

## Six Brothers 1021

### Chapter 1021 Know the Crow

Declan's attention immediately shifted at those words.

Liam adjusted the lamp slightly higher. "Mr. Quinnell, I'm concerned that Mr. Albert isn't quite aligned with us. His attitude toward Ms. Horton today wasn't very welcoming."

"That's true." Declan squinted. "After all, he's not like his dad. We'll have to test his intentions."

Albert had endured long enough, but he knew he couldn't expose himself. He needed to give Wynter time.

Though Wynter had said he should follow his heart, he decided to wait for Wynter.

Albert also wanted to know what was going on with Declan, the Quinnell family's savior, who was perfect in front of others.

At the same time, in Quinnell Villa's backyard, a crow emerged silently from a black mist, unseen by anyone. He had arrived on command.

Dalton couldn't enter this formation, but the crow could. However...

"Lord, should we investigate Ms. Quinnell's past life?" The crow could see the mirror image in the formation.

He continued, "The voluntary dissipation of a heroic spirit is understandable, but that Soul Commanding Badge isn't something just anyone can obtain, right?"

The crow scrutinized Dalton's profile cautiously. "Lord, do you think Ms. Quinnell might be connected to that—"

"The formation is breaking," Dalton interrupted. His handsome face was devoid of emotion, but his pale complexion was stark against the night. "She's coming out. Stay here."

The crow cawed softly.

Dalton's dark eyes were unreadable. "Celestial Dragon is here. You two can catch up."

"Are you suggesting I take Celestial Dragon to meet you?" the crow speculated.

Dalton supported himself with a black umbrella, gesturing for the crow to return to where he had landed. To disguise himself as a common bird, he needed to suppress his presence. The crow swooped back. Just as Dalton vanished, Wynter returned to the present world, still holding the cremation urn.

The ashes were the only link between the present world and the Earthbound Formation.

If there were ashes inside the formation, they must exist outside, too. Both needed to be unearthed to nullify the current geomantic layout. "Here?" Wynter's gaze swept over Whitley.

Whitley nodded at first, then seemed to sense something. He froze momentarily, and his eyes darted toward the bushes on the right. "What? Is something wrong?" Wynter now had a new understanding of Whitley.

She used to believe dragons could only control the weather, but after entering the formation with Whitley once, she realized his effectiveness surpassed any testing device.

Whitley stared at the bushes, seemingly hesitant. "It's nothing. I must have been mistaken."

"Be more confident in yourself." As Wynter said that, she suddenly raised her right hand. The copper coin was flicked out and landed heavily on a branch, causing the tree to sway along with it.

The crow was startled. Since he had concealed his presence, no one should have been able to detect him except for Celestial Dragon. He didn't expect a human to detect him.

To avoid exposure, the crow had no choice but to land on the ground and play dead, mimicking an ordinary bird.

After a glance at him, Wynter approached slowly and examined him with a neutral expression.

The crow dared not move. He lay there with his legs splayed out.

Suddenly, Wynter chuckled and lifted her gaze to Whitley. "Is this what you sensed?"

Whitley didn't deny it.

Wynter casually toyed with her purple sugilite pendant as she addressed the crow casually. "How long do you plan on playing dead?" The crow stiffened. Seriously?

"A crow playing dead so convincingly is quite rare." With a smirk, Wynter picked it up. She asked Whitley. "Do you know this crow?"

Chapter 1022 Reforming the Quinnell Family

Whitley wasn't entirely sure. "Possibly."

"That's a good thing." Wynter lifted the crow and locked eyes with him. "Another ancient beast acquainted with Celestial Dragon? Ancient beasts seem to enjoy tagging along with people these days."

The crow denied it in his head immediately, wishing Wynter wouldn't make baseless accusations. He

wanted to squawk.

Wynter didn't press him further. She handed the crow over to Whitley. "Since you know each other, find a place to talk."

The crow couldn't quite grasp Wynter's intentions.

But Wynter had no particular agenda. She simply didn't have time for these ancient beasts.

