

Six Brothers 1411

Chapter 1411 The Montclairs Behind the Facade

“Stopping them will be impossible. At this point, it would be cutting off their financial lifeline,” Wynter texted.

Albert understood this harsh reality. In the world of stock exchange, no one would believe you. After all, the elderly had more faith in their hard-earned insider tips more than anything.

Wynter thought for a moment before her eyes flickered with an idea. “Albert, leave this to me.”

“Alright,” Albert responded without hesitation. “I’ll keep buying as you instructed.”

Wynter knew Albert was dependable and hence didn’t reply further.

But Albert could never stop worrying about Wynter. “I heard about the land deal. Be careful, and if anything happens, remember that we’re all here. Rowan and Tobias are nearby.”

Wynter chuckled at the message. Albert was being overly protective again. It would be a full-blown entourage if Rowan and Rowan really showed up. What would they come for? A meet-and-greet with fans?

However, Wynter would definitely put their influence to good use when the time was right.

With that thought, she kept her phone.

Seeing how Wynter was looking at the urban village’s map and not saying a word, Cyrus couldn’t help himself anymore.

His face was flushed when he finally spoke up, “I’ve thought about what you wanted me to consider. This land really doesn’t seem like a good investment.”

Wynter always felt like he was slow to pick things up. She suppressed her impatience and raised an eyebrow. “And?”

“Wynter, did you hear what those kids said earlier? It sounds like we’re not the first to try to acquire this land. There must have been many attempts before us, and it seems like they all ended in failure. It’s as if this place is a bottomless pit.

“It might all be wasted no matter how much we invest. It’s just like how we invested billions before and got nothing in return.

“They could use various excuses to keep demanding more, delay the project, and make sure we spend everything we have until we’re completely drained.”

Cyrus’ concern grew stronger as he continued to think about it. He never considered these risks before he started following Wynter.

He initially thought the project seemed promising, especially with policy support. There was a chance, albeit slim, that they could hit a stroke of luck and end up with highly valuable land. It could potentially multiply their profits tenfold.

But it was becoming clear that Alejandro was setting them up. As Wynter had mentioned, it was all about political gains for him.

Cyrus clenched his fists tightly. “I was really foolish. You made it clear from the start when you asked me where my connections with Mr. Calico came from.

“I was still confused back then, but now I understand. They knew you were using me to find connections. That’s why they allowed Mr. Calico to meet me.

“Mr. Calico was upfront about his initial offer of 500 million because he’s confident that the Montclair

family won’t do anything to him. It’s even safe to say that the Montclairs are tacitly supporting him. That was the only reason why we were able to meet him.”

Cyrus gritted his teeth. “Grand... Grandma must have intended to use this land to ruin us.”

Wynter had heard enough at this point. She finally looked up and said, “It isn’t to ruin us but to ruin me.”

Her voice was calm as she continued, “With what I know about Mrs. Montclair Senior’s methods, she’ll find a way to make sure you don’t have to invest when it comes down to the final stretch.

“Cyrus, don’t forget that the initial investments are all mine. You’re only needed when we reach the mid-term phase. But if I run out of funds before we even get there, and you refuse to provide the necessary funds, it will leave me in a very difficult position.”

That would mean no cash flow! Despite his superficial knowledge, Cyrus was still a finance student. He understood such basic principles. He just couldn’t believe that Tamia would use such a vicious method against Wynter!

Chapter 1412 Time to Face Reality

“Why?” Cyrus raised his voice and simply couldn’t understand. He felt like his head was going to explode, and his heart was in agony.

After all, from what he remembered, Tamia would indulge in whatever he wanted.

When he found physics too difficult, Tamia was worried that studying would overstrain him. She contacted a prestigious overseas school and spent dozens just to make things easier for him without any hesitation.

Tamia’s and Reuben’s approaches to education were completely different.

Cyrus had always thought that the person who understood him the most and gave him the most freedom was Tamia. No matter what he did, she would always think he was wonderful. That was what gave him confidence throughout his life.

Wynter glanced at him. She was aware of the many issues ahead and that it was time for Cyrus to face reality. “It’s because you’re the Whitman family’s eldest grandson, and I am standing in your way.”

“What do you mean by standing in my way?” Cyrus thought it was completely ridiculous. “We’ve only known each other for a few days!”

