

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

Chapter 1501 Kenton Is Shocked

"Just who the hell are you?" Kenton shouted, finally losing his composure. His hands grasped firmly on the armrest as he attempted to stand.

Wynter glanced at him and asked, "Who do you think I'd be, considering I brought you here?"

At that moment, Kenton recalled a dinner conversation where someone had mentioned a special task force operating outside the control of regular authorities.

The Special Unit could conduct investigations without departmental approval and wielded greater power than the Top Unit.

Back then, Kenton merely dismissed the news as a joke. No units operated independently, as all were bound to follow their superiors' commands. After all, "that person" held authority over everyone in Hawford.

However, Kenton now realized that the rumors were true, and his face paled drastically. "The Special Unit... Are you a member of the Special Unit?"

That was the only explanation. Otherwise, "that person" wouldn't have overlooked Wynter's investigation. Still, Kenton was puzzled as to why the Whitman family hadn't taken advantage of Wynter's authority.

Wynter arched a brow and replied, "Neither Grandpa nor my uncles are aware of my identity. You're one of the few who know, Mr. Wray. Others who were aware haven't fared well.

"I suggest you think this through. You can either wait for 'that person' to save you and go down together, or you can say something to save your family."

Her tone remained calm as if she were stating a fact, yet her words cut deep into Kenton.

Kenton shifted in his seat and panted heavily. Never in his wildest dream did he expect Wynter, who hailed from a small place, to be a member of the Special Unit. He had never heard such news from the Quinnell family!

Everyone believed that Wynter was simply clever, and even "that person" had never seen her as a threat.

Despite the Whitmans' and Quinnells' wealth, they had never been involved in political affairs. The Yarwood family might have provided Wynter with financial support, but they couldn't possibly grant her such significant connections.

Yet, there she was, revealed as a member of the Special Unit!

Kenton's heart raced uncontrollably. Overwhelmed by despair and left speechless, he slumped back into his chair as a surge of resentment swelled within him.

"Do you think I'll spill everything just because you're from the Special Unit? Think again! I'm not going anywhere, so let's see how much you can dig up on your own!" Kenton retorted.

He couldn't be bothered anymore. Though he initially wished to leave the room, he now only cared about thwarting Wynter's effort.

Rising from her seat, Wynter explained, "It seems you've misunderstood me, Mr. Wray. If you choose to speak, your son abroad might continue enjoying his school life in peace. Otherwise, he could be forced to drop out."

When Kenton heard that, his eyes widened in shock. "What are you trying to do? I'm warning you you have no right to constrain my son because of my crimes! It's illegal!"

Wynter regarded him with an amused expression. "Are you seriously discussing legality with me right now, Mr. Wray? You know better than anyone what you've done.

"It seems like you're unfamiliar with the Special Unit. We have the authority to launch an investigation ahead of others.

"Moreover, there's a sum of money that has been transferred to your son's account. To recover those stolen funds, we'll be implementing special measures for special cases." Her biting remarks sliced through Kenton, leaving his hands to drop in surrender.

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Kenton looked at Wynter and shared, "To be honest, I don't know much, either. 'That person ' is the second-in-command in the city and is credited for various political achievements. If you insist on investigating, I can share some of the cases I've handled, but the rest is a blur."

He seemed hesitant to disclose the name and made a gesture instead. Wynter arched her brow, silently suggesting that she would carry on with the investigation since she took him away.

Taking a deep breath, Kenton continued, "I only desire to make a fortune, but 'that person' has grander ambitions.

"He aspires to attain remarkable feats, but his health has been failing recently. He needed me to keep certain individuals under control, but I can't provide the details without evidence.

"Who is he trying to control? What tactics is he using?" Wynter asked casually.

Kenton lifted his gaze, staring vacantly. "I have no idea."

"I thought you'd have learned your lesson by now, Mr. Wray. Are you ignoring my warnings, or are you seriously convinced the Special Unit won't uncover anything?" Wynter retorted casually.

Feeling the weight of pressure bearing down on him, Kenton prepared to speak when Wynter interjected.

