

Six Brothers 891

Chapter 891 Bring Justice

Kate's words shocked Budd. "What do you mean she offended someone she shouldn't have? Aren't the teachers supposed to be watching over her at school?"

"Hey old man, do you really not understand, or are you just playing dumb?" Kate muttered quietly. "So what if it's at school? Who cares?"

Budd instantly looked up. He had been to the school quite a few times. He had started frequenting the school after what happened to Dulcie.

According to the teachers in the school, they lodged a police report and called an ambulance right away since the incident took place during school hours.

Kids cried out in distress. They had no idea why... The scene was sealed off, and classes were suspended for a day.

The teachers were saddened by Dulcie's death. They said scholarship.

that they'd been helping Dulcie apply for a

Budd knocked hard on his head. "I asked her if anyone was picking on Dulcie. She said no!"

"Budd." Leanne hugged him and sobbed as she said, "Please don't do this."

"She lied to me!" Budd hissed through gritted teeth. "She's lying! Someone bullied our daughter! They're all lying to me! Not one of them is telling the truth!"

"My instincts were right! They don't give a fuck about her life. There's something off about Dulcie's death!" Seeing the dark look in Budd's eyes, Leanne reckoned his illness was about to act up again.

Wynter was fast to react by stepping forward to hang the Epoch Collection on Budd. Her tone was grave as she appeased him. “Mr. Wilson, I promise that everything will be cleared up. Calm down.”

However, Budd couldn’t calm down. Indeed, no father could remain calm after receiving such news. Yet, Wynter couldn’t let Budd’s fury rage on.

It was at that exact instant Wynter realized why Budd had been chosen as a sacrifice.

Budd was once a hero who risked his life to protect the people at the border, only to be stabbed in the back after transitioning to civilian life.

He had endured days of injustice, but he couldn’t stay silent about Dulcie’s tragedy.

A man who had once vowed to protect the country would certainly turn into a vengeful spirit if his spirit were crushed and consumed by resentment one day. Such a scene would inevitably cause turmoil.

The foe chose to release the dragon in the South–West corner, jeopardizing Kingbourne’s fortune. Atwater’s mention of seals popped up in Wynter’s mind.

With a firm look in her eyes, Wynter tapped on Budd’s acupuncture point. The Epoch Collection was particularly useful in suppressing wrath, so it was best for Budd not to be triggered further before the truth

was revealed.

The sight of the unconscious Budd frightened Leanne. After giving him an anxious pat on the face, she turned to reach for the medicine.

However, Wynter stopped her. “Mr. Wilson needs some sleep. He has yet to recover from his fever, and his body will fail him if he doesn’t get some proper rest.

“Mrs. Wilson, keep an eye on him. Mr. Wilson needs your comfort and reassurance. After he wakes up, tell him that I’ll handle everything.

“It doesn’t matter how powerful or rich Dulcie’s bully is—I’ll bring the bully to Mr. Wilson. We Quinnells always keep our word. I need to head over to the school.”

Wynter pointed to the Epoch Collection. “Before I return, make sure Mr. Wilson doesn’t take these coins

off.”

Leanne nodded at Wynter with tears in her eyes. She trusted Wynter’s words, not because she was naive.

But after having been pointed at and judged for so long, she had come to understand the complexities of human nature. She could see the sincerity sparkling in Wynter’s eyes.

Leanne’s reputation was restored as soon as Wynter appeared. She was certain that Wynter could bring justice to Dulcie.

Chapter 892 What’s the Truth

“Hold on.”

Just as Wynter was about to leave, Leanne stopped her, only to place a bank card in her hand. “Young lady, I don’t know exactly what you do.

“I’ve heard others talk about you being a CEO, but you look like a lawyer to me. Dulcie’s case needs a lot

of money.

“I never accepted the compensation the school offered,” Leanne continued in tears. “I can’t accept the fact that Dulcie left us just like that.

“The school thought I was the dismissive type, so they kept coming to me. I never signed anything, nor

did Budd.

“There isn’t much money in the card, but please take it. I- I can’t let my daughter die without knowing why.

I need to know what she went through before she died.

