

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

Chapter 1651 Not a Coincidence

As Judah watched Wynter leave the room, he bit back the questions he intended to ask. He knew that any response to Fredric's arrival would give himself away.

Despite being familiar with the rules and protocols, he still couldn't fathom how the Special Unit had learned

about his blood transfusion surgery-unless Fredric disclosed it. It wasn't on the records, and he had been careful not to leave any traces that would jeopardize his career.

Judah pretended to take a sip of his drink, trying to appear composed. Yet, minutes passed, and Wynter still hadn't returned.

Judah became deeply unnerved. He couldn't stop wondering what Fredric might disclose and how he could escape the accusation. Sweats began to bead on his forehead the more he thought about it.

Little did he know that Wynter was just sitting outside watching the live feed. It turned out that Fredric hadn't even arrived yet, and it was all part of her mind game.

Before leaving the interrogation room, she purposely mentioned Fredric's arrival to keep Judah in a constant state of doubt and disconcert. Her tactic proved effective, as Judah grew increasingly anxious when she failed to show up. Judah believed he had behaved normally, yet his restless hand gestures and frequent refills of water had betrayed his feelings.

While monitoring Judah, Wynter seized the chance to hack into the internet and dug up more about him.

Although she recognized his cancerous illness, she found no record of it in his medical reports for the past two years. She needed to uncover when he had contracted the disease and how he had recovered.

Assuming his illness had relapsed more than three times, Wynter expected to find some connections or patterns in his medical history. True to her assumption, she was surprised to find information from 18 years ago—Judah had once served as Southdale's mayor.

Wynter's gaze darkened. This felt way beyond a mere coincidence. After all, she was abducted and brought to Southdale back then. At that time, the hospital had fallen under the Gibson family's control.

As Wynter reflected further, she realized Margaret had been accused of medical malpractice just six months later. After the Gibsons took control of the hospital, they never bothered to investigate the equipment or surgeries performed whether they were costly or involved in organ tracking.

In particular, they had been issuing birth certificates for abducted children. Even more coincidentally, Riverfield was nestled deep within the mountains a home to all human traffickers.

Wynter could never forget her traumatic time in Riverfield. The villagers had completely lost their sense of moral judgment and believed it was entirely normal to purchase a wife or son.

The images of Elliot locked in the cellar, the dog chained in the yard, and the young students imprisoned together were etched in Wynter's mind. Whenever she thought about it, a chill settled deep in her heart.

She had witnessed countless acts of human cruelty. But no matter how loudly the public condemned such horrors, those villagers remained unfazed and carried on with their depravity. It would appear that their sinister nature was ingrained in their bones.

Wynter recalled how the village chief seemed to think he was above the law. His complete lack of fear toward any official investigations suggested he had protection, much like the situation in Valen Village.

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

Chapter 1652 A Big Scheme

Reflecting on her thoughts, Wynter gazed at Judah from behind the one-way mirror.

It appeared the forces behind the Southdale incident stretched further than Kingbourne. Years of calculated scheming and ruthless oppression were fueled by more than just riches and power-they sought to secure a longer life as well.

In their pursuit of eternal youth, they had established a supply chain and eliminated anyone who dared to stand in their way. To them, others' lives were inconsequential.

Margaret had once been their target, and now they were after the Whitman family to seize control of the Chamber of Commerce. If they could merge the scholarship committee with the Chamber of Commerce, they could operate at a larger scale and draw less suspicion.

It was much like the hospital that fell under the Gibsons' authority. No one would expect the prestigious hospital to actually be a slaughterhouse.

The deeper Wynter delved, the clearer it became that an unseen hand had been orchestrating those events. As she pondered whether the locations involved had been infiltrated, her mind flashed back to the pandemic that Yvette had mentioned.

With a frown, Wynter decided to memorize all of Judah's contributions during his time in Southdale, including his earliest diagnosis of mid-stage cancer.

Back then, the higher-ups had taken pity on his condition and reassigned him to a different position. Surprisingly, Judah fully recovered when he returned for his next checkup.

