynter was different. She would even discuss Lucius’ appearance with her.

Marie was initially taken aback but soon began to smile again. After all, that was exactly how Wynter was. She would always stand by her side unconditionally, beyond reason, regardless of right or wrong.

Marie extended her arms and hugged Wynter. “Thank you, Wynter.”

Wynter allowed Marie to embrace her. Over time, Marie seemed to have finally stepped out of the shadows.

Whenever people mention Marie’s name, it would undoubtedly be about her failed marriage. Wynter didn’t think it was fair. Everyone would experience failure and encounter bad partners, and no one could guarantee that hearts wouldn’t change.

It was just a marriage. Why should it bind Marie’s entire life? Marie could do whatever she wanted, and Wynter wanted to give her that confidence.

In that lost soul, she saw the love Marie had for her. She had given everything for her. Many full-time housewives were like that. They did it not just for their husbands, but for their families.

They sacrificed their own abilities. As they grew older, they might even start losing the right to pursue their own happiness.

If there was one thing Wynter never wanted to do, it would be to allow age and societal expectations to constrain someone who loved her.

“Mom, I hope you remain a young lady no matter how old you are.”

Wynter returned the hug. “Just like when I first saw you on the street. You wanted to drink beer and eat fried chicken.

‘I don’t want you to give up drinking just because of me. That wouldn’t make me happy.”

Wynter’s eyes were clear. “I don’t want to be a burden to you, just as you don’t want to be one to me. I hope you’ll always be free. Live for yourself, not for anyone else.”

This was what she saw in the part of Marie’s soul that was lost- Marie’s expectations for herself.

Chapter 1282 Wynter’s Lifeline

What exactly was the injustice women faced? It was the contradictory roles society expected of them.

Society would expect women to be the perfect mother and a corporate elite simultaneously. When a woman chose to leave her career to focus on her family, people would judge them.

Even if they didn’t regret their decision, there would be people regretting it for them. They would say that the woman was only deluding themselves and that she would regret it sooner or later.

Indeed, there was often regret.

But because of love, many mothers chose to become full-time homemakers despite foreseeing potential future dissatisfaction. Did they truly feel secure, believing they would be happy forever? Of course not. They did it willingly.

Others, unwilling, may later say, “I only stayed because of you.”

There were many people with many different opinions. Marriage success or failure inexplicably became a measure of a woman's worth, which was both ironic and real.

People in Hawford called Marie a love-struck fool, as if everything she did, including the Whitman family's troubles, stemmed from her blind love for Shane. Yet, those people would never tell the Whitmans the truth—that Marie was ill.

No one would willingly fall ill, much less lose a part of their soul, live like a puppet, and go unseen by the world.

Marie's unfortunate circumstances arose from her being a Whitman, marrying into the Quinnell family, and giving birth to Wynter. Every factor played a part.

Wynter's words earlier to Marie were not just to comfort her. It was because she was becoming increasingly aware of the grand scheme and the long game being played behind the scenes,

According to Atwater, Wynter had been on a dead-end path until a ray of hope appeared. Wynter once thought her lifeline was Margaret.

It wasn't until she saw Marie's lost soul in the hotel basement that

she realized the reasons why she was able to return as Wynter,

What truly defined death? Was it the last breath one took? Or was it a heartbeat ceasing? No, it was none of those. True death occurred

when no one remembered you.

Wynter's lifeline was Marie, who never stopped looking for her,

whether in reality or her imagination, Marie's inner strength was more resilient than anyone else's. This was something Wynter had always believed.

Sure enough, Marie spoke up, "He promised me he would use his position as a decision-maker in the Chamber of Commerce to help oust the Wray family at the critical moment.

“Once that’s done, the Darnell family will withdraw from the Chamber. They will no longer compete in the Cascadian business market.”

Hearing this, Wynter circled Marie.

Marie thought she had negotiated poorly. “Was that a bad deal for us?”

“No, I’m just curious.” Wynter circled her again. “Did Lucius really agree?”

Marie nodded and continued, “Call him Mr. Lucius when we get to the

venue.

“Okay. He’ll be worth a lot to us,” Wynter muttered, her voice getting softer at her last sentence. She could undoubtedly think of ways to

deal with the Darnells, but doing so would inevitably harm many

others below them.

Even after learning so much in the old Quinnell residence, Wynter hadn’t planned to use Marie’s connections. But now, it seemed that Lucius was the real love–struck fool.

