

Six Brothers 1431

Chapter 1431 True Allies

"Even the Whitmans' eldest grandson withdrew. It's obvious that the Whitmans know this project is a money pit."

"Even though it's not proper for them to pull out like this given that they're family, who wants to lose money?"

"Exactly. We should stay sharp and keep our distance from the Quinnell family. We should steer clear with whatever they're up to."

"Who can afford to get involved? I'm afraid she might come after me and tell me to invest."

It was only when one was at rock bottom that one could truly see who their true allies were. Those who were indecisive or had ulterior motives were now clearly avoiding Wynter.

Even though she hadn't paid them any attention and merely crossed paths with them at the Chamber of Commerce, they acted as if they had seen something dirty. They would pretend to be busy and disperse quickly.

This was when people's true nature became most apparent.

Some people had modest profits and were simply using the recent trend in domestic products to stabilize their cash flow.

These individuals were the ones who genuinely tried to offer advice to Wynter when they encountered her. Such people were genuinely well-meaning.

However, the overwhelming majority were merely interested in observing the spectacle.

Wynter arrived at the Chamber of Commerce to submit some documents.

Her car was parked outside, and sitting inside was none other than Dalton. He was more perceptive of the reactions around Wynter than anyone else. His eyes grew darker and colder, as if a layer of frost was about to form.

Finally, he picked up his phone and dialed a number. His voice was low as he spoke, "Transfer another 500 million to Mrs. Yarwood's account."

Wynter, who was outside the car, couldn't hear this phone call.

The saying that fate had a way of bringing enemies together was illustrated perfectly by this scene.

Just then, Kenton arrived with a group of people. He was also here to submit documents. After all, they were involved in a project with the Chamber of Commerce.

"Oh, look who it is. It's Wynter and her flashy car." Kenton continued with a tone that was anything but pleasant, "I heard you recently acquired a piece of worthless land and might end up losing money."

"Don't worry. The Whitmans might not help you, but you'll always have me. If you meet any difficulties, you can always talk to me about it."

As soon as he was done with his sentence, the men behind him started laughing. It was clear that they were mocking Wynter.

Wynter glanced over, her eyes slowly moving across the people's faces. "I didn't realize you were so concerned about me, Mr. Wray. I'm still figuring out whether the land I bought will be profitable or not, but you seem to have already figured it out."

Kenton waved his hand, which was holding a cigar, dismissively. "Wynter, you're still young and

inexperienced in real estate. It's obvious whether some land will be profitable or not.

"As your elder, and given the good relations between the Wray and Whitman families, I'm just looking out for you to help you avoid any pitfalls."

Wynter chuckled at his words and casually played with a small knife before lifting her gaze slightly.

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Wray. I heard you also bought a piece of land. I wish you success. But if it turns out to be a bad investment, it might end up being quite a joke."

"You!" Someone wanted to argue but was quickly stopped by Kenton.

Wynter didn't bother looking back. She walked toward her Lamborghini right after speaking.

The Chamber of Commerce's members were displeased with Wynter's attitude. "Mr. Wray, are you really going to allow that girl to walk all over you? I'd have dealt with her a long time ago if it were me!"

Kenton regained his composure and replied, "She's not only from the Quinnell family but also the fiancée of the Yarwood family's scion. The Whitman family might have given up on her, but the Yarwood family might not just stand by.

"We can occasionally give her a hard time, but we need to be careful with how we do it. It's not like she will be able to act so arrogantly for much longer anyway. Just wait and see,"

By Monday, whether it was her or Albert, they'd be left with nothing but regret and a need to kneel and beg!

Chapter 1432 Doomed Beyond Redemption

Wynter received a call from Fabian before she even got back into the car.

"Wynter, Reuben reached out to me for a chat!" The laughter on the other end was so hearty that it was infectious. "He was worried about you and asked me a bunch of questions.

"I might not know the details of what you and your brother are up to, but I believe there's nothing that can't be overcome," Fabian spoke with great confidence. "Do what you want to do."