Their first meeting was at Quaint Villa, where Wynter was beating Easton up.

Wynter was cold. “How long we’ve known each other doesn’t matter. Everyone is praising me when it comes to the Blaise family.”

“That’s only natural. You should be praised. Mr. Blaise was so worried about the factory, and you stepped in and made a huge difference. The livestream is still pulling in over 100 thousand viewers every day, which is impressive! Who else should be praised if not you?”

Seeing Cyrus’ excitement, Wynter knew he wasn’t inherently bad. Her tone softened and wasn’t as cold as earlier as she continued, “That logic makes sense, but Mrs. Montclair Senior sees me as a threat to you,

“She believes that people should remember you after the livestream, ‘Mr. Whitman.’”

Cyrus finally understood. Yet, this understanding made him even more troubled. “But even if I don’t have much money and she uses some schemes to prevent me from investing, there’s still the Whitman family!”

Wynter replied calmly, “Your mother is the Whitman family’s daughter-in-law. Whether the Whitman family invests depends on how your mother feels about it. And, of course, it also depends on what Uncle Noah thinks.”

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Cyrus completely froze at Wynter’s words.

Wynter didn’t say any further. Her initial goal was to help him recognize the Montclair family sooner. It was the right time for him to finally realize it.

Ophelia’s case was more tricky, but giving him a heads-up now would better prepare him for what was to

come.

Just as they were speaking, a few village women approached them.

“Are you the investors coming to take the land?”

“We’ve had several investors come here before. They were all trying to take advantage of us. Thankfully, our village chief was fair, and we didn’t get deceived!”

“You’re not like them, are you? Our requests are simple!”

Time to Face Reality

Wynter listened without getting emotionally involved. She knew that these people might have used similar tactics in the past to lure in investors and proceed to leave them with nothing.

“Don’t worry, ladies. We are legitimate investors. We are not like those you’ve encountered before. We’ll negotiate with the government and draft a contract. You can sign it once you’re satisfied.

“Money isn’t the issue. Our goal is to help you improve your environment so your children can grow up healthy and happy!” Wynter feigned excitement.

Wynter thought to herself that they couldn’t possibly run the same routine with every investor that came. The children they encountered earlier had hinted to them that money wasn’t the issue. What was problematic was that there was no money to give them! However, Wynter still spoke reassuringly to them. Immediately, the women looked at each other with what seemed like tearful gratitude in their eyes. However, in reality, it was just the eye drops they had used to create this moment of “gratitude“.

Chapter 1413 Too Discreet Compared to Her Flancé

The urban village’s people had their own agenda. What they wanted was simple—more money.

They didn’t care what the authorities thought or how things worked behind the scenes. All they knew was that a gullible target had arrived, and they weren’t going to let the opportunity slip by without taking advantage of it.

Over the years, this had become a routine. Their acting skills were impressive. They would always portray themselves as weak and vulnerable, seizing the moral high ground in the process.

Cyrus hadn't understood this before, but now he did.

Cold sweat ran down his back as he sat in the car. He couldn't shake the eerie feeling that the villagers were staring at them. Their eyes were practically glowing like predators sizing up their prey.

He instinctively wanted to retreat. "Wynter, let's not get involved even if we got lucky and stumbled upon a good opportunity with policies in our favor. We can handle the family matters slowly."

"Who said I'm here to deal with family matters?" Wynter twisted the cap off a bottle and took a sip of water. "You're the Whitman family's eldest grandson, and I'm just here to help Grandpa with his health. The rest isn't my concern."

She glanced sideways at him with one hand on the steering wheel. "This is about business, not feelings. Cyrus, you're still too soft."

Cyrus couldn't deny that he wasn't cut out for this sort of thing. "I'm just worried we might not be able to handle what's coming."

His worries weren't unfounded. There were plenty of past cases where, during demolitions, people who were unreasonable and lacked legal knowledge caused serious trouble and even fatalities.

He couldn't help but feel uneasy about the people in this urban village. Interacting with them left him with a deep sense of dread.

To his surprise, Wynter actually relented after listening to him. "You're right. We won't be able to handle this. Since you're already planning to withdraw your investment, go back and talk to Aunt Ophelia about the situation here."

