

Six Brothers 1031

Chapter 1031 No Way They Are at Odds

Kolton wasn't sure about the Quinnell family's internal matters, but Wynter's words drew his attention to Shane.

"What nonsense are you spouting to Mr. Pennington?" Shane's face turned red with anger. "When have I ever abandoned you?"

Wynter replied slowly, "I have proof, but answer me first. Can you honestly say you treat Naomi well because you care about her and not just because her horos benefits you?"

"I" Shane started to speak.

Yet, Wynter cut him off. "Don't lie. Mr. Pennington is watching. Swearing falsely before a cultivator could lead to dire consequences."

Shane believed in this, and the more he believed, the more fearful he became. He fell silent and could only clench his fists.

Kolton couldn't stand it any longer. "Ms. Quinnell, you can't treat your biological father this way. Heaven is watching."

"Let it watch, then," Wynter said recklessly, as if daring the heavens to act against her. "Mr. Pennington, you might not know, but I'm the last person to be emotionally manipulated."

"If someone treats me well, I reciprocate. If someone wrongs me, I will surely seek revenge, even if it's my father."

Wynter glanced around the room. "As for others, that goes double."

She then lifted her gaze and smiled at Fabian. "I have my grandpa's support, anyway. Right, Grandpa?"

“Yes.” Fabian stepped forward.

There was not a trace of reproach in his expression. He placed his hand on Wynter’s head and ruffled her

hair gently. “Her temper is just like mine.”

Albert also stepped up. His gaze was full of affection as he looked at Wynter.

“Not only do you have Grandpa’s support, but also mine. Oh, and about the question you asked earlier. If

you don’t want to work with them, we won’t.”

Albert finally voiced his long-held defiance.

His eyes scanned the room before finally resting on Declan. He didn’t spare a glance for his supposed

first love“, whom everyone thought he couldn’t forget.

Instead, he gently assisted Fabian and spoke respectfully, “Wynter insisted on waiting for you. I dared not

make a move here.”

“She’s full of surprises,” Fabian said, clearly pleased.

Albert smiled, too. “Yes, she didn’t reveal her plans to me, either

store for us.”

Their harmony left everyone wide-eyed.

ve no idea what surprise she has in

Wasn't it said that Albert had always been at odds with Fabian due to his refusal to marry for the family? This was nothing like being at odds.

Shane was also dumbfounded. He knew Albert had been distant toward Fabian before going abroad.

At that time, Albert had someone he loved, but Fabian adamantly opposed and even sent him abroad.

The two had clearly harbored resentment. So, how had things changed so drastically? What resolved their conflict?

Jolene had assured him everything was progressing smoothly.

Shane's head was spinning. This was nothing like he had imagined.

Witnessing this scene, Declan felt his heart skip a beat. Unlike Shane, who was slow to react, Declan realized immediately that they were putting on a show.

Fortunately, he didn't betray any emotion. However, just as he was prepared to approach and play his part, a sudden sound came from the backyard.

The familiar, unnerving cawing sent a chill down people's spines. Was it the crow from last night?

Declan's fingers twitched as the cawing continued incessantly.

Shane, irritated, blurted out, "What is that noise? It's so annoying!"

Chapter 1032 Ominous

It wasn't only Shane who wanted to ask. The others had the same question, too.

Declan couldn't possibly have let someone into the backyard, so he cast a glance in Liam's direction.

Liam immediately responded, "It's just a crow. Someone has already gone to scare it away."

"A crow?" Albert, quick-witted, chuckled. "I've never seen a crow. Where is it?"

Jolene, having just finished her makeup, descended from upstairs. "That crow has been on the tree since last night. Didn't you see, Albert?"

For today's occasion, she specially wore a sky-blue designer dress.

It had caused her financial strain, and the accessories on her wrist were bought with

a loan. But Jolene believed that after today, she would finally enter fully into the Quinnell family and become a socialite in Kingbourne.

Albert bringing her here surely meant he was prepared to sever ties with Fabian.

She had waited for this day for many years.

When she was young and naive, Fabian gave her some benefits to send her abroad.

Back then, she should have, like now, found ways to stay in the Quinnell family.

But fortunately, Albert hadn't forgotten her. No matter how formidable Fabian was in

the business world, he still lost to her, someone he had once looked down upon.

So, some sacrifices were necessary.

Smiling, Jolene walked over to Albert.

She had been in the bedroom getting ready, focused on making a grand entrance, so she was unaware of what was happening downstairs.

