

Six Brothers 1381

Chapter 1381 Here Comes the Villain

Wynter knew what she was up against even before the scandal in Club Solstice emerged. It wasn't just those in the business realm but the intricate webs of interests behind it.

Why had such a club existed for so long without any thorough investigation? Was she the only one who could see the issues? Were the others oblivious to it? Certainly not. The real issue was that those below her either couldn't or wouldn't dare to investigate further.

Everything associated with the Wray family seemed to always have a way of being quietly and efficiently smoothed over.

Wynter wasn't foolish. She knew that the seasoned detectives' seemingly thoughtful remarks were laden with insinuations.

She watched the lively scene before her and pondered how to break the deadlock. Even if the Wray family had fallen, those behind them would remain unharmed if she stayed in her current position.

In reality, the situation had escalated to the point where even a deputy officer had "committed suicide out of fear".

Wynter already had her suspects in mind. However, given their high-profile statuses, this level of exposure would not only just fail to impact them, but it might also alert them to destroy evidence prematurely. Hence, she still had to keep up the pretense.

Wynter was looking for the right opportunity, and the only possible moment lay with Kenton. If the clues he had with him went cold, those behind him would be left unidentified.

Tobias still didn't fully understand why Wynter needed his presence. "Do you really need me to deal with the Wray family? What's the strategy?"

"For the buzz." Wynter's gaze was intense as she drove. "Tobias, you are the only one who can create this level of buzz. Even Rowan wouldn't make the cut."

"Your international influence and your audience's demographics are different. Your fans will keep the topic trending, and its impact will be long-lasting."

The younger generation represented the future. Some people came to understand this, which was why celebrity groups were launched. They were there to capture the youth market.

Wynter was glad. Tobias' dream had always been to become a top-tier celebrity.

While the public might not have a high recognition of him, that wasn't important. What mattered was that a good celebrity could harness fan loyalty to challenge even the mightiest capital. This was a power Wynter had seen only in Tobias.

Tobias had achieved his current status through sheer effort. Despite the constant scandals, no one could deny his popularity or the level of discussion surrounding him.

From the very beginning, he had never relied on the Quinnell family for any support. But of

course, his success was also linked to his fanbase's demographics. After all, being young allowed for limitless possibilities.

Wynter might be able to break the deadlock from this angle. With the power of the people... Wynter seemed to have thought of an idea and turned the steering wheel.

"Tobias, I'll drop you off at the front. Go back to the set with the cameraman first. I still have some things to take care of."

Tobias glanced at Cyrus beside him. "I can't go with you, but he can?"

"You understand, don't you? This cousin of ours is still in pain."

Wynter had always had a keen eye for people.

Cyrus was indeed in pain. After everything that happened today, he had a sense that his grandmother Tamia, who was so closely connected to the Wray family, might not be as he had imagined.

Easton's situation likely wouldn't end here, either. And what about Noah? What would he choose?

Cyrus' intuition about this was indeed quite accurate.

Before Wynter could return, Tamia had already shown up at the door.

Of course, she wasn't there to speak with Reuben. She had heard about the situation in the Chamber of Commerce and knew that Wynter was highly valued by Reuben. If she wanted to talk, it would be with her own daughter, Ophelia.

Chapter 1382 Sowing Discord

"How could Cyrus be taken away like that without being given any reasons? He is following a child younger than him. It's as if he's nothing more than a lapdog for the Quinnells."

The displeasure was evident in Tamia's furrowed brows.

"You are Cyrus' mother. Look at this situation. Yes, it has garnered attention, but what does it have to do with Cyrus? Who still remembers that he is the heir to the Whitman family?"

The older generation placed great importance on reputation. It was only natural for people to be selfish.

Tamia wanted Hawford's business circles to remember Cyrus, not the Quinnell family. There was nothing wrong with that, but the key issue was...

Ophelia nearly choked on her words with frustration. "Mom, you must know that this whole situation with the Blaise family is something Wynter is handling on her own. Cyrus doesn't even understand this kind of thing.

"Mr. Reuben hasn't come to me about the whole chaos the Whitman family is currently facing. That is already saving our family from embarrassment.

"Who do you think got Easton his job? It was Noah. And what did he do with it? He betrayed the Whitman family!"

Ophelia's anger flared up just thinking about it. She didn't need anyone to tell her what was happening as she could see it with her own eyes.

