

Six Brothers 1351

Chapter 1351 The Haughty Sales Assistant

“Come on, let’s go in and meet your friends. Just chat like you normally do and keep everything under wraps. Talk softly and carry a big stick,” Wynter instructed as she pulled Cyrus into the specialty store.

Customers were essential to a specialty store, particularly in acquiring and maintaining second-hand branded items. Many high-end specialty stores often housed an impressive collection of classic edition items.

Such specialty stores typically served a specific clientele. The market adapted to consumer demand, making it possible to find a bag worth thousands at half its price once it became second-hand.

While the ultra-wealthy might not frequent the store, those new to the scene and working with limited budgets flocked there, eager to present an opulent front.

Just like in TV dramas, those people switched between social circles flaunting their branded bags. At times, they might come across a valuable item in the store.

The specialty store usually reaped substantial profits, provided that the goods met high standards and the store manager stayed attentive.

Having complete faith in his friends, Cyrus had left both the specialty store’s and trendsetting store’s management to them while he focused on researching designs. Yet, he couldn’t shake the feeling of dejection after hearing Wynter’s warning.

Before Wynter and Cyrus entered the specialty store, they overheard one of the sales assistants seemingly voicing their disdain toward the customer.

“No, we don’t have any floral patterns as those are outdated. What about the other bags? They’re over there, so see for yourself,” the sales assistant, Vivien Cagwin, scoffed. She appeared unnecessarily busy as she sized the customer up with a derisive smirk.

When the customer attempted to try on a cardigan, Vivien shot her a look and said, “Are you sure you want this cardigan? You may only try it on if you’re ready to make a purchase.”

The customer, Chloe Brown, was annoyed by Vivien's remark. "I won't know if it looks good on me unless I try it on."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but most of our customers are quite generous and often purchase whatever catches their eyes without trying them on. Besides, I doubt our clothes will suit your figure," Vivien arrogantly commented with a fake smile.

Chloe shot back angrily, "What's with that attitude?"

"So what? Don't waste your time shopping if you can't afford it. Maybe you should check your budget before wandering into the store," Vivien murmured, though her voice was loud enough for Chloe to hear.

Any customer would be infuriated by such dismissive retorts, and Cyrus was no exception. Was that how his employees usually treated a customer? Why weren't his friends keeping an eye on them?

At that point, Cyrus could no longer hold his temper and marched over to Vivien.

"Apologize to her right now!" Cyrus hardly ever showed such anger. After returning from abroad, he embraced the idea of freedom and even implemented a flexible management system.

However, he only realized that he had granted his employees too much leeway.

Vivien was visibly stunned, and her face turned pale upon recognizing the approaching figure. Still, she attempted to cover up with an excuse and pleaded in a pitiful tone, "This woman wanted to try on the

cardigan without buying it, Mr. Whitman. I just thought..."

With the clock ticking, Wynter swiftly halted Vivien's dramatic pleas. "What were you thinking? The store has surveillance cameras recording everything. Would you like us to replay the footage of your earlier behavior?"

Wynter then picked up the cardigan and handed it to Chloe with a smile. “This color might not be the best for you, but feel free to try it on. With your complexion, I think you’ll look great in yellow—it could give you a summery vibe.

“Try both options, and Mr. Whitman will gift you whichever you prefer. We apologize for the unpleasant experience and will be reinforcing our employee training.”

Chapter 1352 His Blunder

Chloe was boiling with indignation, yet Wynter’s charming face left her at a loss for words. She had never encountered anyone quite as charismatic as Wynter.

When Wynter started apologizing, Chloe hurriedly interjected, “It’s fine. You might not have my size anyway.”

Wynter refuted, “Nonsense. With such a beautiful figure, you’ll look absolutely stylish in these clothes. Why not give them a try and see how they fit?”

The conversation took a sharp turn when she abruptly added, “I think this sales assistant might be considering a resignation. After all, she can afford to spend 280 dollars on clothes without even trying them on. She must be quite affluent.”

Vivien made a sour face at Wynter’s remark. “Young lady, even if you’re friends with Mr. Whitman, do you think it’s appropriate to meddle in the store’s affairs? I admit I lost my composure earlier.

