

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

Chapter 1611 Wynter Takes Action

The girls huddled together, unable to comprehend why they were experiencing such a nightmare.

They were outstanding students, all eagerly anticipating the scholarship opportunities for further studies. But now they were confronted with the cruel truth that everything had been a beautifully packaged trap.

The interviews were fake, the scholarships were a lie, and the overseas exchange program was nothing but a facade.

One girl quickly realized the gravity of their situation and instinctively reached for her phone, only to remember that they had all been asked to surrender their devices upon entering. "They made us hand in our phones when we came in. It was never for the interview."

The girls exchanged a glance, but some still held onto hope. "Our schools! If we go missing, the schools will definitely be worried!"

Another student sat there in a daze, saying, "I don't know about your schools, but mine wouldn't care less. My school is really remote, and I wasn't even supposed to be able to study.

"My family is poor, and we can't even afford the textbook fees. My dad drinks every day, and whether I go to school or not doesn't matter to him as long as he gets money."

Her words sent a wave of terror through the group. That was because they all realized a crucial point. Before they left, their families had received a sum of money.

They had all even emphasized how busy they would be during this time, implying they might not be able to respond promptly. With their phones in their captors' hands, it was highly likely that neither their families nor their schools would know of their dire situation.

"What now? What are we going to do now?" One girl began to choke on her words.

The darkness around them brought an endless sense of fear. They had no idea what was coming next, especially with the careless laughter echoing around them. It felt as if the laughter mocked their naivety.

The guards, whom they had thought were there to protect them, now looked at them with a brazen disregard. For these girls, who were still students, it felt like they had been thrust into hell.

Meanwhile, Wynter was taking advantage of this moment to observe the surroundings. There was a dim light that provided just enough visibility for her to start formulating a plan.

The guards watching over the girls underestimated their ability to escape. Over the past year, no one had managed to get away from their grasp. Moreover, these girls were naïve and helpless. They were merely prey in their eyes.

Two of the girls were quite attractive, but that only meant they were prime goods for the guests. The guards were forbidden to touch them.

No one liked being scrutinized this way, and the girls started to tremble with fear.

"This batch really is timid," one guard remarked.

"They're so innocent. It would be a waste if they were gone just like this. It'd be better to have a little fun with them first," another one replied, chuckling.

"Are you crazy? Don't say things like that! Dr. Masons will have your head!"

"I know, I'm just excited! It's been a while since we opened for business. I heard a lot of people are coming this time."

"Yeah, there are quite a few. Just wait and see. These girls are going to fetch a pretty sum."

As the group chatted, none of them noticed "Eliana" in the back raising her hand. Her gesture was aimed directly at the surveillance camera in the room. With a cool, deliberate movement, she executed a zero-frame signal, which meant one simple thing-action!

Three minutes ago, Wolf had already taken full control of all surveillance systems. This meant that what the

captors were currently seeing on their monitors was not the real-time footage, but a series of images that Wolf had pieced together.

The actual live feed was under his control, and he had simultaneously disabled the detection devices in the surrounding area.

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Chapter 1612 The Cool Wynter

At the moment Wynter initiated the action, Wolf immediately hit the enter key, and all the Special Unit's members lurking in Valen Village lifted their gaze.

The maintenance workers were no longer just workers. They transformed into snipers capable of assembling long guns from the parts in their toolboxes.

The college students, who had been camping, had quietly moved on, and the villagers didn't pay much attention to their absence. Little did they know that although these individuals weren't heading toward the facility, they were the most dangerous of all.

Their movements were swift and precise, like a pack of wolves hidden in the night. They would strike with deadly accuracy.

Immediately afterward, Wynter made a quick signal in sign language, instructing Wolf to cut the communication channels of the guards' radios.

Without hesitation, Wolf extinguished four red dots and implanted a small program to disrupt their

communications.

Wynter lowered her gaze and, upon reaching "three", suddenly sprang into action, her speed so swift that the four men engaged in casual conversation barely had time to react. The one closest to her was sent flying to the ground. The remaining three cursed under their breath, grabbing their electric batons. To them, Wynter was clearly asking for trouble!

