

Six Brothers 1421

Chapter 1421 Weak

Dalton greeted his elders with a faint smile. Taylor then turned to Wynter with a teasing tone. “Why the sudden visit? Are you planning to introduce him to us and the rest of the family?”

That said, Noah and Taylor were genuinely happy for the couple. Both Wynter’s and Dalton’s charming features made them appear as a perfect match, presenting a sight that was nothing short of mesmerizing.

Before Wynter could respond, Dalton spoke up, “I apologize for the unannounced visit. I intended to pay proper respect to the Whitman family, but I didn’t come prepared with any gifts.”

Taylor waved off his concern. “Forget about the gifts. Just having you here is enough. Let’s have the kitchen prepare some extra specialty dishes, and we’ll enjoy a drink later.”

Wynter hurriedly interjected, “Dalton has a weak constitution, Uncle Taylor. It’s better to avoid strong drinks for now. Besides, you must have other businesses to attend.

“Let’s save the drinking for another time and have a nice meal instead. I’d like to update you on the land we acquired as well.”

Noah, who sat at the other end of the table, set down his cup and asked calmly, “Have you turned in the application?”

“I did. Mr. Calico, whom Cyrus introduced me to, is really something.” Wynter nodded as her eyes glinted. Noah agreed with a soft chuckle, though his demeanor remained indifferent.

Their conversation seemed to have an air of secrecy.

Dalton took a sip of his drink. After a moment of silence, Noah asked, “Give me an honest answer, Sevie. What are your

thoughts on Cyrus?”

Wynter answered candidly in a low voice, “Do you want to hear the truth? I find Cyrus too naive. It’s one thing if he was born a common citizen, but he’s the Whitman family’s eldest son. Others will give more thought to what he overlooks.”

Taylor considered suggesting Wynter soften her words but realized that honesty was the best policy within the family.

Noah took an unlit cigarette in hand, seemingly deep in thought. “Is there anything else?”

“Cyrus is easy to manipulate for his kindness and loyalty, but those are also his strengths. He has spent years alone abroad and received foreign education, so he needs time to change his perspective.

“Fortunately, he seemed to have learned from Mr. Blaise’s

incident and didn’t bring shame to the Whitman family,” Wynter concluded, having taken a comprehensive look at the situation.

Hearing Wynter’s assessment, Noah secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He shook his head with a chuckle. “If Cyrus is as good as you say, then the one beside you must be exceptional. He did become his family’s head at just 19.”

Noah’s comment was directed at Dalton. Wynter glanced at her fiancé and refuted, “You can’t compare Cyrus to him. Sometimes, too much of a good thing can be detrimental.”

“She has a point. Mr. Cyrus hasn’t reached that age yet,” Dalton chimed in with a soft cough.

Noah and Taylor exchanged looks, thinking that Cyrus was older than him.

Based on the rumors they had heard about the Yarwoods, they were aware that Dalton wasn’t in the best of health. They couldn’t help but worry whether Dalton’s frail condition would affect Wynter’s future happiness.

With glaring gazes, the brothers questioned Dalton’s health. After all, Wynter mentioned he had a weak constitution.

Setting his cup down, Dalton stared into their eyes and replied, "I have fully recovered. Sevie can vouch for that."

Unaware of the subtle tension, Wynter added, "He's certainly better, though the medication has been costly. That said, his breathing still isn't completely steady."

Dalton raised a brow at her remark. It seemed he would need to have a private discussion with her later about who was the one with erratic breathing during critical moments.

Chapter 1422 Marry Into the Family

Noah and Taylor had to return to the company for official matters, as their situation remained precarious and fraught with unseen dangers.

Despite their concern about the property Wynter had seemingly acquired to divert Kenton's attention, they chose not to

interfere and offered words of caution.

That said, they did hear some troubling rumors about Wynter and decided to address her engagement.

As the food was prepared, Noah and Taylor broached the

subject. "You've been engaged to Wynter for quite some time, Dalton. What are your plans? Has Mr. Yarwood Senior been pressuring you?"