What she needed to do was escalate the situation so that Gordon could let off steam. Plus, the matter of

her ability to enter the formation needed to be kept secret.

After Wynter buried a copper coin in place, her gaze suddenly fixed on the crow.

As a Savior, the crow suddenly had a very bad feeling.

"They say when a crow caws, someone dies." Wynter smirked. "With you cawing here, it's natural and

reasonable."

What did she mean?

Before the crow could figure it out, he was already under a binding spell.

If this were earlier, he could have broken free in minutes. Unfortunately, Wynter now wore the Soul

Commanding Badge.

The crow couldn't move his wings.

"Soon, it will be the break of day." Wynter checked her watch and said with a smile, "Judging from your beady little eyes, you should understand me. After all, you're an ancient beast, right?"

The crow disagreed with Wynter about the beady little eyes.

"Just stay put. You can start cawing at 9:00 am. I'll draw a circle for you later so you can move but not fly."

Wynter gently stroked his wings. “Thanks, buddy.”

The crow was speechless. He had no choice but to endure it. After all, he had received orders from Dalton.

Whitley watched this scene unfold nearby, seemingly thinking about something.

Seeing Wynter about to leave, he followed.

“Your relative’s ashes are still down there. Why aren’t you digging them up?” Whitley was puzzled.

With one hand bracing herself, Wynter vaulted over the wall. “They sayt in peace,‘ but my great–great- grandpa is about to be unearthed.

“After all these years of disturbance, it’s time for those who have both benefited from the Quinnell family

and desired their downfall to witness firsthand the consequences of their actions.”

This was the only way to straighten out the crooked Quinnell family.

Gordon’s regret extended beyond the underground.

Declan was able to prosper for so long because Gordon’s ashes were suppressing the formation.

Gordon probably wanted more than anyone else to witness the eradication of the remnants of the Quinnell family’s sins.

Wynter wanted Gordon to be unearthed gloriously.

At the same time, in the third-floor bedroom, Declan was completely unaware that Wynter knew the

backyard's secret.

His mind was still on Albert, worrying about what he might be up to.

“During breakfast tomorrow, tell Jolene to find a way to stay a little longer,” he instructed.

Liam nodded. “Yes, Mr. Quinnell.”

Being cautious, Declan glanced at the monitor again. He lay back down after making sure nothing was

wrong.

On the other side of the villa, Wynter had quietly returned to her room.

Her phone had run out of battery in the formation. As soon as she charged it and turned it on, it buzzed with an overwhelming number of messages. Some were from Fabian, Albert, and even Abel.

These were all expected, except for the message from Dalton.

Wynter raised an eyebrow as she read the message that informed her that Wolf was with him. Dalton had

taken him to Mt. Dragon.

Chapter 1023 Sweet Sensations

Something felt off, but Wynter had no time to dwell on it now. Since Wolf had headed to Mt. Dragon, everything should be fine.

Wynter breathed a sigh of relief, feeling considerably better.

Glancing at the messages again, she typed a quick “thanks” on her phone.

Soon, a reply came. “If you didn’t show up when you did, I was going to call the cops.” His resentment under the cool tone was clear.

Just as Wynter pondered whether to call and explain, her phone rang. It was a video call from Dalton.

She couldn’t ignore it, especially since Wolf was with him.

As she answered the call, a strikingly handsome face appeared on her screen.

He seemed to be truly in the mountains. He was surrounded by swirling clouds and intersecting shadows

of trees. Only his distinctive features stood out

Wynter hesitated at the familiar yet strange sensation She couldn’t help but think he looked more suited

to robes than a suit, especially a vibrant crimson one

But now wasn’t the time to think about these things. She needed to ask about the main issue.

“Where’s Wolf?” She peered into the endless darkness behind him. Since when did Mt. Dragon get so

misty?

Dalton’s gaze lowered briefly at her words. His eyes, always inscrutable, made Wynter feel oddly guilty. Perhaps it was from admiring his looks a bit too much earlier.

“Is he not with you?”

“Not at the moment,” Dalton replied casually. “Are you just asking about him?”