But before they could close in, Wynter seized one of the men's arms, using his momentum to perform a sideways flip. With a sharp crack, the sound of a bone breaking echoed throughout the dimly lit space.

The students could only stare in shock.

The man who had been knocked down couldn't even get back on his feet. His head lolled to the side as he lost consciousness.

The last man standing, Santiago Bridson, had his eyes wide with panic, realizing he was in deep trouble. "Police! The police had infiltrated..."

He tried to signal for help, but unbeknownst to him, his words came out as nothing more than garbled static. He was desperate to flee this place, convinced that Wynter was some sort of supernatural force. After all, they had encountered the police before, but none had ever taken down three men in an instant. He needed to warn someone! But of course, Wynter wouldn't allow him to escape. Santiago was sorely mistaken for thinking he was far enough away to be out of reach. With a swift kick, she swept her leg and sent an electric baton flying straight into his lower back.

In an instant, all four guards were sprawled on the ground, incapacitated. To minimize the noise, Wynter used one hand to drag the last fallen man back.

Seeing this scene, all the girls knew they had hope for rescue. Although fear still gripped them, they began to assist Wynter in ensuring the situation was under control.

They understood that there were still patrols outside, and they needed to make sure these men couldn't make any noise.

As Wynter dragged the last man back and found the girls moving with determination, she didn't waste any time addressing them. "What you ate and drank contained drugs. You won't be able to metabolize them quickly. Who among you can run right now?"

The girls shook their heads. Even standing up required immense effort, let alone running.

"I have already observed this place when we arrived. There's a medical supply room to the left. They wouldn't think you would hide there. After I leave, you all need to move there slowly," Wynter instructed.

As she spoke, Wynter used her fingers to acupressure each girl, providing a detoxification effect. While it wouldn't completely eliminate the drugs in their systems, it would at least enable them to move more easily.

Taking them with her to complete a rescue operation was unrealistic for two reasons. Firstly, the girls' safety couldn't be guaranteed. Secondly, she wouldn't be able to rescue more people without confronting the situation directly.

The girls were eager to be saved immediately, but they understood that there were too many people outside, and one person alone couldn't lead them to safety.

Even in their desperation, they didn't pressure Wynter. Instead, they nodded in agreement to whatever she suggested.

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Chapter 1613 Dalton Yarwood

As Wynter stood to leave, the girls voiced concern for her safety. "It's too dangerous for you to go alone."

They were concerned because, from their perspective, Wynter looked around their age. Although they didn't know exactly how many people were outside, they weren't naïve. They could easily imagine that if even the guards were complicit, then the entire company was corrupt.

Wynter was somewhat taken aback. She'd carried out countless missions, and it was rare for anyone to worry about her safety. She figured this was the unique warmth shared only amongst women.

A small smile played on her lips as she tossed one of the guards to the side. "Don't worry. I'll be fine. You just need to wait a bit. In half an hour, someone will come for you. The code is 'A mighty river with wide waves.'"

The students' voices were laced with a mix of surprise and curiosity. It was an unusual code, after all.

Wynter chuckled. This phrase was a standard identifier used by the Special Unit to distinguish allies. "If someone says it, you can respond. If no one does, stay quiet until I return."

"Got it!" The girls nodded obediently, resolved to follow her instructions.

Wynter lowered her gaze to Santiago, who was barely conscious, lying on the floor and hauled him up. "Now then, I need you to put on a little show with me. As the 'goods,' I likely have a serial number. You're going to take me to the registration."

Santiago, wincing from a broken rib and barely able to speak, felt Wynter's grip tightening around his throat. His eyes went wide in fear, and he nodded vigorously.

Down below, chaos was unfolding, but those on the top floor were still blissfully unaware.

No matter where you looked, the place looked like an ordinary office. But when a hidden door opened, the contrast was stark. Inside, an opulent hall unfolded. It was richly decorated, with rows of seats meticulously aligned.

Wealthy guests were already seated and awaiting the proceedings. Each wore half-masks shaped like animals, concealing their identities.

Here, these code names were a safeguard to ensure no one could get investigated. None of them truly knew each other outside these walls, and inquiries about anyone's real identity were strictly forbidden.