That included the “discord” between Albert and Fabian.

Seeing Jolene, Shane felt even more irritated. Was this gold digger blind? Couldn't she see what was happening?

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Liam wanted to warn her, but Jolene was too eager to highlight herself.

Before anyone else could speak, she added, “Mr. Quinnell Senior, I didn't know you were here. Don't blame Albert. It's my fault for not letting him go.”

With a determined expression, Jolene reached out her hand to grasp Albert's.

With so many people around, even if she was being affectionate with Albert in front of Fabian, there was nothing Fabian could do about it.

And after this incident, everyone would know she was Albert's woman.

Jolene wanted to stir up conflict between Fabian and Albert, as she had done before. After all, even Wynter wasn't taking Fabian's side anymore. That stubborn old man would surely be angered.

Jolene smiled, but before her hand landed on Albert's, Albert took a step back and

looked at her coldly.

Jolene stiffened, feeling somewhat incredulous. What was happening here?

“Albert?” Jolene attempted to approach gently. “Did Mr. Fabian say something to make you misunderstand me?”

Albert’s eyes instantly turned cold. “What do you think my grandpa would say?”

“That I took his money. But I’ve already returned the funds from my studies to him,”

Jolene explained with a pale face.

Her explanation sounded like the first love in novels who left with money but returned.

Wynter wasn’t interested in this type of drama. She wasn’t in a hurry to deal with

Jolene’s affairs. The backyard was her priority.

“Ms. Horton, you mentioned a crow was cawing in the middle of the night?” Wynter

redirected the conversation.

Jolene didn’t want to escalate the situation further. “Yes, and it’s been cawing continuously.”

She might not intend anything, but the listeners might interpret differently, especially

wgree with SA Tevington on that Wynter errilled niechievously Finr tear mole was family vielste at the corner of her eye. I find a crow’s persistent calling ominous

Chapter 1033

This genius cultivator's appearance was completely outside Wynter's plans. But

since Shane had eagerly brought this "ally over, she might as well make use of him.

Though she said it was ominous, it didn't hold as much weight as when Kolton said It. After all, this group trusted him the most.

Kolton didn't refute Wynter's words. He knew that while crows were considered auspicious, they were also known to announce death.

If it cawed persistently, there must be something unusual here.

Frowning, Kolton said, "Everyone, we should go take a look."

Since Mt. Dragon's genius had spoken, Declan had no reason to stop him.

Right now, Declan wished Shane would just leave. Shane had ruined everything. Why must he bring Kolton?

He might be effective in handling tasks for money, but ultimately, he was not one of their own.

Shane had no idea he was about to shoot himself in the foot. He had brought Kolton here to solidify Wynter's fate of being a jinx to him, not to investigate some crow.

Despite his displeasure, Shane followed along. After all, Kolton was his only remaining connection.

During this time, he had burned quite a few bridges, but as long as he had this connection to Mt. Dragon, these people would still regard him highly.

So, Shane said nothing. He just felt increasingly uneasy. How had things developed to this point?

As they approached the backyard, the crow's cries became clearer.

Declan glanced at Liam with a heavy gaze. "Didn't you say it had been chased away?"

Liam had been sweating bullets all along. He dared not tell Declan that no matter how they tried, they couldn't drive away that eerie crow standing there and crying in

the backyard.

With Kolton and the shareholders present, hearing something so unusual would certainly prompt questions.

To divert attention from the backyard, Liam forced out, "M-Maybe it flew back."

Seeing his expression, Declan understood there was more to the situation, but the current circumstances didn't allow him to dwell on it.

Of course, not just anyone could immediately discern the backyard's layout. Even if Mt. Dragon's apprentice was here, it wasn't a guarantee he would notice anything.

Kolton indeed didn't notice the Earthbound Formation beyond the geomantic layout. It was understandable since Wynter had already broken it.

"What a precise geomantic layout." Kolton praised, "Mr. Declan, this layout of yours is exquisite in attracting luck and gathering wealth."

Declan replied modestly, "You have sharp eyes, Mr. Pennington. The medium did indeed say that this layout can attract luck and wealth."

Everyone's eyes lit up upon hearing this.

"Mr. Pennington, could my house have a geomantic layout like this?"

"My newly purchased villa is also under renovation. Mr. Pennington, could you take a

look and give me some advice?*

Kolton didn't refuse. For a cultivator, the more faith they acquired, the more they could advance.