Tamis lowered her gaze. "I don't know the details of what Easton did, but I will personally apologize to Mr. Reuben. However, Cyrus' situation should not be conflated with this issue. You need to understand who it affects now that the girl from the Quinnell family has returned."

Tamia never intended to sabotage the Whitman family. She genuinely thought Easton was foolish. How could he not see that the better Ophelia's situation, the better things would be for the Montclair family as well?

But now, thanks to Easton's foolish actions, she found herself in a difficult position. It was especially so since she had no idea how to explain the situation's complexities to Cyrus.

Over the years, Cyrus had always been closest to Tamia. Many of his business ideas were influenced by her guidance.

Tamia couldn't deny that she did have her own agenda. She never cared much for the way the Whitman family operated. It was too slow and lacked international exposure.

Her idea was to have Cyrus collaborate more with overseas companies. Hence, she had been trying to create opportunities for him to connect with international capital circles when he returned to the Cascadia. The Wray family had the most resources in this area, and it was impossible to avoid them.

Tamia truly hadn't anticipated that Cyrus would stray from the path she had meticulously planned for him.

Almost in an instant, he was suddenly following the lead of Wynter. Tamia was left with no time to react. By the time she became aware of it, the Blaise family incident had already unfolded.

Tamia looked intently at Ophelia. "Have you considered the implications of Cyrus' actions? Everything he's doing is a direct affront to the Wray family.

"That girl from the Quinnells can afford to stir things up. After all, she can return to Kingbourne whenever she likes. But what about Cyrus?"

Tamia was worried Cyrus might be overshadowed and forgotten. "Ophelia, think about it. The Whitman family consists of too many members. Taylor is still in the picture. If you, as Cyrus' mother, don't fight for him, who will?"

By this point, Tamia was growing anxious. She wouldn't usually lay things out so plainly. After all, given that Cyrus was the Whitmans' eldest grandson, everyone expected Reuben to eventually hand the Whitman family over to him.

But things had changed. There were too many people singing praises of the Quinnell family, and it seemed that none of them had anything to do with Cyrus. If this continued, Tamia worried that Cyrus might end up with nothing.

Tamia was frustrated and felt like she was hitting her head against a brick wall. "I'm his grandmother. Why would I hurt him?"

Seeing Tamia like this, Ophelia began to waver.

Chapter 1383 The Montclairs Have Their Own Ideas

Some things were like that. You didn't give it much thought. But the more your closest ones talked about it, the more you began to waver.

Ophelia looked up. "Mom, I still think you're overthinking. Mr. Reuben wouldn't just overlook Cyrus and hand the Whitman family to Wynter."

"Not necessarily." Tamia glanced away. "You might have forgotten since many years have passed. But from the moment that girl was born, she stole all the attention from Cyrus.

"Despite being the Whitman family's eldest grandson, that girl's first birthday was given more attention than Cyrus'. Your late mother-in-law was foolish, and you can't allow this situation to continue.

"Look at the Blaise family's situation. More people will rally behind this girl from the Quinnells. What will Cyrus do then? As the Whitman family's eldest grandson, won't he feel awkward?"

Each question from Tamia made Ophelia fall into deeper silence. She had never considered these issues before.

She was pleased that the Whitman and Quinnell families had reconciled, and she herself liked Marie. But today, Ophelia couldn't bring herself to refute her Tamia.

Tamia understood Ophelia's temperament well. She knew not to push too hard and knew Ophelia needed time to come to her own conclusions.

"I'll explain things with the Wray family. You don't need to put so much pressure on Cyrus." Tamia turned off her phone before continuing, "These matters are undoubtedly your father-in-law's decisions.

"While he has sharp business acumen, you know he's always been indifferent toward Cyrus. I'll leave it at that. You should think about it yourself."

Tamia stood up. "I am currently in a difficult position to meet with that son-in-law of mine. After all, I'm a villain in the Whitmans' eyes."

"Mom, don't say that. Noah didn't mean it that way." Ophelia hurriedly defended Noah.

Tamia, however, saw things clearly. "His opinion of me isn't important. What matters is whether he has considered what's best for you and Cyrus.

"If your relationship with him has soured because of your cousin's situation, you need to think carefully about where you and Cyrus stand in his eyes.

"Are you and Cyrus more important to him than his sense of responsibility toward the Whitman family?"

The final statement left Ophelia, who had not experienced much turmoil, to suddenly feel anxious.