"A girl died mysteriously at the nightclub you invested in. You spent a fortune tracking down her parents, and we both know it's nearly impossible to uncover the truth when the guardians refuse to pursue the case," Wynter shared.

Her eyes instantly turned cold as she continued, "You've taken a smart approach-one drawn from your business experience. And you understand the nature of humans.

"Some parents show no concern about their children as soon as the money is in their hands. But if you think this is all over, think again."

Kenton's face was drained of color. His forehead slicked with cold sweats, and his voice trembled. "H-How did you know?"

However, he quickly felt like a fool. He no longer dared to challenge the Special Unit's authority or keep any secrets.

With his head hung low, Kenton admitted, "This case has been resolved. Unless someone brings forward their grievances, the legal authorities won't act.

"I acknowledge my sins. As for the others, I stand by my words if you insist on investigating them and bringing them in for questioning, I'll give you a list."

Without hesitation, Wynter slid a pen and paper toward him.

Kenton knew he had no chance of survival. His only concern was his illegitimate son abroad -the sole heir to the Wray name. He feared that the others would target his son after providing information.

"Are you sure you can take them down?"

It was rather absurd that Kenton wished for the mastermind's downfall more than else. As an abandoned piece, he had lost all value.

anyone

Considering the usual maneuver, Kenton wouldn't even need to utter a single word upon arriving at the department.

However, it became clear that "that person" had never intended to save him. In other words, he would surely be eliminated as a threat, much like Alden, who had taken his own life.

With trembling hands, Kenton picked up the pen and started to write.

Wynter, seated across from him, observed in silence while keeping track of the time. She needed to return him to the appropriate place for questioning, and any delays might raise suspicions.

Kenton couldn't care less about his handwriting as he scrawled on the paper, just as long as the text was legible. By the time he finished, his whole back was drenched in cold sweat.

Wynter glanced at the list and noted that the names matched her suspicions closely. It appeared that Kenton was indeed telling the truth. Despite his undeniable guilt, she needed him alive.

Tapping on the table, Wynter asked softly, "Why didn't you mention the scholarship committee?"

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## Chapter 1503 No One Saw Through Wynter

Wynter's question left Kenton completely stunned. The scholarship committee was his secret to survival. He couldn't figure out how Wynter knew so much!

"Weren't you busy setting me up in the stock market? How did you find out about the scholarship committee?" Kenton asked cautiously.

He was genuinely frightened. Wynter, who everyone looked down upon, had done so much behind the scenes. Her investigation went deeper than he had imagined.

The scariest part was that neither he nor "that man" had noticed anything. They thought she was just here to help the Quinnell family restore its former glory.

The Chamber of Commerce could not fall back into the Quinnell family's hands. That was a strict order from "that man", and also the reason why the Wray family had been able to rise so quickly in the Chamber over the years.

They all believed that Wynter came to Hawford with the goal of reclaiming the Chamber. But now...

Kenton raised his head again. "The matter with the scholarship committee is a little sinister. I only handle the buying and don't know where those people end up or what they are used for."

"Tell me what you know." Wynter would not let him record such ambiguous statements.

Kenton clenched his fist, "When the scholarship committee first started, I thought it was just the higher-ups wanting young girls. After all, who doesn't?

"Later, as the demand increased, some of the selected individuals were chosen based on intelligence and other factors.

"I truly don't understand the selection criteria of those people. I only handle recruitment. With such a large group of girls, there will be some that satisfy those above."

Kenton was telling the truth.

Wynter put away the voice recorder and looked outside. Soon, someone walked in. This time, it was the real public official.

"Mr. Wray, you're a smart man. You should know what to say when you get in." Wynter stood up, her eyes flickering with the light. "Feel free to mention things about me, as long as you can bear the consequences."

Kenton watched Wynter's departing figure. His cold sweat had not stopped since earlier.

He recalled the situation in the office. The Waldrons, Montclairs, and those old aristocratic families in Hawford all wanted to join forces to deal with Wynter. Kenton also thought she just had a death wish.

So what if she had won against him in the stock market? Who could escape unscathed with the aristocratic families banding together? Moreover, she had even provoked "that man". That practically screamed a death wish.

