

## Six Brothers 1291

### Chapter 1291 Kenton's Trump Card

Kenton's last comment completely tarnished Wynter's Image.

In both public and private matters, it was unacceptable to make the elders wait. Moreover, with the Whitmans present, any delay would reflect poorly on them as well,

Kenton intended to further exacerbate the tension between the Whitman and Quinnell families. With the existing misunderstandings and grudges, he was certain that the Whitmans would take the Quinnells' tardiness seriously.

However, this time, the outcome was beyond Kenton's expectations.

When Reuben heard these remarks, he walked forward with the help of his dragon cane before pausing.

His tone was calm when he spoke, "According to the invitation, the Chamber of Commerce doesn't start in another half hour. Mr. Lark, you're too hasty.

"Kenton, you should also remain composed. As one of the key decision-makers, the Wray family should be more measured."

Reuben's composed response effectively nullified Kenton's earlier manipulations.

People began to reconsider. Indeed, there was still half an

hour left, so discussions about waiting were premature.

If the Quinnells failed to show up after the allotted time, then they would be considered late. For now, discussing them being late was premature.

Kenton could see what these people were thinking. He knew that these small tricks weren't enough to bring down the Quinnells for good.

What he hadn't anticipated was that Reuben would actually speak up for the Quinnells. He should be the one who resented them the most, especially considering what Marie

had done back then.

Kenton clenched his fists and wondered where Lynette was. That fool had clearly said that the Whitmans harbored deep

resentment toward Marie.

Every year, they would fuel the antagonism between the Whitmans and Quinnells, making it impossible for them to

mend their relationship.

Reuben wouldn't even allow anyone to mention Marie at

home. So, why was Reuben acting in support of the Quinnell family now?

Kenton's growing unease was quickly dispelled by his trump

card's arrival.

It was Yvette, who was introduced to him by the Winston family. She was the most mysterious figure in Hawford

recently.

Yvette entered

with an air of confidence, as if she were the star of the evening. Many stock traders and venture

capitalists in the Chamber of Commerce now saw her as a crowd eager to engage with her. VIP. Her arrival attracted

Yvette had no idea how formidable Serenity Hotel was. She had never come across it on Instagram.

It wasn't one of the high-profile hotels she frequently stayed at that people would know about, where even an afternoon tea could cost four figures and where she could take spectacular pictures.

When she mentioned on social media last night that she would be going to Serenity Hotel, no one seemed to know where it was. This made Yvette feel like she was showing

off to no one.

Logically, a venue chosen by the Wray family for the

Chamber of Commerce should be exceptional. However, this hotel was nowhere to be found online.

When Yvette arrived, the waitstaff had an air of superiority, and their dresses were even more exquisite than hers.

This prompted Yvette to complain to Kenton. She spoke in a refined manner, "Mr. Wray, I believe my presence doesn't quite match this hotel's atmosphere. I'll meet with everyone and answer any questions they might have, then I'll make a quick exit."

Yvette thought that by stating this, Kenton would promptly

inquire about what was wrong. Perhaps he would ask if

there were issues with the hotel's geomancy, and if it was unsuitable for a conference for the Chamber of Commerce.

Even if Kenton didn't ask, others would likely follow her lead

and chime in with comments.

However, to her surprise, Kenton paused and, with a forced smile, said, “Ms. Yates, if you’re feeling this way, maybe you’re just not feeling well today?”

#### Chapter 1292 Serenity Hotel’s History

Yvette was no fool. On the contrary, she had reached her current status by relying on her keen insight.

Hearing Kenton’s words, she immediately raised her hand to press her forehead. “I’ve indeed revealed too many Celestial secrets today, and my head keeps aching. It might be due to my physical condition.”

Hearing Yvette’s explanation, the surroundings finally

returned to normal.

“I see. Ms. Yates is having a headache.”

“Ms. Yates, you must take care and rest well. After all,

peering into the Celestial secrets is taxing on one’s life force.

“You’ve worked hard, Ms. Yates, especially considering the

recent stock market.”

