

Six Brothers 1331

Chapter 1331 The Vengeful Wrays

Kenton took a glance at Yvette as he heard Wynter's words.

Yvette spoke up at just the right moment, "Although the Yates family is known as a family of medical practitioners, we've always been based in Southdale and never ventured beyond. After the incident with my grandmother, no one in the Yates family has practiced medicine since.

"I recall that Ms. Quinnell attended a trade school in Southdale. Perhaps this was something that happened only after she returned to the Quinnells. Meeting a doctor like Dr. Campbell is a great honor for anyone in the medical field.

"I really envy you, Ms. Quinnell. After all, even during my time at Sacred Heart Medical University, I only had the chance to attend Dr. Campbell's lectures from afar. I've never had the privilege to approach him directly."

Yvette's words might have sounded like praise, but the underlying implication was clear. She had never met Evan even as a top student. So, how could someone like Wynter, who only attended a trade school, possibly have crossed paths with him?

After all, there had never been any mention of Evan having close ties with the Quinnell family.

The crowd picked up on the insinuation. Their gazes were filled with doubt and even a hint of disdain when they looked at Wynter again.

Kenton burst into laughter. "Mr. Reuben, look at Wynter. She is still a little too young and hot-headed. She can't keep things to herself and tends to exaggerate. She probably doesn't realize how rare Dr. Campbell's visits to Cascadia are.

"Most of the time, he's only brought here with substantial compensation. Even I haven't had the chance to meet him often, let alone someone her age.

"Wynter, you speak as though you're familiar with Dr. Campbell. When the time comes and you actually meet him, I hope you can maintain this confidence. After all, some things are hard to fake."

Upon hearing this, Wynter slowly curled her thin lips into a smile. "You are right, Mr. Wray. Some things are indeed hard to fake."

She then cast a glance at Yvette. "For instance, not knowing much about business acumen or the Arcane Way but still trying to maintain a facade. That must be quite uncomfortable."

Yvette's expression froze at Wynter's remark. A sense of inexplicable tension and unease surged within her.

She wondered if Wynter already knew she had stolen the Arcane Way books from Margaret. But she eventually convinced herself that it seemed unlikely.

If that were the case, Margaret would have surely reprimanded her long ago and demanded the books be returned. Wynter couldn't possibly know about it. Those books didn't even seem like something that belonged to Margaret.

At this point, it no longer mattered whether Wynter knew or not. After all, she would never be able to guess that Yvette was reborn.

Yvette steadied her breathing. At least it wouldn't get to the point where she embarrassed herself in front of the crowd.

The recent auction had already displeased the Wray family. She knew she couldn't afford to draw any more attention at this moment.

However, what Yvette didn't realize was that Kenton would be even more frustrated at her current reaction. To him, it was evident that she had displayed weakness in front of Wynter, giving Wynter the upper hand.

While Yvette had many admirable qualities, her bumpkin mindset was an ongoing habit that made her unsuited for the limelight.

Kenton took a deep breath. "We'll meet again in a few days. I'll bring Dr. Campbell with me. Wynter, do not be hiding then."

Hide? Wynter lowered her gaze, her smile more enchanting than ever. The ancient script inscription on her neck seemed uncharacteristically devilish. "Mr. Wray, we'll definitely meet again."

Kenton didn't say anything else to her. He was worried that the more he spoke, the more Yvette would mess up.

It didn't matter to him. After all, the Quinnells would come to regret their decision to return to Hawford when they re-enter the Chamber of Commerce.

He planned to make them leave all their money behind. No, not only that. He would ensure to demand the Quinnells to use their shares to cover his losses here!

Chapter 1332 Offerings

Taylor knew all too well the way Kenton operated. With his vindictive nature, there was no doubt that Kenton would set Wynter up in the upcoming practical exercises.

Taylor was undoubtedly concerned. Wynter wasn't just aiming to win the project but also intended to revitalize several declining industries as well. This was a massive undertaking.

It wasn't that he opposed Wynter's efforts to support farmers. After all, the Whitmans had always believed in using their wealth to help others.

However, agricultural support typically had low returns and was notoriously difficult to break into the market. Otherwise, Orson and the others wouldn't be struggling so much.

Such an endeavor required strong backing from local resources, and all of that needed to be sourced.

