

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1451 We Still Have an Ace

Kenton's associates were secretly upset by his tantrum. Even so, they remained hopeful about the stock markets despite the losses incurred from the land.

They chose to calm Kenton's anger instead of abandoning him, even resorting to flattery to avoid being ousted from the group.

After all, Yvette was the one who made the stock predictions, and she had never been wrong before.

Meanwhile, Yvette was unaware of the land investment mishap. She was out shopping with a companion who carried her bags. She had even invited several ladies for tea, as if she were a true socialite.

Upon noticing the line of customers outside the jewelry store, she asked with a hint of sarcasm, "What are they doing? Are they scrambling to buy worthless gold?"

Her companion was clueless and could only shake their head. Yvette pouted and raised her chin disdainfully, "It's unpleasant seeing a bunch of old hags crowding. This place is dragging down my expectations. Let's go somewhere else."

Even if a reborn soul possessed knowledge of the future, it would be wasted if her capabilities didn't match that information.

Unfortunately, Kenton's associates were unaware of the fact and continued kissing up to Kenton. In such tense moments, there was always one ready to offer pretty words.

"Forget about the land, Mr. Wray. We have an ace up our sleeve! We'll see who gets the last laugh. The stock market will open soon, and we'll be raking in profits for five days straight. No one can stop us!" they exclaimed.

Kenton was stunned for a moment, and his expression changed. "That's right. The stocks are our ace in the hole!"

At that point, Kenton had gone mad. He barely gave it any thought as his mind was fixated on the Quinnells' ruin. That was a significant breach of business etiquette.

"Tell the traders to keep increasing our investment! That girl will regret crossing me. I want the Quinnells to cough up every penny they made from that land!" Kenton's eyes turned fiery red, and his face twisted into a menacing scowl.

The others echoed his decision. It seemed that, following a failure, people were inclined to pursue new ventures for more gains, especially when they were convinced it would yield profits with no chance of losses.

The associates' earlier discontent had now vanished, and their eyes gleamed with greed.

Had they looked into the mirror, they would've found themselves akin to the desperate gamblers from dramas, continually throwing their money into the game with the hope of winning it all back.

Meanwhile, Ophelia arrived at the Montclair residence and hurried inside. "We're in big trouble, Mom."

Tamia was reviewing the materials for overseas study, planning to send Cyrus even further. "Calm down. What's the big deal?"

Ophelia sank onto the couch and took a deep breath, though her expression remained ashen. "Did Mr. Calico not tell you anything, Mom?" she asked, puzzled.

"Tell me what? What's got you so worked up today?" Tamia shook her head with a soft chuckle.

"Did he really not tell you anything? Isn't he one of your connections?" As she repeated the words, Ophelia grappled with an unusual and intense anxiety. She closed her eyes and prepared to speak the truth.

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1452 Cyrus Must Benefit From This

Ophelia stated, "The Bureau of Land Management has just announced the land slated for development, but it's not the one the Wrays have acquired. Instead, it's the very land you schemed for Wynter to take!"

A cup shattered into pieces with a crash. Tamia's eyes fluttered in disbelief; she couldn't accept the news.

"Impossible! Alejandro assured me it was worthless. And wasn't Wynter interested in Valen Village? How could her land be chosen for development? This can't be true!"

"It's all over the news!" Ophelia exclaimed, showing her phone to Tamia, who was momentarily stunned before snatching the phone away.

Clenching her fists, Ophelia added, "That's not all. You just publicly announced that Cyrus withdrew his funds and wasn't involved in the investments. Immediately after, Wynter's land was declared for development.

"You're not the only one embarrassed, Mom. How am I supposed to explain myself to the Whitman family now?"

Tamia's face flushed red, as if she had received a slap to the face.

Ophelia shared her feelings and continued, "Cyrus could've made a huge profit! But money isn't significant right now. At the very least, he has to be part of that project. It's a nationwide endeavor!"

Tamia felt a deep wave of regret but quickly gathered her composure.

"Cyrus must benefit from this! While he hasn't invested any capital, he has provided Wynter with valuable connections. He should be credited for that effort. This project is too lucrative for him to be left out!"

Only when Cyrus was involved in the project could the Montclair family share in the glory.

Fortunately, Ophelia agreed. "In that case, I'll have Cyrus speak with Sevie. They're cousins, so it's easier for him to ask."

Tamia considered the situation further. "Having Cyrus talk to her isn't enough. You need to be present, too. You're her aunt, after all.

"Even if she's working to reconcile the Quinnells and the Whitmans, she still has to respect you as her elder.

