

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

Chapter 1661 Standing Up for Wynter

"I, for one, extend my gratitude to Ms. Quinnell for her contribution."

One post after another began appearing, practically setting the entire internet ablaze.

"What does this mean?"

"Don't you get it? It means Wynter was wrongly accused."

"Hold on, it's more than that! There's mention of a massive corruption case. I'm so confused!"

"That person who said, 'I, for one, extend my gratitude,' is hilarious."

"Dude, I think you're the hilarious one. Check their title! That's a newly appointed provincial official, with a military rank!"

"So... we were criticizing the wrong person this whole time?"

"I knew it! Ms. Quinnell wouldn't stoop to some fake persona!"

"Exactly! I checked the news again. This makes her out to be way more impressive than what people thought! She entered the stock market to save it! That's some serious commitment!"

"It requires power, money, and a genuine sense of duty to the common people. Who else would go out of their way to stabilize the market?"

"So, if this involved foreign forces, does that mean they were trying to launder money through our markets, and Ms. Quinnell was protecting us against it? And were people attacking her for it? I just don't understand."

"People got misled! I shouldn't have criticized her. I really regret it now."

"But why now? If she was innocent, why didn't this come out earlier? Why wait?"

Eliana, who had been by Anson's side, couldn't hold back any longer after seeing these comments and snapped back.

Using her personal social media account, Eliana replied to the comment, "Because she was saving us at that time! Right now, I'm not the only one with a phone-I'm sure other girls like me were also rescued.

"The scholarship committee tricked us and had powerful backing. Ms. Wynter disrupted their operations, so they slapped a false charge on her. But she didn't give in.

"She went to the interviews in my place. I don't know exactly what she went through, but I really want to know if she's safe now."

This comment left readers stunned, yet it quickly triggered a wave of responses from others who were also speaking up.

"I was also chosen by the same committee. They said it was because of my grades, and that I'd get to study abroad as an exchange student.

"But there was no interview-they drugged us, then put us up for sale. If it weren't for Ms. Quinnell stepping in, I wouldn't be alive to tell the tale."

"Me too! I was safely brought back home, too. I also want to know if Ms. Quinnell is safe now!"

"I was there for that so-called 'interview,' too. I can vouch for what they're saying!"

"She's been protecting us the whole time. She came to our rescue when we thought no one would. I don't get why people keep accusing her of 'faking a persona.'

"How exactly is she doing that? By putting her life on the line? How could bringing the heroic spirits home be a charade? She livestreamed from that trafficking village, so how could that be staged? Please, wake up!"

The trending topics shifted once again, but this time, there were no more accusations directed at Wynter. Instead, the "Scholarship Committee" began to dominate the conversations.

More and more voices emerged, revealing truths that sent shivers down people's spines.

"Was she targeted because of what she uncovered?"

"These people are worse than animals! They even manipulated us into attacking the Quinnell and Whitman families!"

"I can't believe I was so blind!"

"There must be some powerful figure behind this!"

"I need to apologize to the Whitman family!"

"I will, too! Gosh, I will never blindly criticize anyone again!"

Yet, some parts of the case-particularly those involving the Scholarship Committee-still couldn't be fully revealed to the public as the details were too horrific to digest.

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Chapter 1662 The Truth Revealed

The internet, as usual, would naturally try to block certain keywords. Usually, this information would filter out sensitive information before it was posted.

However, this time, with Lucas overseeing things, he was determined to clear Wynter's name within the boundaries of the law.

Moreover, the number of people Wynter had saved was simply too great, and even if they tried to control the narrative, it was no match for public opinion. Hence, they decided not to interfere too much, only providing necessary oversight.

Every time Wynter handed over a major case or achieved a breakthrough, Lucas took care of the aftermath, essentially doing the work that Dalton had intended to do.

In just a few minutes, the topic surrounding Wynter was unstoppable, only growing more intense.

The spotlight on the Quinnell and Whitman families reached an unprecedented level of attention. And the phrase, "I'm going to apologize to the Whitman family," was buzzing online.

The personal bloggers on-site were all stunned.

The good news for them was that whoever could capture the scene with the Whitman family would see their traffic surge.

The bad news, however, was that the content they had previously posted-attacking and slandering the Whitman family-had led to their accounts being banned.

Some of their followers were even discussing in private groups that they must have been paid to spread negative stories about the Whitman family. And it was true-they were indeed paid.

Many of these personal bloggers, especially those who once posed as public intellectuals, had ties to foreign influences. Now, their accounts had been banned, and they were left facing backlash.

The internet, known for digging into every detail, had unearthed their connections, and these influencers knew that further repercussions were coming. Despite seeing the Whitman family make a comeback, they dared not to speak out again.

As the topic continued to dominate discussions online, the Whitman family's market value exploded, showing an unprecedented surge.

Those suppliers who had canceled their contracts and laughed earlier were now left frozen in shock. They couldn't believe that Wynter was still able to turn the tables around.

One of them snatched the phone from his assistant. "Impossible! There is no way this is real!"

"But the announcement is already out..." his assistant replied.

