

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

Chapter 1631 Not One to Be Trifled With

Among the magnates left behind, some held influential ties. Edward refused to believe the authorities could truly dispose of them all.

Despite Cascadia's resurgence and strict governance, certain regions had always been steeped in traditions of networking and "favours". He doubted that even the most powerful hands could erase such connections easily.

A particular guest came to mind-Keesha, a high-ranking provincial official's daughter. Her search for a young womb was no ordinary vanity but a desperation for a surrogate.

In touching these elites, the opposition risked offending some very powerful individuals indeed. Yes, Edward was cornered. But if he had to suffer, he would make sure his enemies tasted a fair share of misery, too!

And it turned out he was indeed right about some things.

Keesha, who was still in her fox mask, remained unfazed, even as the authorities stormed the premises and took control. She was indeed nervous initially, but once everything settled down, her moment of alarm faded quickly into an air of calm arrogance.

"I suggest you consult your superior before deciding to cuff me," she said coolly, her confidence radiating. Consult your superiors? The Special Unit members exchanged bewildered glances. Did she know Wynter? That seemed impossible. She certainly didn't look like someone who could be on familiar terms with Wynter. They proceeded to bring out the handcuffs without hesitation.

With a laugh, Keesha seemed to find the situation amusing. "Do you even know who my father is? After all the opportunities I gave you, is this how you treat me? You better call someone who can actually make decisions." Her tone wasn't just flippant-it dripped with entitlement. Others in the room mirrored her sentiments, leveraging their wealth to convey that any action taken against them would be too costly to the enforcers.

This was a crowd that was rotten from their core, their privilege blinding them to the consequences of their actions.

Though they would prefer if no one found out about their wrongdoings, it seemed that they thought not of guilt but rather of how to wield their influence to escape repercussions once caught.

This was especially true for Keesha, who had grown up with a silver spoon in her mouth. When her academic performance faltered, she simply manipulated the system, easily finding ways to get someone else to take her college entrance exams for her.

While she had learned nothing of substance, she effortlessly navigated the business world by placing herself in front of a façade of legitimacy, all the while enjoying a position within the bureaucratic system.

Real skills and knowledge weren't necessary for her when hiring practices were tailored to ensure she was handed a position, even if it was a token role created just for her.

Those ordinary families toiled tirelessly to take exams, yet even the top scorer had to step aside for her.

This lifelong experience instilled in Keesha the belief that the police officers before her, with their meager salaries, were inconsequential. She thought that if they wanted to advance in their careers, they should reconsider the consequences of arresting her.

The Special Unit had conducted numerous operations, most of which involved capturing foreign spies or handling non-human incidents, along with more high-profile rescue missions. Each of these operations was highly confidential.

Someone like Keesha was indeed not significant enough to know of the Special Unit. Hence, she had no idea that they were authorities that even her father couldn't touch.

Her arrogance only grew, especially when she recognized the familiar police uniforms. "What? Don't you have the guts to call your superior?"

Just then, Wynter returned to the scene. Her neck had felt cold all this time, but she placed a hand on her nape and confidently declared, "I'm the one in charge. What do you want to discuss?"

The fox mask had fallen at Keesha's feet. She looked at Wynter before her and remembered vividly how she had suddenly flipped over from the other side, and the man following closely behind her...

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Chapter 1632 Putting Them in Place

Keesha lowered her gaze, wondering why Dalton looked so familiar without a mask. She was still wrecking her head, trying to piece things together, when someone gasped.

"The Yarwood family from Sorzada City! Why is he here? He's the one with the crow mask earlier! Why is he with her?" someone exclaimed.

Even among the magnates, certain families held a weight that others wouldn't dare challenge, and the Yarwood family was one of them.

Under any other circumstances, these once-boastful magnates would have been tripping over themselves to get Dalton's contact information, eager to make future connections. But now, in this unfolding situation, they were left reeling, caught completely off guard.

Wynter, seeing their bewilderment, kindly revealed her true face.

Keesha stared in shock, a surge of jealousy flashing in her eyes.

