

Six Brothers 1401

Chapter 1401 Hidden Crisis

Taylor never said anything casually and had already started investigating the Montclair family's accounts.

From his perspective, Ophelia's biggest mistake, among many, was still listening to the Montclair family after everything that had happened.

But these were, after all, Noah's family affairs, and Taylor had no intention of letting the younger generation find out.

However, Wynter was not just any ordinary young person. When she heard him mention these things, she already knew where the problem lay.

Since earlier, Cyrus' phone hadn't stopped ringing, with many calls coming from Ophelia. Wynter wasn't someone who had just entered society, so she understood very well what these calls meant.

Ophelia didn't want him involved with her, and there were many reasons for this. Wynter wasn't going to meddle in this "family matter", so the best approach was to pretend she didn't know anything.

Meanwhile, Ophelia was so anxious she couldn't even eat. Cyrus wouldn't answer her calls, and the things Tamia had said seemed to have become a thorn in her side.

She didn't have any particular opinion about Wynter before. In fact, she even hoped Marie would come back sooner.

But now, things were different. She never imagined that Wynter could affect Cyrus' standing. The more capable Wynter was, the more it made Cyrus seem inadequate.

He clearly had his own strengths. She had spent so much time cultivating him, and Tamia had found the best overseas schools for him to study finance.

These were all things she used to be proud of, but in front of Wynter, they seemed meaningless.

Ophelia was feeling quite unbalanced. When Noah returned, her frustration turned into tears.

“Cyrus has never been treated like this before. He’s an excellent student, after all. Now, he’s being made to follow Wynter around like some lackey. It breaks my heart.”

Noah was a good husband. For all these years, he had always gone along with her wishes. Since he agreed to marry her, he naturally had to take responsibility.

But now, as he looked at Ophelia, who was as delicate as a flower, his tone remained calm as always. “Is this how you see it?”

“I know Dad must have his reasons for doing this, but Hawford’s social circles are small, and word gets around quickly. What does this make Cyrus look like to everyone else?”

She took a deep breath, seeming very wronged. “I didn’t want to say anything initially and thought it would be good for Cyrus to follow along and gain some experience.

“After all, Dad has always been fond of Wynter, and we don’t need to compete for that. But look at what Cyrus has been doing lately!”

She handed her phone to Noah. “He’s using these connections because he’s trying to get involved in land deals and stock trading.”

She looked up and continued, “You know your son. If no one was behind him, he wouldn’t be interested in these two things at all. It’s obvious he’s just helping Wynter find connections.”

Noah took the phone, and his eyes darkened slightly. It was hard to tell what he was thinking, but Ophelia,

having been married to him for many years, knew very well that he was angry.

She was fully aware of what the Whitman family was most wary of—land deals and stock trading. This was how Shane had almost ruined the Whitman family back then.

Now, Wynter was going down the same path again, and no one would trust her.

Ophelia didn't actually have any personal grievances against her, but she was just too dazzling. Under such circumstances, how could Cyrus ever rise to prominence?

Ophelia hadn't understood Lynette's subtle animosity toward Marie in the past. But now, she could sort of understand.

Some people's very existence would throw things off balance. If she didn't guard against them, what should have been hers might easily slip away.

Chapter 1402 Backstabbing

The idea took root in Ophelia's mind. It consumed all her thoughts until it became impossible to ignore. She needed a way to make Noah harbor genuine reservations about Wynter.

Ophelia had always hesitated to play the villain. But she could no longer hold back when she heard that Wynter was planning to involve Cyrus in the stock market.

Ophelia's words were carefully chosen. "Noah, I'm not entirely sure what Wynter is thinking. Could it be that she's acting on impulse, just like her father did back then? Is she dragging people along without much thought?

"Of course, Wynter isn't as calculating as Shane. But real estate and the stock market are said to be a part of a bubble economy.

"The Whitman family didn't build its fortune on these industries. Wynter doesn't have experts by her side, and for her to rush into this... I'm really concerned."

Ophelia looked up and added, "Darling, you know better that these are two different businesses. If

anything goes wrong, it'll be Cyrus who takes the blame, not Wynter. Whether it's financial issues or any mistakes he might make..."

● She gritted her teeth before continuing, "I don't want Cyrus to become a scapegoat. You ended up

carrying Shane's debts for years, and I don't want our son to suffer the same fate."