Wynter spoke up. And you, too. There’s been too much going on today. Let’s meet up, and I’ll fill you in

properly then.”

Little did Wynter know, as she said that, countless malevolent spirits were kneeling before Dalton.

Being in a bad mood, he dispersed the wicked energy in the mountains.

The king of malevolent spirits thought he had encroached on Dalton’s territory Trembling, he offered

Dalton the Ethereal Frostwort—a rare herb—in both hands.

Suddenly, Dalton seemed to smile faintly.

The malevolent spirits trembled even harder. Dalton’s smile sent shivers down their spines. They preferred him to talk it out.

“Wolf is fine.” Dalton reassured before adding, “Mt. Dragon can soothe his hostile aura. \*

Wynter agreed. “Keep him there. I’ll come visit in a few days I have matters to attend to here“

“Like running away from home? Dalton’s voice was plenser

Wynter wasn’t surprised that he knew. His network of information was extensive. Since he knew, she might as well share her thoughts with him.

After hearing her out, Dalton tapped his fingers. "It should be more fitting for Mr. Quinnell Sentor to

announce this news."

"You're right." Smiling, Wynter tilted her head. "Everyone will want to see what unfolds."

Dalton seemed to be on her wavelength, even more adept at playing people than she was

"Invite Shane as well. After all these years of being a pawn, he deserves to be informed," Dalton said casually.

Wynter's eyes lit up. "I almost forgot about him. He's so concerned with his reputation. Your idea will be a

torture to him."

"For all these years, he turned a deaf ear to you and brought in a sponges to try and replace you, all because of some elusive divination." Dalton's eyes were profound. "Shouldn't he face the consequences?"

"If I hadn't met you in Southdale, and if you hadn't had such incredible abilities, you might have struggled

to survive in Kingbourne because of him. He should have faced his consequences long ago."

At Dalton's words, Wynter suddenly felt a surge of impulse to tell him some things.

Chapter 1024 Make a Fool of Herself

But having gone through an Earthbound Formation, Wynter had connected the formation and the present world. Moreover, it all pointed back to Gordon.

Wynter needed to stay calm.

The medium inside the formation was too enigmatic. Wynter had never seen him, but he was clearly worshiped in the present world. Who exactly was he?

She had discussed this with the cultivator inside the formation.

Logically speaking, the medium couldn't still be alive. Even if he were, he wouldn't be able to walk.

No one around them fit this description. But Wynter's experiences told her that this person was not far

from her.

She was leaning toward the idea that he had used some sort of secret technique, like soul-switching.

The thought made her eyes darken. She glanced at her phone, recalling Dalton's past-life presence in the

Hawford formation.

Wynter felt there was some connection here, but a missing piece prevented her from seeing the whole

picture.

"What are you thinking about?" A deep, pleasant voice from her phone brought her back to reality.

Wynter looked down. "I'm wondering how Declan managed it all."

Declan kept so many secrets and hid them so well. And what was with that badge? Abel had investigated, but Declan was too meticulous, so the information gathered was too fragmented.

“He has many connections. If it weren’t for Mr. Quinnell Senior, with Declan’s methods, Shane wouldn’t even have a place as a puppet in the Quinnell family,” Dalton said casually.

Wynter heard the implication in his words. “Besides the Quinnell family’s shareholders, does he have

other hidden connections?”

“Since ancient times, the nobility believed in fortune-telling.” Dalton chuckled lightly. “If Shane is just

infatuated, then Declan truly has ties with various Arcane Way sects.”

Just then, Dalton dropped a bombshell. “He studied Arcane Way but didn’t fully grasp it. Strictly speaking, he was a lay apprentice of Mt. Dragon, so it was easy for him to make connections.”

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “He has connections with Mt. Dragon?”

How did she miss that?

“It’s quite a secret.” Dalton’s eyes twinkled with a smile. “Declan is clever, setting up sophisticated gatherings attended by influential people. Everyone wants a peace of mind.

“After all, no one would admit to being superstitious, especially those who have been in high positions for

a long time. They’re sure to grant him favors.”