Based on the classified information she saw on Marco’s phone, it

was indeed top secret -something she couldn’t have uncovered on her own. Marco was like the ultimate king of gossip, always in the thick of things.

Wynter previously didn’t understand and had wanted to consult Dalton. Now, seeing Lucius’ actions... Well, he was quite proactive.

Chapter 1283 Unrequited Love

To describe Lucius simply, he was just someone who appeared to be a playboy. But in reality, he might have saved his first kiss for Marie.

Wynter glanced at her phone record again as she thought about this. The more she looked, the more it seemed true. His many girlfriends were quite proactive but never got too close. He was surrounded by women but often drank and smoked alone on the side.

Even though the photos were old, Wynter had an epiphany. After all, Lucius almost entrusted his entire family to Marie and was even worried that she would find him dirty. How interesting.

Wynter stroked her chin thoughtfully.

Marie felt that there was a bit of a generation gap with Wynter. She didn't quite understand Wynter's sly smile.

"Mom, don't tell him our conversation yet." Wynter's lips curled into a thin smile. "I will meet Mr. Lucius tomorrow at the Chamber of

Commerce."

"Alright," Marie readily agreed, acting like a doting mother. She agreed to everything Wynter said.

"By the way, Mom." Wynter suddenly realized something. "Is Mr. Lucius younger than you?"

Marie nodded while carefully adjusting the strap of the black bag Wynter was carrying. "It was your grandfather who arranged for his schooling back then, even changing his age to be about three years younger than me.

Marie turned back after speaking. "Why are you so interested in his affairs?"

"He's a business partner now, so I want to know more about him,"

Wynter replied seriously. "I'll have other collaborations with him in the

future.”

Marie was aware that the Quinnell family had been facing

suppression overseas recently. It was true that they needed to walk out of it one day. Understanding that Wynter intended to collaborate further with Lucius, she shared everything she knew.

Wynter’s smile deepened as she looked at Marie’s surreally beautiful face. “Mom.”

“Hmm?” Marie paused. “What is it?”

Wynter gave her a thumbs-up. “You’re really good at business.”

Marie, who had been amused by Wynter several times today, prepared Wynter’s clothes for her to take a bath.

Wynter indeed needed a bath to relax and reset her pace. The Wrays’ move had surprised her, but she was prepared for such encounters

Marie’s timely information allowed her to preempt the Wray family and cut off their path. As for Lucius...

Wynter typed on her phone with one hand as she soaked in the bathtub. “The Darnell family practices polygamy, right? Have you interacted with them?”

Very quickly, a voice message came through. As soon as Wynter pressed onto it, a deep, magnetic voice with a hint of a cough came through. It sounded especially alluring in the quiet of the night.

“You seem overly concerned about this head of the Darnells,” Dalton replied.

Dalton, with his pale fingers, was flipping through a black leather-bound book with yellowed pages, like a grim reaper’s ledger. It exuded an indescribable eerie feeling. The two men standing beside him were trembling, unable to move.

Wynter couldn't see this scene. From just the voice alone, it would seem like he had already gone to bed.

Dalton even let out a low chuckle. "What are you planning?"

"I want your analysis." Wynter didn't have many friends. Hence, she sought his perspective.

To Wynter, her handsome fiancé was well-read and knowledgeable. He was perfectly suited for discussing unrequited love late in the

night.

Hence, Wynter began with, "So, I have a friend."

12h Resentful Energy

Chapter 1284 Resentful Energy

With that, Wynter told Dalton the story about a person who had plenty of friends in his youth but only truly liked one person.

Dalton's tone was somewhat indifferent. "I also use the internet. Usually, when someone says 'I have a friend,' they're talking about themselves. So, what does this have to do with the Darnell family?"

Wynter realized Dalton was good at many things except imagining situations. "Just put yourself in their shoes. Imagine yourself loving someone you can't have."

At that moment, Dalton recalled something. On a certain mountain, Wynter had always liked delicate and fair people, so he wasn't her type at all.

With a snap, the black feather pen in his hand broke. This made the two people standing beside him tremble even more violently.

Dalton scoffed and chuckled dryly.

Wynter didn't understand why he suddenly gave her a cold laugh out of nowhere. "Well, I suppose you wouldn't have experienced unrequited love before."