Wynter looked inside the car and smiled widely. "Alright."

She indeed felt different from before. Back then, she did business purely for the money. No one would unconditionally support her from behind at the time.

Now, it was different. Wynter wanted to help the older generation achieve their sentiments, vision, and their grand ambitions, just as Gordon did. Cascadia's economic lifeline should always be in its own people's hands.

Wynter was convinced that Cascadians should avoid stagnation. They were open to working with others but must remain resolute in their identity. They possessed their own strengths and integrity and were not inferior to foreign products.

As for the Wray family's faction, they had been nothing but foreign goods' lapdogs ever since they started spreading rumors and denigrating domestic goods. Wynter had nothing more to say about them.

Many in the Chamber of Commerce were now aligned with them, with some even pretending to be on the Whitman family's side. She needed to seek them out one by one.

She knew this wouldn't be a smooth sail. Just like now, it was only when she faced a "dead end" that she was able to expose others' true nature.

Others might not notice Wynter's intentions. However, someone as perceptive as Dalton already compiled a detailed list for her.

"These are the people who usually step up to support the Whitman family. Some of them are close to your uncle."

The information was thorough. Dalton even sent it to her in a document.

Wynter hadn't imagined that he would do these for her. She raised an eyebrow and wondered if it was normal to have a fiancé who knew herself better than she did.

She was grateful that they weren't on opposing sides. Otherwise, winning would have been quite a challenge.

This reminded Wynter of the old laptop she had discarded. She thought inwardly that being too smart could be troublesome as well.

What she had forgotten was that they had always been on opposing sides back then. Perhaps it was only in their current lives that they were engaged.

Meanwhile, the decision to withdraw his investment had enraged Cyrus.

"I'm not pulling out! Who are you to make decisions for me? The land was chosen by Wynter and me together! She even brought me along to help revive Mr. Blaise's factory! I can't pull out now! This is no different from stabbing her in the back!"

Cyrus had never lost his temper with Ophelia like this. Some of the toys he used to love were smashed to pieces.

"Cyrus, listen to me. You're still young and don't understand the complexities involved. That land Wynter took on is nothing but a bottomless pit. Why are you backing her up so foolishly?" Ophelia asked.

Cyrus' eyes widened at Ophelia's words. Even though he had anticipated this thanks to Wynter, he still felt torn hearing it from his mother's mouth.

"Mom, she's my cousin! We are family! And if it weren't for her coming to my store, I would have already -" He cut himself off abruptly. He remembered Wynter telling him to not reveal the custom issues to anyone, including Ophelia.

"What happened to your store?" Tamia, who was standing at the side, was visibly concerned when Cyrus mentioned his store.

Cyrus couldn't help but instinctively become guarded facing his grandmother now.

He pretended to be in agony and clutched his head. "Did Dad agree with the decision to withdraw the investment?"

Chapter 1433 Humans Are Selfish Beings

Tamia removed Cyrus hand. “What’s going on with you? Do you think we could make decisions for the Whitman family if your father didn’t agree? I know you Have a kind heart, but business is far more complicated than you realize.

“You’re actually giving your cousin a wake-up call by pulling out the investment. A young girl like her should be focusing on her studies, not playing grownup by buying land and trading stocks. It’s a bottomless pit. How much wealth do you think it would take to fill It?

“Cyrus, my dear grandson, listen to me. Don’t follow your cousin in this reckless venture. Are you really willing to let a moment of loyalty cause your mom, dad, and I so much worry?”

Guilt-tripping family members seemed to come naturally to Tamia.

also urging him

Cyrus went still as soon as Tamia finished speaking. He looked over at Ophella, who was also to stop. For the first time in his life, he felt as though he was truly seeing his family members for who they

were

All these years, they had taught him to always put family first, to remember the ties of kinship, and not to be like Reuben.

They told him Reuben was too rigid and

unyielding. He didn’t mind embarrassing others, and this led to his isolation in old age.