Wynter squinted. It seemed like a long process, but there was no rush. She would take her time. She wouldn’t miss any of them.

Dalton could tell from her expression that she already had a plan.

At the same time, when the shareholders and aristocrats saw Fabian's fiery rant on social media, they each had their own thoughts.

"Is he really going to break ties with his granddaughter?"

"They won't actually break ties, but Wynter has indeed been reckless."

"I've always said this. What could someone from a small place actually know? She's just lucky."

"Now it seems her luck has run out. Mr. Quinnell Senior is furious. I think this was all part of his plan to get Wynter to behave, but who knew she would be so reckless after gaining benefits?"

"I heard they're going to the villa tomorrow. Shall we go and see?"

"Of course. It's bound to be entertaining."

They had really been overshadowed by Wynter lately. Now, finally, they could see her in a bit of trouble.

Throughout the Kingbourne business circle, despite the appearance of harmony, everyone secretly hoped for Wynter to make a fool of herself. They all had their own schemes.

Chapter 1025 Find Her

Shane hated Wynter the most. His existence now hardly deserved to be called living. Wherever he went, he was met with disdainful glances. It was all thanks to Wynter.

The divination had long foretold her curse on the family, but Fabian had always

finally understood that she was truly an irredeemable jinx.

How could Shane miss such a scene?

Skeptical. Now, he

He had even leveraged his dwindling connections to bring in a cultivator from Mt. Dragon. He would

return all the suffering he had endured these days to her tomorrow.

This night, Kingbourne was destined for sleepless hours. Every household was gossiping about Wynter's

runaway.

Deep within the villa, an old man sprayed blood on the wall. His back twitched incessantly.

It seemed he was speaking to himself in the mirror. "Find her. You were right. I should indeed find her.

"In the formation, her appearance was vague, but aside from her, there were a few others we selected. Surely, someone among them has seen her."

Remnant thoughts in the Earthbound Formation would dissipate on their own. Indeed, remnants of memories would linger within the formation's souls.

The college students thought they had merely dreamed. Yet, that dream felt too real. They were slow to

process it.

It was especially so with Phoebe. Her back was still damp.

She thought she would truly be trapped in that place where she didn't have food and could lose her life at

any moment.

Thankfully, it was all a dream.

Phoebe bit her finger. But could there be such a coherent dream? Who was that lady?

Phoebe couldn't forget the disdainful look Wynter gave her.

"Disgusting. Who does she think she is, wanting to control everything?" Phoebe chuckled her makeup kit. "Such a busybody. I'll wear whatever I want.

"Are those days worth remembering? We're all out here hustling for money. Why did she act all high and

mighty?"

Phoebe didn't notice that when she threw her things, her dorm mate from the upper bunk also groggily

woke up.

Yes, Kristina knew Phoebe Boyd. But Phoebe, as a cosplay influencer, rarely came to school or stayed in

the dorm.

She and her dorm mates were people from different worlds. She had instructed them not to.

to others.

..on her

"I'm a famous influencer now. Lots of people want updates on me. I hope you can keep quiet and say you don't know me. It'll save us all trouble, especially since I hardly attend classes. What do you think?"

That was her exact wording.

Kristina didn't recognize anyone in the dream, partly because she thought it was her own and partly due to Phoebe's previous suggestion.

Until just now, Kristina still didn't believe her soul had truly returned to the past. She just felt somewhat

melancholic and guilty for forgetting those battles.

If Phoebe hadn't muttered to herself, Kristina would have gone to the bathroom to splash her face and

wake up.

But Phoebe's actions left no doubt. It was real and not a dream. Their souls had indeed returned to the

past, provided they hadn't been collectively hypnotized.

Who would suddenly want to collectively hypnotize a bunch of college students who were going to graduate?

Kristina took a deep breath.

Before she could calm herself down, Phoebe answered a call. "Brent, it's me. I'm here. I really didn't mean

to stand you up. I fell asleep, seriously.

'I'm still in the dorm right now. It's really not an excuse. Please forgive me. I'll come over right away.'

## Chapter 1026 Shareholders

Phoebe's voice was coy, and she wasn't afraid of being overheard.