These flattering remarks made Yvette feel much better. She decided to just brush it off, thinking that the waitstaff was someone inexperienced.

Yvette didn’t forget her purpose for being there. She looked at Kenton and said, “I am able to befriend all of you thanks to my connection with you, Mr. Wray. Your boldness is truly admirable. I believe that under your leadership, the Chamber of Commerce will only continue to thrive.”

“Ms. Yates,” Kenton clasped his hands together humbly,

you flatter me. I'm just doing my part for my brothers so we can all make money together."

The onlookers began chatting.

"Mr. Wray never seeks such empty fame."

7 was wondering why Ms. Yates would come to Hawford. It turns out it was all because of Mr. Wray."

Kenton was thoroughly enjoying praises like this.

Looking around, except for the Whitmans themselves and a few insignificant small business members, there were hardly any people standing on Reuben's side.

In Kenton's eyes, those people were as good as nothing. looking utterly impoverished. In this day and age, with the Metafield already emerging, they were still stuck in physical economies, some even dealing in grain and oil.

Did they think it was still the old days when food was scarce and ration tickets were needed?

Kenton's attitude was clear, and those around him followed

suit, showing their snobbery.

Reuben could sense that this was a deliberate display for him. Kenton wanted him to know that the current Whitman family's standing in the Chamber of Commerce was nowhere near that of the Wray family.

Reuben didn't react much to this display. His gaze's intensity deepened, and he turned to glance at his sons.

Noah could tell that Reuben had something to say to him. Hence, he leaned closer to him.

Reuben's voice was very low. "Go to the hotel's main

entrance and check the situation. Albert and Wynter might not know about Serenity Hotel's many rules."

A trace of surprise flashed in Noah's eyes. "Dad, what do you mean?"

"Just go and take a look." Reuben had his ways of doing things.

Noah understood that he was to ensure smooth entry. Given the current situation, the Wray family must have used some means to prevent Wynter from entering.

Taylor also looked over at Noah, both of them sharing a thought.

Some mistakes shouldn't be blamed on the children. Indeed, they despised Shane, but as for Wynter... As her uncles, they couldn't bring themselves to harm her.

Reuben was right. The Wray family indeed used Serenity Hotel's rules to their advantage. Having an invitation didn't guarantee entry unless you understood their entry procedures.

The reason for these procedures was related to Serenity

Hotel's history. While it might appear to be just a venue for hosting business meetings, it was actually renowned as one of the most prestigious auction houses.

During tumultuous times, trading in small collectibles was common, but Serenity Hotel was where the real affluent individuals gathered. They dealt with high-value items.

Serenity Hotel had become the premier destination for both domestic and international businessmen at that time.

Chapter 1293 Wynter and Serenity Hotel

The deeper one went, the more apparent the place's vastness became,

Serenity Hotel, a three-story building, was not modern in its interior design but rather reflected a bygone era's style. Hence, the waitstaff wore traditional dresses and suits.

Beyond the grand banquet hall, the true core area was the renowned Moonlit Haven. It featured a 16-foot proscenium stage in the center, where operas were performed. Even those who served tea in Serenity Hotel might be martial artists.

This was what set Serenity Hotel apart. The items sold on stage were explained by experts, and transactions at the auction tables could easily reach billions.

In the past, Serenity Hotel was where royal attendants and foreigners conducted transactions, and everyone had to enter in formal attire. Ordinary people, even if they claimed to have been there, were merely boasting.

The true nature of the activities inside remained a mystery to most, with people only aware of the foreigners' strong interest in the place.

Serenity Hotel had very high requirements for its guests. Either substantial financial verification or a formal invitation was needed. They also emphasized background and

confidentiality. As a result, there was virtually no

Information about Serenity Hotel available online.

The reason why Yvette wasn't used to Serenity Hotel was that, up until now, she hadn't even entered the inner layers.