"Wynter, we need to have a serious talk," Taylor finally said.

Not only was Taylor looking concerned, but even Reuben's expression had grown much more serious.

"Taylor, go arrange the car. We are heading back to the Whitman residence." Reuben made his decision swiftly and firmly. "Orson, wait for our call."

Wynter realized that Reuben and Taylor might have misunderstood her intentions.

As she was thinking about how to clear things up, she noticed Lucius looking over at her. The meaning in his gaze was unmistakable. He wanted her to maintain his good-guy image.

Wynter rubbed the bridge of her nose and muttered under her breath, “I can’t even explain myself right now. How am I supposed to cover for you, too?”

“What are you mumbling back there, Wynter?” Taylor turned around, not quite catching what Wynter had said.

Wynter put on a serious expression. “My mom and Uncle Noah are probably still held up outside. Grandpa, can we bring Mom back to the Whitman residence with us?”

Upon hearing this, Reuben paused for a moment as he leaned on his cane. He neither agreed nor disagreed.

Wynter took his silence as a yes. “I’ll go get them right now!”

“No need for you to fetch them.” Reuben then glanced at Taylor. “You go.”

Taylor hadn’t seen Marie in a long time, and his emotions were a mess now. “Alright.”

“Wynter, you’ll ride with me. I have some things to discuss with you.” Reuben had many concerns weighing on his mind. He needed to share them with Wynter to put himself at ease.

Wynter was unusually obedient at this moment. Although she was curious about Serenity Hotel’s owner, there would be time for that later. Once the matter with the Wray family was settled, she planned to thoroughly investigate the place.

As she thought about this, Wynter glanced at the nearby surveillance camera. That single look caused Dalton’s hand, which was holding a teacup, to pause momentarily.

Today, he wore gold-rimmed glasses which complemented his perfectly tailored suit. It gave him an air that seemed out of place in the current era.

Instead, he looked as if he belonged to the same period as Serenity Hotel itself. He was restrained and noble, just like the son of a military commander, returning from overseas.

“Mr. Yarwood, did Ms. Quinnell just glance our way?” Gail, who was standing behind Dalton, spoke up.

Dalton responded with a calm hum, his tone measured. “With the camera positioned so obviously, it’s no surprise she noticed.”

“What should I say if she decides to come up here one day?” Gail asked cautiously, testing the waters. Dalton’s gaze lingered on the ancient script inscription on Wynter’s neck, his voice deep and steady. “Tell her to come directly to me.”

“Aren’t you

worried about exposing your identity?” Gail was still waiting for Dalton’s soul to be fully unified. Dalton set down his teacup, his eyes darkening. “It’s about time she started remembering some things.”

Gail wondered if Dalton was going to seek revenge. But the question lingered in his mind, and he didn’t dare voice it. After all, he was never certain of Dalton’s intention.

Dalton’s fingers, fair and slender, lightly tapped his scarlet rosary bracelet. “In Hawford, who has been making offerings to me?”

Chapter 1333 Their Hearts Ache for Her

“Is there someone making an offering to you in Hawford?” Gail turned pale as he realized something. “Mr. Yarwood, I already cleaned up all the items related to you when you left in your previous life.

“No one was even allowed to be near your grave. It was just that things were chaotic back then, and I’m not sure if there might be any oversights.”

In those special times, with the war raging on, even Serenity Hotel had closed its doors. At that time, very few things were intact. But Gail did remember everything that had to do with Dalton, and he dared not to make any mistakes.

Dalton stood up, and black mist swirled behind him. “So, are you saying that you don’t know?”

Gail immediately shook his head and hurriedly cleared himself of any blame.

“Then go find them.” Dalton’s gaze was neither warm nor cold, but it carried a pressure that was almost suffocating. His demeanor remained composed, as always.

According to the crow’s words, Dalton’s emotions could never be unstable. After all, if he were to lose his composure, the weather in Hawford would become unpredictable.

At the same time, Marie, who had thought that meeting Noah was merely a coincidence, was stunned when she heard that Taylor wanted to bring her back to the Whitman residence.

