

Six Brothers 1391

Chapter 1391 Racing Heartbeat

Wynter could sense an inexplicable ferocity emanating from Dalton. It felt as though there was a subtle hint of hatred, or was there?

However, she had no spare thoughts to ponder why.

This was a feeling unlike any Wynter had experienced before. It was as if she was being suspended in mid- air.

Her eyes were open, yet her vision was unfocused. Even Dalton's breath seemed to possess a hint of aggression that infiltrated her entire being with every exhale near her ear.

The moment Dalton's fingertips pressed against her waist, an instinctive urge to push him away surged within her. She hadn't thought that the heat could still be intensified.

It was as if he could ignite her. An unknown fire began to spread from her neck and radiated downward. The heat was so intense that she had to tilt her head back as if that was the only way to breathe.

It was just like that dream where her heartbeat and body temperature felt out of control between sleep and wakefulness. She could barely recall it now. But this was different because Wynter was acutely aware that this was reality.

From the periphery of her vision, she could catch glimpses of the vast river view outside the windows. It wasn't entirely vivid, but it was enough to ground her in the present moment.

The overwhelming sensation compelled her to reach out and grip Dalton's trench coat.

For a moment, his face was strikingly vivid to her. It was a look she had never seen before. He was both restrained and poised, yet on the brink of eruption.

Despite his usual composure and aloofness, his eyes betrayed his emotions. His breath was low and heavy, making it inexplicably sensual.

Once his calm facade was broken, Wynter found herself drawn to see what other expressions he might reveal. It felt as though she held the power to uncover all of his hidden facets.

This sensation she experienced amplified the pleasure her body felt in ways she struggled to describe. The warm breath brushing against her ear was addictively enticing.

The reflections on the glass windows danced with shifting shadows. Wynter had no idea what she looked like at that moment.

There was a playful, almost sinister quality to her expression, with the corners of her eyes glistening with tears yet devoid of any plea for mercy. The tear mole on her face, usually subtle, was now strikingly prominent, like an alluring enigma.

Dalton wouldn't have stopped at all if it weren't for the approaching footsteps.

Normally, no one would dare disturb Dalton. But thanks to Cyrus, who insisted on getting an explanation, Shermaine didn't have a choice. After all, if this continued, it could tarnish Dalton's reputation within the Whitman family.

Shermaine didn't understand what Cyrus was so worried about. Did the Whitmans really fear something like infidelity?

As someone who stood by Dalton's side for over a century, Shermaine had always believed that nothing could truly stir Dalton's emotions.

After all, he was indifferent to matters of love and relationships. His heart was as unshakable as a calm

sea. There was no way-

Shermaine's further thoughts came to an abrupt stop.

What unfolded before her eyes was utterly unbelievable. The usually aloof Dalton was holding Wynter by the waist, his gaze momentarily shifting toward them.

His strikingly handsome face was still marked by lingering desire. It was a jarring contrast to his usual demeanor.

Even Cyrus was momentarily stunned. He had never seen a man so dangerously alluring. Despite his frequent exposure to high-profile events and extravagant parties abroad, nothing compared to this.

It was as if everything around Dalton, including the sky outside the window, existed merely to accentuate his presence.

Dalton seemed entirely indifferent. The gaze he directed at them was icy and detached to the core as if conveying a simple, unspoken message, "Who gave you the permission to enter?"

Chapter 1392 Lose Your Rationality

But leaving was almost impossible now.

Wynter's movements were quick, though not awkward. Through the translucent folding screen, her laughter drifted out. It sounded somewhat different from her usual self. "Such a pity."

Upon hearing this, Dalton's hand, which had been gently arranging her hair, paused. His voice remained as melodious as ever. "I could have them leave."

"Unfortunately, one of them is my cousin." Wynter glanced at Dalton.

The elegant curve of his collarbone was striking. It was no wonder he was once described as a rare, elusive flower, with many socialites eager for just a glimpse of his smile.

Wynter had always given little thought to matters of an intimate nature. Countless times she had administered acupuncture treatments with a clear mind and no ulterior motives.

However, things seemed different now. It was hard to pinpoint why, but she felt the need to seriously reconsider things. The strikingly handsome Dalton seemed to have a way of making it difficult for her to maintain her usual rationality.

Dalton withdrew his hand, his gaze lowering. "I should meet your cousin. I heard that the Whitmans like to put those involved in marriage alliances through a bit of a test."

"Hmm?" Wynter hadn't really considered that. Dalton didn't seem like someone who cared about such matters, either.

Indeed, Dalton had once been indifferent to such matters. However, considering his past decision to call off the engagement, things had changed.

Had it not been for that foolish decision, Wynter would've already been part of the Yarwood family, and he wouldn't need to worry about her having any second thoughts. After all, the current era was quite favorable since marriage was bound by legality.

Dalton was a man who could control everything. Well, except for the few troublesome brothers-in-law who seemed to always find fault with him.

It was quite remarkable that Wynter was able to tell what Dalton was thinking from his silence. As she fastened the buttons of Dalton's white shirt, she flashed a playful smile. "My cousin isn't very brave. Don't scare him."