"There's no such thing as taking on someone else's debts in a business partnership," Noah finally spoke. He fixed his gaze on Ophelia, and his thoughts were inscrutable.

Ophelia's expression soured. "Of course you don't mind because you're doing it for your sister. But Cyrus is my son! I won't just stand by and watch him get into any kind of danger."

Cyrus is the Whitman family's eldest son and heir, not someone from the Quinnells.

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This wasn't something Ophelia would think about previously. However, after watching that video, a deep sense of unease had been growing within her, urging her to take action.

In the past, she had indeed agreed to let the Montclair family oversee Cyrus' education.

After all, Tamia had warned her that if Cyrus grew too close to the Whitmans when he was young, he might end up like Noah. He would be focused solely on work and neglecting familial bonds with the Montclairs.

At that time, Ophelia had her reservations but didn't think much of them. She simply agreed with whatever Tamia said. But now, things were different as she felt threatened.

Noah placed his tailored suit on the couch as he listened to Ophelia. He contemplated for a moment before saying, "It's understandable that you have these concerns. But now isn't the right time for Cyrus to back out. Let him establish those connections first."

Noah glanced at their wedding photo before continuing, "We can have him step back when it's time to invest. That way, he won't appear as if he didn't help Wynter at all."

Ophelia's eyes lit up at this. Why hadn't she thought of that? Having Cyrus withdraw too early would make their family seem heartless, especially since the domestic goods trend was still going strong.

Cyrus needed to ride this wave of popularity a bit longer. He could gain the older generation's favor if he stayed by Wynter's side for a few more days.

Ophelia visibly brightened. "You're so thoughtful, darling."

She opened her arms as if to embrace him, but Noah stepped back. "Let's eat first. I'm starving, and I still need to head back to the office after our meal."

"Alright, let's eat. I had Ms. Virelle prepare your favorite fish."

Ophelia truly was the epitome of a perfect wife and mother. With her managing the household, everything was always in perfect order. Whether it was Noah's meals or needs, she always had them prepared in advance.

That was why their relationship had remained strong over the years.

Chapter 1403 Betraying the Quinnells

Ophelia immediately softened her tone. "My mom told me about the terrible things my cousin did. You were right to throw him out. I can't believe he turned out to be that kind of person."

"Please explain things to Mr. Reuben. I wish Easton had never stepped foot in the Whitman residence."

"Don't worry. It's already been taken care of." Despite claiming that he was hungry, Noah only took a couple of bites of fish.

Ophelia handed him a bowl of soup as she looked at him with admiration. She had willingly married into the Whitman family, knowing that Noah wasn't particularly attracted to her.

It didn't matter to her because she believed that he would treat her well once they were married, and she wasn't wrong. Over the years, Noah had been a good husband, always smoothing over minor issues for her sake.

With that, Ophelia glanced over at the maid, Raveena Virelle.

Raveena immediately understood the signal. She finished up her tasks, wiped her hands on her apron, and quietly moved to a secluded corner to make a phone call to her true employer.

It seemed that the person on the other end of the call had been waiting. “How did it go?”

It was Tamia, who had taken over the Montclair family for years. Even over the phone, she carried an air of authority.

Raveena lowered her voice. “Mr. Noah is still the same as before and listens to Ms. Ophelia. They are husband and wife, after all.”

“The Whitmans do indeed have such quality. They always treat their wives well,” Tamia remarked with a smug smile. “Since Noah isn’t saying anything, the Montclair family won’t drift apart from the Whitmans.”

Raveena quickly nodded in agreement. She added when she realized that Tamia couldn’t see her, “And about Mr. Cyrus, Mr. Noah has already agreed.

“He even said that letting Mr. Cyrus follow along is a way to help introduce connections to Ms. Quinnell. When it comes time to invest, he just won’t put in any money.”

“Smart.” Tamia was now completely at ease. After all, who wouldn’t side with their own son? Even if the Whitmans valued the bigger picture, they would still think about their son’s future.

“Keep an eye on things, and contact me if anything comes up,” she instructed before ending the call.

After ending the call, Tamia picked up her phone again and sent a message to Kenton.