Wynter raised an eyebrow slightly. This genius from Mt. Dragon didn't quite live up to his name.

She was starting to doubt whether Mt. Dragon was bragging for the sake of fame.

Was Kolton truly deserving of being called a genius with this talent?

Wynter stepped forward and kicked aside some of the cobblestones on the side.

At that moment, Kolton's eyes flashed. "Wait, this layout..."

"What's wrong?" the others asked.

Being Called a Dent

Standing on the side, Declan clenched his fists.

Kolton muttered to himself, "This is not right."

Fabian originally didn't believe in such things, but seeing Wynter's skill, he started learning it as well.

Seeing that no one was paying attention to them, he asked Wynter in a low voice, "What's going on here?"

“He’s too slow, so I gave him a hint,” Wynter replied equally quietly.

Chapter 1034 Declan Exposed

Upon hearing this, Fabian chuckled. He wasn’t sure how well others were at reviewing geomantic layouts, but he knew firsthand just how formidable Wynter was at it.

The current peace in their home and his Improved energy levels were largely due to Wynter’s revision of the Quinnell residence’s geomantic layout upon her return to Kingbourne

.
Fabian hadn’t disclosed this to anyone.

Ever since Wynter was abducted, he had sensed an unseen malevolent force gradually eroding the Quinnell family’s fortunes.

Both the Quinnell residence’s and the hotel’s geomantic layouts were clearly intentionally designed.

Whoever was behind this knew about geomancy, so Fabian was reluctant to inform anyone about Wynter’s skills in the Arcane Way.

Until things were clarified, he planned to keep certain information about Wynter secret. After all, ever since the incident in Panzarath, there had been inquiries about

Wynter.

Fabian had cleverly guarded against them. From his perspective, Wynter was indeed

qualified to guide this young cultivator.

Asserting moral authority right off the bat wasn't what Fabian considered fitting for a cultivator.

Cultivators in the Arcane Way traditionally aimed for comprehensive mastery. Their minds wouldn't be bogged down by trivial domestic matters.

Cultivators in the Mystic Path might advocate letting go, but the Arcane Way always emphasized principles and methods.

Just as Wynter had said, "A debt of gratitude must be repaid, and an injustice must be avenged."

Fabian appreciated that about Wynter.

No one noticed that Fabian and Wynter were whispering.

Even Jolene was busy clinging to Albert.

Albert could be considered a very compliant pawn, being clung to without knowing what Wynter and Fabian discussed.

Suddenly, Kolton spoke up, "Outside! It's outside the walls, too!"

The crow flapped his wings as he cawed, nearly rolling his eyes skyward.

Cultivators these days were getting worse. He had been cawing for so long. Couldn't Kolton hear? Why was he still studying the layout there? Had he read himself dumb?

"Is the crow there, too?" Kolton was anxious to follow the geomantic layout and find

an exit.

Declan felt compelled to intervene “Mr. Pennington, there’s nothing outside.”

“That’s impossible. Mr. Declan, with all due respect, your geomantic layout, while effective, shouldn’t be overused.” Kolton looked at Declan

Declan realized Kolton had seen through it, so now he could only play dumb. “Why would you say that, Mr. Pennington?”

“It steals others fortunes. It’s considered ill–gotten wealth, Kolton said earnestly.”

Mr. Declan, you should ask the families living near you

“Have their businesses struggled in recent years? Did someone fall ill and end up in the hospital every time they received windfalls?”

*All of this is because of the geomantic layout here, which has siphoned away the blessings that should have been theirs

As Kolton spoke, the others gasped

Wynter spoke up at the right moment, “So. Great–uncle has been siphoning off fortunes from these aristocratic families

‘No wonder the Quinnell Group, Fenton Group, Winston Group, and a few others have hit obstacles in business lately

Chapter 1035 Declan’s Identity

Wynter’s remark hit home. However, when she mentioned Kolton, it seemed somewhat perfunctory and insincere.

But no matter what, her goal had been achieved—to fight fire with fire.

Their relatives, who had come to witness the spectacle, now turned their suspicious eyes toward Declan. The reverence they had show him earlier had evaporated into

doubt.

Everyone believed in geomancy here. There was no room for misunderstanding.

Kolton, in particular, couldn't have made a mistake.

It meant Declan had indeed manipulated things behind the scenes.

It was easy to dismantle an indomitable alliance—undermine their common interests.