Cyrus wasn't foolish and snapped his head up. "Are you saying that my mom... that's impossible!"

If it really came to that, and the Whitman family didn't support Wynter, it would be the same as stabbing her in the back.

“Whether it’s possible or not, go talk to her first,” Wynter replied casually. “Before that, contact Mr. Calico. Tell him I’ve completed the site assessment and ask when he’s ready to sign the contract.

“Also, let him know that I’m in a hurry. If negotiations with the urban village fall through, we can start with the land I mentioned.

“But he should understand that I’m interested in that land specifically for the residents in that area. So, he should think carefully about the price for any additional land.”

Cyrus took note of these points seriously. However, he still didn’t understand why she was so interested in that particular plot of land. It wasn’t worth taking even if it

was offered for free.

Wynter’s answer was straightforward. “Proceed with the negotiations.”

When Alejandro received the message, his thoughts were the same as Cyrus’. Disdain was etched on his expression.

“Is this just a tactic to secure the land?” Alejandro said

“Well, should we give it to her then, Mr. Calico?”

Alejandro took a sip of tea. “Yes. Projects such as these need to progress step by step. It’s important to offer something to keep her hopeful. After all, this is just a piece of land that no one else wants. Just let her have it.”

“Understood!”

They were eager to seize the opportunity since they finally had someone naive enough to fall for their tactics.

The land acquisition applications from Kenton and Wynter were submitted simultaneously, but the relevant meetings had not yet concluded.

Wynter had planned to take Cyrus back after leaving the urban village. After all, they were more or less finished up there.

However, before she could even drive out the land, she encountered Dalton standing next to an off-road vehicle. It was a sight that was impossible to overlook.

Wynter had thought her sports car was quite flashy, but seeing Dalton now made her realize she was still way too discreet in comparison.

Chapter 1414 Truly Handsome

The customized off-road vehicle was already attention-grabbing enough. It became even more eye-catching with the row of bodyguards dressed in black.

Only Dalton was dressed in a well-tailored wine-red suit. With his long legs, narrow waist, and a cigarette delicately held between his fingers, his strikingly handsome face was even more defined.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. Wasn't he supposed to be a non-smoker?

Yet, even amid the bodyguards, his presence was so commanding that it didn't get overshadowed. Instead, everyone seemed to only serve as backdrops with him around.

Wynter finally understood the phrase "with a commanding presence, power follows" in a tangible way. It described Dalton perfectly.

It was only natural for her to park her car when encountering her fiancé.

A hint of warmth crept into Dalton's cold gaze upon seeing Wynter.

This brought a sigh of relief to those accompanying him. Although they were unsure why Dalton was in such a good mood suddenly, at least they wouldn't need to face the brunt of his displeasure.

Wynter only noticed the several other high-ranking executives nearby after she got out of the car.

Before she could wonder if it was appropriate to approach now, Dalton spoke up, "Are you taking Cyrus back to the Whitman residence?"

"Yes." Wynter watched as he extinguished the cigarette and walked over. She decided not to press further about her presence's appropriateness.

The others also started to recognize Wynter. They exchanged glances as they thought of ways to avoid being in the way.

Dalton's voice was casual when he addressed them. "Since everyone is unprepared, please see to it that Mr. Whitman is taken care of."

"Yes, of course!" one of the executives immediately responded. "Rest assured, Mr. Yarwood. Mr. Whitman is also a familiar face to us, and with our connections with Mr. Calico, we'll make sure he gets home safely."

Dalton merely hummed in approval and didn't say any further.

Cyrus didn't want to leave. He still wanted to discuss family matters with Wynter a bit longer. After all, the sudden recent changes were difficult for him to accept all at once.

However, considering that these individuals were all his elders and had offered to escort him, he felt it would be impolite to stay.

The Yarwood family's connections were indeed inscrutable. Even when it came to hosting and dining, everything had to align with Dalton's schedules. It was evident how influential they were with the prominent figures accompanying him.

Cyrus continued to look back even as the car drove away. The others, however, breathed a sigh of relief. Dealing with Dalton was far more demanding than interacting with higher-ups from their own side.

They couldn't quite decipher what Dalton was thinking. It felt like any small misstep might reveal their own inadequacies.

The management team from the Yarwood family was less concerned with the intricate dynamics. They were more focused on discerning Dalton's intentions. It seemed like he might be interested in acquiring land in this area.