“Mr. Wray, the Montclairs have fulfilled our promise. Don’t forget about us when everything is settled. You can rest assured that the Quinnells’ girl won’t get any financial support from the Whitmans at the crucial moment.”

This was exactly what Kenton wanted to hear. Ignoring everyone else, ensuring that the Whitman family would betray the Quinnell family when it mattered most was the real goal he sought to achieve.

Even now, everything Wynter was doing was within his plans.

The next day, Wynter was jolted awake by the ringing of her phone.

“Wynter, the matter you asked me to handle has been sorted out. Let’s meet for lunch at a restaurant. We can discuss the land deal then. I’ll prepare some gifts, and you can pick me up at my house shortly,” Cyrus

said from the other end of the line.

Wynter responded briefly before getting out of bed to freshen up and get ready. She decided to switch up her usual style, opting for an outfit that made her look like someone with more money than brains.

Once she was satisfied with her appearance, she left the house and headed to where Cyrus was.

Meanwhile, Alejandro Calico called Kenton.

“Mr. Wray, we’ve already agreed to attend the lunch hosted by the Whitmans. We will follow your instructions and set a trap for Wynter. However, we hope you will also fulfill your end of the deal.”

Kenton’s lips curled into a rare smile, as he listened to Alejandro. “Mr. Calico, rest assured that once this is settled, those videos will never see the light of day. I’ll delete them once you have done your part. No one will ever know they existed!”

Alejandro scoffed before hanging up.

Chapter 1404 Smelling the Schemes from Miles Away

Alejandro’s subordinate, who was sitting beside him, understood the underlying message of Kenton’s words.

“Mr. Calico, that sly fox clearly intends to keep us under his thumb. Even if we succeed this time, he’ll probably use this to threaten us again in the future!”

Alejandro flicked the ash from his cigarette. “We’ll see it through since we’ve already agreed to help him with this matter. Leave the rest to me.”

Soon, Alejandro and his team headed to the restaurant they had agreed upon.

Cyrus and Wynter arrived first and reserved a private room, making sure all the signature dishes and delicacies were prepared in advance.

A knock was heard before the waiter escorted Alejandro and his men inside.

Cyrus immediately stood up to show his respect. He glanced toward Wynter only to realize that she had no intention to stand. Wynter remained seated despite a few nudges from Cyrus urging her to do the same given that they were key to their plan.

Alejandro noticed Wynter’s demeanor and immediately dismissed the recent rumors about her. He thought she lacked manners and didn’t have a proper upbringing. With that impression in mind, he took the seat at the head of the table.

Cyrus felt helpless dealing with Wynter. She was the one who insisted on having him arrange this meeting yet was acting indifferent now that the guests had arrived. However, he chose not to press the issue

further.

Cyrus took the bottle of Glenfiddich from the center of the table and poured a glass for each of the officials from the Planning Institute.

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Once everyone had their drink, he returned to his seat and raised his glass. “Thank you all for coming. Let me offer this toast to express my gratitude.”

In all honesty, the Montclairs had done a pretty good job training Cyrus in handling high-level officials, even when they led him astray in other aspects.

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Alejandro took a sip of the liquor, acknowledging Cyrus' toast. After all, the Whitmans were still an influential family in Hawford.

"Cyrus, although I haven't had much interaction with the Whitman family, I have heard much about the family's impressive achievements."

Cyrus responded promptly, "It's an honor that our small endeavors are noticed by you. Here, let me offer you another toast."

Hearing Cyrus' words, Wynter turned her gaze toward him but did not interrupt. After all, it was her intention to create this outcome. She also took back whatever appreciation she had for the Montclair family's approach.

In business and negotiations, one must never lower their status too much, even when seeking favors. Maintaining one's dignity and standing firm was essential. After all, everyone was born equal regardless of status or wealth.

After some casual conversation, Cyrus steered the discussion back to the main topic. "Mr. Calico, we're not seeking you out for anything too major.

"It's just that my cousin and I have recently taken an interest in a piece of land, but we need your approval. However, the Wray family is also interested in this land, so we need your assistance." Alejandro gave his assistant a glance, which the assistant quickly understood. "That's not an impossible task, but..."

Cyrus then presented the gifts he had prepared for Alejandro before offering them to the assistant with both hands.