“They told me that Dulcie was depressed and that she had been visiting the psychologist at school.

“I know Dulcie best. She was a cheerful and bright girl, so even if she were down in the dumps, she wouldn’t have disappeared just like that.

“Before going to school, she told me that she was looking forward to my home-baked birthday cake the upcoming week. But she never made it back.

“She went to school, which should have been the safest place for her to be. How could she not have made it back?”

Leanne’s cries were heart-wrenching. Her cries were filled with despair and confusion. Her words would.

resonate with any parent.

Yes, shouldn’t a school be the safest place for a student to be? How could there be such a mishap?

What if they were in Leanne’s shoes? What if one day their child, like Dulcie, took their life at school? They couldn’t imagine such a dreadful scenario!

The staff who had initially come forth to apologize in fear were deeply ashamed of their inhumane words and actions. They hadn’t truly understood the situation of the Wilson family.

The instructions they received were to downplay the impact of the incident. Someone they were familiar

with had called them about the incident after all.

They were informed that the incident was attributed to the competitive nature between students and high academic pressure.

Plus, students from small towns were known to have behavioral issues. They were popularly recognized for their poor stress–coping abilities. Their task was to urge parents to be more attentive to their

children’s mental state.

It wasn’t surprising that they’d assume Dulcie of having done something shameful driven by pure vanity.

Perhaps she had jumped off the building after feeling humiliated.

They had even read a post online that hinted at Dulcie having an abortion. That was why they had jumped to conclusions without a second thought. But then, they realized how terribly wrong they had been.

Each of them rushed to Wynter, offering to help.

Jone dragged Kate down the stairs as he questioned with reddened eyes, “What’s actually going on? What have you been doing at school every day?”

Kate shifted her gaze away guiltily. Kate heard cries from upstairs. This caused her attitude to soften as she muttered, “Just making friends, Dad. Didn’t you tell me that the Wilson family is poor? I’m just doing what you did, I…”

“Among your friends, is there anyone you wouldn’t dare to offend?”

It was Wynter. Seeing the Ashmore father–daughter duo come down the stairs, she approached with a powerful figure trailing behind her, Dalton.

For some reason, Kate feared Wynter. She shook her head without saying a word.

“Is that so? Who’s this girl in the picture then? It looks like everyone admires and looks up to her.” Wynter flipped her phone open and pointed to a picture on Kate’s Facebook page.

Chapter 893 We Shouldn’t Let the Hero Down

Kate froze. She stared blankly at Wynter from behind.

Jone tugged at her. “Why didn’t you tell me about what happened at school?”

“What was there to tell you about? We can’t afford to offend the Reed family.” Kate bit her lip and hesitated briefly before running down the stairs.

She shouted to Wynter, who was putting on her helmet, “I’m sorry! I’ll apologize to Dulcie’s parents. I did speak up for her, but it was through my spam account. I dared not use my main.

“Didn’t you see my Facebook page? I saw a post saying that she had an abortion, and I defended her. I wanted to investigate the truth, but they came for my neck instead.”

Wynter looked over while holding her helmet. “Got it.”

“You can’t fight the Reed family,” Kate stammered, unsure about how she should explain it. “They have people looking out for them!”

Wynter responded with a smirk, “What a coincidence. So do I.”

Kate’s voice was choked with sobs. “I hate the poor. Wynter, you can tell, can’t you? I don’t like Dulcie either, but her mother’s cries reminded me of my mom.

“When I was made the ‘donkey’, I hurt my arm. My mom went to the school to demand an explanation. I

was so terrified because I knew it wouldn’t change anything.”

Kate had opposed the donkey game at first. That was the reason why she was assigned the role of the donkey last time. A taste of it made her feel pessimistic about the world. Fighting it seemed pointless.

Kate was vividly reminded of how Hailey had stood at the top. When they locked Dulcie in the toilet and stripped her, Hailey had jeered, “You lowlifes disgust me. Who are you trying to impress by looking so weak? Country bumpkins like you deserve to be recorded and shown to everyone!

ey everyone, look at what she’s wearing. She probably buys her undies from thrift stores.”