He even asserted that he was in perfect health to serve as mayor, presenting a medical report that contrasted his previous condition.

As Wynter reviewed the records, she reached a conclusion -Judah had gone to great lengths to rise through the ranks. He had been certain that he would become the new head once Julius retired. However, he never anticipated an outsider to seize the position instead.

It became apparent that Judah hadn't undergone a blood transfusion to extend his life but to change his fortune. He was convinced that those blessed with extraordinary luck could bring him the fortune he sought.

While others might not see the connection, Wynter had different insights thanks to her innate knowledge of the Arcane Way.

After studying the missing scholarship students' personal details, she discovered several of their horoscopes were compatible with Judah's. In other words, those students were the premium goods emphasized during the auction. Wynter narrowed her eyes, knowing that she lacked crucial evidence. A surgery like Judah's typically wouldn't be found in official records, but Fredric might hold some answers.

It now dawned on Wynter why Fredric's career had progressed so smoothly. It turned out he was born in Riverfield, which was the very reason Judah chose to support him.

Upon reviewing Judah's career history, Wynter wisely ran a background check on Fredric. Hardly anyone knew that Fredric had changed his place of origin on official records. If Wynter hadn't dug deeper, that secret might have been buried forever.

After all, no one would suspect Fredric of being a Hawford citizen. His thick accent and mannerisms showed no difference from that of a typical Hawfordian.

Even his longtime secretary was convinced that he was a local. It seemed like Fedric had put great effort into his disguise.

With that thought, Wynter rose from the seat. Just as she was about to head back inside, someone opened the door. "Boss, we've brought the man over for interrogation. Mr. Keller is here, too. He seems to have figured out your identity," the person reported.

Wynter replied languidly, "Lucas is probably aware by now. As for Mr. Monty, let him first identify his superior from behind the glass."

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

Chapter 1653 Hit with the Harsh Truth

As Fredric was escorted in, he doubted that Lucas would discover Judah's involvement. Throughout the years, he had never publicly interacted with Judah. Instead, Julius seemed more like the mastermind pulling the strings.

On top of that, it had been well known that Fredric shared a close relationship with Julius and was often seen as his protégé.

With that in mind, Fredric regained his composure. He believed the Special Unit had linked him to Julius' investigation simply because Keesha had attended the auction. Even so, they had no solid evidence that tied him to the crime.

Fredric suspected that the Special Unit was attempting to trick him with a standard ruse. But given his own background in the political field, he wasn't one to be fooled. That was why he had remained calm and composed throughout the entire ordeal.

Upon his arrival, he unhesitatingly asserted his innocence. "I believe there's been a misunderstanding. I'll fully cooperate with the investigation, but I just hope you'll clear my name."

The officer who received him, a member of the Special Unit, didn't bother with the pleasantries. Instead, they simply gave him a silent look.

However, Fredric took their silence as a validation of his assumptions. Just before he entered, he caught a glimpse of Julius being escorted into a car.

Everything clicked into place, and now was the time to set Judah's escape plan in motion.

As long as Julius took the full blame, Lucas would settle the case accordingly and leave the truth buried. Besides, no one could figure out their true plans. Even Judah, involved in their scheme, wouldn't suspect a thing.

Feeling at ease, Fredric took a leisurely sip of his drink. However, he instantly froze when he saw Wynter walking into the room.

Fredric's eyes widened in shock, and he instinctively looked around. Eventually, he confirmed that he was indeed there for further questioning.

But why was Wynter the one interrogating him? And how did she gain access to the provincial department? Also, shouldn't she be locked up in prison?

Fredric's earlier composure faded away in an instant, and he could barely mask his fluster. It was just too sudden.

Little did he know that Wynter intentionally showed up when he was least prepared, all to elicit such a reaction. She greeted Fredric and gestured for him to sit.

"It's been a while, Mr. Monty, though you seem a bit nervous. It's understandable, considering the very individual you plotted against and sent to prison has now appeared before you," Wynter commented languidly as she twirled a pen between her fingers.