Violating this unspoken law would result in immediate expulsion. Within these walls, the rules were ironclad.

If these patrons wanted a long life, youth, vitality all could be bought here, so long as one's fortune spoke louder than their presence.

Some exchanged idle, hushed words, their gazes hungry with anticipation. In the dimmer corners, newer buyers sat quietly, half-masks in place with cold, greedy eyes peering out. They murmured with the auctioneer through earpieces, exchanging last-minute details.

Among these attendees sat the newly arrived "Tiger", Hozier. He was desperate, his every nerve attuned to the need for survival. He just needed one vibrant, healthy heart, and all his problems would disappear!

Everyone was curious about the true identities behind the masks, but at that moment, they merely raised their glasses, allowing silence to speak for them.

No one noticed that one person among them was an imposter-though everything about him fit seamlessly with the environment.

Dalton was masked and dressed in black, with a dark feather resting on his shoulder. His long legs, narrow waist, and poised stance gave him an effortlessly striking presence, even amid the shadows.

"A new face?" A woman in a red gown, wearing a fox mask, approached him. Her gaze lingered, inspecting him from head to toe, eyes glinting with curiosity. "I've never seen you here before. Are you from out of town?"

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Chapter 1614 Something Rare

The woman, Keesha Nord, was clearly interested.

However, Dalton merely glanced at her, his voice as cold as the winter breeze. "Since when have the rules here changed?"

His remark made the guard step in, gesturing politely to Keesha. "Ms. Fox, the auction is about to begin. Please return to your seat."

"Fine, fine." She flicked her hair back. Though older, her figure was strikingly elegant. "I was just making sure it's not some outsider sneaking in. His body... he doesn't quite look like he's here to buy."

The guard glanced back at his list and confirmed that there was a guest with the codename "Crow". He swiftly replied to Keesha, "This gentleman has ordered the same item as you."

"Oh? That's rare." Keesha's gaze sized Dalton up again.

She noted that he seemed truly at ease, and didn't seem to be acting. Wealth had a way of revealing itself in subtle gestures, and he carried himself with an unapproachable, aristocratic air.

It was a look she would have remembered had she encountered him in her circles. Keesha convinced herself that he was perhaps a new face. But which family was he from? She was racking her mind, unable to place him among her

connections.

This was the internal paradox of the wealthy at these gatherings. They wanted to keep their identities a mystery, yet they had the urge to identify others. This shared secrecy placed them on common ground, opening the door to potential alliances.

For instance, many of the scholarship committee's long-time patrons knew more than they let on about each other, even if they never said it aloud.

"It's been too long. Everyone has grown distant," someone remarked.

"Well, we all know that there's been quite a lot happening lately. There's the Wray family, then the Montclair family. Things are tense."

"I heard some people from the higher authority came to investigate. I wonder if they'll find anything."

"They've investigated countless times. Has any of it ever affected us? Just relax. Someone's always there to take the heat for us."

"I'm looking forward to tonight. I've been smoking too much lately and really need to clear out my lungs." Someone replied with a laugh, "We can always trust you to know how to have fun, Lion."

As the laughter faded, Elsie-the girl who had earlier drugged Wynter and the others--stood at the center of the stage, a microphone in hand.

Her voice echoed through the dimly lit basement, clear and resonant. "It's been a while, everyone! Now, let's start with our appetizer!"

With a swish, all the lights turned on, illuminating a young girl in a white dress at the center. Her eyes were blindfolded, and she was held upright by two men on either side, like a doll on display, unable to resist.

Elsie said with a smile, "This one has been thoroughly examined by our doctors. She's perfectly healthy, free of any illness. It's the same rules as always the highest bidder wins. Let's start at 100 thousand!"

As soon as she finished, the masked figures in the audience began raising their paddles one after the other. "150 thousand!"

"200 thousand!"

"300 thousand!"

"500 thousand!"

"500 thousand, going once, going twice, and-"

"One million." A middle-aged man's deep, alluring voice rang out.

Immediately, the others lowered their paddles.

The man who had spoken rose to his feet and addressed the auctioneer. "I heard there's something rare on the lineup tonight. I wouldn't have come here in person otherwise-I usually don't bother with the regular goods."