"Understood." His fingertips brushed over the marks she had left, which now stood out as dark smudges.

Wynter's fingers paused when she realized for the first time how much pressure she had applied. The marks were now clearly visible, likely due to his fair complexion. She didn't intend for it to be so noticeable.

Before she could react further, Dalton had already guided her into the lounge. "Go wash your face. We can continue discussing things later."

Shermaine and Cyrus, who were still standing by the door, could only catch glimpses of shadows but heard nothing of the conversation within.

Wynter was previously unaware that a folding screen could be used in such a way.

Dalton emerged from the folding screen first. His imposing height and presence made it impossible for him to blend into the background. He simply lifted his eyelids and cast a glance at Cyrus.

"Cyrus?"

Cyrus felt an inexplicable weight on his shoulders, threatening to crush him. He had encountered many

people from the aristocratic circle, even those of similar stature to Noah. But few, if any, had a presence like Dalton's.

It was hard to describe. Dalton exuded a presence that was both righteous and sinister. His face was the epitome of a heartthrob.

His mere presence made people gravitate toward him. Yet, his overly charming, pale face and his intense gaze would make one hesitate to approach.

Cyrus almost wanted to ask if he had ever taken a life.

Without the bracelet on Dalton's wrist, few could look directly at him without feeling overwhelmed. Shermaine had no idea what Cyrus felt, but all she wanted was to leave the room as quickly as possible.

Her shock was comparable to the devastation of an entire clan's annihilation. How could Dalton possibly be moved by emotions?

Shermaine had seen countless people fall for him. Even when disregarding Dalton's status, he had always been a source of unease for others. That was because he seemed to care about nothing. But now...

Chapter 1393 Wynter's Wit

Shermaine didn't dare to think any further. In fact, she now believed that it wouldn't be too bad to stay in the underworld for a few more years.

Dalton paid little attention to her. His gaze remained firmly on Cyrus before politely asking, "Are you not taking a seat, Cyrus?"

Cyrus had forgotten the reason for his visit, let alone sitting down.

At Dalton's prompt, Cyrus seemed to snap back to reality. "I... Mr. Yarwood, forgive my bluntness, but what exactly is your relationship with Madam Loria?"

"An employment relationship." Dalton cast a sidelong glance at Shermaine. "Madam Loria? That title is new to me."

Cyrus hesitated before responding, "An employment relationship?"

"Yes," Dalton said matter-of-factly, as if discussing the most mundane of topics. "Isn't it obvious?"

Cyrus didn't expect the Yarwood family to be involved in such "business" ventures.

Noticing the confusion on Cyrus' face, Dalton immediately understood that his people had been causing a stir in Hawford, and he was now implicated.

He felt the need to clarify, especially given Cyrus was from the Whitman family. "She was deliberately placed into the Wray family. The Yarwood family also needs to establish a presence in the Hawford's market."

So, that was the case...

Wynter observed the bracelet beads scattered across the floor. Her fingers traced a bead as she pondered the situation.

She had been curious about Shermaine's intricacies. Though Dalton's explanation did make sense, there were still some puzzling aspects.

Cyrus, however, was greatly shocked. He had seen how the Wray family operated behind the scenes. But he had never encountered anyone who could place someone so close to Kenton.

It wasn't just Kenton. The people Shermaine knew were people of considerable standing in Hawford and not merely business figures.

Shermaine didn't deny it. She was more than ready to agree with whatever Dalton said. "Mr. Yarwood's network is deeply embedded. That's why I was cautious about revealing my identity. Mr. Whitman, please don't read too much into it."

Cyrus was still processing the information when Wynter walked out. She squeezed a bracelet bead on her hand and asked with a light smile, "Cyrus, what are you thinking about?"

"Perhaps about my private life," Dalton answered for Cyrus with a gentle cough and a hint of amusement. "My subordinate's actions must have led to such speculations."

Wynter raised an eyebrow before her gaze fell on Shermaine. "Are you Madam Loria?"

Shermaine could hardly bring herself to look directly at Wynter. She knew all too well that Wynter was the Teason

Dalton had suffered. She couldn't help but wonder if Wynter knew that Dalton had nearly broken her legs previously.

Shermaine assumed that Wynter was most likely unaware of this past conflict. After all, the scars on

Dalton's body were all inflicted by Wynter.

Clearly, Wynter had forgotten the grudges between them. Otherwise, she wouldn't have allowed Dalton to hold her so freely just moments ago.

"Yes, Mrs. Yarwood." Shermaine was terrified to expose even a single trace of her energy. After all, she knew better than anyone the cultivation power Wynter possessed.

Wynter took a few steps closer, her gaze lingering on Shermaine's brow. Her fingers lightly toyed with the bracelet beads. Her presence was unmistakable despite standing next to Dalton.

"Madam Loria, I'm just asking, but have we met before?"

Shermaine's response was swift. "No. With a distinct presence like yours, I'd definitely remember if we had."