Fredric was entirely speechless. His face drained of color, and his lips trembled.

However, Wynter stripped away his disguise with a few sharp words. "It seems what you asked of Edison didn't quite work out. This isn't like you, Mr. Monty.

"You worked your way up from a humble director, so you should've known better than to underestimate someone from a small place. You schemed against me without even bothering to dig into my background. Have you figured out where you want to be locked up, Mr. Monty?"

Despite cold sweats beading on his forehead, Fredric stubbornly refuted, "This is the provincial department. I request to be interrogated by a professional."

Wynter stopped twirling her pen and gazed up at the surveillance camera. "Well then, let's show you some professionalism."

The window creaked open, revealing an impatient Judah on the other side.

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

Chapter 1654 Truth and Interest

Fredric felt as if his world had collapsed. No matter how much he had calculated, he never anticipated that Judah would be under suspicion.

Wynter stood up, resting one hand on the table, her voice as clear as crystal. "I've taken particular note of some of your abilities.

"For instance, even though we were born in the same place, people see me as just some country bumpkin brought in from a remote area. You, however, have somehow transformed yourself into Hawford's 'native.'"

Fredric visibly shook as he whipped his gaze toward Wynter in shock. His origins had always been a sore spot for him. It was a part of himself he was desperate to rewrite.

Branded a "self-made man" for so many years, he had tried everything to erase his rural background. He drank coffee, listened to records, and even filled his house with antique items from Hawford, all meticulously chosen to give the impression he was native-born.

He couldn't understand how Wynter knew!

"You seem surprised," Wynter remarked, her tone unhurried. "Everything about you-down to the smallest detail has already been laid bare by your higher-up."

Fredric clenched his fists. He didn't want to believe Wynter's words.

However, Wynter wasn't about to let him off easily. "Actually, that's pretty understandable. After all, it's common practice for those big shots to push someone out as a scapegoat. Oh, didn't a certain director just jump off a building recently?

"It seems that all the things you've done are finally catching up to you. Now, it's your turn to play the scapegoat."

Fredric was so shaken he could barely think. When Wynter mentioned his origins, he felt a wave of genuine terror.

Without thinking, he blurted out, "That was Mr. Randell's decision, not mine!"

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "That's odd. Judah is currently working at the provincial level, so what could possibly require a minor director to take the fall?"

Fredric's agitation was evident. He was well aware that taking responsibility for such actions could lead directly to a death sentence.

Determined to save himself, his voice grew louder. "Because the rumors and actions against domestic goods were all pushed by Mr. Randell from behind the scenes.

"Yet, you not only managed to save the applesauce factory, but you even dug into the related departments with a tenacity that made it clear you intended to get to the root of things.

"Mr. Randell couldn't risk anyone unearthing the past, so he needed someone to be the scapegoat to quell public anger. If the investigation really continues... there will be more to be uncovered," he added in a much softer voice.

Even so, from the other interrogation room, Judah could hear the exchange happening nearby. He couldn't believe Fredric really was the one who had spilled everything. Enraged, he slammed his hands on the table.

Fredric couldn't hear the events unfolding in Judah's room. Anxious to clear his own name and fearing Wynter's retaliation, he continued spilling everything he knew.

"The reason Mr. Randell managed to climb the ranks so quickly was because of his impressive record handling economic crimes. He was even recognized for it back then.

"But what no one knew was how his so-called achievements were built. They were paid for by foreign investors. In exchange, he implemented what they call the non-interference policy. There were three rules to it.

"Firstly, he would ignore any malicious rumors foreign investors spread about local businesses. Secondly, whenever a domestic company protested against the suppression, he would suggest they try financing their operations.

"Lastly, if anyone from above came to investigate, he'd shield the foreign investors, claiming it was all for development."

Seeing that Wynter's expression remained unreadable, Fredric grew desperate, convinced she doubted him.

"It's true! This all happened two decades ago-you can check the news reports from back then! The Quinnell and Whitman families refused to cooperate. That was why..."

