

Six Brothers 1341

Chapter 1341 Stunned

Lynette froze as she recognized Wynter's voice immediately.

Wynter pressed down on Easton harder with her foot. "Ms. Lynette, I've always been curious about what your face originally looked like. After all, you've turned yourself into something neither human nor ghost.

"Today, I finally saw it. Indeed, you're old and ugly. I instantly understood your desire to become beautiful.

"But, Ms. Lynette, has anyone told you? No matter how you change, you'll never be able to replace my mother. Because trash is just trash."

"You!" Lynette nearly lost her mind. She sprung up from her chair in fury!

A crack was heard. Easton's wrist was snapped.

Wynter chuckled lightly. "Ms. Lynette, I'll be sending the gift to you by courier. Make sure you sign for it." Lynette was speechless from start to finish. Her face turned pale with anger, but there was nothing she could do. She was genuinely terrified that Wynter might actually send Easton over.

Lynette was utterly disoriented now. She had no idea what Wynter might do next!

Cyrus happened to witness this scene as he rushed over. He had no idea why Noah had suddenly called him to Quaint Villa. All he saw was a young lady stepping on Easton's hand and not a single person intervening.

The Whitman family's maids were all so terrified that they were practically shaking in their boots, let alone intervening.

They thought Wynter was someone well-mannered and cultured when she first arrived. But now, with that bloodthirsty look in her eyes, they didn't even dare to glance around carelessly anymore.

Cyrus paused and intended to seek confirmation of what was happening from Noah.

But to his surprise, Wynter noticed him and smiled. "There you are, my cousin."

Cyrus was taken aback. He wasn't sure if he had heard Wynter correctly. Did she just call him her cousin? And the main point was that she was still stepping on Easton, his relative!

The words he had wanted to say in Easton's defense got stuck in his throat. Something about this atmosphere felt off to him.

Wynter finally moved her leg aside. Someone handed her a handkerchief, which she used to wipe her hands before turning her gaze to Cyrus.

She smiled warmly, as if basking in spring sunshine. "I thought you might plead for this piece of trash. I'm glad you didn't. Otherwise..."

Wynter

didn't continue with her sentence, but Cyrus understood exactly what she meant. Was she implying she would've beaten him up, too?

Cyrus really felt as if he couldn't stay here any longer. If he didn't speak up soon, Noah might disown him. Dad, who is she...?"

To Cyrus' surprise, it wasn't Noah who answered him, but Reuben, who had never thought much of him.

Reuben walked out of the house, looking healthier than at any other time Cyrus had visited Quaint Villa. She's your cousin. Your aunt's daughter, Wynter."

Cyrus' eyes widened in shock. He had always known about Marie, but everyone said she was not

someone to be mentioned. His memories of Marie were from when she used to take him to amusement

parks.

Later, everyone said she was a lovesick fool or something along the lines, and that it was because of her that Isabella passed on. Hence, Cyrus never had a good impression of the Quinnell family.

Cyrus assumed that Reuben probably didn't like them, either, which was why he hadn't seen Marie return over the years.

Now, Reuben was saying that this ruthless girl in front of him was his cousin. How had everything at home changed when he was only away for just two days?

Cyrus struggled to move. "So... what's going on?"

"We're cleaning out the trash," Wynter explained.

Cyrus looked back at Noah once more.

Meanwhile, Easton kept reaching toward Cyrus. But he could only whimper, unable to utter a single word.

Chapter 1342 The Quinnells and Whitmans Unite

In the end, Cyrus couldn't keep quiet any longer. "Wait a minute. Is this some kind of misunderstanding?"

"Are you pleading for him?" Wynter raised an eyebrow, her tone getting colder.

Cyrus was unlike the rest of the Whitmans. He was less domineering but cared deeply about family ties. "I just think it's better to clear things up if there's any misunderstanding. He is my uncle, after all."

"It's indeed better to clear things up." Wynter surprisingly agreed with Cyrus. She signaled the people to throw Easton on the ground. "Speak. I'm listening."