“Oh?” Wynter chuckled softly, and her thoughts remained inscrutable. “That makes sense. Someone like you, Madam Loria, is certainly not easy to forget, either.”

Shermaine silently wished Wynter could forget her.

Wynter wasn't—the type to make things difficult for others. However, Shermaine's immediate denial seemed almost too quick, suggesting she was concealing something.

Dalton was like a puzzle, and so were the people around him. Wynter couldn't help but wonder what the final picture would look like when all the pieces fell into place.

Chapter 1394 They Do Not Know Each Other Well

After being together for so long, Wynter suddenly realized there was perhaps still a distance between her and Dalton.

No, "distance" wasn't quite the right word. It was more like they didn't fully understand each other yet. Her handsome fiancé always seemed to have a veil of mystery about him. To be precise, he wasn't entirely open with her. Thinking about this, Wynter felt a bit stifled in her chest.

Just as she was about to say something, her phone rang in her pocket. It was a call from the Wray Family, and it seemed urgent—otherwise, they wouldn't have called her so frantically.

She glanced at the two people in front of her.

Dalton smiled lightly. "Cyrus, if you have any questions, feel free to discuss them with Ms. Loria."

Shermaine responded quickly, "Mr. Whitman, let's step outside."

Meanwhile, Cyrus was still confused the whole time.

"Wait," Wynter said, picking up the phone. She believed in keeping work and personal matters separate. I just heard Ms. Loria came from the Wray Family's bar. Let's talk later."

Hearing this, Shermaine froze for a moment and glanced at Dalton. Seeing his indifferent expression, she understood she had to handle this herself.

She nodded stiffly. "Feel free to reach out to me anytime if you want to discuss anything, Ms. Quinnell." Watching her leave in her elegant dress, Wynter felt a bit puzzled. She raised an eyebrow slightly when they left. "Ms. Loria seems a bit afraid of me."

"Is that so?" Dalton smiled faintly while unwrapping a sandwich and handing it to her.

She took a bite and answered the call directly in front of Dalton as she didn't intend to hide anything from him. "Go ahead. What's happening with the Wray Family?"

Abel, who was on the other end of the call, could tell that she wasn't in a position to ask specific questions earlier, so he lowered his voice.

"Kenton secretly invited a few people to dinner. It's unrelated to the factory, but we're not sure what he's planning."

She grabbed Dalton's laptop with the sandwich still in her mouth. "Who did he invite? Give me their names."

"Addison Barker, Jessica Parry, and Danni McCarthy. They're not significant figures, but Kenton did make a point of inviting them to dinner."

As Abel relayed the information, Wynter quickly pulled up details on the three people. Her expression was sharp as she looked at the webpage. "They hold some quite useful positions."

"What?" Abel didn't catch what she said but felt compelled to mention, "Boss, I have a bad feeling about that scholarship fund Kenton is involved in, but it's tough to investigate. Their defenses are too tight."

Her long fingers halted when she heard what Abel said. "Is the scholarship fund active?"

"Not yet, but soon. I sense Kenton is in a hurry. I don't know what he's rushing for, but his connections are well hidden. I feel like this won't be easy."

"Boss, don't you know someone in Southdale? He's returned to Kingbourne. Maybe you should reach out.

This scholarship fund isn't something just anyone can look into."

Sensing his concern, she replied, "Alright. I'll get in touch with that person. Be careful out there. Keep that lucky coin I gave you with you at all times."

"Got it. Boss, about that lucky coin... Where did you get it?"

Wynter replied casually, "I prayed for it. Why?"

"It always feels cold, but it's brought me some luck. I almost got caught the other day, but the coin fell, and it saved me from being discovered."

Abel touched the coin in his pocket as he spoke. "Also, Boss, I looked into Yvette like you asked. She really has changed. Ever since Kenton visited her, she hasn't interacted with anyone much."

Wynter seemed to have caught onto something. "Did Kenton meet those three people before or after that day?"

Chapter 1395 Joining Forces

Although Abel didn't know why Wynter asked that question, he remembered the details very clearly. "It was after."

Wynter tapped her fingers rhythmically on the table. "No wonder the Wray Family suddenly changed their long-standing market strategy. I get it now."

Abel wondered what she meant by that.

Before he could ask, she continued, "Some people are just trying to cheat. Keep an eye on things over there, and stay safe. If something happens, come to me first.

"As you said, their influence runs deep, so there's no need to involve the police. Just make sure to keep the evidence."

"Understood, Boss." Before hanging up, he asked, "Should we continue keeping an eye on the stock market?"

She smirked. "Yes, we should. They're not the only ones who know how to cheat."

Yvette was reborn, but Wynter probably was, too. She knew what the other party knew as well.

However, she had never thought of using this knowledge to her advantage mostly because she never needed to. But now, it seemed like it wasn't entirely useless.

If everything from her dreams turned out to be true, then it meant that in her previous life, Yvette only made it to Kingbourne.

Using her status as a top medical student, she claimed Margaret's medical manuscripts as her own, gaining quite a bit of fame in the medical field. As for everything else, she didn't accomplish much.