Wynter's appearance was mesmerizing, both alluring and intense, with a seductive edge that left a lasting impression. Her striking face was accentuated by a tear mole beneath her left eye, and when she looked down at people, her gaze was both fierce and enchanting.

"Alright, now that introductions are out of the way, let's hear your requests for when you're formally detained. Will it be connections or money you'll try to use?" Wynter said as she toyed with her purple sugilite pendant.

Though she spoke with a smile, a chill filled the room, silencing the magnates, who'd been shouting moments before.

How could it be Wynter? Wasn't she supposed to be locked up? The magnates had received news that she had already confessed to her crimes and was in custody!

Why was she here? She was supposed to just be a mere "product"! Was it a disguise technique she used? And even worse-why was she claiming to be in charge of this operation?

The magnates' eyes widened, shaken to their cores. They even took a subconscious step back in fear. No one had ever hinted that the Quinnell family held such connections.

No, it was more than that-none of the prominent business circles, not even the Chamber of Commerce or the loyal remnants of Gordon's era, had any inkling that Wynter, supposedly retrieved from the rural countryside, had such a formidable identity!

These magnates, accustomed to pulling the strings of others' fates, now felt true terror. Suddenly, they remembered the Wray and Montclair families' downfall, who'd vanished in a single night!

They'd always assumed the Quinnell family's internal power struggles were orchestrated by Fabian, brushing off online reports as mere marketing stunts. After all, how could a young lady wield such power?

But now, the situation laid bare a reality far more terrifying than anything they'd imagined!

They wondered how Fredric's plans to brand her as guilty of manipulating the stock market would even work, given Wynter's authority. It was becoming clear that she'd allowed herself to be captured on purpose, perhaps as part of an even grander scheme to bring down Fredric himself!

If that was the case, that would mean that Wynter's stock war with the Wray family was far from a simple plan to cripple them!

The magnates weren't foolish. Wynter's sudden reveal connected all the dots they'd previously overlooked.

They also understood something even more chilling. It didn't matter if they knew her identity or not because her plans were nearing completion. Or, more accurately, she wasn't afraid for them to see her face because there was no way they'd ever have the chance to tell anyone!

With that in mind, the magnates instantly paled.

Wynter stood there with a relaxed, almost lazy posture, raising her chin slightly as she spoke in a calm, clear voice. "Whatever moves you plan to make, I suggest you do so quickly. Otherwise, you might run out of time."

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Chapter 1633 A Visit From the Special Unit

Keesha had never encountered someone like Wynter before a girl who seemed even more superior to her. Furthermore, Wynter's striking appearance was too stunning not to stir envy!

Keesha sneered. "Oh, we'd love to make a call. The question is, will you dare allow us?"

The other magnates froze. Wynter's appearance gave them an uneasy sense that relying on connections might be the wrong move here.

True to form, Wynter's smile only grew. She stood there, tall and elegant, before casting a sidelong glance. "Give this lady her phone so she can make her call."

The Special Unit members knew Wynter well enough they could tell she was setting a trap. They'd just have to record the call. Without hesitation, they handed over the phone.

Keesha hesitated slightly. Wynter's willingness had thrown her off, but upon reflection, it made sense.

Ordinary police officers might not recognize her, but she assumed the operation's head would. After all, in the past, when she'd caused a serious accident due to intoxicated driving, the officers on duty had let her off privately once they saw who she was.

To her, a little money and her father's appearance could smooth out any problem. After all, her father was the top official in the province. She was confident people here wouldn't dare to go against her.

Hence, with only a slight pause, Keesha arrogantly snatched the phone and quickly dialed her father's number.

In truth, Keesha's father genuinely didn't want to answer her call at times. However, given that she was his only daughter, he had to indulge her in everything. However, having just retired recently, he knew he had to be more cautious about many things.

Hence, it was his secretary, Enzo Maximus, who answered the call. "Ms. Nord, your father is still in a meeting. Could you perhaps wait for him to return your call shortly?"