No one was willing to believe it. These people had been clinging to a powerful benefactor, thinking that all they needed to do was wait quietly for success to come their way. But instead, they had sabotaged themselves and lost the fortune they had in their grasp!

Some of the more fragile business owners nearly fainted, while the dealers who had been supplying goods to the Whitman family were even more desperate.

Now, anything branded with the Whitman family name was in high demand, and their products were flying off the shelves.

The only apology the public could think of was buying their products. They felt deeply ashamed for having slandered them, especially after realizing the truth about what the Whitman family had been doing all these years. The numerous people who had been worried about Wynter's safety now understood that there were powerful forces that had been using the common people, and it was her who had stood up to uncover the truth.

Unfortunately, they had fallen into the trap and spent days cursing her. Hence, many of them added a special note

when making orders. "Apologies to Ms. Quinnell!"

This sudden wave of goodwill left the Whitman family completely caught off guard.

The dealers who had previously believed Reuben and didn't breach their contracts were now laughing in disbelief, unable to contain their joy.

In contrast, the dealers who had just canceled their contracts were now breaking out in cold sweats. This was because the now sharp-eyed people online had turned their focus onto these companies' social media accounts.

They accused these businesses of intentionally pushing the Whitman family over the edge by terminating their contracts with them while they were being attacked by rumors.

"Ungrateful dogs! Your company is nothing but ungrateful! If it weren't for the Whitman family, you wouldn't even be where you are now, and yet you're kicking them while they're down!"

"There must be someone pulling the strings!"

Looking at the comments, some of the bosses panicked. "Quick! Contact Mr. Waldron now!"

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Chapter 1663 High-End Club

Meanwhile, Edison was still reveling in his hedonistic celebration.

The Chamber of Commerce's previously formal atmosphere had transformed into something more akin to a high-end club, with drinks flowing and cigars lit.

Each man was accompanied by at least two women dressed in the lightest of silks, seductive smiles on every face. They were indulging in the beauties by their side, their presence lending an intoxicating allure to the room.

In the middle of his revelry, Edison's phone began ringing. Thinking it was Rosalyn, he didn't bother checking his phone and simply shut it off.

Meanwhile, the anxious dealers were frantically trying to reach him. Furious messages and inquiries from the public were bombarding their company profiles, questioning their integrity as suppliers.

Had they simply held on to their contracts with the Whitman family, they'd be thriving right now, riding the wave of public support. But instead, they'd gotten nothing but criticisms! The benefits Edison had promised them were nowhere to be seen.

With such a huge scandal, he should at least explain himself-anything to justify the fallout. Now, not only were there no words of assurance, but they couldn't even reach him!

Some of their accounts were flooded with so much criticism that they had to turn off the comments.

"Hey, have you had any luck reaching Mr. Waldron?"

"I just tried! It says the number I was dialing is unavailable!"

"Same here! What are we supposed to do? I only canceled my deal with the Whitman family because Mr. Waldron said so! Now everything's turned around like some movie plot, but he's vanished!"

"Dammit! Do you think Edison tricked us? Did he get us to cancel our contracts with the Whitman family only to disappear afterward? Is he making a fool out of us?"

The longer they spoke, the more suspicious they grew. After all, Edison's phone was switched off.

Then, someone texted in the group chat. "I found him! He's at the Chamber of Commerce! I'm nearby, so I'll head over now. He's got to give us an explanation!"

Edison, completely intoxicated, was swaying atop a glass table with a microphone in hand.

He coughed, quieting the raucous crowd, and began, "Ladies and gentlemen, as the Chamber of Commerce's acting chairman, I promise that as long as I, Edison Waldron, is here, you'll have a glass to drink!

"Only stubborn old-timers like the Whitman family care about outdated rules. I—"

Before he could finish, there was a huge ruckus. The guards stationed outside were suddenly kicked through the door, crashing heavily onto the floor.

A figure stood straight in the doorway, and the Chamber of Commerce members, already a bit tipsy from the alcohol, squinted in confusion, unable to make out the person's face. They wondered what was going on.

The members exchanged a glance, and instantly, the alcohol's effect began to wear off. They shook their heads, hastily trying to let go of the women they were holding, their attention fully shifting to the figure.

As the person approached, it felt exactly like their first meeting with her—an overwhelming presence of authority radiated from her, combined with a scion's arrogance.

The lights in the room suddenly blazed to life, glaringly bright.

"How dare you guys tarnish the Chamber of Commerce's reputation like this?"

The coldness in Wynter's eyes was unmistakable. She had been to the frontlines, and she knew what Gordon had

envisioned when he first founded the Chamber of Commerce.

His goal had always been for Cascadian businesspeople to support one another so that no one would go hungry and that they would not fall behind in both technology and the economy.

He believed that falling behind would only lead to being exploited, which was why unity had always been their strongest principle.

Back then, the elders who were part of the Chamber of Commerce would read the Youth Daily, always trying to provide help when needed.

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Chapter 1664 The Reason for Their Downfall

Some people were skilled at networking, some at research and development, and others at trade.

Back then, foreign countries were more advanced, and the older generation did everything they could to learn from them.