But now, they were telling him not to act on impulse. This had nothing to do with loyalty or bonds. It was simply about protecting their interests, and they wanted him to be the one to betray Wynter.

Cyrus didn’t fully believe Wynter when she predicted their reaction. He could never have imagined that the grandmother and mother he revered so much would act this way.

Suddenly, it dawned on him that the grandfather he had always thought was too cold-hearted might have been the only one who truly cared about family.

Cyrus remembered the times before he was sent abroad. Reuben would always ask him, “Do you really want to study abroad?”

Cyrus had been fearful of him back then. He would always hesitate and say nothing in the end.

Reuben had looked at him and took a deep breath. “You can go abroad, but not now. Wait until you’ve finished high school, with good grades, and been accepted into a prestigious university.

“And definitely not when you can’t even master the basics or haven’t tried to work hard. I don’t agree with you being sent abroad this young.”

At that time, Cyrus was barely a teenager. He had thought that Reuben was just an old-fashioned man trying to control his life and

cause an uproar at home.

In the end, Reuben sat in his chair. It wasn’t as if he had relented but rather as if he had given up. “Go if you want. Everyone has their own path.”

Back then, Cyrus hadn’t understood what Reuben meant by “everyone has their own path“. Now, he did. His grandfather had been deeply disappointed in him, and rightfully so.

Only by following Wynter had he realized how useless he had been. He was basically a hollow shell.

His so-called friends were nothing more than pawns placed by the Wray family to sabotage him and the Whitman family. The Whitmans’ decline wasn’t due to external factors but was because their eldest grandson, the supposed heir, had failed them!

Cyrus clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. It was one thing for his mom and grandma to urge him to pull out of the investment, but why had Noah agreed, too?

Cyrus narrowed his eyes and thought to himself that he had to find a way to inform Wynter about this. How could an uncle betray his own niece? He believed that his father deserved a beating by Reuben!

Having made up his mind, Cyrus suddenly stopped resisting. Whatever Tamia said from that point on, he just nodded along and no longer protested:

Tamia didn't suspect a thing. "Eat something, alright? It pains me to see you like this."

Cyrus responded with a simple hum, as if he was upset

Ophelia watched him with concern. She couldn't help but feel that there was something different about Cyrus.

Tamia reassured her, "Don't overthink it. Keep an eye on Noah's actions instead. If he softens and helps the Quinnell family again, it will be your own money on the line."

Chapter 1434

"But Cyrus..." Ophelia couldn't help but glance back worriedly.

Tamia waved it off. 'He's been around that Quinnell girl too much lately. They are blood relatives, after all. It's normal for him to be affected and doesn't want to hurt her. Give him a few days, and he'll come

around.

"Just make sure he spends more time with the Montclair family in the future. That's how we stay close."

"Don't worry, Mom. I understand. Though Ophelia was Indecisive by nature, she had always sided with her family when it came to moments like these.

Tamia gave her a sidelong glance. "Don't restrict him too much. Let him do whatever he wants for now. Just make sure he stays home until Monday."

"Monday?" Ophelia was puzzled.

Tamia's smile was cryptic. "The conference will be over by then. You'll understand what I mean soon enough."

Ophelia's eyes brightened as realization dawned on her. "Mom, are you saying there's going

change regarding that land?"

be a policy

"Shh. Nothing's set in stone yet, so be quiet about it." Tamia chuckled. "Just wait for your money to double."

Ophelia's face lit up with excitement. After all, who wouldn't love money? Especially as a wealthy housewife, she longed for a financial source of her own.

Tamia's judgment had never been wrong, and the Montclairs had invested a significant amount themselves. That meant the policy change was real!

Feeling much better, Ophelia no longer concerned herself with Cyrus, who was upstairs. If he was hungry or thirsty, the maids could prepare everything and bring it up.

After all, he had always acted like this when he was upset. He'd lock himself in his room and bury himself in video games.