“Hey

The mocking laughter blended into a harsh symphony. Upon hearing those words, Kate was reminded of her own torment and eventually joined them.

The rich Hailey wouldn’t take their money, but she often had Kate and the others run errands.

Over time, Kate succumbed to the tasks. Even if it meant being a lackey, staying by Hailey’s side was a form of honor. It protected her from the bullying of being a donkey.

Yet, under such circumstances, could she feel happy about it?

Kate wanted to transfer schools, but her family had gone to great lengths to get her into her current school. She wasn’t academically gifted, so her grades would drop if she transferred.

That was what changed Kate. As a bully, she wouldn’t have to suffer as a victim.

When Dulcie had gotten beaten, Kate hadn’t stepped up to help. The most she could do was refrain from stripping Dulcie’s clothes.

Perhaps the way Leanne reacted reminded her of how her mom had tried to protect her, or perhaps she was just touched by the cool Wynter.

All her mom would do now was tell her to focus on her studies. Emotions swirled in Kate’s eyes.

Without looking back, Wynter put on her helmet and hopped onto her scooter. Dalton remained in his usual spot. Although he might not seem to have paid attention, he had given his orders earlier.

Kate turned to leave, seeing that she couldn't change their minds.

"Do what you promised. Apologize to Mr. Wilson. He's a retired soldier. Back in his day, he joined rescue missions and served at the border. He was a hero who protected a lot of people."

Wynter's eyes were sparkling. She straddled the scooter as she spoke, "We may not be heroes, but we

shouldn't let the hero down."

Chapter 894

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Wynter's eyes were sparkling. She straddled the scooter as she spoke, "We may not be heroes, but we shouldn't let the hero down."

Chapter 895 Let's Wait a Little Longer for Justice

The scooter roared, Kate stood still lost in thought.

At the Wilsons, the people who had come to apologize had left. No one dared to speak ill of Leanne again. The truth had finally come to light, but it was too late.

Budd was shackled to the bed by the Invisible threads of the Epoch Collection. Leanne couldn't see them, but as Budd's wife, she noticed some subtle differences with Budd. It wasn't just the fever.

Budd used to be cheerful. No matter how much he suffered at work or how many overtime hours he had to put in, his eyes were always bright whenever he came home.

Budd had always protected his family. He had always believed that as long as their family stayed together, there was hope for a better future no matter how tough things were.

But since Dulcie's death, Budd's eyes had become dull.

He insisted that something was fishy about Dulcie's death and tried to investigate, but he faced hurdles everywhere he turned and was even driven away by others.

Leanne looked at Budd, who was crying even in his sleep. That was when she noticed that most of his hair had grayed.

It starkly contrasted with his return from the military. Although Budd had a leg injury, he had been full of spirit back then.

“I know you’re in pain. I’m here with you for what happened to Dulcie. If we can’t get justice, I’ll join you in seeking revenge,” Leanne softly muttered. She had tried coming up with solutions.

Some suggested posting a video online to spark a debate about the incident, but Leanne had no idea how she could get the topic to trend. She didn’t understand how social media worked either.

When the neighbors started to gossip about Leanne behind her back, Leanne questioned if she was the reason Dulcie was inflicted.

She mulled over how incapable and useless she was. Not only was her family poor, but she was talentless as well.

Leanne had considered joining Dulcié in death, but she couldn’t leave Budd behind. He was a good husband and father.

Tears streamed down Leanne’s face as she placed Dulcie’s photo in Budd’s hands and held him close. Budd, let’s wait a little longer for Wynter. Just a little longer.”

The resentment around Budd stabilized as if he heard Leanne’s words. The glow on the Epoch Collection

subsided,

The sea on the South–West corner calmed. The worshiped dragon was amazed by the scene. It couldn’t help but sigh. No one would ever think that emotions could penetrate formations and impact the sacrificial energy.

Declan, who was absorbing energy in a villa in the mountains, opened his eyes suddenly. He frowned in dissatisfaction, annoyed by the interruption. He wondered if something had gone wrong at the South-

West corner.