The assistant looked at the boxes of gifts. He randomly chose one to open before immediately closing them after a glance. "Are you testing the officials with these? Which official can withstand such a test?" The lighthearted comment eased the tension in Cyrus.

Alejandro waved his hand. “Cyrus, the Wray family is indeed interested in this piece of land. However, considering your family’s standing, I’ll give you this opportunity.

“The approval process for the land can be initiated, but an initial investment of 500 million is required to avoid unnecessary steps. The Wray family is also required to do so. Of course, if you don’t end up with the land, we’ll refund the 500 million in full.”

Wynter pinched her nose as if smelling the underlying scheme, but she chose not to expose it. “Thank you, Mr. Calico. The Quinnell and Whitman families may not have much, but we do have money. Of course, we also appreciate your help.

“Regardless of whether things work out or not, we’ll prepare a ‘generous gift’ for you as a token of our gratitude!”

Chapter 1405 Something Is Wrong With This Land

Alejandro and his men exchanged glances and smiled. “Ms. Quinnell, you’re too kind. We welcome anyone who invests in Hawford.

“If you do acquire the land, it would undoubtedly benefit the locals as well. But, of course, there are policies and regulations that must be followed. You should be mindful of those.”

Alejandro continued with an air of authority, “This is a great location. There are things we can’t openly discuss, but this area has been included in numerous plans over the years.

“If you proceed with development, you must prioritize the people’s well-being. The residents need to be happy and satisfied. That’s the policy’s true purpose.”

Cyrus was clearly excited by what he had just heard. He hadn’t thought much of it when Wynter first suggested acquiring the land and asked him to pull some strings. But now, it seemed they had stumbled upon a plot earmarked for development within government policy.

The more he thought about it, the more thrilled he became. Throughout the meal, he kept glancing at Wynter.

Alejandro was very pleased with Cyrus’ enthusiasm and took another sip of his liquor.

About half an hour later, Alejandro and his men finally left. They maintained a clean and respectable image as they departed without taking anything with them.

Once he and his men were in the car, Cyrus could no longer suppress his excitement. “Wynter, did you hear that? Policy! This is huge!”

Wynter responded with a lazy hum as she gazed out the window at the area where urban and rural landscapes merged, her eye subtly lifting as she took it all in.

Unlike Yvette, Wynter didn’t have memories of the news from her past life. Most of what she recalled came from her dreams. Right now, she found herself wondering just how many details Yvette was aware

of.

From what she could gather about Kenton’s actions, it seemed that whatever he was planning wasn’t far from this location.

But Wynter had already scouted the area. Logically, it wouldn’t make sense for it to be centered here if it were a national-level project unless some unknown factor was at play—a factor that perhaps only Yvette was aware of.

Wynter glanced into the distance again. The area was too vast and would make demolition a complex task.

This meant that while the direction was indeed northwest, even Kenton didn’t seem to know the exact location. He had ordered his people to clear out the urban village within the city, assuming it wouldn’t be designated for requisition.

Wynter appeared absent-minded as she pieced her thoughts together. But in reality, her mind was in overdrive.

Cyrus had never seen Wynter like this and thought she hadn’t heard his earlier comment. “Wynter, do you know what the term ‘policy’ means?”

He assumed that Wynter should understand these things since she came from Kingbourne.

Then, Cyrus seemed to recall something. “Right, I forgot. You were brought back to the Quinnell family.

That means you might not be familiar with some internal matters.”

“I know,” Wynter interrupted Cyrus’ rambling, though her gaze remained fixed on the view outside. “You’re saying that this area might be requisitioned, and its price could increase significantly.”

Cyrus nodded vigorously, then added, “Oh, so you do know. Then why have you been ignoring me this whole time? We really need to build a good relationship with Mr. Calico.”

“Building relationships is important, but...” Wynter withdrew her gaze and spoke with a serious tone,” Cyrus, your approach to dealing with people needs to change.

“When negotiating, it feels like you’re giving others leverage over you. You act too submissive. We won’t lose anything even if this matter doesn’t succeed.

“I didn’t comment earlier because I wanted to see how you’ve been influenced by the Montclair family’s guidance over the years. Initially, I thought your business skills were decent, but later on, I found that the guidance you received was lacking in several ways.”

Chapter 1406 Using Their Schemes Against Them

Cyrus was momentarily stunned by Wynter’s words. He had always heard from the Montclairs that they were doing things for his own good, that they wouldn’t hurt him by trying to teach him everything.