“I had just gone through a breakup and wasn’t quite myself today, but I’m sure Mr. Whitman understands my feelings. Please allow me to apologize to this lady. I’m very sorry, miss.”

Though Vivien’s apologies were loud and clear, her eyes betrayed her indignation. She sincerely believed she hadn’t done anything wrong.

That said, she needed the job, which promised a salary of six thousand dollars along with meals and lodging benefits. It was an offer she could never find back in her hometown.

Chloe noticed the insincerity in Vivien’s tone but chose to drop the matter. She might have marked the specialty store off her list if it weren’t for Wynter’s appearance.

Understanding Chloe's feelings, Wynter apologized once more and showed her to the dressing room. Upon her return, she found Vivien still in tears while Cyrus looked completely lost.

Wynter walked over and stated in a calm voice, "Why are you thinking so hard about this? Such an employee would be immediately dismissed from any other store. If it were up to me, I'd have asked her to leave right away."

Hearing that, Vivien swiftly turned to Wynter with a scornful glare. "Why are you so mean to me? I haven't wronged you in any way. I've explained I was in a bad mood because of a breakup. Besides, it's exhausting to work all day in the store. I..."

"Just because you're in a bad mood doesn't mean you can take it out on the customer. If you're tired of the job, you can always submit your resignation. You're paid for the job, and if it's not working out for you, you can just leave.

"To be blunt, who do you think you are to belittle a customer just because they're poor? Is this the kind of training you received? If so, I'm starting to see the Whitman family in a different light," Wynter refuted coldly.

Though her words weren't overly harsh, they weighed heavily on

Cyrus' heart. He once believed that freedom wasn't a bad thing and viewed his elders as conservative. After all, young people like him preferred a laid-back lifestyle.

The younger generations were known for reshaping workplace culture, often quitting impulsively when dissatisfied with their jobs. Cyrus, too, had always offered the utmost respect and understanding to his employees.

However, Cyrus now realized his pursuit of freedom had cost him his reputation and led to a negative

experience for the customers. More importantly, he never considered that such a trivial incident could reflect poorly on the Whitman family.

Upon serious reflection, Cyrus came to understand the damage he had caused. Even with his declaration to start an independent business, his family would still face criticism for any issues since he was the one running the specialty store.

Cyrus clenched his fists tightly at that realization.

Just then, Vivien attempted to argue. “I–I don’t usually act this way, but today is different…”

Chapter 1353 The Sales Champion

Vivien glanced at Cyrus, trusting he wouldn’t dismiss her based on Wynter’s comments. After all, Cyrus had always been empathetic toward his employees.

“Pack up your things and leave,” Cyrus ordered. That was the most candid statement he had made since arriving at the specialty store.

Taken aback, Vivien cried out, “You can’t do this to me, Mr. Whitman! I need this job to pay my rent next month. You can’t just tell me to leave!”

She then turned to Wynter and snapped, “This is all your fault! People like you, with all your wealth, often look down on us. You’ll never understand the struggles of normal citizens like me!”

“What you’re saying is an insult to normal citizens,” Wynter refuted. Instead of intervening further, she was curious to see how Cyrus would handle the situation and whether he realized why such an employee was hired in the first place.

Stunned, Cyrus was reminded of the incident at the Whitman residence. He now understood that Vivien and Easton were cut from the same cloth.

Prior to the realization, he was convinced there were misunderstandings. Easton had been kind to him, and Vivien had consistently behaved in his presence. But deep down, they had never intended to do their jobs properly despite being paid for the work.

They remained greedy and resentful, even if it was their employer paying their salary. Cyrus couldn’t help but question if that was truly the “freedom” he envisioned.

Immediately, Cyrus shot a cold glance at Vivien and stated, “Your earlier behavior has severely harmed the store’s interests and reputation, Vivien. I have every right to hold you accountable. You can keep causing a scene if you wish, but we have cameras recording everything.

“I won’t just fire you, but I’ll also seek compensation for the damages, so you better be prepared. If you have any grievances, you’ll need to address them through labor arbitration.”

Vivien choked on her words, completely dumbfounded. It wasn’t the first time she exhibited such a poor attitude at work, and she had often expressed her contempt toward customers. But that time, things hadn’t gone as she anticipated.

