

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

Chapter 1531 The Person Behind the Scenes

Wynter turned to leave after speaking. She couldn't afford to stay longer and had already recorded the crucial parts of Landon's confession.

Sharing this with Noah and Taylor wouldn't be a violation, and it would help to finally clear up the misunderstandings of the past.

However, just as she reached for the door, Ophelia, who had been silent this whole time, finally spoke up, "Sevie! I really didn't know about your mother's situation!

"You wouldn't want Cyrus to have a criminal for a mother, right? I never intended to hurt the Whitman family! Please, help me!"

"Help you?" Wynter paused mid-step. "The first time you manipulated Uncle Noah, he endured it for Cyrus' sake. You coveted Whitman Group's shares, and even then, he gave you a chance.

"And how did you repay him? You spread rumors, accusing him of infidelity."

Wynter had always despised greedy, self-serving people, especially Ophelia, who had ruined Noah's previous relationship.

A man as brilliant and accomplished as Noah had been forced to marry out of responsibility in the prime of his life.

Wynter never understood why the characters in comics who schemed through infatuation or drugging others always seemed to be portrayed so reasonably.

As far as she was concerned, she would stand by her family, right or wrong. Who was going to compensate Noah for the life he was robbed of?

"You don't deserve to be my aunt. After all these times, have you ever considered Cyrus' position in all these? You haven't. You've only ever thought about yourself." Wynter's smile was chilling.

"While you let others ruin Cyrus' potential, believing he'll be easier to control that way, did you ever imagine this day would come?"

"I know what you're regretting. You regret that you once had a happy family, and now, you've lost everything because of your mother's manipulation.

"That excuse might work on someone else, but not me. Ophelia Montclair, you're far from innocent. Every single one of you in the Montclair family has been scheming to take over the Whitman family.

"Even your child is just a tool for you. From now on, Cyrus will only be the Whitman family's heir and will have nothing to do with the Montclair family ever again."

With a long bang, Wynter slammed the door shut.

Ophelia was thrown into a pit of despair she had never experienced before. She tried to stand up but fell heavily back into her seat thanks to the cuffs on her hands.

"Sevie, let me see Cyrus! I'm begging you!" Ophelia pleaded in desperation.

But at the end of the day, some mothers loved only themselves.

The Montclair family's downfall had finally attracted attention from higher-ups, especially someone as deeply calculating as Fredric.

Within such a short time, both the Wray and Montclair families had collapsed, and he didn't believe it was a coincidence. The recent reshuffling of power had left him constrained, unable to openly seek information.

For Fredric, the safest option was to act as if nothing had ever happened. 18 years had passed since those events, and he was no longer the insignificant, powerless local official he once was.

No one would suspect that he had any connections with the Wray and Montclair families back then. Yet, despite all this, an unprecedented sense of unease gnawed at him.

Wynter could not be allowed to remain in Hawford. No matter what her intentions were, her presence threatened his peace.

Fredric adjusted his glasses, his appearance still refined and gentle. Anyone who met him would undoubtedly praise him as an outstanding official.

Even those who worked closely with him would vouch for his dedication and humility. They would say his roots in a modest background had made him empathetic toward the common people.

But no one would ever guess that beneath this polished exterior lay a man capable of the most ruthless actions. After all, human nature was far more unpredictable than that of any spirits.

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Chapter 1532 Things Had Yet to End

Fredric didn't want Wynter around Hawford any longer. Meanwhile, Wynter had also already set sight on dealing with Fredric first.

The incident with Vanessa jumping off a building, though legally resolved, wasn't over for Wynter. While the law may turn a blind eye when no complaint was filed, Wynter refused to believe it was so straightforward.

Club Solstice's location was too suspicious, and she was certain that it was merely a facade hiding something much deeper she hadn't yet discovered.

Furthermore, where did the Winston family go? How could they vanish so easily upon arriving in Hawford? Wynter could not rest easy without uncovering Clyde's whereabouts.

After obtaining the crucial information she needed, she immediately tasked her team with investigating how Fredric had risen so quickly to become the city's third most powerful official over the past 18 years.

While dealing with him, she knew she had to strategically expose the true mastermind behind him as well.

From what Wynter could discern, this person behind Fredric was someone composed. He showed no reaction when the Wray and Montclair families fell. To someone like that, these families were mere ants, and their downfall was of little consequence.