Most of Wynter's dreams were about her own fate. Yvette's appearance was probably because she envied how smooth Yvette's path had been deep down.

Now, she no longer felt that envy. She was more interested in what people who were reborn could know about the future.

She was lost in thought when Dalton glanced over at her. She didn't pay much attention, nor did she think about being guarded. Her focus was still on those three people's profiles.

"Are you planning to acquire some land?" Dalton tapped the screen, and his gaze was calm. "Don't go down the wrong path. I have connections if you really want it."

Hearing this, she looked up and couldn't help but laugh. The more she laughed, the harder it was to stop. Dalton merely raised an eyebrow at her.

Wynter finally composed herself and asked, "Do I look like someone who would take the wrong path?" "You do," Dalton replied nonchalantly while feeding her a cookie. "What I meant was that you don't have to go through so much trouble. If you want the Wray Family gone, I can get it done faster."

The people behind the Wray Family might be the ones supporting him, so he also wanted to find out who they exactly were.

Of course, he could keep a low profile if she handled it, but it didn't really matter to him. Whether he kept a low profile or not, those people wouldn't survive anyway.

Wynter choked on her cookie. "I feel like you're the one who's more likely to take the wrong path."

She had a pretty good grasp of the Yarwood family's financial power. But when it came to Dalton, she

couldn't quite figure him out. After all, she had never seen anyone in the business world who dared to go up against him.

Her handsome fiancé seemed to have a knack for keeping his distance from the business circle, despite being a part of it. He never had to play nice with anyone and simply had to attend a lot of meetings.

"I'll handle it," Wynter said while chewing on the cookie as her gaze met his. "But I do need your help with something."

Dalton traced her lip with his thumb, signaling for her to continue.

She held his wrist, and her eyes were dark and intense. "I'll be the bait out in the open while you help me stir things up behind the scenes."

He was smart, so he could tell what she wanted to do from just her first sentence. "Do you mean you want me to manipulate and short the stock market for you?"

Wynter's eyes lit up. "Exactly. No one else is decisive enough."

Dalton was different. He was even more reckless than she was and incredibly cunning, so no one could outmaneuver him.

Chapter 1396 Game of Survival

With Dalton monitoring the stock market, Wynter could walk right into Kenton's trap. That way, Kenton would be completely at ease.

People would often become overconfident when they were doing well, and that was when they tended to double down. Wynter had dabbled in the stock market before and understood these psychological tendencies very well.

As for Yvette, she never considered eliminating her in the past. But this time, things were different. There was a limit to how much one could tolerate aiding and abetting evil.

She didn't believe that Yvette could predict the stock market's movements with complete accuracy. That was impossible, just like how she didn't have a complete understanding of everything.

The logic was simple-if something wasn't within the scope of what one was familiar with, even if they knew about some news at the time, they wouldn't know the specifics of how it would unfold. At most, they would only know the outcome.

The reason why Wynter thought about the news was because she had carefully analyzed it. All of Yvette's actions were centered around major events that she knew about. However, she was unaware of the smaller and more intricate details.

Wynter imagined herself in Yvette's position. She might remember which lottery would win but not the exact drawing. Nobody knew they were going to be reborn, so the most likely source of information was the internet.

So, Yvette was indeed a useful tool for Wynter's opponents to use against Wynter. But at the same time, she was also the sharp blade that would allow Wynter to strike back even faster.

By using a strategy of "fighting fire with fire", Wynter could draw out even bigger fish. She wanted to see who could stand in her way.

Dalton seemed to sense her intent and looked up at Wynter. "Alright. It's my pleasure if I can help you."

If Shermaine, who had just left, saw this scene, she would definitely wonder if he had lost a piece of his soul somewhere.

After all, he was always so proud and never constrained or controlled by anyone, always doing things his way. That was why many people who wanted to collaborate with the Yarwood family were turned away.

But now, Dalton seemed like a completely different person.

Wynter, however, didn't think it was strange. If she was going to bring someone in to work with her, the profits and information had to be shared then.

So, the first question she asked was, "Do you believe in reincarnation?"

Dalton didn't know she was referring to Yvette. His fingers paused momentarily, but he didn't avoid her gaze.

Seeing the mark on her neck, he knew that her memories had almost fully returned. Given how familiar she was with his body, he also knew it wouldn't be long before she truly remembered the past.

He didn't want them to return to their old relationship. But, if she did remember and began to test him, he still wanted to linger in the present for a while longer. After all, the past was too awful.

Dalton's Adam's apple bobbed slightly, as if it were difficult for him to say it, but his voice remained clear and cold. "I believe it."

"Do you?"

Wynter was about to give him a scientific explanation, but to her surprise, he just nodded and said, "And then?"

He was curious if she remembered the past. Would she rather he never woke up and stayed buried in Mount Etna forever?

Wynter didn't understand his sudden coldness. She pressed down on his wrist with one hand and took another bite of the cookie he was holding.