Declan had always been confident that no matter what happened, these foreign aids

he had nurtured would stand by his side.

On the surface, he appeared uninvolved, but in reality, he had bolstered the majority of small shareholders within the Quinnell family.

With all these relatives, he would benefit in the future when dividing up the Quinnell

family because they essentially represented the aristocratic families' interests.

Now, he had unexpectedly become their common enemy.

Declan finally witnessed firsthand Wynter's power. His greatest regret now was

underestimating her. With just a few sentences, she had placed him in such a

dilemma.

“Well, you sure have a silver tongue, Wynter.” Declan chuckled. He believed he could still assert his control. “So, according to you, am I plotting against my own brother now?”

Declan glanced at Kolton. “Mr. Pennington, could this geomantic layout really harm someone’s life?”

“Not really.” Kolton also thought Wynter’s words were too much. “It’s originally a good geomantic layout. Most wouldn’t notice the difference.

“You don’t need to be so aggressive toward your elders over a couple of rocks, Ms. Quinnell.”

Declan sighed heavily. “I can’t blame Wynter. Perhaps my family doesn’t trust me.”

He then turned to Fabian. “Fabian, you’ve been wary of me all these years, haven’t you?”

Wynter thought his acting was award-worthy.

Fabian remained composed. “Declan, what are you implying?”

“You’ve always disapproved of my closeness with Shane. You believe that his change was all because of my instigation.”

Declan looked genuinely helpless as he continued, “I haven’t even attended the shareholder meetings. I thought that by staying away, I could ease your suspicions.”

Fabian, true to his role as a conglomerate’s director, grasped the dragon cane in his hand and said, “Shane’s failures are solely his own stupidity. It’s unrelated to you. If you want to get closer to him, I can give him to you.

“As for shareholder meetings...” Fabian paused briefly at this. He then adopted a tone reminiscent of Declan’s attempt at cultivating an air of mystery. “You should know the reasons why you can’t attend them.”

Wynter was right. It was only by countering the opponent’s methods that they could incite anger.

Declan never imagined his hot-tempered brother would resort to such indirect speech.

“What reasons?” someone asked.

Declan clenched his hands tightly together.

Fabian shook his head. ‘I can’t disclose it. You’re all from the younger generation,

and this concerns past issues governed by the Quinnell family’s rules. Declan, if you still feel aggrieved, you can speak for yourself.”

“I...” Declan narrowed his eyes, then chuckled. “That’s right, I indeed can’t attend

some crucial shareholder meetings because I’m the Quinnell family’s adopted son.”

As soon as he said that, the audience reacted with varied expressions

Declan continued, "When grandpa brought me back home, he said I would henceforth be a Quinnell. But it seems that after all these years, no matter what I do-

even saving Fabian's life—I can never truly become a Quinnell."

With that said, he glanced at Wynter, implying that such tactics wouldn't bring him down. It was merely a matter of status.

Little did he know...

Chapter 1036 Slapping Declan in the Face

Wynter aimed to uproot Declan's 70-year foundation.

"Saving Grandpa's life once earned you a lifetime of comfort." Wynter locked eyes with Declan. "If the Quinnell family didn't genuinely care for you, they could have sent you away with ten silvers back then.

"After all, beggars were everywhere in those days. Great-great-grandpa couldn't bear to see a child begging for survival during such a harsh time, so he adopted you.

"All these years, Grandpa has never revealed your true identity to anyone, always treating you as a real brother."

Wynter's gaze was icy. "The Quinnell family has always treated you fairly, protecting you in every way. Yet to you, our family is still ungrateful. Great-uncle, you truly remind me of a saying."

Her eyes made people uneasy. "Some ingrates can never be grateful, no matter how much you do for them."

"How dare you?" Declan, in all his years, had never been spoken to like this since he

was a child. His hands trembled with rage, and a murderous look flashed across his

face.

He shouldn't have spared Wynter and should have confirmed her death back in

Southdale years ago. It would have been better than having her expose his secrets

now.

“What a sharp tongue.” Declan dropped his previous gentle demeanor. “Is this how you behave toward your elders? I’ve truly seen your ability to twist facts today.”

He looked at the murmuring crowd.

“I’ve never denied Grandpa’s nurturing. Without him, I wouldn’t be where I am today. He was kind to me, but it’s not the current Quinnell family that I am indebted to.”

Wynter chuckled coldly. “So, you acknowledge that you wouldn’t be where you are today without Great-great-grandpa.”