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Chapter 1615 Wynter's Identity Is Exposed

Hearing this, Elsie's eyes narrowed. Knowledge of the "rare good" was tightly controlled-only Edward and a handful of top executives should have known. She couldn't imagine how the information had leaked.

Yet, with just that comment, the entire auction hall was abuzz.

"What? Rare goods?"

"It's been ages since we've heard about something like this! We're finally in luck!"

To them, rare goods were priceless. Every part of the "goods" was of the highest quality and was born with heavenly luck, just as the medium had explained.

Those individuals with such luck might not achieve greatness themselves, but by tapping into their fortune, the magnates could preserve their youth and even boost their careers. Hence, when rare goods came up, excitement surged, and the greed in their eyes was unmistakable.

Realizing she couldn't control the crowd, Elsie was about to contact Edward through her earpiece.

That was when a cold, elderly voice echoed from the screen, "I've told you before when it comes to these goods, their fortune must be compatible with your own horoscope. You're asking questions you shouldn't."

If, up until then, the magnates had been casually seated, now, hearing this voice, they all rose from their seats, standing with respectful postures.

"Mr. Viovis, why are you here?" Their shock was evident, with some even inching forward in awe.

Kael Viovis, a great fortune teller, seldom appeared. However, each time he did, his words alone could double their fortunes.

They knew of Yvette who had recently gained fame in Hawford, but they saw her as mere exaggeration, believing that her fame was likely Kenton's doing.

Kael couldn't appear in person, so he simply operated through a puppet. This auction was his true agenda. By aligning with him, the magnates could definitely bask in his fortune. Others might doubt him, but these magnates had experienced the changes Kael had brought into their lives firsthand.

His influence didn't just protect their wealth but also preserved their youth. So, even through a screen, their enthusiasm was palpable, almost cult-like.

The old voice continued, now laced with cold laughter and a sinister edge, "I'm here to inform you all that there's a police officer present among us."

A police officer? Instantly, the entire room fell into a stunned silence. The magnates froze mid-action-those smoking cigars or sipping wine sat motionless.

They understood, more than anyone, the stakes of where they were and what they were doing. These actions were clearly illegal.

If even a second of this was captured and released online, exposing their identities, it wouldn't just be the end of their businesses-it could mean prison for them all.

But a police infiltrator in a high-security auction like this? It was unthinkable! This had never happened before! "What's going on? Is there really police infiltration? Didn't they

say the security is airtight and no one would ever find out we were here? How could there be officers?" The magnates exchanged hushed and urgent words.

Elsie herself was taken aback. She had no idea there was police infiltration. She had posed as one of the students coming for a mere interview and had noticed nothing unusual. How could someone slip through her notice?

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Chapter 1616 Betrayal

Aside from "Eliana", who had initially refused the refreshments, everything had seemed in order. Additionally, "Eliana" had eventually sipped on the fruit juice.

Elsie's brow furrowed tighter as she thought it over. Almost unconsciously, she wanted to lower the microphone and head below to investigate what was really going on.

Seeing this, the magnates began to panic.

Keesha clutched her purse tightly, immediately rising to leave. She knew that if she hesitated, there was a risk of getting caught. She wasn't about to let one transaction land her in jail-or worse, ruin her reputation!

As she made her way toward the exit, others quickly followed suit.

With a steady grip on Santiago, Wynter narrowed her eyes, tightening her left hand just enough to act at the first sign of trouble. Could their mission details have leaked?

Santiago, clearly terrified, shook his head vigorously, indicating it wasn't his doing.

Wynter's pressure on Santiago didn't waver even as the spotlight cast a sudden glare on her. Despite the growing tension, she remained still. The Special Unit had handled countless operations and would always wait for her command before taking action.

But Kael's claim that a police infiltrator was among them... Unless... No, that couldn't be possible.

There were only two plausible scenarios. Either their team's plans had somehow been exposed, or another department, detecting something off, had begun sniffing around independently without knowing the full scope. Between the two, Wynter leaned toward the latter.

Just then, the piercing spotlight swept over Wynter, only to settle squarely on a server holding a tray. The entire room's attention locked onto his back in an instant.