"Yvette was reborn. Kenton's hasty land acquisition is probably based on information he got from her." "Yvette?" Dalton squinted. She had just mentioned reincarnation, but it was about Yvette and not him. Seeing the unfamiliar look of surprise on his face, she thought he had forgotten who Yvette was and explained, "She's my grandmother's biological granddaughter."

Then, she added, "Or maybe she isn't. We still need to investigate that. But she's definitely reborn. That much is true."

As she spoke, she suddenly got interested. "Do you know what being reborn means? It's like what you read in novels, where someone goes back in time and..."

"Buy all the lottery tickets they didn't buy before." Dalton pointed to the word "lottery" she had just written, raising an eyebrow slightly. "Her ambition is low."

When it comes to money, how could ambition be considered low?

Wynter lazily propped her chin on her hand and noticed something. "You don't seem too surprised that Yvette was reborn. Normally, wouldn't people find that unbelievable?"

"I am surprised." He draped his suit jacket over her shoulders. "When she came to the Yarwood family before, there were many things she said that didn't quite add up. What you're saying now explains it all— she was reborn."

There was a playful look on his face when he said the word "reborn",

"In her memory from the previous life, I died in a car accident. It was a short life, nothing like the long life I've had now."

Hearing this, Wynter frowned. "Her memories mean nothing. You're alive and well. You'll live a long life." She didn't like hearing him talk about death at all. No one else could take away the person she saved from her. She would fight anyone who tried.

Wynter's protective stance was clear, and her eyes were cold.

Dalton noticed and paused for a moment before speaking again. "Yes, I'll live a long life."

Only then did she smile and release his wrist. "As long as I'm here, no one can hurt you. Not even someone who was reborn."

"Yes. You're truly remarkable, Dr. Genius," Dalton said before pulling her up. "Let's get you something to eat first. Sandwiches aren't very nutritious."

She wanted to discuss the evidence with him, but he loved taking her out to eat and drink too much. She couldn't stop him.

"You're still not surprised enough," she said while poking his handsome and distinguished face with her finger. "Aren't businessmen supposed to want some kind of cheat-code soulmate to help them?"

He glanced at her and suddenly laughed. "Are you jealous?"

"I just think it's necessary to understand your thoughts."

All of Wynter's dreams were about herself. If the idea of rebirth was real, based on her memories of her previous life before she woke up, he wasn't particularly good or bad to her. He was just like an ex-fiancée who had broken off the engagement.

However, she remembered that he had asked her about Yvette.

There were some things she couldn't quite figure out, and with her personality, she wouldn't hold back. She would just ask directly, like now.

Dalton lowered his eyes slightly. "Besides you, I have no thoughts about anyone or anything else. It's normal not to be surprised. Speaking of thoughts, what about you? What do you see me as?"

Wynter didn't expect to be turned around like this. She paused and smiled. "My fiancé."

"Really? I thought we were just ordinary online friends." He showed her his phone.

She hadn't replied to his messages much. She wasn't too busy to do it, either, so she felt a bit guilty."

Things will be different once the Wray family's matter is settled."

He never really got angry, though his mood wasn't great when he didn't hear from her. It reminded him of the time in the mountains when he was left behind while she took others for training.

He curled his lips into a cold smile. It was the kind of cold that seemed to seep into one's bones.

But he didn't show anything outwardly, as he didn't think there was anything wrong with the present situation. At least there weren't as many annoying people around her now.

"I really won't do it again." She had never been in a relationship before, so she wasn't great at comforting

people.

However, it was true that she only sought someone out when they crossed her mind. If she were a guy, she would be called a jerk by now.

Wynter decided to reflect on her behavior. "How about I make you a suit?"

"A suit?" Dalton's gaze shifted over.

She nodded. "Being a designer isn't just for show. Besides, your birthday's coming up."

He had never celebrated his birthday as he wasn't interested in it. Plus, now that his soul was almost fully restored, celebrating his birthday could have repercussions both in the human world and the underworld. But he really did want a suit made by her, so he agreed softly, "Alright."

Wynter wasn't particularly skilled in matters of the heart. Most of the time, she was indifferent.

But she didn't want him to think she was just playing around. After all, he was genuinely good to her.

Who else would want to take her out to eat and drink unconditionally or use their own life to erase the personal burdens she carried? Probably only Dalton would.

One couldn't deny that money truly was a great thing. It allowed one to enjoy pizza anywhere one went to.

After finishing the conversation about Yvette's rebirth, Wynter didn't avoid Cyrus and called him over to

join them for dinner.

Dalton had no objections. In the presence of an "elder", he remained polite and composed. One of his hands rested on the back of Wynter's chair while the other served her some pepperoni pizza.

It was an ordinary gesture, but somehow, when he did it, it was remarkably pleasing to the eye. Maybe it had to do with his demeanor, or perhaps it was just his face.

Wynter had been hungry for a while. She ate with refined manners while still getting her points across."

Cyrus, I want to acquire some land."

"Acquire land? You?" Cyrus was puzzled. Why acquire land now? Wasn't she focusing on developing the

food industry?