The Face

Her words carried a deeper meaning.

Yet, Declan assumed she had other arguments, as he

had visited the past.

n’t fathom that Wynter

Feigning sincerity, Declan said, “I’ve never forgotten his kindness.”

“Really?” Wynter took a step forward.

She had examined that newspaper closely before leaving the formation.

Often, the most overlooked details were in local gossip.

There was a small mention of a beggar rising to become a wealthy scion after saving someone outside the Foplya consulate.

Initially, Wynter hadn't connected this incident to the Quinnell family. It was only upon revisiting the article that she noticed that the consulate mentioned in the

newspaper was the same school built by the Foplyans in Hawford.

In the previous formation, she recalled that the school had been burned down. But where would the students go after that? This had always worried Wynter.

Perhaps she was overthinking it, but prolonged education and indoctrination could gradually infiltrate one's humanity.

Wynter didn't really trust the children who came out of that place, even if they were once Cascadians.

The influence of thoughts and beliefs could be nurtured and ingrained. This was proven by the two Foplyan-sympathizing students she encountered in the formation this time.

From entering to exiting the formation, Wynter pondered why this formation was so unique and what Gordon's regrets were that caused his deep resentment.

Finally, she understood that Gordon's resentment wasn't merely due to adopting a son who endangered the Quinnell family. It was because Declan was one of the children who had been raised by the Foplyan troops.

Since he openly admitted he wasn't a Quinnell, this simplified everything.

Chapter 1037 Grandpa's Sufferings

As soon as Wynter spoke, the scene exploded in confusion.

“Ashes? What ashes?”

“What are you talking about?”

It wasn't just the relatives who were puzzled. Even Fabian and Albert turned their eyes toward Wynter. She had never mentioned any ashes to them before.

Declan, in particular, couldn't believe she knew about the ashes. For a fleeting moment, an unprecedented panic flashed across his face, but he quickly regained his composure.

He had also studied geomancy at Mt. Dragon. If someone had tampered with the geomantic layout, he would have known.

She must be bluffing. This was the only explanation Declan could think of.

With a cold sneer, he said, “This is

getting more and more ridiculous. Everyone

knows Mr. Pennington's skills. If there was something here, don't you think he would

have sensed it?”

Kolton, who had been mentioned, lifted his chin and moved his fingers thoughtfully.

He tried to maintain his impartiality. “There's nothing supernatural or evil here. Ms.

Quinnell, be careful with your words.”

“But there's a crow, isn't there?” Wynter smiled. “I don't know much about geomancy,

but I do understand some animal behaviors.

“Crows are scavengers. It’s unusual for it to be cawing for so long without reason,

don’t you think?”

Kolton opened his mouth to speak, but Wynter cut him off. “Mt. Dragon should have taught you that crows announce death, right? Mr. Pennington, surely, you’ve learned

this.”

“I…” Kolton fidgeted slightly.

Wynter’s voice was mocking. “You’ve learned it, haven’t you?”

She was doing it on purpose. If Kolton didn’t understand by now, he would be a fool. But he couldn’t tarnish Mt. Dragon’s reputation, either.

“Of course, I’ve learned it.” Kolton glared at Wynter. “It’s the most basic entry-level knowledge in the Arcane Way.”

Wynter smiled and addressed the crowd. “Did you hear that? Even Mr. Pennington says there’s something underground. So, how am I being ridiculous?”

Kolton was flabbergasted. When had he ever said there was something underground? They had been

g about the crow announcing death.

At this point, Declan’s chest heaved with anger.

Shane, still confused, interjected, “Even if crows are scavengers, that doesn’t mean

there are ashes underground.

“Your disrespectful tone is unacceptable. Your grandpa might indulge you, but I

won’t! It’s wrong to slander people like this!”

“Slander?” Wynter smiled. “Are you saying Great–uncle feels wronged? That’s easily solved. Let’s dig and see for ourselves.”

Declan’s expression changed dramatically. “You can’t move this layout.”

“Why? Mr. Pennington already said this layout steals our relatives’ fortune.” Wynter toyed with her purple sugilite pendant. “If you don’t let us move it, does that mean you want to keep stealing?”

Before Declan could retort, the crowd voiced their agreement.

“This layout must be changed!”

“Yes, Mr. Declan. What do you mean by not letting us move it?”

Everyone was driven by self–interest. Now that their interests were threatened, they naturally opposed Declan.