As the Whitman family’s eldest grandson, he needed to be well-rounded and competent in all areas.

Wynter then patted his back to help him come to his senses. “Cyrus, you handled things well this time. I’m not one to just criticize without offering some guidance. Think carefully about what these people have said. Is this land really worth pursuing?”

Hearing that, Cyrus was momentarily dazed. “Aren’t they currently demolishing the urban villages?”

Wynter thought of Tamia. She had mostly introduced Cyrus to people from the Wray family. This made Wynter suspect that Tamia might also be working with the Wray family behind the scenes.

She decided it was better to be straightforward. “Yes, urban villages are being demolished. There are returns, but the cash flow is slow. It could take years before you see any substantial return.

“Of course, these aren’t the most troublesome issues. You might not have dealt with people from urban villages before.”

Wynter then continued with a question, “Do you have the latest printed map of Hawford? I need to examine it closely.”

Although Cyrus was pretty much a mama’s boy emotionally, he was reliable in other matters. When Wynter mentioned wanting to acquire land, he had prepared everything she might need.

However, it was true that he hadn’t interacted with people from urban villages before. After all, he was sent abroad.

Wynter didn’t shy away from pointing out his shortcomings. “You’re too detached from ordinary people. You might think everything is better when you are overseas. Be it systems, education, or democracy.

“But now that you’re back, you think that connections and relationships are key. At the dining table earlier you were indeed led to believe that connections are useful.”

Cyrus didn’t know what Wynter was trying to say. “Then what should we do?”

“Let me explain human relationships,” Wynter continued in a calm tone. “If they genuinely wanted what’s best for you, they wouldn’t let you invest in a place like the urban villages.

“They’re focused on their own achievements. If someone naive comes along with money to invest, they’ll certainly welcome it. Right now, to them, you and I are just naive fools with money.”

Hearing this, Cyrus opened his mouth as his breathing became uneven.

Wynter pointed at the urban village's location on the map. "Speaking of the people in the urban village, you should know that I come from the countryside. So, I understand the local ways of doing things. I've even been to villages involved in trafficking.

"Of course, I won't compare a civilized settlement with a remote mountain village, but there are fundamental truths you can't avoid. More people mean more thoughts. You'll find it hard to defend yourself if they decide to use any means against you.

"Plus, they all listen to the village chief and are unusually united. This isn't entirely a bad thing, and there are positives as well. But who do you think can persuade an entire urban village to accept your demolition conditions?"

Cyrus responded quickly, "We can find the urban village's chief."

"Quite clever." Wynter slightly raised an eyebrow. Her expression didn't seem particularly admiring. "Check the village chief's background. If he were easy to deal with, the village would have been demolished long ago."

Cyrus stiffened his neck. "We're in a society governed by law."

"That's true, but the buyer still needs to ask the seller if they're willing to sell." Wynter tapped her fingers on the table. Her analysis of human nature was sharp.

"As long as the urban village isn't demolished, the village chief essentially has the final say on the land. He gets to enjoy the best welfare benefits and will certainly receive his share of the benefits during the demolition process."

Chapter 1407 Cyrus Is Learning

"But he'll be nothing once the demolition is complete" Wynter's gaze fixed on the map on the table. "If you were him, would you really want to go through with the demolition?"

Cyrus froze.

Wynter continued in a calm and measured tone, “He’ll be no different with anyone else once the village is demolished. He won’t be able to control anyone, and his authority as the head chief will disappear, too.”

Cyrus clenched his fists. “So, this land... Should we give up on it?”

“We still need it.” Wynter suddenly asked, “Is your connection with Mr. Calico obtained through the Whitman family or the Montclair family?”

Cyrus was somewhat offended. “Can’t it be my own?”

Wynter was amused by his retort and looked at him smugly. “You were drifting abroad for so many years. One might think you went overseas for infrastructure development instead of education if you still managed to interact with domestic authorities.”

“You...” Cyrus had never encountered someone as incisive as Wynter. The fact that her observations were all accurate only made him more frustrated. He could only mumble under his breath, “It’s from the Montclair family.”

Wynter looked at him. “I guess that’s alright. See it for yourself.”

Cyrus didn’t hear her clearly. “What?”