When the Quinnells and Whitmans were estranged, Noah and Taylor hadn't had the chance to express their views as Wynter's uncles. Yet, they made a point of showing their support for her during formal occasions.

Dalton realized their underlying intention and gave a knowing smile. Just as he was about to respond, Wynter cut him off.

“I understand your concerns, but there’s no need to rush. I’m still young, and it’s more important for me to focus on

business and earning money.

“Besides, I haven’t reclaimed the Southern Cascadian Chamber of Commerce. Let’s talk about marriage another time,” Wynter stated firmly.

But when would that time be? Dalton glanced at her and said, I’m not holding back your ambitions.”

“You’re not a hindrance, but your influence is too strong. Even if I achieve great success, others will attribute it solely to your

support.

“They say women are less capable than men, but I’m

determined to disprove that. What, are you eager?” Wynter

fixed Dalton a stern look.

Dalton picked up a napkin and wiped the corner of her mouth. ” Yes, I am eager,” he admitted.

Wynter was taken aback by his answer. She thought they were on the same page about not rushing into marriage.

“Give me a little bit more time. Once things are settled with the Quinnell family, I’ll take you as my husband,” Wynter said with a smile. She felt somewhat like a despicable fraud for not

giving Dalton a definitive answer.

Dalton was completely stunned, while Noah and Taylor wondered if they had heard wrong.

Upon coming to his senses, Dalton seemed anything but. offended. Instead, his face lit up with delight. “If that makes you and your brothers happy, I don’t mind marrying into your family.”

Noah and Taylor shared a look of disbelief. They wondered if Dalton was truly the same man they knew, especially after seeing how he appeared smitten by Wynter.

Dalton was recognized in the business world for his ruthless

and decisive nature. A figure commanding respect and fear, he was the most prominent among the family’s three generations and possessed immense wealth.

Rumors even claimed that he was disinterested in forming close relationships with women, but it seemed that those rumors might not have been entirely accurate.

Just then, Noah’s phone buzzed in his pocket. Glancing at the screen, Noah found that it was a call from Ophelia. Without hesitation, he expressionlessly hung up the call.

Wynter noticed his gesture but chose not to interfere, knowing it concerned Noah’s personal affairs.

Midway through the meal, Taylor rose from his seat as his assistant approached. “Noah and I have some business to attend to at the company. Enjoy your meal.”

Wynter had nearly finished eating by then. Before her uncles left, they reminded her, “You two should get the wedding sorted soon. It’s bad to delay it further. We know people must be pressuring you about it, so just get it done. We’ll prepare a large gift for the occasion.”

While Dalton seemed to appreciate the encouragement, Wynter couldn’t be bothered. After all, Dalton hadn’t been exactly

honest with her.

In truth, Wynter had visited the Whitman residence with specific intentions. She wasn’t just there to prepare Reuben’s medicine in advance, but she also wanted to assess her

uncle’s positions. With her suspicions confirmed, it was time

to close the net.

Chapter 1423 Its Value Will Be Tripled

Bethany, who had returned home, couldn't help but dwell on the incident at the exchange center.

She held significant influence within the elderly group, largely due to her access to lucrative insider information. Even if such

information didn't always lead to profit, they never lost out.

In the past, such privileged details were reserved for stock traders. Bethany had also guided her friends and relatives toward profitable investments, but things had become

different.

Bethany couldn't shake off her anxiousness as she recalled Wynter's directive. Humans were inherently driven by self-interest and inclined to consider their own family's gains when given a chance.

With that in mind, Bethany swiftly gave a call to her sister-in-law upon reaching home.

The message was relayed to Bethany's brother, Troy Sackett, who was told to gather at their usual spot as Bethany had something to share. Despite Troy's initial dismissal, his wife insisted that it was valuable information and urged him to attend.

Within minutes, everyone had assembled at their regular meeting place.

Maintaining her usual demeanor, Bethany announced, "This news is a major bombshell, far exceeding the minor gains

we've seen in the past. Handle it discreetly and don't share it with anyone else, especially Sofia."