However, they also considered it unlikely. After all, this location was too remote and challenging for development. They thought that perhaps it was just a fleeting interest.

But Wynter had a different perspective on this matter. She had no intention of competing for land with Dalton at this time.

"You're late. I've already secured this land," Wynter said nonchalantly as she leaned against her Lamborghini. She was replying to texts as she spoke to Dalton.

Dalton suddenly chuckled as he listened to Wynter. "You're quick to act."

"Is this land part of the Yarwood family's commercial plans?" Wynter was sharp. "I didn't know that."

Dalton's tone betrayed nothing. "It's more of a personal interest."

After all, beneath this land lay something significant to him.

Wynter chose not to delve into the reasons and focused on her warning. "Don't compete with me on this. It will complicate things if they realize what I'm doing. They think I'm after the urban village."

Dalton understood her plan from this comment alone and chuckled softly. "In terms of your cultivator jargon, this piece of land is right on the Celestial Force, though it doesn't show on the surface. It seems you bought it at a very low price."

Chapter 1415 Everyone Is Afraid of You

Wynter enjoyed conversing with someone sharp. Her dark eyes gleamed as she spoke, "I got a package deal. The urban village is just a bonus since they had to give me something sweet first. After all, this is a trap set by the Wrays."

Dalton chuckled as he listened to Wynter. "Seems like the Wray family puts a lot of trust in the reincarnate predictions. He's assuming she's 100 percent accurate."

"Well, her stock market predictions have been pretty spot-on," Wynter took another sip of water. "The overall direction hasn't deviated much, either. Isn't there a meeting happening right now? I heard they're discussing development."

Dalton looked at her. "But they're missing a lot of details."

Wynter mused inwardly that no matter how many times Yvette might be reborn, she probably wouldn't outwit Dalton. "Yes, they're off by quite a bit."

She leaned in close and whispered, "I know you're smart, but maybe tone it down a bit. We're still in the village, and someone might overhear."

Dalton placed his left hand against her forehead gently before pushing her back slightly. "I smell like smoke."

He did, but...

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "You still smell pretty good."

She was different from others. It genuinely lifted Dalton's mood when she leaned in.

Dalton didn't bother hiding his amusement and casually glanced at Joseph, who was standing far away.

Sensing his cue, Joseph approached respectfully. "Mr. Yarwood."

"About the land we discussed earlier, let them know to give the Wrays a little competition." Dalton continued in a slow and deliberate tone, "Have some fun with them."

Joseph's fingers momentarily froze. After a brief hesitation, he nodded. "Understood."

He naturally understood the deeper implications having worked with Dalton for so long. The price would definitely be driven up with the Yarwood family entering the bidding.

Dalton was doing this so that the Wray family would end up paying twice the amount for the land. And it was clear from how Dalton had said it that he had no intention of actually acquiring the land. It was just a game.

Even Wynter paused for a moment. She had overlooked this tactic while bringing Cyrus around. It seemed that, once again, Dalton had outplayed her. He had effortlessly turned the situation to his advantage.

After all, if they were both here for a site assessment, it would only make sense to take action that would align with the situation.

"Mr. Wray will only feel more confident if you play it this way." Wynter shook her head and she continued quietly, "This is what people mean by never judging a book by its cover. The more handsome they are, the more ruthless they can be."

Dalton heard her clearly and glanced down at her. "And who am I doing this for?"

"For me." Wynter's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Not a bad move."

He stepped closer, the faint scent of smoke mixed with lingering sandalwood brushing over her. "As long as you understand."

Wynter glanced around, noting that no one seemed poised to interrupt their conversation. However, this wasn't the best place for such a discussion, and she wasn't used to public displays of affection.

"Do you have any other business to take care of?" Wynter smoothly changed the subject.

There was indeed a meeting that could go on with or without him. His subordinates would be more than happy if he skipped it.

"Nothing pressing," Dalton replied casually.

Joseph, along with those who had already left, collectively breathed a sigh of relief.

The project lead, in particular, felt a deep surge of gratitude for Wynter. He had no idea what Wynter and Dalton had discussed, but one thing was clear-his position as the project's lead was safe, at least for today.