Cyrus wasn’t that kind of person before—he had changed!

It was clear that Cyrus had been deeply affected by the jarring event in the specialty store. Little did he know that Wynter had intended for him to experience such a shocking revelation.

Chloe, having finished trying on the clothes, had witnessed the whole scene. Although she appeared unconcerned, she felt immensely pleased with the aftermath.

She offered Wynter her praise. “Your recommendations complement me perfectly. The owner is so lucky to

have you as his girlfriend. By the way, I’m thinking of buying a few more pieces. We actually came to Cascadia to survey personalized trendsetting brands.”

Despite recognizing Chloe as a major customer, Wynter didn’t take any further action and simply showed a faint smile. “Certainly. However, I’m not his girlfriend but his cousin.”

Chloe’s eyes lit up instantly. “Are you a Whitman?”

“No, I’m from the Quinnell family, though I’m staying with the Whitmans. Are you interested in exploring a potential partnership?” Wynter suggested bluntly as she packed the clothes into the bag.

Chloe regarded her with a thoughtful, admiring look. “You’re quite clever, young lady.”

Her last two words were spoken in a foreign language, subtly hinting at her unusual identity.

After dealing with Vivien, Cyrus came over and overheard Wynter’s suggestion. He couldn’t help but acknowledge her ability to sell ten sets of outfits to a single customer.

"You could become the sales champion if you work in my store," Cyrus commented. Recognizing that his previous outlook had been more constrained, he intended to compliment Wynter with genuine praise.

Chapter 1354 Disillusionment

Wynter glanced at Cyrus. "Even a young girl selling flowers on the street would outperform your sales assistants. Being the top seller in your store probably just requires having hands. There's nothing impressive about that."

Cyrus had a nagging feeling that Wynter didn't like him very much.

But today's events have indeed revealed many issues. The most concerning part was that it had been over ten minutes, yet neither his best friend nor the store manager, Bryson Griffin, had shown up yet!

Cyrus' expression grew even grimmer.

A sales assistant quietly whispered in Cyrus' ear, "Mr. Griffin is in the conference room on the fourth floor.

Cyrus turned and strode quickly toward the stairs.

As he reached the doorway, he could already hear the chatter from inside. One person had his legs crossed, and another was holding a cigarette. Both of them idly tapped away on their phones and made crude comments.

"This chick is really something. She has a big bust."

The other replied with laughter, "Let's invite her over for some fun."

Cyrus nervously glanced at Wynter. He was worried that she might overhear something inappropriate and report him when they returned home. After all, Cyrus wasn't like those guys.

But to Cyrus' surprise, Wynter was even calmer than he was. She coolly tilted his chin, signaling for him to open the door.

Cyrus did as Wynter suggested. He regained his usual demeanor before pushing the door open. "Is this how you guys do business? How do you expect to make money?"

"Who is it? What does it have to do with you whether I make money or not?" The speaker was none other than Benette Wray, Cyrus' best friend, but also someone sent by Kenton.

When Benette looked up and saw Cyrus, his hand holding the cigarette trembled slightly.

"Uh, Cyrus. No offense, man. I just lost a game and was pissed off. We just closed a deal, so the guys and I were just chilling. We were playing a game.

"Making money is important, but you also need to relax a bit, right?" Benette chuckled and put on his best innocent expression, appearing as harmless as possible.

His gaze then shifted to Wynter, and his eyes narrowed. His lips curled up as he took in her appearance. He had never seen a girl this stunning yet fierce in Hawford.

His eyes gleamed with interest as he turned back to Cyrus. "Cyrus, is this your new girl? She's a real beauty!" Benette was practically falling over himself to flatter Cyrus.

Cyrus frowned at Benette's words. "She's my cousin. Wipe that disgusting look off your face!"

Cyrus quickly glanced over at Wynter right after speaking. He was relieved to see that she remained calm and composed, showing no signs of displeasure.

But those who knew Wynter well understood that the calmer she appeared, the more dangerous she became.

She had immediately suspected it was connected to the Blaise family when Benette mentioned that they

had just closed a deal.

Wynter put on the appearance of a sweet and friendly woman as she extended her hand. "Hi, I'm Cyrus' cousin. You must be Benette. Cyrus often talks about you.