By the time the server, Jayden Von, realized something was off, it was too late. He was blocked by none other than Edward. Instantly, his face turned pale, sweat breaking out across his brow.

From Wynter's angle, she could see his subtle but unmistakable move toward a concealed gun a fatal reflex that had sealed his fate.

Wynter lowered his gaze as she thought of ways to save him.

Edward stood in the spotlight with him. "Jayden, I never would've suspected you. I admire your courage and your brains. But I know you must be wondering-how could we know? How did we find out you were a police officer when you've done nothing but stay by my side?"

With a mocking chuckle, Edward continued, "You Cascadians are far easier to sway with money than you think. Your superior was the one who tipped us off."

Jayden's gaze immediately wavered when he heard Edward's words. His hands started trembling as he yelled, "Impossible! That is impossible!"

Edward let out a mocking laugh, waving his phone in front of Jayden. The contact displayed was none other than Jayden's superior.

In an instant, the light in Jayden's eyes seemed to extinguish. A palpable sense of despair radiated from him-an unfamiliar, overwhelming despair. He felt utterly lost, unsure of where to turn to for help.

His mentor the very person who had guided him--had sold him out to the criminals. At that moment, something within him collapsed. What he thought was an infallible plan had been a part of their scheme all along. He had been betrayed.

He couldn't even hold the tray steady anymore, let alone think of escaping in such a dire situation.

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Edward seemed to take pleasure in Jayden's evident despair. He smirked before continuing, "Furthermore, there won't be any more actions against us. The messages you sent will be deleted by your supervisors.

"Jayden, it truly is a pity. Someone else is sitting pretty, reaping the rewards behind your back while you're out here risking your life. If I were you, I wouldn't remain loyal to that rotten place any longer. You'd be better off with us."

It was clear Edward was brainwashing him.

Wynter clenched her fists tighter as she listened in from a distance. There was nothing more devastating than shattering a person's faith. They intended to expose Jayden to the world, stripping him of any belief in the uniform he wore.

The remaining magnates, who had previously shown eagerness to leave, settled back into their seats, reverting to their earlier nonchalant demeanor.

Yes, how could they have forgotten? They set the rules here. Once an outsider entered, there was no escape. Their connections extended far beyond what Jayden could imagine.

They even found Jayden amusing. It was funny to them that he didn't inquire more about where he was stepping in before trying to investigate them. Look at him now, unable to escape.

In this place, one was nothing without power or influence.

The magnates exchanged knowing smiles, excitement glinting in their eyes.

Keesha let out a sigh of relief and laughed. "I thought there were actually some powerful police officers, but it seems Mr. Viovis is just inviting us to watch a show."

"It's just a reminder of how safe we are here." The old, deep voice resonated once again, carrying an unmistakable sense of oppression. "Recently, there have been many incidents, with the Wray and Montclair families, as you all have heard.

"Some have started to doubt my decisions and capabilities. But since we're in this partnership, I decided to show you what the fate of those who try to investigate us will be."

As soon as the words left Kael's lips, there was a loud bang. One of the guards lifted an electric baton and struck Jayden hard on the head. He had no time to react, collapsing backward and hitting the floor heavily.

In an instant, a team moved in, efficiently clearing the scene without leaving a single trace of blood behind.

Watching this unfold, Wynter remained outwardly calm. However, as soon as the surveillance camera swung toward her, she subtly made a rescue signal. She knew that a single strike wouldn't be the end for Jayden—they would certainly continue with something worse.

It was crucial to get him out, and beyond that, to identify the old voice's owner. Even though he appeared only through a screen, tracking his location was imperative!

Wolf immediately understood Wynter's gestures and swiftly began to act on the plan.

Human nature was something that was cultivated, and here, this idea took on real meaning. They seemed to possess the purest form of malice. Seeing Jayden being taken away only made the magnates even more excited.

"Mr. Viovis, no one would betray our organization. We're only going to grow more powerful, just as you said." Their words dripped with an almost religious fervor.

Kael's voice sounded once again. "What you just saw was only an appetizer. Now, the real bidding begins. You may place bids on whatever goods capture your interest. Oh, by the way, expect good news from the Chamber of Commerce."