The group exchanged knowing looks, realizing Bethany must have something important to share for her to gather them on such short notice.

“Just tell us already, Bethany. What’s with the secret?” one of them urged.

Taking a deep breath, Bethany explained, “I went to the exchange center with Finn today and ran into two foreign investors. They were carrying a full bag of cash.

“As soon as they arrived, they invested all their assets in gold on the Havenia stock exchange. I took the opportunity to cotton up to them.

“The secretary, seeing a resemblance to her family in me, agreed to have a little chat, but only if we kept it confidential.”

Everyone gasped at the sheer amount involved and were bewildered to hear that it was all invested in gold.

Bethany went on with her revelations. “The investors claimed that gold is on the rise and predicted it could triple in value!”

Everyone was taken aback by the staggering news. They had been monitoring the gold trends but found its value barely moved. With traders and rumors forecasting a possible drop in gold prices, they chose not to take the risk.

Yet, new rumors suggested a threefold increase in gold value. Even those with little experience in stock investments couldn’t ignore such a promising deal.

The house erupted into a frenzy as everyone was eager to head to the exchange center.

“Everyone, calm down! The market is closed today. The

investors used cash because they were pressed for time. I suggest we wait for the market to open on Monday, or we can buy some gold at the mall,” Bethany advised.

Her suggestion sparked a new outlook. As gold's value soared on the stock markets, gold bars in malls would also see a rise in price. At that point, everyone would rush to the mall for a chance to profit.

The other four elders shared similar news with their own families. Word spread quickly, and major malls were soon packed with people hunting for gold accessories. Evidently, no group came close to the elders' proficiency in disseminating information.

Chapter 1424 The Land Is His

Though the sales assistants were taken aback, they didn't utter a word of complaint. After all, they would receive greater commissions with more purchases, which contributed to higher salaries and meeting sales targets.

It wasn't a daily occurrence for the entire family to shop for gold accessories at once. Even among married couples, they were quite picky about their choices.

Such an unusual sight was something even the CEOs were unlikely to encounter. Little did they know that it was merely the beginning.

Just outside the mall, Wynter's spectacular Lamborghini sat in all its glory. Initially suggesting a stroll after the meal, Wynter took Dalton for a milkshake and checked on the scene.

It seemed her cajolery at the exchange center had yielded impressive results. Wynter anticipated a new development within three days.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Dalton wore a smug smile as he noted the growing influx of customers at the jewelry store. True to his suspicions, Wynter's insights went beyond mere

investments.

As night fell, Adrien stood beside Kenton in a commercial building and reported in a hushed voice, "Everything is in place. When the exchange opens, they'll be withdrawing a

and is Ms

considerable number of shares.”

“It’s time to pull out anyway. The earnings might not be

substantial, but we must consider the potential losses. Have the shares been sold?” Kenton glanced at his assistant and questioned.

“Yes, all the gold shares have been sold as per your

instructions, except for the three stocks you requested,” Adrien replied as he lowered his gaze.

Kenton could practically foresee his wealth doubling.”

Excellent. What about Albert Quinnell? Has he fallen into the

trap?”

Adrien snickered. “He’s still holding onto his gold positions. Youngsters can be so full of themselves. They genuinely think the stocks they invested in will rise.”

Kenton let out a sigh. “It’s a shame that girl didn’t invest more, but I suppose she won’t bear to see her brother penniless!”

His haughty laughter echoed in the elevator as his sinister reflection surfaced in the mirrored walls. “How dare they challenge me? I’ll make sure Wynter and the Quinnells are finished for good!”

Kenton never once forgot the humiliation Wynter inflicted on him. In particular, his product sales had gravely suffered following the scandal involving the Blaisses’ domestic goods.

The entire internet now learned that the Wrays had accepted foreign support, which severely crippled his businesses.

The Quinnells had brought his wrath upon themselves, and

and s

Kenton was eager to see how Wynter would handle the issues with both the stock investments and urban villages.

Thrilled by the news, Kenton made several calls without considering that some matters were still under investigation. After that, he reinitiated the scholarship committee.