Wynter noticed the reactions of everyone around her and shifted her gaze back to Dalton. His face was undeniably pleasing to the eye, and the suit he wore seemed to elevate in value simply because it graced his frame.

On top of that, he was considerate and gentle, with a pale, almost delicate complexion. He was practically one of those tragic, pitiable characters straight out of a novel.

If only he didn't exude such a powerful presence. But then again, as a CEO, it was probably unavoidable. How else would he command respect? But were they really that fearful of him? It seemed a little excessive.

With that thought, Wynter decided to test the waters. "So... will you come with me?"

Everyone around them snapped their heads up. Their eyes were filled with undeniable genuine anticipation.

Dalton chuckled softly. "Sure."

Chapter 1416 Husband and Wife Duo

Everyone visibly relaxed with the "demon lord" taken away.

However, there were still tasks to be completed. For instance, the bidding that Dalton had instructed them to pursue against the Wray family.

To ensure that Kenton felt the pressure, they leveraged their connections but used them sparingly. They were cautious because an accidental successful bid could complicate matters, and they wanted to avoid any messy outcomes.

If it were before, Kenton would be furious if someone tried to snatch something he had his eyes on. Of course, he wasn't entirely pleased now, either, since it was just too unfortunate. "The Yarwood family is said to have conducted a site assessment," Adrien reported.

Kenton's eyes darkened slightly as he considered this information. After a moment, he said, "It's not entirely a bad thing."

Not a bad thing? Adrien held the information he received tightly. "But the price will definitely go up with the Yarwood family bidding."

"So what if it doubles?" At this point, Kenton wasn't too concerned about how much he had to invest.

The Yarwood family had always gotten what they targeted. Their involvement meant that the land was indeed valuable, which only served to confirm Yvette's predictions.

Kenton's eyes lit up. "Have the finance department prepare an additional 200 million."

200 million wasn't significant enough to shake the group's foundation, but seeing that much cash leaving the accounts was still unsettling for Adrien.

Perhaps he wasn't fully in sync with Kenton's way of thinking, or maybe the conference already had a concrete plan. After all, the applications had already been submitted.

In any case, the results would be clear in five days once the conference concluded. Adrien didn't dwell too much on it. He knew the focus now was on securing the investment.

The market was closed on weekends, so the real action would start on Monday. Adrien understood this well, and so did Wynter.

Wynter wasn't bringing Dalton along for a simple date. Her sports car was parked in front of the trading platform.

Many people turned to look when they got out. After all, they were a good-looking couple. Especially with a CEO-like presence coming from Dalton, they caught a lot of attention.

Dalton typically avoided crowded places except when accompanying Wynter.

"Didn't you hand over the account details to me? What are we doing here?" Dalton pulled her back as Wynter tried to move ahead.

Wynter glanced back and whispered, "Maintain some distance, Mr. Yarwood. I'm your secretary now."

"Secretary?" Dalton raised an eyebrow before quickly getting into the role. "Since when do secretaries walk ahead of the boss?"

Wynter considered his words for a moment before slowing her pace. "Fine."

Dalton continued walking slowly. "So, Ms. Secretary, what's the purpose of bringing me here?"

"Mainly to chat with the older folks and express your confidence in gold valuation." Wynter loved collaborating with Dalton. It was effortless since he always knew what she wanted.

Dalton smiled. He always carried an air of aloofness despite his charming appearance. His inherent nobility became even more apparent especially when he lifted his eyes slightly. "Am I supposed to chat with them?"

For someone like Dalton, who could bring in millions with just a few words at a casual overseas meeting, this was indeed quite an extravagant use of his time.

However, Wynter had her own ideas. "You're bound to appeal to the older folks with your looks."

Dalton was truly speechless.

Wynter continued flattering him. "Someone like Cyrus wouldn't do. Your staff might be okay, but they don't have that charm to make the older ladies swoon, either."

Dalton halted. He narrowed his eyes slightly, and a smirk tugged at his lips. "You're quite thoughtful, Ms. Secretary."

So, she brought him here to make the older ladies swoon...

"Nah, it wasn't much. It was just a spontaneous idea." Wynter was quite pleased with her wits. After all, she felt it would be a waste not to make use of him, especially after witnessing the scene where he was standing next to that off-road vehicle.