"He's always saying how much you've helped him out in Hawford and how grateful he is of you for holding down the fort at the store so you both can make money together!"

Benette swiftly extended his arm and shook Wynter's hand "You're too kind! Cyrus is the real deal, not us. After all, he's the Whitman family's eldest son, and we rely on his connections.

"We'd be starving most of the time with others, but with Cyrus, it feels like we're always feasting!"

Cyrus felt nothing but a pang of disgust hearing these words. If he hadn't been informed of the Blaise family's situation by Wynter, he might have felt touched and thought that having these friends around him was a blessing.

But now, after knowing the truth, the only thing stopping him from snapping was Wynter's advice to take a more diplomatic approach and observe the situation before deciding on a course of action.

Wynter steered the conversation back. "Benette, you mentioned earlier that you just closed a deal. What kind of deal was it? Could you show me what it's about?"

Chapter 1355 Turn the Tables

"It's nothing much. I have a connection from overseas. This time, we managed to bring in a new batch of goods with very high profit margins. They're all the latest trending items overseas and will arrive in a few days. We'll make a big profit."

Benette smiled at Cyrus as he spoke. "We owe it all to you, Cyrus. Our store can stock up on such great goods thanks to you."

Cyrus furrowed his brows. He had a nagging feeling that something was off about what Benette just said, but he couldn't quite pinpoint it.

Benette only dared to act this way because Cyrus had been studying overseas all this time, making him unfamiliar with how things worked domestically.

As for Wynter, Bennett didn't take her seriously at all. After all, what could a girl possibly know about this? But his smile froze the next second.

Wynter, who he had underestimated, was now looking at him with a mischievous, almost sinister expression. "So, which customs is this batch of goods going through?"

Benette hesitated before trying to explain.

Wynter casually played with her car keys. "The way you said it, it sounds like the goods might be illegal. But it seems that Cyrus will be the one taking responsibility for it if this is exposed."

Benette suddenly looked up in alarm, and even Bryson couldn't stay seated.

Benette quickly shook his head when Cyrus glanced over. "That's not what I meant at all. It's just that some paperwork is missing, but the goods are all legal."

"Luxury goods with missing paperwork can be fatal. Cyrus isn't very perceptive about these things. But for someone who has been in the business this long, you're telling me you don't know?"

Wynter turned sideways with a sharp gaze. "Where did the goods come from? Will you tell me now, or should I have you explain it to the authorities in prison?"

Benette was dumbfounded. He never expected someone so seemingly harmless to suddenly change her demeanor and deduce so many accurate details from just a casual mention! His anxiety grew, and sweat began to bead on his forehead.

Bryson, who was sitting by the door, immediately tried to make a run for it. He didn't think Wynter could react fast enough.

However, as he was about to open the door, a pen flew past him. It embedded itself into the door handle, just an inch from Bryson's hand.

These men had never encountered such a situation before, and Bryson's legs went weak.

Wynter approached him before snatching his phone with a raised eyebrow. "Are you trying to inform someone of the situation?"

"Cyrus!" Benette's face turned pale. "It's just a misunderstanding! We're buddies, right? You need to do something about your cousin. Let's talk about it. The batch of goods-"

Cyrus didn't wait for him to finish before punching him.

"Have you really ever thought of me as your buddy? You planned to throw me under the bus and tricked me into investing from the very beginning. I took the store as a serious business.

"What about you? You don't even manage the employees. You were chilling upstairs, discussing pretty girls. I used to think you were just like this by nature, but now I realize what a fool I am!"

Cyrus had always wondered why Noah seemed to maintain a distance from Kenton. He had thought that since the Wray family and theirs were once so close, they must be on the same side.

But now, thanks to Wynter, Cyrus finally understood what the Wrays truly were.

This was far more effective than any lecture.

Cyrus just returned from abroad and had always been a privileged child. However, in just an hour, he finally realized the reason why the many buddies he had were always flattering him.

It wasn't because of his abilities or leadership skills. It was because he was Noah's son and the Whitman family's eldest child. They targeted him precisely because he was the weakest of the Whitmans!

