

## **The Heiress 771**

### Chapter 771 No Escape

No one would be able to just accept this! No one! No one in the country would be able to accept this outcome!

Yet, she was just like a nutcase. If the police officer continued on this way, there would be no progress at

all!

At that moment, Wynter pushed the door and entered. She asked calmly, “Then, did the gods tell you that when you accepted the green card and money, there would be records?”

The woman, who had been sitting for a long time, was a little taken aback. She looked up and said with a smile, “I do indeed have foreign citizenship, but for us Cascadians who’ve been working abroad for so many years, it’s all been for Cascadia.”

“Is that so?” Wynter pulled a chair and sat opposite her. “Usually those that get the green card are not like

you.

“You come from a small fishing village. When you were a student, you attended some political activities.

As for the details, I’m not going into it. It’s all written in your file.

“There are indeed many Cascadians abroad who have been constantly working for Cascadia, but you’re

not one of them.

Though you have always been siding with the enemy, they have given you quite a lot, such as letting you skip grades, getting you into a famous university, and also helping you obtain citizenship..

“Although you’ve gone through plastic surgery, you can’t change your DNA. You can fake your name as

well, but the rest...”

Wynter said slowly, “You have a mother. We’ve contacted her to come over already. I believe she would also like to see her daughter, whom she has not seen for so many years, or rather her new daughter, given the change in your looks.”

The woman stiffened. “Ha! Do you think you would be able to see my mother whenever you like? When my grandfather received his award, you all were not even born yet.”

“Meaning to say, you’ve admitted who you really are?” Wynter said calmly, “Please let the record show that the suspect is mentally sound. Please also check up on this grandfather of hers. Go to Hawford and get him over.”

The woman was baffled when she heard what Wynter said. Her face was completely drained of color.

The police officer happily obliged. “I’ll go and contact them right away!”

“How dare you come at my grandfather!” The woman stood up. She slammed her cuffed hands on the table. “You scum! You are asking to get

fired!”

Wynter scratched her ear, and said nonchalantly, “Take note of this and send it to her grandfather.”

“Yes!” That woman’s family deserved to be punished altogether!

When the woman saw that she no longer had any power, she finally felt fear for the first time in many

years.

She changed her attitude and sat back down on her chair. “Is this really necessary just because I believe in the Mystic Path? Can’t I just have my freedom to believe?”

“The Mystic Path teaches you that all lives are equal. They definitely would not approve of you calling us scum.” Wynter did not buy what the woman was saying. “Aren’t you afraid of going to hell?”

Wynter added, “Besides, I’ve met a true priest before. Some priests would rather break the rules to give pregnant women shelter, but your beliefs seem to be different.

“The invaders you worshiped have hurt the entire country’s spirit. In a place like Swinford, even if your grandfather’s superior were to come, they would not be able to get you out, let alone your grandfather.

“I’m telling you that for every day I am here, no one will be able to get you out. You can try it if you don’t believe me. Just watch what scum like me can do.”

At that moment, Wynter’s gaze was ice cold.

## Chapter 772 Satisfaction

The woman was clearly intimidated. She did not know how they had found out about the fact that she had once participated in political activities.

She came from Hawford. It was a city connected to another country by a bridge. Education was great there.

She was initially only trying to fit in, but later, she realized that the students there were much more progressive than the students back at home. So, she started to join the protests.

However, when her grandfather found out about it, he immediately stopped her. So, no one was supposed to be able to find out about this!

The woman told herself to not panic. When her grandfather arrived, everything would be settled.

Her grandfather had connections, and their family was wealthy. Besides, she hadn't done anything too harmful. She was merely worshipping a few shrines in the chapel.

All she needed to do was admit her mistakes and pay the compensation. She was confident that she would surely be released after that because that was how things were solved in the past.

However, the news that she received was that her entire family was under investigation! Her grandfather was arrested as well. When she heard that, she slumped onto her chair.

"After investigating, we have reasons to suspect you as being a spy for another county," the police officer announced solemnly.

The woman initially thought of using the Mystic Path as her excuse, but she soon realized that it would be futile.

It would be impossible for the culprit of this incident to get off the hook by just saying that she had insomnia.