Declan clenched his teeth tightly and glared at Wynter with undisguised malice in his eyes. “You’re doing this on purpose! You know geomancy!”

“Great–uncle, you must be joking. Geomancy is such a profound art. How could I

Grandpa’s Suffermos

know about it?” Wynter lifted her brows. “I merely wanted to let you experience what it feels like to be besieged by everyone.”

Her tone was indifferent. “Does this scene look familiar? You incited them against Grandpa in much the same way.”

Chapter 1038 No Point in Seeking Mercy

At this moment, Declan's unease reached its peak. He couldn't allow things to spiral further out of control.

Desperately, he remembered his emotionally significant "family" once again.

He looked to the side. "Fabian, how could I possibly have the power to make

decisions about the company? I don't even qualify to attend the shareholders' meetings, let alone incite anyone.

"Do you have some misunderstandings about me? I did help Shane a bit, but that was because he came to me. I didn't want to see you two fall apart."

Shane, foolish as ever, jumped in. "Dad, it's not Uncle Declan's fault. It's mine! All along, you've been the undisputed authority in the company. In your eyes, I'm just a

worthless waste.

"You never even gave me a chance to prove myself. I had no choice but to seek Uncle Declan's help. These shareholders acted on my instructions."

Fabian didn't even want to look at him. Was this really his son?

"Mr. Shane, you're overestimating yourself." Since Fabian didn't want to speak, Wynter took over. "Each and every one of these shareholders is more competent than you. Why should they listen to you?"

The sudden compliment left the crowd momentarily pleased. However, when they

saw Declan glaring at them, they realized this was not a good thing.

Wynter had clearly known all along who was truly behind them. What else did she know?

The shareholders exchanged nervous glances while cold sweat ran down their backs. After all, they had done many things after investing in the Quinnell family.

Wynter had no time to deal with them now. She turned her gaze to Kolton. “Mr.

Pennington, please start the ritual to prove my great-uncle’s innocence. He only trusts you for this task.”

Kolton found himself in a difficult position but couldn’t easily back out. “Then I shall take charge. Let’s go outside and start the ritual.”

Declan now realized that the situation was beyond salvage. Stopping the ritual was out of the question. He had to find a way to defend himself.

However, reality soon proved that he had little left to defend.

The crow was perched precisely, right above the cremation urn.

Everyone was taken aback, not just because of the crow’s exact position, but because the crow himself seemed aordinarily unique.

His black eyes stared at them unblinkingly, as if he saw them as nothing more than a group of dead people.

This chilling thought sent shivers down the spines of the relatives present.

Even Kolton, the genius cultivator from Mt. Dragon, was forced to step back when he met the crow's gaze.

Everything in the universe had a spirit, and the crow was considered an auspicious symbol. Uncertain of its origins, Kolton dared not act rashly.

Moreover, the pressure emanating from the crow was overwhelming. It was as if he had witnessed countless misfortunes, making it difficult even for a cultivator to face him directly.

The crow appeared more noble and enlightened than he was.

The crow certainly looked down on Kolton. He had been cawing for so long that his throat was sore. This weakling cultivator was taking too long.

If Wynter hadn't drawn this circle, he would have flown over to peck at Kolton himself.

Kolton felt as though the crow's gaze was filled with disdain.

He wanted to examine it more closely when suddenly, the crow let out another loud

caw. He then stared at Kolton unblinkingly, sending a chill down his spine.

Chapter 1039 The Truth Will Eventually Surface

Kaltan had encorncined malevoler squirts before and logically shouldn't fear anything. However, the crow before him involuntarily inspired fear

par had once said that they should be respectful in such situations.

Kolton bowed respectfully to the crow in front of everyone. "I apologize for any offense."

"Mr. Pennington, what are you doing?" someone asked, puzzled.

Kolton couldn't quite understand his own feelings but explained, "This crow is extraordinary."

"Extraordinary?" The others trusted Kolton's judgment. Seeing his respect, they followed suit.

Most bizarrely, the crow acknowledged their bow. He strutted a couple of steps with his head held high.

Albert was surprised. "Wynter, that crow..."

"He indeed has quite a background." Wynter touched her chin. "This seems quite effective."

The look in her eyes suggested she was thinking about something else.

When the crow noticed Wynter's gaze, he stopped his strut. He reverted to a blank-eyed state, pretending to be an ordinary crow.