She also recognized the threat of foreign infiltration and had already started mapping out how to dismantle these hidden forces.

Once she had resolved the matters in Hawford, she would lead the Special Unit in uprooting the foreign elements embedded within Cascadia, no matter how deep they were buried. After all, no matter how carefully concealed, they would eventually reveal their weak points.

At the same time, Fredric, dressed in a crisp shirt with gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, held a teacup in hand as he sat back in his chair. He had thought of a compromise. With the Wray and Montclair families already being interrogated to the point where nothing more could be extracted, it was time to make a different move. He might as well contact a different family.

Rather than use his own phone, he reached into his drawer and pulled out an old, outdated mobile phone. The design looked as if it belonged to another era, clearly showing its age.

Flipping through the records, he marked each of the four aristocratic families with distinct symbols. His finger hovered over the last name in the list.

As the call began to connect, Edison was still busy trying to cut off all ties with the Montclair family.

After the way Rosalyn spoke to Wynter today, it was clear that the Waldron family could no longer remain neutral as they had in the past.

The Calico family, on the other hand, was already contemplating a reconciliation with the Whitman family. The Montclair family's downfall had hit them hard.

Some dismissed the Wray family's collapse as a mere coincidence thanks to the Dalton family's support for Wynter. They were said to have helped her observe the stock market and guided countless Cascadian investors to avoid foreign capital traps during a rare bull market.

But the Montclair family's fall was a direct statement. It made it clear that Wynter had the power to make these things happen!

The Calico family no longer dared to underestimate Wynter, who they once dismissed as uneducated and incapable. The Waldron family also wanted to reconcile, but it seemed impossible with things having escalated this far.

Edison didn't believe that Wynter would be easy to negotiate with. However, Rosalyn held a different perspective.

The impression Wynter had left on her today was profound. She didn't think escalating the situation further would benefit the Waldron family.

"Edison, listen to me. We don't have deep grudges with the Whitman family like the Wray and Montclair families do. Those families brought it upon themselves.

"We simply weren't as resolute in following the Whitman family's lead. With Mr. Whitman Senior's magnanimity, he won't make things difficult for us.

"We just got mixed up with the wrong people. We listened to the Wray family and treated that so-called fortune teller, Ms. Yates, as if she were a treasure.

"We thought that this girl from the Quinnell family was raised in a small town and wouldn't understand anything nor have any real skills. But after meeting her, I now realize she's far more capable than we ever thought."

Rosalyn, worried that Edison might not be able to resolve things on his own, suggested, "I'll go speak to Marie and apologize to the girl.

"It's all my fault for having a bad temper. Marie has always been forgiving. As long as we show sincerity, everything can be resolved."

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Chapter 1533 She Does Not Have the Connections

Rosalyn had no idea things were far more complicated than they appeared.

Edison had already made his choice many years ago, and he had never picked the Wray family but someone in the provincial government. However, he had kept this from Rosalyn all along.

Still, the idea of seeking reconciliation with the Whitman family seemed like a good one. At least on the surface, they appeared different from the Wray and Montclair families. They were just a little confused at a critical moment.

"Alright. I'll listen to you, darling. I'll leave the Whitman family to you." Edison let out a long sigh before adding. "In the end, it's always up to my beloved wife to make things right."

"As long as you know that." Rosalyn lowered her eyes to sip her tea. "It's a critical time now. It's time to cut off those messy relationships you've got on the outside."

Edison's smile faltered slightly, but he remained silent.

Rosalyn watched him closely. "Edison, I'm worried something might go wrong. The parents of that girl who jumped at the bar were easy to placate, but not everything is so easy to settle. Who knows when something might spiral out of control?"

In the past, the two of them would have argued about things like this. But today, there was an unusual silence, and Edison even agreed to her request.

Whatever the reason, Rosalyn had long been displeased with those mistresses he had. "There's something else too, Edison. Those women are too young. Can we stay away from that kind of trouble from now on?"

It was clear Edison didn't want to continue this conversation. He got up and lit a cigarette. "I'll take you abroad for a little vacation once we've smoothed things over with the Whitman family."

Too much had happened recently. The more dangerous things became, the more Edison knew it was time to step back. That had always been his strategy for survival.

