

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

Chapter 1621 No One Can Stop Us

Noah and Taylor were practically driven out of the Chamber of Commerce.

Taylor's eyes burned with anger as he protested, "Why did you stop me, Noah? Mr. Leftnan..."

"Something's off about Mr. Leftnan. He's likely been bribed. Perhaps Marie has discovered something during her investigation that threatened them.

"Edison alone couldn't have swayed Mr. Leftnan-there's someone else behind this," Noah reasoned. Once an astute postgraduate student, he was able to piece the picture together from what he observed.

Taylor was puzzled by his words. "Who else could've bribed Mr. Leftnan? Even the mayor wouldn't have that kind of power. Mr. Leftnan is..."

Glancing back at the building, Noah suggested, "What if it's those people from the province? We need to tell Dad. There's no need to search here any longer, but someone else can take up the task."

"Who is it?" Taylor looked at his brother in confusion.

Being perceptive as ever, Noah explained, "The new secretary, Lucas Keller. There's been a power struggle among those from the province, and yet the higher-ups suddenly appointed him.

"He must be more eager than anyone else to gather information about this place, especially regarding the connection between us businessmen and the authorities. Mr. Leftnan wouldn't be swayed by a typical offer.

"Edison mentioned Sevie shouldn't have investigated the school, but he was cut off before he could elaborate. This means the problem lies in the school, and Mr. Keller has recently conducted an investigation there. What are the odds of this being a coincidence?"

As Taylor listened, his eyes lit up with excitement. "Let's go and meet Mr. Keller right now!" he urged.

Unfortunately, Lucas wasn't someone they could meet easily.

However, Noah's inference was accurate-Stetson had indeed received an unusual bribe. At his age, it wasn't money that Stetson sought but a lasting life of authority.

No one noticed the icon carved on his cane, which was an animal many despised and reluctant to carve. It was a snake, with its tongue flicking out and its eyes unsettlingly drawn, as if staring at something lifeless.

The audio from the meeting room was synchronized in the auction hall, making it appear that everyone had witnessed a grand spectacle. There was nothing more exhilarating than witnessing the Whitman family stripped of their power and ousted from the Chamber of Commerce.

At that moment, the raspy voice sounded, "A fantastic start to our festivities. Now, everyone can bid for whatever they desire. No Whitman or Quinnell will stand in our way any longer."

The auction hall erupted with cheers as the magnates clinked their glasses together.

They had suffered greatly due to Wynter's interference. In the past, they had no need to hide in the shadows since the resources from the hospital were more than enough to sustain them.

However, Wynter took down the entire Gibson family, which had been their most accessible channel for goods entry.

To make matters worse, no one in Riverfield dared to engage in human trafficking anymore. Without a choice, the magnates could only procure younger and healthier bodies through the scholarship committee.

Even so, such a method had its drawbacks, and traces of their actions were likely to emerge over time.

"But everything's settled now. With that Quinnell girl stuck in prison, we can procure the goods the way we used to," someone stated.

"And now, we can plot how to swallow the Whitman family," another chimed in.

The surrounding laughter drowned out the despair of the young woman on the stage, giving the magnates a belief that they were above legal constraints. Little did they know, the very person they had mocked was standing just a short distance away.

The next victim up for the auction was none other than Wynter herself.

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

Chapter 1622 Unexpected Location

When the Special Unit received the command to act, the auction hall was buzzing with excitement.

As the magnates raised their glasses for a toast, Elsie grabbed the microphone and declared, "While everyone is enjoying themselves, let's take a look at today's fresh goods."

She then signaled to Santiago, who stood next to Wynter. He felt an unsettling chill at his nape. Although it seemed like he was holding Wynter up on stage, his life was actually at her mercy.

Santiago no longer dared to act recklessly after witnessing Wynter's prowess, especially since she had poisoned him. If he slipped up or had Wynter caught, he doubted he could survive the night.

Unfortunately, the magnates remained blissfully ignorant as they gazed excitedly at the "student" on the stage. They understood the fresh goods' value all too well.

Wynter was locked up beside the young woman known as Molly Tate, who slumped in despair with her arms hanging limply. Wynter turned her gaze away, locking eyes with the camera.

"It's not often you see a look like that. I like her. I'll bid 500 thousand dollars!" Hozier exclaimed, clutching his chest with one hand as he struggled to stand.