Many things they achieved were the result of trial and error. They were done all for the people's prosperity and the country's strength.

But now, these people with no conscience had turned this place into their playground for indulgence!

Wynter didn't waste any more words. Whoever approached her, she would twist and break their wrist.

The loud crack snapped everyone out of their drunken stupor instantly. Some stumbled back in shock, their eyes wide with fear and confusion.

Edison had drunk the most. After all, he had everything he wanted today. He was celebrating becoming the Chamber of Commerce's acting chairman.

From now on, he thought, the entire Chamber of Commerce was his to control, so he didn't think anyone would be able to stop him from drinking a little.

"Who is it? Who dares to make trouble here?" he slurred.

As Edison mumbled to himself, he squinted under the harsh light as he recognized the last person he expected to see standing at the door-Wynter. She even had a foot on his secretary.

She advanced toward him slowly, and with each step, it felt like she was driving a knife deeper into him.

Edison's vision blurred with panic, his legs trembling as he instinctively backed away.

The rest of the room finally began to sense the shift in the air and turned to see who had entered. They blinked and rubbed their eyes, trying to see if it really was Wynter.

Questions swirled in their minds. How was she out? Had she been released? And if so, why hadn't anyone informed Edison? Did Fredric know about this?

In an instant, the room went silent. The alcohol muddled everyone's minds.

The women, sensing the tension in the room, tried to slip out. However, there was only one exit, and Wynter stood firmly in the doorway, blocking their escape.

Edison took a deep breath, trying to make sense of how Wynter had managed to get out. He thought perhaps the Yarwood family's influence in Kingbourne was stronger than he'd assumed-strong enough to save her. After all, she was still engaged to Dalton.

That had to be it. Otherwise, there was no other explanation. There was no way any of them could even bypass Fredric. Or, maybe this was Fredric's strategic move so that the Yarwood family would owe him a favor.

But so what if she was out? Even with her connections, her reputation was still in tatters.

Hence, Edison straightened his collar, suppressing any sign of nervousness.

Looking at Wynter with an air of haughty disdain, he sneered. "I won't argue with you-you're just a youngster. "You might not know since you were in custody, but I'll inform you now. I'm now the Chamber of Commerce's acting chairman. What happens here is none of your concern.

"The Quinnell and Whitman families are out of the picture now. In fact, I should thank you. If it weren't for your bad conduct, the Whitman family wouldn't have been dragged down and expelled from the Chamber of Commerce.

Hearing Edison's words, the others grew bolder. Their initial surprise at Wynter's presence quickly faded. After all, in their mind, they were convinced she was powerless now.

"Kiddo, you've got some nerve coming here to cause trouble. You should be back at the Whitman Group building. Your uncles and grandfather are probably scrambling to sell off assets because of the mess you dragged them into. "If you were born into my family, I'd have broken your legs by now to keep you in line," one of them chimed in. Another joined in. "Exactly! You've drained us of money in the stock market and treated us like we don't deserve your respect all because you had the Quinnell and Whitman families backing you.

"But look at yourself now-they can't shield you anymore. Let's see if you still have any tricks up your sleeve."

A middle-aged man with a large belly, Eamon Sebra, stood next to Edison. He shouted louder than anyone else, his eyes full of intense disdain.

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Chapter 1665 Regrets

Wynter recognized Eamon instantly. He used to be one of the Whitman Group's small shareholders.

Wynter narrowed her eyes. "Did you betray the Whitman family?"

Eamon scoffed. "Betray? Get your facts straight. Look at how much the Whitman family's market value has plummeted! Betrayal? I'm just seeking a better opportunity!

"The Whitman family is too conservative and has been removed from the Chamber of Commerce. What future do they have?"

Wynter's gaze remained calm. "To remove a member, it not only requires approval from more than 70 percent of the members but also the endorsement of the senior members who have weathered the Chamber of Commerce's ups and downs. Who approved the Whitman family's removal?"

Wynter wanted to know who else was involved in this decision. However, Stetson, who wasn't feeling well, wasn't present.

Edison sneered. "Who? Doesn't Noah know? The Whitman family might not be satisfied if someone else made this decision, but they must listen to Mr. Leftnan, right?"

"Stetson Leftnan?" Wynter's gaze darkened, her eyes narrowed, masking her thoughts.

She raised her hand and pressed her Bluetooth earpiece. "Did you hear that? Bring him here. I want to ask him something."

Seeing this, Edison laughed coldly. "What's this supposed to mean? Are you showing disrespect to Mr. Leftnan? You must have a death wish! You just came out of prison, but if you go back in, no one on your side will look good.

"I'm telling you, don't force us. It would be wise for you to leave now! And don't provoke Mr. Leftnan! No one will be able to save you if you do."

Wynter smiled as he listened to Edison. "Are you done?"

Edison looked at her with a defiant expression, as if to say he would personally end her if she dared to cause a scene in the Chamber of Commerce.

Yet, Wynter moved in a flash, faster than anyone could react. She grabbed Edison by the neck with one hand and lifted him, her voice cold and emotionless, without a hint of hesitation.

"I'm forcing you now. Why aren't you making a move? You probably don't understand me well enough. I'm the type to favor violence when not controlled."