It was true that ever since the incident, Noah had only questioned her without trying to have

a serious discussion. Was it really because their relationship had soured?

The more Ophelia thought about it, the more uneasy she felt. Her expression grew increasingly troubled.

She stood up as well to see Tamia off. After a moment's thought, she sent out a message.

At this moment, Wynter was still in the car as she began to reassess her strategies in light of the situation's complexity.

With so many responsibilities on her plate, she needed someone completely detached from any vested interests but whom she could trust to keep an eye on certain aspects. Otherwise, there was a risk of potential oversights.

After considering her options, she decided that the best person for the job would be her capable and reliable Dalton.

Hence, after wrapping up matters with the Blaise family, she didn't return to Quaint Villa. Instead, she drove directly to the hotel where they had previously stayed.

Meanwhile, Cyrus looked as if he was deep in thought as he continuously glanced at his phone.

Wynter wasn't stupid. She raised an eyebrow and asked in a light tone, "Are you staying with me or heading back?"

Cyrus closed his eyes briefly before setting his phone to silent mode. His stance was clear as he spoke in a low voice that was tinged with melancholy, "It's my mom."

Wynter wasn't particularly surprised. "It's natural for Aunt Ophelia to be concerned, especially with you following me around like this."

From the situation, Wynter could discern the essence of Ophelia's character. She wasn't malicious, but she was not very clear-headed, either.

Chapter 1384 Finding the Charming Fiancé

The Montclair family was bound to react once news of the Blaise family's incident broke out. After all, throughout the whole affair, Wynter hadn't allowed Cyrus to make an appearance.

Wynter wanted to gauge the Montclair family's character as well as Ophelia's reaction. To her, human nature was the hardest to predict. Hence, there was no harm in preparing for any eventuality in advance.

As for Cyrus, it was time for him to grow up. Otherwise, the situation with the Whitman family would remain unresolved.

Cyrus hadn't been idle in his thoughts. The events with the Blaise family had a profound impact on him. If he had previously been unclear about the kind of business Reuben intended to build or what "domestic products" truly meant, today, he understood it all.

He had even started to question himself. He wondered if all those years of overseas exposure had been of any real use.

When he voiced this doubt, Wynter answered after opening the door, "It's only by seeing the global perspective that we can bring our own products to the world. Of course, it's useful.

"Grandpa probably believes the same. That's why he didn't oppose you studying abroad from a young age, no?"

"No. That's because Grandpa doesn't really care about me," Cyrus said softly.

"You were born into the Whitman family. You should understand that the luxurious life you enjoy is the result of others' hard work. You're a grown man fussing over trivial details. Are you a mama's boy?"

Despite Wynter's indifferent expression, her words hit hard.

Cyrus took a deep breath. "I-"

"The Montclairs," Wynter interrupted. "In essence, you were raised by the Montclairs because Uncle Noah was too busy to look after you."

Upon hearing this, Cyrus widened his eyes in surprise.

Wynter pressed the elevator button. "You've been following me all day. Surely, you are not still shocked by my abilities.

"It's quite simple to investigate you. After all, the traitors in the Whitman family are linked to Mrs. Montclair Senior. I have to allocate some attention to this."

"Grandma... she... she's doing this for my sake." Cyrus tried defending Tamia. "She just overthinks too much."

Wynter remained silent on the matter and instead said, "You're still so stupid."

Cyrus tightened his fists. "I get it. I am nothing compared to you."

Wynter said slowly, "You don't need to feel inferior when it comes to our abilities. After all, there aren't many who are stronger than me.

"What I want to know is what you think about all this. After all, Uncle Noah's biggest regret is that he left you to the Montclair family's care while he was busy. And look at you now.

"To be completely honest with you, I'm stepping in to help because I don't want Grandpa's hopes to be dashed. I'll help as much as I can, but if you can't be saved, that's up to you."

Hearing this, Cyrus' eyes turned red. "Of course, I'll listen to you. I promised my dad before I came out that I would follow your guidance."

"Then put away your little schemes. Uncle Noah and Aunt Ophelia's relationship issues are not your concern right now. If your phone is affecting your judgment, I'll take it away."

Wynter lifted his chin as she continued, "When you get in later, sit there and think clearly about what your dear grandma has achieved after all these years of raising you."

Cyrus didn't protest. He knew he should reflect on why everything turned out so differently from what he had imagined.