At the same time, in a business car near Serenity Hotel, Wynter tucked her shirt into her trousers. Surprisingly, her pure black suit jacket did not make her look older. Instead, her naturally cool demeanor made her exude an even

stronger CEO presence.

Even the chauffeur commented, "Ms. Quinnell, many Hawford socialites would want to marry you if you were a

man.”

Some people embodied both masculine and feminine beauty, and Wynter was one of those individuals.

She had an unusual mark that resembled an ancient script inscription on her neck. It looked as if it was a temporary tattoo. It wasn't there when she woke up, but it became more pronounced as she traveled.

Fortunately, her white shirt and pure black suit complemented the mark rather than clashing with it.

Rebelliously handsome was the perfect description for Wynter.

Wynter got out of the car early, and Marie didn't understand why. Frowning slightly, Marie said, “Serenity Hotel is

different from other places. I've heard from your grandpa

that there are many rules here. I'm afraid you might get stopped, so we should go in together.”

“I won't, Mom. Don't worry about me and just go.” Wynter winked her left eye. “I have other things to take care of. I might be able to gather some information if I go in this way.”

Marie didn't know what Wynter was up to. But Wynter did look like some famous young CEO as she stood in the light, with the faint hint of the ancient script inscription on her fair neck in addition to her stylish appearance.

Marie smiled. “Make sure to tell me if something comes up. I'll come pick you up.”

“Okay.” Wynter waved her hands after speaking.

There was a railing acting as a barrier, but she casually supported herself with one hand and elegantly jumped over it. She was really making an effort to avoid crossing paths. with the Quinnell family's convoy.



Marie watched Wynter's retreating figure and signaled the

chauffeur to start the car.

No one knew what Wynter was planning. In reality, as soon as she received the invitation and saw that the venue for the

Chamber of Commerce was at Serenity Hotel, she was already completely confident about her plan.

After all, Serenity Hotel...

Wynter lifted her gaze, her thin lips curled slightly, and the tear mole at the corner of her eye became subtly visible.

The place she was approaching was supposed to be off-limits. However, she simply walked in effortlessly.

A beep was heard, and a familiar sound of the back door opening was heard.

No one knew, and it was completely silent. Only Serenity Hotel's highest-level staff felt a change and straightened up immediately.

Chapter 1294 Serenity Hotel's Real Owner

A young woman in a bodycon dress, holding a hand fan, was startled by the man's sudden action. She arched her eyebrow and asked, "What's the matter, Boss? Did your opponent kill you again, or was your buff taken?"

Throughout her years working with Gail Gilmore, she had never seen him so flustered. He was always uninterested in everything and didn't even bat an eye when the Chamber of Commerce announced a meeting at Serenity Hotel.

To Gail, the game he was playing was far more exciting than watching a bunch of people pitting against each other. No one would expect that Serenity Hotel's owner had such a whimsical side.

However, Samiyah Naverro believed that Gail was just uninterested in establishing a connection with people. While the aristocratic families in Hawford were eager to please and gain favor with him, they were constantly intimidated by his presence.

Gail cut a striking figure in his clean suit, and the watch on his wrist added a touch of elegance. His bluish hair was neatly styled, complementing his handsome countenance. His captivating eyes held a depth and intensity that seemed to draw people in.

Samiyah couldn't help but feel that Gail looked exactly the same as when she first met him, though he had picked up a few hobbies favored by youngsters.

But what was important now was that Gail didn't seem quite like his usual self.

As Gail fastened the diamond button on his cuff, his lips curled into a smirk. "Neither. Didn't you hear that? The backdoor just rang,"

Samiyah was visibly surprised at his words. She had always believed that Gail kept the backdoor purely for his own amusement. After all, no one knew that the backdoor led to Serenity Hotel, nor would they dare to use it.

While Samiyah stood dumbfounded, Gail headed toward the door. However, he stopped in his tracks and turned back. "Go find out who's participating in the meeting today," he instructed Samiyah.

Frowning, Samiyah argued, "That doesn't seem appropriate, Boss."