His eyes narrowed, his physique alarmingly gaunt, and his lips tinged with a ghostly purple. For a moment, it was hard to tell if he was a human or a ghost.

Hozier desperately needed a healthy heart to prolong his life, and Wynter seemed to be full of vigor. Judah had even once mentioned that such a body would be ideal for him.

"Now, that's against the rules, Tiger. The host hasn't even announced the starting price yet." Keesha too appeared to be interested in Wynter, fixing her gaze intently on Wynter's abdomen.

For years, she had searched far and wide but found no one suitable. A pure, innocent high school student would be perfect for bearing a child.

Elsie was surprised that an ordinary girl could drive up the bidding. Flashing a smile, she announced, "Looks like everyone is interested in her. Let's keep those bids coming! As usual, the prize goes to the highest bidder."

Wynter's defiant glare only deepened the magnates' interest in her. Their hands shot up, each one eager to raise a higher bid.

With her hands cuffed, Wynter appeared defenseless like a detached doll on the stage. However, she was actually surveying her surroundings. While the stage drew all eyes, it also offered an excellent vantage point to observe the guests.

Aside from the disembodied voice in the video, there were 21 individuals presented-each was a buyer familiar with such transactions.

Wynter had an exceptional memory and could recall each individual's traits, even if they were masked. On top of that, Wolf would have prepared a backup of such information.

With the time now at 8:10 pm, Wynter believed that the Special Unit was lying in ambush outside the building. All she had to do was wait for Wolf's signal. As long as he could pinpoint the disembodied voice's source, she would spring into action.

Despite his efforts, Wolf faced a challenging problem with the hacking their adversary's location was unexpected.

The virtual IP address suggested an overseas location, but the actual coordinates were surprisingly close. Wolf feared that he might be arrested for cyber spying if he continued to access the IP address.

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

Chapter 1623 Waiting for Wolf's Signal

Wolf recalled Wynter's warning to steer clear of illegal activities, but she had also mentioned that special

situations might call for special measures. After a moment of contemplation, he decided to access the virtual IP address and identify whoever was harming Wynter.

Once Wolf set his mind on something, there was no stopping him. Besides, Wynter wasn't there to intervene. Even if the other party had called the police, Wolf pressed on and breached the virtual IP address.

The hacking process took time, especially with a stronger firewall that required extra effort to breach. On top of that, gaining access to such an IP address demanded authorized access.

To avoid causing mayhem, Wolf bypassed multiple departments, sifted through the misleading information, and accurately pinpointed the genuine IP address.

The auction continued, but little did Judah know that he had been exposed. He believed he was in the safest position, and he truly had been for many years. He had never made a public appearance, remaining in the shadows.

Standing beside the screen, Edward seemed to have taken the role of Judah's messenger. "Rest assured, the ones suited for you are kept in the basement."

Only then did Judah's raspy voice take on a joyful tone. "Excellent. Find a way to send them to the mountains once this is over."

Edward leaned in and inquired respectfully, "What about the promise you made to me?"

"She's already out. I don't see why you care about a fake socialite who can't even accomplish anything. I nearly got caught getting her out of there. This is the last time I'm doing this," Judah replied.

Edward raised his head and assured him, "I promise that it won't happen again. This world is now ours. Look at those people their weaknesses are all in your hands. As for the Whitman family, you won't be hearing from them much longer."

"All I care about are the Quinnells. They crushed my career fortune back then, and I want their descendants to taste the same agony!" Judah vowed.

With downcast eyes, Edward echoed with a note of resentment, "You're not the only one who loathes the Quinnell family. We all feel the same way and share the same goal."

As Edward and Judah were conversing, the auction continued to call for bids. "Three million dollars going once, going twice... Five million! We have an offer of five million dollars! Is there a higher bid?

"Five and a half million! It seems like our new friends are pretty well-off. Mr. Tiger here has just offered five and a half million dollars. Does anyone want to top that?"

Keesha noticeably hesitated at the hefty sum. She had learned that the young women on stage came from a poor background, despite her healthy physique.

Yet, she also heard that they were intelligent and academically strong. Plus, their birth dates and horoscopes were compatible with hers.

With that in mind, Keesha raised her bid paddle and offered five million and six thousand dollars.

Hozier snorted. "Is that all? You're rather stingy. Six million! Don't bid against me. I'm risking my life here." While six million for ordinary goods felt excessive, those present knew that it wasn't wise to compete with a desperate man. There were still plenty of fine goods left, so there was no need to rush.