The mention of the Chamber of Commerce caught Wynter's attention. She raised an eyebrow and wondered if they were targeting the Chamber as well.

Meanwhile, in the Chamber of Commerce, a tense emergency meeting was underway. Recent online controversies had stirred up attention in the Chamber, and every member had come prepared.

They were clutching files and exchanging sharp glances, particularly in Noah and Taylor's direction. The brothers could sense the underlying hostility.

An elder of the Chamber, Stetson Leftnan, entered. In an instant, everyone stood in respect.

With a gentle wave, he signaled them to sit before addressing the room, "As the Chamber of Commerce's members, you're all aware that we've been without a clear leader since Kenton's fall.

"Hence, we need an experienced, capable family with the Chamber's best interests at heart to take the reins. If anyone has suggestions, now is the time to voice them."

The families present couldn't rival the Whitman family in terms of power, so the voices on the scene were fairly unified.

"I support Mr. Waldron as the Chamber of Commerce's next chairman."

"I also support Mr. Waldron. I believe Mr. Waldron will be able to help the Chamber progress!"

"It's the same for me."

Noah's gaze narrowed, sensing the situation was progressing far too smoothly, almost as if orchestrated.

He looked over at Stetson. "Mr. Leftnan, isn't this a bit hasty? Not all members are present, and deciding right now feels rushed. Shouldn't we consider a re-vote?"

Stetson waved his hand dismissively. "Noah, the Whitman family has had enough on its plate lately. It might be wise for you to keep a low profile. I'm more than capable of making these decisions even with Mr. Reuben's absence!"

He stood up and continued, "However, Noah's point isn't without merit. Not all members are here, it would be too hasty to decide now.

"I also heard that Mr. Quinnell Senior's granddaughter recently arrived in Hawford. I'd like to meet her before we decide. If a temporary leader is needed, perhaps your grandfather, if his health permits, could step in."

But before he could finish, Edison rose from his seat. "Mr. Leftnan, I believe the Whitman family is unfit to lead the Chamber. Let me break it down into three points.

"Firstly, Noah's recent divorce scandal. His ex-wife's claims can't be entirely dismissed as fabrications.

"Second is the issue with the Whitman family's granddaughter, Wynter, who allegedly manipulated the stock market recently. She had led many people to invest, and the incident is already trending.

"While she carries the Quinnell surname, she's still the Whitman family's descendant. If Mr. Reuben can't manage his own granddaughter, how can he manage us?

"The public is starting to see the Chamber not as a body for small business support, but as a playground for certain socialites to establish their image while exploiting the average person.

"Mr. Leftnan, it might be time for the Whitman family to step down for the sake of the Chamber's reputation. What Wynter did was inexcusable."

Stetson reviewed the documents, his expression grave as he glanced at the ongoing media storm. It was indeed a mess.

Hearing the slander on Wynter, Noah couldn't hold back any longer. "My divorce has nothing to do with the Whitman family's reputation, and my niece has done nothing wrong.

"Judging her stock transaction as market manipulation based on a video of her carrying a suitcase to the exchange is absurd. She's merely assisting with the investigation, not detained indefinitely. Or is that what you would prefer?

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Chapter 1618 Chasing the Whitmans Out

"Mr. Whitman, whether your niece stays in detention isn't our concern-that depends on her crime's severity. As a member of the Chamber, are you unaware of the public backlash she's caused? Or do you not even check the news?

"Netizens are praying that the Whitman family will go bankrupt now and have told the Chamber to investigate this issue!" Edison sneered.

Edison's pointed remarks echoed through the room, causing those who had considered aligning with the Whitman family to hesitate.

Initially, with the Wray and Montclair families' downfall, the Whitman family seemed like the best option for future alliances. But Wynter's recent scandal had cast a dark shadow.

Allegations of serious economic misconduct were being whispered, implicating not just her but potentially the entire Chamber of Commerce.

The public outrage was fierce. Consumers especially couldn't tolerate hypocritical behavior-if someone wasn't genuinely virtuous, perhaps no one would mind. But to craft a pristine image and then exploit the common person? That was an unforgivable betrayal.

