

## Six Brothers 921

### Chapter 921 Slandering Him

Hector instinctively tried to reach Alfie.

Jorge Neal, Hector's assistant, reminded him, "Mr. Donovan, Mr. Alfie is still under investigation and likely can't answer the phone."

Hector's face paled at once. He quickly ordered, "Go, get those previous discussions about Dulcie. I need to see them now!"

Jorge didn't understand what was happening, but he'd never seen Hector this panicked in all the years he'd been by his side.

The Lowe family's case was undeniably tough, given the high level of public attention it was receiving, so it required a very delicate approach.

Hector didn't hesitate when he received the case from the Lowe family. So, what had changed to make him this frantic?

The answer lay with Wyatt.

Some things ingrained in one's bones were impossible to conceal. His attitude shifted noticeably as he spent more time in the chair.

Based on his past experiences, Hector should have arrived by now. Why hadn't he come to see him yet? Wyatt grew increasingly restless.

Just then, Wynter replaced one of the interrogators and pushed a phone toward him.

"Mr. Wyatt, you should be very familiar with this chat history. Now, I need you to tell me. Besides yourself, who are the other two people?"

Wyatt, who always saw himself as just a “kid“, turned pale in an instant.

He averted his gaze in panic. Remembering what Alfie had taught him, he blurted out, “Dulcie came to me willingly. Her family is poor. She could only get herself nice things by coming to me.”

Such shameless statements naturally angered some of the interrogators.

Wynter’s eyes darkened. “Mr. Wyatt, it seems like you’ve rehearsed this.”

“Someone asked me this question before.” Wyatt was desperate to clear his name. He didn’t realize he

was walking into a trap.

“Oh?” Wynter raised an eyebrow and continued slowly, “In cases like this, any inquiries made by relevant personnel would leave a record. Even if the case wasn’t filed, there would be documentation.”

Wynter glanced at the interrogator beside him. “Can the system find any records?”

The interrogator shook his head.

Smiling, Wynter turned back to Wyatt. “That’s odd. Who questioned you about this and taught you to

answer it this way?”

Wyatt’s face froze.

Wynter continued, “Judging by your reaction, your family must have known about this for a while but didn’t teach you a lesson.”

“I already said that she came to me willingly!” Wyatt shouted, almost rising from his chair. “I don’t need anyone to teach me a lesson!”

Wynter looked at him. "If a minor went through something like this, parents and schools would intervene. It seems the Lowe family is quite exceptional. Mr. Alfie must be too used to being on top."

"Don't lecture me! I want to see my lawyer!" Wyatt realized this new interrogator was tough and wasn't treating him like a child at all.

Wynter pulled out a document. "I understand what you're thinking. You believe that once Mr. Donovan arrives and knows the situation, he'll argue for your innocence. After all, you've gotten away with things many times before."

She continued nonchalantly, "Relax. We're just scratching the surface. Let's set this case aside and chat about something else."

She placed the document in front of him. "Mr. Wyatt, you probably don't know yet that Mr. Alfie is under investigation. For so many years, he has covered up quite a few things for you. You might want to take a look at these."

Chapter 922 The Evidence Is Here

Wynter's voice was calm. "We'll see what your sentence is later. But I guarantee that your dad and your grandpa will spend the rest of their lives in prison."

Suddenly, Wynter paused as if remembering something. "Oh right, and your beloved lawyer, Mr. Donovan. He'll join you there, too."

Wyatt was trembling all over as he looked at the documents. He had never imagined that Alfie would be taken away for investigation.

"You're lying! That's impossible! My grandpa is retired! Plus, he's a decorated hero!"

Alfie had told him that even in the worst danger, he had to stay calm. There would be no evidence of his deeds. He must not crack.

Wyatt remembered that just as he was on the verge of breaking down.

He stared right into Wynter's eyes. "You can't scare me. You have no authority over my grandpa."

"Whether we do or not, the results will tell, Wynter said softly. "Up until now, you haven't shown an ounce of remorse for Dulcie. Your family even tampered with her autopsy report."

Wyatt's eyes widened: "Do you have proof? Stop making baseless accusations! I've told you countless times that she came to me willingly!"

He continued, "All she wanted was a pretty dress. I have good grades, my family is rich, and I'm good- looking. She was always hanging around me. If you don't believe me, go ask around."

He was confident because the dress was real. It was mentioned in Hailey's statement, too. Everyone in class saw Wyatt give Dulcie gifts, which complicated the case further.