“We’re getting this land.” Wynter didn’t make this decision in the spur of the moment. She looked at Hawford’s overall map with a faint smile. “He is not the only one playing this game.”

Cyrus was confused now. “But you just implied that Mr. Calico and the others were tricking us. The land won’t make any profit and will only drain our resources. We will have to continuously invest money.”

“Which is why we shouldn’t take the urban village. We are only taking the farmland within the village,” Wynter replied.

The farmland? Cyrus glanced at a small, insignificant piece of land on the map’s eastern side. That place was rumored to have a stinky ditch.

“Why would you want such a lousy piece of land?” Cyrus couldn’t understand.

Wynter had no intention of giving him a straightforward answer. “Because I have a plan. Remember, this is considered a bonus.

“The urban village is tricky, so we’re starting with a few households’ land, It’s always a gradual process to acquire land. So

, taking this farmland isn’t unreasonable.”

Not unreasonable? Cyrus thought Wynter was out of her mind. Although the money wouldn’t come out of his pocket, he was still concerned.

He raked his fingers through his hair in frustration. “Can you at least tell me why?”

“Didn’t you say Mr. Calico revealed some policies to you?” Wynter said as she took the map and got into her flashy Lamborghini with her usual charming flair.

Cyrus was utterly confused. If he hadn’t misunderstood initially, Wynter was likely warning him that Alejandro’s words were unreliable and that they were being set up. Yet, Wynter was now saying that it was due to the policy.

Could it be that Alejandro’s deception was actually the truth? Realizing this possibility, his eyes widened, and he couldn’t help but wonder if Alejandro himself was aware of this.

In the past, whenever Cyrus faced something he couldn’t understand, he would instinctively turn to Tamia for guidance. This time, however, he remained in the car as he tried to piece everything together.

The residents in the urban village watched as Wynter’s car drove by. Ordinary folks didn’t give it much thought, merely noting it as a luxurious car.

However, someone with a keener sense, such as the village chief, Jarek Valen, had a different perspective.

“Mr. Valen, you were right. It’s a high–end car and clearly belongs to a wealthy scion.”

The person reporting the situation took a sip of water before continuing, “They had their meal at the tourist spot we’re developing. But I didn’t dare get closer when I saw Mr. Calico there as well.”

Chapter 1408 They Took the Bait

Jarek took a puff of his cigar and narrowed his eyes. “Don’t stir up trouble with the higher–ups. From the Tooks of it, this was all arranged by Mr. Calico, so keep an eye on things.

“As long as they pay enough, hand over what’s insignificant first. Don’t make things too hard for them from the start, got it?”

The man reporting rubbed his hands together. “Don’t worry, Mr. Valen. This isn’t our first time dealing with this, so we’ve got it all figured out.

“Mr. Calico has brought quite a few deals to our village the past decade. No one gets out unscathed. These scions who know nothing but how to drive sports cars are easy to deal with.”

Jarek nodded and laughed. “Just make sure no one has any leverage over us. One of them is from the Montclair family. We don’t want to sour relations.”

“Of course.” The man placed his teacup down. “But I’m curious what kind of trick Mr. Calico used to lure them here this time. By the way, I heard that Mr. Wray is also acquiring land nearby.”

Jarek lifted his head. “Don’t worry, he’s not taking ours. He’s after the land next to us.”

“That’s a relief. I was really worried that Mr. Wray might set his sights on our area, and if that happened...”

Jarek’s face darkened in an instant. “I don’t care even if it’s the Wray family. If they don’t give me the right

amount, I won’t budge.

“Enough of these unnecessary thoughts. Mr. Wray isn’t like those scions with nothing in their heads. He’s sharper than anyone. Our place holds no development value whatsoever.”

“I understand.”

Jarek wanted to scoff, knowing that he knew nothing at all. Jarek knew all too well everything here was tied to the political achievements of those in power.

As long as the higher-ups remained untouched, their land would remain unchanged even for decades to come. That was what Jarek had always thought, which was why he had managed to swindle so many foreign investors over the years.

After all, this urban village appeared fairly “civilized” from the outside. The fact that their village chief appeared visibly wealthy only added to the deception.

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Cyrus was confused by the convoluted situation as he followed Wynter to visit several households in the urban village.