"Boyfriend? How could I have a boyfriend? Brent, who are you hearing rumors from again? He's pursuing me, but I didn't say yes. I have you, Brent. I don't want anyone else."

As the sound of the door closing echoed, their conversation grew softer.

Kristina lay in bed with her eyes wide open, lost in thought.

Just like that, dawn broke.

Halfway up the mountain, at Quinnell Villa, Liam had prepared an exceptionally lavish breakfast to win over Albert.

Declan even made sure Jolene sat next to Albert. He needed to calmly observe these two to see if there was still affection or if there were problems.

Declan hadn't slept well last night as he was constantly pondering this matter.

It was only when Liam came to report this morning that he learned about Fabian's social media post.

Now, not only Albert was at the dining table. There were also several shareholders, seemingly gathered together to play chess with Declan.

Declan couldn't leave them standing, so they all took their seats.

Only Albert seemed unaware of what was going on. "Great-uncle, what's..."

"Check out what Fabian posted, and give him some comfort." Declan patted Albert's shoulder. "You know Fabian's temper. He's really stubborn. When he's angry, he must vent it."

“I’m afraid the entire company knows about this now. Consider if we need to minimize the impact.

“You’ve just returned from overseas to take over the business here. I’m concerned some partners might view the Quinnell family unfavorably due to this, and it’ll affect you.

“Fabian is already so old. Why does he still flare up like this? He really doesn’t care about his body.”

Declan’s words made him seem like he was concerned but were indirectly telling Albert that all these problems were caused by Fabian and Wynter, so he had to clean up this mess.

Upon hearing that, Albert tightened his grip on the coffee cup, but he didn’t show any emotions on his face. “Don’t worry, Great-uncle. The impact is minimal.”

Wynter had said he wouldn’t have to endure after today. He didn’t mind this particular morning.

It had to be said that Wynter’s methods were effective enough. Declan couldn’t restrain himself from speaking out.

Albert’s gaze fell on the figures of those still sipping coffee.

If it weren’t for this incident, he would never have imagined that these few would have any issues.

It wasn’t because he thought they had any morals, but because after being abroad for so long, he felt for the first time that the Quinnell family’s growth was excessively rapid and expansive.

Some of the funds pouring in might not even be fully disclosed. It was like these people in front of him, whom he had only heard about but never met. He had no idea when they had invested.

Albert was sharp, immediately spotting the issue here.

He also knew that, to expand capital, relying solely on that worthless Shane wasn’t enough. There needed to be someone backing them up.

Having them invest in the Quinnell family this way might not necessarily be a good thing. Albert sensed that these individuals simply wanted a stake in the Quinnell family.

Declan guided him in talking with these individuals.

Albert, you probably forgot. This is Mr. McGee. You met him when you were young. Over there is Mr. Tenton. And over there is Mr. Winston Senior's nephew."

Albert smiled superficially, but his hand hanging at his side tightened, and his chest felt constricted.

He hadn't realized before that these seemingly insignificant families had such great ambitions. Each one seemed like a bright-eyed jackal, sniffing out opportunities.

Chapter 1027 Lively Atmosphere

"Mr. Albert, please make sure to remind Mr. Fabian to take care of himself. The y

their own ideas, so let's not force them into anything," someone advised.

"Yeah, Mr. Albert. You really should talk some sense into Mr. Fabian."

Everyone knew better than to meddle in others' family affairs.

The lively atmosphere seemed intentional, aimed at unsettling Fabian.

ner generation has

Albert used to be oblivious to these dynamics, but now he saw it all too clearly. He itched to call

Sebastian immediately, wanting to sue each of them and throw them all in jail.

Wynter had let slip some information. They were walking right into a trap.

These seemingly insignificant people had been slowly corroding the Quinnell Group for years.

Albert had never noticed this at banquets before. Clearly, Declan had put a lot of effort into hiding this.

Declan was no stranger to such scenes. He had been the one to encourage Shane to collaborate with Foplyan businessmen, all to make Fabian see the reality of the situation.