Marie couldn’t stop her voice from cracking. “Is it really alright? Will it upset Dad? Dad’s health-” Taylor interrupted before Marie could finish her sentence, “Dad’s health is improving. Wynter cured him.” Marie’s eyes widened upon hearing this before she nodded her head. “Wynter does have the skill. If she can cure me, she must be able to help Dad, too. This is wonderful news, truly wonderful.”

How could Marie not feel guilty? During those days when she was lost and confused, she had no idea what was happening at home. Wynter told her not to blame herself, but she couldn’t just pretend nothing had happened.

Isabella, who had loved her the most, was gone, and she hadn’t even known. When she finally regained her senses, Shane was the one who told her. She only remembered being abroad and stealing her passport to fly back to Hawford.

She finally got to Hawford with great difficulty. Yet, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t find Isabella. She was trapped in darkness.

Then, her memories were altered. Isabella had wanted to see her, but she had somehow turned her away. How could that be possible?

Marie had told herself not to cry. But once she saw Noah and Taylor, she could no longer hold back. Her tears flowed uncontrollably as she crouched on the curb, sobbing like a child.

At night, she would often remember the times before she got married. Every winter, Isabella would knit sweaters and sew dresses for her by hand. She would say Marie was her most beautiful princess and encouraged her to bravely choose her own path in life.

Yet, as she grew older, she found herself looking around an empty room.

Shane said she was too ill to be in crowds. At that time, she often wondered what Isabella was doing. Was she still nagging Reuben to quit smoking so much, or was she sitting on the couch, reading a book and knitting?

Marie had always felt like she hadn't really grown up, despite having married and had children. Her outlook on life remained as bright as ever.

But the moment she learned of Isabella's death, it was as if she suddenly matured. She no longer had a mother, and her family no longer wanted her.

If she could start over, she would never have married Shane. But in this world, there were no second chances. All she wanted now was to make amends.

As older brothers, seeing their once-beloved sister in this state, both Noah and Taylor felt deeply pained. They had no idea what had happened over the years, but it was clear that Marie had changed drastically. She was no longer the bright and outgoing person she once was. Instead, she now appeared calm and resilient. Even her tears were silent.

Chapter 1334 Putting Too Much Trust in Human Nature

Taylor was unable to hide his emotions, and his eyes very quickly turned red.

Seeing Marie like this, he couldn't maintain his usual stern demeanor and directly asked, "Since you care so much about Dad's health, why didn't you come to see him as soon as you arrived in Hawford?"

Marie paused as she realized that something was off." did visit home. More than once."

“You have? When?” Noah couldn’t help but ask as well.

Marie recounted her two visits to the Whitman residence in detail.

The first visit was before she met Lynette. She went directly to the Quaint Villa as she was concerned that there might have been a miscommunication.

At that time, she was stopped by the butler, who was clearly in a difficult position. He explained that the Whitmans were dealing with business issues.

Plus, since Shane had previously caused trouble for the Whitmans, her visit at this time would only add to their troubles.

The second time, driven by her growing unease, especially after noticing the changes in Lynette, she visited the Whitman residence again. The household staff took her things and promised to deliver her sentiments.

Marie had suspected there might be something fishy going on, but she had no other choice. She couldn’t get through on the phone, and she assumed her two sisters-in-law had spoken on her behalf.

While she expected the Whitman residence to be different from before, she never imagined that even the elderly members who worked for the Whitmans would become so untrustworthy.

Noah and Taylor exchanged a glance. Their expressions were blazing with fury. Not only did Marie fail to anticipate this situation, but they also hadn’t realized that Quaint Villa had deteriorated to such a state.

After establishing their own families, they had been preoccupied with both family and business affairs

It took them a long time to regain their composure, acknowledging that they had indeed neglected their responsibilities toward Reuben.

Ultimately, they had underestimated human nature.

They believed that high commissions and long-term service would ensure loyalty, at least to the extent of not harming the Whitman family. Yet, it was this very sincerity that attracted a pack of individuals with malicious intents.

Reuben asked to speak with Wynter in the car precisely because he was aware of this situation.

“Wynter, have you thought this through? Are you sure you want to help Mr. Blaise and the others?”

Wynter replied with firm determination, “I’ve made up my mind.”

“I am getting old. Probably after enduring so many setbacks, I have lost confidence in people. Mr. Blaise and the others are certainly worth helping, but not all these enterprises are worth your effort.