It was impossible that there weren't any bodyguards around in the place where Dalton was. Wynter was quite at ease handing Cyrus over to the Shadows.

However, it was the Shadows that were less at ease with her. As she headed toward the room, someone stopped her. "Ms. Quinnell, Mr. Yarwood isn't free to meet you now. Please wait-"

"Not free?" Wynter chuckled lightly. "Is there a woman inside?"

The Shadow's expression grew quite suspicious as his gaze shifted upward.

"Is there really a woman inside?" Wynter's eyes fell on the door with a hint of an inscrutable emotion in her gaze.

Chapter 1385 An Affair

Upon hearing this, the Shadow was even more terrified to stop Wynter. He was afraid it would cause misunderstandings

The Shadow was only a guard and had no idea why Dalton would bring a woman over today! Their attire seemed quite suggestive. And of all possible times for Wynter to show up, it just had to be this precise

moment!

The Shadow, usually expressionless, now had his features contorted in visible distress.

Seeing this, Wynter casually toyed with the purple suglite pendant on her waist and raised an eyebrow. So, should I go in or not?"

"Ms. Quinnell, please, go right ahead!" The Shadow weighed his options and realized that his job might be at risk by the end of the day if Wynter chose to leave without entering.

With Dalton inside, it was up to him to deal with the trouble he had caused himself. The Shadow stepped aside with an unmistakable decisiveness.

Wynter found the situation quite amusing. She didn't quite believe Dalton could stir up trouble like this.

She

didn't mind, though. If needed, she could always find a new one. While she was a bit reluctant to part with such a striking face, she had no interest in keeping someone who was tainted.

However, from a logical standpoint, Dalton didn't seem to be the type prone to infidelity.

Just as Wynter was contemplating, her gaze met a pair of eyes.

There was indeed a woman inside. The woman was a stunning beauty in a dress that clung perfectly to her figure, accentuating her smooth, elegant curves,

Her oval face and arched eyebrows, combined with the fan she delicately waved, made her seem like she was from another era.

When the woman noticed someone entering, she lifted her gaze, as if preparing to take action. However, with a mere lift of hand from Dalton, all hostility vanished. It was as if the earlier animosity had never existed.

This made Wynter's lips curl into a wry smile. "It seems I have indeed arrived at an inconvenient time."

"Nonsense," Dalton said with a low chuckle. In an instant, the hostility surrounding him disappeared.

The rapid shift in his demeanor left Shermaine Loria, the beautiful woman standing beside him, somewhat stunned.

Dalton had clearly gone out since his attire was different from usual. Instead of his usual sharp suit, he wore a dark trench coat, and his hands were encased in weather gloves, giving off an air of restraint. But why would he need such gloves in this weather?

Wynter pondered this, especially considering the dark almost chilling energy he carried with him earlier.

Clearly aware of her scrutiny, Dalton lowered his gaze and walked toward Wynter. "We were just discussing some business. My subordinates aren't very bright."

Wynter looked up and found her gaze meeting the delicate fall of his eyelashes. Dalton always had an intense, soulful way of looking at people.

She realized she had never seen him in a bad mood before. With so many people around him constantly wary of displeasing him, he had remained quite unruffled.

Wynter hadn't felt this way herself. Aside from critiquing her taste, he had never shown any anger toward

her.

Upon further reflection, Dalton did indeed have a rather formidable presence. Given how he had acted earlier, if other cultivators had seen him, they might have thought he was possessed by a demon.

"You guys can continue with your conversation," Wynter said as she headed toward the door. "I'll come back later."

Dalton reached out and grasped her wrist, his voice low. "It's rare for you to remember that you still have a fiancé. There's no need to come back later. We're almost done here."

Wynter was somewhat puzzled by this. Shermaine stood by and still seemed to have much to say, Was the conversation really finished?

Chapter 1386 The Flirting Fiancé

“Go take a rest on the couch. I’ll wrap things up.” Dalton made arrangements with his usual ease. His words always made it hard for others to refuse.

Wynter’s intention wasn’t to get involved in the Yarwood family’s business affairs. It wouldn’t be ideal if they ever became competitors.

“Are you sure it’s alright?” Wynter was trying to remind him to keep emotions out of work settings. If she were to hear a good business plan, she wouldn’t let her personal feelings get in the way of using it.

