

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

Chapter 1641 Everyone Has to Grow Up Someday

Wynter couldn't possibly be unaware of what was going on.

Furthermore, Sebastian was a lawyer who specialized in economic crimes. He knew there was no way Wynter would be in custody this quickly. Yet, with no warning at all, her "guilt" had been publicly declared.

Sebastian was furious. He tore off his tie and declared that there was definitely corruption involved. Albert was also using his connection. Even Fabian rushed down from Kingbourne and had just arrived.

Meanwhile, Reuben had reached out to every contact he could find, even those from his days in the education system.

Marie clenched her fists. "They promised my dad they'd look into it."

"They were just stringing Mr. Reuben along. The higher-ups have already given their orders." Rosalyn continued with a quiet voice, "They want this situation to cause a relapse in Mr. Reuben's health so that Whitman's family will truly be finished."

At that very moment, a low voice came from the doorway. "So, that's what's happening. I was wondering why nothing has changed for Wynter after a whole day."

It was Noah. His eyes were dark, clearly filled with anger. Every single one of those people owed something to the Whitman family. And now, when it counted, they were all lining up to kick the Whitman family down.

Perhaps the saying that the Whitman family was too kind was true, after all.

Rosalyn hadn't expected Noah to appear, especially since she had deliberately chosen this time to visit to avoid attention.

"Mr. Whitman." She immediately stood up from the couch. "I don't want any involvement beyond today--I just felt that I had to do this. But if anything comes of it, please don't let anyone know it was me who spoke."

Noah was truly grateful for Rosalyn's help. There weren't many left who would still come to the Whitman family and warn them at a time like this.

"Thank you," he said, noticing her readiness to leave. He turned and instructed, "Mr. McCoy, please escort her out, and make sure no one sees."

Rosalyn appreciated his thoughtfulness and courtesy. She had come in haste, and now she was leaving just as quickly.

As they passed, Noah said softly, "The Whitman family will never forget your kindness today. If you ever need help, we will repay it."

But Rosalyn wasn't here to get them to owe her. Her visit stemmed from a genuine wish not to see the decline of entrepreneurs like the Whitmans—a family her father had often praised when he was alive.

Sometimes, she wondered if things would have been different if her father had lived longer. Maybe then she wouldn't be feeling so stifled now.

But everyone had to grow up someday. They couldn't live sheltered forever.

Rosalyn had not achieved much in her life and had even married a man who valued her father's power more than anything else. All she could hope for was that her actions today hadn't brought shame to her father, who had always been proud and dedicated to serving the people.

Upon hearing the news, Noah knew he needed to act quickly. His first thought was to bring Reuben home as soon as possible.

In just one day, the Whitman family had endured countless dismissive looks and rejections, but none more hurtful than what Reuben experienced.

He was a man who had lived his entire life with dignity and integrity, never once lowering himself to flattery. But now, he found himself doing so for Wynter's sake.

But the people who once depended on him had responded through their secretaries with excuses. "Ah, Mr. Whitman, such unfortunate timing. My boss has gone on a business trip. Perhaps you can try again another day." Others were even more blunt. "The Whitman family? Do you mean the one that everyone online is condemning? Sorry, this is beyond us."

Some agreed to help, though that proved to be the cruelest. They offered hope only to crush it later.

When Reuben finally understood what was happening, he seemed to age overnight, his voice heavy as he murmured, "So, this is how it is..."

Just as he was about to make his way home, his phone buzzed with a new voice message. He blinked in disbelief when he saw it was a message from Wynter.

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Chapter 1642 The Truth Rises to the Surface

"Grandpa, I haven't been able to contact the family until now. Remember to take your medicine on time.

"I can't come forward at the moment since it's necessary for my uncles to be worried. I'm sorry for all of this, but we can't risk alerting anyone prematurely," Wynter said through the voice message.

In the message, Wynter didn't specify exactly what she had encountered. They had confidentiality protocols during operations. Telling Reuben this much was already pushing the limits.

Wynter's decision to put herself in jail was strategic-she wanted to see how people would truly react when the Whitman family faced a crisis.

By drawing the opponent's focus to this incident, she hoped they would lower their guard, creating an opportunity to capture evidence of their crimes.

If the Whitman family had maintained its usual strength, those lurking in the shadows would have continued hiding.