However, such thoughts were quickly interrupted by a phone call. Just hearing the distinctive ringtone made Edison's eyes light up, and seeing the caller ID confirmed his excitement.

"I need to take this call," he said, not even bothering to acknowledge Rosalyn's presence as he hurried upstairs.

Rosalyn's brief moment of tenderness quickly dissipated. The luxurious yet empty living room felt colder as she sat there, staring blankly.

After years of marriage, she could no longer tell which of Edison's words were genuine and which were lies. That was why people like Ophelia had no idea how much these married women envied her. She had married a man who, in his youth, was unmatched in his brilliance. She was also treated with respect after marriage. Yet, despite having such a distinguished partner like Noah, Ophelia didn't know how to cherish it.

Rosalyn gave a bitter smile. What did Edison count for in comparison?

Edison's family couldn't be compared to Rosalyn's. The only reason the Waldron family had managed to climb the prestigious families' ranks was due to Rosalyn's father's influence.

Edison had ridden her family's coattails, and it made him even more keenly aware of the intoxicating allure of

power.

"I've been waiting for your call." Edison's eagerness bordered on overenthusiasm. It was clear that this conversation wasn't something suitable for Rosalyn to overhear.

Fredric didn't waste any time. "I'm not in a position to intervene in the Wrays' and Montclairs' matters, especially now with the critical promotion stage looming. You should have noticed by now—someone from the higher-ups has been sent down."

"I understand. Someone is trying to use the Wray and Montclair families' incidents to open a crack in

Hawford's political structure."

Edison, having learned the ropes of politics from his father-in-law, grasped the situation quickly. "Rest assured, no matter what happens, neither you nor Mr. Randell will be implicated."

Fredric detected Edison's overt allegiance. "Mr. Randell has spent years promoting economic development and improving the lives of the people.

"His methods may have been a bit extreme, but we need to understand that. I, too, have taken such measures, all in the name of work."

"Of course, all for the sake of work," Edison echoed swiftly.

Fredric posed a seemingly offhand question, "As for Mr. Whitman Senior's granddaughter... Is there someone backing her, or does she have any special connections?"

"She shouldn't have any significant connections. Otherwise, she wouldn't be using her current methods.' Edison looked up thoughtfully. 'It's possible that some of the previous Quinnell family loyalists are helping

her out."

Fredric considered it. If she did have any real connections, he would have known by now. "I heard she stirred up the market while siphoning off funds from the Wray family. Is there any truth to that?"

Edison nodded. "Yes, she cashed out quite a bit."

"Alright, I understand." Fredric's tone became more deliberate. 'Disrupting the stock market isn't a minor offense. I'll make sure this is dealt with accordingly..."

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Chapter 1534 Meeting Her End

Fredric's words completely put Edison at ease. If Fredric was taking action, it could only mean that "that man" was already displeased with what Wynter had been doing.

Others might have only made vague threats. However, Edison knew better than anyone else about Fredric's capabilities.

No one could detect anything unusual from Fredric's plans. Years ago, it was also he who had covered up the situation regarding Marie.

The lie had been so full of holes, yet Fredric managed to smooth it over in front of Noah and Taylor. That alone was enough to demonstrate his skill.

And he had only become more formidable now as the third-ranking official in Hawford, with the backing of provincial leadership. His current power was beyond mere businessmen's imagination.

For the Waldron family, this marked a turning point. Edison had just been regretting offending Wynter. But now, he hoped more than anyone that this outsider-who had disrupted the Chamber of Commerce-would face a heavy downfall!

If she didn't, Hawford would soon be entirely under the Whitman family's control.

With this thought in mind, Edison couldn't resist adding, 'My wife mentioned that Wynter is looking into Marie's incident. Should we do something about that?'

Anyone who was involved in the events from back then knew that this particular matter was something Fredric would prefer to take to the grave.

To achieve performance, he needed a substantial amount of funds. Fredric had targeted Shane when he came to Hawford back then.

But, despite Shane being foolish, the Whitman brothers weren't. To make the Whitman family part with their money, some tactics were necessary. Fortunately for him, Marie's situation had been unstable during that period.

Fredric would always remember that period because he truly had nothing at that time.