Clearly, Ophelia had underestimated the integrity that ran through the Whitman family's bloodline.

Cyrus spent the entire day plotting his escape. He eyed the window in the gaming room and noted that it wasn't too high.

The benefits of all those workouts were about to pay off. With a well-timed jump, he landed by the back door

, where there were no surveillance cameras.

When Cyrus found Wynter, she had her headphones on and was deeply engrossed in analyzing the stock market with Dalton. With over 30 billion invested, they needed to monitor three accounts simultaneously. Every second was critical.

They were reviewing some highly professional forecasts sent by Albert and needed to work closely together. The office was stocked with plenty of chocolate, snacks, and opened bottles of whiskey.

Dalton was thoroughly enjoying this collaborative work environment. It was a new experience for him since he was used to working alone.

He was snacking as he glanced over at Cyrus. This unexpected visitor had interrupted their rare collaboration. Dalton found it hard to maintain his previous friendly demeanor and instead kept his expression poised, exuding an air of aloof elegance.

Cyrus recounted the whole ordeal while gargling down the drink from a glass. “My dad is such a traitor! He always claimed to love his niece the most! I think he’s just like me—completely unreliable!

“Wynter, you should get Grandpa to kick him out of the Whitman family. He can go live with the Montclair family as their son-in-law instead!”

Dalton glanced over with a slightly cold expression, noting that the whiskey he had prepared was completely gone now.

“Don’t bother with an alcoholic,” Wynter said quickly. After all, she knew the whiskey was a rare one. Cyrus hiccuped before continuing. “What do you mean alcoholic? Who’s an alcoholic?”

“Wynter, you have no idea how I escaped. I jumped off the balcony and was so damn cool! I live up to your expectations and being your cousin!”

He rummaged through his pocket as he spoke before pulling out a card. “This is what I saved up during my time abroad. It’s not much, but there’s five or six million here. It’s all yours!”

Chapter 1435 My Cousin

“They told me to withdraw my investment, but I refuse!” Cyrus slumped on the couch. He was already a little tipsy as he leaned back, as if reminiscing about the past.

“I have a cousin now. Her name is Wynter, and she wears a tiger-head hat. It’s all Tobias’ fault. He wouldn’t let me touch her, saying she’s from his family, he mumbled.

Wynter stood at the side as she listened to him. The hand that was reaching out to wake him paused. before she took his card instead.

She smiled slightly and said in a soft voice, almost like a promise, “Then I’ll invest on your behalf.

“After Monday, no one will see you as a useless pawn from the Montclair family. You are Cyrus Whitman, the Whitman family’s eldest grandson.”

The only response Wynter got from him was his snores as he drifted off to sleep.

The night was vibrant with countless lights outside the window.

Monday arrived in the blink of an eye. The trading platform was bustling with activity as everyone waited eagerly for the market to open.

Kenton was feeling particularly upbeat as he had anticipated a significant drop in the gold market. He was confident that his plans were solid. He didn’t even go to the office and instead enjoyed a leisurely breakfast at home.

After all, he and the foreign companies had already spread news a week prior about a major decline in the gold market. According to their plans, the gold market was set to plummet with everyone echoing this prediction.

His scheme had two objectives. The first was to set a trap for Albert, and the second was to profit from Cascadian funds. The ultimate goal was to exploit the gold market and reap gains from retail investors, Kenton had nothing to worry about now given that the results were looking promising. All he had to do was wait for good news!

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In addition, the land development requisition policy was set to be announced in the afternoon. He planned to attend the meeting personally. After all, it was a benefit given by the higher-ups.

Kenton’s smile widened the more he thought about it.

Seeing this, the company staff whispered among themselves.

“Mr. Wray looks happy today.”

“Who wouldn’t be? We’ve secured a prime piece of land”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. Just wait for the bonuses that we’re going to get.”

After all, everyone’s livelihood depended on Kenton. They would benefit if the company thrived.

But whether the bonus would be distributed to everyone was another matter. The company’s environment wasn’t great, especially for women.