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

Chapter 1655 The Truth from Years Ago

Wynter's gaze deepened as she listened to Fredric. "That was why what?"

Fredric hesitated. "Mr. Randell must have already told you about this."

"He only disclosed your actions, not his own." Wynter smirked slightly.

Hearing this, Fredric gritted his teeth. "I was only following his orders."

Then, looking almost pleadingly at Wynter, he added, "Ms. Quinnell, haven't you already uncovered what happened to your grandmother, and why your mother fell out with the Whitman family all those years ago?"

"All of it was orchestrated by Judah! He knew the Quinnell and Whitman families' bond was deeply rooted in the challenging times they faced together. It was practically an unshakable relationship.

"Typical schemes wouldn't affect them, no matter how much hardship was created. Even when Shane deceived your two uncles, Mr. Whitman Senior didn't waver. As long as Mr. Quinnell Senior was around, their relationship would hold.

"Judah never understood how they kept such a bond, but he knew that the Quinnell and Whitman families, at the peak of their power, had to be separated. Otherwise, even if he rose to power, he'd still lack influence over certain areas in the business world.

"That was why he decided to undermine them from within. Mr. Whitman Senior was a scholarly businessman, devoted to his wife and daughter. If anything were to happen to those two, it would irreparably destroy the bond between the Quinnell and Whitman families."

Fredric paused and clasped his hands in front of him anxiously before continuing

cautiously, "Mrs. Whitman Senior's death was no accident. Judah had someone administer a drug-a stimulant.

"It wouldn't be fatal if used on a healthy person. However, since Mrs. Whitman Senior had a pre-existing heart condition, it appeared entirely natural. This was especially true given that she was faced with stressful conditions then.

"Her daughter wouldn't return home, and her son-in-law only brought trouble. Everyone naturally assumed Mrs. Whitman Senior's death was due to the emotional strain your mother caused."

Fredric expected Wynter to react strongly to his words, but to his surprise, she remained silent. Instead, she activated a recording device, her eyes deep and unfathomable as she stared at him without a word.

Fredric had met countless people, but for the first time, he was genuinely scared by the look of a young woman.

The calmer Wynter appeared, the more intense the murderous intent in her gaze. It was as

if, had he not been sitting there, she would have reached out and strangled him, ending him right then and there.

Wynter's hand had indeed moved, the violence in her demeanor so palpable that she seemed to have disregarded everything else in the moment.

Sensing the danger, Fredric panicked. He couldn't help but shout into the camera, "Help! She's going to kill me! Help!"

This shout finally brought Wynter back to her senses. She looked at him, a slight smile curving her lips. "I didn't expect you to be afraid. You've said so much and blamed everything on Judah, but some of it doesn't match the details I've uncovered.

"For instance, what you just mentioned. According to my investigation, my mom, despite being ill, still came to Hawford to see my grandmother. It was you who told those who had met her to not inform the Whitman family.

"The reason this news was kept under wraps so well was because you were working behind the scenes."

Wynter leaned in closer to Fredric, her voice cold. "You hate the Whitman family and my grandfather because he saw through your true nature when you were just an insignificant official.

"If it weren't for my grandfather, you would have turned a blind eye to the environmental pollution for power and money. You didn't just follow Judah's order—you did this for your own benefit."

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

Chapter 1656 Turning on Each Other

Fredric didn't expect that Wynter had investigated this much. He couldn't understand why she hadn't arrested him directly with all the information she knew.

Wynter saw through his thoughts and said calmly, "Ordinary commercial and economic crimes are a form of mercy for people like you. Well then, Mr. Monty, it's time for you to meet your mentor."

Wynter snapped her fingers, and the door opened.

Upon hearing everything, Judah was more than ready to end Fredric with his own hands.

Finally having a chance to speak, he couldn't hold it in anymore and shouted, "You ungrateful dog! If it weren't for my promotion, you'd still be in that rural mountain! Do you think you could have achieved what you have now? And you dare to push everything onto me!"