Chapter 1356 The Undefeatable Siblings Join Forces

Benette and Bryson were secretly brought away. Facing the sudden appearance of plain-clothes police officers, Cyrus had no time to think.

As soon as he got into the car, Wynter showed him videos from his so-called "buddy's" phone.

Cyrus was deeply disheartened. This lesson was enough to make him rethink his entire approach to life.

His phone kept ringing with calls from Tamia's side of the family. In the past, he would have answered and even begged Reuben for leniency on a distant relative's behalf. Now, he wanted nothing more than to block everyone and cut off all contact.

Cyrus had always believed that foreign corporate cultures were more free and powerful. Hence, he had never looked back to appreciate how rare and valuable it was for the Whitman family's business to have continued for a century.

It had managed to evolve through changing times without being swayed by external forces.

Cyrus clutched his head and gripped his hair in frustration.

Wynter had achieved what she wanted to teach Cyrus. The results were even better than she had expected.

Through the trap set on Cyrus by the Wrays, it was now possible for her to trace the connections to the hidden power behind the Wray family. She intended to root out whoever was behind them. No one would be spared!

Matters such as these were a piece of cake for the Special Unit.

The public opinion regarding the Blaise family was still being amplified. She took a quick glance at it. Once she decided it was about time, she made a sharp turn into the shooting set.

Cyrus was utterly confused as he watched Wynter drive into a shooting set. "Where is this? Is someone filming a movie? Why are we here?"

The set was clearly a large production. There were numerous MPVs, a crew of directors, and cameramen present, along with a few people eating takeout.

Cyrus didn't understand why they were there. That was, until a man with golden hair and a pair of black eyes, dressed in a mink coat, and with a handsome face adorned with gold-rimmed glasses, looked over at them. He truly exuded an irresistible charm.

Even Cyrus, who wasn't into celebrities, recognized him immediately. He was an international top idol and was always covered in luxury brands.

Cyrus' ex-girlfriend from when he was abroad was a huge fan of his. She was obsessed with him and would always praise Cascadian beauty as divine.

Cyrus remembered that not long ago, this man had also made a nationwide sensation on social media. It seemed like that man and Rowan were both...

Cyrus finally remembered and turned to look at Wynter.

Before Cyrus could say anything, the man had already opened the car door. His movements were both stylish and cool. Numerous crew members were moving around just to film him.

"Cyrus?" The man spoke before Cyrus, his voice pleasant to the ears. "You didn't change a single bit, still so easily surprised. Close that gaping mouth of yours. After all, you've at least studied abroad and have seen the world, haven't you?"

Cyrus just wanted to dig a hole to bury himself now.

He had been sent abroad too young, and with the subsequent lack of contact between the Whitman and Quinnell families, he had forgotten what Tobias' personality was like. If he had remembered, he would have regretted appearing here.

Tobias was the leader of the pack back in their childhood days. He was just slightly more restrained now as an idol.

But in front of his family, Tobias was as blunt and direct as ever. "I heard you got played."

Cyrus couldn't understand the point of Tobias' appearance at this moment.

"Sort out your emotions. I'll help you get them back." Tobias' words didn't sound like one that should be said by an idol.

Jacqueline was already growing worried. She glanced at Wynter as if wanting to say something, but Wynter simply lifted her gaze. "Tobias, remember to maintain your image as a celebrity."

At her words, Tobias instantly reverted to being the top idol known for his reserved demeanor and minimal words who dominated the screen solely with his face.

Chapter 1357 Rise of Domestic Brands

Jacqueline gave Wynter a quick thumbs-up.

Wynter rested a hand casually outside the car window, looking like a CEO. "Ms. Jacqueline, could you please inform the film crew to assign a cameraman to us?"

Given that the request came from Wynter, the crew didn't hesitate at all. After all, they had a lot of cameramen if it was for her. In fact, several volunteered, eager for the mission.

Those in the entertainment industry knew that the last time Wynter got involved, the resulting content went viral. Although they didn't know what she had planned this time, they were certain it would be another hit! Hence, everyone wanted to be a part of it.

Jacqueline selected two of the most skilled cameramen from the group, along with a video production manager, to join Wynter.