Soon, the Chamber of Commerce’s members arrived at the company.

“Stella, you haven’t been around lately. But you’re looking more beautiful every time I see you!”
One of the

Chamber of Commerce members looked at Stella Ellsworth. The way he looked at her was as if he had just discovered a rare plaything.

Upon hearing her name, Stella turned slightly and glanced at him.

“Mr. Lark, please don’t tease me. How could someone like me catch your eyes?” She then returned to her work right after speaking. She couldn’t hide the hint of disgust appearing in her eyes.

“Let’s go.

Emmett. We’re going to Mr. Wray’s office to have a chat,” another member spoke up.

Footsteps were heard approaching the office door. The Chamber of Commerce members knocked before entering and greeting Kenton.

Today was the day of the market opening. Hence, Kenton wasn't the only one watching closely. Many of the Chamber members had also invested and were eager to make a big profit alongside him.

Kenton sat in his executive chair as he pulled out two boxes of cigars and a pair of cutters from his drawer.

"Take one each. Don't faint from excitement later. If you do, don't tell anyone you're working with me!" Kenton's joke only reinforced the Chamber members confidence that the stocks they had bought would rise. They also anticipated a severe drop in the gold prices that Albert had invested in.

"After today, the Quinnells' grandson will never recover!"

Someone expressed with intensity, "Mr. Wray is indeed impressive. The Quinnells are nothing but annoying pests!"

"Alright, let's leave this behind once and for all once we're done with it. Think about the plans for the Bureau of Land Management later this afternoon..."

Chapter 1436 Mission Failed

"Emmett and I came early today because we wanted to join you in seeing the market firsthand!"

"Don't worry. Of course, we're all in it together when it comes to making money." Kenton laughed heartily.

This group of people in the office had already started planning how they would celebrate with champagne that evening.

However, what they didn't know was that at 8:30 am, a peculiar phenomenon unfolded across the larger shopping malls.

Long queues had already formed outside even before the doors opened. At the renowned Infinity Mall's entrance, people were either carrying a suitcase or had credit cards in their pockets. This created a bustling scene.

Half an hour later, when the mall security finally arrived to open the doors, the crowd of eager shoppers was practically bursting with anticipation.

The security guards were puzzled by the commotion. After all, this was even more chaotic than the weekends. They had no idea what was going on.

The shoppers, primarily elderly women, rushed straight into the jewelry store with determination.

The store manager, who had just finished the morning meeting with the sales staff, informed them that the gold price for the day was set at 235 dollars per ounce.

In an instant, the women surged into the store. The sales staff sprang into action, quickly moving to assist the influx of customers.

Seeing the scale of the rush, the store manager immediately arranged for the inventory to be prepared and joined the sales team to help out.

The elderly women noticed the displayed price of 235 dollars per ounce for gold and began to make their selections with a sense of urgency.

They shared a common thought—with gold prices dropping, it was an opportunity not to be missed. Gold, being a tangible and valuable asset, was seen as a safe investment.

One of them immediately started purchasing. "I'll take this ring, this necklace, and this bracelet. I want five each. Also, give me five two-ounce gold bars."

The sales staff quickly complied and packed up the items since the elderly woman didn't seem bothered to try them on before buying.

"Hello, the total is 150 thousand dollars. Will you be paying in cash or by card?"

The woman promptly pulled out a credit card and paid without hesitation. She grabbed her packed gold jewelry and hurriedly left the store.

The gold store was buzzing with activity, almost like a festive market.

“Miss, I want 20 two-ounce gold bars!”

“Get ten of these necklaces and bracelets for me, miss!”

“Give me ten two-ounce gold bars, too!”

“Miss, I want ten of these rings.”

The elderly women’s voices filled the air from all directions. The rest of the stores in the mall, except for

the gold store, were practically deserted. The other store owners were puzzled by the sudden shift in customer interest.

“Caden, look. Isn’t that Ms. Aria? Why is she in the gold store buying gold? She is carrying a lot of bags.”