“Some people... The more you help them, the more they will take your help for granted. They will even criticize you behind your back when you’re no longer helping them. The worst part is, they might even take the opportunity to step on you when you’re vulnerable.

Reuben spoke without showing any particular emotions. He just wanted to guide Wynter away from the mistakes he had made.

“In this regard, I have certainly fallen short,” he added with a slight smile. “So, as you move forward, keep my experiences in mind and use them as a reference.

“However, there are a few things you need to consider. Supporting agricultural industries is challenging, especially when it comes to deteriorating industries. Taking them on could potentially jeopardize your entire funding chain.

“Have you thought about whether the Wray family might have a backup plan, or should I say... left some traps for you?”

Reuben’s insight was spot-on. It revealed—his deep understanding of the potential pitfalls Wynter might

face.

Wynter listened intently. She appreciated the advice but remained resolute.

“Grandpa, I will keep everything you’ve said in mind. However, my decision to support agriculture isn’t just a matter of impulse. As a member of the Quinnell family, this is my responsibility.

“Wasn’t this the same thing Grandpa Gordon did back in the day? I can’t let all of your aspirations be lost just like that. Trust me, Grandpa.”

Chapter 1335 Cleaning the House

Upon hearing this, Reuben’s lips curled into a contented smile. His eyes reflected a mix of emotions. There was admiration for Wynter’s courage and a deep sense of nostalgia for the years that had gone by.

“Wynter, you’ve grown up. You have your own ideas and sense of responsibility. But courage and determination alone aren’t enough. Strategy and methods are equally important.”

Reuben paused, his tone becoming more solemn. “Since the Wray family dares to plot so brazenly, there must be hidden schemes we’re unaware of. Your task isn’t just to help those in need but also to protect yourself and ensure their conspiracies don’t succeed.”

Wynter–nodded lightly. She knew that if she didn’t explain something, Reuben would remain worried.” Grandpa, I understand. I’ve already started investigating the Wray family’s movements and am carefully choosing the right moments to act. I will ensure that each step is taken with caution.

“As for the funding chain, I’ve got a preliminary plan in place. I’ll be securing financing from multiple sources and bringing in a professional team for risk assessment and management. Rest assured.”

Reuben’s expression was full of approval. “Good. Being prepared is never a bad thing. But remember, no matter how big the challenge, you’re not fighting alone. Your uncles and I will always be your strongest support.”

He then shifted the conversation topic. “As for Dr. Campbell, I don’t know how you came to know him. But I can’t appreciate someone who has insulted our country, and I don’t intend to let him treat me.

“I won’t interfere with your freedom to choose your friends, especially since you’re in the medical field, and there’s much to learn from experts. However, I hope you can make wise decisions.”

Wynter paused for a rare moment of reflection upon hearing Reuben’s words.

She finally understood that the conversation in Serenity Hotel earlier must have led to a misunderstanding. Did they think she meant she knew Evan in that kind of way?

“Grandpa, you’re overthinking it. I’m not friends with Dr. Campbell.” Wynter continued with a smile, “I have no interest in learning from him. We aren’t on the same path.”

Reuben thought he had figured it out. “Oh, that’s right. He practices modern medicine, and you practice

traditional medicine.”

Wynter rubbed the bridge of her nose. “It’s a little complicated to explain in just a few words. You’ll understand when he shows up and we meet.”

Reuben pointed at her, his face full of endearment.

When they arrived at Quaint Villa, it was obvious to everyone that Reuben was in a particularly good mood today. He even brought someone along.

Easton took a closer look at the guest and frowned slightly. He was sure that was the same person who had posed as Chester the other day.

This wouldn’t do! He had to inform Noah immediately!

Easton quickly dialed Noah’s number, fully intending to report what he had just seen.

However, Noah's response was unexpectedly indifferent. "I've been meaning to speak to all of you as well.

Some of the staff in Quaint Villa were still unaware of the impending trouble. They looked at Wynter with disdain as they had seen their fair share of fraudsters.

Furthermore, to treat Reuben, Kenton's approval was essential. What business did a young lady have interfering in such matters?

However, the very next moment, Reuben's words drained the color from their faces.

"Wynter, what's your favorite food? Tell Grandpa, and I'll get them to make it for you."