One day, a sealed letter appeared on his desk, asking if he wanted to rise in the ranks. If he did, he needed to show some resolve to prove that he was worth supporting.

Fredric's greatest desire was to make a name for himself. His family was part of the government system, but coming from a small town, it was far more challenging to rise in the ranks. This was especially true for someone like him without much background.

Hence, without any hesitation, Fredric took the letter and began writing back. Thus began his schemes against the Quinnell and Whitman families.

He was uncertain just how much the other party hated the Quinnell and Whitman families to keep such a close watch on them.

Clearly, their goal was not financial gain. They had stated their intentions to assist him without getting directly involved. Any additional benefits would be left to him as long as the Quinnell and Whitman families were at odds.

It was evident that his performance had met their expectations, leading to his remarkable ascent. He went from a minor editor to the third-ranking official. Every step he took upward was not merely a result of luck or coincidence.

However, he had broken many laws back then. If anyone were to uncover the truth, it would severely tarnish his current reputation.

"I understand." After a long pause, Fredric finally spoke again. His tone was chilling. 'You should also be aware that I don't like discussing matters from the past. Consider this a one-time warning, Mr. Waldron. "I will ensure that Wynter leaves Hawford within two weeks at most. The city needs development, and her

disruptions in the stock market are detrimental to the public's morale.'

Edison immediately sensed Fredric's displeasure. The warning was unmistakable. Edison couldn't help the cold sweat breaking out on the back of his neck.

Fredric was too astute. Edison only needed to mention the past once for him to realize his motives. This was why those in high positions were often so inscrutable

As Edison felt the chill wash over him, Fredric added, "And regarding the scholarship committee..."

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Chapter 1535 Lost Their Final Chance

"The Wray family is done for, and there's no hope left for the Montclair family, either." Fredric was the type of person who would give with one hand and take with the other. "From now on, the scholarship committee will be handled by the Waldron family."

Edison could no longer control his expression as he heard Fredric's words. A greedy smile crept across his face, twisting his features. "You can count on me. I'll make sure everything with the scholarship committee is handled perfectly!"

Fredric's tone remained flat. "It's not that I doubt your abilities, Mr. Waldron. I just want to make sure that incidents like the suicide case in Club Solstice don't happen again.

"Even though her parents signed an agreement and didn't press charges, the higher-ups haven't overlooked it.

"You know how important the scholarship committee is to Mr. Randell. After all, you've worked with Kenton on a few deliveries.

"Mr. Randell's health is deteriorating, so you need to act fast and pick out some fresh faces. As for Wynter, leave her to me."

Hearing this assurance, Edison's eyes lit up with excitement. "Rest assured, Mr. Monty, I've already got some candidates in mind for the committee.

"Whatever Kenton did well, I'll do better. Whatever he couldn't handle, I'll take over. As long as Wynter doesn't bother the Waldron family, we'll soon be able to send him some new faces.'

Satisfied with the answer, Fredric ended the call.

Edison went downstairs, brimming with excitement. Seeing Rosalyn dressed up and ready to leave, he spoke up immediately, 'There's no need to go to the Whitman residence anymore."

"No need?" Rosalyn frowned. "Edison, didn't you just agree to let me go and talk things out?"

Edison's eyes sparkled with barely concealed excitement. "That was then. There's no need for that now. Just go about your usual business. You don't have to worry about the Whitman family anymore."

"Edison, all that's happened recently is right in front of us. I can't just pretend I haven't seen anything. The Wray family is gone immediately after opposing the Whitman family.

"The Montclair family also tried to frame the Whitmans, and now they're all in prison. There's not even a word about them anymore."

Rosalyn, having grown up in an influential household, felt a deep sense of unease about the situation.

"I've been trying to find out about the Montclair family, whether it's Mrs. Montclair Senior or Ophelia, to see what punishment they're facing, but no one has given me any answers. All the replies say they have no idea." Rosalyn looked up at Edison. "Edison, trust me. Something isn't right. We should stick to what we discussed earlier. I'll go and make peace with Marie."

"I told you, there's no need.' Edison scoffed coldly. "I know you come from a high-ranking family and think I'm too insensitive to these things. You probably think this is a good chance to make me cut ties with my mistresses.'

He lit a cigarette as he continued, "Sometimes, you should look in the mirror and look at yourself. Do you know your age? Do you really think I will still have an interest in that body of yours?