"Besides, Marie will need to consider what's best for her brother as well. I'm sure no one wishes to see another marriage fail after experiencing one themselves."

Tamia then suggested a sinister approach. "Tell that girl that Cyrus was pressured to pull his funds and see how she responds. It's best if she agrees, otherwise, you'll need to discuss it with Noah.

"All these years, you've sacrificed your career to support the family and raise Cyrus. You can't let a youngster disrespect you. Let Noah know you might consider a divorce if Cyrus doesn't get a share in that land."

Hearing that, Ophelia widened her eyes in disbelief. "Are you actually suggesting that I file for a divorce from Noah?"

"It's just a thought, not an actual plan. Now that things have come to this, it's the only way. Plus, it's part of the wisdom in managing a marriage," Tamia assured.

However, Ophelia seemed hesitant. "But I don't want to bring it up at all. You know Noah and I don't have any feelings for each other. We only got married because you..."

"That's enough dwelling on the past, Ophelia ! What matters now is resolving the issue at hand.

"Don't worry. Even though you and Noah started without feelings, you've been together for years, and even your son is all grown up. Noah's a family man, so I'm sure he wouldn't agree to a divorce."

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1453 The Stock Market Opens

"I doubt Noah can afford a divorce. Don't forget his high net worth. If he filed for divorce, he'd have to split his assets with you. And it's not just cash-he'd also need to give up half of his shares.

"That would be a massive blow to the Whitman family. Even if Noah agreed to the divorce, the wise Mr. Whitman Senior wouldn't let it happen," Tamia explained.

She had thoroughly analyzed such situations, though her tactics were underhanded.

Given Noah's past credentials, Tamia knew that he would never consider Ophelia, so she set him up. The Whitmans valued their reputation, and Noah was a responsible man. Naturally, Ophelia married into the family.

Tamia's tactic proved to be effective over the years. Otherwise, Cyrus wouldn't have held her in high regard.

Novel readers would surely recognize the tactic mentioned. To put it simply, it was when a woman schemed to have a night with the man she desired.

Swayed by Tamia's words, Ophelia decided to first discuss with Marie and Wynter. If that didn't work out, she would turn to Noah. After all, he wouldn't dare to divorce her.

Pleased that Ophelia had figured things out, Tamia urged her to proceed with the plan. Meanwhile, she intended to review her stock investments in the afternoon.

She had been so frustrated with Cyrus' affairs that she only came to a realization then-Alejandro didn't inform her about such a major incident.

For the first time, Tamia felt an unfamiliar sense of discomfort. She had lived long enough to know about Alejandro's backers, including the one who had intentionally retained the land in Valen Village.

That person was powerful and enigmatic. Since their arrival in Hawford, the Wray family had dramatically risen in status. Many believed that the Whitmans were the ones saving the Wrays from ruin, and it was true to some extent.

However, the Wray family wouldn't have ascended to power so fast and become a formidable force in Hawford without that person's influence.

It was a secret known only to a few, and Tamia doubted that even Reuben was aware of it. She was privy to the secret only because she was in the same boat. But now, she couldn't help feeling that the boat was starting to capsize.

"That won't happen. I must be overthinking. That person can even get away with murder, so that Quinnell girl is nothing compared to them. No matter how much profit she makes, she'll eventually suffer at that person's hands if she doesn't show restraint.

"The Whitman family is the best example. Despite his wisdom, Reuben offended that person in a rural place and ended up in a sorry state. Because of that, his daughter was...." Tamia

abruptly stopped muttering.

She decided to offer some prayers, believing that there was no harm in earnestly seeking the gods' favor. Some secrets were meant to remain buried forever.

Meanwhile, an unsettling feeling stirred within Kenton. Each tick of the clock seemed to fray his nerves further, and his associates were equally anxious to speak.

When the clock chimed on time, someone exclaimed, "It's 1:00 pm, Mr. Wray! The stock market's open!"

Kenton swiftly accessed the website and refreshed the webpage to check the latest stock trends. His associates eagerly gathered around his desk.

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1454 Gold Prices Skyrockets

Every single stock trend on the screen before him seemed to deliver a brutal blow to Kenton. His confident smile vanished in an instant.

Among all the trends, one stood out sharply the price of gold, which they had all been certain would plummet, was increasing!

"Is the price of gold increasing? How could it be going up?" Kenton's eyes were blazed with fury.