Hearing that voice, Fredric's head was buzzing. He turned to Wynter, completely understanding that he had been played.

Wynter didn't bother looking at him and simply stood up. Meanwhile, Judah continued to yell at him, his usual gentle demeanor completely shattered.

At this point, Fredric saw no need to hold back. Whoever held the least amount of guilt would get a chance to delay their punishment.

Fredric sneered. "I'm just stating the facts. How many sins have you committed, and how many lives have you killed to keep your old life going? I shouldn't need to remind you.

"From that time in Southdale, you've been scheming to change your blood. Wasn't it the same this time? You've been pushing me time and time again to take down the Chamber of Commerce."

"Shut up!" Judah growled, his voice low and menacing. The veins on his neck were bulging, and there was a faint dark hue spreading.

But Fredric wasn't afraid of him anymore. "I've got everything you've done all documented in my office. Over the years, every time you've had a blood transfusion, I've been the one coordinating it. Don't forget about the Gibson family in Southdale."

Judah had once thought that Fredric's cleverness was his greatest asset. As it turned out, he really did have the brains, but this kind of scheming ended up backfiring on him. He regretted wasting so much resources for a man like Fredric!

Now, he was trembling with anger, his body—a body that had been kept alive by someone else's life was showing signs of stress. His face darkened as he clutched his chest. His appearance was starkly different from his usual self, resembling more akin to a furious demon.

When Lucas entered, he was greeted by the chaotic scene unfolding before him. Julius had set him up, and Judah had buried a mess of troubles for him as well.

Lucas understood the gravity of the situation. If it weren't for Wynter, he had no idea how long it would take to untangle the web of schemes in front of him. The incidents had occurred too long ago, and many traces had been wiped clean.

Looking at Judah's past achievements, no one would have suspected that he was involved in so many deaths—each case more shocking than the last.

But that wasn't the most troubling part. At this point, no one could truly know how many foreign enemies and traitors Judah had quietly planted across various industries.

After reviewing the information Wynter had provided in the car, that was Lucas' greatest concern.

Judah only stopped when he saw Lucas enter. He supported himself on the desk, panting heavily before saying bitterly, "If I can't become the top dog, neither will you! Just wait and see!"

Then, he started laughing maniacally but continued soon, "Do you think capturing me will change anything? I'll take everything I know to my grave, and you'll never get any information.

"Especially you, Lucas! You came out of nowhere and destroyed years of my hard work! Now, do you think you can use me to make a name for yourself? Impossible!"

Judah's malice was without reason.

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

Chapter 1657 As Deserved

The fact that Judah had committed atrocities like the ones he did in Southdale showed he had long since lost his humanity.

However, Wynter was an expert at dealing with such evil. She toyed with her purple sugilite pendant, letting out a faint chuckle.

"That sounds impressive. Did the one who helped you leach others' fortune to extend your own not tell you? The more fortune you borrow, the more vengeful spirits cling to you."

Judah froze for a moment, then burst out laughing. "Vengeful spirits? They're just lowly people. If they had any guts, they would have fought back when they were alive. What can a bunch of nobodies possibly do to me?"

He was completely brazen. With the fortune he had stolen, even a death sentence wouldn't scare him. He'd still reincarnate with the same luck and rise to power again.

But Wynter saw through him. "You're so fearless because you think borrowed fortune will guarantee you a good reincarnation. That is why even death fails to frighten you. Conveniently, I have something that can sever your stolen fortune."

As Wynter spoke, she threw a lucky token, letting a drop of blood form on her fingertip. Instantly, her Soul Commanding Badge morphed into a long sword.

Invisible to ordinary eyes, the blade emanated such powerful spiritual power that it left Leo gasping under its weight.

Every soul above and below ground trembled. In the depths of the underworld, spirits quaked as the sword's force rippled through. Even the underworld guards covered their ears as a shockwave of reverberation passed through. They exchanged a look-this weapon was no ordinary tool!

And it was no wonder. It was a sword powerful enough to sever the heavenly luck. Its energy resonated beyond the underworld. Even cultivators on Mt. Dragon could sense the unusual energy.