It turned out these thoughts were merely a distraction for them. They had failed to see through Wynter from the very beginning!

Kenton was brought away blindfolded, just like how he was brought here.

Countless pairs of eyes were watching as the car entered the police stations. No one wanted Kenton to speak recklessly. Of course, they didn't believe that anyone from the Wray family would be foolish enough to do that.

People believed it was just a mere economic issue. At most, he would be locked up for a while and pay some money to get out. After all, economic crimes wouldn't cost lives.

"That man" received news that someone had been reassigned to a new position at that critical moment. For him, this was a variable in his plans.

He was so close to taking a significant step forward. He could have become the leader he wanted to be. Yet, a problem arose at a time like this.

He had no intention of stepping in to help the Wray family. Instead, he could leverage the people beneath him.

However, the report from his secretary left him furrowing his brows. "Why didn't the car go straight to the station?"

"It seems that there was traffic." The secretary added, "There was an accident on the bridge."

The old man was particularly wary of anything that slipped beyond his control. "Are you certain it's just a detour?"

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"Absolutely." Astor Tisdell, the old man's secretary, had checked thoroughly.

The old man pondered for a moment. "Find a way to let him know what should and shouldn't be said. If Kenton is smart enough, he should understand."

"Understood." Astor adjusted his glasses before continuing, "You can rest assured, I will handle everything."

The old man's gaze darkened. "To accomplish great things, some sacrifices must be made. If necessary, offer the Wray family some benefits. Handle the situation in Valen Village."

Astor chuckled softly. "They are just a bunch of greedy, lowly individuals who believe they've accomplished something on their own just by riding on your coattails."

"Astor, be careful with your words." The old man's appearance was deceptively benign. He looked like someone who would do no harm. Even the cup he used was a cheap one bought from a supermarket.

"Go now. Remember, anyone but the Quinnel family can take charge in the Chamber of Commerce," the old man reminded.

Astor bowed his head. "I'll take care of it right away."

"The Winston family-" The old man started coughing before he continued, "Tell them to meet me at the usual place."

Astor was most concerned about the old man's health. "You're coughing again. This issue with the Wray family has affected your reassignment."

"Those higher-ups don't even consider the effort you put into the development here and are fixating on these trivial matters."

"Astor, how many times have I told you? Broaden your perspective. Alright, enough about this. Go get my medicine," the old man ordered.

Astor quickly helped the old man to his feet.

They had to meet the Winston family frequently. For over a decade, the medicine they provided had always rejuvenated the old man.

As for the scholarship committee, he still needed to assess which family would be more suitable to handle it.

Astor wasn't worried about Kenton. He didn't think Kenton had the guts to betray them as he should know his own worth. After all, Kenton was merely a pawn who had been given a chance by the old man.

However, this incident had altered some of Astor's views.

Wynter, regardless of her motives, had created such turmoil for the Wray family. It was time

to give her a proper warning.

The Quinnell family could pursue profits in Hawford's business world, but they absolutely shouldn't have caused the Wray family to fall in this manner.

Astor narrowed his eyes. When he left the office, his expression was no longer the mild demeanor he displayed for the old man. His face was now shadowed with something more sinister.

The car Kenton was in took a detour for an hour, and no one knew where he had gone in between. Everyone assumed that the interrogation would only begin the moment he entered the police station.

He didn't even have to seek out a lawyer since his connections were already making calls on his behalf.

Little did they know that such actions were practically biting on the bait Wynter had put out. They were practically swimming to their own demise.

As soon as Kenton stepped inside, someone discreetly warned him not to speak carelessly. Yet, what no one realized was that he had already said all he needed to say.

At that moment, Kenton truly understood Wynter's brilliance. As long as he kept quiet, no one would realize the disaster that was already looming over them.

One after another, people would emerge, anxious about their involvement in his predicament. Wynter would be able to gain evidence just by seeing who was the most worried due to Kenton's case.

He knew without having to think that those individuals likely believed this was just another routine case of economic crime. As far as they were concerned, he was the only one facing consequences, and it wouldn't affect them at all.