She landed a punch squarely on his abdomen.

The pain caused Edison to spit out a mouthful of blood. He cried out, "Are you crazy? Are you trying to kill me? Try hitting me again! Even the Yarwood family won't be able to save you!"

Wynter didn't bother with his protest and snapped his wrist with a single motion.

Edison, in pain, struggled as cold sweat poured down his face. He screamed at the top of his lungs, "Call the police! Someone, call the police!"

The members at the scene were completely stunned, frozen in place as they scrambled to turn on their phones and call the police.

However, as soon as they checked their devices, they were paralyzed with shock.

They hadn't been paying attention to their phones earlier while they were enjoying themselves. But now, they were flooded with missed calls and new notifications.

They couldn't believe what they were seeing. A plot twist? How could there be a plot twist with a jail sentence?

Meanwhile, Eamon wasn't seeing the same thing. Instead, his eyes were glued to the alerts on his phone. The Whitman family's market value had soared-no, it had tripled! The market price was higher than its peak, more than three times the previous value!

How could this happen? He had just sold all of his shares to Noah yesterday. And now, the value had exploded.

"What's happening? What's going on?" Edison exclaimed.

No one was even thinking about calling the police for Edison anymore. They were desperate to know what was going on.

They frantically dialed numbers, scrolling through the push notifications and headlines that were flooding their phones. Their eyes widened with disbelief as they continued. Slowly, they all turned to look at Wynter, their hands trembling.

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Chapter 1666 Wrong Decisions

The scene grew tense as former Whitman family associates now stared at their phones, eyes rimmed red with regret. If they had known about this drastic twist and that the Whitman family had such powerful backing, they would never have voted to oust them.

Meanwhile, every breath sent pain through Edison's battered organs. "You guys... call the police..." With each word, more blood dripped from his lips. "What are all of you doing?"

But the other members were transfixed by their screens, as if they had lost all their senses.

Edison tried to struggle away from Wynter, who gave him a chance to do so, throwing him aside to the floor.

Just then, his secretary scrambled over, desperate. "Mr. Waldron, n-never mind calling the police! Why... Why haven't you checked your phone yet?"

Edison, still reeling from the pain, had barely thought of anything else. He was fixated on seeing Wynter jailed, convinced she was nothing more than an unrefined troublemaker country bumpkin.

Yet, his secretary's distressed expression made his heart sink. Could something serious have happened? His mind clicked into gear, and he instantly switched on his phone.

As Edison struggled to make sense of things, his phone rang, and he instinctively answered it. The voice on the other end belonged to a dealer he had persuaded to break ties with the Whitman family, and his tone was frantic and accusatory.

"You finally picked up! Mr. Waldron, we're just average people trying to do business. We can't handle these high-stakes games!

"Didn't you say the Whitman family was about to go under? You promised us deals with profit margins 50 percent above industry standards if we terminated our contracts with them!

"But now, the entire internet's gone crazy for the Whitmans' products! Not only did they not go bankrupt, but their stock value even doubled several times over! Mr. Waldron, you're cutting off our livelihood! You need to honor your promises!"

Edison's head was spinning as his mind repeated the words he just heard. This couldn't be! He couldn't understand how this had happened!

Ignoring the caller's pleas, Edison, despite the excruciating pain from his broken wrist and the cold sweat pouring down his face, scrolled through his screen like a man possessed. With each refresh, his face paled further.

"Impossible... This can't be! Mr. Keller... Mr. Keller's account!"

Edison knew that Lucas was the one Fredric had been socializing with recently. He knew Lucas was recently appointed to oversee and rectify significant affairs in the area, and Edison had been trying to curry favor with him. He had even followed Lucas' official account long ago.

But now, he couldn't make sense of what he was seeing!

Edison's hands trembled as he thought of Fredric. He was sure he needed Fredric's support now, or Wynter might very well ruin him completely. He couldn't take this fall alone!

But in the next instant, he realized just how futile that hope was.

His screen lit up with a breaking news alert. The report detailed a long list of charges-abuse of power, extortion of honest businesses, disregard for legal standards, corruption, hurting the common people, and bribery.

Almost every offense listed against Fredric was punishable by death.

But the shock didn't end there. Another notification came up, one that made Edison gasp aloud-the person who had sold them out was Judah from the province.

As he read through the news, Edison collapsed onto the floor. It was over. Everyone involved in this was done for!

"Call the police?" Wynter lifted his gaze slightly as she flicked a coin between her fingers. No need to trouble yourself, Mr. Waldron. I'm here to personally deliver you a special gift."

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Chapter 1667 Cleaning up the Trash

Hearing the word "special gift" made everyone present freeze in fear. They knew this meant that there was a high possibility that they would undergo thorough investigations.

If even Judah, someone with even more influence than Fredric, had fallen, they were next!

Eamon's face contorted with fear and his mind raced before he threw himself onto his knees before Wynter.

"Wynter, it was all Edison's doing! He threatened me! He said if I didn't side with him, I'd face the same fate as the Whitman family. I didn't have a choice!