As the investigation went on, some people began to doubt.

"Maybe that girl just wanted a pretty dress,"

"Kids today are really competitive. It's hard to say."

Hearing such discussions, Wynter understood even more why Budd preferred to be a sacrifice rather than seek justice through normal channels

Because after Dulcie's death, the focus of some people shifted away from the abusers and toward

incessantly scrutinizing the victim/They demanded the victim to be perfect.

Wynter turned around. "By your logic, if Dulcie had done everything willingly, she wouldn't have felt any pain, let alone killed herself. Now, explain to me how she died."

The two female officers discussing the case suddenly stiffened up..

“You don’t deserve the uniforms you’re wearing.” Wynter said softly. “You two are women, too. Think about it. If you faced such a situation at 13, how terrified would you be? There were three abusers, not Just one.”

Wynter walked past the two female officers. “Inform their superiors and have them removed. The Special Unit will take over this case.

The department leaders didn’t dare to object. The case had too much impact. Allowing such talk among their ranks was inviting trouble.

Those two should be fired.

Wynter could see through the monitors that while Wyatt was rattled, he wasn’t scared enough.

What emboldened him was the lack of direct evidence.

Without an autopsy report, proving the Lowe family’s involvement wasn’t enough to shake him.

He relied on his minor status and the broken chain of evidence to twist the narrative, claiming Dulcie had done everything out of her will.

And then there was that dress.

Just as Wynter clenched her fists and was about to contact Wolf, a timid voice spoke up.-

“Excuse me. Is this where the school bullying case is being investigated?”

Chapter 923 The Truth Unvelled

Wynter turned toward the voice and saw a mother and her son at the doorway. The woman still had her apron on, looking like she worked at a fruit chain store.

“A very handsome man told us to come here,” Jolle said, holding Harold’s shoulder. “I hope we’re in the right place.”

Given the unique nature of the bullying case, the Special Unit was indeed the only one handling it.

Wynter approached them. “You are, ma’am. We’re handling the case.”

“That’s great,” Jolie said urgently. “My son has some clues that might help Dulcie.”

Wynter’s eyes brightened at that. “New clues are exactly what we need right now. Thank you both.”

Hearing this, Harold lifted his head and looked at Wynter. “Before I give you any clues, I want to ask a few questions to the person in charge.”

“I’m the one in char

charge. Go ahead,” Wynter said. She then handed Jolie a glass of water. “Let’s sit and talk.”

Seeing Jolie being treated with respect, Harold felt a surge of emotion,

“If my clues involve high-profile individuals, can you deal with them? What will you do? Can you ensure that my mom and I won’t face any repercussions afterward?”

His string of questions revealed his deep concerns.

“I’m not scared for myself, but my mom only has me. She’s a single parent, and she’s had a tough time raising me. If we offend the Lowe family, I might have to drop out of school.”

Harold’s words came out in a jumbled rush, but Wynter understood. “Don’t worry. After today, the Lowest will no longer have any influence in the education system.

“I assure you. Neither you nor your mom will face any retaliation. Moreover, witnesses who provide clues

will be rewarded.”

“The reward doesn’t matter. Dulcie didn’t kill herself.” Harold, fearing he wouldn’t be believed, grabbed Wynter’s arm. “Wyatt and his friends tricked her into the supply room and bullied her. There are no

cameras there.”

He was trembling all over. “The PE teacher sent me to get equipment. I stumbled upon them by accident. I -I took pictures!”

Jolie’s head shot up upon hearing his words.

Harold looked into her eyes. “Mom, I reported it to the police. There was an investigation, but nothing came of it. Two days later, there were rumors online about Dulcie having a questionable personal life.”

Harold lowered his head. “The Lowe family spread those rumors to silence Dulcie. She went to the teacher right after.”

Clenching his fists, he continued, “I was outside the office, ready to testify for her. But the teacher said...”

Harold’s voice trembled. “She said it would be shameful to talk about it and advised her to take a bath and think it over. She said Dulcie should consider whether her family would be worried and upset if they

found out.”

Wynter’s eyes darkened further. “Is this teacher your homeroom teacher, Ivana Kowalski?”

“Yes.” Harold’s hands shook with rage. “She always taught us to report bullying to teachers immediately, saying they would help us. But she turned a blind eye to many things!”

His eyes turned red. “How could the teachers not know we were being bullied? They just pretended not to see because they didn’t want to offend the Lowes, the Thompsons, and the Reeds!”