Didn't Yvette assure him that the price gap would emerge once the market opened in the afternoon? Yet, in just one morning, the price of gold had surged by ten dollars per share! To put this in perspective, during a market downturn, even well-established companies might see their stock prices barely holding at a few dollars per share. That was practically barely sustaining the most basic shareholder interests, not to mention investors.

In contrast, a ten dollar rise per share was monumental. It meant that investors in gold not only avoided losses, but some might even see their investments catapult them to a new financial echelon if their stakes were significant enough just from today's movement.

Kenton could hardly accept this outcome. The Quinnell family had already reaped significant profits from the land deal! He would never allow the Quinnells to earn money from even the stock market!

Kenton was overwhelmed by his frustration as he looked at the stock trends on the screen. Then, he picked up his laptop and hurled it to the ground.

The Chamber of Commerce members felt a cold shiver run down their spine and quickly rushed to intervene.

"Mr. Wray, please calm down."

"Yes, please."

Some of them were genuinely worried that he might crush his laptop. Considering this was Kenton's office, they were concerned that they might not be able to see the trends of their own stocks.

They took note of the expression on Kenton's face and carefully took the laptop away from him.

"Mr. Wray, it's not surprising that gold prices have risen. Didn't Mr. Lockhart mention that they might push gold prices to their peak on the first day to hide the risk and attract more buyers?"

"After today, gold prices will likely drop significantly. By then, we can benefit from the investments made by the Quinnell family."

"Exactly, Mr. Wray. And it's not just the Quinnell family, there are also the countless retail

investors nationwide. They are not the only ones who followed the trend and bought gold. Gold can only rise today, so let's focus on the three stocks we invested in. What do you think?"

Kenton's expression finally began to ease as he considered the last opportunity he had. He reopened his laptop. This time, his hands were sweating slightly as he navigated the mouse. "Come on! It has to rise!"

He clicked the mouse, and the next screen showed that the stock trend was going up.

"It's rising! Mr. Wray, all three stocks are up!"

All three stocks were indeed increasing. However, they were only increasing by a dollar. Nevertheless, for Kenton and the Chamber members, who had invested heavily, seeing any increase was enough to spark visible enthusiasm.

"Ms. Yates was right! It's definitely going up!"

"Today's rise is just the beginning. It will surely go up even more, Emmett!"

"Increase the stakes! We have to continue investing!" Kenton tapped on the table a few times. His gaze never left the stocks he had invested in. "Contact the trader and increase our investments!"

One of the members hesitated at his instruction.

However, the rest were filled with fervor. "We will listen to you, Mr. Wray. We'll increase our investments together."

Kenton nodded. "Then let's continue to increase our investment in the other three stocks. The trend looks promising. We should see a major breakout by this Friday. We need to recover the losses from the land with gains from these stocks!"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1455 Delaying His Investment

No matter how much gold prices skyrocketed, an unusually high surge in a single stock was never a good sign. Experienced investors would know that this was often a signal for an impending crash.

Kenton would allow Wynter to have her triumph today. But by tomorrow, with all three of his stocks soaring, he would crush the Quinnells!

Kenton's confidence was rooted in his arrogance and the support he had. He didn't believe Wynter could truly outshine him. After all, once his funds started rolling, they would be five times those of the Whitman family!

Upon realizing the enormous amount of money Kenton wanted to inject into the stock market, Adrien immediately turned to the Wray Group's finance department.

The accountant, Cassian Tucker, shook his head. "That's not possible. Mr. Wray can continue to invest, but it could lead to a shortage of capital for the Wray Group if he wants to divert funds from here.

"Moreover, if relevant departments find out, they might alert outsiders and significantly impact the company's development."

Adrien was seasoned in the corporate world and, of course, understood this fact very well. He simply didn't want to bear the responsibility to reject Kenton.

He returned to Kenton and told him that the application for additional funds was not approved.

But Kenton sneered. "Do I need to apply for my own company's money? Bring that accountant here!"

Cassian arrived and saw Kenton's uncompromising attitude. With a wave of Kenton's hand, billions were at stake. Cassian knew that if he didn't want to end up in prison, he would have to resign today.

This money was all from the company, including some newly approved loans from the bank. On top of that, Kenton's investments in the land had already caused significant financial gaps,

Cassian had lost count of the number of times Kenton had diverted company funds to the stock market.

He knew he needed to document this situation as evidence to protect himself. It was well-known that capable accountants often ended up taking the fall for their bosses or the company and were sent to prison.

He wouldn't have panicked this much if Kenton had invested the money elsewhere.

Accountants were the most knowledgeable about the company's background. It was incredibly obvious from government departments' past inspections that whoever was

behind the Wray family was an extraordinarily influential figure.

