

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

Chapter 1481 No Longer Part of the Montclairs

The sudden cawing of a crow outside the car set Tamia on edge. She fidgeted with the beaded bracelet in her hands faster. "The Whitman family is truly doomed to fail! They are inviting such ominous signs in broad daylight!"

Ophelia glanced out the window, feeling an unsettling chill from the crow. She hurriedly ordered the chauffeur to drive faster.

Tamia commanded, 'Ophelia, you should pursue what you want. The Whitman family may have their legal team, but we have ours as well. Remember, just follow the lawyer's instructions. Don't say anything more than that.

"And I recall you mentioning how Noah always came home late. He was always outside socializing.' Tamia lowered her gaze before continuing, "That's something we can leverage.

"But he hasn't mistreated me..." Ophelia began to hesitate again.

Tamia fixed her with a steely look. "You will benefit from public opinion only when he appears to have wronged you. This will be something we can exploit."

Ophelia slowly nodded under that intense gaze. 'I'll see what I can do."

"Good. The Wray family's projects involve us. Since you've decided to divorce, the Whitman family will have nothing to do with you any longer.

"As for that grandson of mine, he's practically begging to send us behind bars. We don't need him anymore." Tamia believed that children who refused to listen were nothing more than mere traitors.

"I'll use all my connections,' Tamia continued, believing she had thought of all the potential possibilities and was confident in all her strategies.

She had no idea that her freedom to act so boldly stemmed from Wynter's plan to sweep them all out in one go. Wynter wanted Tamia to lure more of her people out.

The crow was a Savior and could sense the scent of death. He usually spared a mere passing glance for those who were nearing their end.

He settled on Dalton's shoulder, and his dark feathers fell silently. No one but Dalton knew what he had said. "Got it." Dalton's handsome profile remained impassive as he flicked a gemstone into the air with his long, pale fingers. "Keep watching."

The crow snatched the gemstone midair and cawed. 'My lord, one of them cursed Ms. Quinnell earlier, and you got mad.'

Dalton lifted an eyelid, his expression unchanged. 'Which eyes of yours saw me getting mad?'

Was he really not mad? But the underworld was practically having an earthquake earlier. He even arranged for them to have their tongues ripped off in hell. They would surely face a grim end.

"It's good you didn't get mad. But my lord, your soul's presence is becoming more pronounced. Maybe you should keep your distance from Ms. Quinnel for the time being."

The crow had a nagging feeling that something would go awry. The biggest concern was that Wynter might recall Dalton from her past life. This would disrupt the fragile harmony they maintained.

Up until now, the crow was still confused as to how Dalton would deal with Wynter, especially after his soul was whole again.

Would he still be the same? That seemed unlikely. The crow couldn't make sense of it all.

Meanwhile, Dalton had already stepped through the door.

In Quaint Villa's living room, Cyrus was visibly down. Wynter, on the other hand, didn't think much of it. She was only there to deliver things to Noah and also hoping she could get a good meal as she was starving.

Encountering the Montclair family was a mere coincidence, but it prompted her to make a decision.

Since Cyrus would need to know the truth anyway, it was better for him to see it for himself rather than hearing it from others. Hence, Wynter shared some of the information from years ago regarding the Montclairs with him.

Cyrus blinked for a few moments before taking a deep breath. 'Wynter, from now on, you can deal with the Montclair family however you want. Don't worry about me.'

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Chapter 1482 Proceed With the Plan

Wynter put away her phone as her gaze settled on Cyrus. "Alright, got it."

Dealing with the Montclair family would indeed be faster if she didn't need to worry about Cyrus, but Wynter still had to ask, "Does Grandpa agree?"

"Don't tell him. Grandpa has always been protecting me, and that's why he wasn't ruthless enough." Cyrus lifted his gaze. "You're the same. I understand."

If they didn't care about him, Tamia wouldn't even have had the chance to meddle.

Wynter twirled the USB drive in her fingers. "It's not just for you. My methods don't always align with the Whitmans' teachings."

"I'm just a child born out of schemes. But Wynter, I'm grateful to have been born into the Whitman family." Cyrus had indeed grown. In the past, knowing all of this would have devastated him and filled his head with countless other thoughts.

Now, he had a new sense of resilience. "Do what you need to. But don't tell Grandpa-he wouldn't want this." "You're just like him." Wynter chuckled lightly as she stood up and stretched lazily.

Cyrus was puzzled. "Like him? Who?"

"Your father when he was younger." Wynter patted his shoulder. "Cyrus, I'm rooting for you. Keep growing, and who knows? Maybe one day, I'll be the one asking you for help."

Cyrus thought it was impossible. How could someone as capable as Wynter ever need his help?

But no one had ever told him he resembled Noah before, and for some reason, that filled him with a newfound determination. He quickly shook off the dejection he had felt earlier.

As a seer, Wynter could predict many things. But that wasn't true when it came to her own family. The closer someone was to her, the more blurred their future became.

Yet, weirdly enough, Cyrus seemed to be beyond any of her plans. In him, she saw vitality-her own path to survival...

Wynter's thoughts drifted to that formation she had encountered before as she gazed out the window. Her eyes briefly passed over her impeccably dressed fiancé.

Dalton was like a character straight out of a comic book. On the surface, he was courteous, dignified, and breathtakingly handsome. Yet, in reality, he was full of hidden dangerous secrets. With a face like that, it was easy for anyone to fall for his trap.

Wynter shook her head as she thought about it.