Feeling both guilty for involving her family and concerned about Reuben's health, Wynter sent the message as soon as she finished her work at the auction. Yet, she knew she couldn't reveal too much. After all, she was still at a critical stage in the operation.

Any other family members might have pressed Wynter relentlessly, demanding to know what it was that required making the family so anxious.

But Reuben had long sensed that Wynter's ambitions extended far beyond mere business and making money. Since her arrival in Hawford, her actions had hinted at a larger purpose.

Making waves in the business world was all well and good, but Wynter's battleground was not confined to the business world, nor was it limited to Hawford alone. From the moment she arrived, every move she made pointed to something more when examined closely.

Neither the Wray family nor the Montclair family was her ultimate target. No, her sights were set even higher. Reuben now saw the situation with unprecedented clarity. She was aiming for Judah!

"Wynter, go ahead and do what you need to do without hesitation. The Whitman family's strength isn't so fragile. Your uncles and I will be here, waiting for you to come home," he replied.

Reuben's resolve had never once changed. But his deep concern for Wynter had clouded his judgment, and his first instinct was to find help when she ran into trouble.

Now that everything was clear, he didn't bother going home. Instead, he leaned on his cane and stood up again. "Ivers, let's go somewhere else," Reuben addressed his chauffeur.

Ivers Zeller, Reuben's chauffeur, was confused. "Mr. Reuben, are we not going back?"

"No, we're not. Let's try seeking help from someone else. Perhaps there's a way," he replied, striding forward without looking back.

Ivers was puzzled. Hadn't Noah implied that those people were just playing tricks on Reuben? He couldn't understand why Reuben still wanted to go, but he eventually concluded that perhaps Reuben had lost his clarity in his illness.

Ivers sighed deeply, feeling a touch of sadness. He thought Reuben's heart must be aching so much for Wynter that he was desperately grasping at straws.

Ivers might not have understood Reuben's decision, but Reuben had his reasons. While he didn't know exactly what Wynter was up to, one phrase resonated with him deeply. "It's necessary for my uncles to be worried." Wynter was working on something beyond ordinary people's imagination. As her grandfather, Reuben couldn't afford to expose anything now or risk dragging her down.

If people wanted to see the Whitman family fall, he'd give them the show they were hoping for. After all, that

would make the deception all the more convincing.

As it turned out, Reuben's instincts were right.

Certain members of the Chamber of Commerce, led by Edison, were already reveling in what they believed was the Whitman family's downfall. Corrupt officials in various departments laughed at the family's misfortunes as if it were a casual joke.

"Who'd have thought the Whitman family would face a day like this?"

"Remember when I asked that old geezer for a favor? He had the nerve to threaten me with a report letter! What arrogance!"

"He has been in business for too long. How would he know who holds the reins around here if he didn't fall?"

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Chapter 1643 Her Father's Downfall

These people were so reckless because they relied on Fredric, the second in command of Hawford. They were cut from the same cloth-Fredric had cultivated many corrupt individuals.

However, what they didn't know yet was that their support had already collapsed.

Wynter, on the other hand, wasn't in a rush to deal with these lower-tier people. Her target was clear, and it was at the provincial level.

She didn't go alone, either. Keesha, who had been caught in the act, was also brought along for the ride.

She then sent another message. 'Lock down the scene. No one is to leave. Tell everyone to stay in their respective offices.'

In typical cases, such a directive would have required complicated procedures even when a matter as serious as a human life was involved. Normally, only the relevant departments would be held accountable. The senior officials never had to stay.

But Wynter dropped a bombshell. "This case is related to foreign forces. Someone is selling out the country." It was a direct accusation, clear and deadly, with no attempt to sugarcoat the matter.

At this moment, no one dared to speak a word. Everyone understood the implication of being accused of treason. Even common people would avoid being associated with such a grave charge, let alone those in high positions.

It was now clear that the operation was aimed at one or more individuals within the higher ranks.

Some people were innocent, while others were deeply uneasy, but no one showed their anxiety. After all, anyone who displayed nervousness would be suspected of being involved.

If the accusations were true, and there were indeed people betraying the country among them, not even the most senior officials would be able to cover it up.

This thought only made Julius more anxious. The tea in his hand was scalding hot, but he took a sip anyway, trying to maintain his composure. The heat made him jump to his feet in pain.