“Come here.” Declan’s voice was hoarse with age. There was a faint trace of gloom detected in his tone.

Phil, who was standing at the ready, shuddered. He hurried in and peered at the man on the bed through the layers of veil. “Mr. Quinnell, I’m here. Are you hungry? I’ll get the kitchen to send your favorite root herb

soup.”

“No need. Find out what’s going on with the Yarwoods.” Declan waved in dismissal.

“Copy that,” Phil responded curtly. Under normal circumstances, he was not allowed in when Declan was

cultivating. He had to stay on guard to hide Declan.

Declan calling for him to enter was rare. Since Phil couldn’t leave, he had to inquire with a call. The response he received was that the Yarwoods were doing fine.

The reply was very unsettling to hear, especially for Declan, who was the mastermind of the entire incident.

Chapter 896 I Must Meet the Medium

Declan never imagined that Dalton would make it back alive. Undoubtedly, Dalton had become his most dangerous enemy yet!

While Declan had planned to erase all the clues, the Yarwoods had already zeroed in on the people he had dined with. Dalton was just too quick.

Dalton never showed his face. Yet, his actions had the entire business industry in a panic. Everyone feared that they might get taken down the next day.

“Grandpa, you have a phone call,” Marcus reminded Declan.

Declan grabbed him and asked, “You went to the address the medium gave us? Are you sure there was no one there?”

“Yes, I’m sure. It was just a damp place like a cave. If there had been someone, they couldn’t have survived. I went in and saw nothing.

Declan’s composed facade cracked. He stood up, lowering his voice as he ordered, “Go inform our allies to cut off all communications.

“If the Yarwood family asks, insist that we don’t know where the news about Mr. Yarwood’s disappearance came from.”

“Yes.”

After Marcus left, Declan called Liam into the study. Declan

couldn’t hold back and threw the ashtray on the table at Liam.

“Didn’t you say that if we handed Dalton over to the medium and your people, he would disappear without a trace? Look at what happened! He’s back unharmed!”

Liam seemed just as shocked by this blunder. He looked at the ashtray at his feet and replied, “I will consult with the medium and my boss about this.

*Please calm down, Mr. Quinnell Senior. The Yarwoods might not know about your involvement. They’ll likely investigate the obvious suspects first.”

“I know. But with all the recent incidents, my nephew was removed from his position and now faces daily. questioning from the authorities.”

Declan squinted, his expression heavy with displeasure and worry. “I didn’t agree to work with you to end up in a situation like this.”

Liam immediately

ly exclaimed, “Mr. Quinnell Senior, we take this partnership seriously. Shane is just a stepping stone to our success. Didn’t you choose him as a puppet because he was easy to control?

“Rest assured, no matter what happens, my boss will fulfill his promises to you. You don’t need to worry about your future either.

“Not only will you take over the Quinnell family, but you’ll also get shares in our company. Moreover,

everything has been arranged for you. If you need to lay low, you can leave the country anytime.

“You know better than anyone the medium’s capabilities. What happened this time is just an exception.”

Declan listened without moving, his gaze growing darker. “I will give you the benefit of the doubt for now, and we will continue our cooperation. But I must meet the medium.”

Liam paused. “What?”

“You heard me.”

Declan wasn’t a fool. In fact, he always kept a backup plan.

“I used to think the medium was from Riftgard, but recent events have made me suspect that the medium is in Kingbourne. I’m sure he’s Cascadian.”

Liam didn’t deny Declan’s speculations. He knew that if he did, their partnership might be called off.

“Indeed, nothing can be hidden from Mr. Quinnell Senior.”

Liam was a smooth talker. “The medium has always said that only someone with your strategic thinking could keep up with him, which is why we chose to work with you.”

Declan stared at him, unamused. “Spare me your flattery.

Chapter 897 Lavend International School

“For all these years, I’ve relied on you to relay messages. I have no idea what the medium looks like. Is it because you never trusted me, or is it inconvenient for me to know the medium’s identity?”

Declan continued slowly, “Whatever the case, now that there’s a problem and the path forward is unclear, I must meet the medium in person!”

“I will convey your wishes to the medium,” Liam responded. “Meeting him won’t be an issue once things.

settle down.”