"If you put it that way, I'll bow out. The others can proceed." Several buyers began to lower their bid paddles.

Keesha looked around before letting out a chuckle. "I'll give up too, then."

As Wynter listened to the commotion below, her gaze was fixated on Edward, who was lingering in the corner.

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

Chapter 1624 Dalton Stepped Up

Curious about Edward's earlier remark, Wynter watched him interact with the voice on the screen. Though she couldn't hear their conversation, she deduced that they had reached some sort of agreement given the circumstances.

However, she realized that Wolf was running behind schedule and wondered if he had encountered any problems.

Wynter cast another glance at the clock on the wall. She couldn't allow herself to be sold off, or else she would lose the golden opportunity to strike.

Meanwhile, Elsie exclaimed with excitement, "Six million! It looks like no one is interested in following up with a bid. Congratulations to Mr. Tiger for "

"Ten million." A languid voice suddenly sounded among the crowd.

Everyone turned around to see a man in a black tuxedo seated at the mid-height area. Black feathers draped over his shoulders, and his mask added an air of mystery rather than an unsettling vibe.

More importantly, he exuded a dignified yet indifferent presence. When he lifted his gaze, his eyes held a dark intensity that left everyone stunned by his enigmatic nature.

"Is he a newbie?" came a curious inquiry.

"He seems like a new face, but I can't help thinking he's crazier than me! Who in their right mind would sit beside Ms. Fox?" Someone broke into laughter.

Dalton's presence seemed perfectly fitting for such occasions, as if he belonged in the darkness. Beneath his calm demeanor lay a deep well of malevolence, instinctively causing everyone to pull away from him-everyone except Edward.

Edward was slightly alarmed when Dalton glanced up. He turned to the bid assistant beside him and inquired if they had looked into this newcomer. The bid assistant affirmed that Dalton was clear of any suspicion.

Still, Edward hoped to get a better glimpse of Dalton's enigmatic figure-perhaps even strike a brief conversation to uncover his identity. Unfortunately, it wasn't the best time for questions with the auction still in full swing. Elsie started the countdown, experiencing a thrill unlike any she had felt before. She never expected that ordinary goods would command such a high price.

Wynter too doubted she was worth that much. Before going on stage, she had switched to a different disguise and shed Eliana's identity. There seemed to be no justification for such a bidding frenzy.

When Wynter caught sight of the mysterious bidder, her dangling hands inadvertently froze in mid-air.

Wasn't that her charming fiancé, Dalton? What was he doing there? Didn't he realize how dangerous it was? How could he have come alone?

Aside from Dalton, Wynter was certain that no one from the Top Unit was present at the scene. Though she doubted he was one of the buyers, she couldn't help but internally chide him for acting alone.

Since Wolf hadn't given her the signal, Wynter could only communicate with Dalton through her gaze.

wait, how did he recognize her in disguise? Did he intend to rescue her with such tactics? Considering Dalton's wealth, it seemed entirely possible.

As Wynter affirmed her assumption, Hozier shouted with a terrifying glare, "11 million! I'm warning you, mister, don't take from a dying man!"

Dalton shot him a glance and calmly added another nine million to the bid. Infuriated, Hozier attempted to approach him but was stopped by a bid assistant.

"Please abide by the auction rules, sir," the bid assistant advised.

Clutching his chest, Hozier closed his eyes and rasped, "I bid for her to save my own life. You don't look like you're

dying anytime soon, and you're probably very young. I don't know who you are, but don't you think it's absurd to bid 20 million for such an ordinary product?"

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

Chapter 1625 A Perfect Wife

Hozier's remark alerted Edward, who made a gesture to his right. Seeing that, Wynter was ready to loosen the knot binding her wrist.

At that moment, Dalton's dignified voice calmly cut through the hall. "I need her to drive away my bad luck. Based on her horoscope, she's the perfect wife for me."

Edward stopped in his tracks, as if he was ascertaining Dalton's claim.

"He's right. The medium mentioned Crow's fate is convoluted. His only options are a ghost marriage or finding a wife with a compatible horoscope. Otherwise, he won't live long," the bid assistant explained.

Hearing that, Edward broke into a bright smile. "In that case, you've come to the right place, Mr. Crow. Let the auction proceed."