"And what's wrong with that? By the way, there's no need to call me your boss. I'm working for someone else, just like you. Go and see who came through the backdoor," Gail urged as he gestured to the door.

Samiyah widened her eyes in shock. "Are you saying you have no idea who it was?"

"Of course I do. It's just that we share a special relationship," Gail replied as he glanced at his watch. He needed to get a handle on the situation before heading downstairs.

Meanwhile, Wynter had retrieved a ring from a hidden compartment behind the backdoor. Though the ring served as proof of her identity, it had a peculiar design and appeared shrouded in black smoke upon retrieval.

Plus, the ring seemed to be a sinister item that had been dug up from the earth. Yet, Wynter unhesitatingly slipped it on her index finger.

There was a fleeting flicker in her eyes, as if she was confirming something. Ultimately, she verified that the ring was rightfully hers.

Wynter had been recalling some lost memories since arriving at Hawford, one of which involved Serenity Hotel. Before that, she had never investigated the hotel and wondered why the proscenium stage was set at the center of the building.

Upon receiving the invitation, she noticed a familiar symbol and suspected Serenity Hotel was connected to her. Her hunch proved correct.

Wynter watched the pictures warp and shift unexpectedly, as if a hidden mechanism had been triggered. Moments later, a pathway leading to the center room was revealed beside the empty wall.

"So, this place is connected to me," Wynter exclaimed as something glinted in her eyes.

Upon her investigation of Serenity Hotel, she found that it had existed for a long time. So, how was the hotel connected to her?

Chapter 1295 The End of an Era

Was it related to her past life, or was it related to Gordon? With no clear answers in sight, Wynter decided to head into the hotel first. She kept the ring and stepped into the center room.

Meanwhile, the guests gradually filled the seats in the theatrical hall. However, Kenton had plotted for Wynter to be late.

Many foreigners attended the meeting that year, and they seemed to enjoy the opera performance on stage.

Reuben, seated to the left side of the stage, carefully observed the spectators' expressions. Much to his anger, the Chamber of Commerce had been turned into little more than a bargaining chip to curry favor with foreign investors. He raised his hand, only to let it fall in resignation.

A noticeable divide had emerged between the Whitmans and the Wrays. Those who sided with the Whitman family were primarily from sunset industries, while most of the capitalists had gathered around Kenton. Such stark contrast boosted Kenton's ego further.

"That's enough questions for me. Why don't you consult Mr. Whitman Senior? After all, his business acumen is equally impressive. I'm sure he has a better grasp of current trends and profitable opportunities than I do." Kenton grinned.

Someone snickered. "Forget about him. It's been ages, yet the Quinnell family's daughter still hasn't shown up. We can't possibly keep waiting for her."

"He's right, Mr. Wray. Let's start the meeting," another echoed.

Kenton had been anticipating that moment. So what if the Quinnell family had received an invitation? He would make sure they were blocked at the door. Everyone knew who would be left humiliated once the meeting commenced.

There would be no place for the Quinnell family within the Chamber of Commerce any longer. It was time they bid farewell to their former prominence.

When Taylor attempted to intervene, the people beside him stopped him instead.

"It's best not to complicate things further, Mr. Whitman. Perhaps, fate has decided on the Quinnell family's absence," they stated softly.

They advised the Whitman family to let go of the past while simultaneously convincing themselves to adapt to the market changes.

Reuben clenched his fists tightly upon witnessing the end of an era. He wondered if Fabian had felt the same way back then.

Even so, Reuben couldn't fully bring himself to resent the Quinnell family as he understood that the older generations were bound to be washed out of time.

No one would stop and listen to their advice anymore. They wouldn't even spare a second glance unless it focused on fast and international trends.

"It's all about the metaverse these days. We can't just stick to physical industries." Those were the lines that Reuben heard often, and the reason why many had ceased supporting the Whitmans.

Having lived through countless experiences, Reuben was well aware that Kenton intended to humiliate the Whitman family and clamp down on the Quinnell family. He was certain that the Whitmans would soon meet the same fate.