Dalton’s smile deepened as he understood her intent. His voice was rich and alluring, and his eyes held a warm gaze. “There’s nothing inconvenient about it. We won’t be discussing anything important.”

He removed his leather gloves as he spoke before gently rubbing the dark circles under Wynter’s eyes with his fingertips. It was a gesture so tender that it was hard to imagine he had just finished a serious. meeting.

“Then, I’ll use your computer to sort through some information. You can continue your discussion, Don’t mind me.* Wynter indeed needed to review the Wray family’s actions over the past two days to prepare for what was coming next.

Dalton responded with a simple

for my lady to eat.”

hum before turning to Sharmaine. “Have the Shadows prepare something

“Your lady?” Sharmaine shifted and paused at Wynter’s face, clearly struggling to process the situation.

Dalton stared at her without saying a word, but his eyes seemed to be filled with a dark mist.

Sharmain felt a shiver down her spine and immediately lowered her gaze. “Yes.”

This was the first time Wynter actually realized that these people were genuinely terrified of Dalton,

“I’m so tired,” Dalton muttered as he leaned his head against Wynter’s shoulder. His voice was cold and low: “My subordinates can’t handle a single task properly.”

Wynter was momentarily speechless. This wasn’t how she expected the scene to play out, especially with Shermaine still in the room.

Dalton never seemed to do what Wynter expected. What should have been a tense, dramatic moment, with Wynter walking in to find a beautiful woman in the room, had lost its edge with his unexpected display of intimacy.

Wynter could hardly begin to imagine Shermaine’s feelings as she walked out of the room.

Seeing Wynter’s face again, Shermaine wondered if Dalton had anticipated Wynter’s reincarnation and was deliberately waiting for this moment.

Shermaine was only recently awakened by Dalton and couldn’t really understand other matters. However, she knew that Wynter was the only person who had ever outplayed Dalton. How did she suddenly become Dalton’s lady?

Though Shermaine was somewhat dazed, she understood what Dalton meant. He wanted her to clear her head. If she inadvertently revealed any suspicious signs in front of Wynter, Dalton might make her return to her eternal slumber in the underworld.

Her last memory was of a world engulfed in flames. Everything outside had drastically changed when she

awoke.

For the past ten days, she had been wandering through the bustling city of Hawford, tracing Dalton’s

energy to various locations. Naturally, she had absorbed a fair amount of life force along the way. Men, regardless of the era, remained unchanged.

Her most regrettable mistake had been her reckless behavior. Her actions had already reached Dalton's ears. Now, she even found herself face-to-face with Wynter from her previous life.

She couldn't help but wonder if that glance from Wynter meant she had seen through her true form. Sharmaine felt a flicker of fear.

Normally, upon seeing the young men sitting outside, she would have followed her habit of absorbing some of their life force. But now, she didn't dare make a move.

In all honesty, the Shadow was a little disappointed when Sharmaine just walked out so casually. He couldn't help but wonder if Wynter slapped Dalton. After all, no one was completely immune to a bit of gossip.

This was the same for Sharmaine. She had followed Dalton to Hawford a century ago, helping to establish a commercial empire. The only unexpected change she had encountered so far was Wynter. However, Dalton wasn't supposed to fall in love, right?

Chapter 1387 Having an Affair

Sharmaine glanced back repeatedly as she hesitated. It was clear that she wanted to say more. But ultimately, she was too afraid to defy Dalton's order. In fact, she had never dared to do so.

However, other than Dalton, other men were easily enchanted by her presence. As soon as she stepped out, Cyrus stood up. It was obvious that they knew each other.

In a mixture of both awe and surprise, Cyrus asked, "Madam Loria, what brought you here?"

Sharmaine was known to be notoriously hard to pin down. She carried an air of sophistication when she was out in the night scene.

Even when something big went down at Club Solstice, no one would ever think it was her fault. That was because she couldn't be bothered by scions and didn't care who spent the most on drinks for her. She only hung out with people she was interested in.

But the criteria she used to choose those people was something no one had figured out. It seemed random and even went against what the Wray family expected. Over time, everyone just started calling her Madam Loria.

Sharmaine initially planned to just walk past Cyrus. She didn't want to stir up any trouble on Dalton's turf, especially with Wynter still inside. It would be unfair to Sharmaine if Wynter noticed something and went after her. Yet, Cyrus just had to greet her at that moment!