Not only her, but even her grandfather, who had been bribing others for so many years, also received the punishment he deserved. He had been taking the country's money for himself. His children were not any better.

The woman's previous comments on the internet, showing off her wealth, were fished out by others.

"My grandfather earns more in a day than they do in a year!"

"The Cascadians could never let the past go. They must have some inferior complex."

"I've already gotten a green card. You will never be able to get it in your entire life."

There were scores of comments with similar brags. Together, they were enough to get her jailed, but no matter how serious the punishment was, it would not be able to quell the people's anger!

Everyone on the internet was talking about this. The human trafficking, the worshiping of the Foplyan soldiers, the bullying of the heroic spirits—all of this happened in one chapel!

Everyone was terrified to learn about this. What could they believe in in the future then? Who was doing this, and who was backing the chapel?

The people on the internet asked tough questions, and the relevant authorities at Swinford were bombarded with emails and calls all day.

Ivarick had been locked in the interrogation room for almost two hours. He initially sat in a reverent position, but then he slowly started to panic.

When he heard the wails of a woman, he stopped chanting his prayers. He started sweating profusely

instead.

Wynter noticed that it was almost time. She entered and said, “I’m not going to waste any time with you. You were the one who encouraged her to worship the shrine. Who is the person behind this?”

Ivarick looked like he was in a daze.

Wynter looked at him. “You made a few generations of the heroic spirits be unable to reincarnate. People who believe in the Mystic Path would not be able to take it, but you’re not the same. You have Foplyan

blood.”

Ivarick put his hands together in reverence. “Sister, I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Is that so?” Wynter raised her eyebrow. “I’m sure you must know that your mother has gone to Foplya to work before. After all, this matter would affect you a lot.”

Ivarick was clenching his hands tightly.

Wynter looked at him. “Not long after your mother returned, there was an obvious bump in her belly. One could immediately guess which country the child belongs to.”

#### Chapter 773 The Use of the Children

“Stop talking.” Ivarick finally revealed his true colors. “I will not tell you who is behind this. You can go and look for yourself. Hahaha! You will never find them!” Ivarick had lost his mind.

“You Cascadians are no match for us! The tablets were only just the beginning. We just did not hide it well enough. Aren’t you part of the

Quinnell family? All of you will die a terrible death,” Ivarick said maniacally.

Wynter stood up. “If the tablets were just the start, what’s the next step? The children?”

Clearly, Wynter had guessed correctly as Ivarick’s expression stiffened a little.

“Even if you don’t tell me, I’ll be able to find some suspects in your records, someone high up in Kingbourne. He must be great at fortune-telling, and not to mention old. You said that I would not find out about it even if I tried.

“Going along this line of thought, the least likely suspect must be someone close to me.”

Ivarick looked a little flustered. He clenched the handcuffs tightly.

Wynter smiled. “Those children were sent to your chapel. You let them place the children there not only because they were worshipers, but because the children have their uses.”

Ivarick could barely breathe. He wanted to deny it, but Wynter did not give him a chance to talk at all. She immediately got people to take him away.

A person like him had been completely brainwashed. It would be pointless to continue the interrogation.

What uses did the children have? Wynter had already looked into them. They were all healthy children. They did not look like they had been selected randomly.

Wynter turned to a worshiper since she could not get anything out of Ivarick. The worshiper was sweating profusely. He looked at Wynter.

“Ma’am, I was only dealing with the children. I didn’t know that there would be Foplyan soldiers in that chapel. If I had known, I would surely not do this! I am not a traitor to my country!”

Wynter did not have the patience to listen to him. “Those children. Who were you helping to traffic? What uses do they have? Be honest. I’ll only give you this one chance.”

At that, the worshiper’s palms were sweating even more. He looked around as if he was afraid of someone who was not there.

“Ma’am, can you promise me I will be alive if I tell you about it?”

\*The sentence depends on your cooperation.” Wynter spun a pen in her hand. Her gaze darkened. “As for the other things you mentioned, no one would dare to interfere in the Top Unit.”

The worshiper got closer to Wynter. “I’m sure you know there are a lot of rumors going around.

“Recently, there is one that said that if one wanted to become young, they had to have more children. around, as their blood was the most natural form of elixir.”

“Elixir? What the hell?” Wynter’s gaze turned cold.