At last, Declan let go of the idea of taking drastic measures. “Make sure you clean up the mess thoroughly. Don’t let the Yarwood family trace anything back to me.”

*Rest assured,” Liam said with a bow. As he turned away, his expression changed, becoming harsh and

sinister.

In reality, he thought that Declan was arrogant. Just because Liam addressed him as “Mr. Quinnell Senior” didn’t mean he was anyone important.

Without their help, Declan would be nothing more than a servant to the Quinnell family.

The only reason Liam and his people invested in Declan was to use his relations with the Quinnells and

facilitate their plans.

If Declan ever became useless, they could easily discard him. They wouldn't jeopardize their grand plans

for anyone.

Besides, the medium had also said that this time's sacrificial offering was of exceptional quality.

Just a little more patience and both the Quinnell family and the entire fortune of Cascadia could be gradually weakened!

They had been setting this up for years, so there was no way they would let anyone see their true purpose

easily.

Meanwhile, at Lavend International School, Ivana had been called in unexpectedly and was feeling quite

irritated

She wanted a cigarette but couldn't smoke on campus. Why did it have to be her class that was involved?

In the past few days, she had been dealing with various people—first parents, then the principal, and even a few persistent detectives.

They had combed through the classrooms and dormitories and reviewed the security footage countless

times.

She couldn't get any work done, running around all day. Had Dulcie's parents accepted the school's compensation, she wouldn't be facing all this.

Thinking about Dulcie, Ivana took a deep breath, her hand trembling slightly. She quickly suppressed her

emotions and entered the office with her books in her arms.

"I heard someone wanted to talk about Dulcie?"

"Yes." Wynter was standing by the office window, seemingly watching something outside. She turned around when she heard Ivana's voice. "We need you to provide more information, Ms. Kowalski."

Ivana paused, then adjusted her glasses. "The school has issued a statement. All the information is with the police now. You two aren't immediate family members of Dulcie."

"I've already informed her parents about everything. Talking about this will only upset them more."

"We are acting on behalf of her parents," Wynter said indifferently. "As their lawyer, I need to ask you a few detailed questions, Ms. Kowalski."

Upon learning that she was a lawyer, Ivana quickly responded, "I have a class soon, and I won't have much time to talk. You should speak with our school administration."

Wynter smiled, a cold glint in her eyes. "Pushing this matter around makes it seem like you're trying to hide something."

"It really raises suspicions that there might be something undiscovered here, such as," She stepped closer to Ivana. "bullying."

Ivana instantly rebuked, "Even if you're a lawyer, you can't make baseless accusations!"

Chapter 898 Youth Doesn't Mean Innocence

“As a top International school, our students are very united. However, some of them do face significant academic pressure, Ivana said, changing her tone to avoid conflict.

“Today’s kids often get caught up in their own heads. If parents don’t pay attention to their mental health, there’s only so much the school can do.

“I am deeply saddened by what happened to Dulcie, but we need to reflect on why it happened. Could it be that her parents placed too much pressure on her?”

Ivana pointed to the surveillance camera outside the office, adding, “Half a month before Dulcie jumped, she fought with her mother.

“As teachers, we can’t speak to everything that happens at home. Sometimes parents can be too harsh, leaving no room for the child, and the child might make poor decisions as a result.”

She was obviously leading the conversation in a specific direction.

Wynter tapped her phone screen, her smile tinged with a predatory gleam. “That is why you have a part in this too, Ms. Kowalski,”

“What do you mean?” Ivana snapped as she grew flustered. “I’m just trying to explain-”

Wynter raised an eyebrow, interrupting her and flashing a police badge. “No need for explanations. Given your misleading testimony, I’m having you taken into custody.

“Also, where is Hailey from your class? I need to speak with her.”

Ivana’s face paled, and she avoided Wynter’s gaze. “Hailey is taking a break from class today.”

“Ms. Kowalski, you know that giving false testimony and being dishonest is illegal, right?” Wynter’s voice was calm but firm. “Before I came to the school, I verified that Hailey was here.”