He wanted to ask Enzo for an update on Keesha. He couldn't understand how the issue of treason had become tangled with their family.

But he wasn't allowed to. They said that everyone should stay put in their respective offices, but in reality, they were all under strict control.

Julius was still replaying the things he had done, trying to figure out if there were any hints of crimes Enzo hadn't cleaned up.

But before he could settle his thoughts, two knocks on the door interrupted him.

Following that, someone pushed the door open, and just as he was about to ask what was happening, Keesha's voice rang out in distress.

"Dad, you have no idea what they did to me!" Keesha cried, pointing to the side. "It's like this bumpkin has no comprehension skills! She might as well be deaf! She even has the audacity to arrest me!"

Julius, still catching his breath, turned pale. He clenched his fists and shouted, "Shut up!"

Keesha was clearly shocked by his outburst.

Julius turned his attention to Wynter and lowered his posture. "Miss, there must be some misunderstanding. I

"

Wynter didn't entertain his excuses. She simply raised her gaze, her tone cold and firm. 'She's involved in live organ trafficking, and not just once. There is footage to prove it. As for you, Julius, the Special Unit didn't show up just to 'chat' with you."

Keesha snapped, "Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to my father like this?"

Keesha was about to continue when Julius slapped her across the face with all his might. He roared, "Enough! Are you trying to kill me?"

His emotions had reached a boiling point.

Keesha covered her face, her eyes wide in disbelief. She couldn't believe that not only was Julius not mad at Wynter, but he even struck her!

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Chapter 1644 Scapegoat

Julius couldn't afford to worry about anything else and was determined to avoid being branded as a traitor. He instantly severed all ties with Keesha.

"I have no daughter like you! What on earth were you doing out there? How could you attend an organ auction? Don't you know that's illegal?"

Julius slapped Keesha hard across the face again. She fell to the ground, overwhelmed by terror she had never known before. As she looked at Julius fearfully, she felt as though the world had crumbled around her.

Keesha had always believed that the entire province was under the Nord family's control, with Julius revered by all. Even if he was retired, his connections and influence would remain unshaken. However, all was gone now.

When the other officials learned of Julius' predicament, whispers filled the air. Everyone knew it was hardly the right time for an investigation, yet the officers arrived with a familiar face.

Having encountered Keesha before, the officials were aware of her character. It was no surprise that Julius would come under suspicion.

"Does that mean they've found the felon?" someone inquired.

"I was so wrong about Mr. Nord. Does this clear us of any suspicion?" another chimed in.

Judah silently listened to the conversation while sipping his coffee. A smirk played on his lips, hinting at a silent triumph or delight.

His subtle smugness went unnoticed, as everyone had been convinced Julius was the felon. Otherwise, the Special Unit wouldn't have gone straight for him. Considering Keesha's misdeeds, it seemed likely that Julius was just as guilty.

Glancing at the phone he had hidden, Judah was pleased to see that Julius served as the perfect distraction. No one would be looking his way, and the Special Unit wouldn't turn their investigation toward him.

Everyone was aware of his rivalry with Julius. The two were vying for the top, yet they never anticipated the higher -ups would bring in an outsider for the role. Regardless, Judah knew he would remain safe as long as Julius was pinned guilty.

With that in mind, Judah adjusted his glasses. He had heard about the Special Unit's prowess, with claims that the organization had the right strategy in place and could uncover anything. Despite his initial concerns, he found that the Special Unit had been misled by a simple ruse.

Judah was fully assured that no one would ever suspect or investigate him, especially in Julius' case. No one would realize that he had pulled some strings.

In the office, Wynter walked past Keesha and stood in front of Julius. "You mentioned you weren't aware of the organ auction, right?"

Julius hurriedly nodded at her words, "I would've stopped her if I'd known. How could I possibly let her be involved in murder, even indirectly?"

"Let me remind you that every dirty deed you cover up for your daughter can be traced. I'm sure you're well aware of what the Special Unit is capable of. There's no evidence or clues we can't recover," Wynter continued as she approached Julius.

Her gaze briefly flickered to the computer on his desk, though her focus remained fixed on him.

"You understand how deep the consequences are for treason. I don't want to waste any more time. If you're smart, you'd better come clean now. Otherwise, you'll end up labeled as a traitor."

Wynter couldn't help feeling something was amiss. Wolf had pinpointed the exact location, yet there was nothing

to be found.