Kenton scoffed and clenched his fist in the dark. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was wrong, and he wasn't the only one. Those who believed they could defeat the Quinnell family had miscalculated gravely.

Suddenly, a loud bang was heard.



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## Chapter 1505 The Sly Montclairs

Kenton slammed his hand heavily on the desk. He had been outplayed by someone who, on the surface, appeared to be a privileged scion.

Yet, there was nothing he could do to change it. No matter what he said, someone would come to handle him. At this point, his only option was to make everything appear as mere economic crimes to protect himself. Wynter had anticipated this, which was why she had acted in this calculated manner.

Even now, to the outside world, Wynter was still seen as a brash youngster who had somehow made some

money.

Many believed that she couldn't see the bigger picture since she came from the countryside. She'd end up burning herself by taking down the Wray family. After all, how could she possibly survive in a city as cutthroat as Hawford?

Such thoughts often came from arrogance and jealousy. Deep down, though they wouldn't admit it, they wished they could be Wynter.

The amount of money the Quinnell family had made from the stock market this time was unimaginable. The profits were astronomical just from the gold alone, not to mention that plot of land's value!

If Wray Group had once been considered the wealthiest in Hawford, then Wynter had now surpassed them in a truly remarkable way!

Those aligned with the Whitman family all benefited from this wave of success, while those in the opposition suffered heavy losses.

A steady stream of people visited Reuben, and for the first time in years, it seemed as though the Whitman family was regaining its former glory.

Cyrus was completely stunned when he heard about the stock market developments. As someone who studied finance, he knew better than anyone just how incredible Wynter's achievements were. What she had done wasn't just because of luck, as outsiders liked to claim!

He felt like he was floating. After a long while of hesitation, he finally asked Reuben, "Grandpa, does Wynter have a degree in finance?"

Unexpectedly, Reuben only smiled as he watched the continuous stream of business partners arriving. "I don't know much about Wynter's matters."

Cyrus had never worn such a complicated expression in his life. His phone was flooded with messages from Ophelia. Her words seemed caring on the surface, claiming she missed him.

But upon clearer inspections, the underlying message was clear. She was upset that Wynter had stolen Cyrus' spotlight in the Whitman family.

As Cyrus looked at the messages, he felt a strong urge to respond that Wynter hadn't stolen his spotlight. Rather, all the prestige and success that the Whitman family was now enjoying had been brought by her in the first place.

He remembered a time when the Whitman family had been just as vibrant when he was younger. But ever since the Wray family had risen to prominence, fewer and fewer people came to visit Quaint Villa.

Now, everything had returned to how it once was! The only person who couldn't seem to understand this was Ophelia.

Cyrus didn't bother replying to her messages. He had seen everything he needed to see online.

"Mom, you know as well as I do how Dad has treated you all these years. I advise you, for your own sake, to

stop what you're doing while there's still time." This was Cyrus' final plea as her son.

Yet, Ophelia was having none of it. She even cursed under her breath, "This child has gone insane! He is just like his heartless father! I'm doing everything for his sake!"

She quickly typed a reply. "You are no longer my son from now on! You are just like the Whitmans- sickeningly self-righteous! How dare you side with some outsiders and not protect your own mother?" Ophelia couldn't handle the fact that Cyrus wasn't on her side. Her messages were filled with curses and resentment.

Seeing this, Tamia tried to calm her down, advising her to hold on a bit longer. "That girl won't be in the spotlight for long. If they can investigate the Wray family's accounts, they can investigate the Whitman family, too."

"What do you mean?" Ophelia's head shot up.

Tamia's chuckle was sharp and unsettling, as if there were thorns hidden beneath the surface. "The Whitman family has been in business for years, and your uncle's personality is no secret. Do you really think Taylor has kept all his accounts spotless?"

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Chapter 1506 The Montclairs Will Fall Sooner or Later

"Back then, we kept the Whitman family afloat. But now..." Tamia sipped her rose tea before continuing, "It's none of our business anymore if they want to dig their own graves."

Not long after she finished speaking, a middle-aged man stepped into the room.