Keesha wasn't having it. "I am in fucking custody right now! Return my call shortly? Then what the heck do I do now, huh? Do you want me to send you my location so you can deal with it instead?"

In custody? At a time like this?

Alarmed, Enzo replied cautiously, "Ms. Nord, this is a critical period. We have high-level officials in town now. Your father might not be able to appear personally."

Keesha couldn't care less about his concern. "Well, do as you see fit! I'm his only daughter!"

With that, she was going to end the call.

However, as her father's secretary, Enzo was fearful to allow her to end the call. "Ms. Nord, could you pass the phone to the authorities? I'd like to speak with them directly."

Keesha gave Wynter a haughty look. "He wants to speak to you."

Wynter accepted the call, fully aware of the power dynamic at play.

On the other end, Enzo spoke calmly. "Good evening. The person you've detained is Mr. Nord's daughter. There must be some misunderstanding here. We understand you're working hard, but Mr. Nord is currently unavailable. Can we arrange a time to discuss any procedural issues?"

"Sure," Wynter replied casually, a smile dancing on her lips. "I'll be sure to find an opportunity to speak with Mr. Nord. But I'm curious, could you remind me of Mr. Nord's full name?"

Enzo paused, taken aback by her question. The tension in his voice escalated as he replied, "It's Julius Nord. I didn't realize you were so under-trained that you don't even know of Mr. Nord."

"Now that I've heard it, please inform Mr. Nord that the Special Unit is ready to visit at any time. He should be prepared to invite us," Wynter stated, her tone unfazed.

In an instant, Enzo was at a loss for words.

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Chapter 1634 His World Collapsed

The Special Unit? In an instant, Enzo was sent into a state of panic. His forehead broke into a cold sweat, and his mind buzzed as the gravity of the situation hit him hard. Only one thought echoed in his head everything was over!

Ordinary people might not recognize the name, but as a provincial government employee, he knew it all too well. The Special Unit operated beyond their jurisdiction.

Strictly speaking, the Special Unit's administrative level was significantly higher than theirs.

The Special Unit handled large-scale cases and would sometimes even collaborate directly with Special Forces in operations. They answered directly to the country and were extremely secretive. Even high-ranking officials wouldn't know who these people were.

After what felt like an eternity, Enzo managed to find his voice. Wiping his brow nervously, he forced a strained smile and stammered, "A misunderstanding this must be a misunderstanding. May I ask for your name?"

"We hadn't anticipated that the Special Unit would be handling domestic matters. We only wish to understand what Mr. Nord's daughter is accused of. Naturally, if she's truly involved in something against social order, she should face punishment!"

Enzo's words carried a tone of forced righteousness as he attempted to salvage the situation!

Wynter had left the phone on speaker, allowing Keesha to hear everything.

Keesha's shrill voice sounded. "Who did you say should be punished? Are you out of your mind, Enzo Maximus? Do you want to lose your job? Put my dad on the phone! I'm going to make sure he fires you!"

"This has always been easy to handle. What's different this time? Oh, I get it, there's probably another inspection from the top, isn't there?"

She scoffed, thoroughly convinced of her insight. "Well, I don't care what you're so worried about. I'm not staying in this precinct for another minute. You'd better get over here and smooth this out with the police or whatever unit they're called. Get in touch with your connections."

On the other end, Enzo could only wish he was dead. He was helpless to stop her tirade, but every word she spoke was digging his grave deeper. By now, his eyes were filled with despair.

This was when Wynter decided to chuckle. "So, this was all usually 'easy to handle,' huh? It seems that Mr. Nord and Mr. Maximus made a habit of bending the rules. From the looks of this lady over here, I must say you people are truly impressive."

Enzo opened his mouth to respond, but before he could even muster a word, the line went dead as Wynter ended the call.

To Wynter, there was no point in entertaining more empty words over the phone. It would be far more productive to let them do the talking once the cuffs were on.

After the call abruptly ended, Enzo felt as though the ground beneath him was crumbling. He braced himself against the desk, swaying slightly from the weight of the moment.

His assistant, Gabriel Nox, seeing his distress, rushed forward to support him. "Mr. Maximus, are you okay? Is it low blood sugar?"