Minor accounting issues were often overlooked, and even if some external funds didn't adhere to proper procedures, inspectors tended to turn a blind eye as long as the ledgers looked generally acceptable. This had never been a significant problem for the Wray Group's development.

However, this time, Cassian was genuinely nervous. When a company's chairman stopped caring about the company's industry and became fixated on making a quick profit from the stock market, it signaled that the company was on the brink of collapse.

Kenton was dismissive and even displeased with Cassian's hesitation. He slapped him before yelling, "Why are you babbling so much over me using money? Are you the chairman, or am I?"

"Cassian Tucker, you better get this in your head! Without me, you are nothing but a country bumpkin! Do you know who you got your money from?"

Even Adrien flinched at the slap Kenton gave Cassian. He really wanted to advise Kenton against it, but he didn't dare to speak up.

Anyone working in a company knew that the accountant was the last person you should offend. After all, they held the company's most critical secrets.

Fortunately, Cassian said nothing. He simply took the signed resignation documents and left.

Kenton was very displeased. He felt that Cassian had delayed him from seizing the earliest opportunity to increase his investment.

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1456 Threatening Wynter

The other Chamber of Commerce members had already completed their additional investments. Kenton was frustrated that he was the only one left.

Fortunately, with some professional traders' help, his investments were quickly secured half an hour before the market closed.

Kenton breathed a sigh of relief when his investments were added. "Thank god I managed to catch up. It's all the accountant's fault. He acts like he's the boss just because he handles money."

One of the Chamber members who had overheard the argument earlier asked, 'Mr. Wray, do you have personal connections with the accountant?'

"He used to be one of my underlings.' Kenton took a drag from his cigarette. 'He's just a country bumpkin. I hired him because he was smart and did well in school.

"He even got a full scholarship and went abroad for further studies. If he wasn't good with numbers, I wouldn't have kept him."

"Then you have to be cautious, Mr. Wray. Accountants can be very vengeful and ruthless when it comes to getting their revenge. I had a similar situation with an accountant before.

"The traitor was thinking about reporting me to the authorities. Fortunately, I had someone planted inside the department where he submitted the report. Otherwise, I'll be in trouble thanks to that dimwit."

Kenton narrowed his eyes and spoke in a dangerous tone, "What are you implying?"

"Mr. Wray, it's wise to be on guard." The person continued, "You saw how he left quietly after you slapped him. As the saying goes, it's the quiet ones you have to watch."

Kenton stubbed out his cigarette and replied, "Probably not. I'm using my own money, after all. By tomorrow, when the stock market opens, the profits will cover the funds I pulled from the company's accounts.

"He'll just be a barking dog by then. What can he do about it?"

The member nodded in agreement. "That's true. Our money will be back in the account by tomorrow. It was just a mere reminder. Don't take it too seriously, Mr. Wray."

But how could someone like Kenton not take it seriously?

Although the stocks Kenton and his associates invested in rose slightly, they paled in comparison to the skyrocketing gold prices.

As a result, the celebratory banquet they had planned never materialized. It was a shame, especially since they had already opened the champagne.

Each of the Chamber of Commerce members had their own hidden agendas. One of them, in particular, had connections to the Montclair family.

The land in Wynter's possession was undoubtedly a lucrative project that every businessman wanted a stake in. The news had already been released, and development would soon begin.

Though they no longer expected to share in the land profits, development would definitely require investors. Hence, maintaining good relations with Wynter could significantly increase their chances of winning contracts in the future!

However, they had previously expressed strong disdain for Wynter. It was difficult to reconnect with her.

However, with Cyrus in the picture as the negotiator, the situation would be different. He was a part of the Montclair family, after all.

Lorien Montclair decided to visit Tamia, wanting her to think of ways to pressure the Whitman family. After all, the land that came through Cyrus' connections shouldn't exclude him from the benefits.

If Wynter wanted to save the family from embarrassment, she would likely have to relinquish some control over the project. Otherwise, she might as well alienate herself from the Whitman family entirely!

Lorien's plan revealed the Montclair family's true nature-conniving and self-serving. However, their schemes were ultimately foolish. They were blinded by arrogance and a false sense of superiority

Meanwhile, Kenton took those words to heart.

After the Chamber of Commerce members had left, he summoned a few of his private bodyguards. They weren't just any ordinary security personnel but were basically thugs.

Kenton lowered his voice and said seriously. "Pay a visit to Mr. Tucker's house. Make sure he knows what happens to those who betray me."