Chapter 924 Kind People Should Be Rewarded

“Especially Ms. Kowalski,” Harold continued, clenching his fists. “She depends on the Reed family, to win the Best Teacher Award.

“Her words were meant to stop Dulcie from telling her family. She was the one who took Dulcie to the bathroom.”

As he said that, he looked up. “Our school is a boarding school with a bathroom right next to the dorms. The surveillance cameras there weren’t broken. It should have footage of Dulcie that day and Ms. Kowalski taking her to wash and change.”

The cameras indeed weren’t broken, but the school claimed there had been a mainframe malfunction and all data was lost.

Wynter pulled out her phone and sent a voice message. “Recover the surveillance footage from Lavend International School. Get the areas around the stadium, the supply room, and the bathroom.”

Then she asked Harold, “Do you remember the exact date?”

“March 13th. It was a Wednesday,” Harold replied. He could never forget that day.

Wynter noted the date and said, “You mentioned Dulcie didn’t kill herself. Besides the clues you’ve given, do you know anything else?”

“Yes.” Harold’s gaze darkened. “After that day, I kept an eye on Dulcie. She noticed me and knew I was outside the office that day.

“She told me she had thought long and hard and decided to tell her dad and report to the police. She asked if I would be her witness.”

After a pause, he continued, “I didn’t agree.”

Jolie’s eyes turned to him.



Tears welled up in Harold's eyes. "Mom, you must be disappointed in me."

"Harold, 1-" Just as Jolie wanted to say something, Harold lowered his head.

"I was really scared. No one was on our side. No one believed Dulcie back then. I thought she would give

up."

Harold continued, "One day, out of nowhere, she said she was definitely going to report it to the police. She wanted to see the bad guys brought to justice. She was scared, but she saw them targeting other

girls.

"That same day, they called her to the rooftop. She

refused to comply, and Hailey said, 'If you have the guts, jump off! Stop pretending.'" Harold tightened his fists tightly.

"Dulcie was being bullied badly, so she bit Halley. Then, Halley and a few others ganged up on her, beating her. Wyatt and the others got impatient and pushed Dulcie to the edge.

Harold seemed to be controlling his emotions. "I thought they were just trying to scare her at the time. thought nothing would happen. I even recorded them as Dulcie asked, thinking it would help her win the

case.

"I didn't expect Wyatt to push her off!" Harold cried. "I never thought he would actually kill Dulcie!"

Hearing that, Jolie gasped and covered her mouth in disbelief.

Meanwhile, Wynter remained calm. "You said you recorded it. Where's the footage?"

“I was afraid Wyatt and his friends would find out, so I kept it hidden. I thought about posting it online.” Harold sobbed. “But I was scared the Lowe family would track me down.

“Later, I tried going to a cybercafé, but I’m not of age, so they wouldn’t let me in. I reported it anonymously, but nothing happened.”

As he said that, he handed his watch to Wynter. “Everything is in here. Someone tried to take it from me, but I didn’t give it up.”

Wynter caught onto the key detail. “You said someone tried to take it from you?”

Chapter 925 I Will Not Tolerate Them

\*After I anonymously reported it, someone contacted me, asking me to show them what I had first. But I was cautious and hung up immediately.” Harold added, “I made the call from a public phone.”

Upon hearing that, Wynter caressed his head. “You did great. Whatever you didn’t post, I’ll post it on your behalf.”

As Wynter moved to stand up, Harold followed suit. “Miss.”

Wynter turned around.

Harold’s eyes were red. “In The Three Monkeys, it says that bad people go to hell. Will Wyatt and the others go to hell?”

“They will.” Wynter’s eyes darkened. “They have every reason to.”

Harold’s face tensed up. “Then I’ll wait to see their fate. I was too timid before, so I owe Dulcie. But I still want to tell her that I’ve fulfilled our promise.”

To hand the video over to someone who could truly administer justice when the time was right was Harold’s promise to Dulcie.

Harold had not been doing well during this time. He suffered from nightmares every night.

He dreamed of Wyatt and the others constantly bullying people. When someone came to interview them, they were the “good students” at school.

In his dream, Dulcie was trapped underground, bound by heavy iron chains. She couldn’t go anywhere because people said she was promiscuous and that her body developed too early for her age.

Harold covered his ears, not wanting to listen, but the voices persisted.

He had promised Dulcie not to give up.