Noah should've picked up Marie and Wynter at the entrance by then. Had something gone wrong? Reuben glanced at the clock. There were still three minutes left before the meeting, but it was already too late. If the Quinnell family failed to show up, they would be ousted and dismissed by the Chamber of Commerce.

Standing up, Kenton was about to commence the meeting when he heard a soft chuckle from above. "Why the rush, Mr. Wray?" came a calm, familiar voice that Yvette instantly recognized.

Instinctively, Yvette and the crowd turned around to find a charming young man in a suit. His intimidating presence was accentuated by the black Fankrit inscriptions tattooed on his neck. When he

lowered his gaze, he carried an air of arrogance and indifference.

But as the crowd took a closer look, they realized the young man was in fact a woman.

Chapter 1296 Sevie Is Here

Everyone was swept up in a swirl of questions. Who was that young woman? How did she get up there? Was she even qualified to be sitting there?

The actors had halted their performance upon Wynter's presence. Even the waitstaff stopped their work and stood straight with shifting expressions. They had been equipped with an earpiece for receiving commands, but they remained frozen and exchanged uncertain glances.

As the waitstaff hesitated, Yvette loudly reprimanded, "My dear sister, do you even realize where you are? You can't simply take a seat there. Come down at once."

Some had recognized Wynter while others remained puzzled by Yvette's words. Was that young woman really Yvette's sister? But she was clearly the Quinnell family's daughter

However, they knew they were in no position to voice their thoughts on such an occasion. Still, they couldn't help but wonder if the Whitmans even recognized Wynter.

Though the Whitman family refrained from mentioning the Quinnells, Wynter's aunts had seen her picture before and planned to share it with their husbands at an appropriate time. Several pictures of Wynter had been leaked online in the past, but all of them had been secretly removed.

Despite never meeting Wynter, Taylor was deeply impressed by her way of handling things. When Yvette referred to Wynter as her sister, he assumed the two young women were related by blood and subconsciously spared another glance at Wynter.

On the other hand, Reuben appeared delighted and rose with his cane. "Why, hello, Dr. Genius. What brings you here?"

Taylor was surprised by Reuben's comment. It was only then he realized that Wynter was the mysterious doctor who had cured Reuben yesterday. He had never seen his father so hale and hearty in years.

Initially, the Whitmans were concerned about Wynter and intended to investigate the reason for her unusual visit to Reuben. But after witnessing Reuben finish two plates of pasta and stop coughing in the middle of the night, the family was eager to find her to express their gratitude.

Taylor hadn't expected to find the mysterious doctor at Serenity Hotel. That said, it felt entirely reasonable if Wynter was part of the hotel. After all, no one really knew what secrets lay there.

Taking a step forward, Taylor was about to express his gratitude when Wynter suddenly spoke. With a smile, she called in a crisp voice, "Hello, Uncle Taylor."

Her greeting dropped like a bombshell, causing a stir among the crowd.

Kenton's face was all scrunched up as he shot a questioning glare at the Lark family, who had been serving him for years.

The Larks were dumbfounded as well. They had no clue how Wynter managed to get into the hotel in Marie's absence or how she ended up on the second floor.

Amidst the stupefied crowd, Taylor momentarily broke from his usual calm composure and froze in shock. He raised an eyebrow and turned around, gazing at the young woman before him.

Even with her air of confidence, Taylor noticed the familiar traits in the beauty marks under her large eyes. More importantly, her cocky attitude reminded him vividly of the grinning child in his memories. Though he had initially doubted his ears, he was now certain that Wynter was his beloved niece.

Chapter 1297 Grandpa Reuben

Wynter had blossomed into a far more stunning woman than they had expected, one who was likely to attract attention with her charms. However, Taylor remained puzzled by Reuben's reference to Wynter as a genius doctor.

At that moment, Reuben realized something and stared at Wynter with quivering lips.