Easton no longer dared to speak in vague terms after everything that had just happened.

He confessed everything, from how he had betrayed the Whitman family and mistreated them to how he had prevented Marie from returning to the Whitman residence.

Cyrus looked utterly bewildered. He reacted as if he was hearing about a completely different world. “Are you saying that Ms. Lynette was behind all of this? How could that be?”

He turned to ask Noah, “Dad! How is that possible?”

Noah took a deep breath, his voice low. “How did I end up with a son like you?”

Cyrus clenched his fists. “I know you and Grandpa look down on me, but I just want to understand. The Wray family has always been close to us. Ms. Lynette has always been so good to me and Grandpa. They have no reason to speak ill of my aunt.”

Reuben’s face had already darkened considerably.

Wynter signaled her subordinates to take Easton away. She had to give Lynette a surprise after what she had done to the Whitmans.

Then, she walked over to Cyrus and said in a tone that was neither cold nor warm, “Cyrus, sometimes you need to clear your head.”

Cyrus frowned. “What do you mean?”

He was slightly intimidated by Wynter. She was beautiful, but how could she just break a person’s hand? Cyrus had always wanted someone akin to a younger sister, but now that his wish had come true, she was not quite what he had imagined.

Wynter could see that Cyrus’ nature wasn’t bad, but he was just too naive. “Make sure you don’t have a head full of water.”

Cyrus, who was still thinking about how to communicate with Wynter, felt his face flush. Was she implying that he didn’t have a brain?

Wynter didn't drag things out and handed the situation over to Noah. "Uncle Noah, you explain it to him. I think Cyrus is not a bad person, so take your time explaining. I have some matters to discuss with Uncle Taylor."

Noah understood that Wynter was doing this to save him from embarrassment. He also noticed the look she gave him. It was clear that Reuben and Marie needed some time alone. After so many years apart, they would undoubtedly have a lot to discuss.

He exchanged a glance with Taylor and ordered everyone to leave.

Marie could no longer hold back anymore. She walked up to Reuben and spoke with a trembling voice

, Dad, I'm home late."

"It's my fault, it's my..." Reuben's voice choked up as he spoke.

He didn't say much more and instead gently rested his hand on Marie's head and tenderly patted it. "It's good to have you back. Your mother and I have missed you very much."

The last few words were spoken with a trembling voice that almost broke.

Finally, the Whitmans could return to how things once were, and Marie had come home.

Cyrus was still in a daze when Wynter directly had him taken away.

She then sat down with Taylor in a nearby spot. The setting sun's warm glow streamed through the windows, adding a touch of warmth to their serious conversation.

"Uncle Taylor, I understand you might have reservations about my actions today," Wynter began, her tone firm yet understanding. "But please trust that there is a reason behind everything I did."

Taylor sighed softly, his eyes reflecting a mixture of emotions. "Wynter, you've grown up. I'm glad to see that you have your own ideas and principles.

“But the business world is like a battlefield. One wrong move can lead to many more. The Wray family is not easy to deal with, and you-”

“Uncle Taylor, I understand your concerns,” Wynter interrupted, her eyes gleaming with wisdom. “But precisely because the Wray family is powerful, we cannot afford to sit idly by.

“The Quinnell and Whitman families are closely connected. When one prospers, the other benefits. And when one suffers, the other suffers.

“Right now, we must not only save ourselves but also unite to support those old enterprises that are equally struggling.”

Chapter 1343 The Ideal Business Empire

“Wynter, what do you mean?” Taylor furrowed his brows.

“I want to establish an alliance. One composed of the Quinnell family, the Whitman family, and other long- standing enterprises willing to join us,” Wynter explained.

She continued, “Through resource sharing and mutual benefits, we can promote domestic old brands to

the world.

“By doing this, we not only strengthen our own competitiveness but also collectively resist external threats and expand into larger overseas markets. Mr. Blaise and his team will be our first allies.”

Taylor’s eyes were filled with immense surprise. Never before had a person from the younger generation shown so much ambition and vision.