In the meantime, he had been afraid and trembling at times. He tried to seize many opportunities.

He listened to Dulcie’s words—to hold back before advancing to the finals.

Harold didn’t know if Wynter would be their ticket to the finals, but she had said those people would go to hell. He had to take a chance.

Budd was already ill. If Harold didn’t do so now, he might regret it for the rest of his life.

Harold looked back, and Jolie was watching him.

Jolie reached out and hugged him. “Harold, you’re very brave. To me, you’re the Monkey King.”

What kind of burden must a teenager bear to endure all this? Just listening to it made Jolie feel terrified.

“Mom, I didn’t stand up for Dulcie when she was being bullied. I didn’t... stand up for her.”  
Harold’s cry.

echoed in the hall.

Everyone who witnessed this scene was deeply moved.

Wynter withdrew her gaze and dialed a number directly. “This time, I’m acting on my own authority. I deserve credit for the Lowe family’s alleged military merit.”

The person on the other end of the line looked serious after hearing her words. “The credit has always been yours, but your identity wasn’t convenient to disclose.”

“The Lowe family’s audacity must stem from you,” Wynter stated bluntly. “What do you mean now? Are you going to continue protecting them?”

The old man sighed, realizing that Wynter was genuinely furious this time. She was even leveling accusations at him. “If I said I didn’t know, would you believe me?”

“I’ll believe what you say,” Wynter replied calmly. “The Lowe family acts under you. I just want to inform you that I’m taking action against them.”

The old man put down his pen. “I’m also at fault for neglecting my duty. You can do whatever you want.

“My secretary briefed me on the case, and my stance is clear—I will not tolerate them. Not just the Lowe family, but anyone involved will face consequences.”

“Got it,” Wynter said.

This was what she wanted to hear. She didn’t intend to let the Lowe family off quietly. She wanted the truth to come out for everyone to see.

Chapter 926 Bad Guys Will Go to Hell

The old man hung up the phone and called his secretary over. “Inform everyone that no matter who is involved in that bullying case, report the facts as they are.”

“But the Lowe family is your-

“I don’t care!” The old man pointed at a photo emphatically. “We must give that girl justice!”

At the same time, Wynter restored all the videos and had Wolf upload them online.

Typically, such cases would not be made public.

Many lawyers had analyzed that the worst outcome for the kids involved would be detention. However,

as the videos were revealed, the entire Internet was shocked.

“The victim didn’t kill herself. She was murdered!”

“Even though the person who provided the clue had altered the voices, did you hear that? Dulcie was... Oh my God!”

“Holy! Are these really just kids? Why are they more demonic than demons?”

This time, the videos were not blurred. The bullies’ faces were clearly visible.

It was not just a case of kids not getting along with each other. It was a pure form of evil. They derived pleasure from tormenting others. Their faces made people’s skin crawl.

In a café, Hector had been discussing last-minute adjustments for the debate on the case, but as soon as

he saw the video, he knew he was finished.

“To think their lawyers are helping these monsters fight lawsuits!”

“Calm down. It’s normal for lawyers to take cases like this. It’s just basic human rights.”

“It’s normal for other lawyers, but not Hector. Look at all the cases he’s handled before.”

“He relies on the fact that the defendant is still a minor all the time. I hope these devils will be severely punished this time.”

“The Lowe family has issues from top to bottom. Where’s the autopsy report? Who handled the case at

that time?”

“I hope this case will be investigated thoroughly. This isn’t just simple bullying. It’s a premeditated murder!

“Wyatt knows that no matter what he does, the Lowe family will cover for him, even if it’s murder!”

“Teachers turned a blind eye to their future and even covered for Wyatt! This isn’t a school. This is hell!”

“At home, I can protect my children well, I followed the school’s advice to always pay attention to my child’s studies and psychology. But just because the bully is the principal’s child, you let them play the donkey game!

“Wyatt, Tessa, and Halley must be given the death penalty!”

“Those who protect them shouldn’t think they can escape. Otherwise, I won’t teach my daughter to be

kind to others anymore!”

“If this were my daughter, I would be driven up the wall!”

The revelations caused a huge stir online.

Alfie, who was under investigation, was still unaware of what was happening online. He was still thinking that the authorities would praise him for his merits and let him retire in peace.

After all, he had covered up everything so well that no one could uncover anything.

However, what Alfie didn't anticipate was that Wynter would sense the complexity of Dulcie's death early

on.