The worshiper looked around and said in a suppressed tone, “The medium had a prescription. Drinking one dose would make one younger by a few months. Only his prescription made one feel alive again.”

“You said that this superstition has been making its rounds recently. Who is the one passing it?” Wynter asked. “List them all out. The more you list, the lighter your sentence.”

The worshiper was a little hesitant. He licked his lips and asked, “Can you really ensure my survival?”

they do?”

“I promise.” Wynter handed the pen to him. “Explain while you write. What did

The worshiper paused for a while. Initially, he did not want to write at all, but he then realized he had already been arrested. He had to bank on this to ensure his future.

Then, he wrote everything down.

Chapter 774 The Other Party Suffering

When they saw the list. The entire interrogation room fell into pin-drop silence.

They never would have thought that those who should have served the people would be so superstitious that they would harm others!

Something about if one’s liver was not functioning, they had to drink blood to cure themselves. Or if their lungs were bad, they should find a healthy child and they would be re-energized! There were some cadres on that list!

The people from the Top Unit were rather aghast when they saw the list, let alone ordinary police officers.

Had it been infiltrated at such a deep level, using fortune-telling to brainwash others? How long had it been going on? Was Swinford still salvageable?

Wynter did not waste any time. She kept the news a secret and got her team to start making arrests.

Some of them were smart. When they realized that something was going on, they went up to the mountains to hide.

They said that they were going on a holiday and stopped working. Some of them even had the so-called



medication on their desks when they were arrested.

The cleansing of Swinford took the entire day. After interrogating them, Wynter realized that they all worshiped a fortune-teller whom they had not met before.

At that moment, Wynter did not want to focus on the fortune-teller, but instead only on the children. “If the prescription asked for a child’s heart, would you dig up a child’s heart?”

“Of course, not.” The person who replied to Wynter looked around shiftily.

Wynter instantly understood that all these people were monsters! They had lost their minds because of their powers! Wynter compiled all the information that she had gotten and handed it up.

She was worried about what Ivarick said, that Swinford was only the beginning. She was worried that the same problem would exist in other cities.

She got upstairs to pay attention to missing children, especially those on a larger scale. She felt that things were not that simple.

As for those arrested, Wynter was not willing to even look at them. If she had not come to Swinford by coincidence, the children would’ve ended up being sucked dry of their blood for people like them.

What the person behind this was trying to do was to infiltrate the chapel and control what the ordinary folk were thinking.

After some time, Swinford would naturally fall. One could only imagine how terrifying it would’ve been if they were to only find out about it then.

Wynter furrowed her brows. Ivarick had also brought up the Quinnell family’s death.

“Wolf, work quickly. We have to return to Kingbourne.”

If it was someone close to her, she was going to look into them once more. For example, the harmless old man in her dreams, and the other relatives, as well as Shane.

Wynter's target was clear. At the same time, she knew how to make the other party reveal itself.

She was going to selectively release news about the ongoing secret investigation. In any case, the internet was waiting for the outcome of the investigation into worshipping the invaders!

When a list of names appeared, it went viral! The people also found out about the children and the superstition involved! Thus, that from that moment onward, the other party would be the one suffering!

In a mansion in Kingbourne, the butler had just finished preparing some medicine. He had just called out to his master when the old man in the bed threw a bowl to the ground and coughed violently.

He was way too old. Even his breathing was a little heavy. He had been out the entire day and was exhausted. On top of that, the elixir was not the right one.

He furrowed his brows. "Say that again."

Chapter 775 The Next Step

"The stock that you requested previously has hit a snag," the butler said cautiously, afraid to say something wrong that would infuriate his master.

"It's even trending online, talking about some chapel worshipping invaders or something."

The old man clenched his hands tightly. His breathing got even heavier. "Go down and lock the door. Don't let anyone in. I'll be doing some work."

The butler immediately bowed. "Yes, sir." Then, he asked cautiously, "What if the young master arrives? The last time, I think he was at your study--"

"Study? What was he doing there!" The old man stood up. His sunken eyes were glaring at the butler. "Did he find out?"

The butler shook his head. "No! No! Before he could enter, I called him away."

The old man was silent for a while. “Keep a close eye on him. See if anything is off with him.”