"I had such a great relationship with your uncle and worked so hard for the Whitman Group all these years! Please forgive me! I beg you! I'll apologize to your uncle! I will call him right now!"

Hearing his plea, the other Chamber members crowded forward, mimicking his groveling tone.

"I'll apologize too, Ms. Quinnell! We were wrong! We'll return to the Whitman family now!"

"That's right! If it weren't for Edison's threat, he wouldn't be able to become the acting chairman!"

Edison's eyes widened, bloodshot with rage. "You ungrateful traitors! Me, threatening you? Weren't you just complaining that the Whitman family was too strict with its rules and were too old-fashioned?"

"Just a few minutes ago, you people were drinking, swearing your loyalty, and saying we'd all live it up together. Now you turn around and play me for a fool!"

As he spoke, Edison pointed

Eamon. "Who was it that said the Whitman family deserve all this? It was you,

wasn't it? You want to take over the Whitman family, yet you haven't got the guts or skills!"

Eamon's face drained of color as he glanced at Wynter, visibly flustered. He then yelled at Edison, "You're trying to slander me!"

"Slandering you? I couldn't get the Whitman family removed on my own! We all had a part in it," Edison said as he had reached the point of no return.

He turned to Wynter, pleading, "I admit my mistakes, Wynter, but don't let these people deceive you. I am the one being played here.

"If we're talking about connections, I've always had the closest ties with the Whitman family. They've just been setting me up for a fall, propping me up only to pit me against them."

Edison had always been shameless. Even now, he was still trying to weasel his way out.

Wynter's gaze was calm as she watched the middle-aged men squabble. She lightly rolled a cigar between her fingers, her tone laced with disgust.

"All of you should have known this would be the result when you hid the news of my mother's return for your own selfish interests. You didn't get away with it—it's just that the time wasn't right for your punishment."

As soon as Wynter mentioned Marie, the faces of three men, especially Edison's, changed. Wynter knew full well that both he and the Wray and Montclair families were the root cause of this.

"Edison Waldron, you've wanted to replace the Whitman family for a long time now. Don't worry, jail is too light of a punishment for you. I'll make sure you taste the same bitterness everything that the Whitman family has been through."

Edison's face stiffened. He didn't quite understand what she meant.

"As for you all?" Wynter's voice dropped lower. "None of you are innocent. You've broken the law, engaged in malicious competition, and spread rumors about domestic brands."

She looked up. "Take them away. Let the courts decide their fates. If they want to file a lawsuit, that's fine, too. The Quinnell's Legal Department is always ready to engage."

"Understood." With that, a dozen or so people in uniforms rushed in.

Seeing this, those who had been begging for mercy suddenly pulled out something.

other countries, so we demand an

"You don't have the authority arrest us! We have permanent resident cards. international trial!" six out of eight of them shouted, their faces still showing a hint of arrogance.

It was as if they thought Wynter was not qualified to take them, and if she didn't want to escalate this into an international diplomatic issue, she'd better not act recklessly.

Despite their attempts to hide it, a sense of superiority still leaked from their bones. They looked at Wynter, as if daring her to do more.

Wynter grabbed a pair of handcuffs and walked over with a commanding presence. Without saying a word, she snapped them on with a sharp click.

"I'd like to see which international connections behind you are bold enough to come here and try to save you."

The six of them exchanged glances, incredulous. How could she not be afraid of causing an international incident? How dare she take them away like this?

Seeing their terrified expressions, Wynter slowly smiled. "I've encountered people like you before-those who receive the country's benefits and make money here but look down on the very land that raised them.

"You think just because you've obtained foreign citizenship, you're superior, and that 'international issues' are your trump card. Let me tell you-with your status, you're not even qualified to sit at the table.

"The last batch of people who were like you had nowhere to run. Do you want to guess what happened to them?" The six of them immediately panicked, cold sweat breaking out on their foreheads.

Wynter chuckled lightly. "Originally, this case was nothing special. But congratulations! You just escalated it with one sentence. I do hope the people behind you have enough guts to come forward for you."

However, the six people still didn't understand that they were nothing more than pawns, used to disrupt Cascadia's market.

They had overseas bank accounts, and money laundering had already extended beyond borders. They were nothing more than tools, manipulated and deceived with promises of good conditions. But when things went wrong, they would simply be discarded as expendable pieces.

In the entire venue, only Edison was left behind. Wynter had stated that it wasn't yet time for his arrest.

Edison was on the verge of collapse. As he listened to the voices of desperation around him, he desperately tried to make calls, but none of them connected.

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The dynamic outside had already changed. After all, how could Wynter allow those who had targeted the Whitman family to boost their own political achievements to remain?

From the moment the Whitman family's reputation began to turn around, many in the office started to feel

uneasy.

Most of them were directors, their palms sweaty as they wondered if they should contact Fredric to figure out how to handle the situation.

However, when the announcement regarding Fredric came out, they slumped in their chairs.

These people remembered the time when Reuben had sought their help. None of them had treated him kindly. Some had been polite but only to mock him.

One of the directors' subordinates, Huron Paloma, noticed something and quietly said to the director, "Mr. Moody, we treated Mr. Whitman Senior with respect when he came to us. We served him good tea and didn't neglect him.