He recognized a touch of self-interest in the medical recommendations she provided. He couldn't decide whether to admire her brilliance or cunningness. Regardless, he found it impossible to stay angry with her. Wynter was as endearing as ever. Though Reuben attempted to take a closer look at her, he couldn't bring himself to approach her due to the recent misunderstanding and the long-standing conflict between the two families.

But Wynter was the favorite child among Harmony Community's senior members. She could read the minds of the stubborn elderly, much less her blood relatives. Without hesitation, Wynter jumped over the railing and approached Reuben with a smile.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa. I should've told you my real identity and the reason for my visit yesterday," she apologized sincerely.

Reuben looked at her in silence, though his softened expression betrayed his feelings.

Wynter cleared her throat and continued, "However, I noticed I was being followed upon arriving at the Whitman residence, and even the staff seemed a bit off.

"Given your condition, I decided to treat you before investigating the situation. That was why I didn't reveal my identity earlier."

Her revelation sparked a commotion among the crowd.

"What does she mean? Is she saying that there's a mole within the Whitman family?" one speculated.

"That can't be. No one would dare to scheme against the Whitmans," another said skeptically.

"Not exactly. That person might have a chance..." someone suddenly whispered.

Instantly, all eyes turned to Kenton.

It was a fact that the Whitman family had guided the Wrays to their success. However, Kenton's recent efforts suggested he planned for the Wrays to replace the Whitmans as the top player. If that were the case, he might have schemed something.

As Kenton felt the weight of everyone's gazes, he gritted his teeth and forced a smile. "From your words, it seems you're the one who cured Mr. Whitman Senior."

Kenton purposely shifted the conversation to avoid exposing his misdeeds at such a formal event.

Wynter glanced at him and smirked. "That's right. It's a shame you can't fully exploit your pawns."

Feigning ignorance, Kenton expressed his surprise, "To think you possess such incredible skills! But I've never recalled Taylor mentioning this."

It was obvious that Kenton intended to sow discord between the Whitmans and the Quinnells by bringing out their long-standing conflict into the open. He couldn't afford to let his painstaking efforts go to waste. Even if Wynter was a good talker, the estrangement between the Whitmans and



Quinnells was undeniable. At that moment, Yvette chimed in, "Mr Wray, you might not know this, but Wynter has troubles with familial ties. There's nothing she can do to change that. If the Whitman family..."

Without sparing a glance, Wynter swiftly threw a silver needle at Yvette. The needle grazed Yvette's hair and pinned her unfinished words to the wall behind her.

Though the guests couldn't appreciate Wynter's skills, Serenity Hotel's personnel certainly could.

As the actors watched Wynter, they recognized she had performed a move from an ancient martial art- one even they couldn't decipher. They couldn't help but wonder if Gail was aware of Wynter's prowess.

#### Chapter 1298 She's Doomed

Though Kenton wasn't privy to the hotel personnel's thoughts or knowledge in ancient martial arts, he knew for sure that the ignorant Wynter was doomed.

Serenity Hotel had long upheld a set of stringent rules. Auctions were prohibited on the first floor, the second floor was strictly off-limits, and troublemakers were promptly expelled.

Only a selected few were granted access to the second floor. Rumors claimed that Gordon had once enjoyed the opera performance from an elevated seat with a young man, who was said to be Serenity Hotel's owner. As it was merely a rumor, the truth remained uncertain.

Kenton doubted that a young man could've built such a renowned business on his own. And if he did exist, why were there no records of his descendants?

Dismissing the thought, Kenton turned to shoot Wynter a spiteful glare. If he couldn't stop her himself, he would leave her to the hotel's judgment. He was determined to ensure that the Quinnell family could never rise again, by whatever means necessary.

Serenity Hotel had one unwavering rule-any personal grudges had to be set aside upon entering its door. The hotel didn't condone bloodshed, and any physical brawls had to be taken outside.

However, there were always arrogant fools trying to test its boundaries. The last person to flaunt their prestigious background and cause a scene at the hotel was sentenced to penal labor. Not only that, their entire family was erased from existence.