"Rest assured, you'll always be Mrs. Waldron. You don't need to worry about that. But stop thinking you can control me beyond that.

"I had to listen to you all the time when your father was still alive. I've always played the underdog in your family. Now, after all this time, do you still expect me to play that role?"

Grabbing his coat from the couch, Edison added one final remark, "For the last time, you don't need to do anything. Just fulfill your role as Mrs. Waldron.

"As for that girl from the Quinnell family, you have even less reason to worry. There's no way she can touch me. Because very soon, she's going to meet her end."

Rosalyn watched Edison's retreating figure, her heart feeling as though a thousand needles were piercing it.

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Chapter 1536 A Gentle Warning

People said Marie married Shane out of blind love. But Rosalyn knew better than anyone that a woman wouldn't have the ability to foresee betrayal from the start.

After all, when a man pursued a woman, he'd be willing to offer the stars in the sky and the moon by the sea.

But once that love faded, the woman became less than a puppet. He would hate the sight of his wife but knew he couldn't get rid of her because there were still things he needed from her.

Rosalyn took a deep breath, her gaze falling on a family portrait nearby. In it was her father's image, a reminder of his presence.

Without her father's influence, the Waldron family business would never have grown so large.

Back then, Edison used to say he'd give up the company for her. He'd follow whatever her father said, and he would go to him for advice on every decision, no matter how big or small. Back then, he didn't mind being "controlled".

Rosalyn laughed as tears streaked down her face. She stared blankly at her phone, deep in thought. After a moment, she decided to send an anonymous message to Marie.

"Tell your daughter to be careful these days. She might be targeted, and not by the aristocratic families."

Wynter was the person Marie cared for the most in her life, and this strange warning immediately unsettled her. She tried calling back, but the number was unreachable, and subsequent attempts led to a deadline.

Still, there was no malice in the message's tone. It seemed like someone was trying to secretly alert her.

But this was what made Marie even more anxious. It was as if someone was unable to tell her openly and had to resort to relaying the message secretly.

"That means Wynter really might be targeted," Marie muttered.

Without hesitation, she shared the information with her two brothers.

"Who else if not the aristocratic families?" Marie was repeating this question.

Noah and Taylor exchanged glances after reading the message. They both had a sinking feeling, and an unsettling answer began to take shape in their minds.

It would still be manageable if it were the aristocratic families. At least they understood their opponents. However, two major concerns loomed over them.

First, the stock market fluctuation had been significant. Wynter's actions to protect domestic investors' funds had upset powerful foreign interests who had long viewed Cascadian retail investors as easy targets.

The recent stock market movement had been meticulously planned to drain as much local capital as possible, and Wynter had disrupted their entire scheme.

Second, the true force behind the Wray family might be coming into play. Even someone like Marie, who hadn't been in Hawford for years, could sense it.

She paused, trembling slightly as the thought struck her. "The Wray family's meteoric rise in recent years hasn't been simple. It's the force behind the Wray family that's going after Wynter!" Marie felt a chill run down her spine as she voiced her thoughts.

Just how powerful was this hidden figure, to have the entire Wray family so tightly under their thumb?

Marie raised her head, her voice hoarse. "Noah, Taylor, does Dad still have any connections in the military?"

"Don't worry, we can still reach them." Noah's voice was deep and reassuring. It exuded a sense of security. "We won't let Wynter stay in danger like this. If someone is abusing their power, I'll be the first to get justice for her."

"The previous loyalists from the Quinnell family are still in Hawford. You know this, Marie -those people might not acknowledge Wynter as the family's new head, but they won't ignore Mr. Gordon's bloodline. When it comes down to it, they'll step in to protect her."

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Chapter 1537 Cleo's Warning

Noah's assumption wasn't wrong. Right after the Montclair family was put behind bars, someone hired a delivery man to send a small note to Wynter. Despite the note's size, the delivery fee was quite expensive.

The note contained only one sentence. "Stop investigating and return to Kingbourne immediately."

To an outsider, this might seem like a threat. But Wynter, who understood human nature well, knew that a genuine threat wouldn't have been delivered this way.

Was this a gentle warning?

Wynter looked at the note with amusement and asked the delivery man, "Is this all there is? Who gave it to you? Was it a man or a woman? Did they say anything else?"