“Yes, sir.” This time, the butler hurriedly left.

The old man did not return to bed. He limped over to the shelf. He had a flashlight with him. Then, he headed deeper inside.

When his flashlight shone onto a wooden doll shrine, he stopped in his tracks. Then, he muttered something in Foplyanese.

The hair on the wooden doll moved even without any wind blowing. Its voice rang out. “The shrine is gone! What will happen to our soldiers? Who on earth is trying to ruin our fun?”

“That lady the Quinnell family got back from the village.” The old man looked at the photo of Wynter’s back on his phone. His eyes gleamed maliciously.

“She did not die back then. Now, she’s causing a lot of trouble. It’s time to cut off the Quinnell family’s lifeline.

“If you want your Foplyan soldiers to survive, you have to think of how to deal with the Quinnell family.”

The old man left before the wooden doll could throw a fit. He walked very slowly, like a man clinging to

his last breaths when he should have been six feet under. His hands were wrinkled and covered with spots.

He held onto the stair railings and walked over to a hidden door. He downed the liquid in the glass bottle before heading forward.

Drip. Drip. People might have assumed that it was underground water, like some sort of hot spring. But

upon closer inspection, they would realize that it was a pool of water mixed with blood.

The old man went in to have a dip. He closed his eyes in ecstasy. At that moment, he seemed to have

gained a little more life, but it was not enough. It was far from enough.

He had waited for a long time. He no longer wanted to stay in this body. He had to get a younger one.

That man from the Yarwood family was indeed the most suitable choice, but he did not know why that person's aura seemed to have gotten much stronger.

It was as if he would be able to see through the old man any second now. Luckily, there was the wooden doll to cover for him. No one would suspect him. He had to give up on the Yarwood family.

At that moment, the most suitable choice for him was Tobias Quinnell. The old man turned on the screen hanging above the pool and looked at the video playing on it.

It was a live interview. Tobias had dyed his hair pure silver, making his face seem even sharper. He looked like he was mixed-race royalty. What a young face. And his hands...

The old man looked at himself before looking at the screen once more. His gaze darkened.

Chapter 776 Looking Down on Tobias

At the same time, in a studio.

"Truth be told, Tobias, we're all curious why you would agree to join this program," the interviewer crossed his legs and asked with a light chuckle. "From what I know, this program needs someone who understands antiques.

"The program would cover our country's five-thousand-year history. As a celebrity, won't this be a little challenging for you?"

This question was a trap. The interviewer was not asking it with good intentions.

Tobias often received questions like these. After all, in the public's eyes, he was still a celebrity without any culture or education.

He took it lightly, but his fans did not like to hear such condescending questions.

Jacqueline was standing by the side, trying to signal to him not to answer. After all, his reply might be misconstrued.

However, Tobias replied as if he was a changed man. "Well, because this program will cover our country's five-thousand-year history, and even show off our country's national treasures, as a celebrity, I hope to use my influence to get more young people to pay attention to this program, whether they're fans in this country or abroad.

"We have a lot of national treasures that have been lost abroad. If international fans noticed them, perhaps we could bring them home. It would be very meaningful then."

Even Jacqueline was a little surprised by Tobias' answer, let alone the interviewer. She was still thinking of what to do if Tobias accidentally lost his temper.

The people online who were prepared to attack Tobias were baffled as well,

"Since when could Tobias speak so eloquently?"

"He rarely spoke so well in the past."

"Isn't he uneducated?"

"Please have a look at the previous programs. He is not one bit uneducated!"

Although the previous program did not get to air due to some "special circumstances", some managed to watch the live stream. They knew about Tobias' performance.

His fans had also tried to promote Tobias' image before, but the stereotype was hard to get rid of. Otherwise, the interviewer would not have asked Tobias such a question.

At that moment, the interviewer looked a little annoyed. He said, "It seems like you're well prepared. I heard that you also invited a relative to join the program."

This was the second trap the interviewer had prepared. "This was a little unexpected. Usually, the guests

that are invited to the program are professionals in their field. You sure are confident to invite your family. "The interviewer was clearly taking a jab at Tobias.

Tobias looked at him. "Don

worry, when the program gets aired, you will be even more surprised."