Wynter? Grandpa? What was happening?

A loud crash echoed through the room as Easton, who had just made the phone call, dropped a teapot. The boiling water spilled onto the floor.

Fortunately, Wynter reacted quickly. She prevented the scalding water from spilling onto Reuben.

She raised her gaze, her eyes forming a deadly glare as she looked at Easton. Her voice was tinged with frost. "Is this how you do things?"

Chapter 1336 Wynter's Tricks

Easton's reaction was swift. "I—I didn't mean to, Mr. Reuben... I..."

He slapped himself across the face. The sound echoed through the room, and his half-swollen face looked pitiable. It made half of the maids in Quaint Villa look over at Easton.

"Mr. Reuben, you know I've been dealing with family issues lately. I was just distracted. I'm so sorry." Easton bowed deeply at Reuben as he continued, "It's all my fault."

Seeing this, Reuben couldn't bring himself to press the issue further. He simply had Easton wipe his sweat before saying, "It's not a big deal. There's no need to be so hard on yourself. Just go get another pot of tea.

“Understood!” Easton quickly turned to leave.

Wynter watched his leaving figure before suddenly calling out, “Wait.”

“Yes, miss? Is there something else you need?” Easton seemed to be quite apprehensive around Wynter.

This made Wynter smirk. After all, it wasn’t her first time at Quaint Villa. During her previous visit, she had noticed some issues, but it wasn’t the right time to address them. Today, however, was the right moment.

Easton’s behavior seemed to be deliberately making the other maids believe that the Whitmans were heartless and inhumane. If that was his intention, Wynter would be more than happy to fulfill it.

She approached Easton. “There are some things I need to address. Grandpa’s condition is at a critical stage and requires very careful attention.

“I’m not sure if there is anyone suitable in the household. My requirements are simple—put Grandpa’s care as your top priority.

“Once Grandpa recovers, I will award this person a bonus of one million, plus a house in Hawford. If they have children, I can also assist with their schooling.”

Every condition Wynter stated stirred deep restlessness in those present. At their age, most either had children or grandchildren. The prospect of owning a property in Hawford and having their children attend top schools was an irresistible temptation.

The whispers in the living room grew louder. It was almost impossible to quiet them down. Even Reuben, who was about to speak, decided to hold back his words.

Easton couldn’t hold back any longer. “Ms. Wynter, I’ve been the one taking care of Mr. Reuben all these years. I know his habits very well. If you could let me

“You’re not suitable,” Wynter said in mock kindness. “You have had family issues recently, so that could distract you. As employers, how can we not be considerate? Rest when needed, and focus on your family.”

Easton’s face visibly paled, his grip tightening on the tea tray. “I—I have my wife taking care of things at home! It’s fine! Ms. Wynter, please trust me!”

“Really?” Wynter said thoughtfully before shaking her head. “It’s better not to overwork yourself. I’ll ask someone else.”

With that, Wynter turned her gaze toward the other maids. “I’m not very familiar with the household’s situation. Who do you think would be more suitable?”

The maids exchanged glances. Previously, they had been somewhat united in their lack of dedication to taking care of Reuben. They would even occasionally be echoing Easton’s complaints about the Whitmans

stinginess and lack of initiative.

Now, however, they all eagerly raised their hands. Each one desperately wanted to be chosen.

One maid, who had previously followed Easton’s every command, now shouted, “Ms. Wynter, I have experience in caregiving.

“How can someone with family issues take good care of Mr. Reuben? This time it was just hot water that spilled. But it might be something far more serious next time!”

Chapter 1337 Resolving Misunderstandings

“Exactly! Ms. Wynter, it’s safer to choose us!”

Easton listened to the shouting around him. He couldn’t believe how the loyalty he had maintained for seven or eight years had dissipated just like that.

Many of these people had been placed in Quaint Villa by him. The rest had been content to slack off and enjoy their wages given by the Whitmans. He had never exposed them before, yet now they were all conspiring against him!

Easton sneered and completely disregarded everything else. “Ms. Wynter, I admit that it’s my fault today. “But most of these people are careless in their work and constantly complain about the Whitman family’s stinginess. How can they take proper care of Mr. Rueben if they are dissatisfied with the family?”