"Why? Is something wrong with it?" The delivery man quickly continued, "I picked up the item as instructed from a locker before bringing it to you. I don't know if it was a man or a woman, and I never had a call with them."

Wynter gazed out the window and smiled with one hand in her pocket. "I see. Thanks."

After receiving the note, the delivery man asked for a confirmation photo.

Wynter's eyes settled on him, and suddenly, she remembered hearing about someone when she first arrived in Hawford-a man named Cleo Sinclair.

He was notorious for navigating both sides of the law, with connections in both the underworld and the legitimate world alike.

Wynter lowered her gaze, her lips curving slightly. "The warning is quite thoughtful, but I don't intend to run away at the first sign of danger."

She smiled faintly as she opened the car door. On the contrary, she wanted to draw out as many of those trying to go after her. It would make her happier to catch them all in one sweep.

At that very moment, in an old apartment complex crowded with people, there was an elderly man who stood out from his surroundings. Holding a cup of tea, he sipped it in a way that made him seem like an old man from Kingbourne.

In fact, he was indeed a man from Kingbourne who had followed Gordon to Hawford many years ago. He started a business in Hawford and had never returned home since.

"Mr. Sinclair, the item has been delivered," one of the people in the crowd suddenly whispered.

Cleo looked up, showing little emotion. "What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything. She just crumpled the note and put it in her pocket."

Cleo furrowed his brows upon hearing this. It was clear Wynter didn't take his warning seriously. She was truly bold. Cleo couldn't help but wonder if she knew just who she was provoking by causing such a stir in Hawford!

Cleo felt a wave of irritation. He stood up with the help of his cane. "Go find out what charges they'll use to question her."

"Mr. Sinclair, we're not sure yet. But I suspect it might have something to do with the stock market Ms. Quinnell manipulated a few days ago..."

"The stock market... that's terrible!" It was rare for Cleo to declare something as terrible.

At this moment, the most relaxed person was Wynter herself. She hadn't paid much attention to the note. After all, she had been hoping for someone to make a move.

As of now, there were more important tasks awaiting her. The Special Unit, tasked with tailing Yvette, had stopped in their tracks.

The person Wynter anticipated hadn't shown up, and it seemed like Yvette had been abandoned. But the Winston family was definitely nearby!

There were still a few questions Wynter needed to ask Yvette privately. Hence, Wynter didn't waste any more time.

Even if someone planned to make a move against her, it would likely be in the coming days. For now, her priority was to find out what exactly Yvette, who seemed to know the future, remembered from her timeline.

Wynter had already pieced together a few things based on Yvette's behavior. For instance, she had predicted that Dalton would be in a car accident when she went to the Yarwood family.

Was she now following the Winston family because she had seen their fate in a previous life?

Wynter knew Yvette too well. She wasn't the type to involve herself with people without any personal gain. Hence, there was no doubt in Wynter's mind that Yvette had valuable information about the Winston family.

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Chapter 1538 Personally Dealing with Yvette

Yvette had no idea that Wynter had already deduced that she was someone who had been reborn. She was still holding onto the hope that the Winston family would come to her aid. After all, Clyde had once told her that her unique destiny was of great use to him.

Yvette occasionally harbored reluctance with the Wray family, but she genuinely wanted to follow the Winston family.

In her previous life, she could never understand why, despite all the power struggles among the aristocratic families, it was the low-profile Winston family that ultimately emerged victorious.

It wasn't until she met Clyde that she understood.

She feared him deeply. Even through the car window, she could feel the oppressive energy emanating from him. She could never forget that bone-chilling sensation. It was as if her soul was laid bare.

Yet, she didn't understand why the place where she was supposed to meet the Winston family was empty. There wasn't a single person in sight-not even the housekeepers seemed to have ever been there. The villa was quiet, leaving no trace of life behind. What had happened?

Panic set in for Yvette. She was desperate to reveal Wynter's secrets to Clyde. The businessmen in the Chamber of Commerce didn't believe her because they couldn't comprehend the truth.

But Clyde wouldn't dismiss her words as mere fantasies. He would understand the gravity of what she had to

say.

But the familiar number she tried to dial remained switched off. She had no choice but to disobey the Winston family's instructions and show up unannounced.