Seemingly noticing her gaze, Dalton, who was drinking tea with Reuben, lifted his gaze toward her.

From Wynter's angle, his lashes seemed almost excessively long. When the crow's black feathers fell around him, they only made his pale complexion even fairer. A dimple formed at the corner of his lips when he smiled at her.

This sight itself turned the entire garden, including the blooming roses, into mere backdrops for his presence. "Atwater has read my fortunes plenty of times. I wonder if he ever foresaw me falling for a beauty," Wynter muttered under her breath, tearing her gaze away from Dalton.

She reached out and plucked a mint leaf to cool herself down as if trying to ward off the heat she felt. After all, she couldn't allow a mere beauty to keep her distracted.

Cyrus didn't understand what she was muttering about. 'Fortune telling?'

"It's nothing important." Wynter refocused her gaze on Cyrus. "We will be pulling back all the bait tomorrow. Go help Uncle Noah. I'm worried he'll go too soft if he's concerned about you."

Hawford was indeed different. She needed to resolve things quickly.

Meanwhile, in the commercial building, Kenton had not left his office for quite some time. The pressure of robbing Peter to pay Paul was starting to take its toll. But if he didn't do so, the cracks in the company's financial chain would soon be exposed.

He was still waiting for a turnaround, his bloodshot eyes more desperate than ever. To make matters worse, one of the subsidiary companies was now facing trouble.

"Mr. Wray, we need to make a decision. They're waiting on the funds, or else we'll have no choice but to shut it down."

Kenton closed the proposal letter. "Then shut it down. It never made a profit anyway and was just to take up market shares. They all come to me for money, so we might as well close it."

Adrien didn't say anything but knew all too well that shutting down the subsidiary was not an option. Reducing their market share would spell bankruptcy for the entire company.

But he was too afraid to voice his opinion. After all, it was obvious Kenton wasn't in the mood to listen

anymore.

Meanwhile, Tamia was still under the illusion that the Wray family was financially robust. She never considered the possibility that the money she had invested might be at risk.

She summoned the lawyers. "I don't care what you have to do-help my daughter get those shares. The Montclair family won't reconcile with the Whitman family.

"If they refuse, we'll take them to court for divorce. Scandals like this will impact Whitman Group's valuation." "But, Mrs. Montclair Senior, such a mutually destructive approach may not be advisable. A private settlement would be more beneficial for both parties," the lawyer cautiously advised.

After all, he knew that the Whitman family wouldn't take this lying down. A public legal battle could damage the Montclair family as well.

Tamia merely smiled, a trace of disdain in her expression. "The Whitman family will be too busy with their own problems starting tomorrow. Noah's mistress will soon be facing public scrutiny."

"Mr. Whitman has a mistress?" The lawyer's eyes widened. "Do you have any evidence?"

Tamia fiddled with her beaded bracelet. "It's not too difficult to obtain evidence if I want to. All you need to do is focus on winning the case. I'll handle everything else."

The Montclair family had been through situations like this too many times. Hence, naturally, Tamia didn't think anything would happen.

However, the Wray family that she had relied on was exposed the very next day for having a financial shortfall! "Wray Group is such a massive company, yet they have been delaying payment for a long time!" someone reported.

Everyone's first reaction upon hearing the news was to think it was impossible. But it wasn't a lie.

At that moment, the construction teams had already approached Wray Group. After all, they were desperate for payment as they had families to support, and their outstanding balances were never settled.

Construction workers were in one of the most difficult trades at the time. Looking back, during the real estate boom, none of the workers ever seemed to make it big. Only those managing small construction teams saw some success, but even that success was precarious.

Their wages couldn't be paid once the capital flow from their higher-ups dried up. The Wray family had always operated this way. The funds they applied for from the bank were loans.

The payment for construction work would only come once the projects were completed, which, to some

extent, was understandable. But Kenton's mistake was the fact that he always made sure he squeezed every last drop from people.

One of the workers said, "This building is abandoned. He's refusing to pay us for the work because there's no profit, but what about the work we did before?"

"I've been on this site for half a year-I've even had a head injured on the job. Now, they suddenly decide to halt the project, and they won't settle our past dues. How can they scam us like this?"

In an attempt to hide the company's internal financial instability, Kenton made a snap decision to shut down a subsidiary. Shutting down a company so rashly only raised more red flags for those working for them.

While it seemed like the workers had only just started to protest, they hadn't been paid in three months. It was just that the situation only exploded today.

The Wray family had been rotten from the inside out for a long time. The only difference was that in the past, Kenton refused to pay them despite having money. He would rather invest in other ventures or legal matters instead.

To him, these people were nothing more than ants, born to live hard lives, powerless against him. They wouldn't win even if they sued him. Besides, what did these workers know about taking legal action?

This wasn't the first time there had been protests, but it was the first time they had reached the doorsteps of Wray Group's headquarters.

The Wray family's decline was becoming impossible to conceal. When one wall started to weaken, even pulling out a small brick could cause the entire structure to collapse. But in the past, the Wray family was protected by connections.

This was exactly like paying for a house that ended up having its project abandoned. The ones who suffered most were always those who worked their whole lives to finally scrape together enough for a down payment, waiting to move into their new homes.

There were times when the relevant authorities wanted to intervene, but they might not be able to.

First, there were contractual issues. Second, entrepreneurs like Kenton always manage to secure revolving funds from banks.

No states would want to see businesses go under. Hence, these matters rarely reached a conclusion.