The crow perched on a nearby branch stared in the sword's direction for a few seconds before flying down to rest on Dalton's shoulder.

But Judah, blind to the shifting forces around him, scoffed. To him, Wynter was merely bluffing. He laughed off the idea that Wynter could sever his fortune.

Those he had sacrificed had become a part of him the moment their blood was absorbed. He even felt they should feel honored to have contributed to his power.

However, in the next instant, Judah froze. A sharp, unseen force seemed to sever something above him, and he felt it acutely as several strands of his hair inexplicably fell.

But worse, he was confronted by a horrifying sight-women with severed limbs and hollow eyes stared at him, some even placing skeletal hands on his shoulder.

Judah's scream of terror pierced the room. He looked at Fredric's confused expression, then at Lucas' furrowed brow, realizing with horror that no one else could see them.

"Stay away!" Judah stumbled backward, throwing whatever he could reach. But it was useless-they were everywhere, surrounding him.

Panic finally broke through his arrogance, and he dropped to his knees. "I was wrong-I truly was wrong! The fortune I stole... I'll give it back!"

From Fredric's perspective, Judah appeared to be bowing frantically toward the mirror, talking to things no one else could see. Fredric couldn't help but glance toward Wynter. Had her talk about severing fortune truly done something?

"Don't cling to me! Stay away!" Judah's voice was raw, his hands clawing at his face in a frantic force. Anyone who saw him now would undoubtedly think he was possessed.

Frdric couldn't help the chill that ran down his spine. The sight was unsettling. He couldn't understand what Judah had seen, but Fredric had a hunch that it was definitely connected to the murders he had committed.

However, he clearly remembered that the medium had once said that the dead feared most the ones who took their lives.

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

Chapter 1658 Fear

Furthermore, for all these years, Judah had been shielded by this fortune. It was impossible for him to see anything like this.

Fredric instinctively took a step back, his face paling. He couldn't help but wonder if Wynter's interference had caused Fredric's stolen fortune to dissipate.

But that was a formation set by the medium. According to the medium, even if the underworld guards came, they wouldn't be able to intervene.

If the fortune could be stolen, it meant that the heavenly law had allowed it. If the heavens had agreed, that fortune would, by rights, accompany Judah through several lifetimes.

Fredric trembled as he watched Judah become more terrified, shaking violently and even crying out in fear. No one had ever told them that Wynter knew the Arcane Way!

Aside from Wynter's subordinates, the only one left there was Fredric, who was about to be sentenced. Hence, she naturally had no need to hide anything anymore.

She walked up to Judah. "Go ahead and take your revenge since you have endless time. If this life isn't enough, there will be the next. You've taken lives, and stolen fortunes.

"Now, you want to come back during your next life with a good fate. Judah Randell, I won't allow it. Even if the heavenly law approves, I won't let you get your wish. And as for what you know..."

Wynter crouched down in front of him, her eyes filled with murderous intent. "Is someone planning to harm Cascadia's fortune or preparing for the pandemic that will soon happen?"

Judah froze, unable to say another word. He tilted his head back, as though silently asking how she knew about it. Wynter's gaze was cold and calm. "The Special Unit can find clues from your daily habits. So, I'm not interested in whatever you've confessed to anymore, and I don't need to investigate any further. I'll leave you to them."

Wynter stood up after speaking, leaving behind a pale, terrified Judah. He had gone completely mad!

Fredric trembled all over as he watched everything unfold.

When Wynter approached him, he instinctively took a step back, nearly losing his balance. His speech quickened, almost panicked. "I know everything he knows and have kept an eye out! I'll confess! I'll tell you everything!"

He was genuinely scared now. If he had been trying to hold back before, now he dared not try any tricks in front of Wynter, who had successfully made an example out of Judah.

Wynter calmly wiped her hands with a tissue, lifting her chin slightly to signal for others to come in and take the statement. From there on, others could handle the questioning. She had more pressing matters to attend to.