Chapter 1417 The Angel Investor

The trading platform was swarmed with people, staring at the screen, given that the market just closed. Traders were actively managing their portfolios, and financial company staff provided detailed explanations to them.

Of course, the real heavyweights in the stock market were those who traded from their own computers and analyzed charts from their offices.

Here at the trading platform, they were mostly newbies to the field or retirees whose children were grown and didn't have grandchildren to look after. These retirees often take a stroll through the trading platform after their shopping before heading home.

One should never underestimate these retirees. Many carried classic Louis Vuitton pieces. After all, retirement pensions were notably higher in Hawford compared to other regions.

Wynter chose this time to visit specifically to encounter them.

Outside the trading platform, many people's attention was diverted as the sports car pulled up.

The elderly, who were both knowledgeable and cultured, were not easily swayed by common distractions.

However, both Wynter and Dalton's presence was too striking to ignore. With the limited-edition Lamborghini and Dalton impeccably dressed in a suit, it was impossible not to notice them.

Originally engrossed in studying the stock market, the elderly now looked up with bright eyes.

Wynter held her ethereal beauty and commanding presence, and Dalton was the perfect definition of refinement and restraint. This perfect match was a sight unlike anything seen in Hawford.

"Hey, Finn, look at that watch on the guy's wrist. It must be worth six figures, right?"

“Not just six, but seven.”

“He’s definitely a major investor.”

“Why is a major investor at the trading platform?”

The elderly men were so engrossed in their gossip that they had completely forgotten about their previous stock market analysis.

The elderly women were more focused on appearances, noting the well-tailored suits. “This person must have a good background. The suit is custom-made.”

“Look who’s talking. Your dress is custom-made, too.”

Someone chimed in, “Who doesn’t know that Ms. Sackett is wealthy?”

“Don’t flatter me. I’m just pointing out that this kind of presence is usually only seen with foreign investors.

Bethany Sackett, though old, had a sharp eye for such things.

Additionally, Wynter was not subtle at all. Perhaps inspired by her recent interaction with Dalton, she decided not to use her car for the transaction. Instead, she brought out a briefcase full of cash from the trunk and placed it right in front of the trader.

“Fill up this form for me. Havenia stocks, gold, paid in cash,” Wynter instructed with a professional tone.

The elderly men and women eavesdropped on them. With Dalton standing behind her, the entire scene gave off the energy of the mysterious angel investor.

Although Wynter was indeed the angel investor, people instinctively perceived Dalton as the true, enigmatic expert hiding in the shadows.

“Look at the briefcase full of cash! It should be at least this much!” one of the elderly men exclaimed, holding up five fingers.

Another elderly man adjusted his glasses. “It’s odd to use cash for transactions. Isn’t it faster to open an online account to trade?”

“Maybe they were in too much of a rush. That’s why they came here.”

“Forget about that. You probably wouldn’t be able to get this much cash in time even if you withdrew it from the bank at the last minute.”

“So, there must be some insider information here!”

The elderly were the most convinced by the idea of insider information.

Chapter 1418 Popular Among the Elderly Folks

“But they are buying gold that is increasing in value.”

“I heard rumors that someone’s about to impose sanctions on gold.”

At this, one of the elderly women chimed in, “Oh, come on. When has gold ever really dropped in value? Sure, scarlet emeralds might outperform it during times of prosperity, but gold has never truly dropped in value.”

“Let’s stop guessing and just watch them!” someone suggested.

Even just counting the money would take some time since it was a cash transaction..

With such a large amount of cash, the machine had to count it once, then someone would count it again, and finally, a third check was done to ensure accuracy. Only after these three rounds without errors could the funds be credited.

The trader was exceptionally enthusiastic about this client who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. After all, encountering such a generous retail investor was a rarity.

On top of that, the client was incredibly generous. Just the transaction fees alone were enough to cover the trader's expenses for a year!

"Please sign here." The trader was clearly fishing for some background info. "You don't seem like first time traders. Are you locals?"

Wynter shook her head and chuckled boldly. "We just got back from overseas."

Upon hearing this, Dalton paused briefly. His gaze drifted toward her with a hint of amusement in his eyes.

He didn't say anything. After all, he had to maintain the aloof and distant demeanor she had set up for him. All he had to do was stand there and play an international CEO's role.