"Even if you didn't help him, everything we did was according to the rules. We can't just start using personal power every time someone asks for help, can we? This way, it better reflects your integrity."

Yet, they didn't mention how they were practically talking about the Whitman family as if they were a laughingstock.

The director, Aleron Moody, took a sip from his thermos cup before responding, "Huron, what you say makes sense. We didn't do anything wrong.

"Just because we didn't help the Whitman family doesn't mean we should be held accountable if they managed to get out of their predicament. Even if Wynter is powerful, she can't just act recklessly against public officials." Aleron thought he was safe. After all, major cases like Fredric's wouldn't implicate someone at his level. Besides, with the high-ranking officials under scrutiny, he assumed his minor connection to Fredric would remain buried. But in the next moment, that illusion shattered. The investigative unit arrived at his office, giving him no room to talk his way out of it, presenting evidence of his involvement. Not only was he detained, but his entire team was also taken into custody.

This was a corruption crackdown targeting an entire chain of accomplices. Wynter had waited patiently to uncover each of these hidden parasites. From top to bottom, not a single one would be spared.

Those who thought their uniform was a shield, fed off public funds while indulging used their power to oppress and exploit others were sent away, one by one.

corruption and abuse, and

This became the largest corruption scandal in the region's history, with news bulletins rolling out nonstop. Officials were arrested mid-meeting, and company heads were detained right as they cut ribbons at new openings.

The news left the public in shock.

"Things are really changing."

"And it's all thanks to the new official. They used the investigation into the Whitman family's case to blow up this

whole mess."

"Finally, some justice! The dad of the kid who bullied my child was arrested! Serves him right!"

"That dude who kept nitpicking at my business and always hinting for bribes is in custody, too! Oh, this feels so

good!"

At first glance, these comments seemed minor, but the truth beneath them was profound.

Behind bullying cases in schools often lay not just the students but also influential parents and corrupt schools. Some kids, emboldened by their family's status, bullied others without remorse, mimicking their parents'

unethical behavior.

Meanwhile, those in positions meant to support the community instead demanded bribes, treating anyone who refused as "low EQ" or undeserving of success. This was precisely what Lucas aimed to eliminate. Some individuals, unrelated to the Whitman family's affairs, were also taken down on the same day. Many figures were high-ranking officials and appeared defiant. They didn't think anyone would find out about their past

these

wrongdoings.

However, Wynter had already gathered evidence on them and provided it to Lucas prior to taking action.

One such case that resurfaced was that of Vanessa, who had tragically leaped to her death.

Some of the officials paled upon hearing Vanessa's name. They didn't think this was something anyone would be able to uncover. Yet, the evidence now laid bare in front of them.

This case had lingered in the shadows, with many voicing suspicions. Nevertheless, Vanessa's parents had issued an agreement, quelling further inquiry.

But beneath the surface, the case was linked to a dark, horrifying network—a chain of exploitation involving the Scholarship Committee and Club Solstice. Many young women had suffered under this system, and behind it was undoubtedly a powerful shield of protection.

Wynter's mission was to uproot this protective force entirely, ensuring not a single guilty party escaped justice.

Evil people would naturally forget their evil deeds, assuming they were buried and forgotten as public discourse had faded. But when they were forced to confront their past crimes, the veneer of righteousness they once displayed dissolved instantly.

They were terrified. Their hands shook as they tried to drink tea, and large beads of sweat rolled down their faces. They knew they were done for, and no one could save them now.

Even those who had initially criticized Lucas' methods as "too severe" were swiftly removed from their positions.

Meanwhile, Club Solstice's case received an official update.

Perhaps the public no longer cared about the updates as the heat of the topic faded. However, Leo knew that there was still someone who cared.

Vanessa's spirit lingered near Club Solstice's corner, drifting aimlessly, day in and day out. Other spirits had homes to return to, but she did not. Spirits like her, who were betrayed by their families after death, were denied even the dignity of a name in the world of the dead.

Her parents had treated her like a commodity. No one pitied her while she lived, and after her ambiguous death she didn't even know who she was or where to go. She simply wandered around Club Solstice, never willing to

stray too far.

Leo himself was a malevolent spirit. He understood what could happen if she lingered too long. She would

eventually become like he once was-bound to one place, unable to reincarnate or live again.

But now, things were different. Vanessa paused, and her gaze landed on Leo. For the first time, her eyes glinted. "You're the one who follows that

person... I've seen you before."

Leo nodded and walked toward her. "My master has other matters to attend to, but she sent me to persuade you to move on. She said there are things you need to come to peace with on your own."

"My parents... they knew I was murdered. Yet, they took the money anyway just so they could one day buy my brother a house when he marries." Vanessa's face twisted with a sad smile that soon turned to quiet sobs.

"I don't get it... others might call me unprincipled, a gold digger who came to this place for money-but my own

parents? "They constantly pressured me to send money home. I felt like I couldn't breathe under all that. I thought that they might at least consider what I went through after dying like this."

Her gaze drifted as she murmured, "It turns out that all they cared about was selling me for a good price."