When the workers showed up, the homeowners soon followed. Initially, they protested at the construction sites, where countless families' dreams were shattered.

They started showing up at the company's door when their patience finally ran out. Security had already begun trying to disperse the crowd.

Adrien hurried upstairs. "Mr. Wray, the situation outside is starting to get out of hand. We need to do something."

"Yes." Kenton continued coldly, 'Call the police. Have the lawyers deal with them. I want to teach these people a lesson. Who do they think they are? How dare they come here and cause trouble for me?'

"But, Mr. Wary, there are a lot of reporters outside. I'm afraid..." Adrien was still clear-headed enough. Kenton, however, had been in power for too long and was no longer afraid of such things. "Does it matter what they say? Go online and look-weren't they just boycotting one of our brands over that applesauce factory? "The foreigners were right. The people here in Cascadia are always like that. They never learn. Don't they still end up buying our products after a few days of cursing?"

"Our business is built on brand recognition. And besides, our real customers aren't these poor folks. Go and get rid of them. Seeing them gather there brings me bad luck."

The police's arrival was indeed effective. Gathering to cause trouble would inevitably lead to some being taken away, especially with some construction workers acting irrationally and smashing the glass of Wray Group's building.

They were clearly at a disadvantage against Kenton. Usually, as Kenton had pointed out, situations like this

revolved around demands for unpaid wages.

This would take a long time to resolve. After all, there were problems with the contract and would require public interest lawyers to fight the case

But the workers couldn't afford to wait. Simply put, even if someone helped with the lawsuit, their travel costs and lost time were all part of their living expenses.

The homeowners stuck with unfinished buildings faced the same predicament. Filing a lawsuit often led to an absence of outcome.

Kenton felt a bit uneasy about the situation arising today, but he didn't take it too seriously.

"Have you found Cassian?" he asked Adrien.

Adrien shook his head. "We were too late. We checked the train stations as well. But rest assured, he hasn't left Hawford yet.

"Get him back quickly and settle the current accounts." Even if it was just a facade, it needed to look good, given that the monthly accounting review was approaching. Tax filing was another concern.

Kenton glanced at his laptop. He thought to himself that the quickest way to remedy the situation would be for the stocks he bought to soar when the market opened!

Adrien no longer exuded the same calmness he once had as he pushed the door open to leave the office. Although the external situation seemed manageable now with the police and lawyers involved, internally, everyone knew it was different this time.

It wasn't just the issue of unfinished buildings. Even their salaries for this month hadn't been paid. According to protocol, they should have been disbursed two days ago, but the executive office claimed the finance department was on holiday. For a company as large as Wray Group, such an excuse felt absurd.

Very few employees in most departments were working at this point.

Adrien could sense the growing anxiety among the employees. It was crucial to keep everyone from knowing how badly Kenton had fared in the stock market.

There was still a way out! If they could just hold on for a couple more days, everything would return to normal once the funds arrived!

They were still too naive.

With such a grand scheme set up, Wynter had no intention of keeping Wray Group's situation a secret.

Her Lamborghini was parked right outside Wray Group's building. It drew everyone's attention, including the people Kenton had sent to monitor her.

Earlier today, Wynter had sold off all her gold as soon as the market opened. Making a net profit of 30 dollars per share was huge news. She hadn't revealed this information to the Chamber of Commerce earlier because it wasn't time to reel in the bait yet.

But now, she opened the car door and approached the construction workers, who were looking down on the floor as they prepared to head home.

"Mister, perhaps you can wait a tad bit longer. You might get your money back," Wynter said to a random man. The man instinctively stepped back. He was wary of getting dirt on someone who got out of such a luxurious

car

He smiled sheepishly. "No, my house is too far away. We will need to return.

"Just wait a day or two." She might not have bothered if she hadn't seen them. But since she did, she wanted to give it a shot.

"Young lady, I know you're kind, but staying in Hawford is too expensive. We consulted lawyers before coming, and no one wanted to take on our case.

"Our lawyer, Mr. Zomet, is a good man, but it's tough for him, too. He's not even making money, yet he still follows us around, trying to help. He is also getting laughed at by the other side's lawyers."

The construction workers understood just how challenging it was. "Kenton is a powerful entrepreneur, and we can't afford this. We don't want to burden Mr. Zomet any longer."

It was clear that anyone who took on this case would be fighting against the Wray family.

Wynter admired those who worked in public interest law and noticed Soren Zomet, a middle-aged man, dirty and disheveled, still trying to persuade everyone not to give up in the distance.

She then smiled at the workers. "I've heard news that the Wray family's backers are about to fall. You will definitely get your money back.

"If you can't wait a day or two, just wait until tonight. Everyone has a phone, right? Wray Group won't survive until the evening."

The construction workers didn't take her words too seriously, but they hoped that a company like Wray Group would face consequences. They smiled back at Wynter. "We hope so, too. Thank you, young lady."

Having someone not look down on them and understand their plight was more than enough for them.

They were indeed less educated and were unaware of the complexities involved. Their actions of breaking the windows had only made things worse, and some had even been taken to give statements in police stations. Although Wynter's words might not come true, at least they felt a bit more at ease.

What they didn't know was that as they walked away, Wynter dialed a number on her phone. "Go ahead with the plan."

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Chapter 1483 About to Meet Their End

Although Kenton wanted to keep the company's financial shortfall a secret, Wynter naturally wouldn't allow it.

News about Wray Group spread like wildfire the moment Wynter gave the order.