“Complaining about the Whitman family being stingy?” Wynter’s voice was laced with feigned anger as she scanned the crowd.

Most of the maids were guilty and instinctively shrank back. Only Easton maintained a smug expression, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

Wynter’s gaze returned to Easton. “As the Whitman family’s butler, why didn’t you inform Grandpa after knowing about their attitude?”

Caught off guard by the question, Easton stammered, “I... I intended to tell Mr. Reuben. But since he has been unwell, I didn’t want to burden him with these issues.”

“You couldn’t tell my Grandpa, but what about my uncles? Did you inform them?” Wynter pressed on, her tone deliberate.

Easton averted his gaze. “I was planning to tell Mr. Noah today. I was going to have them pack up and leave.”

Just as Easton finished speaking, a deep, resonant voice came from outside the door. “It’s not just them You should also pack up and leave.”

It was Noah, whose presence commanded attention. He had returned with Taylor and Marie, determined to clarify what exactly Marie was talking about.

The Whitman family could no longer afford any misunderstandings. Those who had been serving Reuben and managing the family for years were not just anyone. They were distant relatives of Noah’s wife, Ophelia Montclair.

Noah never expected the problem to stem from this. There was no need for further questioning. Whatever misunderstandings there might have been, it was clear that he had been too lenient with these people!

Wynter's approach successfully helped Noah filter out everyone who looked down upon the Whitman family while taking their money.

Wynter was indeed clever. If she had come in as she did in the Quinnell family, cutting through the Whitman family with drastic measures, it would have only deepened misunderstandings.

She had realized that the connections behind Easton were not simple. Besides, he also knew the fatal weaknesses within the Whitman family.

As for her recent tactics, such strategies were frequently used in the business world. He thought Noah should understand what she meant.

Indeed, Noah understood Wynter's intention. In fact, he had never been so clear-headed before.

Easton hadn't expected Noah to return so suddenly and was still considering approaching him to get on his good side.

But Noah gave him only three words. "Get lost, traitor!"

Easton's face turned pale. "Noah, we are family. Let's talk this out-"

"Who said we're family?" Noah coldly interrupted him "How many times has Marie visited? Did you tell anyone?"

Easton felt as if his end had come upon hearing this.

How could this happen? Hadn't the Whitmans always avoided seeing Marie? Lynette had also told him that Marie was just a lovestruck fool with no real abilities and that nobody would notice what he did. But now, Easton's lips were trembling, and his legs could barely support him.

Chapter 1338 Will the Wrays Protect You

Reuben finally spoke up, “Noah, what do you mean by that?”

The usually refined Noah gritted his teeth, his voice filled with deep regret. “It’s all my fault. I hired the wrong people, which led to a traitor within the Whitmans.

“Dad, we misunderstood Marie. She’s been trying to find a way to contact us all these years. She was sick before and had hallucinations, unable to distinguish between reality and illusions.

“But even so, she still tried to find a way to come back. Just a few days ago, she returned home, wanting to see you.”

As he spoke, Noah pointed at Easton, who had collapsed, and the maids who tried playing dumb. “It was them! They didn’t tell us anything! They even kept Marie from entering the house!”

Reuben’s eyes turned red upon hearing this, and his breathing became unsteady.

Wynter timely rested on Reuben’s pulse, applying pressure to an acupoint. “Grandpa, please stay calm. It’s good that the misunderstanding has been cleared up. It’s not too late.”

Hearing Wynter’s words, Reuben felt more than relieved that he hadn’t stubbornly persisted in his own way. “You’re right. It’s not too late.”

Reuben comforted himself with these words, and his desire to see Marie reached its peak at that moment.

He shouldn’t have trapped himself in hatred all this time. Sometimes, what one saw with their own eyes might not have been the truth.

Who was it? Who was behind the scheme against the Whitman family?

Reuben hadn’t completely lost his reason. He knew that to accomplish all this, it couldn’t have been just the maids, nor could it have been the Wray family alone.

It was as if the Whitmans had been deliberately isolated. All the information they received about Marie was distorted.

Reuben tightened his fist, but his breathing had become much steadier than before.

Seeing this, Wynter withdrew her hand. “Uncle Noah, I

need to ask him a few things before you throw him out.”

Noah, of course, wouldn’t refuse Wynter’s request.