Upon arriving at the Wilson residence and hearing what Leanne said, she immediately harbored doubts about the suicide.

Besides the videos, she had another ace up her sleeve, which she revealed at this moment.

It was Dulcie's notebook that she found through a chain of clues.

It detailed the entire course of events, including Dulcie's psychological and physical pain during the ordeal.

Yet, despite everything, she stood up for others when they were being bullied.

The last page of the notebook read, "I won't surrender. I want to join the military like my dad when I grow up. I can't just fall like this. Come on, Dulcie! You can do it!"

Chapter 927 Punishment Served

Many people's eyes welled up with tears when they read Dulcie's final words, especially people who were parents.

"How could you lay hands on such a good child?"

"I just checked. Dulcie was a retired soldier's child!"

"The killers must be severely punished!"

Facing the public's overwhelming criticism, the compliance officer directly handcuffed Alfie.

Alfie, who had countless resources at his disposal, showed fear in public for the first time. With widened eyes, he stared at his hands and shouted out in protest.

He was a decorated hero. How could they treat him like this?

The compliance officer saw through his thoughts. The evidence against Wyatt for murder is conclusive. The Lowe family tried to destroy evidence, bribed officials, and ignored the law...."

Alfie couldn't hear the rest. His face turned pale, and his hands trembled uncontrollably.

How could this happen? Was there evidence against Wyatt? Could the Lowe family still escape?

He squinted at the compliance officer, still hoping to leverage his status for information.

Yet, the officer closed his notebook and spoke sternly, "Wyatt committed intentional murder with extremely malicious intent. He'll be severely sentenced.

"All of the Lowe family persecuted the people and disregarded the law. If we don't eradicate you guys, we'll be ashamed of the uniform we wear.

"Throughout history, blood demands blood. What do you think will be Wyatt's fate?"

With that, the officer turned to leave.

Alfie suddenly shouted, "He's not even 14! And I'm a decorated hero! 1-\*

Before Alfie could finish, the officer interrupted, "Mr. Preston wants me to remind you that you should know how you got that title."

In an instant, Alfie was crushed. He slumped into his chair, unable to stand up again.



There was a kind of suffering worse than death—allowing one to face the consequences they deserved.

Collin was sentenced to prison, just as Wynter had predicted, She vowed to ensure everyone involved. faced justice, leaving no one untouched.

Wilbert's actions regarding military merit were also brought to light.

It turned out that not only did he not accomplish anything, but he also almost leaked border secrets.

If it weren't for Budd putting his life on the line, some crucial defense points might have been exposed to

the enemy.

Budd was the true hero. Yet, Wilbert took all the glory for himself.

For years, he leveraged this honor to climb up the ranks and act recklessly. He not only failed to repay Budd's life-saving grace, but he also stole the hero's honor.

The evidence showed that Wilbert knew about Tessa's Issues. Budd even went to his unit to ask for help based on the camaraderie they shared.

But what did Wilbert do? He not only drove Budd away but also warned his subordinates not to touch the

case.

It was no wonder that Tessa turned out to be a devil, as her father was just the same.

Tessa and Wilbert were alike. She bullied her classmates and stole the glory of good students.

The investigation revealed that none of these families were innocent.

People who knew about the case expressed their dissatisfaction in various ways, vowing to ensure that such a good child like Dulcie would receive blessings.

“Dulcie, you can enlist again in the next life. Come be my student, okay?” This was a message left by a

teacher.

Following that, a male student replied, “Ms. Carney is great. Dulcie, come to Rutherford High School in the next life. I’ll protect you.”

Chapter 928 Terrified

“That’s right, we’ll protect you! You won’t be in pain anymore, Dulcie. You’re the best! Let’s be classmates in the future. I’m in Angelwood Kindergarten’s toddler class. Don’t get lost.

“I’m still not good with words. My mom typed this. I can share my teddy bear cookies with you, Dulcie. Don’t worry. My mom said those bad people will all be dealt with!”

“I just want to say, an eye for an eye. Also, return the military merit to the Wilson family.”

The post was inundated with comments expressing a unanimous sentiment—no one was willing to forgive those demons.

Wyatt, relying on his legal rhetoric and his age, seemed to be acting with confidence, but Wynter could see through his facade of calm.

Hailey was already intimidated, with no other thoughts in her mind.

Meanwhile, Tessa was crying. Her face was pale, and she trembled uncontrollably upon hearing that she might go to prison.