As expected, the moment they mentioned overseas, the trader's and the elderly onlookers' eyes shone even brighter.

Overseas? That meant they were major investors!

"It's easier to open an account directly at the trading platform," Wynter continued.

Wynter and Dalton's cash-counting spectacle had already become the trading platform's highlight. Now, with the confirmation that they were from overseas, everyone was curious to see how they would invest next.

"All in on gold?" The trader hesitated, subtly offering advice. "Gold has been rising lately. But just to be cautious, maybe you should consider diversifying into other stocks."

It was a careful nudge to imply that gold might have reached its peak and could soon drop, and that making further investments was risky.

Wynter paused at his words, but her hesitation wasn't because of uncertainty. It was to turn and glance at Dalton.

Sensing her gaze, Dalton raised an eyebrow. He suppressed a smile before returning to his distant and dignified demeanor, making himself as unapproachable as usual. "No need. All in."

His foreign accent was flawless, each word softly enunciated. His "all in" sounded exactly like those upper -class elites in films who genuinely didn't care about money.

Coupled with his sharp, chiseled features and regal presence, anyone watching might easily mistake him

for a royal from some distant island. He did look like someone with possible real capital to back him up.

With just two words, Dalton effortlessly commanded the entire room's attention.

This made even Wynter do a double-take at Dalton. She wondered if her fiancé would be able to remain so casual even if he had to throw in a few more billions.

Dalton's move made it too easy for speculation. From their entrance to the cash transaction, especially the fact that they only bought gold stocks.

The imaginative older folks exchanged glances with each other.

"Ms. Sackett, why don't you ask them?"

"I don't even know them. How should I ask?" Bennett asked.

"You excel in foreign languages, so you will be able to communicate with them. Just go talk to them casually. They don't seem too difficult to talk to."

"Yes. The man might be hard to approach, but the woman is definitely approachable."

The elderly folks were referring to Wynter. She had always been popular among the older generation. Her charm was evident from how those in the former family estate and Reuben treated her.

Moreover, having done so much, Wynter would certainly make opportunities for the elderly women to approach her.

Chapter 1419 Secret Information

After opening her checking account, Wynter seemingly headed to the restroom to fix her makeup. In reality, she was waiting for the elderly to approach her.

Bethany was dressed with elegance and carried herself with poise. Though it wasn't her usual style to intrude, she had been left flabbergasted by the incident

Following Wynter into the restroom, Bethany attempted to cotton up to her. "Young lady, I heard it was your first time in Hawford. Is that right?"

Wynter set down the pressed powder, though she never meant to use it. She turned to Bethany with a smile. "Indeed. Hawford is beautiful. No wonder people from major global cities come here to visit."

With the conversation underway, Bethany eagerly rambled, You must've visited Riogeb as well. It's not only a beautiful place but also known for its fantastic food. The seafood pasta and palmier are especially renowned as some of the oldest delicacies."

"We got here without having the chance to try them out. It's all about getting ahead of the game, don't you agree?" Wynter replied with her voice low.

Bethany nodded in agreement. "I do. I've been engaging in stocks for over a year, and I know many oversea traders will soon be opening accounts for the stock market here.

"That said, you've been a surprise with that much wealth. Why didn't you deposit your money sooner?"

"We didn't have time. We rushed over as soon as we got the news," Wynter answered vaguely

Her mysteriousness only sparked Bethany's imaginative thinking. "What kind of news? Care to share with me?"

When Wynter appeared hesitant, Bethany quickly assured, "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone."

"It's not that I don't want to share—the others won't make it, anyway. But this doesn't seem the right place to talk," Wynter explained as she glanced around.

Realizing her words' undertone, Bethany suggested, "You're right. Let's continue this conversation at the café. I have a few friends waiting."

"Alright, but you can only bring up to four people. You do

understand that this information is quite valuable," Wynter said.

Bethany was visibly excited at Wynter's words. She gave her assurance with a confident pat on her chest. "Rest assured, we won't spill any secrets. What's your name, young lady?"

"Just call me Wynter, madam. To be honest, you remind me of my family, or I won't be sharing the information with you. I need to finish my application, but I'll have an expert provide you with more details," Wynter instructed, keeping things impeccable as usual.