Leo, with his small figure, who normally looked like a malevolent spirit that others wouldn't dare approach, appeared different today. He was dressed in a little dog-print pajama set Wynter got for him.

He raised his small face and spoke softly. "I understand. My mother abandoned me, too. But my master says we need to learn to love ourselves. And, more importantly, we need to have the courage to live even without our parents' love.

"Now that the truth is out, and you have all your memories... My master has already broken the heavenly law and collected too much resentful energy. So, she asked me to bring you this."

Leo raised his hand and passed something to Vanessa. "This is a spirit talisman. If you take it, it will allow you to avenge yourself without attracting the underworld guards. It's your choice as long as you can release your resentment.

"My master said that a part of the world's resentment comes from injustice. Those who were hurt shouldn't have

to endure shame even after death. And those who profit from immoral or illegal means have no right to live in

comfort.

"If some people are unworthy of being parents, then so be it. It's up to you. However, my master promised she will never let those who have hurt you left unpunished."

As Vanessa heard his words, her bloody tears gradually turned into ordinary tears. No one knew that she had

suffered more than she ever had in life after her death. Betrayed by her own parents, she was treated as an outcast even among ghosts.

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

Chapter 1668 Riding the Coattails of Fame

Not only did Steve and Astrid not mourn Vanessa, but they even used the money and fame they had gained through her death to start over in a new place.

Transformed into a malevolent ghost, Vanessa sought to enter Astrid's dreams. She was desperate to know why Astrid would do such a thing to her. However, she was trapped here, unable to leave.

Moreover, there was something in this place that was pulling her in, feeding her the resentment that lingered in the city. The longer she stayed, the more her spirit became bound to this place.

But things were different now.

Vanessa looked down at the spirit talisman in her hand, her fingers tightening around it. "I want to know if my mother ever regretted what she did."

Leo sighed softly and shook his head slightly.

Vanessa lifted her gaze. "I've made my choice."

Before vanishing into the twilight, her final message was for girls out there to love themselves more, to not carry burdens that didn't belong to them, and to not be blinded by the false promises of prosperity.

After the case's news update, Steve and Astrid made their appearance, crying and claiming they were threatened. They said that if they didn't speak as they did, their family would never be at peace. To further their claims, they even set up a live stream.

At first, many people sympathized with them. However, Astrid froze on the spot when someone asked, "Did you really abandon your daughter just because you were threatened?"

Just then, Vanessa's younger brother, Krishen Chadwick's, voice came from off-screen. "Sorry, guys. My mom's just too upset right now. We'll take a break for an hour, and then we'll resume the stream."

Then, he quickly shut off the live stream.

As soon as it ended, Astrid's personality completely changed. "What was that for? Look at how much attention we're getting right now!"

"Exactly, Krishen. I just checked-there are over five thousand viewers right now. If we play this right, we might even become internet celebrities!" Steven, clearly a heavy drinker, spoke with a drunken slur.

Krishen, who was still quite young, pouted. "I do want to be an influencer and gain some clout in school, but didn't you see that some people are raising questions?"

"Questions? Where?" Astrid asked, still looking for the comments.

"Here." Krishen pointed them out.

Astrid rolled her eyes. "Some people just love to mind other people's business. What do they mean, 'abandoning my daughter?' she's already dead. Do I really have to go against powerful people just for her?"

At that moment, no one noticed that the live stream, which was abruptly cut off earlier, had quietly been resumed. Astrid's face was back on screen, but her expression had completely changed.

"It's easy for them to say. Do you know how much money your sister's schooling cost us? She'd come up with some excuses every time I asked her to send the scholarship money back.

"I tried to get her to come home for matchmaking. I told her to marry a man with a good future while she was still young so that we could get some wedding gifts. But no, she had her own plans and wanted to stay in the city for work.

"And what's the result? What did she even learn? She went and followed people into clubs, completely

embarrassing me and your dad. She got taken advantage of, but has anyone thought about how we've been looked down on?

"They don't get to judge when it didn't happen to their family. You know what Vanessa did. She jumped off the building without any clothes on. Anyone with brains would know what had happened!

"She could've just endured it, but no! She was the one who chose to go to places like that and made such a scene."

At this point, Astrid's emotions were a mess. "These people just love to nitpick. What else was I supposed to do when I had a daughter like this?"

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Chapter 1669 Greed Knows No Bound

"Your dad drinks all the time, but your tuition fee still needs to be paid. We can't let her drag the whole family down," Astrid retorted.

As soon as she said that, more comments scrolled into view.

"What are you talking about? Were you actually hoping for your daughter to die?"

"Didn't you say you were threatened? It looks like it was all just a lie to get attention."

A single glance was all it took to recognize a mother's love. Even with Astrid's poignant speech, the truth remained unchanged.

Despite having suspicions about Vanessa's death, the Chadwicks did nothing to stand up for her after being silenced with money. Besides, their firm demand for her incineration remained on file.

In other words, the Chadwicks had never intended to seek the truth. Rather, they seemed more eager to profit from her death.

The people online poured out their condemnation and scathing criticism.