Upon seeing him, Tamia's brows furrowed deeply. The very sight of her eldest son irked her. In him, she saw everything despicable about the Montclair family. If it weren't for his gambling addiction, their family wouldn't have fallen so far.

"What are you doing here?" Tamia asked sharply.

Alfred Montclair rubbed his palms together and grinned sheepishly. "Mom, I've been a bit short on cash recently. First and foremost, I missed you, and second, well, I need some money."

Before Tamia could respond, Ophelia stood up. "Alfred, Mom gave you 20 million last month! How did you spend it so fast?"

Tamia's previously good mood evaporated, and her face darkened. "I didn't raise you just so you could leech off me! Did you really blow through 20 million that quickly? Do you think I'm made of money?"

Tamia might have been less upset if they had still had that billion from the stock market. But with funds running low and Alfred showing up to ask for more, it was like pouring fuel on the fire.

Alfred, however, acted as if he hadn't heard her as he casually walked over to the couch. "Yeah. I spend money fast, sure, but I'm still your son. The things back then... You know as well as I do who played a major role in getting our family where it is today."

Tamia immediately cut him off. "We'll talk about money later, but keep your mouth shut. If anything goes out, you'll be the first one to end up behind bars!"

"Don't be mad, Mom. I heard about the family matters-the girl from the Quinnell family dares to go against the Montclair family. I thought I'd come back and lend a hand, you know?" Alfred tried to sound helpful.

Tamia grew wary. "Your younger brother is handling these matters. Stay out of it."

"Mom, we're both your sons. Yet, you're playing favorites.' Alfred's face darkened. "Fine, I won't interfere, but give me the money.

"I was the one who did those things to the Whitmans. I'll get caught in the crossfire if you go after them, so I need to leave first."

Tamia had been planning to ignore him. But hearing his words, her eyes narrowed. 'I'll give you the money. But swear that you won't come back for at least five years after you leave this time!"

"Don't worry, Mom. Once I get the money, all those secrets will come with me abroad." Alfred smirked with a wicked glint in his eyes. "Unlike the both of you, I'm not trying to destroy the Whitman family after gaining so much from them."

Tamia ignored his accusations. She transferred the money to him before handing him a bank card. 'Leave tomorrow. Go to a distant country."

Alfred pocketed the money without further protest. However, before leaving, he glanced at his usually quiet and obedient sister. "You pulled so many strings to marry Noah. Yet, even after the divorce, you're still using your tricks.

"I underestimated you, Ophelia. I thought you were different from Mom, but now I see you're just like her. There's no surprise there-you're her daughter, after all.

"But tell me, how long will the Whitman family tolerate this after everything you've done to Noah?"

"Get out!" Tamia snapped, irritated that Alfred had hit a nerve.

Ophelia turned away, unwilling to acknowledge her half-brother from another mother.

It wasn't about using tricks-Noah had refused to listen to her and instead chose to protect that sister of his!

Now, even her own son wasn't on her side. After all these years in the Whitman family, Noah owed her for everything!

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## Chapter 1507 The Arrogant Montclairs

The entire Montclair family, except for Alfred, their black sheep, was steeped in arrogance.

However, Ophelia never saw it that way. Perhaps time had dulled her memory, making her forget how she was able to marry into the Whitman family and what it meant to be content.

The trap Kenton had set for Taylor wouldn't have succeeded without the Montclair family's assistance. Over the years, this had become an unspoken secret between the two families.

Tamia held firm control over the family's affairs, and her youngest son's greatest asset was his obedience.

The eldest, Alfred, was not her biological child, but the youngest, Landon Montclair was. Given that Landon was born late in Tamia's life, he was practically spoiled rotten.

Landon was currently seated in the agreed-upon meeting place between several families.

"How do you plan on dealing with the girl from the Quinnell family?" Edison Waldron asked.

The Waldron family was the one who organized this meeting. Yet, they had always played the silent partner's role. After all, they could profit from the rivalry between the Whitman and Wray families.

But now, with the Wray family in decline, it was only a matter of time before the old man would seek a family to do their bidding. The Whitman family was out of the question due to their ties to the Quinnell family.