"Thanks, everyone. I know filming can be tiring," Wynter said as she started the car while nodding to the film crew outside. "Ms. Jacqueline, please make sure everyone gets a generous reward."

The crew knew that Wynter was there to pick up Tobias. No one tried to stop them since they had already been informed in advance. Fortunately for the crew, Wynter didn't agree to Rowan's decision to tag along.

Whenever Wynter visited the set, the entire crew would not only get juices and fruits but also receive generous rewards. Who wouldn't love a sponsor like that?

"Ms. Quinnell, should I start filming now?" The cameraman seated in the car asked.

Wynter glanced at the rearview mirror. "Not now. Cyrus, use your phone to call Mr. Blaise."

At this point, it seemed that Cyrus' only role was to follow instructions. He had been brought here in confusion and was now being taken away in the same state of bewilderment.

The call connected quickly.

Orson, who had been anxiously going through his phone, was overwhelmed by the flood of negative comments. People were accusing his company of being unethical and criticizing his employees for being cold and unresponsive.

He had tried to explain multiple times that some of his workers were deaf or mute and might not have heard the questions asked during the secret inspection.

However, the comment sections remained relentless. They accused him of lying and creating a false persona.

Orson initially had no idea what creating a false persona even meant until his son explained it to him.

Now, feeling utterly disheartened, Orson's voice was hoarse as he answered the phone, "Ms. Quinnell, please help me think of a way.

"It doesn't matter what happens to the factory. But the old employees... Please, see if you can find work for them. If the factory shuts down, they..."

Orson choked up slightly. He took a deep breath before continuing, "I can accept bankruptcy."

"Mr. Blasie, I'll be at the factory in half an hour. The other party did a secret inspection, but we'll be transparent. You don't need to do anything. Just continue working as usual."

Wynter's voice was steady as she continued, "Trust me, the public opinion will change soon. I'm going to use this media storm to show everyone that our domestic brands are no worse than imported ones.

"Applesauce is irreplaceable. Mr. Blaise, wait for me."

Orson didn't know why he felt a sense of calm despite his anxiety after hearing Wynter's words. Despite her young age, Wynter had voiced something he had always wanted to achieve.

Domestic brands were no worse than imported ones. This had always been Orson's mantra when he first started. He was driven by passion and a goal to succeed.

People of Cascadia had relied on his applesauce, especially in the early years when there was hardly any chocolate or juice available domestically.

Orson was the happiest back then because people felt joyful when they ate his applesauce. When some children were sick and had no appetite, applesauce was what they went for.

Hence, he always told his employees not to be careless with the product and to ensure that every person who ate it felt a sense of happiness.

But over time, this sense of happiness became a mere bubble. It had seemingly gone out of sync with the rapid developments of the present.

Chapter 1358 Time For Retribution

Applesauce was too cheap and lacked prestige. They couldn't even get the chance to catch the public's attention.

Orson had reflected on himself. He was old and felt anxious that he was unable to keep up. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't learn quickly enough.

He often had people telling him to give in to his age and not cling to old ways. With that many ice cream and juice shops around, children no longer cared for applesauce.

Orson admitted this and had tried to switch careers. But now, someone told him to wait a little longer and that there was still a chance.

Orson suddenly felt that everything was worth it. No matter if the factory could continue operating or not, even if it was the last day or the last batch of products, they would make sure to do it right!

Orson personally went to the factory himself after he hung up the phone. He didn't know what Wynter was planning and just focused on his daily tasks.

These daily routines were precisely what Wynter wanted. Her previous restraint was because the situation hadn't reached its peak yet. Now, with a single message, the Quinnell group's most powerful PR team sprang into action.

Having gained experience from past incidents, they wasted no time. They confronted the situation head-on, issuing a legal notice to those who edited and posted the videos.

Kenton indeed overlooked one thing. No company had a network of supporters as the Quinnell family did, and theirs was deeply rooted. The public hadn't forgotten the time when the Quinnells welcomed the heroic spirit home.

The Quinnell Group represented the Blaise family as they posed three pointed questions to those who edited and spread the rumors.

"What kind of malicious intent motivates someone to secretly investigate someone who couldn't speak?" "In the video, you laughed so mockingly and disdainfully about local products. Are you proud of that?" "Who is behind you?"