Wynter simply responded, "Yes, land. I need you to find someone for me."

Cyrus wanted to object, but seeing Dalton sitting across from him made him hesitate.

He had just inquired about him with his uncle, and sure enough, Dalton was ruthless in business and never

lost money.

Whoever crossed paths with him might end up swallowed whole, yet what was remarkable was that he

never used any underhanded tricks like the Wray family. Everything was above board, and he even had the clout to go head-to-head with the Darnell family.

Still, the Yarwood family had always kept a low profile.

Seeing that Dalton had no objections, Cyrus struggled to express his concerns. "Acquiring land isn't a

small matter."

"It's fine. I have enough money," Wynter replied nonchalantly.

Cyrus glanced at Dalton before continuing, "That's not what I meant. I think you should

least discuss

this with Grandpa." "There's no need to trouble Grandpa with something like this." She wiped her hands. "Besides, I also want to trade stocks, and there's no way Grandpa would approve of that."

Cyrus was taken aback, and his voice faltered slightly. "Are you really planning to trade stocks, too?"

He knew exactly what the family thought about such things. Real entrepreneurs wouldn't solely rely on

stock trading.

Even though he had been studying abroad, he had heard bits and pieces about the past. Shane... Forget it.

He might as well be blunt. "Shane-your dad..." Cyrus took a deep breath. "Back when he came to Hawford, he got involved in stocks. Not only did he get himself burned, but he also dragged down my dad and uncle.

"He kept going on about some projects, and it was ridiculous. If it weren't for the connection between our families, there was no way my smart uncle would have used his own money to cover his mess."

Chapter 1397 Do Not Invest in Stocks

Cyrus got more and more agitated as he spoke, practically waving his arms around like he wanted to rip Shane apart right then and there.

Wynter quickly stepped in to calm him down. Otherwise, anyone passing by might think he had escaped from some mental hospital in Hawford.

Shane had indeed made quite a few foolish mistakes. Wynter hadn't known before, but she found out everything she needed to know after a quick investigation in Hawford.

Fabian felt guilty toward Reuben because of what Shane had done. So, Cyrus, despite his usual timid nature, wasn't wrong about this.

Back then, when Shane came to Hawford, he thought he could make it big and ended up using the Whitman family's resources and money to fill in his debts. He got conned by a lot of people, and the Whitman family lost quite a bit of money and resources.

Not only was he foolish, but he was also malicious, leaving a mess for the Whitman family to clean up. "Cyrus, calm down for a second. I know that Shane's actions back then caused a lot of trouble for the Whitman family. He's facing his punishment now and won't be coming out.

"You hate him, and so do I. What's done is done, so let's not bring him up anymore. We shouldn't let him affect the Quinnell and Whitman families anymore. He doesn't deserve it."

Cyrus had never seen someone talk so badly about their own father. However, he could tell that Wynter disliked Shane even more than he did.

Wynter let Cyrus sit down before continuing, "If it weren't for him, my mom wouldn't have gotten so sick. He's just good at pretending.

"So, Shane is Shane, and I am me. We are not on the same path at all, and I have my own plans. And if what I'm planning this time works out, it could bring huge profits."

"But the stock market has so many unpredictable factors," Cyrus said hesitantly. "There are so many experts in Hawford's financial circles, but none of them can guarantee they're foolproof."

"That's true, which is why I have other plans, too. Mrs. Montclair Senior has always wanted you to learn how to do business, interact with businesspeople, and make money.

"This time, I'll show you. You need to learn seriously and stop following the Montclair family's every arrangement. There's no need to blindly admire foreign things.

"Our culture's depth can't be matched by other countries. This time, I'll show you what I mean."

Cyrus calmed down from his earlier outburst. Hearing what Wynter said, he paused and asked, "Weren't we just talking about the stock market?"

"We'll get to the stock market later. This topic concerns you too, so you shouldn't be left out of the loop." Wynter propped her chin on her hand and continued, "Right now, the main thing is to acquire some land and let the Wray family see that I'm making moves."

Cyrus agreed, "Alright. Just let me know which piece of land you're interested in in Hawford, and I'll find the right connections to help you get it. But as for the stock market, I don't know much about that. I can help with the land, though."

"Great. I'll give you the details on the land later. As for the stock market, you'll need to get involved even if you're not familiar with it." She smiled. "It's more believable that way."

He didn't quite understand what she meant by that.

The next moment, she made it clear. "After all, our opponent is the Wray family. Don't tell Grandpa about this as he definitely wouldn't approve. Let's just say this is our first project together as cousins. I hope you can handle it well."

Cyrus jumped up from his seat. "You're planning to go head-to-head with the Wray family in the stock market? Do you have any idea how skilled they are in this area? Never mind all the traders they have, the capital behind them is almost unfathomable!"

"Which is exactly why the stock market is the quickest way to drain their resources," Wynter said casually.

His eyes were still wide with shock. After all, he had studied finance abroad and knew all too well how risky this could be!

Chapter 1398

Cyrus asked, "Why are you doing this? There's no need to destroy the Wray family right away. Besides, you

can't win.