Enzo took a deep breath. "Quick, find a way to get Mr. Nord out here. Tell him I have an urgent matter to discuss!" "Alright, don't worry," Gabriel said, though his confusion was palpable. He couldn't imagine what could be more urgent than the meeting happening right now, but he quickly turned and rushed toward the third floor.

Meanwhile, in the auction's chaotic aftermath, Keesha stayed stunned. She hadn't expected the call to end just like that.

To her surprise, Wynter didn't let her off even after the phone call. In fact, she even wanted to bring her away, which was a blow to her pride.

With a sharp, mocking laugh, she sneered. "Do you even know what the name 'Julius Nord' means in this province? You have no idea who you're dealing with! Where are these country bumpkins even coming from?" She fumed, believing that those who enjoyed privileges like hers were always exceptionally clever and savvy.

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Chapter 1635 Impending Doom

From what Wynter had said earlier and Enzo's reaction, it should be clear to anyone foreign to the Special Unit that this unit outranked even Julius' position.

However, as someone privileged, Keesha believed she could control everything. It was clear she had failed to grasp even the most obvious logic.

Wynter, feeling an itch for the sheer ignorance of it all, raised her hand and gestured to someone to shut her up. She looked at Keesha, her voice icy. "Don't worry, I'll bring you along when I visit your father and will make sure to ask him about the question you just asked. What exactly does 'Julius Nord' mean in this province?

"You seem to have forgotten that your father's power is given by the people. Now, you want to use this power to buy lives, all to enjoy that feeling of being untouchable and superior.

"Cascadia prohibits organ trafficking. Right now, this is the only crime you committed that I'm aware of. But don't worry. I'll have someone look into all the things you've managed to cover up before.

"As for anyone from your father's side who helped you conceal those crimes, I'll make sure not one of them escapes. I'll send them all to jail."

Keesha, listening to Wynter's words, couldn't control her movements anymore. However, her eyes seemed to burn with fury, as if telling Wynter that she had a death wish.

Wynter didn't want to waste any more time on Keesha. After pressing an acupoint, she turned her attention to the remaining few people, who were now visibly trembling.

They knew Keesha's identity now and had all heard her phone call. It was now clear that even the provincial connections were useless.

Wynter's presence here was like a glaring signal that no matter who showed up, everyone would have to come clean.

The fact that this operation had erupted without warning was a clear sign that it was on a much higher level than anything they had encountered before. Once they realized this, their faces turned even paler.

Wynter, however, had no intention of letting them go.

She strode toward them before casually saying, "Earlier, while I was on stage, I overheard all of you saying I deserved to be arrested and how you secretly conspired to force the Whitman family out of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Let's just say I made sure the last group of people who framed the Whitman family went bankrupt and ended up in prison. You won't be any different."

None of them were able to keep their legs from trembling.

The Special Unit operated swiftly. They had captured so many people, but there was no trace of them now on the scene.

No one dared to use their connections. They knew the more they tried to leverage influence, the worse it would end up for them. Hence, even an hour later, the only person left trying to send out information was Edward, who had gone into hiding.

The last thing Julius wanted was to be disturbed during his work hours.

Gabriel, however, was clever and discreet. While serving tea to the officials in the meeting, he slipped a note beside Julius' hand.

Julius frowned slightly, clearly displeased by the interruption. He glanced at the note that read, "Ms. Nord is in trouble. The situation is urgent, and she needs you."

Though Julius had always been disappointed by his only daughter, whom he considered stubborn and reckless, he still indulged her. Otherwise, he wouldn't have used his influence to cover up her mistakes or lost his principles in the process.

"Alright, I can see that everyone is tired." Julius raised his hand theatrically and glanced at the time. "Let's take a 30-minute break before continuing."

The people in the room were unaware of what had just happened. After all, when and how meetings proceeded were entirely up to the higher-ups.

And, as someone about to retire, Julius was clearly not happy with the arrival of the newly appointed figure in charge Lucas.