Wynter truly didn’t see them as kids. She didn’t believe that those who devised the donkey game had any good intentions in their hearts.

Since Tessa wanted to see Wilbert, Wynter fulfilled her request. Not only did she bring Wilbert, but Bryan was also brought before her.

Just as Tessa was about to speak up, Bryan slapped her hard.

“How could the Thompson family have given birth to someone like you? You’ve ruined our family! You owe us your life!”

Bryan, accustomed to occupying top positions, had plummeted to the lowest point of his life. He couldn’t

handle such a downfall.

There was no future for the Thompson family anymore. Thinking he could enjoy his later years was simply

a pipe dream.

Wilbert was sentenced to death, and the entire Thompson family was ruined. Even Bryan had to go to jail.

Bryan’s slap resounded so loudly that Wynter, standing outside the door, could hear it.

Tessa’s mouth was bleeding from the blow. She stood there in shock.

From that moment on, her long-held values collapsed.

Haley.

She had always been praised, and the entire school would walk on eggshells around her and Haley.

Her grandparents doted on her, giving her whatever she wanted. Why was her grandfather demanding her

life when trouble arose?

Tessa's gaze fell on Bryan's handcuffed hands. At once, she shook violently. She couldn't believe that

Bryan was arrested, too.

If even Bryan had fallen, then she truly had no way out.

Tessa turned and desperately clawed at the door when she saw Wynter outside. "I'm sorry. I was wrong Everyone makes mistakes when they're young. Give me a chance, please. I-

"Why didn't you admit you were wrong when you were tearing her clothes?" Wynter's eyes were cold." Alright, go and spend time with your family. Treasure this last meeting."

As Wynter closed the door, Tessa's face met another slap. She had never been so afraid. She cried out in pain, but Bryan paid no attention.

Two minutes later, when someone came in to take Bryan away, she huddled in the corner with a bruised

and swollen face.

Throughout the ordeal, Wilbert just stood there, as if she deserved to be beaten.

Only then did Tessa realize what the person who brought her family before her was really after.

She was terrified. She felt nothing but fear now.

When Wynter withdrew her gaze, her eyes were calm. But from her back, it was clear that she was drowning in darkness.

Personal burdens were accumulated by forcefully administering punishment to certain individuals in unconventional ways.

If conventional methods failed, then she would break the rules..

Hailey and Tessa were done for. Next up was Wyatt.

Chapter 929 Living a Nightmare

When Wynter entered the room, Wyatt

Wyatt was drinking water. His hand froze when he saw Wynter.

Wynter said calmly, "You think all the evidence is gone, but it's all there.

"And about your grandpa's military merit you mentioned, there's something he must not have told you. A lot of educators were taken away at that time. I was the one who brought them back."

She continued nonchalantly, "One of the few things I regret is not taking a closer look at your grandpa's face. Don't worry. Your whole family will soon be reunited in hell,"

"What do you mean?" Wyatt stood up abruptly, yanking at his handcuffs.

Wynter turned off a nearby video recorder. "Your grandpa and your dad will be sentenced to death. Don't you think you should join them? If you don't want

Join them, that's fine, too."

Her gaze fell on his face. "You're quite clever. You know that given your age, you can't be sentenced to death. But truth be told, I think death is too light a punishment for you."

Wynter glanced sideways toward a corner of the room. "So, I suggested to Dulcie that you should experience the same fear she once felt."

When w

stayed still, Wyatt didn't feel the chill on his back. Seeing her eyes glancing at the corner, he quickly turned to look behind him.

Out of nowhere, he seemed to see a small, shadowy figure standing there, staring at him with a gloomy expression. Its head was almost touching his back

Wyatt hurriedly stepped back. As a result, he banged into the corner of the table with a loud thud.

He wasn't mistaken. It was Dulcie. She was still wearing the wrinkled clothes she had worn when they bullied her. Her eyes were vacant, and her pupils were missing.

Wyatt trembled all over, shouting. "Is anyone there? There's a ghost! A ghost!"

There was no response. Although the window was clear, the people outside seemed oblivious to the scene inside.

Desperate, Wyatt could only look at Wynter.

Wynter had set up this formation to avoid interruptions, so she wouldn't help him.

Wyatt crawled on the ground with tears streaming down his face.

Wynter looked down at him, saying, "You do look pretty good. Like you said, you're rich and good-looking. The people who've been in prison for a long time love delicate scions like you.