This stroke of fortune had to land on the Waldron family no matter the cost! Edison was determined to make his family's value apparent to the old man!

Landon, still naive and riding the wave of newfound influence, couldn't help but voice his thoughts bluntly. "Mr. Waldron, what you should be asking isn't how to deal with that Quinnell girl, but how to take advantage of the Whitman family."

"If you ask me, the Whitmans are so busy dealing with their own problems that we could easily step in and deal the final blow."

"You're quite astute, Mr. Montclair. That's exactly my intention. We all recognize that the public sentiment is currently in your favor, which is why I thought it best for us to collaborate and brainstorm a plan.

"But what exactly do you mean when you mention that they are busy with their own problems?" Edison replied in an unusually respectful tone. It was obvious he was flattering Landon

Just a few days ago, Edison would never have given this mama's boy a second thought. But the Montclair family had a knack for pulling shady tricks. They were all too aware of the discussions online.

Regardless of whether Noah had done anything to betray Ophelia or not, the Whitman family would have to hand over their shares to the Montclair family. In no time, the Montclair family's status would rise significantly.

That was the only reason why Edison was acting this way.

Landon relished this newfound attention. After all, he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, yet these people always treated him as inferior. In the past, no one paid him any mind when he spoke.

These people might have been successful in business, but none could compare to the advantage he had from Ophelia's marriage.

Landon knew how to play his cards right. He picked up his teacup and blew on it before speaking, "The public opinion is secondary. My mother holds the key to the Whitman family's fate.

"That Taylor.. since he always looked down on others, he is about to face some hardships during the account inspection. Soon enough, the Whitman family will pay the price for what that girl has done!"

Edison, a seasoned fox in the business world, quickly picked up on Landon's implication. "Are you suggesting there are issues with the Whitman family's accounts?"

Landon replied dismissively, a look of superiority on his face, "There will definitely be issues if they don't obediently give my sister what she deserves.

"My brother-in-law used to look down on me, but now it's his brother's turn to be the family disgrace. Isn't that hilarious?"

The Chamber of Commerce members each had their own agendas. But with the Montclair family holding so much leverage, they were eager to support whatever Landon said.

Edison, always cautious, asked, "Is anyone aware of this plan?" "Rest assured, not a single soul knows," Landon replied.

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### Chapter 1508 Yvette Refuses to Change

Landon was smiling widely, lacking any semblance of the dignified demeanor expected of a scion from a prominent family. In fact, he seemed beneath even some street thugs. There was a reason the Chamber of Commerce members looked down on him.

Landon believed that his gambling-addicted elder brother wouldn't return to Cascadia for nearly a decade. As long as the Montclair family could bring down the Whitman family, he would have the power to dictate terms within the entire Chamber!

In this regard, he certainly aligned with Tamia, who embodied all the flaws of her generation. She was shrewd, calculated, and had a knack for playing favorites while looking down on others.

Tamia had no desire for Alfred to return, which explained why she was so quick to hand over money.

In her eyes, it was only a matter of time before Taylor would soon face legal troubles and the Whitman family would plummet from its current highs into despair. Wynter, too, would pay the price for it.

All of this felt like an established fact to her! The movements of various aristocratic families conspiring against Wynter only bolstered her confidence.

None of them thought to ask Kenton for information. If anyone had the slightest intention of saving him, they might have been able to gather some real intel about Wynter.

Yvette, on the other hand, was begging everywhere. She was claiming she knew Wynter's secrets and could help them avoid potential pitfalls.

But among the aristocratic families, who would still want to meet her? The wealthy ladies would rather see her gone.

The rich had their own subtle ways of humiliating others and were never direct. Instead, they would choose to torture one slowly.

Right now, Yvette was so terrified she could barely sleep.

She knew murder was illegal, and they couldn't simply make her disappear in the bustling city. With her involvement in the Wray family's economic scandal, she was compelled to assist with the investigation.

Ironically, she felt safest when she was in the police station. After all, once she stepped outside, she would be shadowed by a group of intimidating bodyguards

At night, she could hear knocking on her windows and doors, with those men seemingly intent on assaulting her. They wouldn't allow her to leave, nor did they plan to let her live comfortably in Hawford.