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Chapter 1636 Plans Down the Drain

Julius had intended to preserve his influence even after his retirement. He wanted to be someone who could still sway decisions when necessary. He thought his presence would remind Lucas that not just anyone could lead effectively in his position!

Upon receiving the note, Julius didn't feel particularly rushed. He was so used to handling Keesha's mishaps that it had become routine.

Striding into his private lounge, the first thing he said to Enzo was, "Is it another drunk driving case? Is that really something you can't manage?"

"It's not drunk driving..." Enzo still looked visibly shaken.

Julius' face darkened. "Not drunk driving? What is it, then? Drugs again? How many times have I told you to keep an eye on her? Which stage of the process is she at now? Call the people from the drug-testing institution."

"No, it's neither." Enzo took off his glasses, placing them down along with his work badge.

Julius noticed something off in Enzo's demeanor. "What's going on? Just say it. My daughter may be reckless, but she's not capable of murder-I know her limits."

"I'm afraid it's something much worse," Enzo replied, squeezing his eyes shut. "I don't know the full details, but the ones who arrested her were from the Special Unit!"

The Special Unit? Julius' movements slowed, and a wave of dread washed over him, his face turning ashen. With a crash, the glass in Julius' hand shattered as it hit the floor. He wondered how Keesha had provoked such a relentless force.

Panic started setting in. "Where are they? Where are they holding her?"

Enzo shook his head, steadying his voice before relaying everything Wynter had said. "She said she'd come visit you to thoroughly discuss all the matters you've handled for Ms. Nord."

At that moment, Julius' sense of control and all his strategy plans evaporated. His recent aspirations to subtly assert dominance over Lucas seemed trivial against this looming crisis.

Moments ago, he'd been concerned only about Keesha. But now, the harsh reality hit him if the Special Unit was investigating Keesha, they'd certainly investigate him, too! Everything was over!

Julius had never experienced anything this overwhelming. His vision darkened, and he collapsed on the spot.

Meanwhile, Fredric was still aiming to curry favor with Lucas. He figured it would be useful to discern Lucas' preferences for future leverage.

However, he was interrupted by an unexpected call from Edison. Knowing there was likely good news, he quickly excused himself. "Mr. Keller, please continue without me. It's a personal call."

Lucas gave him a nod, seemingly indifferent. However, in reality, Lucas was waiting for updates from Wynter, whom he suspected was already in action.

Lucas had sensed during his time at Mindcrest High School that the underlying issues were far from simple. This suspicion was heightened with the recent surge of confidential files flowing to his office and the discovery of a security breach in the provincial office's systems.

He remembered Wynter had a particularly skilled young hacker in her team.

"Mr. Keller, would you like me to follow him?" his bodyguard, Eugene Aldaine, asked.

Eugene was the only bodyguard Lucas had brought with him. However, he was no ordinary guard. He was brought over from the military specifically to safeguard Lucas and was well-equipped to support certain operations when necessary.

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Chapter 1637 Capturing Everyone

Lucas shook his head. "It's not time yet."

Meanwhile, Fredric, still basking in his perceived victory, was oblivious to Lucas' suspicions.

He took the call from Edison, who burst into laughter. "Mr. Monty, you had to be there to see it! The expression on the Whitman brothers' faces was priceless-utter disbelief! They never imagined they'd be abandoned by everyone!

"You truly have a way with things. With just a simple move, you managed to have the Whitman family expelled from the Chamber of Commerce. From here on, they'll only be slowly drained until there's nothing left!"

Fredric, ever composed, responded, "This is just the beginning. Keep pushing with public opinion online. Wynter had managed to set up a virtuous public image, but with so many stockholders now suffering losses, it's only natural the public would demand answers.

"Mobilize the other members, too. With the Whitman family's diminished influence, why should others stick around if there's no profit left to gain? Aren't I right, Edison?"

Realizing the implications, Edison hastily replied, "You're right! I didn't think that far ahead! I'll get everything set up immediately. By tomorrow, they'll have no footing left!"

Fredric nodded in satisfaction. "Alright. I'm still having a private dinner with Mr. Keller."