Since then, all guests had stuck to the rules and dared not to challenge the hotel's authority. Yet, Wynter hadn't only violated the rules by wandering to the second floor, but she had also taken the offensive.

Kenton could barely stifle a laugh at the thought. So what if Wynter was the Quinnell family's descendant? After all, Shane had been driven out last time. Kenton couldn't wait to see Wynter make a fool of herself.

Realizing the same thing, Reuben swiftly stepped in front of Wynter and implored the figure of higher standing.

His deep, resonated voice hinted at a considerable recovery. "This child wasn't aware of Serenity Hotel's rules. Please show her some mercy,"

While Wynter believed that she wouldn't face consequences, she couldn't ignore the murmurs around her. "Mr. Whitman Senior should understand that Serenity Hotel's rules are absolute," one commented.

"Indeed. Even if you provide compensation, the hotel will refuse to accept them. Besides, that person was driven out last time, too. And it looks like the Quinnell family's daughter is headed for the same fate. Look, the guards are moving..." another remarked.

As the guards were ready to spring into action, they suddenly heard a deep voice come through their earpiece.

"Leave her alone. Stick to your duties," the voice ordered. Instantly, the security guards stopped in their tracks and remained still.

Seeing that, Kenton became agitated. He had heard that Serenity Hotel's personnel were expert martial artists, yet none of them had moved to drive Wynter out.

Could the hotel's owner have turned a blind eye to Wynter's ignorance for Reuben's sake?

The other guests shared Kenton's bewilderment. At that moment, they started to believe that Wynter had been pardoned because of Reuben's sincere plea, so Serenity Hotel's personnel had been instructed not to

take action against her. It seemed that luck was on Wynter's side.

Having learned about Serenity Hotel's rules, Yvette had plotted to lead Wynter into breaking one of them. She was told that the Quinnells and Whitmans were at odds, yet she never expected Reuben to plead for Wynter's mercy.

Chapter 1299 Go Back to Kingbourne

Clenching her fists, Yvette recalled the threat of the silver needle aimed at her. She would've scarred her face if she hadn't ducked. It was clear that Wynter was aiming for her life!

Since arriving at Hawford, Yvette basked in reverence and admiration. Yet, Wynter didn't bother to show her respect.

After a moment of pondering, Yvette caressed her face and spoke in a pitiful tone, "I know it's harsh for you, but the Whitman family deserves to learn the divination from your horoscopes."

Wynter retorted as she fiddled with her needles, "Do you not understand why you're still alive? Are you even worthy of calling me your sister?"

"You can fool others with your tricks, but you'd better show some restraints around me. Otherwise, I can't guarantee my needle won't find its mark next time."

Yvette fearfully retreated a step, knowing that Wynter meant every word she said. In truth, Yvette wouldn't be standing there if it weren't for Margaret.

Even so, Yvette felt a deep sense of indignation. Despite her ability to foresee the future, she remained inferior to Wynter.

Yvette bit her bottom lip and glanced sideways. Instantly, those who benefitted from venture capitalism on her advice stepped up to defend her.

"You're Ms. Quinnell, right? I'm sure you're still unfamiliar with the rules in Hawford. If you have any questions, you can always ask for clarification.

"We're willing to overlook your ignorance for Mr. Whitman Senior's sake, but you should watch your words," one reprimanded sharply.

"That's right. You have no idea how much profit we've made with Ms. Yates' guidance. How dare you accuse her of being a swindler?" another fumed.

"Ms. Yates was simply showing her concern, yet you threatened her with your needles. I can't imagine your upbringing. I suggest you provide her some proper education, Mr. Whitman Senior," someone else said with a snicker.

The group gathered around and berated Wynter.

Seeing the commotion, Kenton feigned a gentle smile and proceeded to ease the tension. "That's enough, you guys. Mr. Whitman Senior did mention Ms. Quinnell isn't familiar with the rules in Hawford. Just give her some time."

"In that case, she should go back to Kingbourne! How dare she slander Ms. Yates in Hawford? It's utterly absurd," someone retorted.