Taylor couldn’t help but stand up. His contemplation was mixed with concern. “This is indeed a bold and far-sighted idea. But the implementation will likely be fraught with difficulties.”

First and foremost, internal unity was essential to present a united front externally. However, in the business world, talking about unity could seem almost laughable. Resources were limited, and if one party profited, the others might not.

Each enterprise was wary of the others, always on guard against potential harm. It was good enough if they didn't set traps for one another or engage in commercial competition. To achieve resource sharing was a far more challenging proposition.

However, Wynter had a different perspective. "There will certainly be challenges. After all, human nature is unpredictable. But, Uncle Taylor, the current situation is different from the past. Many long-standing enterprises are seeking a lifeline.

"The perception of limited resources arises because everyone is focusing on the same market. By joining forces, we can boost each other's sales and achieve a win-win outcome.

"Moreover, those long-standing enterprises that have survived until now must have their own core values that they stubbornly stand by. Such people will understand what we are trying to achieve."

Wynter's tone remained resolute. "Also, I already have some plans. For example, we can start by optimizing the supply chain management, improving product quality, and enhancing service levels. This will gradually strengthen the alliance's overall capability."

Taylor felt a burning passion ignite within him as he listened to Wynter's explanation.

He knew that his generation was not as successful as Reuben's. He also often found himself questioning whether the principles he upheld were truly important.

The idea of giving up, like the Wray family did, seemed tempting at times. After all, that was less stressful.

However, despite his disillusionment, Taylor had always harbored a chivalric fantasy. He envisioned a day when he could elevate domestic enterprises to the global stage, ensuring that these long-standing enterprises wouldn't fade into obscurity.

After all these years, he hadn't expected to find that it was Wynter who had brought forth this very ambition.

Taylor took a deep breath, his eyes gleaming with determination. "Then let's do it. Just let me know if you need anything. I can still hold my own against Kenton in Hawford."

“Indeed, I will need your connections. But before that, there’s something else I need to discuss with you,”

Wynter said.

She pulled out the account ledger she had brought with her and explained, “This was given to me by someone who has a crush on Mom. It’s the detailed accounts from your previous company.”

Taylor’s thoughts immediately turned to Lucius from the Darnell family.

His eyes widened in shock as he scanned the details in the ledger. His usually handsome face darkened with anger and anxiety.

He looked up at Wynter. “This... I didn’t do any of this. Where did this come from?”

He could barely fathom the implications if this ledger had ended up in anyone else’s hands instead of Wynter’s. The consequences he had to face would have been dire!

Chapter 1344 The Infighting

At worst, Taylor might be taken away by the authorities. Regardless of the consequences, the Whitman Group’s stocks were set to take a hit.

Given Reuben’s condition, he could barely handle the setbacks. Noah, too, already had a lot on his plate.

Although Taylor wasn’t afraid of going to prison, he was deeply concerned about his family’s potential ruin. Still, he couldn’t fathom how the account ledger surfaced, especially since it pertained to the property development made a long time ago.

Clearly, such an issue should never be made public. Taylor now understood the reason Wynter insisted on a private discussion.

“You’ve got to believe me, Sevie. I’ve never done anything against the law throughout my business career. Is this the Wrays’ doing?” As Taylor flipped through the financial statement, he drew a smart conclusion.

“Indeed. It’s their ace in the hole,” Wynter affirmed, laying out the truth to remind Taylor of the threat while observing his reaction.

Despite having complete faith in her family, Wynter had to make sure there weren’t any hidden pitfalls. After all, Cyrus didn’t strike her as trustworthy. Fortunately, Taylor affirmed that he remained clear-headed and in compliance with the regulations.

With no other relatives raising concerns, Wynter could carry out her investigations without apprehensions.

Little did Kenton know he had underestimated Wynter’s network. To Kenton, Wynter was nothing more than an heir to the Quinnells’ legacy. Although she had shown her brilliance in business, he doubted she could unearth the truth of the past.