The interviewer thought that he had finally managed to infuriate Tobias. He smiled smugly. There was finally something they could write on that day.

If Tobias were to answer the questions like how he did before, what was the point of getting him in the interview? Obviously, they wanted some gossip and dirt to write about.

"I'll wait for your performance then," the interviewer said rather mockingly.

Jacqueline witnessed it all.

Chapter 777 Some Leads

Jacqueline was an experienced manager. She was great at problem-solving. She made a call to the big boss.

The big boss was on a high-speed train toward Kingbourne. Her big boss was none other than Dalton Yarwood, who had his hand around Wynter's waist.

The business class carriage was rather empty. They had been booked by the executives of the Swinford branch of Yarwood Group.

It was because of the incident at the chapel that they found out that Dalton had come to Swinford.

Many had told them to try to talk to Dalton to get their friends out of jail, but they would never dare to. The person sitting in front of them was Dalton Yarwood!

Who on earth would dare to get him to get their friends out of jail? Of course, unless they were planning on getting fired!

They thought of treating Dalton to a meal after the case, but they never expected that Dalton would be heading back to Kingbourne right after, so they had no choice but to come with him on the train.

The three old executives wiped the sweat on their foreheads. They looked at Dalton.

“Mr. Yarwood, we...”

Dalton picked his phone up and looked at them, gesturing for them to wait. The three executives immediately shut up.

“Hello. Yes, go on,” Dalton answered the call while opening a small carton of yogurt for Wynter.

The three executives watched the scene unfold with a little bewilderment. In the past, if someone were to tell them that Dalton would care for another girl, they would never have believed it. How absurd was this?

Dalton raised his eyebrow. At this moment, Wynter looked at him. He looked at her too.

“His contract is shared with Quinnell Group. You can deal with it the way you think best. Don’t be afraid of offending anyone. Once the program gets aired, that’s the best time to hit back.”

With the support of her big boss, Jacqueline got even bolder. Although she still did not know who the family member was that Tobias invited, any of his brothers was more than amazing.

The interviewer and those who were looking down on Tobias would surely shut their mouths when they saw who it was!

As the three executives listened to Dalton's phone call, they looked at each other.

Dalton's gaze remained unfazed "I'm not going to look at the market analysis today. I'm sure you all have received news about the incident in Swinford."

The three executives immediately raised their hands in surrender. "Mr. Yarwood, this matter really has nothing to do with us. Although we know some people who have taken part in it, but-

"Who are the people that you know?" Dalton cleared his throat and asked casually.

The executives knew Dalton well. There was no such thing as casual when it came to Dalton.

"Uh..." One of the executives hesitated. His gaze shifted to Wynter.

Other people might not have noticed it, but Wynter was a pro. She looked at him. "What you mean is that. someone from the Quinnell family is involved as well?"

"No, no, no. Ms. Quinnell, I only heard it from someone," he quickly explained. "Ivarick knew a lot of people in Swinford. He was quite good at fortune telling too. Mr. Shane Quinnell had previously come to

Swinford to dine with him before."

Wynter handed the yogurt back to Dalton. "Besides Shane, who else, such as shareholders or managers, attended this dinner?"

That man was stunned, but he soon came to his senses. No wonder she was chosen as heiress to the Quinnell Group. She was not as dumb as she was rumored to be.

She was so smart that one had to be on guard around her!

Chapter 778 More Leads

No wonder Dalton cared so much for her. The man thought for a while before naming a few names.



Then, he suddenly remembered something. “Your cousin was there too! Yes! I remembered that he was quite close to Ivarick.

“I was quite surprised. One of them was in Kingbourne, and the other in Swinford. How did they get to know each other? It’s quite strange, right?”

The executive looked at his colleague. The other man mused to himself, “Idiot! Don’t look at me! Can’t you

see Mr. Yarwood is looking at us? You’ve sold yourself out!”

As expected, Dalton said, “Meaning to say, you all were there at that dinner too.”

The executive suddenly stopped. He wanted to slap himself.

Dalton did not react. He said calmly, “Explain how they got you to become his worshiper at the dinner.”

The three executives instantly started sweating profusely.

“He had an accurate reading. He could even figure out what happened to us recently.”