Realizing she couldn't rely on him to put himself in Lucius' shoes, she explained the situation briefly.

Dalton adjusted the ring on his thumb before slightly raising his gaze at the two trembling men. His eyes were cold enough to send a shiver down their spines.

His tone, however, became more relaxed. "Your intuition is correct. Lucius has indeed been waiting for your mother to divorce. The Yarwood family intercepted this information when he had someone investigate your mother's current situation."

"So, it was you who intercepted." Wynter understood most of the situation now. Then, she thought of something else. "Where are you?"

Dalton looked around. The room was pitch black, so dark that one couldn't see their hand in front of their face. His handsome face

remained emotionless. "The hotel."

"You seemed odd at the bar today," Wynter said as she felt more and more drowsy. She knew she was tired but still wanted to clear up a few things. "Is there something there?"

Dalton didn't deny it. "Yes. I'm investigating."

"That's good. It feels like too many things are happening all at once. I was worried I might have missed something. Thankfully, my mom gave me that financial statement..." Wynter's voice grew fainter as she spoke.

Dalton had already long noticed the changes in Wynter's body since she came to Hawford. He wondered if Wynter was affected because someone here was offering him sacrifices.

Listening to the sounds on the other end of the line, Dalton didn't hesitate. With a wave of his hand, a black feather fell, and he instantly vanished from where he stood, leaving the two people beside him to breathe a heavy sigh of relief.

In almost the next instant, he appeared beside the bathtub. He supported the back of Wynter's head with his palm, and his dark suit's hard texture pressed against her softness. Dalton tensed, and his eyes darkened.

Wynter was completely unaware. Her slender and fair neck rested against his shoulder, the tear mole at the corner of her eye faintly visible. The black mist swirling behind her almost merged with her.

Recently, Wynter hadn't been using Dalton's fortune to break formations. With this in mind. Dalton raised his hand summoning

red veil that draped over her slightly flushed, slender legs.

Without a word, he lifted her in a bridal style and placed her on the pristine white king-sized bed, observing her peaceful sleeping face

and familiar movements.

Dalton was reminded of the past when he often assisted her with her bath, though he was just one of her many boy toys then.

Resentful energies made people sleep more deeply, as each person had their own dreams. These dreams, whether good or bad, were inescapable and reflected the full range of human emotions and desires.

It might be dreams one didn't want to wake up from, or it could be a nightmare of a most feared event. Sometimes, they could even, be memories buried deep within.

Chapter 1285 Burning Desires

Dalton looked at Wynter's face and furrowed his brows slightly. He

wasn't able to discern the nature of her dreams.

He extended his hand, guiding Wynter to open her mouth and press her lips against his neck. Wynter, almost instinctively, seemed to be drawing nourishment from him, as if foraging. Her white teeth grazed and gently sucked his neck.

He allowed her to clutch his collar with both hands. The sensation of

blood gradually flowing away allowed him to hold her waist with one

hand.

On the surface, it seemed like he was maintaining his composure. In reality, his Adam's apple began to tremble, and his breathing grew heavier.

Wynter seemed utterly oblivious to everything happening around her. Perhaps she would have long woken up if it was anyone else, but Dalton's very presence was enough to deeply affect her.

Wynter's eyes were half-closed, and she struggled to distinguish between dream and reality. She glanced at her disheveled robe and then at the person lying beside her, who seemed very unwilling. Yet, the face was all too familiar.

It was her exceptionally handsome fiancé, Dalton.

"Give me the antidote," Dalton said.

Wynter didn't understand Dalton's words at all.

Wynter frowned. "What antidote?"

"You know what I'm talking about," Dalton replied.

He appeared younger than she remembered, with a face that looked

unusually youthful and a subtle humiliation in his eyes. His cheeks were an abnormal shade of red.

Wait, could it be the kind of antidote she was thinking of?

Wynter tried to sit up but found herself uncontrollably holding onto him. “There is no antidote. Why are you always so disobedient?”

What did she even mean by disobedient? Wynter was puzzled, desperately wanting someone to explain the situation to her.

Just as Wynter tried to make sense of the whole situation, the scene shifted.

Dalton seemed to have grown a bit older. He wore a red robe as he pressed her against a wall. He was kissing her forcefully, carrying an indescribable intensity. She felt a deep familiarity with him, a recognition that resonated through her body.

This took Wynter by surprise. As she waved her hand, she realized her wrist was shackled with a golden chain.