If Wynter persisted in exposing Kenton, she would need to delve into his associates as well. However, those individuals were far beyond the scope of a scion from Kingbourne like her. Ultimately, the Whitman family was bound to take the fall for him.

With the backing of such powerful connections, Kenton purposely set up a bait for Wynter to deepen the rift between the Whitmans and Quinnells. He was hoping to see her personally drive Taylor into prison.

Kenton’s scheme was so intricate and flawless that his true intentions were nearly impossible to discern.. Unfortunately for him, his opponent was Wynter Quinnell.

Kenton’s greatest regret was dismissing Wynter as just another scion, a belief he learned from the fortune teller he had hired.

Disgruntled by Yvette’s performance, Kenton didn’t hold back his ruthlessness and ferocity. Indifferent to the watching eyes, he hurled a scalding cup onto the ground.

“You seem rather relaxed, Ms. Yates. How can you enjoy tea at a time like this?” Kenton scowled and waved his hand. The household staff attending to Yvette fearfully retreated without a word.

Yvette had basked in admiration and reverence for so long. She never expected such privileges would be stripped away, nor did she expect Kenton, who had once held her in high regard, would erupt into such fury.

At that moment, Kenton's bodyguard grabbed a fistful of her hair and slammed her head onto the coffee table.

Yvette grimaced in pain as her face grew pale. "This is a misunderstanding, Mr. Wray. I..."

Kenton slumped onto the couch and glared at her. "You might be able to fool others, but you can't fool me.

Do you have any idea how you've humiliated me today, Yates?

"Given your ties with the Winstons, I acknowledge your capabilities. But don't forget, the only reason you gained a foothold in Hawford so swiftly is thanks to our support!"

Chapter 1345 Yvette Was Reborn

Kenton angrily flipped the coffee table over, sending the fruit platter and wine glasses crashing to the ground. He shot a spiteful glare at Yvette and demanded, "So, tell me, are your predictions truly accurate, or are they a sham?"

Recognizing her own worth, Yvette quickly asserted that her predictions were indeed accurate. She feared for her safety if she claimed otherwise.

Yet, Kenton had become skeptical of her. He narrowed his eyes and warned, "I hope you're not saying you relied on divination. If you did, how can you not know that the fourth auction item was a phone?"

Kenton proved to be rather intelligent and difficult to confront. For the first time, Yvette failed to deceive

someone.

During her years with the couple, Yvette had mastered various tricks and could naturally maintain a pretense. However, she hadn't expected Kenton to genuinely threaten her life.

Yvette began to explain in a shivering tone, "I-I'm not really familiar with such aspects..."

Kenton gave a sinister smile and said, "You have two choices. One, you can continue with your lies, but you know I have a lot of friends. With your pretty looks, I'm sure you'll have a great time with them.

"Or, you can tell me the truth about your predictions and the person behind you."

Yvette was completely horrified and frantically retreated, dreading Kenton's approach. She had never shared her true story with anyone, not even the Winstons.

Yvette was terrified of the Winston family to the core. The sight of the old man's lifeless gaze and his claim about her possession still haunted her mind. Though she gave away the possession, she kept her

secret untold.

Yvette was aware that exposing her secret would cost her the leverage needed for her own safety. Yet, she was up against Kenton, who had no qualms about flouting the laws.

Overwhelmed with fear, Yvette collapsed to the ground and cried out, "I know what will happen a decade

from now!"

Gesturing his bodyguards to stop, Kenton approached her and furrowed his brows. "Is this some kind of joke?"

Yvette explained in a quivering voice, "It's the truth. You have to believe me. I've died once and been reborn, so I know many things others don't. I've been following the stock market closely every year and know which stocks will rise or fall over the next decade.

“I also know a nationwide pandemic is expected to hit next year. When that happens, no citizen will be able to leave their houses. The supply prices will surge, and pharmaceutical stocks will soar. Please believe me, Mr. Wray!”

Yvette didn't seem like she was lying, though she could barely stand from fear. It was a pitiful spectacle.