Easton was now utterly terrified. If it had only been Reuben who found out, he could have just made sure he kept quiet. After all, he was in charge of Reuben’s daily life.

Or, like before, he could have simply resigned and left. Once he was outside, it wouldn’t have mattered how much he spread rumors about the Whitman family

But now, he’d been caught red-handed. The promises the Wray family had made to him might probably never be fulfilled.

Wynter didn’t bother wasting any time as she locked eyes with Easton. “I don’t know which relative you are to my aunt, but no matter which, I’ll thoroughly investigate every aspect of it.

“I know what you’re thinking. You believe that the Wrays will protect you, given all you’ve done for them.

“I’ve been in business for a while now, and you should know better than I do how the Wrays operate. They have no reason to protect a pawn that’s no longer useful to them.

“Will they offend the Whitmans for you? Or will they come forward and admit that they are the ones sabotaging the Whitmans all these years for you?

“Mr. Easton, don’t be foolish. Mr. Wray is still eager to become the Chamber of Commerce’s leader, and he can’t afford any blemishes on his record. In that case, that blemish is you. 1

“We don’t even need to deal with you ourselves. After all, you’re a relative of my aunt’s. I won’t embarrass Uncle Noah like this.

“The Wrays want you gone from Hawford even more than we do. And it’s not just you—I’m afraid your entire family won’t be able to stay, either.”

Wynter spoke neither fast nor slowly, but every word instilled fear in those around her. Just like Easton, they all worked for the Wray family. It would be a disgrace for the Wrays if they were to be exposed. If the Wrays discovered that they had been exposed, their prospects in Hawford would be over!

Chapter 1339 Dealing With Outsiders

Realizing this, those who had previously thought about informing the Wray family of the situation after Teaving now abandoned that idea.

Easton, in particular, fell to his knees. He hoped that the Whitmans would spare him.

Wynter got straight to the point. “Tell me everything you’ve done regarding my mother.”

At this point, Easton no longer dared to hide anything. He revealed how the Wray family found him and how he used the fact that he was Ophelia’s distant relative to subtly deepen the misunderstanding.

He also mentioned how he advised Ophelia to stay calm and consider the family situation when she tried to speak up for Marie. If Reuben became unhappy, the one who would suffer would be their side of the family.

Especially since Cyrus Whitman, Noah and Ophelia’s son, was already not highly regarded by Reuben. If this issue created more distance, it would be counterproductive.

Noah’s chest heaved with anger as he heard this. He turned around, ready to return home to confront Ophelia.

“Come back.” Reuben’s voice was firm. His hand gripping the cane was slightly stiff.

Noah's voice was hoarse. "Dad, it's all my fault. I didn't fulfill my role as the head of the family properly."

"It has nothing to do with you." Reuben's gaze was fixed on Easton, his eyes cold. "I have truly underestimated all of you."

It was true that he didn't particularly favor Cyrus, but he had never been dismissive of him.

The Whitmans' enterprise was large and prosperous. Reuben should have anticipated that such problems would arise sooner or later.

It was because of various people's mixed motives that Marie couldn't return home. But ultimately, it all came back to him. People were speculating about his intentions. As long as the Whitman family hadn't chosen an heir, these issues would persist.

He knew Noah and Taylor lacked the ambition for the position, and the two brothers had always been united. But others would always come to their own conclusions.

The sight of Reuben in such a state was one that Wynter couldn't bear. But if these issues weren't brought to light, they would always remain a hidden danger for the Whitmans.

Kenton had planted traps not only with Taylor but also with Noah. He was so familiar with the Whitmans that he knew he would benefit no matter which side fell apart.

Wynter had Easton confess because, given her position, she couldn't directly confront these issues. With Noah, Ophelia, and Cyrus involved, she couldn't take action herself without risking creating animosity.

Kenton was well aware of where the difficulties lay, which was why he enlisted Ophelia's relative to handle these issues. It was clear that Cyrus was the key in this scheme.

Wynter was also uncertain how Noah would handle the situation.

Noah seemed to sense Wynter's gaze, and he lifted his gaze slightly. "No, Dad. I'm definitely responsible. It's my fault for not properly educating Cyrus. Wynter,

don't worry. I will take care of this fiasco."