"Unpaid Wages", "Mass Layoffs", and "Subsidiaries Poor Performance" were trending topics that hit Wray Group like a sledgehammer.

Of course, no matter how intense the public outcry, it could eventually weather the storm and resolve its current crisis if a company could still make money and pay its taxes.

However, a quick search on some corporate databases revealed that several of Wray Group's subsidiaries were already in the process of being closed down. It was clear that Wray Group had much more serious issues brewing beneath the surface.

The banks were the first to come knocking at Kenton's door. For a businessman like Kenton, it was usually the banks' branch managers who would contact him directly.

"Mr. Creed, those rumors are baseless. People can believe what they want, but I didn't expect you to fall for it." Kenton was obviously not going to reveal the full extent of his troubles.

He continued smoothly, 'You know better than anyone how many assets the Wray family has. Sure, I might have acquired a bad plot of land, but it's no big deal for me.'

Dravon Creed understood exactly what Kenton was implying, but the new loan approvals still had to go through him.

"Mr. Wray, it's not that I don't trust you, but the current market conditions are complicated. As for the matter you asked me to handle, I'll need some more time."

"Fair enough. It's understandable that you don't approve the loan," Kenton replied calmly, though his hand tightened into a fist.

All four banks he was well-connected with had called to ask him the same questions regarding the rumors. What Kenton needed most was immediate funds to keep his

operations afloat. Yet, at this crucial moment, none of them were willing to extend any help. Worse still, one of the banks had already started pressing him for overdue interest payments

As Adrien entered with reports, Kenton erupted in a furious rage. He was so loud that it was no longer a secret within the company.

Employees throughout Wray Group whispered among themselves.

"Did you see the news? It looks like our company will be collapsing soon. No one knows where all the money went. It's baffling!"

"I know, right? How does a company this big suddenly run out of funds? And I also heard we owe a lot of money outside!"

"What? What about our salaries? The secretary told us the finance department is on vacation. That is such a blatant lie! Are they treating us like children?"

Adrien's eyes darkened upon hearing this, and he slammed his hand on the desk.

"Things aren't what you think! Mr. Tucker from the finance department had some family emergency, and we're working hard to get him back so we can process your salaries.

"As for those construction workers downstairs, they're just trying to scam us! They even smashed our building's glass! Just focus on your work. Mr. Tucker will be back in two days to settle everything.

"And stop spreading rumors. Don't you know how much fake news is going around online right now..."

Before Adrien could finish speaking, a voice said from behind him, "What do you mean the company's money was all thrown into the stock market?"

Adrien panicked at the mention of the stock market.

He looked toward the voice's direction. It was an ordinary employee, who stood up from his desk with wide eyes that were filled with disbelief

He was just the first. Then came the second, and the third....

News about their own company was being pushed to their computers in real-time.

If the earlier scandals could be dismissed as typical bad press, this was different. The revelation that their CEO had poured all the company's liquid assets into the stock market-and lost them-shocked everyone!

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Chapter 1484 The Montclairs

No matter which department the employees belonged to, they all felt a mix of disbelief and anxiety. If the company's accounts truly had no money left, what would happen to them?

Within just half an hour, trending topics about the Wray family became overwhelming. Initially, there were threats of issuing legal notices, warning netizens not to spread rumors.

But then, a bombshell hit. 'Kenton Wray embezzled company funds for personal stock trading, and the stocks he held have plummeted!'

The entire Chamber of Commerce was in turmoil. What was bad wasn't stock trading, but the fact that Kenton had used his company's funds.

If the online rumors were true-that Kenton's stocks had crashed-then the Wray family's cash flow was definitely in trouble

People in the business world weren't fools. Everyone had their own ways of finding out the truth. After a little digging, it became clear that the information circulating online was almost certainly true.

"Those who followed him seem to be having financial issues these two days as well," someone from the Chamber of Commerce remarked

"It serves them right."

Businesspeople who had long been oppressed by Kenton finally had the chance to voice their opinions.

"He even delayed paying his workers."

"Let's not dwell on it. It looks like the Wray family is done for this time."

"Thank god I didn't take his side." This was what some of the Chamber of Commerce members were relieved about.

"Do you know who's the luckiest? Orson Blaise, who followed Ms. Quinnell. Not only did she save his applesauce factory, but it has become a national brand now. Even my grandson comes across them when he's online."

"That's not all. Haven't you heard? Others scoffed at Ms. Quinnell when she was trying to acquire land. But Orson invested a modest sum, and she brought him in as a shareholder. The Blaise family is set for life!"

Everyone knew how things for Wynter had turned around, especially when contrasted with Kenton's downfall.

With news of the stock market crash spreading, the Wray family was now at the center of public scrutiny. The banks not only refused Kenton any new loans but also joined forces with the authorities to audit his accounts. Kenton was drowning in trouble. His plan to wait for the stock market to recover and then withdraw funds was nothing short of a fantasy. Wray Group was now on its last legs, struggling desperately.

No longer was anyone dismissing the rumors as typical gossip about a big company. Instead, everyone demanded that Kenton be held accountable for the mess he had created.

At the train station in Hawford, some of the construction workers, who weren't familiar with buying tickets online, stood in line at the ticket counter.

Staying another night in Hawford was too expensive, and they were eager to just go home. Moreover, the strain of trying to collect their wages had left them weary.

Even a piece of bread felt too costly for them. Some merely nibbled on leftover biscuits, while others, with their thermoses in hand, drank cheap instant beverages.

As they ate, one of them, who was scrolling through social media, came across a video. "Xavian! Look! It's the Wray family! Look at this!"