In contrast, Kenton appeared calm and composed. He was more experienced with life and had his hands stained with blood.

That said, he remained skeptical about Yvette's claim of her rebirth. But if she were truly telling the truth, she could be a valuable asset.

Kenton's demeanor suddenly softened as he extended a gesture of goodwill. “I was just teasing you, Ms. Yates: I didn't realize you'd be so frightened,” he said with a smile,

Yvette obviously didn't buy his words. But since Kenton had given her an out, she wasted no time to take

Chapter 1346 I Believe You Now

Despite her fear, Yvette took Kenton's hand and slowly stood up.

Kenton pondered for a moment before stating, “Your experience might be bizarre, but it does make some sense. Since that Quinnell girl will be preoccupied with other matters in the days ahead, why don't you take the chance to prove yourself? Tell me what's coming in the future.”

Yvette quickly caught on and replied in a hurry, “Tomorrow, there will be an official announcement about a famous adaptation of a drama series.”

Kenton instinctively frowned, appearing uninterested in the information. That said, such a public announcement could lend credibility to her claims.

Kenton then asked for the director's name and the manner of the drama series' announcement. Yvette retained a clear memory of such details, including one specific piece of information.

“The authorities have listed the property near the eastern bridge for future development, though I’m uncertain about the exact location,” she said.

“Are you talking about the slums in the eastern part?” Kenton inquired.

Most people in Hawford hardly considered developing that part of the city. Though Kenton was doubtful, he also recognized it as a viable opportunity.

He could rake in a profit by acquiring the land at a lower price and selling it for more later. More importantly, he would face little competition for a land that others deemed unworthy.

As Yvette had read the news about the slums in her past life, she was confident that the land would be developed. However, she was unclear about the location set for advancements.

“Very well, I trust your words. Leave this to me, Ms. Yates. In the meantime, you should keep an eye on the stocks. I’ll check with you in a few days,” Kenton instructed, keeping his agenda in mind.

Yvette nodded and heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as she thought Kenton was leaving, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned back. “Do you know if the Whitman family is still around after 10 years?”

As Yvette reflected on the trending news from her past life, her eyes suddenly lit up in realization. “The Whitman family had been struggling with business transformations due to the burden of their long- standing enterprises and cash flow problems.

“In the end, they had no choice but to declare bankruptcy. It was said that the state handled their situation. I even heard that Taylor Whitman was imprisoned for financial crime!”

Yvette remembered that the incident had stirred a public commotion, and many had expressed sympathy for the Whitman family.

Upon catching the last part of her remark, Kenton showed a hearty smile. “I now believe you were indeed reborn, Ms. Yates.”

After all, he was the only one who knew the truth about Taylor's crime.

At the Whitman residence, Reuben settled into the main seat as he happily gazed at the feast before him. It had been years since he tasted Marie's cooking.

"These dishes look more than enough. Both of you can stop now and take your seats. Sevie and the others are returning soon." Reuben called out to both Marie and Noah in the kitchen.

"We're nearly done, Dad. I'm just finishing up the last specialty dish!" Marie replied amid the busyness.

She had finally reunited with her father after many years and resolved the long-standing conflict with her brothers. At that moment, Marie felt a deep sense of relief.

Amidst the thick darkness of the night, the light within the Whitman residence shone through.

Moments later, Taylor appeared at the dining table with Wynter. He was struck by a wave of nostalgia as he gazed at the feast before him.

Just then, Wynter stated, "I've discussed with Uncle Taylor, Grandpa. This will bring significant changes to our current situation and businesses. But for now, I'd like to talk about Cyrus."

Chapter 1347 Worth Saving

"I just wanted to let you know that Cyrus will be joining me," Wynter stated as she stared at Reuben.

She chose not to explain further, fearing that someone might eavesdrop. Besides, she wouldn't be able to attain the results she wanted if she told the truth.

Cyrus halted his movements at the mention of his name. Though his once gloomy expression had lightened, he remained puzzled as to why Wynter, whom he barely knew, needed his company.