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Chapter 1645 You Might Deceive Us

Upon studying Julius' expression, Wynter affirmed that he was telling the truth he had no idea about the organ auction. If that were the case, why did the trace lead to the current location? Wynter believed she needed time to think things through and verify the details.

Meanwhile, Edison and his associates had begun to stir trouble for the Whitman family.

While both Noah and Taylor were busy handling company matters, a crowd suddenly gathered at the company's front door.

Unable to stop them, the security guard quickly called the reception. "There's a group of clients at the door. They seem to be accusing us of deception and demanding to terminate their contracts."

The receptionist relayed the news to Noah through the hotline, and the brothers rushed downstairs. Amidst the chaos, someone in the crowd noticed Noah and called him out, turning everyone's attention to him.

At the same time, Reuben had been alerted of the incident and urgently instructed Mathias to send him to the company.

Confused by the sudden riot, Noah urged the crowd to quiet down and share their intentions.

A middle-aged man replied, "Seeing how your niece swindled our money through the stock market, we worried that the Whitmans might be just as dishonest. After a discussion, we've decided to terminate our contracts."

"He's right. While it was a pleasure working with you, we can't shake off our doubts since that incident. After all, that niece of yours is still in prison," someone echoed.

"I have to hand it to her. The way she manipulated the stock market has caused us nothing but suffering. It's been one disaster after another!" another complained.

When one voiced their complaints, the others quickly followed in. They were all worried that Noah would deceive them as well and demanded to terminate their contracts.

"I understand your concerns. On the Whitman family's behalf, I assure you, we won't be swindling anyone. "Additionally, Wynter has never manipulated the stock markets or defrauded the Cascadians as the rumors said. She's simply assisting with an investigation," Noah stated calmly.

Even so, the crowd remained skeptical. They had invested a huge fortune in the stock market, only to end up with nothing.

After a brief hesitation, one of the Whitmans' long-time partners stepped forward. "We've had a longstanding relationship with the Whitmans, but we can't help feeling anxious.

"After all, we've invested so much in your projects. Profit aside, what if it all ends in a loss? We wouldn't have gathered here if Mr. Whitman Senior had given us an assurance."

Coincidentally, Reuben had arrived at the door and overheard the conversation. He spoke with resolute certainty. "Rest assured, the Whitman family will never swindle you out of a single penny!"

Upon hearing his gravelly voice, everyone turned toward Reuben and heaved a sigh of relief. "If Mr. Whitman Senior says so, we'll place our trust in you again. However, I suggest we hold off on the projects until Wynter is released. We're not entirely at ease with her still behind bars."

Walking to Noah's side, Reuben declared, "All of you have been long-time partners with the Whitman family. You should have faith in our integrities. As for Sevie, there will be news about her soon. For now, please return and wait patiently."

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Chapter 1646 An Ungrateful Bunch

Some of the clients held their tongues after hearing Reuben's firm words. "True. There have been rarely any troubles in our partnership with the Whitmans. I'll wait for the news, then."

A few others followed suit, realizing that they had been hasty. From a business standpoint, securing a lasting partnership with a powerful corporation was every businessman's dream.

Deep down, most of the clients knew that pressuring the precarious Whitman family wouldn't work in their favor. However, they were unsettled by online rumors suggesting that the pretentious Whitmans might struggle with settling payments.

On the other hand, the remaining clients had planned to terminate their contracts and couldn't bother to show any signs of respect.

One of them even retorted sharply, "We're not amateurs in business, Mr. Whitman Senior. Though I respect your integrity, this is a different matter altogether.

"Your words alone aren't enough. What results are we supposed to expect when that girl has been locked up? I demand an explanation today!"

Everyone expected Reuben to make a convincing argument, knowing he had been desperately seeking connections to free Wynter.

Yet, Reuben stood tall and composed with a cane in hand, carrying an air of sophistication. "But of course. However, I must clarify that not all of these projects are ones we invested in by choice. Many smaller firms found themselves without options and turned to us for help.

"The Whitman Group has a longstanding principle-if a local business is in need, we'll offer assistance however we can. Mr. Lockman, you came to us when your company ran out of projects, hoping we could provide a way forward.

"However, the investments we've made in your business yielded little return. It's fair to say that we're not seeing any profit. Since you asked for an explanation, I'll give you one."