The video was clear enough for them to understand, and they froze in disbelief.

Soren received a phone call at the same moment, asking if he was willing to continue representing the workers in their wage dispute. The case was going to be reopened for reexamination.

The workers didn't fully understand the legal intricacies, but they knew one thing for sure. After three long months, someone was finally standing up for them! There was a real chance they might get their wages back.

"Xavian, that girl was right! Her words had come true!"

Yes, it had. Everything Wynter said was coming true.

It wasn't just the Wray family that was affected. When Tamia received the news, her hand, which had been holding a bowl of lobster bisque, trembled uncontrollably.

Very soon, a crash was heard. The delicate porcelain bowl shattered on the floor.

"What did you say? Say it again! What happened to the Wray family?" Tamia's expression was twisted with rage, her face terrifying to behold.

The person delivering the message stammered as he repeated his sentence, "The Wray family is under investigation. Most of Wray Group's funds are tied up in the stock market, and they might not be able to get them out."

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Chapter 1485 Tamia's Regrets

Tamia felt a wave of dizziness and had to grab onto something nearby to keep herself from collapsing.

The Wray family was being investigated. This would have been unthinkable in the past.

Would "that man" really allow someone to investigate the Wrays? That was impossible unless the Wray family had already been abandoned, deemed as a lost cause. Only then would "that man" allow them to fall!

The more Tamia thought about it, the more horrified she became. She had just decided to be associated with the Wray family, yet now, Wray Group was being investigated! This meant that the Wray family had been in trouble since last week!

"The stock market... How could he possibly lose money? Isn't Ms. Yates involved?" Tamia exclaimed in disbelief.

Her fingernails dug deep into her palm. If the Wray family's finances were in trouble, then the money she had invested in them would be lost as well.

It wasn't just the loss that was overwhelming. The Wray family had reassured her that the trap in the stock market had been set for the Quinnel family. So, why was Wynter still perfectly fine while the Wray family was collapsing?

Unable to comprehend the situation, Tamia anxiously asked the messenger, "If the stock market is in such turmoil, what about the Quinnells? What about the siblings from that family?"

As long as the Quinnel family had suffered too, it wouldn't matter so much. Even if she lost billions, at least they'd all be in the same boat.

After all, the Wray family had told her that Wynter and Albert had invested three or four billion. If the market crashed, they'd be in just as much trouble!

Tamia clung to this hope, but the messenger's next words froze her in place.

"I just checked. The Quinnel family bought gold, and the price of gold these past days..." He handed Tamia a tablet. "You can see for yourself, Mrs. Montclair Senior."

The tablet displayed a stock market chart. The price of gold had risen sharply again and again.

Albert had entered the market when gold was at its lowest point. Now, it had surged so much that the increasing trend on the chart seemed to taunt Tamia, urging her to smash the tablet into pieces!

"Why has it gone up so much? Weren't they saying that the Quinnell family's stocks would drop?" Tamia's hands trembled. "40! Each stock has gone up by 40 dollars in just a few days! What are you people doing? Why didn't anyone keep an eye on her?"

Tamia screamed from the top of her lungs, the cane struggling to support her. The emotional turmoil was too much for an old lady like her to handle.

Tamia had just made enemies with Wynter! She had made bold declarations in Quaint Villa, signaling that the Montclairs had officially become sworn enemies with the Whitmans and the Quinnells!

She would have never torn apart her relationship with them if she had known this was the outcome! Had she been aware of the true circumstances, how could she have possibly destroyed her ties with the Whitmans?

Not only would she have avoided a fallout, but she would also make sure they were still in- laws! And now, she was being told that the Wray family was ruined and Wynter had come

out victorious.

Tamia could not keep her composure at all and grabbed the messenger by his collar. "Is this what the Montclairs have raised? A bunch of useless fools!"

The man stammered out an explanation, "Mrs. Montclair Senior, if we're assigning blame, you only instructed us to watch Mr. Cyrus and how he worked with Ms. Quinnell to acquire land.

"All our focus was on setting her up, trying to make her fall into the trap we prepared. Neither you nor Mr. Wray ever mentioned that Ms. Quinnell knew how to play the stock market."

Tamia was not keeping secrets as she didn't even know herself! "Does she really know how to play the stock market? You've looked into her background and said she graduated from a mere trade school! How could she know anything about stocks?"

Even now, Tamia looked down on Wynter from the depths of her being.

The man raised his head slightly. "Mrs. Montclair Senior, I've been loyal to you for many years, and this will be the last task I do for you. So, as a word of advice, let me say this.

"If Ms. Quinnell truly knew nothing, Wray Group's funds wouldn't have collapsed like they did. There's foreign capital involved in this stock market issue, and yet the Wray family still lost. Don't you ever wonder why?"

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Chapter 1486 Too Late Now

The last sentence felt like a dagger to Tamia's heart.

At this point, how could she possibly admit that Wynter truly had the capability? Worse yet, she couldn't even fully grasp the extent of Wynter's connections.

Whoever those connections were, they were far more influential than anything the Whitman family had established in Hawford! After all, to be able to manipulate the stock market like Wynter would mean that she had support with great funds behind her!

Tamia's face paled even further. She took a shaky step backward, rapidly turning the beaded bracelet around her wrist.

For some reason, Wynter's chilling words from Quaint Villa echoed in her mind. "I can send the Montclairs behind bars, too."