"Of course, of course!" Edison, though only on the phone, was bowing deferentially.

After the call, he muttered to himself, "Only those who follow the official path really understand power. Luckily for me, I'm on Mr. Monty's side."

To him, the Whitman family's downfall seemed inevitable.

"Aren't you so mighty, Noah Whitman? Soon, when your family crumbles, we'll see who the real lapdog is!" Edison exclaimed with a smug smile.

When Edison picked up the phone again, it was as if he could already see the scene that would unfold soon. His laughter grew even more unrestrained, with no intention of hiding his satisfaction.

Rosalyn, observing his escalating arrogance, finally went upstairs to intervene. "It wouldn't hurt to show some restraint. Don't forget, the Whitman family had once helped the Waldron family."

"Who asked for your opinion?" Edison scoffed before getting up to leave.

Rosalyn frowned. "Where are you going?"

"Somewhere that I can be happy. I feel like retching having to look at your wrinkled face every day." He sneered, shedding any last trace of restraint.

Meanwhile, Lucas received a message from Wynter. "Lucas, find a place that can hold 20 people. The ones we've caught this time are powerful and influential. My people will deliver them to you. Let's see if anyone comes to bail them out."

Lucas immediately recognized Wynter's action. He didn't even bother with pretense anymore, ready to respond as he stood up.

Meanwhile, Fredric was still speaking. "Mr. Keller, I was so surprised when I first saw you. I didn't expect such a young leader."

Lucas remained indifferent, subtly avoiding Fredric's attempt to engage him physically.

Just then, another message came through.

"Fredric Monty, Julius Nord, Donald Gresham. These three should be controlled on-site for now. Wait for me to meet up with you, and I'll explain everything in detail. Also, the teachers at Mindcrest High School are involved in

this. I'll need your people's help."

As Lucas read the message, Fredric was still trying to flatter him. "Some people have been maliciously manipulating the stock market recently, causing significant economic damage to the people. Now that you're here, such things shouldn't happen again."

"You're right," Lucas replied calmly. As he pocketed his phone, he glanced at Eugene, who was beside him. Without a word, Eugene immediately sprang to action, pinning Fredric to the dining table.

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Chapter 1638 Reaping What You Sow

Fredric was stunned by the sudden force, his face pressing painfully against the table, his hair smeared with the fish oil from the dish.

Usually, Fredric was extremely particular about his meals, insisting on only eating one side of any fish no matter the cost of the dish. He claimed this ritual kept his luck flowing smoothly. Yet today, his face was smeared against the untouched side of the fish.

He hadn't even had the chance to feel the rage yet. He merely stared at Lucas with a trace of disbelief flickering in his eyes as he struggled to rise to his feet.

Lucas' words hit him like a punch in the gut. "Fredric Monty, you've abused the authority given to you by the people. You formed self-serving alliances with the Wray and Montclair families, suppressed honest business owners, and exploited your position shamelessly.

"Furthermore, according to the evidence, you're implicated in the human organ trafficking case in Valen Village."

Lucas could barely contain his fury. He had been in Hawford only briefly, yet Wynter had already been framed and thrown into prison.

He knew fully well that foreign capital was manipulating the stock market, using insider connections to drain domestic funds. The Wray and Montclair families, along with others from the Chamber of Commerce, were facilitating this from within, losing their principles for money.

Wynter had involved herself in the stock market to prevent these people from siphoning off vast amounts of capital from domestic investors. Despite inevitable market losses, this stabilized the stock prices, ultimately protecting countless investors.

But Lucas was furious that Fredric dared to twist the truth, publicly smearing Wynter as a criminal by exploiting his position.

Of course, Lucas understood all the tricks and complexities involved here. Since his transfer, he'd encountered nothing but people who pulled him into endless eating and drinking sessions, spouting empty platitudes.

Even Julius, who was going to retire soon, was clearly trying to set a trap for him.

Before he arrived, Jackson had made time to discuss in depth the approach Lucas should take once he reached this new post. He emphasized the importance of careful observation, thoughtful consideration, and, above all, engaging closely with the common people.