As the interrogation reached its conclusion, something occurred to Wynter. She already knew the purpose behind it all the Chamber of Commerce. She was certain that there were people connected to the scholarship committee within the Chamber of Commerce as well.

Gordon had worked hard to establish that Chamber, and she would not let it fall into the wrong hands.

At this moment, Edison was still feeling smug. Although Fredric hadn't responded to his messages, he didn't think much of it. After all, Fredric had already told him that he was accompanying Lucas.

Stetson, however, had a bad feeling.

But Edison reassured him, "Mr. Leftnan, you're just overthinking. Don't you know what kind of person Mr. Monty is? He's the second-in-command in Hawford. If anyone wants to go against him, it would have to be the first-in-command or someone from the provincial government, right?

"And, even if we assume the worst, Mr. Monty has connections with people from the provincial government. Do

you really think anyone can just target him out of nowhere?"

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

Chapter 1659 Dead End

Listening to Edison's words, the tension Stetson felt slowly eased. However, his face didn't show any signs of a smile.

Seeing this, Edison walked over and said, "Mr. Leftnan, the people from the Chamber of Commerce will be here soon to celebrate my appointment as the acting chairman. You should come along, too. If it weren't for you, the Whitman family would still be causing trouble."

Stetson didn't respond with much enthusiasm. He considered Edison to be someone who could only flatter the powerful and was utterly lacking in true ability.

However, Stetson couldn't directly express his discontent, so he simply nodded in acknowledgment.

Edison could tell Stetson was just going through the motions. He secretly thought that Stetson was merely a senile old fool who didn't know his place.

Once he solidified his position as acting chairman, he would make sure Stetson got what was coming to him. For now, he didn't show any signs of resentment, acting with an exaggerated respect toward him.

At this point, Stetson's mood had improved slightly. He had been restless ever since he couldn't get in touch with Fredric.

It was rare for him to feel unsettled, but now, he was starting to regret some of his decisions.

He had expelled the Quinnell family's descendant and had sidelined the Whitman family. Instead, he ended up selecting someone without much capability to be the acting chairman.

He had essentially wagered his decades of prestige on this, though outwardly, he hadn't heard much in terms of opposition.

However, there was still a person Stetson was worried about-Cleo Sinclair. Stetson saw Cleo as a mad dog raised by Gordon. Who knew what kind of trouble he might stir up? And there were also the remaining elders from the Quinnell family who might come to confront him.

The Waldron family, though without true talent, was obedient. They were fine as puppets. After all, if he had chosen someone with actual ability, they might not have been so easy to control, just like Noah and Taylor.

Thinking about this, Stetson decided to let go of his stubbornness.

Soon, members of the Chamber of Commerce began to trickle in, all offering their congratulations to Edison. This Chamber of Commerce had always been dominated by the Whitman and Wray families in terms of influence. Yet, no one expected the acting chairman to be someone like Edison. While he was still just an acting chairman, that was enough for now. Furthermore, with Stetson personally overseeing things, the message was clear.

There was also another crucial piece of information. Fredric had dined alone with Edison, and it was done openly, without any attempts to hide it. This was a clear signal to everyone that Edison had connections. The Whitman family was clearly done for.

Stetson began to speak when he saw that everyone had arrived. "Everyone, as we all know, the Whitman family used to manage many affairs within the Chamber of Commerce. However, we need someone to take over these matters now, or else there will be many problems.

"Since Edison is now the acting chairman, let's allow him to decide on these matters."

As he continued to speak, he glanced sideways. "The Chamber of Commerce has always prided itself on cooperation, shared resources, and harmonious prosperity.

"Unfortunately, some previous proposals were never fully implemented, leaving our Chamber stagnating and losing many overseas markets. Hence, it is now time for a change in how we make our decisions."

After hearing this, the crowd nodded in agreement. "Mr. Leftnan is right. It was always the Whitman family making all the decisions. As this decision-making body's members, our opinions were often rejected by them.

"Many of my overseas partners were interested in joining the Chamber, but the Whitman family always refused to allow foreign companies to join, claiming it violated the late Mr. Quinnell Senior's founding principles.