He had put in so much effort gathering these people just to witness Fabian's suffering and isolation.

Like at the shareholders' meeting, where they all criticized Fabian for being too rigid and traditional, it was exactly what Declan had aimed for.

After all these years, Fabian still couldn't avoid making a scene with the younger generation.

He didn't even realize it himself, but that was his fatal flaw—being too soft-hearted and too sentimental

bout family ties.

Declan had seized upon this weakness to go against Fabian.

iordon had once said his greatest flaw was being too scheming, but what was wrong with that? If he were like Fabian, he would only get fooled.

Declan would rather plot against others than end up nameless and powerless within the Quinnell family.

Fabian's scheme this time was indeed clever, nearly fooling Declan completely. In reality, the arrangement wouldn't last a few days and was full of loopholes.

The granddaughter whom Fabian intended to support for succession to the company was with Declan. 'Ynter was completely immersed in a life of indulgence, lacking any semblance of an heiress' demeanor.

Declan used to think highly of her, but now that he had seen her up close, he realized what she was really

Now, the whole city was waiting to see the joke.

Declan picked up his cutlery. His gaze fell on the empty seat. "Where's Wynter?"

"Mr. Quinnell, Ms. Quinnell is still asleep. It seems she stayed up late playing games last night. I knocked on her door just now, but she said not to wait for her. She wants to sleep a bit more."

Before Declan could respond, laughter filled the air. The shareholders sipped their coffee.

"Ms. Quinnell is so calm. She can sleep through even this situation."

"Mr. Fabian will be heartbroken when he finds out."

As they talked, they glanced over at Albert.

"Mr. Albert, why don't you go wake her up?"

"We're worried that the conflict will escalate if Ms. Quinnell isn't awake when Mr. Fabian arrives."

Liam added fuel to the fire. "It doesn't matter who calls her. Ms. Quinnell said she'll get up when she feels like it."

Just then, Declan let out a sigh and acted like a wise elder. "I'll go wake her up. Albert, Fabian will be here soon. You wait by the door."

Albert knew they were just acting, but if Wynter didn't make a move, neither would he.

Uncle Declan, don't bother. Wynter never listens to anyone."

It was Shane, who had just walked in from outside.

e was followed by someone dressed in a robe with a handsome face and a serene expression that owed no interest in anyone.

in't that..."

Chapter 1028 Genius Cultivator

"Mr. Pennington?"

The gathered members of aristocratic families all stood up.

They had thought Shane was finished, especially with the recent investigations looming over him. But

Shane had kept an ace up his sleeve.

After all, Kolton Pennington was a true apprentice of Mt. Dragon. He was hailed as the most likely to

ascend to immortality. He had outstanding talents in fortune-telling as well.

It was rumored that he successfully resolved the flooding at Kingbourn's bay, which seemed quite miraculous. Could one truly control the weather?

But that wasn't the most astounding feat. They had personally witnessed Kolton restore a soul to someone who had lost theirs.

And just recently, he had swiftly resolved the issue for Austin.

Moreover, the mall they had invested in had seen stagnant business until he gave a few directives. Once

they installed a looping fountain outside the square, the business instantly flourished.

Hence, these people's faces now displayed a blend of admiration and obsequiousness.

“Why have you come, Mr. Pennington? Aren't you supposed to be discussing the Arcane Way with overseas scholars?” Declan also stepped forward with a smile.

Kolton seemed familiar with Declan but remained reserved. “I'm taking a break these two days, so I came

over with Mr. Shane.”

“We didn't know you would be coming, so I haven't prepared any offerings.”

The others rushed to speak to Kolton.

“Mr. Pennington, the talisman you gave me last time is incredibly effective. I'm full of energy now.”

Albert watched the shareholders fawning over the young cultivator with a furrowed brow. He didn't know if this unexpected development would affect Wynter's plans.

Kolton's arrival had caught Declan off guard as well. However, seeing Shane, he understood the latter's

intention.

Shane wanted to use this opportunity to eliminate Wynter.

Well, that was fine. If someone was going to stick their neck out, he would watch from the sidelines.