"Don't worry. You won't be sentenced to death. I'll arrange a place for you. You'll live a nightmare every day.

"Your two little buddies will also join you in prison. Let's see who becomes more popular."

After saying that, Wynter put away the copper coin and turned the recorder back on.

Only then did Wyatt seem to grasp what her words meant.

He shouted, "Kill me! Just kill me! Grandpa, save me!"

The interrogators were puzzled by the situation, but they guessed that Wynter had said something to him.

But since everything Wynter did was within permissible bounds and there was no physical contact with Wyatt, they couldn't say anything.

Wyatt clutched one of the interrogators' shirts. "I want to see my grandpa!"

"It's too late now." The interrogator shook his head. "Take him away and lock him up until the first trial." Hearing the words "lock him up", Wyatt broke down completely. "No! Don't! Kill me! Just kill me!"

The interrogators exchanged glances. Since Wyatt arrived, this was the first time he seemed genuinely

afraid.

They didn't know what Wynter had said, but Dalton, who had been quietly providing clues, could guess everything perfectly.

Chapter 930 Apologues

Dalton, having mostly recovered, possessed the ability to see spirits that ordinary people couldn't, even those trapped in this world.

Standing at the door, he cut an impressive figure in his impeccable suit. Unlike the rest of the place, he exuded a calm and scholarly air, unaffected by anything.

Wynter was greeted by this sight as she exited the room. She raised an eyebrow.

Before she could move closer, Dalton turned to her, as if he had been waiting for her. His eyes were

strikingly beautiful, and his deep, resonant voice was soothing to hear. "Is everything taken care of?"

For a moment, Wynter felt a wave of familiarity, as if she had witnessed a similar scene before.

It wasn't here but in a mist-shrouded palace. In that vision, he stood bathed in light. He was dressed in a

deep crimson robe and was smiling as he turned to her.

Wynter shook her head, trying to dispel the image as

it blurred the lines between imagination and reality.

Before she could fully shake it off, Dalton gently placed his hand on her head. Looking down at her, he

raised an eyebrow. His expression seemingly asked if she had a headache.

Wynter suddenly blurted out, "Did we know each other before?"

"Before? How long ago?" Dalton gazed into her eyes and smiled. "When we were in Southdale? Or do you

mean when you were a child?"

Wynter was momentarily confused. "A child?"

"When you were just a few months old."

Dalton's handsome face bore an air of aristocratic elegance. As if recounting a story, he said, "I visited

the Quinnell residence, and you wouldn't let go of my thumb. You drooled all over it. You must have



forgotten.”

Wynter was speechless. How could she remember that?

Seeing the spark of life in her eyes, Dalton gently ruffled her hair. “Don’t overthink it. You did the right

thing. Some people only appear like kids on the surface.”

She had even shrouded herself in a dark mist. She had really forgotten about everything.

Perhaps it was just her imagination, but Wynter felt much better after Dalton rubbed her head.

This was the benefit of having a hot guy by her side. The purple aura of heaven’s favorite was indeed very effective

After regaining her composure, Wynter looked up. “Let’s go to the Wilson residence.”

This time, the entire neighborhood gathered below the Wilson residence. Some sent flowers, some wrote letters, and some admitted they were jerks who shouldn’t have jumped to conclusions.

When Budd woke up, he heard the bustling noise outside.

Assuming they were again gossiping about Leanne, he clenched his fists, ready to break the Epoch Collection threads tied around him.

To his surprise, what he heard from the living room were apologies.

“Leanne, we were wrong before. This is from me and Dario from the sixth floor. We bought it from the supermarket. Everyone chipped in, though it’s just some fruit. We want to apologize to you.”

“We saw the video about Dulcle. We deserve to be slapped. She was such a good kid. W–We don’t deserve to be humans!”

“Leanne, if you’re angry, feel free to slap us. We won’t fight back.”

Budd, still overwhelmed with resentment, tried to rise.

Just then, Leanne’s voice sounded. “Video? What video?”

She had been closely watching Budd, not daring to take her eyes off him.

Wynter had promised to personally bring the good news when it came. She had been sternly instructed to keep an eye on the copper coins on Budd’s body.

“Leanne, you haven’t heard about the video?” One of the neighbors sounded surprised.

“The ones who bullied Dulcie have all been caught.”

“We’re all signing a petition now.”

Amid the bustling voices, a clear and crisp sound suddenly rang