This move was a deliberate blow from Fredric, specifically aimed at Wynter. No one knew of this strategy of his, not even Lucas. However, one thing was clear there was no way he would let a mere business person pose a threat to his standing.

Edison, fully aware of Fredric's intentions, took advantage of the situation, exerting pressure on the Whitman family during the meeting. He knew he wasn't alone. Surely, other people positioned by Fredric were also present. As expected, following Edison's words, someone who usually went unnoticed in the Chamber took the opportunity to speak up.

"Mr. Whitman, the times have changed. Disregarding consumer trust makes everything harder these days. "Public opinion is a force we can't ignore, and our companies in the Chamber are feeling the impact. We need to make some adjustments to show the public we're serious about accountability."

"I agree. While we respect Mr. Gordon's legacy, we can't let these actions slide-it's a serious offense! Whether it's Wynter or the Whitman family, they should withdraw from the Chamber. Evidence against them is undeniable, and if we don't act now, we might all be implicated."

As voices rose in agreement, Stetson understood the implication. He tapped on the table to bring the meeting to order.

"Quiet, please. I understand everyone's concerns, but outright removal seems excessive. Things haven't settled yet, and both the Quinnell and Whitman families have been his Chamber's pillars. Acting hastily could leave a sour taste. I disagree with removing them.

"However, we can't ignore the public outcry, either. So, how about a compromise? Noah and Taylor, for now, you two will temporarily step back from Chamber affairs. Once things calm down online, you may resume your roles."

Noah, hearing this, had already realized the gravity of the situation. He quickly reached out and held Taylor back when he was about to throw a fit.

The biggest surprise, however, was for Edison. He had expected that Fredric had people positioned within the Chamber, but he hadn't anticipated that even Stetson would be among them.

Stetson, along with Cleo, had always been notoriously incorruptible and was known for his loyalty to the Quinnell family. With these two around, any plan to seize control of the Chamber would be challenging at best. Yet, it turned out Stetson was in Fredric's camp all along.

Edison had initially viewed Stetson as his primary obstacle. Now, it became clear that the Whitman family had no hope of remaining within the Chamber.

Edison's smile was the widest. "Then, let's go with Mr. Leftnon's suggestion."

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Chapter 1619 A Scheme Against the Whitmans

Edison stated eagerly, "I'll gladly take over the reins from the Whitmans."

"You're not worthy," Taylor retorted coldly.

Edison, often seen in polished attire, adjusted his glasses. "It seems like someone isn't on board with your decision, Mr. Leftnan. You know, Taylor, the Chamber of Commerce has been running for years, and we're well aware of certain business dealings.

"The Whitman family thrived by capitalizing on that position. Even if you wish to hold onto your power, it's not up to you to make that call."

Stetson rose from his seat and attempted to ease the tension. "There's no point arguing like this. Let's stick to the usual way and settle this with anonymous voting.

"Those agreeing with the Whitmans stepping down can write a check mark, while those against can write a cross, It's only fair that the final decision rests on the count of votes."

With that, Stetson instructed someone to prepare a box and set out papers and pens on the tables. Though the suggestion seemed fair, he had actually done the math on the votes beforehand.

Dressed in a sleek black suit, Taylor cast a frosty gaze, as if he had seen right through their scheme.

Moments later, everyone had submitted their votes into the box-Stetson was the last to submit his. He then ordered one member to retrieve the papers while the other tallied the votes. As the counting echoed through the meeting room, only one last paper remained unopened.

With some members remaining neutral, the vote counter recorded a total of 20 votes in favor of the Whitman family stepping down. The member slowly opened the remaining paper and declared it an affirmative vote. Upon hearing the declaration, half of the members broke into laughter.

Clenching his fists, Taylor realized that it was a scheme to forcibly oust the Whitman family from the Chamber of Commerce rather than holding a genuine discussion. Despite assurances of their eventual return after the commotion, the business people knew deep down it wasn't feasible.

"What a shame, Mr. Whitman. Seems like everyone trusts me more than you. Don't worry about the rest. I'll make sure the organization thrives under my leadership." Edison smirked as he reached out.