As Wynter listened in to the conversation, she couldn't help but feel a spark of admiration for Dalton. His horoscope was a flawless fit for such a scenario-no pretense needed.

"20 million going once, 20 million going twice... Sold!" With a decisive thump on her hammer, Elsie signaled Santiago to release Wynter.

Santiago hesitated, knowing that Wynter wasn't meant to be auctioned off. When she glanced his way, he rushed over to untie her, only to find that she had already freed one of her hands. Completely terrified, Santiago didn't dare to approach her.

While waiting for Wolf's signal, Wynter decided to play the part of purchased goods delivered to her buyer in an attempt to avoid alerting her adversaries.

Santiago held Wynter firmly with one hand as they were accompanied by a bid assistant. Though he couldn't figure out her thoughts, he knew that his life rested in her hands. Santiago deeply prayed that Wynter wouldn't be discovered.

Rather than worrying about her exposure, Wynter wondered why Wolf hadn't reached out to her yet. Lost in her thoughts, she was suddenly yanked away and found herself on someone's lap in a half-embrace.

He gently cupped her jaw, as if he was assessing her worth. His assertive and domineering demeanor even fit right into the surrounding atmosphere.

"Oh my, getting cozy already?" Keesha snickered with a hint of jealousy in her tone.

"I ought to inspect what I bought." As Dalton spoke, he suddenly pressed his lips against Wynter's neck. His bold and brazen behavior left the onlookers blushing.

On the other hand, Edward had dispelled his earlier doubts and broke into a hearty laugh. After all, they had made a fortune from the auction and secured a seemingly affluent individual's interest.

That was fantastic news for them, as they needed powerful and influential Cascadians' support to realize their ambition.

When Dalton grabbed Wynter by her waist, she glanced up and whispered, "It's me."

"I know," Dalton replied. His breath tickled her neck, making her shudder.

They had never been in such an intimate position despite being engaged, with Dalton seemingly dominating Wynter by holding her firmly in his embrace.

She couldn't help but recall a similar moment from long ago-one where he had placed himself beyond reach amid the chaos, as though ensnared in the depths of the darkness.

While Wynter drifted into her thoughts, those engaging in a discussion found the projector had malfunctioned.

Just as confusion swept through the crowd, a jarring sound crackled through the auction hall. Everyone hurriedly covered their ears, bewildered by the sudden disturbance.

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

Chapter 1626 Time For Action

The auction hall descended into chaos. Though the magnates usually had their heads held high, fear now clouded their eyes in the face of plight. Instinctively, they turned to the bid assistants for answers.

Edward hurriedly grabbed the microphone and attempted to restore order. "Everyone, please remain calm! We're simply experiencing a voltage breakdown. The village is performing maintenance on basic facilities, which has affected the power. There's nothing to worry about!"

That was what Edward had been informed, yet Wynter knew that it was actually a signal from Wolf. It appeared that he had pinpointed the mastermind on the network. With no escape route available, her mission had become much easier.

With a smirk, Wynter swiftly pulled Dalton aside and seized Keesha as her hostage. Her movements were so swift that anyone barely had time to react. She then flung her silver needles toward the nearby magnates, pinning them onto the ground.

By the time the magnates realized they were immobilized, it was all too late. Wynter yanked off their masks, leaving them horrified by the exposure of their true identities.

To the magnates, life meant nothing but a game to them when they donned the masks. They believed those they considered peasants should feel honored to be chosen.

But once the masks were stripped away, the magnates were thrust back into reality. They were aware of the moral and legal transgressions that they had committed and feared being exposed.

The magnates let out piercing shrieks and attempted to hide their faces, but they couldn't move an inch.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Edward yanked the dumbfounded security guards over and pointed at the nimble figure. "Don't just stand there! Get her!"

The security guards were flustered, never expecting that the real threat lay within the very person they had just auctioned.

Judah sounded even more grave on the screen, demanding to know what had happened.

"Someone infiltrated the auction hall, but it's nothing we can handle," Edward replied with a fierce glare. Whoever they were, he would see to it that those disruptors were eliminated!

Cunning as ever, Judah reminded Edward to destroy all data related to the auction. Still, he suspected that the disruption was anything but simple. There hadn't been any infiltrators at the auction for years, and the voltage breakdown's timing felt too convenient.

Judah suspected that someone was behind the incident, but he had no idea who it was. Those in the province hadn't mentioned anything to him. Could Lucas be the one behind this?