As she staggered backward, Tamia's head hit the wall behind her. The string of the beaded bracelet she had been clutching snapped. The beads scattered across the floor, the sound of them rolling around eerily reverberating through the room.

"Ms. Yates! Get Ms. Yates here!"

This was Tamia's first instinct.

The breaking of the bracelet was unmistakable in its meaning. People, when faced with insurmountable difficulties, often turned to the divine for help. Tamia, deeply superstitious, believed that the legendary "Ms. Yates" could provide her with a way out.

"No, wait! Bring Ophelia back first!" Tamia suddenly said.

The butler was about to make a call to Ophelia, but Tamia could hardly wait any longer. "Stop her! If you can't bring her back, do whatever it takes to stop her!"

But it was too late. Just as she finished her sentence, Ophelia walked in, her face still beaming with happiness. "Mom, why are you trying to stop me?"

Tamia's head spun even more as she saw Ophelia return.

Ophelia, oblivious to the turmoil, continued, "Don't worry, I won't hesitate this time or see divorce as something disgraceful anymore. The Whitmans have made it clear they want me gone, so there's no point in staying. I should have left Noah long ago!

"I've already submitted the documents. I didn't even say a word when I was there and allowed the lawyer to handle everything."

Tamia felt her breath quicken, nearly choking on the shock. She steadied herself against the table and confirmed, "Have you really submitted the documents?"

"Yeah." Ophelia nodded.

Tamia grasped her own hand tightly. "It's too late. Everything's too late."

At this point, it was unrealistic to consider not going through with the divorce. The Whitman family would never be as unguarded as they had been before.

Tamia even suspected that Ophelia's decision to file for divorce was part of a larger scheme orchestrated by Wynter.

But was it possible? How could Wynter pull something like this? She wasn't a fortune teller like Yvette, right?

"Mom! What's wrong? Don't scare me!" Seeing Tamia fainting, Ophelia rushed forward to support her.

Ophelia's face turned pale in an instant as Tamia clutched her hand tightly, muttering as if in a trance, "Ophelia, this marriage... you shouldn't have ended it... it shouldn't have ended."

Meanwhile, Yvette, who Tamia had been fixated on, was dragged to the company by Kenton's people.

Her face and arms were filled with bruises. This morning, she had wanted to leave immediately when she realized something was wrong with Wray Group.

The stocks she had once expected to soar had plummeted for three consecutive days, almost hitting rock bottom.

Kenton had called her long ago, demanding her presence, but how could she possibly have the guts to go? It wasn't just Kenton who had followed her advice and invested in stocks. If they saw her, they would surely make her wish she was dead!

Hence, she had booked the earliest flight and snuck out of her neighborhood.

Just when she thought she was in the clear, Thesara blocked her path. Yvette never imagined she would meet her downfall at a mere maid's hands.

Thesara had informed Kenton's people, and now she was left in this sorry state!

"I heard you were planning to go to the airport, Ms. Yates."

Before her stood Kenton, who no longer resembled the man she first met. The air of confidence that once defined him had vanished, leaving only a chilling presence in its place!

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Chapter 1487 The Wrays' Downfall

It became especially clear that Kenton was truly malevolent when his eyes turned cold and fixated on Yvette.

Yvette was thrust in front of Kenton. She involuntarily trembled upon seeing his grotesque expression. "M-Mr. Wray, listen to me. This stock market fluctuation was purely accidental.

"The information I provided was real, but I don't know why it turned out like this. Please give me another chance to make amends!"

Just as she finished her pleas, Kenton slapped her hard across the face. "Another chance? If I give you another chance, who will give me another chance?"

Five distinct finger marks appeared on Yvette's face, the pain causing her to cry out in pain.

Kenton showed no hint of mercy as he tightened his grip around her throat. "What did I tell you? I can make your life worse than death if your calculations are wrong! I've poured all my money into this! Do you think you can run away? Try it!"

A suffocating sensation surged within her, making it difficult for Yvette to breathe. After struggling for what felt like an eternity, Kenton finally released his grip, allowing her to gasp for air.

Once she steadied herself, she said, "Mr. Wray, I never intended to run away. I truly believed that the three stocks you invested in would soar. Perhaps the time hasn't come yet."

That was Yvette's speculation. However, with her limited understanding, she couldn't fathom the myriad of factors influencing the stock market.

She only saw the result but was blind to the processes and elements that led to such an outcome. She didn't even feel anything as she witnessed the amount of people lining up at gold stores in the malls.

She reached out to grab Kenton's pants. "Mr. Wray, please listen to me. It must be a matter of time. Just wait a little longer."

Kenton's fists were clenched tightly. His eyes were bloodshot as he looked down at the crowds lingering below, all of them desperate for their money. At that moment, it seemed like waiting was the only option left for him.

A professional beside him couldn't help but remind him, "Mr. Wray, although there are few stocks left to liquidate, the current stock market is not looking optimistic. I recommend that you clear out your holdings today."

"Clear out my holdings?" Kenton was furious. "Do you know how much I'll lose if I do that now?"

It was over six billion. After deducting the processing fees, he might only get back 60 million at most, which wasn't nearly enough for a company like his!

Nicholas Lyte, a manager, spoke softly, "At the very least, we'll have 60 million to cover the employees' salaries."

Employees who were still on the job were needed for a company to continue running.

"Salaries?" Kenton sneered. "What's the big deal if I don't pay you guys for a month? And I'm not saying I won't pay you. It's just that we've run out of liquid funds."