Yvette had attempted to report this to the police, but without evidence, her cries for help went unheard. Now, she had no choice but to seek out the ladies whom she had previously maintained good relations with. "We didn't go looking for you, but here you are. You're just a bumpkin who crawled out of the hills, yet you dared to fool us into thinking you're some kind of fortune teller," Rosalyn Barne, the Waldron family's lady, said with a sneer.

She continued, "That sister of yours is the esteemed one. What are you supposed to be? We've arranged a meeting with Ms. Quinnell, so I advise you to leave now if you don't want to see her."

Yvette perked up at the mention of Wynter. "Mrs. Waldron! I know you're just trying to put on a show by inviting her here.

"It's not like you genuinely want to get to know her. You're just trying to intimidate her. I know her secret! I really do!

"She's not what she seems. Don't be fooled by her appearance. You must have read comics, right? She's just like-"

"Shut up!" Rosalyn was utterly disgusted with Yvette, a mere bumpkin, who didn't know how to behave appropriately.

No matter how much the Waldron family wanted to deal with Wynter behind the scenes, they shouldn't air it in public

Wynter had already cost them a fortune in the stock market. Firstly, it was because of the false promises made by Yvette. Secondly, Wynter not only had the Quinnell and Whitman families backing her but also reportedly had the support of the Yarwood family's youngest head.

Rosalyn's husband had considered this and thought it was best to invite Wynter for a discussion. The

Waldron family certainly hoped Wynter would realize the situation and act wisely.



Now, with Yvette shouting like this, Rosalyn couldn't help but feel annoyed. 'If you can't handle this game, then don't play! What business do you have meddling in our affairs, you bumpkin?'"

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Chapter 1509 Cannot Compare to the Homecoming Queen

The surrounding customers, who had been enjoying their afternoon tea, all turned to look at the commotion. "The waiter! Where's the waiter?" Rosalyn exclaimed.

These ladies were regulars, and considering the membership fees they paid, the manager intervened before any waiters could come. "Mrs. Waldron, how can I assist you?"

"Ah, perfect timing. I wanted to ask when your establishment started allowing bumpkins in," Rosalyn said as her gaze swept disdainfully over Yvette.

Without missing a beat, the manager immediately warned Yvette to leave.

Meanwhile, Wynter had just arrived at the venue, finding it heavily congested. She had agreed to meet Rosalyn because she needed to uncover some very important information.

There was a voice in her dreams that had never appeared before-the voice responsible for harming Marie. She would feel uneasy until she found that person.

Wynter had never been concerned about the obvious threats, like Yvette, whom she had been ordering people to monitor closely.

She was aware of Yvette's frantic ramblings. She had kept her around in Hawford specifically to distract the aristocratic families from her real intentions.

In reality, the person Wynter was keeping an eye on today had just left the Montclair family and was headed to the airport. But there was no need for her to handle that personally. The special unit would take care of that.

Meanwhile, Wynter adopted her usual carefree demeanor, reminiscent of a spoiled scion. Her flashy car, vibrant in color, drew attention as it zipped along Riogeb

This caused many to turn their heads, especially among tourists. Among them were five or six college students who stared wide-eyed at the car. However, they didn't realize who was inside.

One of them exclaimed, "That car must cost a fortune."

"So what? I'm sure our homecoming queen can afford it."

These comments came from Yvette's classmates from Southdale. They were Wynter's old acquaintances. They were in Hawford for a vacation and had planned to visit their homecoming queen, Yvette.

They had contacted her about two weeks prior, and Yvette had eagerly welcomed them, inviting them to call when they arrived.

Wanting to make a good impression, they decided they couldn't show up empty-handed and planned to buy gifts for her. They had heard that this street was the most expensive, so it was the perfect place to choose something special

After all, Yvette had become a prominent figure in Hawford. She was someone everyone adored, and they didn't want to embarrass themselves!

As the group of students wandered through the streets, they spotted a particularly charming coffee shop with a long queue. This shop was rumored to be a century-old establishment.

"Let's check it out!" one of them suggested.