As Judah formed his assumption, he decisively shut off the internet. Despite not knowing who was behind the infiltration, he believed they could never track him down.

Little did Judah know that it was merely wishful thinking. Wolf had already identified the device he was utilizing, and it was only a matter of time before his identity was exposed.

Meanwhile, Edward was determined to eliminate Wynter. Grabbing his walkie-talkie, he was about to give an arrest order when the lookout barged in, drenched in sweat.

"This is bad, Dr. Masons! There's a crowd outside!" the lookout reported.

It was none other than the Special Unit, which had swiftly arrived and surrounded all the exits. Since they were on a mission, they were well-equipped with guns and smoke grenades.

Despite witnessing the large-scale operation before them, no villager dared to intervene. They never expected that the seemingly innocent individuals would suddenly shed their disguises.

Even if the villagers attempted to warn others, they found themselves trapped and could only report internally to their own higher-ups.

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

Chapter 1627 Not Eliana

"That's impossible! There shouldn't be anyone out there!" For the first time, Edward slipped from behind his perfect facade.

Normally, the villagers would alert him about any approaching strangers, yet he had heard nothing. Just what on earth happened?

"We've been surrounded! What should we do, Dr. Masons?" Santiago inquired, flustered.

Clad in his white lab coat, Edward clenched his fists and ordered, "Get the goods out of the basement and evacuate."

11

"B-But they're not in the basement," Santiago stammered.

Anger instantly flared up in Edward's eyes. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Someone took them. It's that woman's doing!" Santiago exclaimed, pointing at Wynter, who stood at the highest ground, showcasing her prowess.

With a swift sweep of her slender legs, she sent anyone in her way flying. The electric baton in her grip now became a deadly spear. No one dared to approach her, knowing she would take down anyone who tried.

Dalton stood behind her, still wearing his mask. As soon as he spotted anyone trying to escape, he hurled a lethal fork at them.

It dawned on Edward that Dalton and Wynter shared a deep affiliation. For all his experience, they still managed to outwit him.

He should've questioned Dalton's reasoning behind the exorbitant offer for such an ordinary product. But now, he understood that it had all been a ruse!

Taking a deep breath, Edward recognized that sacrifices had to be made. While it was fortunate that some of their VIPs hadn't attended the auction, they were still likely to lose most of their clientele.

Besides, there was no chance of turning things around once the masks were removed. He knew he had to make the right decision.

"It doesn't matter if we've lost the other goods, but we need Eliana Linden. Take her to the secret passage!" Edward ordered. He couldn't care less about others, but he couldn't allow the ceremony he had arranged for his master to be ruined.

He had meticulously developed the site to serve as the perfect backdrop for his master's descent. The loss of the other goods was insignificant compared to Eliana's blood.

However, someone came over with a grim look on their face. "She's the problem. We only found this at the door." The person presented what appeared to be an ordinary piece of skin, but Edward recognized its true purpose. Long ago, he had researched Cascadia's secret arts and discovered that ancient Cascadians would disguise themselves with cowhides. A master of disguise could even present themselves as an entirely different person. In other words, the person who showed up wasn't Eliana but someone else!

Edward had a sinking feeling about who it might be. He turned to meet Wynter's condescending gaze, which seemed to mock his foolishness.

His expression instantly turned grim, and he attempted to storm toward her. However, Santiago hurriedly stopped him. "You can't, Dr. Masons. The intruders will be here soon. You have to leave now!"

Though indignant, Edward knew that he would be trapped if he dawdled any longer. Besides, his master wouldn't be pleased about his capture, despite having a large following.

The scholarship committee was likely to suffer a major setback, leaving Edward with no secrets to leverage against the Cascadian businessmen. While several internal connections might be severed, he had no choice but to escape.

As long as he still had resources, he would still have the chance to rise. And once it was over, he would track down who sabotaged his perfect plan!

Upon spotting Edward's escape, Wynter brushed Dalton aside and swiftly ran off.

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

Chapter 1628 Afraid of Dalton

As Dalton took down Wynter's pursuers, he cast a deep gaze ahead. He couldn't simply vanish under the surveillance cameras' watchful eyes, but he was concerned about the direction Wynter was heading.

Gazing downward, Dalton murmured something under his breath. The words were incomprehensible to human ears but were meant more to dispel something.