Sharmaine took a deep breath and suppressed her emotions before slowly walking over to Cryus. Her dress was slightly parted near her thighs. "I was discussing business matters with Mr. Yarwood." She made sure to emphasize the word "business".

However, Cyrus still looked at her with a suspicious expression. He had indeed misunderstood. After all, Dalton was Wynter's fiancé. Yet, Sharmaine was so close to Dalton that Cyrus couldn't help but wonder if Dalton was having an affair,

He was immediately enraged and wanted to barge into the room to demand an explanation and to remind Wynter not to be foolish.

Sharmaine was fed up as she stepped to the side to block him. "Mr. Whitman, you really shouldn't interrupt Mr. Yarwood and Ms. Quinnell,"

Cyrus was puzzled upon hearing this. What was with that tone? Was it just his imagination, or did Sharmaine sound a little scared?

"Mr. Yarwood is already engaged. I suppose you know that, Madam Loria," Cyrus reminded her.

Sharmaine had destroyed way too many relationships and had a reputation that was hard to shake off. She didn't really mind those rumors. What she minded was that Dalton might misunderstand her!

"Mr. Whitman, I know what you're thinking. But my relationship with Mr. Yarwood is completely innocent!" Sharmaine defended herself.

Cyrus frowned with a hum. Sharmaine could tell that Cyrus was not convinced at all.

It wasn't surprising that Cyrus thought this way. Other than the several buddies he had, a few of his uncles all had messy fallouts with their wives for Sharmaine. Some even gave up their inheritance just to be with her.

Sharmaine's charm was evident. To make things worse, she would always go after these men with such boldness, only to kick them aside once she got them.

Cyrus was truly worried that she might be interested in Dalton. After all, she had always claimed her relationships to be innocent, yet she would never fail to end up with them in the end..

Sharmaine gripped the fan in her hand. She gritted her teeth while trying to maintain her smile. "Why do I even need to explain myself to you? It's not like you have anything to do with Mr. Yarwood."

"Madam Loria, his fiancée is my cousin. If you keep up with that attitude, I will seriously have to inform our family about what's going on with him."

Cyrus' words made Sharmaine drop her fan. If her reputation affected the image Dalton was trying to uphold, he would probably keep her stuck in a seal for her next life! "Mr. Whitman! We should really have a proper talk!"

Her love for messing with others was her business, but she prayed that Dalton wouldn't get dragged in. If

peace. Dalton got upset and had enough of her clan, there was no way they would ever have

It could easily stir up trouble for the entire clan if Dalton were to run into someone who was using his name for their own gain. This was especially true considering that Dalton's soul wasn't fully intact yet.

Chapter 1388 The Dalton in Her Dream

The atmosphere inside the room was completely different from the outside.

Wynter was not entirely unaware of Sharmaine's odd behavior. After all, she was too beautiful. It was as if she possessed some kind of enchantment spell.

The familiar energy Sharmaine exuded felt like something Wynter had encountered before, but she couldn't quite recall where.

Sharmaine had quickly withdrawn any hostility and was remarkably gentle, while Wynter wasn't one to stir up trouble without reason.

Additionally, with Dalton massaging her neck so comfortably, it made her head feel a bit foggy. It was as if her blood flow was slowing down, causing her to feel irresistibly sleepy.

Dora, Carol, and Leo, who were hiding in the lucky coin, didn't dare show themselves. Or perhaps, they weren't even around. With their recent arrival in Hawford, they had been more subdued. It seemed almost like something here was affecting them.

This was something Wynter wanted to investigate. After all, the Winston family seemed to have vanished. after arriving in Hawford as well.

Even the Special Unit couldn't track their whereabouts. Aside from their initial contact with the Wray family, no one knew where they had gone afterward.

This made Wynter feel that something was off. However, she couldn't afford to divert her attention. There were too many complicated issues in Hawford that she needed to deal with.

This was precisely why Wynter came to find Dalton today. However

, leaning against him while

researching was proving to be inefficient. His every movement and breath constantly reminded her of his presence.

"Don't you still need to discuss work?" Wynter was still partially rational. She turned to the side to avoid, his fair, slender fingers, hoping to minimize his impact on her.

"It's not that important," Dalton lowered his gaze to Wynter who was in his embrace.

His posture didn't change, and he seemed like a gentleman. But in reality, he had enveloped her almost completely from behind. One of his hands rested casually on the couch, while the other massaged her neck.