"Something is seriously wrong with this family. The news has reported that the girl was compelled against her will. How can the mother say something like that?"

"Don't you get it? She's ashamed that her daughter has been raped! This is so infuriating!"

"And that's not all. What the mother said was completely unbearable. What kind of mother tells her daughter to marry young for the wedding gifts?"

"Why do I feel like they're not really mourning their daughter but just trying to get clouted?"

A person's greed seemed to know no bounds. The Chadwicks could've stayed out of the case after taking the money, yet they were all rotten to the core.

At that moment, Krishen noticed the phone camera lighting up. He whipped around, and his face instantly turned grim. He quickly covered Astrid's mouth to silence her and attempted to shut down the phone, but it was all too late.

The whole internet had witnessed their true colors. Krishen had remained off-screen until that moment, when the public saw him and his parents for who they really were. The comments flooded in, almost as if shooting out of the screen and into the Chadwicks' view.

"Is it true that you kept the money to buy a house for your son? Do you feel it's right to use that money?"

"Your son mentioned about becoming an influencer. Well, congrats, you monsters!"

"Turn it off! Turn this thing off!" Astrid couldn't stand the condemnation. Steve quickly snatched the phone and hurled it to the floor. The entire family was left gasping.

With a flushed face, Krishen attempted to stand when the phone suddenly rang. He covered his ears in terror. "Well, I'd like to know how our affairs concern the public!" Astrid growled with vicious eyes.

She doubted the public could do anything from behind their screens and picked up the phone. However, she instantly froze in place as cold sweat beaded on her forehead.

"I-It's a call from Vanessa," she stammered.

Krishen trembled fearfully. "What are you talking about, Mom? That's not possible. Is it from the police? They're holding onto Vanessa's SIM card, aren't they?"

Hearing his words, Astrid slightly regained her composure. "You're right. They probably found some new leads in the case and called us for further questioning,"

With that, she answered the call. A voice they knew all too well seemed to rise from behind them. "It's been a

while, Mom and Krishen."

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Chapter 1670 Her Resentment

"Hello to you, too, my alcoholic dad," Vanessa continued.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Steve staggered back as his eyes widened in horror. A sudden gust of wind swept through the room, knocking the plants off the windowsill.

Standing beside the window, Steve stammered fearfully, "D-Don't come near me! It's all your mom's idea, Vanny! You know I never have a say in this family. And Krishen... Krishen said we'd get clout from the live stream! I didn't do a thing!"

Vanessa's voice sounded muffled, as if she were underwater. "Indeed, you've done nothing. You're supposed to be the head of the family, but you're just a sore loser. Instead of working to provide for us, you wasted your time gambling and drinking. You don't deserve to be a father."

While Steve agreed to her words fearfully, Krishen was too terrified to move.

However, Astrid merely gave a cold snicker as she clutched the phone. "What? So, are you playing some ghostly game now? You refuse to rest in peace and want to drag the whole family down with you, huh? Well, think again! "I birthed and raised you. I have no

intention to investigate your death, and I never planned to. So, what are you going to do? We're your biological parents. Even if you complain to the Grim Reaper, he won't care!"

At times, human malice could be far more malevolent than any spirits. But Astrid had a point-the struggle to break family bonds had been a challenge, even in ancient times.

Regardless of whether they were dead or alive, it took immense effort for one to gather the evidence needed to sue their own parents.

No matter the misdeeds or circumstances, severing ties with the parents was nearly impossible. Once an elder reached 65 years of age, the children were legally obligated to provide both financial and emotional support.

In truth, Astrid wasn't exactly ignorant. She understood the rules but poured all her sinister intentions into Vanessa, for her daughter was the only one she could control. In other words, Vanessa was the one person who truly loved her.

"How did I end up with a mother like you?" Vanessa muttered. Her voice was laced with resentment.

Astrid snorted. "The gods made that choice. Who else is there to blame? If you're looking for someone to blame, just blame yourself for all the misfortunes. I never wanted a daughter like you, anyway."

The next instant, the ground seemed to split with a resounding crack.

"It's all because of you that I was unfortunate! You don't even deserve to be human! All of you deserve to die!" Vanessa finally materialized and grabbed Astrid's neck.

The spirit talisman whipped up a strong gust of wind, making the windows rattle. While the underworld guards didn't show up, Wynter did.

She had intended to return to the Whitman residence after wrapping up the case, but she sensed something was amiss while reviewing the details.

Most of the cases had clear motives, and those who had profited from the crimes ended up behind bars. After the legal process, even those who escaped the death penalty were sentenced to a lifetime in prison.

But Vanessa's situation was different-she was trapped near the nightclub after her death.

Initially, Wynter assumed that Vanessa lingered due to her resentment. However, she soon realized she had overlooked that someone might be taking advantage of Vanessa's resentment.

Wynter immediately turned the car around, heading to the residential building based on the live stream's coordinates. As dark clouds loomed overhead, she stormed straight into the house and hurled her lucky token on the floor.

Behind her, Whitley followed suit. As a mythical beast, Whitley could sense something stirring beneath the ground

in response to Vanessa's resentment. He swiftly reported his finding to Wynter.