Caden Solis looked over and noticed Aria–Lune walking out with bags of gold. He walked over with Noel Nyx to greet her.

“Ms. Lune, why did you buy so much gold? Are you preparing for your son’s wedding?”

Hearing her name, Aria turned around.

“Ah, it’s the both of you. This isn’t for my son’s wedding.” Aria proceeded to lean closer and whispered to

all this them, “The gold prices dropped today. That’s why my friends and I took this opportunity to buy gold with our savings!

“You guys are still young, so you probably don’t know about this, but gold is always a good investment! Money can drop in value, but not gold!

“You guys should take this chance to buy some, too! Otherwise, they will be sold out soon! I will go back first. You guys do as you see fit.”

Aria carried her bags and headed toward the mall’s exit after speaking.

Caden and Noel were equally confused. They remembered clearly that there was recent news saying that gold prices would hit rock bottom.

They didn’t understand why these elderly women were even more eager to buy gold as if they didn’t care about the news. What was going on?

Chapter 1437 The Unpredictable Prices

At the commercial building’s top floor, Kenton had specifically instructed Adrien to keep an eye on the time. As soon as the stock market opened, he wanted to be notified immediately in his office.

At 9:30 am sharp, at Hawford’s trading platform, investors were bustling and anxiously waiting for the market to open. One didn’t even need to pay much attention to it since people would shout as soon as it opened.

“It’s open! The market’s open!”

Bethany, who had followed Wynter’s stock tips, hurried to check on the performance of her gold investment.

“It’s up! My stocks are going up!” someone exclaimed.

Bethany hurriedly glanced over at her friend. “What went up? Is the gold rising?”

“Gold? No, it isn’t,” her friend replied.

A cold sweat immediately broke out on Bethany's forehead. For her, this was a high-stakes gamble. Just last Thursday, she had caught wind of a rumor that gold

prices would fall, and she had been tempted to sell off her holdings.

However, seeing Dalton and Wynter pouring cash into gold investments gave her second thoughts. She had convinced herself that perhaps gold wouldn't drop but might rise instead.

After all, the prices of gold in the malls were climbing. So, why wasn't gold in the stock market following

suit?

Bethany was starting to get worried. After some consideration, she decided to call Wynter, who she had met a few days ago. "Wynter, the gold stocks haven't risen yet."

Wynter said with a hint of laughter, "Ms. Sackett, you just need a little more patience. It's only the morning. Things will change by the afternoon.

"Besides, I'm sure you've noticed how crazy people are for gold at the mall right now. I'm assuming you brought your relatives and friends to buy gold accessories with you, too."

Bethany felt that her thoughts had been exposed by Wynter and felt a little embarrassed. "I just wanted to help my family make some money. I didn't expect word about this to get out."

"You've misunderstood me, Ms. Sackett. I'm not blaming you at all," Wynter reassured her as she sat in the car and glanced at the large outdoor screen nearby. It was the largest advertisement board in Hawford and was currently promoting gold.

"Someone's been dumping gold at low prices to disrupt the market and mess with the stock prices. They are planning to gain profit from it, but we'll make sure they gain nothing from this. I trust in your buying powers, Wynter continued.

Bethany didn't quite grasp what Wynter was saying. She covered her phone and whispered, "Will my stock go up?"

“It will. Just wait until the afternoon,” Wynter replied calmly.

As she spoke, she glanced sideways into the rearview mirror, where Dalton sat. He was well-dressed and had a pristine white laptop resting on his lap.

The screen displayed a neatly organized stock analysis chart. With a soft tap of the enter key, another billion dollars was moved into the stock holdings.

Wynter couldn't stop him even if she tried.

Dalton was ruthless when it came to earning money. He showed no emotions, as if this was all merely entertainment to him. Not to mention, he still leisurely had a cup of coffee in his right hand.