"Wray Group is enormous and still has countless fixed assets and money circulation outside. Why are you people so anxious?"

Hearing this, Nicholas' heart sank, feeling a wave of despair wash over him. His hands trembled in frustration.

Those who worked alongside Kenton knew he wasn't a good employer. It was just that, for years, Wray Group had been thriving. Its immense profits had managed to overshadow Kenton's flaws, including his ruthless nature.

The fact that Kenton was unwilling to pay even the employees' salaries and was considering delaying payments indicated that the company was not far from its downfall.

Nicholas placed his work badge on the desk, resigning himself to the fact that he was now jobless. Yet, those idle wastrels from Kenton's faction were still contemplating stirring up trouble, each bombarding him with questions.

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Chapter 1488 Wynter's Capabilities

"What exactly are the people saying?"

"How could the Wray family be out of money?"

"Say something! Are you mute?"

Nicholas usually wore a friendly smile no matter how outrageous the comments directed at him were. He would only laugh it off. After all, the money he earned from Wray Group meant that he had to go through this abuse.

But he found himself at his breaking point today. "What's happening? Go ask Kenton Wray! This company isn't mine! It's the Wrays'!"

Such a drastic upheaval in the company had spiraled uncontrollably overnight. Ordinary employees couldn't have predicted this.

Using the company's liquid assets for stock trading? Kenton must have gone insane! What were they, the employees, supposed to do now?

Initially, the external pressure had been overwhelming, but now the chaos was coming from within.

For Kenton, that 60 or 70 million of funds was insignificant. He might as well go all in. After all, there might still be a chance for a comeback!

When he made this decision, it wasn't just Nicholas who was stunned. Even Adrien, who stood beside Kenton, froze. "Mr. Wray, are you not going to clear out the holdings?"

"Clear out? Get lost!" Kenton snapped as he maneuvered through his accounts. "Go see what the ruckus outside is about!"

Adrien left mechanically. It felt as if his soul had left his body.

Kenton didn't see any issues with his actions. His gaze was fixed on Yvette. "You better keep an eye on this. Let's see if it goes up or down!"

Yvette knew very well that her fate hung in the balance of the stock market. She would survive if those three stocks went up. If they continued to plummet, it would be the end for her! She trembled as she sat on the couch, flanked by two men in black.

Kenton was fully focused on the stock market. Yet, that was the nature of the market-the more worthless a stock became, the harder it would fall. There was no way it would rebound.

Gold was soaring, but the three stocks in his hands were plummeting even further! He wished he could clear out his holdings, but it was already clearly too late.

In just one hour, the losses were staggering. The market hadn't even closed, yet not only had he lost the 60 million, but he would also have to inject more money into the account!

He had always seen others as mere ants and would never understand his decisions' implications.

If he had pulled out his investments earlier to cover payroll, there might have been a chance for recovery. Preserving the company's basic operations was vital. After all, Wray Group's foundation still held potential for a comeback.

But in his mind, the company's employees were nothing more than his slaves. To him, whether to pay their salaries or not was not for the lower-tier workers to decide, but for him!

Given the Wray family's previous behavior, Kenton's subsequent actions were all too predictable.

"Boss, you were right. Kenton didn't clear out his holdings."

For a professional investor who had weathered the storm of the stock market, this was hard to comprehend. Given the circumstances, Kenton still had no intention of pulling out.

"Logically, the Wray family is well-connected in the financial circle. Why didn't he clear out his holdings? Is he trying to destroy himself?"

Wynter's Lamborghini was still parked outside the commercial building, indicating she hadn't left at all.

Upon hearing this, a smirk curled at the corners of Wynter's mouth, as if she were about to dismantle something. She seemed unsurprised by this outcome.

"Greed knows no bounds. Kenton still hopes to turn things around. How's it going on your end? Have you found the person I asked you to look for?"

"He's here with me. Everything's fine, but his condition isn't great."

Wynter replied calmly, "Please hand him the phone."

Cassian had no idea who had saved him, but he recognized the person in front of him Clement Milne.

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Chapter 1489 Wynter's Identity Is Exposed

Clement was a legendary figure everyone talked about in Hawford's investment circles. There were even absurd rumors that went around, believing that whatever he touched would turn into gold.

Whether it was the stock market or a company, as long as it was something he was interested in, the prospects would soar. For years, aristocratic families tried to recruit him, but he never showed up.

Even Kenton had tried to lure him into his company. After all, who wouldn't want such a legendary figure for themselves?

Nevertheless, Clement went to no one. He even rejected the Chamber of Commerce. But now, was he calling someone his boss? Could he be tied to foreign investors?

Cassian was no longer able to keep his usual calm. He knew Kenton played dirty, but he never expected him to go this far.

How dare he target his daughter? If it hadn't been for someone stepping in, Zara would have been kidnapped! Those men even planned to assault her!

Initially, all Cassian wanted was to quietly walk away from this mess. His sole goal was to not be the

scapegoat for anyone. But now? Now he was both afraid and furious. He was terrified of Kenton but hated him just as much.

He didn't know why Clement decided to step in and help him, either.

Cassian was anxious as he took the phone. "Hello..."

"This is Wynter speaking. I'm sure you've heard of me, so there's no need for any further introduction," Wynter spoke with a usual nonchalant tone.

But Cassian felt a chill run down his spine. Was the person who Clement called his boss her? He never would've guessed it.

After all, everyone knew about that time when Wynter was doing laps around their office building in her sports car. She was the epitome of a spoiled rich kid and was just another wealthy scion they were all used to seeing.