Hawford had a long-standing history of commerce, stretching back centuries to its days as a prosperous land of wheat.

The word "commerce" was far more than just business-it carried the weight of resilience.

In difficult times, Gordon had established a network to ensure front lines weren't eating scrapes. In order to protect Cascadia, he used his own resources to build a foundation that sustained the nation's strength.

With limited means, he had even reached out to friends overseas to procure weapons.

This was why the Southern Cascadia Chamber of Commerce still reserved a place for overseas Cascadians. After all, Gordon and the Cascadians abroad had done so much for the country.

When conflicts arose between nations, it was often the common people who suffered the most.

On one hand, Cascadian business people must continually produce products that appeal to consumers to reclaim the domestic market share Cascadians had to sacrifice at the start of the reforms.

On the other hand, Jackson had advised Lucas to learn from Wynter. Jackson had also specifically reminded him to pay a visit to the Whitman family-a duty he should fulfill both personally and professionally.

Lucas was to ask about the challenges Cascadia businesses face, especially the veteran entrepreneurs who remained committed to domestic goods.

Jackson, childless and long retired, hadn't hesitated to step back in when needed, even if it meant working tirelessly.

But after their work discussion, the first question Jackson asked was, "How's Wynter doing? Tell her this latest move into the stock market was exceptionally decisive. Plus, the way she revitalized the applesauce factory is exactly what we need to be doing."

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Chapter 1639 Fredric's Regret

Lucas could hear the deep pride and affection Jackson had for Wynter. This wasn't surprising, given that she was an apprentice Jackson had gotten from Southdale and one who he owed his life to.

Lucas dared not tell Jackson that Wynter had been suppressed by those in power. He knew Jackson too well. He was devoted to the country and couldn't stand such injustice.

Lucas feared that Jackson would worry. His position was so important that if it were shaken, it would become a major issue.

Hence, Lucas continued to deceive and play along with these people, listening to their nonsense about "preferring to do nothing than to make mistakes".

Everything contrasted with the conversation he'd had with Jackson before he left.

Back then, they stood together atop a building, looking out over the endless mountains in the distance when Jackson said, "Do what you must without hesitation just as you did in Southdale. I am here in Kingbourne, waiting for you and Wynter to return."

These people simply didn't deserve any mercy!

"You used the power in your hands to disregard the value of others' lives."

Lucas wasn't one to display his emotions so openly given his position. He had always maintained an image of being knowledgeable and composed. Yet, at that moment, as he received Wynter's dossier, there was a glaring anger in his eyes.

"People like you deserve to die!" Lucas exclaimed.

Even Eugene was surprised that Lucas was capable of saying such words.

Fredric had long frozen. The moment he heard the words "Valen Village", he stiffened.

For him, things like the manipulation of interests, framing conscientious entrepreneurs, or even the trafficking of human organs didn't mean much. What truly concerned him was Valen Village.

After all, he knew that the mere occurrence of Valen Village being in the spotlight meant an in-depth investigation for him.

The entrepreneurs' framing was something he could easily justify by claiming he was just acting based on evidence. As for the benefit exchange with the Wray family, he had never even met them in person.

He deleted any prior records on the first day in his position. As long as he didn't admit anything, no one could force him to face charges.

After all, the old man would never allow him to fall so easily. If Fredric were brought down, he would definitely be affected, too. Moreover, Valen Village's issue had ties to the old man, which was why Fredric paid extra attention to it.

But Fredric couldn't understand how someone like Lucas had noticed such a small, inconspicuous village. What exactly happened there?

Fredric was overwhelmed. He couldn't even begin to imagine what would happen to him if Valen Village's scandal came to light.

His mind raced as he thought about the identity of the person responsible for this investigation and why they were investigating Valen Village in the first place.

Then, Fredric suddenly realized something didn't add up. Regardless of which department took action, he should have received a notification. Even if there was some movement from the higher-ups, the old man would have known about it.