The next day, he was flooded with congratulatory calls regarding his land acquisition.

“Congratulations, Mr. Wray! We heard of your recent land acquisition. It’s our treat tonight. Let’s celebrate your success!” members of the Chamber of Commerce exclaimed.

Kenton grinned from ear to ear as he received the calls. It was all thanks to that crucial phone call and Yvette’s information. Despite having to offer an additional 200 million to outbid the Yarwoods, he managed to secure the land.

After freshening up, Kenton headed straight to the Bureau of Land Management to finalize the contract. His prior worries had melted away and been replaced with a beaming smile.

If the authorities decided to develop the land he acquired, would mean substantial profits for him. On top of that, the shares he had purchased were set to boost his wealth further.

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Upon noticing Kenton’s arrival, the Chamber of Commerce’s members hurriedly went to greet him. “We’ve been watching out for you, Mr. Wray. Though the Yarwoods intend to compete for the land, they are no match for you in Hawford!”

Kenton merely smiled at their flatteries and went inside the building, where the department administrator handed the contract over. Upon signing, the contract was printed in two

copies and became legally bindi

Chapter 1425 Pay Up

In the urban villages, Jarek was informed that the property developer had submitted the application. Meanwhile, Alejandro was busy collecting opinions from the villagers.

According to certain rules from the Bureau of Land

Management, the village chief had to reason with the villagers before any demolition and relocation could proceed. Despite wielding the highest authority in Valen Village, Jarek still had to comply with formalities.

After gathering the village executives and representatives, Jarek went straight to the point. "I'm sure you've met the person who tried to take our land."

"We did. She showed up looking rather smug in that fancy car," someone affirmed.

Taking a sip of his drink, Jarek continued, "Whether we like it

or not, she's our investor. We're lucky that the village has caught her eyes. We shouldn't give her too much of a hard time to at least show some respect to Mr. Calico.

"But that doesn't mean we're going to hand over the land just like that. Let's offer her the western land and see what she does with it. What do you say?"

Following the improvement in the villagers' living conditions, the western land had become barren and was no longer

cultivable.

The villagers exchanged knowing glances and spoke up, "We'll

let you to decide, Mr. Jarek. You've guided us well in the past, and we trust you'll do the same now.

“We can give her the land, but only if the price is right. And we’ll only sign the contract after receiving the money.”

The person standing beside Jarek glanced at the villagers and said, “Do you doubt Mr. Jarek’s capabilities? Rest assured, everyone will benefit from this.

“While she has offered an additional five million, the homesteads are crucial parts of the deal. Things will go smoothly once she signs the deal for the arable land.”

Only then did the villagers grasp the full implication. It turned out that the property developer was a foolish scion. While five million dollars might not be a significant sum, she acquired a land that was essentially worthless.

If she had asked around, she would’ve known that the land was a former ditch and of no real value. Jarek had eagerly agreed to the offer not just to sweeten the deal but to ensure her continued investments.

“As expected from Mr. Jarek, you’ve thought ahead of us! We’re ready to sign the contract!” the villagers exclaimed.

With a gentle press of his hand, Jarek directed the contract be brought forth. After reviewing the price and the scope of the land, the cunning villagers signed the contract happily.

“Then it’s settled. I’ll inform the higher-ups. The investor must’ve arrived by now, and I’m sure she’ll be happy to hear

this,” Jarek said with a smile.

Once the initial settlement was made, the second installment would follow. Eventually, the villagers would enjoy a leisure and prosperous year. Jarek couldn’t help but smile at his brilliant scheme.

Upon receiving Jarek’s update, Alejandro quickly reached out to Wynter. “Hello, Ms. Quinnell. It’s me. The villagers have

given their consent. Please bring your legal and financial team to the Bureau of Land Management.”

He sounded rather impatient, perhaps anticipating a sum to embezzle.

Keeping up her pretense, Wynter closed the car door and asked on the phone, “What’s the rush, Mr. Calico? I haven’t even prepared the funds yet.”