Noah's demeanor terrified Easton. As a distant relative, he finally understood how he had come to enjoy his current good fortune.

The Wray family sought him out precisely because of his connections. If Noah were to divorce Ophelia, he would be nothing.

Easton clung to Noah's legs as he continually begged for mercy.

Wynter looked at Reuben. She knew full well that the Whitmans couldn't afford any more disturbances at this time. However, she couldn't fully trust Ophelia and Cyrus.

"Uncle Noah, I still need an extra helper for the upcoming practical test and to assist Mr. Blaise. Could you bring my cousin over for me?" Wynter asked.

Chapter 1340 Furious

Noah hadn't expected such a response from Wynter. He paused, and even someone as cool-headed and intelligent as he caught a wave of warmth in his heart.

Wynter was just like when she was younger—bold and straightforward. She had never changed her ways when it came to family.

Noah understood that Wynter was doing this to avoid putting him in a difficult position, but Noah knew he had to resolve his own family matters.

"I'll get him to come over right now," Noah said in a low voice.

He cast another glance at Easton, knowing this was also time for him to finally clean up the trash. As for Ophelia's family, he would handle it properly, including their marriage.

Wynter didn't interfere with the other matters as she trusted Noah's judgment. It wouldn't be out of the ordinary if Ophelia acted unintentionally. However, if it were intentional, Noah most likely wouldn't let his marriage destroy the Whitmans.

The larger the family, the more important it was to consider the wife in the household. This was the truth unchanged since ancient times.

Half of the Whitman family's maids were dismissed. They didn't even dare to ask for their wages for those days.

Previously, they thought that if the Whitman family dared to fire them, they would make sure everyone in Hawford knew how disgraceful the Whitmans were.

Now, they were just grateful they hadn't been thoroughly investigated. Causing any more trouble was the last thing on their minds now.

As for Easton, he was directly taken away by Wynter's people. There was completely no news about him, leaving everyone else anxious and fearful.

Along with Easton, Wynter also sent out the hair she had obtained at the Chamber of Commerce.

No one noticed when Wynter took the hair. After all, they had been busy mocking her at the time, believing that she didn't understand the business world's rules and genuinely thought she was looking to collaborate with them.

As Easton was being taken away, Taylor happened to be bringing Marie in.

As if seeing his savior, Easton cried out to Marie, "Ms. Marie, it's all my fault! I won't do it ever again! I was just momentarily bewitched.

"You wouldn't want to see Mr. Noah and Ms. Ophelia divorce because of you, would you? It's all my doing! It's all my fault! I beg you, give me another chance at life-"

Before Easton could finish speaking, Wynter kicked him hard. Her shoes pressed down on his back. Her left leg was long and elegant, and her posture was striking.

Her words made the remaining maids shudder with fear. "I see you haven't been properly dealt with."

Wynter looked down at him from above. “I’ve changed my mind. Since you enjoy stirring up trouble so much, I’ll keep you around and send you to the Wrays. It’s simply perfect.

“As for your relatives, there’s no need for us

to investigate. The Wrays will handle that

Easton’s eyes widened as he writhed on the ground in pain.

Wynter did intend to save Noah from the embarrassment, but it seemed that these people had misunderstood one thing. Just because she tried not to lose her temper in front of the Whitmans didn’t mean she wasn’t ruthless.

Bringing up Marie was something Wynter would never let slide. “Even if my uncle and aunt were to get a divorce in the future, what does that have to do with my mother? Go ahead, explain it to me. I’m listening.”

Wynter was indeed listening, but it made Easton suffer immensely. She even took his phone and dialed Lynette’s number. Seeing this, Easton could only make muffled sounds of distress.

Lynette had already been thoroughly embarrassed today. Seeing this incoming call, she felt even more irritable.

She hadn’t even sought them out yet, but these lap dogs, who only knew how to wag their tails and never got things done, had the nerve to contact her.

She was furious at not being informed about Wynter’s return to the Whitman family.

Lynette picked up her phone and sneered. “You-”

Wynter didn’t bother giving Lynette a chance to respond. With the sound of Easton’s cries underfoot, she spoke in a casual tone, “Ms. Lynette, I’ve found a dog from your family at the Whitman household. Would you like to come and take him back?”