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1457 I Will Make Sure You Remember Everything

"Rest assured, Mr. Wray. I'll take care of it. The man grinned in a way that could make anyone feel uneasy. "I remember Mr. Tucker's daughter is in middle school..

Kenton took a glance at him. "Keep it quiet, and handle it discreetly."

"Understood." Though that was what the man said, in reality, it was clear his approach might be anything but subtle.

He intended to keep a firm grip on Cassian. After all, he had overheard that Cassian was currently in the process of resigning.

Kenton didn't bother with further details. To him, this was just another small problem to deal with. His mind was preoccupied with only his stocks.

Meanwhile, Wynter finally took her eyes off the laptop as the market closed. It wasn't just exhaustion she felt. She was starving and felt like she could eat a horse now!

"How about some pizza?" Wynter asked.

Without a second thought, she set her laptop down and was already starting to navigate for nearby pizza restaurants.

Dalton sat in the passenger seat, raising his charming eyebrows slightly. "We made so much money, yet are you really just going for pizza?"

"Mm-hmm. Pizza is enough for me. I love it." Wynter continued swiping on her phone screen.

Dalton reached over to stop her hand. "No need to search. I've already had someone arrange something. It's only nearby."

Wynter paused and glanced up at him. "How thoughtful

"As a future live-in son-in-law, it's my duty," he said without the slightest change in expression. He remained poised and graceful.

He leaned over and extended his right arm to help her unbuckle her seatbelt. "Aren't you tired after staring at the computer all day? Get out of the car. Let's walk over and stretch a bit."

"I'm exhausted. Insider trading really drains my energy." Wynter stretched lazily and revealed a flash of her fair, toned skin around her waist. It was an alluring sight that naturally drew anyone's gaze to it.

Dalton's eyes darkened. In one swift, forceful movement, he pressed her back into the seat, using the seatbelt as leverage. His dominating presence was a stark contrast to his handsome face's calm elegance.

Wynter could feel the heat radiating from him, especially his hand resting on her waist. The sensation of his fingertips brushing against her skin sent tingles up her spine.

It was impossible for her to control her body's natural reactions. Her legs went weak, her hands limp, and her breath came out ragged while her heart raced uncontrollably.

The laptop had already slipped off her thighs. Its soft thud barely registered amid the tension in the enclosed space.

The intimacy, heightened in the small confines of the car, made everything more intense. It felt like they were doing something forbidden.

The fear of being seen was amplifying every sound outside the car. Even though they were in the parking lot, Wynter could clearly hear the distant click of a car unlocking nearby.

Every part of her rational mind was screaming that they should stop. But her body seemed to have a will of its own. She instinctively moved closer to him, as if this was exactly what she had been craving. Her heat seemed to radiate everywhere.

Her gold-rimmed glasses had slid askew, and the delicate chain brushed against her cheek. This only added to the intoxicating allure that seemed to invite Dalton to tear down her defenses and push her to the brink of surrender.

Dalton harbored a beast within him, unseen by all but ever-present. When his emotions stirred, it was as if a thick, dark mist began to rise from him.

The crimson beaded bracelet around his wrist, meant to keep him grounded, seemed to fail entirely when his hand gripped her waist. Rather than restraining him, the beads only intensified the surge of untamed desire coursing through him.

"You seem to have forgotten who you belong to. But that's alright, as I'll make sure you remember piece by piece. You'll remember those days when it was just you and me. Do you understand?"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1458 Thank the Montclairs

Wynter's thoughts were in a mess. Perhaps it was the exhaustion, or maybe it was Dalton's overpowering presence.

Wynter furrowed her brows as the dark mist surrounding her seemed to spiral out of control. Even her gaze was starting to change.

Dalton didn't continue as soon as he sensed the unbridled resentful energy within her. He reached out to cover her eyes. "It's been a while since you asked me for consultation fees."

This time, instead of guiding her toward his neck, he bit down on his finger, letting the blood flow before pressing his lips against hers.

With her sight obscured, Wynter's consciousness seemed to drift deep, and a wave of drowsiness was threatening to pull her under.

It wasn't until her phone, fallen under the seat, began ringing that she was jolted from the depths of her mind. Her vision sharpened, and in one swift motion, she grasped Dalton's wrist, reversing the hold with firm precision

The tips of her hair brushed against his face as she leaned over, her posture commanding. Her eyes, still tinged red, held a cool clarity that contrasted sharply with her earlier vulnerability.

"My phone is ringing."