Wynter couldn't help but shake her head with a click of her tongue. The Wray family was indeed in a dire situation. They hadn't even realized that the Yarwood family already had eyes on them.

Dalton looked up, adjusted his golden-rimmed glasses, and asked nonchalantly, “What's up?”

“Nothing. Feel free to continue,” Wynter said as she typed on her phone. She was reminding Albert to place additional bets.

At times like this, she couldn't allow Dalton to be the only one making money. She needed to profit from this, too. She felt a strange surge of competitiveness when it came to him.

Meanwhile, Adrien rushed into the conference room holding a phone with a troubled expression. Kenton was in a video call with an overseas company along with several other Chamber of Commerce members. “Mr. Wray, our collaboration has been very pleasant. We're just waiting for you to successfully acquire it at a low price!” The voice was from a foreigner, speaking broken Cascadian from the other end of the call. Kenton clinked glasses with him through the video.

At that moment, an urgent knock was heard at the door

Chapter 1438 Yvette Is Confident

Adrien pushed open the door with a grim expression. Kenton furrowed his brows and instinctively hung up the phone before looking at him.

Adrien glanced around at the familiar faces before letting down his guard. "Mr. Wray, there's a problem. The price of gold... it hasn't dropped."

"It hasn't dropped? How is that possible?" One of the Chamber of Commerce members couldn't help but speak before Kenton.

Adrien wiped his sweat. "It really hasn't dropped."

The men in the room stared at him like they were ready to pounce. "But Ms. Yates said the gold market would hit rock bottom for some time!

"Not to mention, we've partnered with overseas capital to manipulate the market. How could the price of gold not drop?"

"Calm down, Emmett." Kenton was caught off guard himself.

His appetite for champagne disappeared almost in an instant, but he still had to get more information." Are you saying that it hasn't risen or fallen? What about the other three stocks?"

Adrien opened his mouth and spoke in a hushed tone. They hadn't changed either and are still at Friday's closing price."

"Well, that's not unusual," one of them, who was always eager to flatter Kenton, chimed in. "Mr. Wray, it's not like Ms. Yates gave us an exact date for the drop. She just said it would happen this week.

"The market only opens on Monday morning. We should wait until the evening to see the change."

"Yes, that's true. You have a point. I wonder why I haven't thought about this," another one chimed in.

The group of people burst into laughter again. “Looks like I’m getting forgetful. I forgot about details like this. Ms. Yates’ predictions are never wrong. And with Mr. Wray leading us, there’s no way anything could go wrong!”

“I understand that you guys are anxious, Kenton said magnanimously. “No worries. I’ll have my secretary keep an eye on things. For now, let’s head over to that plot of land I acquired and wait for the policy to

rain down on us.”

“Let’s go! We’re in for a windfall.”

As always, there were those eager to agree with everything Kenton said. However, some couldn’t help but express their regret, “What a shame. I was really looking forward to seeing that piece of shit lose everything.

“You guys have no idea how arrogant Albert is in person. I’m older than him, but he had the guts to ignore me when I invited him for dinner.”

“Tch. Those two youngsters are worse than their father, Let’s just listen to Mr. Wray and wait till this evening.”

Kenton listened to the murmurs around him and narrowed his eyes slightly. The first thing he did once he got into the car was call Yvette. There was no need for pretense inside the car since it was just him and the driver.

“Ms. Yates, do I need to beg you? It took you long enough to pick up the phone. It’s almost like you’re done trying to make a living in Hawford,” Kenton chided.

Confident

At this point, Yvette was entirely dependent on Kenton. Her reputation as a fortune teller was backed by the Wray family.

Without their support, her past actions would come to light and cause her credibility to crumble. Kenton had all the dirt on her, so she didn’t dare to challenge him.

Yvette quickly responded, "Mr. Wray, I was focused on watching the stock market and didn't notice the phone ringing. Ms. Thesara can vouch for me."

Thesara Krim was sent by Kenton to take care of Yvette. However, she was more of a watchdog than a caretaker.