Reuben continued calmly, "Arrange Mr. Lockman's final payment, Noah. We won't be assigning him any new projects. Our partnership ends here."

Javier Lockman froze on the spot and was unsure how to react. He hadn't expected Reuben to make a quick, decisive choice.

The gossip outlets and media at present were eager to capture the Whitmans' mortification, yet Reuben's response gave them nothing scandalous to work with. Instead, the merchants who had pressured the Whitman family during difficult times left in an unfavorable light.

Though the public usually sympathized with the weaker party, Javier couldn't turn that to his advantage. Taking Reuben's statement into account, they certainly came across as an ungrateful bunch. The criticisms on the live stream also briefly halted.

On the screen, Reuben clutched his cane and glanced around. "Aside from Mr. Lockman, anyone else wishing to terminate their contracts is free to do so. However, you're standing in a corporate building.

"I'm not sure what you're scheming by being here, but we have every right to protect our interests. Those wishing to terminate their contracts must adhere to the proper regulations."

His words were sound and valid. The clients could certainly end their partnerships if they wished, but their clamoring suggested ill intentions.

There was a divide in opinions between the public. While they still despised Wynter's pretensions, they were convinced by Reuben's measured response.

Edison, who was watching the live stream, decided to make things harder for the Whitmans. Not only did he complicate their payment issues, but he also cut off their supplies.

Gazing at the screen, he said gloatingly, "The Whitmans have underestimated human nature."

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Chapter 1647 Where Is Fredric

While a few suppliers' suspension might not have been a major blow to the Whitman family, a large-scale disruption could severely impact both their production and distribution. Ultimately, the Whitmans would face significant consequences.

When the Whitman Group's market capital continued to plummet, several shareholders expressed their discontent.

"The market cap has dropped because of your family affairs, Mr. Whitman Senior. Do you think this is acceptable?" one of the shareholders inquired.

"We've heard that the Whitman family was kicked out of the Chamber of Commerce. I suggest we find a way to restore our reputation. We still have time, but the employees don't," another echoed.

In truth, both shareholders had colluded with Edison and remained in the company to stoke the flames. Some shareholders had even offered to sell their shares.

However, Reuben calmly instructed Noah to reclaim the shares at the market price from the first half of the year. Meanwhile, Edison was basking in the praises and admiration within the Chamber of Commerce. When he learned of Reuben's decision, he let out a haughty laugh.

"The Whitman family is on the edge. Just wait they'll be announcing bankruptcy in less than half a month!"

Despite having once supported Edison, Stetson now regarded him with disdain. "The Whitman family has weathered storms in the past, so they won't go down easily. That said, they'll suffer greatly. Here's a piece of advice-it's not over as long as Reuben remains alive."

Edison didn't seem bothered by Stetson's warning. "You're getting worked up over nothing, Mr. Leftnan. We both know how he's been scrambling for help in the past few days. My men even saw him nearly collapse from a heart. attack. That's all he's capable of now."

He picked up a pastry from the table and added, "Reuben may have once stayed ahead of the curve and accomplished a lot of things. But look at the Whitman family now they're so fragile that a single pinch could crumble them."

Stetson chose not to argue further, believing that Edison's viewpoint wouldn't impact the broader situation. However, he couldn't help wondering why Fredric hadn't given any instructions yet.

"That means we're doing a good job! Aren't you tired of overthinking, Mr. Leftnan?" Edison chuckled.

Still, Stetson sensed something was amiss. He wouldn't feel assured unless he got in touch with Fredric, so he instructed Edison to contact Fredric and inquire about the next steps.

Edison remained unconcerned. "Mr. Monty's probably busy with the new secretary, who's also the current head of the province. I doubt he'll answer my calls. Let me send him a message."

With Stetson's consent, Edison sent a message to Fredric. Thanks to that, the person monitoring Fredric was spared the task of extracting evidence. Instead, he simply picked up the phone and showed Fredric the message. Since his detainment, Fredric had remained silent and refused to answer any questions. Yet, Edison's message ruined everything.

How Fredric wished he could strangle Edison, that imbecile. He had warned Edison countless times not to contact him during critical moments, but Edison went ahead and sent the message anyway.

Worse still, his message smugly reported that the Whitman family had been taken care of, and there was nothing to worry about.

As Fredric trembled in anger, a member of the Special Unit entered the room. They inquired coolly, "How's the interrogation going?"