"If they had been more open-minded, our Chamber would have expanded globally by now."

Another person chimed in, "Exactly! The Whitman family weren't even big shots, yet they didn't want to see us thrive.

"Mr. Leftnan, Mr. Waldron, look at the current situation-everyone's making money online now. We could easily create a program and collaborate with an overseas company. By locking the IP address there, we'd essentially make money without lifting a finger."

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

Chapter 1660 The Plot Twist

The crowd buzzed with lively discussion, with several of Edison's supporters eagerly agreeing to his every word. After all, they had joined the Chamber of Commerce for the sole reason of making money!

One member laughed gleefully. "We were constantly held back by the Whitman family, blocking us from plenty of profitable ventures.

"Now, they're not only struggling with their dealers, but I also heard from a friend that their market value has plummeted. It's only a matter of time before they declare bankruptcy!"

Edison loved nothing more than listening to the Whitmans' downfall, yet he still hid his excitement under a calm facade. "They're our old acquaintances. Seeing the Whitman family like this, I can't help but feel a sense of pity.

"When they truly can't keep it together anymore, perhaps the Chamber can send someone to check on Mr. Whitman Senior and see if he'd like our help-maybe by selling us some of his shares."

This wasn't an offer of help but an underbanded attempt to push Reuben over the edge.

Hearing this, the group burst into laughter.

"It looks like we might not even need to make that trip. The Whitman family's 'perfect' granddaughter has already dragged them into an irrecoverable mess!"

"They brought this upon themselves! We are all businessmen, so how could we not know that she was building a reputation as a national hero? Let's see how she can keep up that act now!"

Edison raised a hand to silence the crowd. "That was all in the past. From now on, we make our own rules in the Chamber of Commerce. We'll do the business we want and befriend whoever we choose!"

With no restrictions holding them back, these people were wild with excitement.

Despite past rules against indulgence within the Chamber of Commerce, Edison clapped his hands, summoning a group of women in white stockings and alluring postures.

After the closing of Club Solstice, the women once hidden by the Wray family were now kept by Edison. Now, reopening this "club" here in the Chamber of Commerce seemed perfect-after all, what better place than this? As expected, all of the people at the gathering were male. Several members' eyes shifted when they saw the women. "Tonight, we drink without limits!"

With Fredric on their side, they felt untouchable. Nobody would dare to investigate this place now, and the Whitman family's downfall had finally freed them to indulge as they pleased!

At the same time, another wave of people gathered outside the Whitman Group building this time from the supply chain.

Everyone assumed the Whitman family couldn't hold on any longer, yet Reuben remained calm. He was firm with his decisions. Those who breached their contracts received nothing, and those with contracts due got their deliveries, but there would be no future collaboration.

Just as he announced his decision, a voice called out from the crowd. "Everyone, check the news online!"

Online? What could possibly be happening online?

The personal bloggers, who had gathered to capture the Whitman family's so-called demise, quickly pulled out their phones.

The news, tagging both the Quinnell and Whitman families in the post, was nothing short of a bombshell. "Recently, certain individuals fabricated stories to defame businesses, using unfair competition tactics to falsely accuse and imprison others. Investigations have clarified the facts, as follows.

"The Quinnell and Whitman Groups have not engaged in any stock market disruptions. They are highly committed to nurturing domestic brands, pioneering technical advancements, and fostering technological research.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior once stated that technology should serve people, rather than being an unattainable luxury. Mr. Whitman Senior, with an educational background and a scholar's demeanor, has protected numerous private manufacturers from foreign competition.

"We often speak of the need for business leaders with integrity, yet such examples are rare. These senior entrepreneurs, setting such honorable standards, should not have to endure groundless misfortunes.

"As for the Quinnell Group's CEO, Wynter Quinnell, her involvement in the stock market was a move to stabilize it. This case is linked to foreign influences, and her infiltration into enemy ranks was pivotal in uncovering a 20-year -long local corruption scandal."