"Yeah! Yvette loves coffee. Let's buy her some."

After arriving in Hawford, the students felt somewhat dazzled by the city's vibrancy.

"This is amazing. Our Southdale can't compare to this."

"Keep it down, bro. This is Hawford."

Just then, one of them stopped in his tracks.

"What's up, Terrence?"

"Nothing. I just saw someone who shouldn't be here," Terrence Herriot replied while glancing toward Wynter.

He tugged at his black backpack and stared at her in disdain. "Let's keep our distance. We don't want that fangirl bothering us."

The others soon caught sight of Wynter as well.

"What's she doing here?"

"How would I know?"

"I thought she went back to her village."

"I don't think so. I heard she knows some big shots now."

"Her? Come on."

Terrence scoffed. 'She'll definitely feel embarrassed if she sees Yvette now. Just think about it-she always tried to compare herself with Yvette.'

Just then, someone shouted, "Hey, Wynter!"

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

Chapter 1510 Something Is Wrong With You

Wynter had noticed this group of people much earlier, but she didn't have a good impression of them.

Although they hadn't secretly bullied her at the time, in her memory, they would always make a few mocking remarks about her to please Yvette.

Some people from the countryside did have some bad habits. They would always think that whatever they knew was the absolute truth. Compared to people from larger cities, the biggest difference was the

information gap.

It was just like telling someone worth tens of millions that a car worth around 300 thousand was expensive- they wouldn't understand. But if you were to tell someone worth a few dollars the same thing, he would agree with you.

In business, the information gap was especially crucial. Some people made a fortune by leveraging certain information, while others chose to not take the information seriously.

For instance, it wasn't as if no one had warned these people from Southdale before that Wynter was no longer the same as before and that they shouldn't provoke her like they used to. Just look at what happened to the Shepherd family, and one would understand.

But in these students' eyes, how impressive could Wynter get? She just had some minor connections. The Shepherd family fell because they offended someone they shouldn't have, and Wynter just got lucky.

She wasn't like Yvette, who frequented Hawford's high-end, well-known establishments. They had seen Yvette's social media and were truly envious!

For them, even just getting an interview and receiving a job offer once they graduated would make them ecstatic, let alone being familiar with a CEO.

However, those who truly paid attention to major companies would know that not long ago, it was revealed who Wynter was. Although only a side profile was shown, anyone who had seen it wouldn't continue acting this way.

To put it bluntly, this group of students from Southdale, although praised for their academic achievements, lacked not just vision-they were still stuck in their world.

To them, being impressive after school meant being able to enter high-end venues, as if that alone equated to wealth.

So, when they saw Wynter, they still maintained their usual arrogance.

"What are you doing here?" One of them blocked Wynter's path and sized her up. "Are you also here to follow Yvette?"

Wynter was a bit different from what they had imagined. Her style of dress and the way she carried herself had changed. Cool and distant, she was much more beautiful than when she was in Southdale!

A few of the male students exchanged glances, feeling a bit regretful. If they had known, they would have tried to get closer to her. That face and figure were perfect for some fun. Maybe this was the benefit of living in a big city.

Wynter, sharp as ever, immediately caught the meaning behind their looks. She raised an eyebrow, her voice indifferent as she said a single word to the person blocking her, "Move."

The male students instantly felt their blood boil. This was especially true for Terrence, whose family had some standing-his parents worked at a bank. He was instantly triggered when he saw her acting like this.

"Wynter, we came from the same place. That's the only reason why we stopped to greet you. Who do you think you are? Do you really think you're one of them now just because you've come to Hawford?"

Terrence sneered. "If you're so capable, be like Yvette-settle down in Hawford on your own and have all the big shots wanting to work with you. But you can't, can you? That's why you're wandering around aimlessly like this."

His outburst naturally drew the nearby tourists' attention. The surrounding area was filled with colonial houses, modern restaurants, and cafes. Hearing what Terrence said, people started turning their heads to watch.

Wynter had initially not intended to engage with this group, but now her gaze landed on them. She pointed to her head with a lazy, mischievous air. 'Is there something seriously wrong with you people up here?'