Taylor rose from his seat, appearing calmer compared to his earlier demeanor. "Well, congratulations on your success."

Edison was taken aback by his composure. He was looking forward to the Whitmans' breakdown, planning to share their humiliation online. Yet, Taylor remained indifferent and arrogant.

Frustrated by Taylor's reaction, Edison approached him and said, "If you're still clinging onto your dreams, here's some advice for you. Word from the higher-ups is that your niece isn't going to come out.

"You might want to have a word with Mr. Whitman Senior about how to deliver things in. I heard the prison isn't a pleasant place to be, and those ignorant might find themselves being 'taken care of.'"

Taylor merely chuckled in response. It seemed that Edison had no idea how protective the Whitman family could be.

"I won't comment on anything else, but if anything happens to Sevie, I won't hesitate to put the entire Whitman family at risk if it means taking the Waldrons down.

"Take the person backing you, for instance. Do you think he'd rather have you working for him than the Whitmans?" Taylor wondered aloud.

His words hit Edison on the sore spot, but Taylor pressed on, "The resources the Waldrons currently possess were once something we discarded. After all, we're not keen on being anyone's lapdogs."

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Edison's expression instantly turned sour. After all, Taylor was speaking the truth.

Both Fredric and Judah had initially planned to bring the Whitman family into their fold, particularly hoping to win Noah over by leveraging the Montclairs as a breakthrough. However, Tamia failed to convince him.

Tamia often boasted that Noah listened to Ophelia and believed they could manipulate him. However, they had failed to settle the divorce case and ended up in prison, which only deepened Judah's admiration for Noah.

Fredric noted that Judah once remarked how much simpler things would be if Noah had worked for him.

Such feelings of inferiority fueled Edison's spite. "I don't think you understand your situation, Mr. Whitman. Mr. Whitman Senior has been going around pleading for help, but that only proves futile.

"You and your family are too arrogant to see who you've offended, especially that niece of yours. She never should have investigated the school, and now she'll be stuck behind bars. What do you think will become of the Whitman family?"

"That's enough, Edison!" Stetson walked over and shot Edison a warning glare.

If Edison rambled further, he might reveal certain truths. Stetson decided to have a word with him.

Upon meeting Stetson's glare, Edison was so shaken that cold sweat broke out on his back.

"You're one of the decision-makers now, Edison. Show a little compassion. The Whitman family is temporarily affected and will return once the commotion dies down.

"Why don't you head back first, Noah? I'll find a solution by then," Stetson advised as he patted Noah's shoulder. He couldn't afford to have his own facade exposed, especially considering his affiliation with Fredric. Even at that point, he maintained a fair and impartial front.

Before Noah could respond, Taylor glanced around and declared, "We've wanted to leave this organization for a long time. We wouldn't really stick around if it weren't for the sake of the founder, Mr. Gordon.

"That said, I never imagined the Chamber of Commerce, once united against foreign forces, would end up like this. The same goes for you, Mr. Leftnan.

"Sevie is Mr. Gordon's descendant, yet you support her removal from the list and force us to take a leave. Are you really letting the treacherous Waldrons take our place? Mr. Leftnan, I can't help but reminisce..."

Noah swiftly cut Taylor off, yet he maintained a respectful demeanor toward Stetson.

"Please don't take Taylor's words to heart, Mr. Leftnan. He can be quite impulsive.

"I've seen the vote count, so the Whitman family will respect the final outcome. What the future holds will be addressed at a later time."

Stetson was pleased with Noah's attitude. "You're as sensible as ever, Noah. Take this chance and get some rest. Also, inform Reuben about the situation here. I'm sorry about Wynter. There's not much I can do.

"I suggest you educate her properly. Don't spoil her just because she's the youngest. If her elders neglect her, she'll face serious consequences from the world. Besides, what she did was a felony."

"I'll keep your advice in mind, Mr. Leftnan." Noah gave an ambiguous reply, though others failed to decipher his true meaning.

The security guards didn't even bother to show the Whitman brothers respect. They stormed into the room and ordered disdainfully, "In that case, I ask that both of you leave. Outsiders are not allowed during the meeting."