His eyes were deep and inscrutable, but they held an intense possessiveness that made it seem like he was almost breaking free from the scarlet rosary bracelets that were constraining him.

This reminded Wynter of a passage she once read. "The more restrained a person was in everyday life, the more overwhelming they would become when stirred by emotion."

Wynter couldn't help but recall the dream she previously had that seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

In her everyday interaction with Dalton, he was emotionally stable. He would be impeccably dressed in a suit and was always polite and gentlemanly. It seemed as though nothing could disturb his calm demeanor.

Yet, in her dreams, he was dangerous and seductive. He was just like a tempting poison, He never allowed her a chance to retreat, ensuring her world revolved solely around

him.

Wynter felt a subtle movement in her fingers. It was almost as if her wrists were still bound with silk and the sound of the enchanting bell was still ringing in her ears.

Dalton maintained his refined and ethereal demeanor. His flawless and handsome face held a hint of confusion. "What's wrong?"

His deep, sensual voice brushed past her ear. Wynter instinctively tried to stand up, but Dalton was quicker. He gripped her waist.

The warmth through his suit and trousers was palpable, and she could distinctly feel his heartbeat. It was just as when he had held her from behind, forcing her to admit that she did love this side of him.

Wynter didn't know her dreams were capable of holding such great influence over her. She remembered the details so vividly.

Wynter wanted to calm down first.

"Where are you going?" Dalton raised an eyebrow.

"Just getting water." Wynter felt an inexplicable sense of heat. It felt like her body knew her better than herself.

Dalton was already strikingly handsome. His deep black eyes were fixed on her. He had pronounced brow bones and an intensely dark gaze. When his eyes met hers, it was hard not to be drawn in.

Wynter's heart skipped a beat for no apparent reason. At that moment, she couldn't quite distinguish whether the man before her was the one from reality or her dreams.

Chapter 1389 Love Is in the Air

"Water?" Dalton's gaze shifted downward, his eyes settling on Wynter's long hair. His voice was alluring and low. "Why are your ears red when you just want to get a drink?"

Wynter's fingers paused in midair. "It's hot."

"Hot?" Dalton raised an eyebrow. "It's 70°F. How is that hot?"

Wynter considered snapping at him for his incessant questioning. She wanted to tell him that it was all his fault for doing all that stuff in her dreams and making her overthink. After all, his striking appearance didn't excuse his behavior nor the bondage she had experienced in her dream.

Yet, she couldn't be entirely sure if it was actually Dalton in her dream. Even if it was, it would be a remnant of their past life.

As a cultivator, Wynter understood the implications of frequent dreams. Still, she chose to set these aside. After all, she never believed that the past dictated their current relationship's dynamics.

At the very least, Dalton wouldn't do something like locking her up with chains as he did in her dreams. Imprisonment was illegal, and she'd just lock him up behind prison if he did.

Besides, Dalton was such a refined person. He would always be distant and retreat when she approached him back in the day. Such behavior seemed unlikely to match the scenarios from her dreams.

Wynter decided that she couldn't let herself get lost in these irrational thoughts.

With this in mind, Wynter glanced back at Dalton as she tried to steady her emotions. "I've been feeling a bit heated lately. Anything over 64°F feels hot. So, you, my Handsome Patient, better not provoke me." Dalton truly felt like he had been pricked by a thorny rose for no reason.

From the very first encounter, Dalton knew that Wynter, whether judged by appearance or deeper traits, wasn't one to lash out or hurt others.

But he couldn't help himself. He couldn't resist the urge to get closer and see beneath the surface. After all, she rarely let her emotions show.

But today was different. Dalton found it intriguing.

Dalton's gaze held a hint of surprise, his eyes never leaving Wynter. He watched as she stood up before noting how Wynter flicked her wrist unconsciously. It was as if she was trying to shake off some invincible restraint.

In an instant, Dalton's deep eyes darkened. He suddenly pulled Wynter back into his arms.

Right now, Wynter wanted nothing more than to stand at least three feet away from Dalton. She mainly wanted to get rid of the tingling sensation running through her body and needed to stop thinking about her dream.

She never expected Dalton to pull her back so suddenly. Before she could react, he had turned her around and pinned her against his office chair. One of his hands braced on the desk, and his gaze was intense and lowered.

"I suddenly thought of something," Dalton said.

No matter what came to his mind, he didn't need to get into such a position, did he?