However, he was unsure if his “smart” brother, Fabian, would be angry enough to faint after seeing Shane and Wynter turn against each other.

Declan’s face was filled with a smile as he said with false concern, “Shane, it’s not such a big deal. Let

Wynter rest. We can discuss this when Fabian arrives.”

“Yeah, I need to wait for my dad to come. I need to let him see how much this granddaughter he brought back has ruined the family.” Shane scoffed coldly as he took his seat.

He then looked at Kolton, who returned a reassuring look to him.

Shane had always been an esteemed guest of Mt. Dragon. Moreover, Kolton had carefully calculated the horoscope Shane had handed over. It was indeed a fortune that would bring bad luck to her father.

Kolton had also heard about Wynter’s recent actions, which veered quite away from convention. He never held such individuals in high regard.

As juniors, they should honor their parents. Her existence truly defied natural order.

With this in mind, Kolton spoke up, “Mr. Shane, perhaps we should wait until I meet Ms. Quinnell. I need to read her fortune again.”

At his words, those around them exchanged looks.

For Kolton to take the initiative to read someone’s fortune, the person was either extraordinarily virtuous or profoundly malevolent.

It was clear that Wynter, who had yet to make an appearance, fell into the latter category.

Albert found the situation absurd. Shane had brought in someone like Kolton so openly, aiming to deal with Wynter. He was beyond redemption.

It was only at this moment that Shane noticed Albert. He raised an eyebrow slightly.

## Chapter 1029 Wynter's Horoscope Is Unique

Yet, Shane felt that Albert still needed a little guidance.

So, he walked over and whispered to Albert, "Albert, stay out of today's affairs. There's something wrong with Wynter. You'll know when your grandpa arrives."

If Albert could show expressions, he would surely be wearing a cold face right then.

Fabian was right. The Quinnell family's ancestors must have accumulated bad karma to have such a descendant as Shane.

Albert regretted sticking up for Shane in the group chat.

Shane remained confident. He always only cared about himself. While Albert was abroad, Shane showed no concern for him.

Upon Albert's return, Shane displayed concern several times, but each instance was related to his relationship.

Albert didn't believe for a moment that Shane hadn't been trying to sow discord between him and Fabian.

Details that were once overlooked now being gradually connected only intensified his disgust toward Shane and Declan, who had a friendly smile on his face.

They clearly wanted to drive Fabian to his death.

If one attempt failed, they'd try again, ensuring Fabian couldn't regain his standing.

Even some of the company's decisions involved proposals to cooperate with Foplyans, which Albert hadn't heard about during his time abroad.

He never would have suspected Shane of being involved.

Thankfully, Wynter had stood up for Fabian first. Albert felt like he wasn't fit to be Fabian's eldest grandson.

At this thought, he clenched his fists tightly.

Just then, Liam rushed over while panting heavily. "Mr. Quinnell, Mr. Fabian has arrived."

Fabian arrived in a flurry, accompanied by numerous bodyguards, all clad in black suits. He didn't look like he was there to bring Wynter home but rather to arrest someone.

Fabian led the way, supporting himself with his dragon cane. Though his hair was completely white, his presence was formidable.

After looking at the faces in front of him, he smiled. "Are you all here to witness my spectacle?"

The others were startled by his words.

After all, their business still relied heavily on the Quinnell Group. Also, Declan still wasn't in charge.

Upon seeing Fabian, they were frightened. They hastily stood up and explained themselves with sweat on their foreheads.

Fabian listened with a cold expression, clearly skeptical. His gaze then fell on Shane. "Ah, you're here, too. It seems like you can't find peace unless you get involved in this."

"Dad, you can't always misunderstand me." Shane was always a hypocrite with his cultured face. "I heard Wynter has you riled up."

"I'm worried about your body, so I brought Mr. Pennington h also medicine."

a not only knows the Arcane Way but

Kolton bowed respectfully to Fabian. “My mentor often speaks of you, Mr. Fabian. The Quinnell family and Mt. Dragon have long been connected.”