He was still reeling from the earlier event and felt conflicted toward Wynter. After all, she was the one who drove Easton out of the Whitman residence.

Easton was a distant relative of Cyrus' maternal grandmother, Tamia Wooten. He had remained with the Whitman family for years, and Cyrus had always regarded him fondly. If Noah hadn't disclosed Easton's betrayal, Cyrus would never have suspected him of such treachery.

Cyrus couldn't understand why Easton would turn against the Whitman family, who had treated him with kindness. He briefly considered Tamia's involvement but quickly dismissed the idea.

Before Cyrus could voice his refusal, Reuben interjected, "Of course. Let Cyrus introduce you to the group."

Cyrus was stunned. Who exactly was he supposed to introduce Wynter to?

Noting Cyrus' confusion, Reuben calmly gazed at him and asked, "What? Are you not willing?"

If Cyrus were to express his refusal, Reuben wouldn't hesitate to consider someone else for the family business. It wasn't mandatory to pass it down to a blood descendant, anyway.

Taylor wordlessly listened to the conversation, though the sharp glint in his eyes suggested he had grasped Reuben's intention. Noah came to the same realization, but his reaction was far from pleased.

Over the years, he had been negligent and now deeply regretted leaving his son in his wife's care. Although he didn't entirely blame Ophelia, he knew her relatives had a strong influence on Cyrus.

Cyrus set down his fork as cold sweat broke out on his forehead. "Don't be mad, Grandpa. Of course, I'm

willing."

"Then why are you hesitating? Act like a man! You're a member of the Whitman family!" Reuben reprimanded, clearly feeling disappointed in Cyrus.

Sensing the rising tension, Marie interjected after understanding Wynter's intention. "Even with Cyrus' age, he's just four years ahead of Wynter. Besides, he just returned from abroad and isn't fully up to speed with everything. You need to be patient with him, Dad."

She continued with a faint smile, "He's a lot like a younger Taylor—both righteous and compassionate. I'm sure he might adjust his demeanor after proper guidance."

Cyrus looked at Marie for the first time, having realized her attempt to help him out of a tough spot. To his surprise, she wasn't entirely defending him, either.

"Cyrus, as the Whitman family's eldest child, you need to consider the people and situations around you more carefully. It's important to understand what's truly beneficial or detrimental to you," Marie advised. Compared to Noah's lecture, Cyrus found Marie's advice easier to comprehend. She would patiently provide an explanation, helping him realize certain aspects he had previously overlooked.

Cyrus had always known he was slow to learn and wasn't cut out for business. He wasn't like his father and uncle, who commanded respect and fear everywhere they went. Instead, he, had a circle of friends

who joined him in making profits,

Yet, Marie claimed that he was much like Taylor in his younger years. Doubtful, Cyrus instinctively looked over at Taylor,

Chapter 1348 Walked Straight into Trouble

With a pat on Cyrus' shoulder, Taylor burst into a hearty laugh. "Exactly. We're both gullible softies—way too trusting and easily deceived."

The account ledger Wynter previously showed him was a testament to the turmoil that unfolded, all because of his blind trust in Kenton during his youth.

"It's best if you follow Wynter's lead," Taylor bluntly advised.

But Cyrus had only witnessed Wynter's more aggressive side. Considering he was older and had graduated from business school, he believed he might have more expertise despite lacking a knack for

business.

That said, Cyrus knew better than to speak out of turn on such occasions and simply nodded in acknowledgment. Little did he know that Wynter had read his mind, but she kept the thoughts to herself.

Just then, Wynter received a call from Wolf, who tapped the microphone wordlessly. Wynter's lips curled into a faint smile as she replied affectionately, "Alright, I'll check it out later. Are you hungry? Go grab something to eat, then."

Wearing an aloof expression, Wolf sent Wynter a message while staying on the line. "I'm not hungry. Mr. ATM treated me to a grand meal at the restaurant and even bought me a milkshake."