News quickly spread through the village that someone was planning to demolish their land. Despite the process being in its early stages, people were already starting to think about how much compensation they might get.

After all, this was a routine familiar to them. Even the children were talking about what they wanted in compensation. “I want a house in the school district in the city center.”

Cyrus stood in the convenience store, completely bewildered. “You know about school district houses?”

Of course. My grandma always talks about them.” A few of the kids who had been treated to ice cream and snacks by Wynter were grateful and thanked her.

Cyrus was even more confused now. “Why are you talking about this?”

“Because you’re not the first to come and talk about demolition.”

“By the way, miss, just tell people you know us when it comes to it. I’ll tell my mom and others to be careful and do something about it.”

Cyrus quickly realized that these children were referring to people who had previously come with similar intentions. He glanced at Wynter and was about to say something before she waved at the children with a carefree smile.

“Thank you, kids. I’ll make sure to pay for the land quickly,” Wynter said as she waved the kids goodbye.

“We’ll be waiting for you, miss!”

The children’s enthusiasm only made Cyrus more uneasy.

Meanwhile, right after returning to his office, Alejandro sent a message to Kenton.

“The job is done. She took the bait. That Quinnell girl has started acquiring land, so she won’t be able to back out so easily now.

“You should be aware of Jarek’s situation. He will have ways to make her spend it all, unless the Quinnell family decides to intervene.”

Kenton couldn’t help but laugh heartily upon receiving Alejandro’s text. “Wynter, oh, Wynter. You’ve been arrogant for way too long. I hope you can still laugh in the end. Don’t let me down!”

Chapter 1409 Buying Shares

Kenton didn’t believe anyone could escape this trap, and most definitely not someone like Wynter who hadn’t even completed her education. Did she really think a bit of business knowledge would mean that she was on par with him?

Kenton sneered, and his eyes were full of malice. He had kept his true nature behind his facade of a respectable elder in the Chamber of Commerce. After all, too many were present.

But it was different now. He intended to show Wynter what true suffering looked like.

He remembered how Shane had ultimately failed against him as well. If anyone wanted to delve into the real estate business, they needed to seek the Wray family's approval.

Kenton walked to the side as Adrien whispered something in his ear. He frowned and asked, "You still

haven't found them?"

"No, but it's unlikely they've been caught. We would have heard from the higher-ups by now if there were serious issues," Adrien replied.

Kenton's expression remained tense. "It may not be a big issue, but it's best if we find them. And as for the situation in the urban village, you came from there, so you should know when to make your move."

"Rest assured, Mr. Wray. As you've seen over the years, not many leave our village unscathed. It's not just for you who needs this, but that guy from the higher-ups as well. Wynter has a lot to learn, and someone will make sure she gets the lesson she needs."

Hearing Adrien's words brought Kenton a sense of satisfaction. He nodded before replying, "Make sure to keep an eye on the scholarship committee. Monitor Wynter closely, and ensure she pays up first.

"Tell Mr. Valen and the others not to be too aggressive at the start. They should be reasonable and only extract what is necessary."

"Understood." Adrien promptly continued, "I've already given the instructions. Everyone's been advised to stay calm."

Kenton looked behind his shoulder and instructed once again, "That goes for the villagers in the urban village as well."

"Got it," Adrien confirmed before pressing the elevator button to leave.

Kenton had everything in place on his end, and now the real bidding was about to begin. Before heading out, he made one last call to someone from the relevant department. It was one of the three men he had dined with previously.

Strictly speaking, some conferences were confidential. Hence, phones were usually handed in during

these sessions.

The contact, who had likely just finished a meeting, answered the phone from the restroom. His voice was hushed, and the conversation was conducted in code.

“I’m still busy as usual. Wait for me to go home for dinner. We can’t compare to Sterling as he never forgets to report to his wife no matter how busy he is.”

Through the phone, Kenton could hear the conference’s background noise, and that confirmed a crucial detail for him. The policy was indeed in play! His gamble had paid off, as usual!

Kenton’s heart raced with excitement. It seemed that Yvette’s predictions were spot on every time. With her insights, he was confident he would not only secure profits but also avoid risks and identify upcoming

opportunities.

After ending the call, Kenton immediately contacted his team to expedite the necessary procedures.