Just like this time, Lucas' appointment wasn't simple-he had brought along an investigation team, undoubtedly with other tasks in mind. So, even before Lucas arrived, they had already destroyed any traces that needed to be

erased.

For instance, the suicide case in Club Solstice involving Kenton had already been classified as a closed case. Even if someone wanted to investigate, if Vanessa's parents didn't agree, the investigation couldn't proceed.

Furthermore, they had been monitoring the investigation team closely and found no signs of unusual activity in the past couple of days.

For him, it felt as if the world had collapsed. Without the protection of power, he had lost all means to escape. He screamed out in desperation as his face pressed against the desk, "Who is it? Who is investigating Valen Village?"

"You'll have your answers when the time comes." Lucas' voice was calm. When he lifted his gaze, he spoke only three words. "Take him away."

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Chapter 1640 Kind People Still Exist

This was a covert operation. Hence, the news of Fredric's arrest would not reach anyone else.

Therefore, Edison was currently basking in the orders Fredric had given him earlier. Nothing could have made him happier than seeing the Whitman family's downfall.

In fact, Edison was already celebrating with a glass of red wine, raising his glass in triumph at his mistress' place. What he didn't realize, however, was that this would become the biggest regret of his life.

Rosalyn didn't want to be the kind of person who repaid kindness with harm. Hence, she decided to visit the Whitman family under the cover of the night.

She was clever in not asking to meet Reuben directly, but simply mentioning that she wanted to catch up with Marie.

Although they had shared occasional meals in the past due to their shared social circles, she wasn't close with Marie. Rosalyn had always been closer to Lynette than Marie. Strictly speaking, they were merely acquaintances. When they sat down, Marie's gaze

remained calm and distant. She wasn't overly friendly as she was aware of the conversation Rosalyn had previously had with Wynter. In fact, her gaze was almost cold. The meeting was more out of politeness.

After taking a sip of tea, Rosalyn felt uneasy and decided to get straight to the point. "I won't beat around the bush, Marie. My husband, Edison, may bring harm to the Whitman family."

Her words immediately stunned Marie. Her reaction, however, was genuine. She gently patted Rosalyn's shoulder. "Don't worry, Rose. Take your time. I'll listen."

It had been a long time since Rosalyn was called by her real name, and hearing it now, her eyes suddenly grew misty.

Rosalyn knew she had been relegated to the role of a "useless old wife" in Edison's eyes. Even her only son was distant from her.

His son knew about Edison's affair and still blamed her, saying, "Mom, it's because you keep acting like this that Dad goes outside to find someone young and beautiful. Can't you take care of yourself a bit more?"

"Even I get tired of hearing all the lectures you give him. Nowadays, everyone's trying to climb the social ladder. Can't you have a bit more ambition?"

"Alright, I've gotta go. Someone invited me to play tennis. And stop voice messaging me. The internet connection overseas is bad. Just send more money when you can. I've maxed out my credit cards."

This was precisely why she finally made up her mind to visit the Whitman family.

For more than 20 years, her only identity was Edison's wife. She was bound to his choices and forced to go along with things she despised. Now, she was determined to do what she truly wanted!

Rosalyn looked at Marie before continuing, "I don't know the exact methods he plans to use, but your family needs to be wary of people in the government." Rosalyn had already mustered all her courage to say that.

"Marie, it's not as simple this time. They've decided to make a move now because it seems that Wynter has done something that has impacted certain people's interests."

"I overheard Edison on the phone. This isn't just someone from Hawford but someone with an even higher authority. Hence, contacting the people who owed Mr. Reuben favors won't work anymore. They could even turn those connections against the Whitman family."

"Their entry point is Wynter's recent stock involvement. They're planning to use this to discredit her completely, causing a full-blown reputational collapse.

"Then, they'll use this scandal as a weapon to dismantle the Whitman family's influence, leaving you guys with no chance for recovery."

Marie was visibly anxious now. Wynter's imprisonment had already struck the Quinnell and Whitman families like a bolt from the blue.

within just a single day, Sebastian had rushed to countless places, arguing that this type of arbitrary judgment was entirely improper without a formal trial.