This place was known to the Wray family as well, so she couldn't stay long. Had Clyde perhaps sensed danger because of the Wray family's downfall and left ahead of time?

Just as Yvette was filled with confusion and on the verge of leaving, the door behind her suddenly opened. Her heart leaped with joy as she turned around, ready to speak. But she instantly froze the moment she saw who it was. She stood there, paralyzed, her face draining of color, turning visibly pale.

Genuine fear washed over Yvette, and trembled as she stammered, "Y-You... What are you doing here?" The person standing in the doorway was none other than Wynter, who had been searching for Clyde.

Wynter was dressed sharply in a suit jacket as she casually played with a dagger. Her face was both fierce and beautiful. However, her gaze was initially more interested in surveying the room than focusing on Yvette.

It wasn't only after hearing Yvette's startled question that she finally turned her attention to her. Wynter raised an eyebrow slightly. "I followed you here"

Yvette stumbled back a step, her legs unsteady with panic. She couldn't fathom why Wynter had followed her, but the more she thought about it, the more dread she felt.

She wanted to hide from Wynter even more when her mind drifted to certain possibilities. What if the Wynter standing before her wasn't the one she knew? If that were the case, who knew what this Wynter was capable of?

Instinctively, Yvette's eyes darted to the door. As Wynter seemed momentarily distracted by the room's layout, Yvette bolted, making a dash for the exit.

Wynter chuckled lightly without even bothering to look back. Her attention was instead fixed on the fountain in the far corner of the room.

Before Yvette could make it far, she skidded to a halt. Only then did she realize that Wynter wasn't the only one who had come.

At the exit stood two figures-a silver-haired boy and a girl holding a parasol. They were both young, and they were just standing silently, watching her with a cold, detached gaze, like demons sent to collect a soul.

"You came all the way here because you've clearly developed some suspicions about me," Wynter said as she slowly approached, her fingers brushing the dust on the table, revealing that the place had been abandoned for days

She looked back at Yvette and said lazily, "Since you've formed those suspicions, you should understand that I won't let you leave now that I'm here. Yvette Yates or rather, I've always wondered if that's your real name."

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Chapter 1539 The Truth Uncovered

In an instant, Yvette's heart pounded wildly. She could no longer hide the panic that was now plainly visible on her face. Her deepest secret-her true origins-was something she would never have known had she not been reborn.

Given that she was reborn, she knew better than anyone that the baby girl born to the Yates family in Riverfield Hospital all those years ago had died and been buried six feet under

It was her cunning mother from the countryside, Fanny, who had spun an elaborate lie. The DNA test had been tampered with, and every detail had been tailored to match the Yates family's mistaken belief that she was their long-lost child.

Fanny had always sought to use Yvette to secure wealth, ensuring that she had a fallback plan her entire life. If anyone ever came searching for their real daughter, Fanny would claim Yvette was the one.

After all, after the incident, even the hospital records had been forged. In those days, who could uncover the truth?

The modern DNA tests were more sophisticated, and with the right connections, such things could be easily manipulated. Otherwise, how else could Yvette's identity have been officially registered?

But after Yvette had been kidnapped and taken to Paradise Village, Fanny had never imagined that the Yates family would mistake her for their daughter. That day, some other twist of fate had occurred.

And precisely because Yvette had been reborn, she had always looked down on Wynter. In her memories, Wynter was only difficult to deal with when she was a child.

By the time they met again, Wynter had become useless. She was dumb beyond belief and would always get caught up in foolish romantic entanglements. It was as if life had been too easy for her in the Yates family.

But now? Now she was alarmingly smart! So much so that it made Yvette uneasy.

Something was wrong! Wynter was not normal!

Yvette wasn't foolish enough to admit Wynter had hit the mark. Instead, she feigned a pitiful expression and said, "If I'm not a Yates, then what am I? Wynter, please stop scaring me.

"I know you've never really wanted to acknowledge me as your sister. I admit I made mistakes in the past, but I've changed ever since I started learning medicine from Grandma. I'm her only family left. I really don't want her to see us like this."

Yvette was afraid Wynter wouldn't believe her, so she added, 'I've already cut ties with the Shepherd family. In the end, it was all because of that scumbag that we became like this."

"Yvette," Wynter said as she toyed with her purple sugilite pendant.