Alejandro narrowed his eyes, secretly mocking Wynter for her ignorance. “This isn’t something you can afford to delay. While the land is worth 50 million now, the price might change.

“Besides, this development project was originally worthed around 600 million. You should understand that you have received additional support for improving people’s lives.”

Though Alejandro claimed that it was all for the people, he was discreetly pressing Wynter to make the payment promptly.

Chapter 1426 The Land’s Owner

As if struck by realization, Wynter wore a look of surprise.” Please calm down, Mr. Calico. It seems I’ve overlooked a few things. I’ll have Albert prepare the funds and head to the Bureau of Land Management immediately.”

Despite her words, Wynter casually stirred the ice cubes in her milkshake. She had developed a taste for unsweetened milkshakes since arriving in Hawford, finding them helpful for managing unexpected energy slumps. Content protected by Nôv/el(D)rama.Org.

Hearing her response, Alejandro relaxed his grip on the wine box as his frustration eased. “I’m glad you understand my good intentions. Be quick, as the contract has been established.”

After all, he had made all preparations to ensure she would be unable to back out.

With a sly smile, Wynter replied, “You’re quite efficient, Mr. Calico. I look forward to seeing how things develop.”

“So do we,” Alejandro echoed in his heart. He could envision the gains he would reap with his associates.

Though Wynter might be naive and foolish, she had the Quinnells' and the Whitmans' support. With the two families ready to cover for her shortcomings, Alejandro and his associates had the leverage to dictate their terms.

With that in mind, Alejandro swiftly made a call to the Bureau of Land Management and instructed his men to expedite Wynter's dealings.

Unfortunately, one tended to overlook the finer details when a significant benefit was at stake, such as the city mapping and upcoming conference.

Wynter arrived at the Bureau of Land Management with Dalton in tow.

As they were transferring a piece of land valued at just five million dollars, the process was relatively straightforward. Even so, both the Valen Village's people and Alejandro believed they had snagged an excellent bargain.

"You may review the contract, Ms. Quinnell. If everything is in order, please sign your name here," the administrator directed.

Official documents were generally tricky to forge. But Wynter, with her legal background and expertise, wasn't easily misled. After carefully reviewing the contract and verifying the official seal, she signed her name on the document.

"You may make the initial payment now. Please remember to pay the remaining balance in full within a month," the administrator stated, handing Wynter two documents from the drawer.

"No need for installments. I'll settle the full amount today."

Wynter smiled and slid the check across the desk. Beaming, the administrator quickly collected the check and stamped the documents.

Dalton glanced at Wynter beside him and toned down his voice. Their conversation was barely audible for others to hear.

His breathy voice reached Wynter's ears. "To secure a vast expanse of land infused with the celestial force for just five million dollars shows that you really know your stuff, Dr. Genius."

It had been a while since Wynter heard that nickname. Maybe because they were so close, she couldn't help feeling a tickling sensation in her ear. As Wynter turned around to retort, her lips brushed against Dalton's cheeks.

Even Dalton was caught off guard by the unexpected kiss. Something flickered across his eyes as he held Wynter's head. "Save the kisses for home. This isn't the place for that."

Raising her eyebrow, Wynter was about to retort when the administrator came over to hand her the completed documents. With that, all development rights and land usage of Westvalen were officially in her possession.

Chapter 1427 The Quinnells are Doomed

Wynter left the Bureau of Land Management after receiving the official documents.

Meanwhile, Kenton was enjoying a feast with his associates in

a private suite when Adrien hurried over with a look of

excitement.

"Mr. Wray, Wynter has officially secured the deal for the western land of Valen Village," Adrien reported in a hushed

voice.

Instantly, Kenton leaped from his seat with a hearty laugh. Startled by his sudden outburst, the others shot him curious

looks.

"Do you have anything exciting to share, Mr. Wray? Or is it a stock market plunge?" someone asked.

Another refuted, “The stocks must be solid and rising. It’s something else.”

With a beaming smile, Kenton raised his glass and stated, “ This isn’t for me to say. Tell them the news, Adrien.”