“Mt. Dragon?” Fabian paused at those words. “You are...”

Kolton replied calmly, “I’m Kolton Pennington. I studied under Mr. Stavius.”

Hearing that, Fabian glanced at Albert, who seemed clearly displeased. This suggested Kolton was no friend.

Fabian took a moment to survey those around him.

He didn’t believe in the Arcane Way, but their expressions hinted at Kolton’s significant status. Kolton was after Wynter.

“So, are people from Mt. Dragon now meddling in other families’ affairs?” Fabian asked casually.

Kolton narrowed his eyes at Fabian’s tone and replied softly, “Mr. Shane is my client. I’m here to read Ms. Quinnell’s fortune.

“If it disturbs you in any way, I apologize. After all, Ms. Quinnell’s horoscope is quite unique.”

Chapter 1030 A Slap in the Face

As soon as those words were spoken, a buzz spread through the room.

“What does it mean that her horoscope is unique?”

“It must be bad.”

“I’ve heard before that Ms. Quinnell has a tough fate. It seems like it’s true.”

“Anyway, she’s really rude. How can she let us wait for her? Whic She truly has no manners.”

Upon hearing this, Albert could no longer contain himself.

ly’s daughter behaves like this?

Shane had brought a cultivator here who claimed Wynter’s horoscope was unfavorable. They were intent on branding her forever as a jinx to her father.

Albert narrowed his eyes. Just as he was about to explode, a light chuckle came from upstairs.

It was Wynter, still in her black T-shirt and trousers. Her long hair was as dark as ink, and her eyes were inscrutable. “It seems my last cleaning of the company was too gentle.”

These small shareholders didn’t even have the qualifications to attend the meeting.

Wynter stared at them with unfamiliarity. “If I remember correctly, you all depend on Quinnell Group to make a living now.

“I’m the Quinnell Group’s current CEO. Albert, I have only recently taken over the company, so I have some

questions.

“These people don’t seem like the Quinnell Group’s longtime employees. Did they buy some shares to try

to flaunt themselves before me, or has our family truly weakened to the point where even they could demand respect from me?”

Her voice was calm, but her gaze seemed to suffocate those it landed upon.

“Let’s avoid this kind of collaboration if we can. I can’t tolerate the second party trying to dominate me.”

This was the first time the people present were directly confronted by Wynter. Only then did they realize

that she was indeed not easy to deal with.

But according to the rumor, Fabian was supposedly the one who taught her. Now, it didn’t seem like it.

Standing at the side, Liam was stunned.

What was going on with Wynter? Why was she completely different from yesterday?

Declan also realized something. If the family reunion banquet and shareholder meeting were planned in advance for her to build a reputation, no one was guiding her now.

He frowned at this scene.

Just as he was about to speak, Wynter spoke again with a faint smile, “Mr. Pennington? Are you Mt. Dragon’s genius cultivator, Mr. Stavios’ apprentice?”

“I wouldn’t dare claim to be a genius with Mt. Stavios around.” Kolton also looked at Wynter, not expecting her to look like this.

Despite being a woman, her eyes held an indescribable fierceness, deep and predatory. Her cold beauty was tainted by a hint of crimson at the corners of her eyes, making her look seductive yet chilling.

This was the classic appearance of a demonic cultivator.

As beautiful as she was, the black mist of personal burdens surrounding her made Kolton quite uneasy.

He had heard Maurice mention how Kaspar had encountered her and even praised her.

Kolton couldn't fathom what there was to praise about Wynter. Wherever she went, trouble surely followed.

Meanwhile, Wynter was unconcerned with Kolton's opinion of her. She smiled knowingly. "Mr. Pennington, since you're here, perhaps you can unravel my doubt."

"What is it?" Kolton replied, but his words were laced with coldness.

He intended to tell Kaspar later to keep his distance from Wynter.

Wynter tapped her purple sugilite pendant while looking at him calmly. "Just now, you mentioned my

horoscope.

"I'm curious. Which is worse in this world—having a bad horoscope, or being a father who abandons his daughter because of her horoscope?"

Kolton found himself speechless at her question.