"We have solid evidence," came the reply.

"In that case, I'll be taking him. Boss wants him to identify his superior," the member stated.

Hearing that, Fredric swiftly raised his head as his eyes widened in disbelief. He thought that it was impossible for them to have discovered Judah so quickly.

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In the office, Wynter sat at Julius' desk and examined his computer. Upon discovering traces of hacking activity, she glanced up and met Julius' eyes. "You've been to the same place Ms. Keesha visited, though albeit different. You attended the auction online."

"What are you talking about? I don't understand. What do you mean I was there too?" Julius responded with aggression.

Seeing that, Wynter affirmed that Julius wasn't connected to the case. In critical situations, even the smallest reactions could reveal the truth.

Julius wasn't the one joining the live session, but someone had hacked into his computer. Who on earth could it be?

Unfortunately, Julius hadn't set up surveillance cameras in his office for privacy, which had now turned into a problem for the investigation. Wynter was left with three potential suspects who might be involved, aside from Julius himself.

"Has Fredric Monty arrived yet?" Wynter inquired her subordinate, who reported that Fredric was on his way.

Wynter nodded and gave a soft chuckle. "Aren't you close to Fredric? How can you be so calm now, knowing he's coming?"

"You've looked into me, haven't you? Fredric has indeed helped me a lot, even cleaning up after my daughter's mess. He wasn't qualified for a promotion as a director, but I gave him a chance," Julius replied.

Considering his position, Julius knew it was best to come clean in such situations. He realized that the Special Unit was investigating something else, but he never expected the leader would be someone so young.

"Is that all you know?" Wynter asked casually.

Taking a deep breath, Julius continued, "There's a town development project, but I'm not clear about the details. I figured Fredric proposed it to rack up his achievements.

"A few property developers had shown interest, but nothing came of it. Believe it or not, I honestly don't have much of a connection with him."

Wynter hummed and raised a brow. "Based on his portfolio and the gratitude he's shown you over the years, you don't seem like strangers at all. Rather, he's more like your protégé."

"Cut it out already! Didn't my dad say he's not friends with that lapdog? Dad would never accept Fredric, not after he shared meals with Randell!" Keesha snapped in annoyance. She kept scratching her cuffed hands, as though she had relapsed into her drug habits.

Wynter's gaze flickered, and she asked, "And who is this 'Randell' you speak of?"

"The loser who never wins against my Dad! Hey, Dad, can you give me some of it? Dad! Tell them to uncuff me at once!" Keesha cackled with laughter as she shook uncontrollably.

At that point, Julius had been drained and disheartened. Noting Keesha's antics, he no longer hid any secrets and disclosed everything about Judah to Wynter.

After hearing him out, Wynter rose from the seat and ordered, "Hand them over to Mr. Keller."

In an instant, Julius raised his head in shock.

Wynter continued coldly, "For someone who's retiring soon, you have the nerve to deceive the public. Before Lucas even arrived, you tried to scheme against him and refused to comply with the transfer.

"Not only did you forget who granted you the authority, but you also fantasized about ruling like a king. Well, I'll make your dream come true by sending you to prison."

Julius trembled fearfully. His defiance of the higher-ups and schemes against Lucas was a greater offense than conniving in Keesha's crimes. It was all over for him now.

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Chapter 1649 Fredric Told Me About You

Sipping on his coffee, Judah could barely suppress a smirk at the sight of Julius being escorted away. While he remained composed, the other two officials couldn't help but murmur.

"I guess this means it's over," Cohen Roth said.

"They've taken him away, so they must have solid evidence. I guess Mr. Nord has grown foolish with age," Joel Gesner commented.

As the two officials prepared to leave, Judah straightened his clothes and followed suit. He stood out as rather plain in the crowd, with a slim build and a thermos in hand. No one would ever suspect him.

"I now understand why you had such animosity with Mr. Nord, Judah," Cohen remarked.

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Judah replied, "Don't say that. It's just part of the job."

"If you say so. Still, it's disgusting to betray your own country." Cohen scoffed.

Just as Judah attempted to step away from the conversation, a voice called out to them. "Please wait, the three of you. We need you to identify a witness."

It was none other than Wynter, whose sudden appearance left them stunned and speechless. While Cohen and Joel gazed at her in confusion, Judah tensed up instantly.