“Later, we each gave our offerings. Whatever we did was smooth sailing”

“But we really didn’t know about the child trafficking!”

“They are membership-based. The more you believe, the more authority they give you.”

you,”

“Mr. Yarwood, I’m sure you know that in the business circle, people might not talk about this openly, but they secretly want to gain more success.

This was not a good trend for the current business. Everyone in business, whether it was big corporations or small businesses, believed in fortune-telling. They all wanted a good reading.

Wynter, who knew a little about fortune-telling, understood where they were coming from. But sometimes, people just got too obsessed with it.

She thought about her cousin on her great-uncle's side. Wynter never had any impression of this cousin of

hers because he seemed to have done nothing.

However, she did not believe that someone would just appear at Ivarick's dinner for no reason. If there was a membership, someone must have created this membership.

Wynter understood how she was going to proceed with the investigation.

Shane did things in the open, but he did not have the brains to be brainwashed either. As for the others in the Quinnell Group, she had not gotten rid of them because she had not dreamt about them.

That was also because they had never done anything. They had their focus on someplace else.

If everything was just like in her dream, her grandfather would be bedridden and terribly sick, Albert would be held back by his first love, and even Cody would find it difficult to appear in dreams.

But it turned out, they had always wanted to destroy this. They wanted the heroic spirits trapped in the underworld and the Foplyan soldiers to be constantly worshiped at the same time!

The century-old Quinnell Group would be destroyed in the blink of an eye because there was no longer this foundation!

Perhaps some tourists would find out about the tablets, but the heroic spirits would not last until then.

Wynter could imagine how guilty her grandfather would feel in her dreams if she just closed her eyes. Her great–great–grandfather had handed over the responsibility of the Quinnell family to her grandfather.

It was about a promise that was made, and even more importantly, the livelihood of other people. However, when he was sick and vulnerable, all these people had done so many terrible things behind his

back!

Wynter clenched her hands tightly. A hostile aura started to appear from under her eyes. The black mist that filled the air was all because of personal burdens.

Dalton realized what was going on. He reached his rather cool hand over and caressed her head. At the same time, he said to the three executives, “You’ll head back at the next stop. I understand the situation already. Someone will deal with the rest.

“This is a warning to you three. If you make the same mistake again, you know the Yarwood Group’s rules.”

Chapter 779 The Evil Dalton Yarwood

The three old executives nodded immediately. Then, they took their briefcases and got off at the next stop.

The train usually did not stop for a very long time. Occasionally, a person or two would come on board.

Wynter was a little delirious, not knowing whether she was dreaming or if it was reality. She only wanted to seek revenge. Something was burning in her throat and her eyes.

Dalton’s voice cut through the noise. “Don’t think too much. Have some sleep,” he said softly. The coolness of his fingertips could cool her down a little.

“You’re feeling terrible. You still have me as your blood bank, right?”

Wynter found out previously that he could really absorb the things in her body. His blood was a fatal attraction for her.

However, Wynter did not open her eyes. She merely leaned against his shoulder, trying to control her emotions.

She had once said before, there were too many things going on in her mind. Why was he in period clothing? Why was she letting him bathe her? Why was she berating him for being disrespectful?

Wynter shook her head. Impossible! She was not a bully. Look at his resentful face! She was not that dominant of a character. There must have been some misunderstanding

shes

slowly looked away. Was this her past life? If that was it, she was way too vicious in her past life.

No. She had to look for Atwater. In the past, Wynter did not like to look for him because he was too steadfast.

He liked fortune-telling under a bridge. He roamed all around. She could not possibly make him stay in one place. Besides, with his abilities, there would be no trouble falling upon him.

However, the Quinnell family matter was no small matter. The enemy was deliberately targeting the business world. They were not just targeting one corporation. This could affect the entire country's business lifeline.

Businessmen were staunch believers of fortune-telling. Perhaps Atwater could talk some sense into them.

From Wynter's point of view, some people did not want to turn around anymore. They might even cause some trouble.

At that thought, it seemed like she needed to return to meet Lucas once more, but she did not know when he would be transferred back to Kingbourne.

However, the person she had to look into with urgency at that moment was none other than Declan.

Wynter shut her eyes once more. She

wanted to think about what she should say to her grandfather. On the journey back, Wynter was sound asleep.