Dalton shifted his gaze away. His demeanor was as composed and noble as ever, and his side profile was sharp and elegant

Wynter picked up her phone. She cast a glance at Dalton before pushing open the car door and stepping out. She glanced at her shirt before looking at his still impeccable tailored suit. The contrast was stark, and she couldn't help but think about how unfair it was.

Wynter didn't have time to dwell on what Dalton had said earlier. Her attention shifted to the caller ID on her phone-Montclair.

She raised an eyebrow and answered the call while buttoning her shirt. Her tone was lazy and indifferent when she spoke, "Hello?"

This made Ophelia, who had been trying to get through for quite some time, lose her patience. However, she masked it with an overly warm tone.

"Wynter? It's your aunt. There's been a bit of a misunderstanding between you and Cyrus. If you're free, why don't you come over? I'd like to explain things."

Ordinary people might feel pressured to comply when dealing with elders, especially the relatives who liked to flaunt their authority, expecting everyone to cater to them. They often assumed the world revolved around their whims.

But those familiar with Wynter's personality knew better. She simply smirked and replied with a blunt, "I'm not free."

Ophelia's hand holding the phone went rigid, and her face flushed with anger. She had never encountered such a disrespectful youngster before. How could Wynter embarrass her like this?

Suppressing her inner revulsion, she attempted to appeal to Wynter through familial affection. 'Wynter, I understand that you've become distant from your uncle and me after you were taken away.

"I don't hold it against you. Your uncle cares for you even more than for Cyrus. I just want you to know that the withdrawal of investment was all a misunderstanding.

"We were concerned that you young folks might not handle things properly, and that money would go to

waste.

"Cyrus has always been on your side. Despite what others say, he has never looked down on you for coming

from a small place. He protects you like he would a sister.

"Otherwise, he wouldn't have used all our connections to help you get that piece of land. It was only with my mother's help that we managed to hire Mr. Calico for you."

The underlying message was clear. Ophelia was telling Wynter that she was able to get a hold of the land only because of their connections. If it weren't for the Montclair family, she wouldn't have been able to acquire such a valuable piece of land!

Wynter listened silently. Other than her darkening gaze, her expression betrayed no emotions.

It made Ophelia feel like she was talking to herself. She instinctively asked quietly when she noted how quiet Wynter was, "Wynter, are you listening?"

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1459 Disrespectful Youngster

Ophelia's tone was noticeably getting sharper.

Only then did Wynter respond as she casually played with a dagger she had somehow acquired.

Her voice was casual. "I heard you, Aunt Ophelia. With all this talk, are you trying to get me to give part of the land to the Montclair family? Or are you looking to secure a spot for the Montclair family in the project bidding?"

Ophelia was taken aback by how quickly Wynter understood her intentions. She was more clever than she had anticipated.

This reminded Ophelia of the first time she met Wynter. She was lying in a crib with a tiger hat on, smiling at everyone. But she was the only one Wynter would refuse to be held by.

At that time, she had just married into the Whitman family and had already given birth to Cyrus. Seeing a child so deliberately reject her was a blow to her ego.

Nevertheless, she knew Noah held a great affection for his niece due to his love for Marie. Hence, all the best things he could get were sent to Kingbourne.

Reuben and Isabella also doted on Wynter as if she were a precious gem. They would call her a lucky star who was always cheerful and delightfully bossy.

And she was indeed bossy in the sense of not allowing anyone to take what was hers. When Cyrus wanted her toy, Wynter would slap his hand away with her own tiny one.

She couldn't argue with a baby who hadn't even been weaned yet. But now that Wynter had grown up, Ophelia expected her to understand how to speak respectfully to her elders!

Since Wynter was already being straightforward, Ophelia figured she could be clear with her intentions as well. Her tone shifted from malicious to bright. "I knew you'd understand my intentions, Wynter.

"I'm sure you won't let Cyrus' efforts go to waste. It's up to you how much land you want to give us. After all, Cyrus is the Whitman family's eldest grandson. His involvement in this land will benefit your future development in Hawford.

"As for the subsequent development, the Montclair family does have the connections and capability. I'm not going to be polite about this.

"Wynter, this isn't Kingbourne. There will be times when you need family connections. It's better to use your own people rather than outsiders. It's more reassuring, wouldn't you agree?"

Ophelia considered her arguments flawless, using both kindness and coercion. She believed it was more than sufficient to handle a young lady like Wynter. Surely, Wynter would consider the Whitman family.

However, her smiling face immediately froze as Wynter's next words hit her.

"The Montclairs harmed my grandfather. The butler helping the Wray family is also a Montclair." Wynter's voice was light and mocking, as if she was ridiculing Ophelia's naive ambitions.