When Adrien recounted the events at the Bureau of Land Management, the group burst into laughter.

“Are you serious? Typical of a youngster. How brave of her to act so confidently without understanding the new picture. She must be quite full of herself after her last victory.” Someone snickered.

“Only a fool will take over that part of the land. Not only will she incur heavy losses, but she’ll also put her family at risk trying to cover her major shortfall. Let’s keep quiet and watch the Whitmans crumble into chaos,” another echoed.

Kenton’s associates gloated over Wynter’s possible

predicament. Their own businesses had been struggling since the Blaises’ rise to success.

Just like Kenton, they had suffered reputational damages that led to declines in their market capitalizations. Not to mention they had faced severe criticism from their capitalists backers, with Wynter being the one to blame.

In truth, the group had colluded to corner Albert in the stock markets. Following Wynter’s acquisition of Westvalen, the Quinnell family was bound to face a major setback.

Just then, someone posed a question. “Are there really no issues with the gold stocks?”

Clinking his wine glass, Kenton affirmed, “Everything is in

order. The Quinnells will be too occupied to bother, and the Whitmans won’t offer any support. In the end, all she can do is

“-Flee Hawford in disgrace!” someone interjected. He turned out to be the one who refused Wynter’s offer and ended up

ridiculed as a bootlicker.

The group of pot bellied men were willing to go to great lengths for profit. After all, they had even stooped to smearing domestic goods on the foreign investors’ behalf.

Far from feeling remorseful about laundering the compatriots’ money offshore, they were filled with excitement.

The men grumbled about the long weekend wait, impatiently counting the days until the stock market opened. By Monday, everyone would see that the stocks they kept skyrocketed while those they sold plummeted.

Such was the classic pump-and-dump scheme of capitalists. They initially drove up the price only to let them crash, ultimately leaving the investors with losses.

As the scheme was plotted discreetly, the men were confident that their ruse would go unnoticed.

Meanwhile, news of Wynter acquiring a worthless piece of land began circulating within the social circles.

During business meetings with Noah, some openly mocked, We heard Ms. Quinnell has taken over Westvalen. I have to say, I’m impressed by the Whitmans’ generosity. To think that you’ll easily splurge five million just for kicks.”

Their inquisitive words and smirks betrayed their underlying malice. At that point, Wynter’s actions had raised doubts about her business acumen among many.

Chapter 1428 The Threat Against Wynter

Wynter’s predicament provided the Montclairs a perfect excuse to visit the Whitman family. Unexpectedly, Tamia herself came to speak with Noah.

Tamia started with a sigh. “I don’t have anything against Wynter, but there are risks engaging in stock investments. While five million dollars isn’t a huge amount, what’s more important is how other capitalists perceive us.

“Both the Whitman and Montclair families are long-standing enterprises in Hawford. If Cyrus continues to fool around with Wynter, it could raise doubts about his capabilities and jeopardize his future fund acquisition.

“I understand that families ought to help each other out, but Cyrus’ position is different. He has much more to consider since he will be inheriting the Monclairs’ family business. Given this, Cyrus will cease all involvement with Wynter and focus on his own ventures.”

Tamia’s points were both reasonable and solid. As she spoke, Noah listened in silence. Though his expression remained stoic, his knuckles had turned white from gripping his cup tightly.

Just then, Ophelia placed her hand on his shoulder and

advised, “I know you’re worried about Marie and Sevie, but you need to think about our family, too. At the very least, we must ensure Cyrus has a way to back out.

“You know how treacherous Valen Village can be. If he gets

caught in this mess, he won’t be able to get away without coughing up several hundred million.

“Sevie has always been headstrong, and no one can reason with her. Besides, she has nothing to worry about.

“She can always return to Kingbourne if things don’t work out, but our businesses are rooted in Hawford. Do you remember how Shane dealt with something similar in the past?”

The mention of Shane hit a sensitive spot for Noah. He immediately looked up at Ophelia and heaved a sigh. “Alright, we’ll do as you say. We’ll call Cyrus back and halt his

investment with Sevie.”