Dalton seemed to be smiling, his low, almost teasing laugh sending a tingling sensation from her neck through her entire body.

“Do you not like me this way? But what can you do about it? You can only stay here.” Dalton’s handsome face was slightly obscured by the light.

“Don’t think about leaving. This place was specifically designed for you, with everything you love. There are even a few pearls on top, and you can play with them or take your frustration out on them. But don’t cut your feet since I don’t like such marks.”

As Dalton spoke, he pulled Wynter back into his embrace. His palm seemed to be burning with a fiery intensity that could ignite her entire body.

It was a sensation Wynter had never experienced before. His voice

was so close, his breath brushing against her ear, forcing her to respond. Yet, instead of being unpleasant, it was intoxicating, leaving her entire body tingling.

Dalton seemed to relish pushing her to this point. He held her waist with one hand. A soothing, water-like sound filled the air, and everything around them was soft, including the surface they were lying on. Only he remained astonishingly hard.

The heat and numbness felt like fire, burning away all her rationality. She could barely hear anything but his heartbeat, both strong and

dominant.

She wanted to retreat but found herself pressing closer to him. Why was this happening?

Chapter 1286 The Last Shot of Smugness

The frosted shadows on the bed were illuminated by the moonlight, reflected on the expansive lake, creating an ethereal and mesmerizing.

scene.

Apart from Wynter and Dalton, there was no one else in this isolated

space.

Wynter could even hear something jingling on her ankle. It was the bell on the golden chain that bound her. Every time she moved, the bell would jingle along with her movements.

She desperately wanted to escape, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't break free. Her ragged breathing made it impossible to resist sinking deeper into the sensation.

Dalton's voice was a low, sensual murmur in Wynter's ear. "Relax a little, my master."

As he gently bit out the word "master", he firmly gripped her waist. His, breath's warmth sent shivers from her tailbone up her spine.

This made Wynter's brows furrow almost instantly.

Reflections danced on the gently rippling lake.

Wynter, with her reddened eyes and fair skin, looked like an exquisitely crafted porcelain doll. Her disheveled robe hung hiked up. around her waist as every inch of her exuded confusion.

Nevertheless, Dalton stood behind her with his usual handsome and distinguished, yet detached expression. He remained impeccably neat, forming a stark contrast to Wynter's disheveled state.

Outside the window, the night outside gradually deepened. At that moment, it was hard to distinguish between reality and a dream.

120 The Last Shot of mugness

Meanwhile, at the Wray residence, Kenton sat at the head of the table, surrounded by members of other aristocratic families.

"Mr. Wray, is that young lady from the Quinnell family even qualified to attend our Chamber of Commerce? Isn't this a joke?"

It was evident that no one present welcomed Wynter's arrival.

Kenton put his teacup down, feigning magnanimity. "A youngster is not worth such concern from all of you. How much trouble can she cause? We're just letting her in to watch and learn.

"After all, the Chamber of Commerce was originally founded by Mr. Quinnell Senior. It wouldn't be right to neglect his descendants."

"What you said is true. But I heard that the Darnell family gave the Quinnells an invitation," one of them said.

This was the other aristocratic families' true concern.

“If that girl from the Quinnell family gets ideas about becoming a member of the Chamber, it would be quite the problem.”

“Extending an invitation to the Quinnells? Him? How is that possible?”

“I am here today to ask Mr. Wray precisely because I was uncertain.”

As the conversation grew heated, Kenton raised his hand, signaling them to calm down. “It was indeed the Darnell family that extended the invitation, but there’s no need to worry.

“That guy’s actions have always been unpredictable, after all. Also, considering his past grievances with the Quinnell family, just let it be.”

“Does that guy from the Darnells have a grudge against the Quinnells?”

This was news to everyone.

Kenton scoffed. “With the Quinnells’ old-fashioned ways, who wouldn’t hold a grudge against them?”

Kenton’s words reminded everyone that the Quinnell family was indeed not favored by overseas capital. Some of the Quinnell family’s electronic products were even boycotted abroad. This realization calmed the room, and the discussion shifted to a different tone.

Most of them looked down on Wynter, not believing she could adapt to the capital business community in Hawford.

Moreover, her lack of initiative in visiting any of them since arriving only fueled their disdain. They felt that Wynter had inherited none of Gordon’s prowess but all of his arrogance. They thought she was delusional to think the Quinnell family still held any sway in Hawford.