"Didn't you join the business association to take things step by step? You've only just arrived in Hawford. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Does it seem like I'm in a hurry?" Wynter thought to herself that if it weren't for wanting to lure out the backer behind the Wray family, she would have tied Kenton to the front of the financial building and let people take pictures all day.

Why bother playing these mind games? It would be unnecessary. But the truth was, the situation behind this was too complicated, with too many people involved.

Even in a case as obvious as the bar incident, the Wray family still had countless ways out. It was clear that someone knowledgeable was giving them advice, and there must be people cleaning up the traces.

It was easy to catch a couple of low-level scapegoats, but her goal had always been to root out everyone responsible for spreading rumors about Marie all those years ago.

For some reason, she had a feeling that while it seemed like the enemy was targeting the Whitman family, in reality, the true target was the Quinnell family. They didn't want the Chamber of Commerce to fall back into the Quinnell family's hands

She wasn't referring to the other businessmen but to the people much deeper in the shadows.

Upon realizing that he couldn't convince her, Cyrus was genuinely worried. "I've never seen anyone in Hawford who could compete with the Wray family in terms of cash flow. Do you have enough funds for the stock market or acquiring land?"

Dalton had just placed a piece of pepperoni pizza on Wynter's plate and casually said after hearing Cyrus speak, "I'll personally put in two billion."

Cyrus paused, and his expression changed as he looked at Wynter. "Is the Yarwood family really that wealthy? Do you not care about losing or winning?"

"He's just joking." She almost choked on the pizza. "I don't need his money for now."

Cyrus continued to stare at Dalton. Both of them were from the third generation of wealthy families, but when Dalton mentioned two billion, it was as if he were talking about two million.

There were still differences between them, and Dalton was talking about his personal funds.

Dalton didn't seem to react to Cyrus' gaze. Just like before, he had barely eaten anything and instead spent most of his time putting food on Wynter's plate.

Cyrus took a sip of tea to calm his frustration before looking back at Wynter and feeling a little calmer. "There's a Ms. Yates with the Wray family. You know about her, right?"

Wynter hadn't expected him to mention Yvette. She raised an eyebrow. "Yes, I do. Why?"

"I heard you beat her in the product selection contest at the Chamber, but she's incredibly skilled at predicting the stock market. I'm not superstitious, but I have to admit that she's like magic.

"I followed a friend's lead on a few of her stock picks, and they've already doubled. With someone like that helping the Wray family, do you really want to take them on in the stock market?"

Cyrus wasn't completely clueless but just didn't understand. He continued, genuinely concerned, "Your strength is clearly in running businesses, and the older generation acknowledges that.

"Why are you venturing into an area where you're not as skilled? You don't stand a chance."

Her smile deepened when she heard this. "Cyrus, the truth is that I'm the true medium. I'm a bit superstitious myself and have a knack for predicting things.

"I recently did a reading for the Wray family, and it looks like they're heading for bankruptcy. Plus, I know a little about the stock market. It's not as bad as you think."

"I just..." He wanted to bury his head in his hands as he was overwhelmed with frustration.

Under these circumstances, he wouldn't take her words seriously. Mediums and prediction? Freedom, democracy, and science were the real deal. As someone who had studied abroad, he could only think she was spouting nonsense.

Chapter 1399

Dalton glanced over with a hint of curiosity, wondering how much stock market knowledge Wynter actually had. After all, when she said she knew "a little", it usually meant something entirely different from what others might think.

At the dining table, Cyrus was the only one who didn't know much about her. But when she asked him to do something, he didn't dare to refuse.

He immediately started pulling strings in his social circles, and within an hour, the news reached Kenton.

Kenton's smile was unsettling. "Real estate? So, does the Whitman family want a piece of the pie, too?"

"Mr. Wray, it's just as you predicted. It's not just about real estate," Adrien reported while handing him the information. "It seems that Wynter also wants to dabble in the stock market. It's a good thing you planted the bait with Cyrus from the start."

This was the first time in days that Kenton seemed to relax. His face was cold and menacing. "Fine. Let them enter the market. I don't care what they try, but make sure the Quinnell family loses everything in the stock market."

"Understood," Adrien replied.

Just as he was about to leave, Kenton stopped him. "Send a few people to have a little 'chat' with that arrogant Ms. Quinnell. After all, if she wants to buy land, she should learn a bit about how things work around here."

Adrien knew exactly what Kenton meant. He wasn't about to let the Quinnell family have an easy time.

Kenton's confidence stemmed from the fact that he held a trump card—Yvette. He didn't believe Wynter had any chance against him. Besides, he thought the Whitman family would soon have their hands full.

Previously, he had been cautious, especially with the scholarship fund investigation going on.

But now he felt nothing was holding him back, and it was time to make a move. The recent demand for "goods" had been unusual, and finding what was needed wasn't as easy as it used to be.

Not that he was worried about his "friends" not being accommodating. After all, he still had some incriminating videos from the bar in his possession.