Bethany felt much relieved at Wynter's excuse. She suggested connecting on Facebook, and Wynter shared one of her

usernames. The profile was filled with stock market charts, which only added to Wynter's credibility.

Thrilled, Bethany returned to the group and added four of her closest associates. She led them to a secluded spot and

shared a snippet of Wynter's words, stirring excitement within the four elders as well.

When Wynter arrived with Dalton, Bethany approached her and asked, "Is that your boyfriend, Wynter? He's such a handsome lad!"

“Bethany’s right. Just look at that pretty face—it’s so different from my husband’s. Forget it, I must have been too blind to marry him back then!” An elderly woman sighed.

Dalton and Wynter exchanged gazes as they listened.

Chapter 1420 Introducing Dalton to the Whitmans

Before the group could chat further, Wynter hurriedly interjected, “He’s actually my boss, Ms. Sackett. I mentioned bringing an expert in gold valuation here to provide an

explanation, right? My boss happens to be available, so I invited him over!”

Dalton gave a soft chuckle and took on his role. “My secretary has briefed me on the details. I’ll start the lecture now.”

The elders took their seats and stared attentively at Dalton. Since the topic involved earning profits, they knew better than to take it lightly and focused intently on the lecture.

Dalton explained, “You might have heard the saying that a diamond is forever, but why isn’t it as stable in value as gold? Many families tend to purchase gold for various occasions,

and there’s a reason for that.

“Several factors, including prices, currencies, and market

demands influence gold’s value. Essentially, gold is a type of metal recognized by the world, whereas diamonds are mere stones, much like emeralds. That’s why gold’s value remains steady and tends to rise over time.”

The elders scratched their heads in confusion. “We don’t quite understand. It feels like we didn’t grasp any of it.”

Dalton attempted to continue but paused, realizing his usual explanation might not be clear to the elders.

Wynter quickly stepped in with a simpler explanation. “What he

means is that investing in gold can be very profitable. There’s nothing happier than making money. Isn’t that right?

“Given the current trend, you’re likely to see steady returns with

gold. Instead of letting your pension go to waste, you can make full use of it and secure a better future for your

descendants!”

The elders were delighted by Wynter’s words. They weren’t fools who would miss out on a chance to make money. Some passersby shot the group questionable gazes, wondering if MLM agents tended to dress fashionably nowadays.

As the elders headed home gleefully, Wynter cast Dalton a meaningful glance. Her look hinted at her disappointment at having to intervene. The couple then headed to Wynter’s car

and drove off.

“You’ve been in Hawford for a while now. It’s time to meet my maternal relatives,” Wynter said decisively as she steered the car toward the Whitman residence. She didn’t bother giving Dalton a chance to consider.

Dalton smiled affectionately, going along with her whims.

“You did well just now, but you were a bit too formal. Those people are normal citizens, and we need to approach them from their perspective,” Wynter advised, to which Dalton took her words to heart.

The two continued to chat until they reached the Whitman residence’s gate.

Following Wynter’s guidance, Reuben had been exercising regularly and taking fitness programs.

Chap 1423 introducing Dalton to the Whamans

The elders who worked out with him were impressed by his improved physique. Where he once struggled with basic movements, Reuben could now complete an entire workout routine effortlessly.

Upon seeing Wynter and Dalton arrive, the butler, Mathias

Mccoy, went up to greet them. Instead of asking directly, he said, "Welcome back, Ms. Wynter. Both Mr. Noah and Mr. Taylor are having a discussion in the study, while Mr. Reuben is out exercising.

"Is this your guest? Would you like me to take you to another study for your discussion?"

"He's my fiancé. I brought him over for an introduction," Wynter replied.

After instructing Mathias to prepare some drinks, she led Dalton to the living room. As they settled into their seats, Noah and Taylor emerged from the study.

The brothers immediately noticed Wynter, but their attention quickly shifted to the imposing man seated beside her. Both Noah's and Taylor's curiosity was piqued as they had never seen Wynter returned with a man before.

Taylor was the first to question, "Who's this, Sevie? Could he be the mysterious fiancé we've heard about?"

Taking a sip of her drink, Wynter heard his question and affirmed, "Yes, this is my fiancé, Dalton Yarwood."

Noah and Taylor exchanged gazes before bursting into chuckles. "You've got good taste! He's just like us when we