If she wanted to join the Chamber of Commerce, so be it. They were determined to make her feel humiliated.

In contrast to the other aristocratic families' smug satisfaction, Kenton truly had been having a hard time these past two days.

Chapter 1287 Relishing in Dominance

Originally, Kenton had thought that he could leverage Reuben's health to threaten Taylor. If that had worked, his plans for the Chamber of Commerce were as good as settled.

Who knew Taylor would suddenly inform him that there was no need for him to meddle anymore?

This meant that the Whitmans could not be swayed and would not agree to his terms. If that was the case, his plans would not go accordingly, and his plans were completely disrupted.

Logically speaking, no doctor in Hawford should have been able to treat Reuben. Kenton even personally consulted Evan, who confidently assured him that he was the top expert in this field, far beyond any Cascadian medical professionals' capabilities. Hence, his words held weight.

So, who could it possibly be? Who was the person who went to the Whitman residence in place of Chester and caused such a change in their attitude? Kenton racked his brain but couldn't figure out who it

could be.

In Hawford, there were always people who thought they could get their revenge on Kenton.

Take the Hudson family, for instance. They used to constantly oppose him. Now, they spend their days seeking his favor. Ever since then, no one had dared challenge him again.

Well, of course, except for the Quinnells who returned from Kingbourne. They had no sense of discernment.

But it was highly unlikely for the doctor to be from the Quinnell family. Kenton had people watching both Albert and Wynter. He would have known about it if they had really shown up at the Whitman residence.

Moreover, Wynter was spoiled and had no semblance of a proper lady. She even deliberately flaunted her sports car outside Kenton's office building.

Kenton had grown to loathe Wynter to the extreme. He had never been so humiliated before, and it was all because of an insolent country bumpkin like Wynter!

Sensing Kenton's foul mood, some of his associates, who were already uneasy due to the incident in Club Solstice, cautiously probed, "Mr. Wray, there won't be any issues with that matter, will there?"

"What could go wrong?" Kenton retorted, "Are you doubting my capabilities, Mr. Lark?"

Emmett Lark hastily waved his hand. "Mr. Wray, It's a

misunderstanding. I've just noticed a lot of commotion lately and am concerned about our image. After all, some people online do get very involved."

"Mr. Lark, you're overthinking. Haven't we faced bigger issues before? And here we are, still sitting comfortably." Kenton laughed.

This group of people employed many dirty tricks. Kenton knew better than anyone what they cared about.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lark. You can focus on playing a charitable entrepreneur's role without any worries. Everything else has been arranged. If even the parents have decided to let it go, what use is there in the people worrying about it online?" Kenton asked.

Hearing this, everyone understood that the money had been well spent. Their expressions turned sinister, filled with insidious satisfaction. "As expected of Mr. Wray. You are always so thorough."

"Of course. And look at the venue Mr. Wray chose for the Chamber of Commerce. Serenity Hotel!"

Someone looked at Kenton with a look full of flattery. "Mr. Wray, when did you even get access to Serenity Hotel? You're even able to bring us in."

“The boss there owed me a favor,” Kenton replied nonchalantly. However, in reality, he relished the feeling of everyone submitting to

him.

Kenton had specifically chosen Serenity Hotel for this conference. This establishment had been around for a long time and was one of the most prominent places in Hawford. Even foreigners had to adhere to the rules of Serenity Hotel during tumultuous times.

To this day, it remained a haven for various talents and eccentrics, inaccessible to just anyone.

Chapter 1288 Test Subject for the New Drug

Kenton had never been able to touch even Serenity Hotel’s periphery before. However, his performance over the years in Hawford has earned him a rightful place at the table.

Serenity Hotel had a long and storied history. Even the Yarwood family had been unable to exert any influence over it. As Hawford’s most enigmatic establishment, the Chamber of Commerce also could not interfere with its operations.

This showed just how powerful and mysterious the force behind Serenity Hotel was.

It was said that only Gordon was ever able to get close to Serenity

Hotel’s core. However, he never revealed anything about it to the

outside world.

This was also one of the things Kenton was most bothered by. Despite his prominent position in Hawford, he was still not fully accepted in the Chamber of Commerce.

Kenton had heard people say that if Gordon were still alive, things would be different. It was absurd to him that he was still affected by someone long dead.