Wynter continued with a calm, even tone, "Aunt Ophelia, I suppose Cyrus forgot to tell you how I dealt with that butler. Otherwise, you wouldn't be calling me about this.

"Since you've reached out, it's clear you've talked things over with the Montclairs. Please let them know that I will visit Mrs. Montclair Senior once I deal with Kenton.

"After all, I'm quite curious about her thoughts and objectives, given how Cyrus turned out under her care." Each word from Wynter seemed to hit Ophelia's nerves. She hadn't expected Wynter to have such audacity!

"Wynter! Do you still have any respect for me? I'm your aunt! I've been married to your uncle for so many years, and you can't even show me basic respect!"*

Wynter casually responded as if she was a carefree scion who never learned to respect her elders, "You literally just said you married my uncle, not me. I have no obligation to indulge you."

"You! Fine! Very well!" Ophelia exclaimed.

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 1460 Gold Prices Not Dropping

Ophelia slammed the phone down with a sharp bang. She had never felt this enraged in her entire life. After all, she was always taught to act like a refined lady.

Her role was simple after marrying into the Whitman family. All she needed to do was to be the perfect Mrs. Whitman. Hence, to outsiders, she was always the picture of grace and elegance.

But now, here she was, breathing heavily with anger. Even the chauffeur glanced at her in shock.

Ophelia hadn't expected one phone call to bring Wynter in line. However, she definitely wasn't expecting her to be this audacious, either.

Not only was Wynter sharp-tongued, but the way she was warning Ophelia sounded as if she was planning to take the Montclairs down after she dealt with the Wray family.

"She's gone mad! Is she trying to go against the Montclairs? She doesn't know her place!" Ophelia scoffed and couldn't stop her words from slipping out. She looked around her after she spoke before trying to control the fury boiling inside her.

The chauffeur cautiously spoke, 'Ms. Montclair, perhaps it's better to consider the bigger picture. Didn't Mrs Montclair Senior suggest that you could reach out to Ms. Whitman if you couldn't handle Ms. Quinnell?

"After all, you two have known each other since back then. And you've maintained a good relationship with her since marrying into the Whitman family."

"I'll certainly be paying a visit to Marie. I'll ask her how she managed to raise a daughter like that." Ophelia took her purse and stepped into the car. "Bring me to Quaint Villa."

Marie was different from Wynter as the Whitmans had always valued relationships deeply. Knowing that Cyrus had contributed significantly to securing the land, Marie would never allow Wynter to claim it entirely for herself.

Moreover, the bond between Marie and Noah had always been strong. He had always protected her, not to mention the considerable amount of money he had invested thanks to Shane.

Marie owed them too much. Even if it meant repaying the debt, Ophelia was confident that Marie would ensure the land went to the Montclair family as well.

When faced with great benefits, people often changed, becoming unrecognizable even to themselves.

Ophelia was no exception. If this lucrative project hadn't appeared, she might have maintained the façade of being the "good aunt".

But the land issue was now a reality, and with the constant instigation from Tamia, Ophelia's perspective shifted further.

It was common knowledge that no matter how perfect a marriage seemed, the involvement of a mother-in-law could twist it into something much darker. This had been true for centuries, without exception

Meanwhile, after hanging up the call, it was clear that Wynter had more in her mind now. She seemed distracted even while eating pizza

Dalton observed her with a slight rise of an eyebrow. He took a slice of pizza and placed it on her plate. Wynter wasn't a picky eater. She ate whatever was on her plate, but her mood was clearly off.

Dalton picked up a napkin and wiped the corner of his mouth. "Do you need me to accompany you back to the Whitman residence?"

"No need. I still need to keep an eye on the stock market today and handle a few more things." Wynter looked at him, her eyes now sharp. "We can't leave until we take down the Wray family and the capitalists behind them."

The stock market demanded absolute focus. To win this battle of cash flow, Wynter not only had to thoroughly analyze the market but also predict Kenton's every move.

For instance, why did his three stocks rise today? Even though the increase was minimal, it was a trap Wynter had set up last Friday.

At the trading platform, the elderly only saw Wynter hauling a large box of cash to purchase gold. They were oblivious to the fact that earlier that morning, she had further coordinated with Albert.

30 billion dollars was quietly invested in three different stocks, and those stocks were none other than the ones Kenton was still holding.

Then, right as the market opened that afternoon, Wynter's first move was to sell off all three of these stocks. She left not a single cent of her funds in them.