Each question sparked new debates, gaining significant traction.

Kenton was confident in his position. With his resources, he believed he could control everything.

It would be easy for him to pay for a trending topic. He was sure no one would be able to track down the original video, and he doubted that members of the Wray family would betray each other.

Kenton was still immersed in the excitement of discovering that Yvette was reincarnated when the Quinnell Group sent out the legal notice. He had already begun contacting the relevant departments.

To be blunt, acquiring a piece of land was a breeze for him. However, he still had to go through some formalities.

Hence, at that moment, Kenton was busy entertaining so-called clients and hadn't noticed the online backlash. After all, from his perspective, the Blaise family was already beyond saving.

It was the same strategy he used to swallow up those long-standing enterprises.

Those old-timers couldn't keep up with the times and yet still stubbornly opposed him. They had refused to let him become the Chamber of Commerce's president. So, naturally, Kenton decided to teach them a

lesson.

Originally, Kenton had used this tactic to help overseas brands establish a foothold. Even if the truth came out, it would ultimately be the Whitmans who had to take the blame for the fiasco. Hence, he wasn't worried. No one could outthink him in this regard.

Even if the Blaise family truly fell apart, the blame would end up on the Whitmans. At that point, he'd just watch them tear each other apart.

Kenton was indeed a cunning person. He could easily trick those who weren't cautious enough.

Unfortunately for him, he was up against Wynter. His so-called backup plans had already been nipped in the bud.

What was left now was only retribution, and this scene was initiated by the Quinnell family.

When Tobias' face appeared with a splash of beauty filters, it immediately became a trending topic.

Kenton's audacity stemmed from the fact that the Blaise family was an old brand with little appeal to younger audiences.

It was indeed true. Initially, young people wouldn't come across these issues due to their information bubbles. But Tobias, a top-tier celebrity, was here precisely to pop these bubbles!

Chapter 1359 Not Fair

Tobias had made an appearance without any warning. Not to mention, it was in the form of a live broadcast.

Anyone who followed a celebrity would know that top-tier ones practically disappeared from the public eye once they joined a set. There was no chance for fans to see them.

This was because the hype would be even greater when they finally returned to the screen. After all, the fans would have waited for too long by then.

There was no need for any hashtag campaigns or trending topics. Fans had already done their part. Some were so bored they resorted to rewatching old TV shows and joked that their babe had gone missing. Hence, no matter what he was doing, the comment section exploded instantly just from seeing his face. The fans only started noticing something was off after their screams.

“Wait, this doesn’t look like a film set. He looks like he’s in the countryside.”

“Did the director let you out? This is wild.”

“Babe! Look over here! OMG! Everyone, check out his new look!”

“I took a screenshot. He looks amazing!”

“Wait... why is he in a car?”

Questions flooded in. Tobias brought his phone closer to him and said with a smile in his voice, “I just took on a new endorsement. I wanted to show you guys.”

“Endorsement?” The fans were a bit puzzled. The setting didn’t look like the typical location where Tobias, would do an endorsement. After all, the brands he usually represented were luxury labels.

Tobias couldn’t resist bragging a little about Wynter. “My sister took up this endorsement for me, and I think it’s great. I used to eat their stuff all the time when I was a kid. So, I decided to visit the factory and meet the manager.”

How could fans not be excited when he put it this way? With Tobias trending, not only would his fans flock to the livestream, but both those who had seen and those who had missed the buzz would join as well.

The person responsible for the factory's operations was stunned. In all the time he had been with the company, he had never seen over ten thousand viewers on their livestream. The numbers were still climbing at an incredible pace.

Charlotte Hart, who was hosting the livestream, was caught off guard. She instinctively covered her mouth in surprise.

After all, their livestreams were usually very simple. It was done in the factory to make it easier to handle

orders.

Charlotte had been determined to hold on, She remained working at the factory because she wanted people to see that their products were genuinely good.

No one listened to her explanations after the

rumors spread online. Even her parents wanted her to

pursue a different path, believing that staying at the factory would lead to a dead end.

But she refused to leave because the longer she worked there, the more she understood what kind of person Orson was and what he was trying to achieve.

Orson wanted to create high-quality products and build a national brand while providing employment opportunities for those in need.