At this point, Ivana panicked. “Yes, but she is taking a break. She’s in the principal’s office-”

Realizing she had just exposed herself, Ivana suddenly fell silent. Wynter didn't spare her another glance. Instead, she immediately walked toward the principal's office.

At that moment, Halley was sprawled on the couch, texting on her phone as she ranted to her group of friends.

"My mom has been treating me like a prisoner these past few days. I'm bored to death! She won't let me go anywhere and even made me delete all my old videos.

"Now, I have to hide just to watch anything fun. It's so annoying!"

As soon as she sent the message, her friends chimed in.

Nellie said, "My dad is on my case too. He says the investigations are strict right now and that we're safe as long as we don't cause any public outcry. He wants me to focus on my studies and stop getting into

trouble."

Tessa Thompson asked, "Why don't the Wilsons just take the money? Everything would blow over if they did. Aren't they poor?"

Hailey sat up, pressed the voice message button, and grumbled with dindnin, "They're just pretending to be all high and mighty. Either that, or they think the money offered is too little and are waiting for more.

"People like them go crazy once they get a whiff of money. Dulole was like that, and her parents are no different. I don't understand why my mom wants me to hold back this time."

Lola replied, "Even though there's no public outcry, I heard Dulcle's dad was in the military. That might make things tricky."

Hailey dismissed it. "So what if he was in the military?"

Tessa explained, “Her dad is a problem though. He keeps coming to the school. Last time, he cornered me, asking about Dulcie like a maniac. Saying stuff like, ‘You know my daughter Dulcie. She was a good student and even helped you with your studies.’”

“Ugh! I felt like throwing up. My mom has hired so many private tutors for me, and he thinks I need Dulcie’s help. I was just messing with her, and she took it seriously!”

Chapter 899 Some Evils Are Inriate

Hailey was just about to laugh at her friend’s message when the door suddenly burst open with a bang

Ivana’s hurried voice came through the door. “Our principal Isn’t here right now. If you have any questions, you’ll have to wait until she returns.”

“Ms. Kowalski, what’s all the fuss about?” Hailey stood up, clearly annoyed. As she looked up, she saw someone else standing next to Ivana.

Seeing that it was a young woman, Hailey didn’t bother to hide her arrogance. “Are you looking for my mom? She’s not here. How rude can people be these days, coming to ask for favors like this?”

Hailey then inspected her nails, her contempt evident. She assumed the visitor was another person who had previously sought her mother’s help for various favors.

Wynter scrutinized the high school girl before her. There wasn’t a trace of innocence. She reeked of a foul

stench from head to toe, and a murkiness permeated from within her. Such people were rare.

Although Hailey wasn’t aware that she was a sacrificial offering, Sothoth had a talent for catalyzing the

essence of the living soul.

Someone as profoundly evil as Hailey was, in some ways, less redeemable than the unborn souls dwelling

underground.

“I’m not here for your mom. I’m here for you,” Wynter announced, her eyes piercing and her face stunningly beautiful, yet lethal.

Hailey didn’t like the way Wynter looked at her, nor did she like anyone prettier than herself.

“Ms. Kowalski, didn’t my mom tell you not to let anyone disturb me?” she said, crossing her arms and raising her chin arrogantly. “You had one job. You should-”

Before Hailey could finish her sentence, she spotted Dalton standing behind Wynter. In an instant, a girlish blush tinted Hailey’s cheeks as she looked at Dalton, the most handsome man she had ever seen.

Not even the celebrities her father introduced her to could compare.

“Are you her boyfriend?” Hailey asked Dalton, her voice sweet and innocent and a smile playing on her lips.

“She’s not good enough for you. She’s so rude. You should be with me instead. My family has money and power. You don’t have to beg others for favors like she does.”

Dalton had not wanted to look at her, but he couldn’t help glancing over at her when he heard her words.

While his expression remained indifferent, his gaze was chilling as though Hailey was nothing more than a foul-smelling carcass to him

Hailey was taken aback by his ferocity. She couldn’t quite describe how she felt inside. Just a moment ago, she had been looking at Dalton with admiration like he were the epitome of charm and grace.