Though Wynter was confused by the unusual name, she had a hunch about who it might be. Her suspicion was soon confirmed when a familiar baritone voice came through the phone. "I'm with Wolf. Don't worry about him."

Wynter immediately recognized the voice belonged to her handsome fiancé, though she wasn't sure if he had overheard Wolf's reference to him.

She cleared her throat and stated, "You know he has a large appetite."

"Being his walking ATM, I can still cover his meals. I'll be borrowing Wolf for some businesses," came Dalton's calm reply.

Wynter wondered what Dalton needed with Wolf. Before she could ask, she was cut off by a call from Orson. Deciding to address official concerns first, she set her questions aside.

Dalton was aware of her plan and seized his chance to search for his last soul fragment.

Never did Wynter imagine that the hotel Wolf mentioned was Serenity Hotel, but she chose to address

Orson's concerns first.

Orson sounded anxious as he reported a problem at the factory. He urged her to come over and sent a

video to her.

"It seems like our adversaries are resorting to underhanded tactics. Give me some time, Mr. Blaise. I'll be there soon with the others," Wynter stated calmly.

Orson was visibly freaked out by the surge of online allegations against his juices. However, he was confident that the juice-making process met all standards and would pass any quality checks.

With her background in network technology, Wynter could easily tell if the video had been edited. She was aware of the implication behind such measured defamation.

In truth, Wynter was more worried that the opposing party might take a passive approach. Those familiar

with her understood that she was best known for mounting a forceful retaliation.

It was apparent the Wray family had made a grave mistake by challenging her to an online confrontation.

Being the decisive person she was, Wynter swiftly hung up the call and motioned Cyrus to follow her. It felt more like she was directing a subordinate rather than her cousin.

Cyrus couldn't help feeling slighted, especially considering his substantial resources compared to his peers.

Chapter 1349 Going to Your Store

Despite his frustration, Cyrus had no choice but to follow Reuben's order. He stood up and cast a worried glance at Noah, concerned that the incident might strain his parents' relationships.

Noah met Cyrus' gaze stoically and instructed him to heed Wynter's words, to which Cyrus responded with a grumble.

"I had someone deliver the medicine for you, Grandpa. Since you're without a butler now, I know someone who can take over that role. He'll be bringing the medicine tonight. Just ask him to prepare it according to the prescription.

"Remember my advice—try not to get upset, exercise regularly, and ensure proper ventilation in the room," Wynter reminded as she packed her things.

Reuben felt a sense of warmth wash over him as he watched Wynter prepare to leave, having barely touched her meal. But what mattered most was that she decided to guide Cyrus rather than wholly reject him.

Reuben understood Wynter intended to introduce Cyrus into the realities of the business world, all while under the pretense of Cyrus assisting her.

"Please take good care of Grandpa, Mom. Just leave the matters outside to me and my uncles. I'm more relieved with you at home," Wynter rambled on.

Feeling distressed, Marie packed Wynter some lunch to enjoy along the way. Just like Margaret did, she now filled Wynter's bag with food and sent her money for fear she might get hungry.

Wynter made no complaints as she headed to the door with an apple in her mouth.

She carried herself with charm and confidence in every stride, upholding her charismatic image. Her striking presence heightened further when she drove off in her conspicuous Lamborghini.

Cyrus climbed into the car after Wynter and glanced around with a frown. While those who knew him would recognize him as the Whitman family's son, others might take him for a returnee to Hawford.

Cyrus and Wynter stood in stark contrast to each other. One gave the impression of a sheltered child, whereas the other came off as a pompous and worldly scion—Wynter was clearly the latter.

“Where are we going, Wynter?” Cyrus questioned curiously. He actually wanted to tell Wynter that he was past the age for speeding around in a sports car.

Wynter smirked. “I was thinking of introducing you to some new business ventures. But after witnessing your impressive deeds, I’ve decided to visit your business premises instead.”

Cyrus realized that she was referring to the specialty store he had invested in. Before he could give a response, Wynter revved up the engine and pulled off a perfect drift.