"Mr. Wray, Ms. Yates was indeed tracking the stock market before your call," Thesara replied.

Hearing this, Kenton's voice turned colder. "So, what do you remember now that you've seen it? Is what you told me earlier going to hold true?"

He had to double confirm as he couldn't afford any mistakes now. After all, he was so close to locking the Quinnell family like birds in a cage.

"It's absolutely accurate!" Yvette exclaimed as she scrolled through the newsfeed which was aligned with her memories. "Just as I predicted, the market didn't budge this morning, but the winds will change by this afternoon. It'll be too late by the time others try to get in."

Chapter 1439 Blind to the Commoners' Life

"The higher-up's conference will conclude by this morning. The land requisition will be announced afterward," Yvette hastily added, fearing that Kenton might deem her no longer valuable.

Kenton, a businessman driven entirely by personal gain, immediately shifted his tone upon hearing her update. "I was too impatient earlier. Ms. Yates, please don't take it to heart.

"Ms. Krim, make sure to prepare more nourishing soups for her. A good mood might just help her remember even more useful things."

Yvette was not foolish at all. She understood how valuable her information from the future was, so she seized the opportunity. "I've had enough soup. I'd like to go out for a walk to take in the scenery. It will help clear my head."

Kenton had already looked into Yvette's background. He knew she was inherently vain and had a penchant for shopping. After all, coming from a background of human traffickers, she needed some pictures to embellish her social media presence.

He didn't reject her request as he was planning on maintaining a long-term partnership with her. She was his golden goose in future business ventures, after all.

"Go ahead. Whatever catches your eye, just bill it to the Wray Group," Kenton replied.

Yvette's smile grew even brighter with Kenton's approval. Though she had made quite a profit from stocks in recent days, who wouldn't prefer to shop on someone else's dime?

Now, whether she visited upscale clubs or attended socialite gatherings, everyone had to address her with respect.

After all, the amount of fortune some of the Chamber of Commerce members could earn was reliant on her. Even the wealthy ladies' husbands had to flatter her, not to mention people of lower classes, including Thesara.

Yvette sneered at her, "Did you hear what Mr. Wray said? From now on, do whatever I tell you."

Thesara lowered her gaze with her fists clenched. "Yes, Ms. Yates."

Yvette felt absolutely elated. She noted the amount of people who had already bought the stocks she had recommended.

It made no sense for her not to do the same. Hence, she had her trader increase her investment by another three million.

At this moment, both Yvette and Kenton were eagerly anticipating a windfall. But what these capitalists failed to understand was how the ordinary person lived, nor did they care.

As a result, they hadn't noticed that some things had already quietly begun to change.

As the morning wore on, the staff at the gold shop barely had a moment to catch their breath. Even the store manager had to step in to help with the overwhelming demand, but it still wasn't enough.

Amid the chaos, a couple arrived. They were carefully selecting their wedding jewelry. After all, they had to meticulously pick out the perfect jewelry for the wedding.

Just as they finished their selections and asked the staff for the price, the store manager made an announcement with a megaphone.

"Attention, everyone! Please hold on for a moment. The gold price has changed. Please wait a moment if you haven't made your transaction yet."

All eyes turned toward the large screen. The displayed gold price had just shifted from 235 dollars per ounce to 295 dollars per ounce.

The elderly women still waiting in line outside were even more thrilled. To them, the rising price was a clear signal that it would only go higher!

"Can you hurry up? We're all still waiting out here! Time is money, young people!" one of the elderly women shouted impatiently from outside.

The newlywed couple glanced at each other after hearing about the sudden price jump. They realized something was off. The gold prices were about to skyrocket!

Without wasting another second, the bride quickly added two large, chunky gold necklaces with pendants to her selection.

"Add these, too. Can you calculate the total for us?" she asked.

The staff took out the calculator and calculated the total, taking the weight, quantity, and the newly updated price into account.

"Your total comes to 50 thousand dollars."

"We'll pay by card," the bride said without hesitation.