So, why did he seem so terrifying up close? He looked as if he could see through all her secrets. Hailey

took a step back.

Wynter watched her with amusement. “Did you just tell him your family has money and power?”

“Is that funny?” Hailey suddenly lost her desire to steal Wynter’s boyfriend. “Go away. Whatever you want from me is not going to happen.”

Ivana had been watching from the side, intending to give Hailey a hint. However, for some reason, since arriving at the doorway, she had found herself speechless.

It was as if something were holding her back, paralyzing her. She couldn’t even make eye contact with

Hailey.

Wynter took advantage of the situation, tapping her phone and casually blocking Ivana with her body. She turned back to Hailey. “You’re saying your mom often does things for other people?”

“Of course!” Hailey blurted out subconsciously. Then, she seemed to realize something and narrowed her

eyes. “But that’s none of your business.”

Suddenly, Wynter picked up her phone. Her voice was calm and faint as she said, “Did you hear that?”

Chapter 900

“Yes, boss. So did Principal Dunbar.”

As it turned out, Wynter had been on the phone all along.

On the other end of the call was the principal of Lavend International School, Sally Dunbar, whom Wynter had long since had her people escort into the police car.

Earlier, Sally had been abruptly summoned for questioning, but there was no interrogation like before. Instead, they simply put a phone in front of her, on speaker.

At first, Sally didn't understand what they were up to. She didn't say a word. She had her own techniques for dealing with this sort of thing—she'd just wait for her lawyer.

Nevertheless, when she heard Wynter mention her daughter's name, she couldn't sit still anymore. She struggled to leave, but the car doors were locked.

“Principal Dunbar, our Special Operations Team operates independently. Your connections mean nothing to us. If you interfere and harm yourself, we won't take responsibility.”

At this moment, Sally truly regretted her decision. She should have gotten out of the car earlier instead of sitting there idly!

“You're coercing a confession!” Sally yelled madly. “Hailey, don't listen to her! Hailey!”

She screamed until her face turned red, but what good would it do? They couldn't hear her on the other end.

Wynter wanted to let these lowlives taste their own medicine and to see their own daughter being threatened and feel powerless.

Sometimes the most satisfying way to punish the bad guys was to let them linger in fear and uncertainty.

As expected, Sally let out a shriek. Her usually elegant demeanor as a principal disappeared as she clung to the front seat. “Who's talking to my daughter on the phone? Who is it?”

“Why are you picking on her and not me? Don't involve my daughter!”

Expressionlessly, Wynter listened to the commotion coming from the phone and uttered, “Sorry, Halley is just too adorable. I want to chat with her a bit more.”

“Who are you talking to?” Hailey sensed something amiss. “I warn you, you better not be illegally recording. It won’t work for my family.”

Surprisingly, Wynter agreed with her. “Indeed, your grandfather is quite powerful. Not only did he arrange for his son to enter the Department of Education, but he also made his daughter-in-law a school principal.

“Of course, his granddaughter is the most impressive of all. Ordering teachers around and bullying students is normal for you, isn’t it?” Wynter strode closer to Hailey. “After all, you have your family covering for you, right?”

Hailey wasn’t stupid. She immediately denied Wynter’s claims, saying, “Don’t slander me! Do you have any evidence for saying all this?”

“Not a moment ago. But now...” Wynter glanced at the phone on the desk in front of her.

Catching this, Hailey suddenly turned pale. She hadn’t had time to delete the chat logs from earlier! The next second, she picked up her phone and swiftly deleted all the messages.

“Phew, that should do it,” she thought. Now, they wouldn’t have any hard evidence.

Wynter quietly watched her actions before saying, “Well done. Your reaction confirms my thoughts, and I

found the evidence I needed.”

“Say what you like.” Hailey shrugged as she was convinced she was in the clear.

Wynter continued leisurely, “The police found your mother earlier and asked some questions, including some about your lost phone and a replacement SIM card.

“She was smart to know to dispose of your old phone, especially since it had a lot of evidence on it. Do you know why your mother threw away your phone?”

Wynter drawled, “Because we can recover deleted chat records.”