After the incident, Orson tried to take all the blame upon himself, but he had never done anything wrong. He had sacrificed everything for the factory and would even give his life.

Charlotte couldn't understand why he had to be treated so unfairly. She had been at the factory for two years and knew just how strict the quality control was

As a livestream host who dared to broadcast from the factory, she was fully aware of how unjustly the factory had been treated, especially after that malicious secret inspection.

They had deliberately targeted Maxwell Val and bombarded him with questions.

Maxwell wasn't actually angry. When a deaf-mute person couldn't understand what others were saying, they often became anxious and expressed their emotions intensely through body language.

It was precisely due to that short clip that Maxwell was attacked to the point he didn't know what to do. He was more concerned about causing trouble for the factory than he was worried about himself.

Maxwell kept asking Charlotte if he should apologize to everyone. The complex emotions made Charlotte feel like she was on the verge of breaking down.

Chapter 1360 Slander

Charlotte desperately wanted to ask those who were attacking them in the livestream what exactly had their factory done wrong.

But she couldn't ask. She knew that if she did, the few customers who still brought their products might turn away, too.

In fact, Charlotte thought it was just another wave of criticism when so many people started joining the livestream.

But her eyes were finally focused when the comments started pouring in. They weren't attacking the factory but were asking for something else.

"Miss, what's the new ambassador's favorite product? Why isn't it available in the link?"

Ambassador? Charlotte was momentarily lost.

"I really want to buy it! Hurry up and add the link! I'm afraid it will sell out!"

“Ladies, I just checked. There are only a few hundred pieces in stock for each item. It’s time to test our speed again. Please notice me! I want the mystery box!”

Charlotte finally found her voice again as she looked through the live comments. “Guys, is there some kind of misunderstanding?”

Orson had considered using brand ambassadors to boost their visibility, but the response was the same every time. The products didn’t align with the celebrities’ images.

Charlotte didn’t understand what that meant until a friend of hers in the entertainment industry explained, “Basically, they think your products aren’t high-end enough. You have to realize that if a celebrity endorses a brand that’s too low-tier, it can hurt their career.”

She had wanted to argue at that time that their products were not low-end. But did it matter? The perception was already set.

With so many people flooding in and claiming that they had an ambassador, Charlotte hesitated to confirm it right away. She looked up to check with the operation team, only to find that they were nowhere to be seen.

The comments kept rolling in.

“Miss, there’s no misunderstanding. Your ambassador is literally in your factory.”

“If my estimation is correct, he’ll be in your livestream room in about seven to eight minutes.”

Wynter’s approach had always been unique. Even the cameraman following her around found it intriguing. It felt like a mix between a livestream and a TV show.

Wynter’s car arriving at the factory was striking in itself. The stark contrast between the sleek, modern vehicle and the old factory set up a visually captivating scene. The fusion of contemporary and classic elements created an oddly satisfying spectacle.

Aside from Tobias himself, there was only Wynter’s silhouette and Cyrus’ face in the footage.

The cameraman was aware that Wynter preferred staying behind the scenes. Hence, he made an effort to avoid capturing her face.

However, Wynter's fans were relentless. They were practically screaming in the livestream for a glimpse of her. Seeing the comments, Wynter adjusted her angle.

Chapte 1960 Slander

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Wynter and Tobias looked like CEOs coming out for a stroll on the streets, exuding an unmatched charisma.

As they walked through the factory, everything was impeccably clean inside.

Maxwell, who was driving a small cart carrying goods, quickly stopped when he saw someone approaching.

Wynter spoke up, "Hello. I'd like to know how to get to the factory's livestreaming room."

Maxwell was visibly worried about being misunderstood. He first pointed at his ear and then to his mouth before gesturing vehemently with his hands.

"Does this mean he can't hear?"

"Are the workers at this factory deaf-mute?"

"It seems so. When I first entered the livestream, someone mentioned that their products were poor and that the workers pretended to be deaf-mute when they made mistakes."

"How is this possible to fake? Who wouldn't want to speak if they could?"

“I have a feeling that this factory is being slandered!”

While the fans were discussing in the livestream, Tobias raised his hand and used sign language, Though he wasn't very fluent, it was accurate.