She dropped her gaze down to look at Yvette and bluntly asked, "Do I look like someone who believes this kind of nonsense? A human trafficker's daughter is prone to lies too, isn't she?"

Coldness gradually seeped into Wynter's pure black eyes. "Don't mention Grandma anymore. I always verify everything I'm suspicious of

"The latest DNA test results have already been delivered to the courtyard. And this time, it's done without your parents' meddling behind the scenes. You know better than anyone where they are right now."

Wynter continued indifferently, 'Back then, you reached out to them to have me brought back just to use their customs to try and kill me in that village.

"But then, you realized that I have a strong will to live. I managed to make it out alive even in that kind of place. I told you before stay in your lane. Don't make me act against you."

Wynter stopped playing with her purple sugilite pendant and lifted her gaze slightly. "But it seems like you never took my words to heart."

Yvette could no longer hold it together, her teeth chattering with fear. She hadn't expected Wynter to retest

the DNA.

Whether it was the Yates family couple or her parents from the mountains, they had already been dealt with, hadn't they? Why would Wynter go this far?

"You're just determined to drive me to death, aren't you?" Yvette screamed.

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"Whether you live or die has nothing to do with me." Wynter stepped forward and continued, "Before all this, whatever you did, I could choose to ignore it because I truly believed you were the only person Grandma had left.

"18 years ago, I was brought back to the Yates family, taking the place of Grandma's granddaughter. Though my parents were far from perfect, Grandma always doted on me. Because of that, I didn't end up growing up in that village known for human trafficking.

"I felt guilty, thinking I took someone else's fortune. I know this is a debt I must repay. That's why I've tolerated you for so long." Wynter's gaze bore into her, deep and unwavering, devoid of emotion.

"But your reaction today confirms what I've suspected all along-you're not Grandma's actual granddaughter. You're that couple's child."

Hearing this, Yvette clenched her fists and dropped the pitiful act

Her expression shifted, and venom dripped from her voice as she screamed at Wynter, 'So, am I supposed to be a villain because of that? Was it my choice to be born as a human trafficker's daughter?'

"Do you think that's unfair?" Wynter asked calmly.

Yvette's eyes glinted with hatred. "Of course it's unfair! Why do others get to live good lives while I had to grow up in a rural village?"

Wynter's gaze hardened. "Which is why, even as a child, you helped your parents deceive people. You made it easier for them to kidnap those kids.

"You hated them. You wanted to make those children suffer, to have them live lives worse than yours, so you could feel some kind of twisted balance."

Yvette hadn't expected Wynter to know this. Her eyes flickered, and she bit into her lower lip as memories from the past rushed back, caught between the fear of having her dark past exposed and the excitement she felt back then.

Meanwhile, Wynter remained calm and indifferent. "People can't choose their parents, but they can choose not to harm others. The reason that couple became the most successful child traffickers during those years was because they had you, their daughter, helping them.

"Whether it was playing with other children near shopping malls by the kindergarten or when you were on the train, you were always their perfect cover when inspectors came by.

"You helped them escape suspicion, and no one ever thought that the couple with the seemingly innocent daughter could be doing anything wrong. People saw them as simple and honest."

Wynter didn't need to dig through records-she already remembered seeing the alarming spike in child trafficking cases from that time. To achieve that scale, they must have had some kind of advantage.

"You understood way better than children your age how to manipulate people. This was why deceiving other children came so naturally to you. As someone of the same age, it was easy for you to get close to them."

Yvette let out a harsh laugh. With nothing left to hide, she sneered. "That's because they were stupid! Those kids, sheltered by their parents, were nothing but idiots!

"They were fools who were only interested in snacks and games! Give them a little treat, and they'd follow me without question."

Her laughter turned almost maniacal. "Even your beloved Charlie was the same! And you, too-you let yourself get played by others but never learned. You were dumped, kicked out of the Yates family, and mocked by everyone at school.

"Do you really think all of that was entirely my fault? It was your own fault! You were foolish beyond belief! "So what if the Quinnell family took you back? You still died in some forgotten place in the end! You brought all of that on yourself. How was that my fault? I just went along with everyone else."

Wynter watched her rant as she rubbed her fingertips, as if sensing something. "So, was my ending death in your previous life?"