His last statement sounded reluctant, as if he had struggled internally to voice it.

Tamia felt a deep sense of relief upon hearing Noah's affirmation. With her goal achieved, she now focused on fostering a harmonious family ambiance.

Tamia wasn't only adept at handling internal family matters but was also rarely troubled by business losses. A resilient widow from the bygone days, she wasn't one to be

underestimated. She was a skilled manipulator and sought to seize control of everything.

Even though the Montclairs' heir remained undecided, Tamia was determined to secure Cyrus' connection to the Whitman family. She wouldn't hesitate to eliminate any hindrances that stood in her way.

At that point, Wynter's reputation had taken such a hit that people started to forget that she had revived the Blaises'

business in just one day.

When some of the Whitmans' allies started wavering, Orson reached out to Wynter with concern. "Ms. Quinnell, you'll

always receive half of the profit from the applesauce factory.

"However, the business is just beginning to recover, and we can't afford any more setbacks. If you're facing financial difficulties, I have some funds in my personal account..."

Before Orson could finish, Wynter interjected, "You're doing the right thing, Mr. Blaise. No matter what happens, it's crucial to maintain a healthy cash flow for your factories. No need to worry about me."

Still, Orson remained anxious. "You saved the Blaise family from ruin, Ms. Quinnell, I can pull together one million dollars on my end. I know it's not a lot, but that project of yours is

costly. Why not stop now? There's still a way out!"

Chapter 1429 Fabian and Reuben Making Up

"I can't do that." Wynter glanced at Dalton beside her. Her expression was calm as she continued, "Mr. Blaise, I have my own reasons for certain decisions. You should focus on running the factory. If anything happens, the Whitman family will back you."

Orson didn't quite understand what the younger generation was thinking. But since she said so, he didn't interfere further.

With a long sigh, he hung up the phone. Later, through Reuben, he transferred over five million dollars to Wynter.

This time, Wynter didn't refuse Orson's generosity. She texted Orson, "Mr. Blaise, I've accepted the money. I will consider it your investment."

Orson wasn't really intending to invest. He simply wanted to lend her a hand in case Wynter was betrayed by her family. After all, he knew better than anyone how his factory had survived.

Meanwhile, the news about the land dispute was spreading like wildfire.

The Quaint Villa remained unchanged other than the fact that everything was now managed by trusted employees.

Marie was brewing tea. Her movements radiated her serene yet classy beauty.

Reuben sat opposite her as he held a business book. "Are you not worried about what Wynter is doing?" he asked his daughter.

Marie gently poured out the water used for rinsing the tea as she chuckled. "Dad, I'm no longer young.

"Also, you would've already stepped in if something really happened to Wynter. The fact that you haven't means you're at least confident that she can handle it."

Marie's eyes shone with pride as she continued, "Besides, there's nothing Wynter can't achieve. That child was born for the business world, and everything she does has a purpose. It's just that others haven't figured out yet."

Reuben burst into hearty laughter. "What a sharp observation. It's just the both of us today, so I'll admit it. Even though I have faith in Wynter, I don't entirely know what that girl's ultimate goal is, either."

"Is that why you gave the Quinnell family a call?" Marie chuckled lightly as she poured the tea into teacups.

Reuben suddenly felt awkward as he cleared his throat. "I just wanted to learn more about my granddaughter. After all these years, Mr. Quinnell Senior seems to know everything."

"Have you two made up?" Marie asked tentatively.

Reuben shook his head as he stroked his beard. "That old-timer only knows how to make money. He's impossible to talk to."

"You used to say that all the time. But you still liked consulting Mr. Fabian whenever something came up," Marie said as she blew the tea she was holding. "That's nice."

Reuben refused to admit that. "What's so nice about this? He's already that old but still comes to me and pulls childish tricks. He told me to just wait and that I'll see in time, so there's no need to rush."

"Then he brags about how much profit Wynter brought to the Quinnell family while she was with them, saying none of those old crooks dare to make a move now."