Meanwhile, Edward had descended to the basement, where a sinister air hung thickly. With Judah's formation laid in place, the basement became a site where all life force would be snuffed out.

Instead of falling into panic, Edward remained composed and focused on destroying the relevant documents. As he set the documents ablaze, Santiago hindered their pursuers behind him.

Although Wynter was swift, she found herself suddenly shrouded by fog as the air turned frigid. Strangely, the path she had once taken seemed to have vanished, leaving her trapped in the mist.

She then recalled Leo's mention that there was something hidden in the basement that fed off evil aura.

Wynter clutched her lucky tokens and closed her eyes. She knew that her eyes would sometimes deceive her, especially within a formation. Yet, she had never encountered one as such before—all she sensed was the vast fog and faint traces of an evil presence.

Though Wynter felt disturbed, she couldn't take action as there were no souls present. Little did she know, a pair of haunting eyes lingered on her back from a shadowy corner. When she turned around, it shrunk back into the darkness like a ghostly specter.

That said, Wynter had no regrets about her pursuit. She finally had the opportunity to seize the mastermind, and she was determined to give it her all. Yet, she never expected to encounter a formation.

After a brief contemplation, Wynter decided not to dawdle any longer. Coincidentally, she possessed a rare type of blood that could dispel the formation before her. She promptly bit her finger and attempted to dispel the formation when she sensed a presence behind her.

A hand grabbed her wrist, followed by a sigh. "Are you just going to waste all the effort I invested?"

Wynter glanced back and was surprised to find Dalton. "How did you get in?"

"I followed you. You didn't even heed my calls," Dalton calmly replied.

The restless demons around them suddenly quieted down. The greater power a demon possessed, the stronger the repression from the heavenly law. Dalton's presence had inflicted such anguish upon the demons that even the slightest exposure could turn into a perilous threat.

The demons couldn't fathom why Dalton would protect Wynter, a cultivator. Yet, they dared not to act against him and instead cowered in the shadows.

Wynter noticed that the air around them had become noticeably cleaner since Dalton's arrival, and even the chilling glare fixated on her back had vanished. While the fog still lingered, whatever lay beneath it seemed too fearful to emerge.

As Wynter glanced at Dalton, she recognized that he was full of mysteries. She had previously assumed that he was blessed with heavenly luck so that he had a purple aura. Yet, she soon discovered he carried numerous personal burdens.

Thinking back, she realized that his spiritual manifestation was anything but pure.

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

Chapter 1629 Blissful Ignorance

Dalton naturally knew that, given Wynter's intelligence, she'd likely piece things together.

He hadn't wanted to reveal himself, but there was something here that belonged to him. Furthermore, given the number of demons gathered here, he knew Wynter wasn't yet equipped to handle them.

Wynter studied him closely while he held her hand the entire time.

"Keep moving forward. The fog gets thicker up ahead, so stay alert," Dalton said softly.

Listening to him, Wynter suddenly remarked, "You seem awfully familiar with this place."

"Mm-hmm. Part of my soul wandered into a similar place when I was severely ill. It was Mr. Stavius who saved me back then." Dalton's words carried a mix of truth and subtle evasion.

Wynter chuckled and grasped his hand as well. "You are full of secrets. They say the more attractive the man, the more dangerous he is. It turns out they were right about that."

Beauty, indeed, was its own kind of peril.

But Wynter could guess why he'd come—he was here to help her. She also couldn't help but wonder what was significant enough for him to risk exposing his secrets unless, of course, the danger was truly grave.

Wynter couldn't resist. With a raised brow, she flicked a lucky token forward, using it to probe what lay ahead. Sure enough, she sensed demonic energy.

She recalled Atwater mentioning how, in the current era, unborn souls and demonic creatures were relatively rare. Saviour and Ancient Beasts, as well as many demons, had been suppressed or wiped out long ago by the Heavenly Law. Humanity, as heaven's chosen one, had the protection to ensure no excessively destructive beings could exist unchecked.

Yet, she had seen Ancient Beasts and Saviors with her own eyes. So, the demons' presence didn't surprise her. According to Atwater, any place inhabited by demons was destined to witness bloodshed. That was because no one, not even the most seasoned cultivators, could confront a demon without having their mind unsettled.

Demons had a way of unraveling one's resolve, breaking humans down from within. One might find themselves battling not an external force but the darkest recesses of their own heart. Many either went mad or ended up as a meal for these creatures.