Kenton hadn’t forgotten how the Quinnells almost fell apart and how they had played with Shane when he came by.

Did people like that really want to be a part of the Chamber of Commerce? Kenton chuckled coldly. It was laughable.

It was a sheer delusion. Back when Shane came to Hawford, Serenity Hotel had already completely excluded the Quinnell family. They were such arrogant and hypocritical fools Kenton wouldn't even spare them a glance, much less Serenity Hotel.

This was precisely why he chose to hold the conference of the

Chamber of Commerce at Serenity Hotel. He wanted to make Wynter, who had mocked him, realize the consequences of opposing him.

The people at Serenity Hotel detested Gordon's descendants the most. Tomorrow, the Quinnell family would become a joke.

Kenton was determined to show all the members who the Chamber

of Commerce's hope was. No matter what tricks Wynter tried, she would be outmatched. Moreover, he still had a trump card hidden with

the Whitmans.

Kenton's subordinates had informed him that the Quinnells had taken

the bait, and Wynter was adamant about checking his financial

statements.

In the business world, everyone knew everyone. If the Quinnells wanted to accuse him of economic crimes and misappropriating state assets, they needed to consider the consequences.

With Taylor acting as a shield, Kenton wasn't worried at all. Eventually, Wynter would understand that in the end, as she continued to investigate, she would be destroying the Whitmans.

Thinking about this made Kenton's mood oddly cheerful. He was almost eager for tomorrow to come so that he could see the Quinnell family's downfall.

Everyone in the Wray family seemed to be as confident as him. They were all equally indifferent to human life.

Lynette, in particular, was outraged. When she learned that Marie and Lucius had contacted each other again, she looked at a photo of Marie and clenched her fists tightly before tearing the photo into pieces.

"How shameless still trying to seduce people at this age Lynette

She figured she might as well try to intervene knowing that Kenton still had feelings for Marie.

Lynette smirked as she thought about that. She believed that a woman like Maire deserved to be scorned. Marrying someone like Shane was her own fault.

Lynette questioned how Marie could still yearn for Lucius. Did she even have the right to?

She picked up a vial of a new drug from the table and shook it gently. The new substance from Club Solstice would be undetectable. It

might be worth trying it on Marie.

Outside, the moon set, and the sun rose, turning the sky gradually bright. Wynter slept unusually long, and even when Marie came to wake her for breakfast, she remained deeply asleep.

Chapter 1289 Why is He Here

It wasn't until nearly 11:00 am that Wynter finally woke up. She was still feeling groggy as her eyes focused on her

surroundings.

She couldn't tell if she was still dreaming or awake. In all her years, she had never had such a vivid dream, let alone a

sensual one about Dalton.

Wynter couldn't really describe her current emotions. The

dream felt almost too real.

As a fortune teller, she had never been able to see her own

past lives nor thought about how she was in those lives. Despite Atwater's occasional hints, she never really wondered about her previous incarnations.

Wynter never liked dwelling on the past but preferred looking ahead. Which was why she was never too interested in her previous lives. She believed that if rebirth or

reincarnation existed, there was a reason for forgetting everything.

However, the dream, along with the images she recalled after obtaining the Soul Commanding Badge in that previous formation, made her eager to see Atwater soon.

But for some reason, Atwater hadn't come to find her yet.

There was no time for Wynter to ponder further. The phone

by her bed kept ringing. She glanced at the time, a rare look of frustration crossing her face for the first time.

Had oversleeping caused her to miss something important? She felt unusually light.

Without dwelling on it, Wynter refocused on the Chamber of Commerce matters. She wouldn't focus on any other

matters now.

She swiftly answered the call her movements sharp and decisive. Today, she exuded a true CEO's presence.

Meanwhile, at Serenity Hotel in Riogeb, the grand banquet hall was illuminated as brightly as day.

Guests were dressed in bespoke attire and adorned with jewels. They moved about with the style of nobility from an old painting. Each smile and every toast revealed a

meticulously rehearsed elegance.

It was rare to see Serenity Hotel open for business. Today, however, luxury cars kept arriving one after another, and no one knew what was happening.

Many onlookers couldn't resist taking photos. But with security present, the area was effectively cleared, leaving bystanders resigned to their fate. After all, it was private property.

At the center of it all, Kenton chatted leisurely with several old friends, a cigar between his fingers. He seemed utterly

at ease.