At that moment, Wynter let out a soft chuckle. "Indeed. To think that you're investing in stocks based on a fortune teller's advice-that's definitely news to me."

Her remark sparked a fury among the group. Most of them reddened in anger, appearing far from the composed professional venture capitalists one expected.

In the end, they were merely hypocrites seeking illicit gains and had questionable connections with the Wray family.

Yvette couldn't have achieved such fame if it weren't for the Wrays' support. Yet, Wynter couldn't shake the feeling that the scene was eerily familiar.

It reminded her of the fake fortune teller who had gathered such prominent individuals in Kingbourne. A similar scheme was played at Hawford.

Wynter suspected that external powers other than the Darnell family were backing the Wrays.

Her beauty mark glinted as Wynter glanced at the group. With a gentle spin of her lucky token, she deduced the ones behind the murder case of Club Solstice were the Wray family's allies.

After all, it was impossible for a single family to establish such an extensive network in the gray area on their own.

With a clear goal in mind, Wynter decided to collect a few strands of hair as evidence to secure their eventual conviction.

At that moment, one of those offended by Wynter rolled their eyes and questioned furiously, "Are you calling us a fool?"

"The fact that you understand that means you're smarter now," Wynter casually commented.

Chapter 1300 Cancel the Contracts

The businessmen were enraged by Wynter's arrogant attitude. They had never encountered a young woman as rude as she was!

Unable to tolerate her insolence further, Emmett warned, "Sounds like you need a lesson in manners!"

Hearing that, Taylor instantly moved in front of Wynter. His tall, imposing figure cast a commanding presence, and his cold, somber eyes gazed down at Emmett.

"And what exactly do you plan to do? Are you going to teach me a lesson, too? It's regrettable I've just come to realize how the Whitman family is held in such low regard. If you wish to sever ties with us, then so be it.

"From now on, we are canceling all procurement contracts with the Lark and Stafford families. Contracts with other families will be terminated upon expiration," Taylor sternly declared.

It was only then the group of businessmen realized that Wynter's situation was completely different from Shane's.

Not only was she the Quinnell family's child, but she was also Taylor's biological niece. The businessmen now regretted their impulsive criticism of Wynter to defend Yvette.

Little did they know that Wynter intended to provoke them. Rumors claimed that players in business warfare were typically artful and shrewd. But beneath the surface, they were often left with frustration and agitation upon being exposed as dupes who failed to profit.

By doing so, Reuben and Taylor could distinctly feel the derision that others held for both the Whitman family and Wynter herself. Clearly, Wynter's little ploy proved effective.

Though Taylor appeared calm, his fists were tightly clenched. How dared those businessmen belittle Wynter? Had they come to see the Whitman family as insignificant? Or did they believe he would stay silent in defense of his niece?

Noting Taylor's fury, Wynter decided to leave the matter to her uncle. After all, there were different ways to reconcile with a distant family.

Emmett looked extremely pale as he struggled to provide an explanation. However, Taylor merely dismissed him as he turned to address the crowd.

"The Whitman family has indeed had issues with the Quinnells, but those are matters of the past. Wynter has nothing to do with it. As you've heard, she was also the one who cured my father. And Ms. Yates..."

Taylor paused before warning sharply, barely containing the distaste in his eyes, "My niece hails from the Quinnell family, while you're the Yates' daughter. I advise you to stop acting as though you're related." Unlike Noah, Taylor didn't hesitate to express his displeasure aloud. It reminded Kenton of the younger and more overbearing Taylor he had known in the past.

For years, Kenton had yearned to take over Taylor's place. Upon seeing Taylor reclaim his former presence, Kenton realized he had to expedite his plot against the Whitman family.

Taylor might defend his beloved niece now, but would he maintain such confidence once Wynter sent him behind bars?

Feeling more relieved at the thought, Kenton believed he shouldn't show his trump card just yet. He could let Taylor have his moments. After all, the Whitman family had much bigger concerns to address.