But now, he'd just heard Clement call her his boss! Did the people at the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce or Kenton know about this?

Cassian stammered, "M-Ms. Quinnell?"

"That's me. You know the kind of relationship I have with the Wray family-we're like oil and water," Wynter replied casually. "And since I had someone rescue you, I also know exactly why Kenton used those tactics on you.

"But listen carefully, Cassian Tucker, I'm not someone who likes to make things difficult for others. However, you have a lot of money that passed through your hands-money that appears out of nowhere.

"So, what's it going to be? Are you going to turn yourself in, or spend the rest of your life in fear of your wife's and child's safety?

"I'm sure you know the economic laws better than I do. If you turn yourself in and provide evidence, your sentence could be reduced.

"But if you don't care about what Kenton did to you... I can have my people pull back from your home right now."

Wynter's words were sharp and straightforward, leaving no room for confusion. Cassian knew exactly what she meant. If he didn't come forward to take down the Wray family, she would withdraw her protection.

He clenched his fists. The image of Zara nearly being assaulted was still fresh in his mind. The Wray family truly feared nothing. And with the secrets he held, Kenton would never let him live in peace.

Of course, Cassian wanted to hand over everything he had. Turning himself in wasn't a big deal to him.

However, there was still one thing bothering him. He rubbed his face and replied, 'Ms. Quinnell, I do want to agree with your proposal, but you don't understand.

"Over the years, many people have tried to take down the Wray family, and none of them have succeeded. Don't you think the situation is more complicated than it seems?

"This isn't a situation that most people can handle. Even if I go to the authorities and hand over what I have, the outcome might not be what you're expecting.

"Big scandals can get swept under the rug. After all, Kenton is a 'philanthropist.' You understand what I'm trying to tell you, don't you?"

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Chapter 1490 Meeting Their End

Wynter unwrapped a lollipop with a playful smile. "I understand your concerns, Mr. Tucker. But it seems that you're the one who doesn't understand the situation. You should recognize the person standing by your side right now."

"Of course I do. Everyone knows the legendary investor in the finance field," Cassian replied.

Wynter's tone remained calm and measured. "Then, why do you think this legendary investor is calling me his boss?"

Cassian felt like he'd been hit by a wave. He wanted to ask the same thing-why would Clement call her his boss?

"You're not seeing the full picture, Mr. Tucker," Wynter continued slowly. "The government policy

memorandum didn't just mention land development but also hinted at personnel changes. The waters have gotten muddy, so someone has to clean them up."

Cassian's eyes widened in shock. 'Ms. Quinnell, are you saying that there will be some changes with the higher-ups?'

In the past, Cassian might've asked her how she knew. But now, he wasn't going to ask anymore. Maybe all the rumors the business circle had heard were wrong-even the ones circulating among the Whitman family, who had ties to the Quinnell family.

They all thought Wynter was just a granddaughter brought back from some countryside. The power plays in Kingbourne were seen as nothing more than Fabian's attempts to regain control of the family. Wynter's involvement was just a part of the show.

But was it really that simple? Cassian couldn't help but wonder.

Since Wynter's arrival in Hawford, she had taken surprising actions in the Chamber of Commerce, resurrected a nearly bankrupt national brand, and significantly boosted its market value.

Following that, she transformed a seemingly worthless plot of land into a thriving development zone. Could all these consecutive successes really be chalked up to luck?

Suddenly, Cassian glanced at Clement beside him. His voice trembled as he spoke through the phone, 'Ms. Quinnell, before I left the company, Kenton was diverting company funds to gamble on certain stocks. May I know those stocks' current state?'

"You're a finance student, Mr. Tucker. Didn't you already check before you came here?" Wynter spoke as if she was completely unconcerned.

And yet, it was exactly this attitude that sent chills down Cassian's spine. He continued excitedly. "So, it really was you, Ms. Quinnell!"

Wynter neither confirmed nor denied it.

Cassian clenched the phone. "I'll turn myself in. Whether or not the Wray family gets taken down this time is all in your hands now, Ms. Quinnell.'

Cassian had worked at Wray Group for years and knew better than anyone how deep Kenton's connections

ran

Though he didn't know exactly who was behind him, there were glaring gaps in the Wray family's financial records that still passed audits without a hitch. It was evident that it was someone influential.

Kenton had ties everywhere, across all sorts of departments. But Cassian's guts told him that all those connections were just on the surface. The real backer, the one who had been shielding the Wray family, had yet to show themselves.

This time, though, things might be different. After all, Kenton was now dealing with Gordon's descendant. Meanwhile, Wynter strode toward the commercial building in front of her as she ended the call. It was time to reel in the bait. The Wray family needed one final blow.

The receptionist didn't recognize Wynter, but the chaos inside Wray Group was evident. Seeing an unfamiliar young woman heading straight for the CEO's office floor, the receptionist quickly moved to stop her.

With a lollipop in her mouth, Wynter certainly didn't look like someone here for business. But she seemed better than the debt collectors who had been streaming in all day.

The receptionist had lost count of how many people she had to block today. Moreover, the red graffiti splashed across the glass doors had left everyone too scared to step outside.

"Miss, I-' the receptionist was just about to speak when Wynter interjected.

"Take me to Mr. Wray." Wynter gave the receptionist a playful blink and smile. The tear mole at the corner of her eyes gave her an almost hypnotic charm

"I'm the person he's dying to meet right now. After all, he still doesn't know why he's losing so badly in the stock market..."