The long-absent Whitman family members had also arrived.

The two brothers, Taylor and Noah, maintained their usual dignified demeanor and exuded the same timeless elegance. they always had.

But the real shock came when Reuben appeared. He was dressed in a tunic suit and leaning on a dragon cane. His full head of silver hair did not make him appear old but rather more enigmatic than ever.

No one had expected Reuben to get down from his sickbed and be able to walk again. Judging by his appearance, he had even significantly recovered. How was this possible?

Kenton's faction instinctively glanced toward Kenton. None of them had expected Reuben to attend the Chamber of Commerce, given that he had been on the brink of death.

Kenton's smug expression faltered wo

he saw Reuben. He wondered how this old geezer was able to come.

Although that was what Kenton thought to himself, he couldn't let it show on his face. After all, everyone in

Hawford knew how the Wray family rose to prominence. On the surface, he still had to show the utmost respect to Reuben.

This made Kenton tighten his grip on the wine glass. However, he quickly reassured himself.

After all, Reuben's presence was merely the final flicker of a

dying flame. Soon, he would only be a supporting character in his grand show.

Chapter 1290 Stop Clinging Onto Gordon's Ideal

As if noticing the attention directed at him, Reuben made his way over to Kenton.

Kenton quickly masked his thoughts with a forced smile. "Taylor, why didn't you tell me that Mr. Reuben is feeling better? I could have prepared a comfortable chair for him."

"There's no need to trouble yourself." Reuben glanced at him, clearly establishing boundaries as an elder. "My health has been a concern of yours for some time now. But from now on, there's no need to worry. Just proceed with the Chamber of Commerce as usual."

With this, Kenton's eyes darkened with a trace of hostility. Reuben was still trying to issue orders as if the Wray family were still at the Whitman family's mercy. Clearly, he hadn't realized things had changed.

Turning his face away, Kenton subtly signaled to Emmett, who was beside him.

Emmett quickly understood the cue, intentionally speaking loudly, “Mr. Reuben, we can’t start yet. Some invitees haven’t arrived.”

Reuben turned his gaze toward him.

Emmett smiled and explained, “You might not know, but the Quinnell family from Kingbourne has returned. Mr. Wray felt

tached by the *** dunhall Sanice, it would be

Thus he sutifuce the quait group’s new CEO, your younger ganddugh the aeration did specify the mounting dinu. But we’re unsure if the younger generation

We shoutin‘ say that’anno rained his hand to dismiss Emmett pretending to net mind as he smiled. “There might he toiffe on the road”

The exchange effectively painted Wynter as an unreliable and incompetent person who couldn’t keep to a schedule.

business, the two most crucial aspects were keeping promises and being punctual. The people attending the Chamber of Commerce were all significant figures. To gain their respect, one must possess exceptional qualities.

Now, it seemed that Wynter might even be late.

This made some of the Chamber members, especially the undecided ones, start mentally deducting points from Wynter Those who were still curious about the Quinnells current state also silently lowered their gazes, clearly

disappointed

The earlier visit from Shane had already made them aware that the Quinnell family was no longer what it used to be They had hoped that Gordon’s successors might take ove

the Chamber of Commerce.

This would have offered a glimmer of hope and a chance to revive the Southern Chamber's original ideals. However, they soon realized that this was merely wishful thinking.

Just because they were Gordon's descendants didn't necessarily mean they would be like him. Shane, who was both foolish and petty, had ruined many projects in the past. They had thought that Wynter might be better, especially since she was popular online.

Their hopes were reignited when they saw the current popularity of the Quinnell Group. However, some believed that the Quinnell family's success had little to do with Wynter and was instead orchestrated by Fabian, aiming to consolidate the company's shares.

Given the disparity between Wynter managing everything and the possibility that Fabian was behind it all, they leaned toward the latter being the truth.

With the current situation, it seemed that the Quinnell family might not offer much for them to look forward to.

Albert was quite capable. At least he understood the stock market and venture capital, and people recognized his name. As for the rest...

People were starting to wonder if they should perhaps stop clinging onto Gordon. There was no point anymore.

Those who previously aligned with the Hudson family walked away in disappointment.

Kenton wanted exactly this outcome. He even added fuel to the fire, saying, "Since Mr. Reuben has arrived, it's only

natural for the younger generation from the Quinnell family to show up eventually. As elders, we can afford to wait a little longer."