Every now and then, Declan fed her some water. It had to be said that if the three executives saw this scene, they would be bewildered. Of course, no one was stunned, except the malevolent spirits.

Leo and the twins were trembling. Wolf was sitting behind them. He got them to sit in a row. Occasionally, when he couldn't untangle the chain of pearls, he would run over to Dalton.

He was in charge of keeping an eye on them. If they were naughty, he was allowed to eat them.

Leo wanted to say, "Lord Chaos, do you not remember anything anymore?" But when he saw how gentle, yet evil Dalton looked, he could not help but shut up.

Although there were rumors that Dalton was a playboy, no one had ever witnessed it. It was true that all evil spirits feasted on a cultivator's soul, but did he no longer need to increase his powers?

Leo could not help but look at Dalton once more. Dalton was covering Wynter up with a blanket. The setting sun shone on his perfect face. Wynter, who was leaning on him, moved a little.

Dalton smiled and kissed her on the forehead. "It seems like you haven't remembered who I am yet. How

interesting."

Chapter 780 Not the Same as Before

The journey back to Kingbourne from Swinford was not too long. When Wynter woke up, the sun was almost setting. Coincidentally, it was also rush hour. It was bustling with people everywhere.

She did not know why, perhaps it was because of a good nap, but Wynter felt much more relaxed. It was as if the uneasiness caused by the personal burdens had vanished.

She was previously still hesitant about how to explain everything to her grandfather. At that moment, she felt that there was nothing good in hiding anything more.

Through Albert's incident, Wynter understood something even more. She understood that the upset that came from betrayal was only temporary. What was important was to stay safe and avoid danger.

Besides, her grandfather would probably know the truth better than anyone.

Whether it was the chapel incident or the things that the shareholders of the Quinnell Group did, they were terrible.

Although her grandfather would be upset when he heard it, it was better than keeping him in the dark.

Wynter took Dalton along to the Quinnell Group's headquarters. The blogger that was dissing Wynter the night before was being shredded to pieces on the internet.

How she came to fame was because of her take on everything. It was as if there was nothing in the world that pleased her. But in reality, she was just a bully, instigating people on the internet to bully the weak.

This time, she crashed badly. Her previous comments had been dug out to be commented on, being held up against what she did to Wynter.

Not only would the Quinnell Group bring her to court, but the people on the internet would not forgive her about this matter too. There was nothing to forgive about the tablets and shrines in the chapel!

Although Wynter's face was not revealed, she was the talk of the town. This time, everyone was discussing this incident. +

The Quinnell Group's share price rose exponentially once more! Insiders had commented that it would be hard for other companies to surpass Quinnell Group at that moment.

Fabian's phone had not stopped ringing since afternoon. Every one of his old friends was congratulating him, "Fabian, your family is amazing! Your granddaughter has really surprised us all!"

In the past, when people spoke about Wynter, they only spoke about how she was a country bumpkin who didn't understand etiquette and rules.

At the family reunion banquet the last time, they seemed to have accepted her, when in fact, they were just doing it out of respect for her brothers and Dalton. No one had thought that she would be any good.

After all, how could a girl be better than a boy? But this time, they were truly impressed! The corporation that was doing the best at the moment was none other than the Quinnell Group!

The Quinnell Group had a traditional upbringing. No one would have thought that they could ever be this

famous.

Of course, if one deliberately tried to market the Quinnell Group, the people on the internet probably

wouldn't buy it.

However, Wynter's actions had put a spotlight on the Quinnell Group. At that moment, the staff of the Quinnell Group could walk around with pride.

When they were asked where they worked, everyone praised them with thumbs up when they mentioned the Quinnell Group, This was the biggest change to the staff there!

In the past, they had endless presentations to do. The upstairs would never once see what they did, but who they flattered.

At that moment, the company had broken precedent by promoting real talent. They reshuffled the entire staff and fired the managers who knew nothing except for how to tell other people what to do. The staff benefits were the best at that moment.

This made the Quinnell Group famous on the internet too. All of this was thanks to their new executive

CEO.

Thus, when Wynter entered the office, staff members started applauding her. They were not trying to flatter her, but instead, it was a sincere reflection of their feelings.