Wynter's brief scan confirmed that there were more than just a few demons in this place. Yet, none of them had attacked, nor had they attempted to corrode her spirit. Was this because of Dalton?

With that thought in mind, they had already made it more than halfway through. She couldn't fully make out the path ahead in her current state.

Leo, who was late to the scene, had sensed Wynter in danger and hurried over. From within the mist, he saw countless demons lurking, all poised as if ready to strike. Yet, Dalton calmly held Wynter's hand, leading her forward.

Behind them, a trail of shadowy creatures followed-not to attack, but rather as though drawn by him, like servants shadowing a king. It seemed that this happened every time Dalton appeared.

The sight made Leo's face pale. Each of these demons was powerful enough to devour him whole, yet the black feathers that fell as Dalton moved seemed to burn any demon they touched.

Leo saw this clearly, though Wynter remained unaware. He couldn't help but wonder again if it was truly safe for Wynter to be with such a person, but he dared not voice his fears. After all, only Dalton could bring her safely out of such a dangerous place.

Wynter, meanwhile, sensed little out of the ordinary. The only thing she noticed was that Dalton's energy felt different more unfathomable and inscrutable than before.

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

Chapter 1630 Cleaning up the Mess

Edward had managed to escape, but it was merely enough for him to survive-he didn't have time to destroy much of the evidence.

Nothing had gone according to his plans. Every exit was guarded, and if he hadn't killed a villager and used

witchcraft to wear their face as a disguise, he would have been captured in this intense manhunt. There had been no warning, no tip-off-nothing.

Normally, with his connections, he could've easily been informed in advance if something was going down, especially since this wasn't a high-security area like Kingbourne. But not a single message came.

He was forced to take a narrow, secluded path, and most of his organization's members were left stranded in Valen Village. Edward hoped they'd find a way to escape, but the wailing sirens outside told him that was probably nothing more than wishful thinking.

"Who are they?" he exclaimed in frustration. He was normally obsessed with cleanliness, but he now paid it no mind.

"And where is Eliana? Where is the real Eliana?" Edward's mind raced. The scholarship committee was gone for good, but as long as he could keep Eliana in his grasp, their plans wouldn't fully unravel!

"I-I don't know..." his bodyguards stammered, looking bewildered.

Edward's voice dropped, his tone cold. "Head to the Linden household in the city. If someone is impersonating Eliana, then the real one must still be at home. Contact the people watching her grandparents. I want Eliana in front of me within half an hour."

The bodyguards nodded, immediately trying to make the call. However, strangely, the line that had been available just moments ago was now dead. They glanced at each other, their fear evident as they huddled, too wary to move openly.

"N-No one picked up... We can't reach them..." one of the bodyguards stammered.

No one picked up? Edward's eyes darkened as he replayed the day's events in his mind. "Stop trying."

The files showed that one of Eliana's grandparents was immobile, suffering from a severe illness. There was no way their operatives could have lost two elderly people-unless they had already been switched out!

Edward's intuition was sharp, and he knew better than to keep trying.

"Turn off all signals on your phones," he ordered. A chill ran down his spine as a gust of wind hit him.

From the initial blackout to the sudden, stealthy ambush... something was clearly wrong. No warning came from the security room, despite their system covering the village's every corner, even around the supermarket.

The town's main surveillance feeds, as well as those surrounding Nexus Corporation, were all under their control. Yet, somehow, this attack had not triggered a single alert!

Someone had tampered with their surveillance network! And whoever was after them had a skilled hacker in their ranks!

Edward's gaze sharpened suddenly, his thin lips trembling as he barked out orders. "Get in touch with that man in the provincial government-tell him to wipe any trace of our IP addresses immediately!"

Those Cascadian allies could be sacrificed if needed, but not the connection in the province. If even the connection was implicated, their entire operation could be exposed.

"Also, get in touch with the teachers we've placed in various schools. Have them take care of any sensitive materials they're holding, especially those in the laboratory schools! Except for the ones handling Eliana's case, all others need to resign immediately!" Edward continued.

He knew the scholarship committee was done for, but he couldn't lose the education network as well. It had taken them immense effort to infiltrate. He couldn't let anyone notice that now!

After setting things in motion, Edward clenched his fists, his expression twisted with fury. The moment he knew whoever was behind this, he intended to deal with them personally, no matter the cost!