The people who had been following Wynter in trading stocks felt it was a pity. "Boss, the stocks are still going up this afternoon. Are you sure we should sell now? We can wait until Wednesday."

"No, sell them immediately." Wynter was firm in her decision.

Anyone in her position would hesitate given the potential gains from such a large profit margin. After all, waiting just one day longer could mean an additional billion in profit.

"Invest ten billion into gold after selling." Wynter continued.

At this point, even Albert felt that Wynter's move was somewhat risky. "Wynter, the price of gold has already peaked, and we've already invested ten billion in it. You can hold off on selling, but investing another ten billion... I've never done such a risky investment."

"Albert, you have to believe that miracles happen among the people."

Albert didn't quite understand what Wynter meant by that. But he knew that the worst scenario for a team. was internal division. At times like this, it was better to follow one person's lead.

So, he decided to invest. Maybe, just maybe, a miracle could indeed happen.

Albert was a finance expert, and he had never been this irrational before. But for some reason, he believed that Wynter's words would come true.

Under such high-pressure circumstances, Wynter couldn't afford any distractions. She needed to ensure that nothing went wrong not just in the stock market, but also various gold shops major malls. There was still much to do tonight.

"We'll get back to work after our meal." Wynter didn't waste any more time. She focused on devouring her food, needing to replenish her energy.

Halfway through, she didn't forget to put some vegetables onto Dalton's plate. 'You're still recovering, so eat something light.'

Dalton chuckled. They were already eating pizza, and she was still trying to keep it light.

Wynter's sudden change in mood was because she had thought things through.

Marie was in the Whitman residence. And it seemed that those people had always misunderstood her.

What Wynter needed to do wasn't to worry about what was happening behind her. After all, Marie was a brilliant manager with a talent that even Jacqueline admired. She was sure Marie could handle it when it came to dealing with the Montclair family.

As for Wynter, her task was to make sure that by today, every older folk in the country would know just how attractive gold really was. Then, by the second day, she could just sit back and wait for the stock market to open!

The next day, at the Wrays' office, Kenton and several Chamber members gathered around the office table, eagerly awaiting the market to open.

Having tasted success with the three stocks yesterday, they were confident that their value would rise. Their optimism was sky-high

"The market is opening soon. If nothing goes wrong, gold should drop today. The other three stocks we bought will continue to rise!"

Kenton and his associates awaited the opening time.

As Kenton pressed the confirmation button, the webpage switched to the stock market interface. The Chamber of Commerce members immediately crowded around!

"Mr. Wray, why are gold prices still rising? What's going on?"

"Yeah, Mr. Wray! According to expectations, gold prices should have dropped! Why has it been rising over the past two days?"

Kenton stared at the increasing trend for gold. His previously calmer demeanor now turned to anger once

again.

Just then, Adrien came running in. 'Mr. Wray, we just received news that all gold in Hawford's malls as well as other places has been sold out!

"It's said that there was some insider information leaked by foreign investors. That's why there's a frenzy of buying gold now!" Adrien was out of breath as he relayed the information.

Kenton stood up and slammed his hand on the desk in frustration.

This was supposed to be an unsolvable situation. Why had it suddenly been disrupted? Kenton couldn't understand why his carefully laid trap for Albert had been so thoroughly destroyed.

There was no way for him to retrieve the money he had thrown in this now. He could only wait for all the money he invested to be swallowed up entirely!

Some of the Chamber of Commerce members tried to console Kenton. "Mr. Wray, calm down. The situation is what it is. Let's just check the prices of the other three stocks first. There's still a huge chance to recover the

losses!'

Kenton snapped out of his daze and quickly clicked the mouse.

The results on the screen were devastating for all of them, and it was even more crushing for Kenton. The three stocks that had risen by a dollar yesterday had now plummeted by ten dollars each!

The group was instantly struck with despair.

"I shouldn't have increased the investment! I'm left with nothing now!"

"I did the same! I mortgaged the company and my house to invest more! Look at where we ended up!"

One by one, they sank to the ground, defeated.

Kenton looked at them, his face blank with shock, before he supported himself on the desk. It was a double blow for him. The stock market and the land deal had left him battered and bruised. He felt as if he had aged

years overnight.

His grand scheme to crush his opponents with cash flow had backfired terribly. Not only had he lost money, but he now faced company issues as well. After all, he had invested his entire cash flow into it.

Kenton looked at the members sprawled on the floor. He took a deep breath before speaking, "We're not at rock bottom yet. Take some time to calm down, and I'll figure out a plan. Once you're ready, we'll need to settle this score with someone!"