"And when I asked for a photo of her at work, he wouldn't even send one! Does that sound like he's trying to make amends with me?"

People would become different from their usual self when they met their good friends.

Reuben, who was always a well-read man with refined manners and maintained an air of scholarly grace, now seemed to be venting like he did in his younger days.

Marie couldn't help but feel a bit of joy. She blinked as she tried to suppress her emotions, though her voice still carried a slight rasp.

"Dad, I haven't seen you like this in a long time. Back then, you and Mr. Fabian... it was all because of me, and because of Mom..."

Reuben froze for a moment upon hearing this, then immediately responded, "It has nothing to do with you. It was all because the Quinnell family didn't raise their son properly. Fabian admitted as much himself and had apologized to me multiple times for that.

"As for Shane, that scoundrel is behind bars now. If he weren't, I'd risk my old life to go settle things with the Quinnell family myself!"

Chapter 1430 All Set Up by Wynter

After learning the full story from Wynter, Reuben had come to understand one thing despite some unanswered questions-Marie had never been in the wrong in her marriage.

"From now on, do whatever you want. The divorce is behind you, and it's time to move forward." Reuben had always been a supportive elder. No matter how old Marie was, she was still his little girl in his eyes. "As for Fabian, I'll make sure he finds a proper way to make amends."

The Whitman and Quinnell families had always been bound by their shared hardships during tumultuous times.

In his younger days, Reuben often disapproved of Fabian's business methods. Yet, the two of them were soulmates when it came to matters of principle.

Whenever Reuben had a dilemma, he'd call up Fabian and argue it out, knowing that things would be clearer by the next day.

But ever since the two families severed ties, Reuben had not encountered another friend with whom he shared such a deep, like-minded connection.

Upon returning this time and seeing her father, Marie felt not only deep regret but also a profound sense of guilt.

Isabella had passed, and Reuben had drifted from his closest friend and eventually became estranged. It was a double blow that weighed heavily on Reuben.

As people grew older, they yearned for those who shared in their triumphs and challenges. They would crave to talk to someone who would understand.

Marie was more overjoyed than anyone that Reuben had reconciled with Fabian.

Soon, a thought crossed her mind. "Dad, would you still have called Mr. Fabian if Wynter weren't in this situation?"

"Why would I call him for no reason? To piss myself off?" He suddenly paused as he spoke and looked over at Marie.

Marie nodded her head and her smile widened. "That child probably did it on purpose."

"That Wynter!" Reuben shook his head. A laugh he couldn't hold back bubbled in his throat. "She's the sharpest of them all. She roped both me and Fabian into this!"

Marie poured another cup of tea and pushed it over to Reuben. She was still laughing as she continued, " Well, she knew you'd worry about her and do anything for her. They say grandparents are always more affectionate. I saw it for myself today."

"Look at her! She's no different from when she was a child!" Reuben grumbled, though his eyes were full of genuine affection. "I should've kept her in Hawford back then and raised her myself."

Marie just smiled without saying a word. Both families had fought over who would take care of Wynter when she was born. They even had a childish argument about it. Now, thinking back, it was all just joyful memories.

"She wasn't alone in investing in the stock market." Reuben shifted the conversation. "Albert is following her into it as well."

Though Reuben didn't know Wynter that well, his eldest grandson was a different story.

Among the younger generation, Albert was known to be calm, outstanding, and level-headed. On top of that, finance was his strong suit. His predictions on stocks and funds were professional.

Reuben found it unlikely that Albert was playing along with Wynter's antics.

"Those two are definitely setting something up." Reuben chuckled. "Just wait and see. I'm curious what kind of surprise my grandson and granddaughter are planning together."

The outside world could never guess Reuben's stand in all this. After all, he always claimed he was recovering from an illness no matter who came to visit.

And it was true. Everyone knew Reuben's health wasn't great. There were even whispers suggesting that it was clear he couldn't manage without Evan.

The only clear stance was that Cyrus had withdrawn from the land investment deal. Instantly, all sorts of speculations began to surface.