Cyrus visibly paled at Wynter’s driving skills. It seemed that she was a danger not just in her violent actions but also in her reckless driving.

Wynter paid little attention to Cyrus and focused on the road. She attempted to recall any missing information, especially since the Whitman family couldn’t afford another setback. And, given Reuben’s condition, he could barely handle another emotional blow.

For that reason, Wynter knew she had to make sure that everything was impeccable.

The two soon arrived at their destination. Still in a daze, Cyrus instantly threw up as soon as he stepped out of the car.

Wynter was aware of Cyrus’ foreign education and apparent distaste for local products. However, such a mindset clashed with the Whitman family’s philosophies.

Skimming the information from Wolf, she found that Cyrus had been strongly rooted in his heritage, at least until he turned 15.

Chapter 1350 Surrounded by Threats

Cyrus’ shift in values was heavily influenced by his trusted “friends” and “connections“, which were maneuvered by Ophelia’s relatives.

Wynter realized that they might not intend to destroy the Whitman family outright. Instead, they were hoping to forge a close relationship with Cyrus, who was the Whitman family’s heir.

To that end, they had indulged in Cyrus' whims and even introduced new friends to him, some of whom were dispatched by the Wray family.

Though Wynter had vetted those affiliated with the Whitman family, she was surprised to find that she missed two individuals from Cyrus' circle. Had she not tracked down the IP address of the video Orson sent, she might have completely overlooked it.

Relationships within a bigger family were typically intricate. Wynter had never thought that was the case before, mainly because her brothers were unmarried, and she didn't have many extended family members.

But it was different with the Whitmans—she might miss an important detail if she took things lightly.

The Wray family's scheme was relatively straightforward. They hadn't just planned to incriminate the Blaise family with an edited video but also anticipated they would take legal action to defend their brand against the slander.

The Blaise family would soon discover that the slanderer was Cyrus' friend, based on the IP address traced to his specialty store. Ultimately, the Whitman family would be left in a compromising situation.

After all, the Whitman family had steadfastly stood by the older industries and provided extensive support to local businesses. And yet, they were found to be stabbing the Blaise family in the back.

Wynter could readily foresee the intense backlash that would follow if such a scheme succeeded. She forcefully seized Cyrus by the collar and dragged him to the door.

Surprised by Wynter's sudden shift in demeanor, Cyrus stared at her and exclaimed, "You weren't like this in front of Grandpa. What are you..."

"I have to show Grandpa and Uncle Noah some respect in their presence, but they're not here now. It's time to see what 'good' you have done," Wynter retorted calmly, though her eyes were cold.

Stunned, Cyrus was left wondering what had gotten into her head.

“Are you aware of the relationship between the Whitman and Blaise families?” Wynter questioned as she

walked.

“Grandpa mentioned we should support Mr. Blaise more since his company is struggling,” Cyrus affirmed.

Wynter turned to him in surprise. “So, you do know about them.”

“Of course I do. I was the one who gifted them their uniforms,” Cyrus replied as he adjusted his necktie.

Wynter hadn’t expected that answer. She frowned and posed a question, “But why didn’t Grandpa and Uncle Noah learn about this?”

Cyrus cleared his throat and explained, “I sent the uniforms in secret under the alias ‘Mr. W.’”

“Oh, I’m sure Mr. Blaise has recognized you,” Wynter hummed.

Cyrus looked shocked by her statement. “How do you know?”

“You’re the only one in the family involved in the clothing business. What’s more, you’re using such a notable alias.

“But putting that aside, what would you do if your best friend was planning to create a rift and ruin both the Whitman and Blaise families?” Wynter bluntly asked, meeting Cyrus’ gaze.

Cyrus instinctively tried to brush Wynter’s remark aside as a joke, but he suddenly recalled the incident with Easton. His voice sounded strained when he replied, “If that were the case, I’d make sure he faced the consequences.”

Hearing that, Wynter gave a faint smile. “It seems there’s still hope for you, after all.”