It was easy for him to get the land. However, Kenton knew that securing the land before the policy announcement was crucial. It was key to making tenfold profits! Waiting until the conference was not an option. He needed to act quickly!

He also had to consider the stock market implications. If the land were to be developed, certain stocks would inevitably rise significantly. This interconnection meant that securing the land and timing the stock investments were both critical.

Kenton was filled with excitement as he stood in front of the window. He glanced at a message on his phone. “The cash is ready. Ms. Yvette will be right next to us at next week’s opening.”

However, the person who sent the text still had a question. “Mr. Wray, are you sure about investing 80 percent of the funds?”

“I’m sure,” Kenton replied without a moment’s hesitation.

Chapter 1410 Not Everything Is Fixed

Yvette had already reached a near-legendary status in Kenton’s eyes. Additionally, there was nothing they Couldn’t invest in with the stock market in such a promising state.

But Kenton hadn’t forgotten about dragging Albert into the mess. “Has the eldest of the Quinnells, that so- called Wolf of Winnow Street, taken the bait?”

“Rest assured, Mr. Wray. We’ve, inflated gold prices artificially. The gold will plummet by the time the market opens on Monday. That Quinnell scion will have nothing left but tears.”

Kenton’s smile widened after reading this message. The Quinnell family would soon be besieged on all sides. He was eager to see how that arrogant Wynter could manage all the chaos.

Meanwhile, Wynter was taking Cyrus on a stroll through the urban village.

The neighbors on all sides were eyeing them. They were aware that they were outsiders, and word had already spread that another “fool” had come to buy land.

With this knowledge, the villagers couldn’t hide their grins. However, they didn’t reveal their true intentions and instead showered them with warmth.

Cyrus also felt the weight of several gazes directed their way, finding it somewhat odd.

Even though it was an urban village, being so close to the city center should have made outsiders less of a novelty. The unusually warm reception just didn’t seem to match the situation.

Cyrus couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling. "Wynter, do you get the sense that everyone here seems to know us?"

Wynter responded absentmindedly with a hum as she looked at her phone. She was quickly typing a brief instruction on it. "Don't stop, keep going."

Being experienced in the market, the other party texted back, "Boss, this isn't normal. I think someone might be trying to short a few stocks. Are you sure we should continue? I'm worried that Mr. Albert might not be able to handle the fallout."

Wynter looked down as she typed back, "You're underestimating my brother."

From the very beginning, Albert had been following Wynter's plan meticulously. It wasn't that he didn't understand the stock market. In fact, it was quite the contrary. He knew that Wynter had a backup plan in place. The messages she sent were all price charts.

"There's foreign capital entering the market," Albert noted with his sharp instinct. "It feels like the strategy I saw them use back on Winnow Street."

It was a simple yet cunning approach designed to siphon off a large amount of Cascadian currency. In the stock market, such a move was relatively easy to pull off.

"I'm at the trading platform now. This week's calm worries me. I suspect that when the market opens next week, it will hit its peak and steadily decline throughout the week."

Albert was a man of few words yet always hit the mark "This will make people think there's still hope. That way, no one will be willing to dump their stocks."

Wynter understood the underlying principle. Human nature was such that people clung to the hope of recovering losses, thinking that maybe it would be better next time. They would regret not selling earlier when the market was profitable and dwell on what could have been.

But it was another story when it came to actually selling it. Each drop in the market meant a real loss of

money.

Albert's voice was somber. "There are still many elderly people here."

Wynter understood what Albert meant. It might still be alright if only wealthy individuals were involved. But many were ordinary citizens of Cascadia, some even using their retirement savings to invest.

The stock market's downturn affected funds, and some people's lifelong savings could be lost in the market crash.

It wasn't that Wynter felt sorry for them. After all, the stock market carried inherent risks, and investors must bear responsibility for their decisions.

However, it was unacceptable for them to be exploited in such an obvious scheme. The prices were artificially inflated to lure investors in, only for them to be driven out as part of a larger scheme to siphon off capital from Cascadia.

Wynter probably wouldn't care less if she didn't know about this. However, knowing what was at stake and recognizing the familiar pattern now, she was determined to act.

In the grand schemes that Yvette might oversee, these smaller details could go unnoticed.

Some things wouldn't work in this context. However, the stock market was something that could be influenced by human actions!