Everyone who had ever been there had something to hide. The challenge was making everything seem legitimate, especially with the current strict hospital inspections.

As Kenton pondered his next steps, an idea suddenly came to him.

Meanwhile, Wynter's plans to acquire land and dabble in the stock market might have escaped Reuben's notice, but they certainly hadn't gone unnoticed by Taylor.

In the business world, proving oneself would take more than just a single success. One needed multiple wins to show that it wasn't just luck. But Wynter's bold move made the Wray family scoff.

"Is that it? She's just like her father."

"She gets a little success and immediately gets overconfident by buying land and investing in the stock market."

"She's just setting herself up to lose money."

These were the comments circulating in their circles.

As her uncle, Taylor was more direct. "Was this Cyrus' idea, or did you come up with it on your own?"

Wynter wasn't planning on dodging the question. "It wasn't Cyrus, Uncle Taylor. This is my plan. I won't lose money by getting into real estate now, but that might not be the case in the future."

She could foresee that in the future, property would lose its value. But policies would always come from above, and only then would they have an impact.

For example, ordinary people never knew when they might become the next to benefit from urban renewal projects. They wouldn't know which areas might be designated as special zones or hubs for large-scale development, whether it was an airport or a central transport hub.

While others might not know these things, Yvette, who had lived through it once already, certainly did.

By following the three people Kenton had made contact with, Wynter could roughly figure out where they were targeting.

Chapter 1400

It seemed the official documents had been released from above, but they were still vague.

As the head of a listed company, Taylor was quite different from Cyrus. “If you really want to acquire land, you’ll have to deal with the relevant departments. Cyrus’ connections aren’t nearly enough, so I’ll go instead.”

He was worried Wynter might get taken advantage of. After all, there were too many ins and outs in this business.

“That won’t be necessary for now, Uncle Taylor. Don’t worry. I’ll let you know if I need your help,” Wynter said with a smile. “I’d like to handle this myself first.”

Taylor couldn’t shake the feeling that she was up to something else. He paused for a moment before saying, “Mr. Quinnell Senior left quite a few connections in Hawford. They spanned all sorts of circles, high and low.

“There’s one old-timer named Mr. Sinclair. He has more influence in this area than even the Whitman family. Should I arrange an introduction for you?”

The name “Mr. Sinclair” was one Wynter had heard as soon as she arrived in Hawford. He was over 100 years old now and rarely showed his face.

In his day, he had ties with both the underworld and the authorities. But nowadays, no matter what happened in Hawford, it seemed to have nothing to do with him.

Wynter had looked into it and knew that Kenton didn’t dare to provoke him, either. But her approach wasn’t overly complicated. After all, she had many secrets that no one knew.

“No need. I have a feeling I might run into him,” she said. Her intuition was rarely wrong.

Taylor thought for a moment and decided to remind her, “Mr. Quinnell Senior did him a favor, but he doesn’t think much of the Quinnell family’s descendants.”

Wynter didn’t need him to elaborate and could easily guess who he was referring to. Shane, that scoundrel, certainly didn’t seem like a worthy successor to Gordon.

This might also be related to other factors. She always had the sense that Shane being raised into uselessness was somehow orchestrated by someone.

Previously, she hadn’t given it much thought, assuming it was just typical corporate infighting. But since coming to Hawford and meeting Cyrus, the more she dealt with the problems left behind by Shane, the more she discovered.

Whenever a potential heir was raised into uselessness, the impact on a family was immense. It wasn’t surprising that the Montclair family had their own agendas.

After all, who wasn’t somewhat blinded by greed? And it was precisely this cultivation under the guise of familial love that was most likely to lead to trouble.

Wynter fiddled with the purple sugilite pendant and said humbly, “I’ll be careful if I meet him.”

“And as for Cyrus...” Taylor hesitated. After all, Cyrus wasn’t his son, so he couldn’t be too blunt. “If he becomes too much to handle, just send him back. This really is a complex situation.”

Wynter looked up. “It’s manageable. But luckily, Aunt Ophelia is the only problem here. If I had more such relatives, I wouldn’t be able to handle it, nor would I want to. It would just hurt our relationship.”

He hadn’t expected her to be so straightforward, and he burst out laughing. “Are you trying to hint at

something? That’s fine. There’s nothing to worry about on my side. I’ll talk to Noah and Ophelia.

“If things really don’t work out, they can just get a divorce. With everything that’s happened, it’s not something you should have to balance. Honestly... you haven’t changed since you were little.”

She spoke with an air of authority, but it also meant she wasn’t keeping her distance from him. This was good as this was what being family meant!

Taylor was pleased. He had wanted to take some time to discuss these matters with Wynter since it was already pretty absurd. She had been dealing with all the Whitman family’s affairs since she came back.

And behind each of these family affairs, there were always interests involved, especially with Cyrus.

Taylor hadn’t realized it before, but after looking into it more closely, he found that the Montclair family had nearly raised Cyrus into uselessness.

“I’ll keep an eye on the Montclair family,” he said in a resolute tone. “I won’t let you worry about it.”