Wynter raised an eyebrow, her beautiful face now showing a hint of impatience.

Dalton laughed as he gently rubbed her wrist with his thumb. "You haven't come to me for money lately."

Money? Wynter looked at him as she lightly touched her neck. She averted her gaze as she cleared her throat softly. "I haven't needed it recently."

Dalton raised an eyebrow. His alluring scent of sandalwood deliberately wafted around them, making it hard for anyone to resist. "Then what's the purpose of having me as your fiancé?"

"I just need you to look pretty," Wynter spoke too fast, and her words slipped out almost instinctively. Dalton paused for a moment. Then, as if a switch had been flipped, he released a bark of laughter. He held her hand and gently played with it. His posture was so intimate and yet so dignified that it was impossible to refuse.

"It seems that our Ms. Quinnell has indeed become quite formidable. It seems you are ready to be throwing money around with flair. Should I offer something in return?"

Wynter realized where this was going. Just as she looked up and was about to refuse...

Chapter 1390 He Knows Her Body Better Than Her

The warmth of Dalton's lips brushed against the corner of Wynter's. It was light, almost fleeting, yet irresistibly enticing.

His kiss was so delicate that it felt as though it could awaken every memory stored within her body. In that instant, Wynter could almost smell the sandalwood that lingered in her dreams.

The dark mist and countless Fankrit inscriptions were suppressing Dalton, but he ignored it all. He gripped her waist firmly as he whispered deeply in her ear.

Dalton's eyes never left Wynter's face as he kissed her wrist. His presence was so overwhelming that it was impossible to ignore.

The black leather gloves were tossed aside. Wherever his hand touched, Wynter felt as if her skin was on fire. This was especially true when his fingertips brushed over the black mark on her neck.

The sensation intensified. It felt as though something inside her was screaming for control, making her instinctively grab his hand and reverse their roles.

Dalton chuckled, his thin lips brushing against her ear. "So, do you want to continue?"

Wynter had never believed that anyone could truly captivate her. But now, it felt different.

It was as if a god had fallen to earth with his eyes reflecting only her. His presence radiated a controlled intensity, as if daring her to break through his restraint. It promised that if she did, he would be entirely hers.

The question lingered. Would she take that step?

Wynter couldn't quite grasp the emotion surging within her. Before she knew it, her teeth sank into the wrist where Dalton wore the bracelet. A faint, indescribable scent filled her senses, making it hard to pull away.

He scooped her up entirely, one hand gripping her waist as he kissed her with a disregard for anything else around them.

At this moment, Dalton was nothing like the composed man he appeared to be in public. He was burning with nothing but dominance and intensity. Even his breathing became uneven.

But it wasn't just their breathing that shifted. Both their heartbeats echoed in the room, joined by the clatter of a penholder falling to the floor, and the chaos of everything else around them. Yet, Wynter seemed oblivious to it all.

It was as if Dalton knew her body better than she did. He was aware of all her vulnerable spots. A tingling sensation started at the base of Wynter's spine, spreading like wildfire through her entire being,

Compared to Wynter's now disheveled appearance, Dalton remained impeccably dressed. His black trench coat was unwrinkled and was every bit the picture of refined elegance.

"Relax," he whispered against her ear. His eyes were now darker and more intense than ever.

The outfit Wynter wore today had a delicately designed neckline that slightly revealed her slender neck. She paired it with a string of pearls which added a touch of elegance. Yet, despite this refinement, the dark mark on her neck gave her a rebellious, almost youthful edge.

In this world, no one else could evoke the same feelings in him. This was something Dalton had known for a long time. Especially now, as she returned to his presence, she seemed like a blooming lotus, exuding a subtle fragrance and awaiting his touch.

Sunlight streamed through the window, casting a soft golden hue on Wynter's neck. Her eyes, tinged with a hint of red, held a look of defiance as she looked at him with an allure that was almost more captivating than his own.

At that moment, Dalton had a fierce desire to sink his teeth into her neck. He wanted to see the way she furrowed her brow in response. It felt as though he wanted to shatter her, much like how she had looked at him long ago, disheveled and with eyes sparkling with tears.

He found her the most beautiful then, yet she always seemed intent on leaving. Perhaps she had her own preferences, and he just happened to fall outside her aesthetic preferences.

But now, she had no choice in the matter. Whatever her tastes were no longer mattered. She could only belong to him!