He recognized her all too well. But from what he knew, she should be confined in prison and not standing before him.

"My surname is Quinnell. The look on your face seems to say that you know me, Mr. Randell," Wynter said as she approached Judah. Upon closer observation, she sensed something was off.

Judah was cloaked in a murderous air, a clear sign that he was far from innocent. But the truth in the real world called for hard evidence, so Wynter had no choice but to wait for Fredric's arrival.

Judah clearly wouldn't own up to her statement. Instead, he showed a warm smile. "I'm just surprised to see such a young officer. I'm certain this is our first meeting."

Little did he know that Wynter had a way of wearing others down mentally. "Oh, really? That's not the case for me, though. I've heard quite a lot about you, especially from Mr. Monty."

When Judah heard that, something flickered in his eyes.

Wynter continued with a smile, "He's rather loyal toward you. You ordered him to take down the Whitmans, and he went to great lengths to send me to prison.

"Now that I think about it, you must have a hand in delivering a verdict against me, despite lacking solid evidence. You might not know this, but I've been to Valen Village and was the one responsible for the power outage."

As Judah listened on, his breathing quickened. Still, he fought to maintain composure. "I have no idea what you're talking about, young lady."

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Chapter 1650 Playing with Minds

"You can feign ignorance, but after our investigation, Mr. Nord has been cleared of suspicion. It's your turn now. Please, follow me."

Wynter leaned slightly with a lingering smile. Her youthful face stood in stark contrast to the formidable identity she carried.

Despite their years of experience, Cohen and Joel couldn't shake the chilling feeling running down their spines. They were aware that the Special Unit was relentless in their investigations, often more so than the Top Unit.

As long as they steered clear of the highest authority, they were free to carry out any investigations and submit their findings later. Additionally, all departments were required to give them top priority.

Cohen and Joel might've heard of the rumors, but they never witnessed it firsthand. Seeing the smile on Wynter's face, they couldn't help but glance at Judah. They believed him to be innocent and wondered why the Special Unit was focusing on him.

Judah clenched his fists under the cover of his long sleeve. Never in his wildest dream did he anticipate that Wynter held such an identity.

Given her status, it was unimaginable that she would be arrested for a random crime—unless she willingly allowed herself to be captured. Otherwise, the higher-ups would've intervened the moment she stepped into the interrogation room.

Wynter had ensnared them in her game of chess, cornering them and taking them out one by one.

Judah's lips curled into an amiable smile, though his expression stiffened. Since Wynter's arrival in Hawford, everything he learned about her suggested that she was merely an impudent scion.

While she might be adept in business, he regarded it as nothing more than a few cunning tricks—hardly something that warranted serious concern.

But now, Wynter was seated across from him and gazed at his face. "You must need a lot of specialized medications, considering you're at the final stage of cancer. Am I right?"

Judah's right hand tensed up. Fredric was the only one who knew about his illness. Did he reveal everything?

Neither Judah nor Fredric had ever truly recognized Wynter's capabilities. They quickly assumed she had little to offer upon discovering that she was a mere college student. But as the genius doctor, Wynter could read one's condition by observing their countenance.

Since ancient times, traditional medications and divine healing had been intertwined. In particular, traditional medicine relied on four fundamental diagnostic approaches- observation, olfaction and audition, inquiry, and palpation.

While Wynter appeared laidback, she was actually observing Judah. Considering he was a member of the scholarship committee, she was certain that his involvement was tied to his personal interests.

She leaned back with a snicker, exuding an air of intimidation. "You can remain silent. I'll just hear from the witness."

Judah chuckled in response. "I've indeed been diagnosed with cancer, but I don't see how that has anything to do with your investigation. You can't simply charge me for that."

Wynter replied calmly, "It's not only cancer. You've had surgery recently, haven't you? A blood transfusion, for example."

At that point, Judah could barely mask his expression. Just how much did Fredric reveal?

Seeing his reaction, Wynter confirmed her suspicions and figured out the breakthrough. Having studied criminal psychology, she knew exactly how to steer the interrogation.

Before Judah could speak, Wynter raised a hand to stop him and answered her ringing phone. In truth, it wasn't an incoming call-she had set the ringtone beforehand.

"Fredric's here? Right, I'll be there." She then tucked her phone away with her face lighting up in delight, as though she had just received good news. Without another word, she got up and walked away.