This would be easier to explain to Dalton that he was not to blame. It was Mt. Dragon's cultivator's fault

for exposing him.

Seeing this, Wynter's smile deepened. With a tap of her finger, a copper coin disappeared into the ground.

The circle vanished, and the crow flapped his wings, perching on a branch. The onlookers were amazed.

Wynter glanced at the crow again.

Understanding her intent, the crow descended once more and pecked at the ground with his beak. He let

out a "caw" and went back to perching on the branch.

His eyes were unflinchingly fixed on the spectators, as though he were waiting for them to start the ritual.

Kolton was now compelled to act. "Since it's an omen given by the crow, if we don't dig this up, misfortune will befall everyone here."

After saying that, he glanced at Declan. "Mr. Declan, I must proceed."

With those words, Kolton confidently performed the ritual while murmuring some chants.

As they dug deeper, the clouds in the sky began to change. They seemed to carry booming thunder with

them.

At this moment, Kolton's expression changed drastically. "This isn't just a matter of spirits. It's... It's..."

Though curious, the relatives dared not ask, feeling the eerie atmosphere. Was this weather change a normal occurrence?

Among the crowd, only Wynter stood tall and composed, her eyes shining.

She had vowed to Gordon that she would let him be unearthed gloriously under everyone's eyes, and she had succeeded.

Kolton's words echoed with the first clap of thunder. "The spirits are all trapped underground. This isn't just affecting the geomancy. T—This is an Earthbound Formation!"

Kolton trembled. He couldn't believe that he had encountered an Earthbound Formation at Quinnell Villa.

He had been in such formations before, but it was always under Kaspar's guidance.

Earthbound Formations weren't formed overnight. Novices entering such formations risked becoming nourishment for the formation master. That was why they always ventured in groups of five.

Now, Kolton was alone.

Moreover, the resentment stirred by this Earthbound Formation had an impact for miles around, even altering the weather.

Gritting his teeth, Kolton instinctively wanted to call for assistance. He texted Kaspar about the situation.

But as he dug another inch, his eyes widened. "Someone has actually broken this formation. Who could it be?"

He turned to look at Declan.

Declan's eyes turned cold. The formation had been broken? How was that possible? But there was no other explanation, as the sky was filled with nothing except thunder.

The spirits bound in the formation began ascending into the air.

It was then that the cremation urn was exposed.

Chapter 1040 1 Had a Dream

A strong gust of wind howled, resonating with the squawking crow as leaves fluttered through the air. Not a single cloud was spotted in the expansive sky.

The relatives stood in dumbfounded silence. They could hardly believe what they had witnessed.

“There really is a cremation urn! But how did it end up here? Isn’t this layout supposed to bring success?”

The relatives whispered among themselves, apparently shocked by the scene unfolding. No one noticed that Declan’s expression had turned grim.

Fabian was the first to react. Clutching the dragon cane, he staggered forward to take a closer look. “Is this um...” he started anxiously.

“It was taken from the Quinnells’ memorial hall,” Wynter calmly replied as she supported Fabian.

Worried that the revelation might worsen Fabian’s health, Wynter had sent him a message beforehand. Even so, she couldn’t shake off her distress.

As she tapped on Fabian’s first-aid acupoints, Wynter added loud and clear, “It belonged to Grandpa

Gordon.”

Fabian was stunned by the revelation. His voice tinged with horror as he exclaimed, “That can’t be! You’re lying, aren’t you? His ashes are securely stored in...”

Fabian suddenly halted as his gaze shot toward the figure standing behind. “You did this, Declan! You stole Grandpa’s urn from the memorial hall and buried it here! What are you scheming?”

“Stop with the accusations, Fabian! How can you be so sure that this urn belongs to Grandpa?”
Declan

countered. He adamantly denied any possibility that the cremation urn belonged to Gordon.

“We’ve seen his urn before. It’s undoubtedly his!” Fabian insisted with a hoarse voice.

“As you said, we’re the only ones who’ve seen Grandpa’s cremation urn. If you insist, I have no choice but

to concede.” Declan casually looked away shamelessly.

With no solid evidence, Declan intended to brazenly talk his way out of the allegation. Unbeknownst to him, Wynter had a trick up her sleeve.

She didn’t gather the group for nothing. Besides, she could make good use of Kolton, who claimed to be a “genius cultivator“.

“I’m curious, Mr. Pennington. Are cultivators familiar with the concept of mediumship?” Wynter directed her question to Kolton.

Noticing Fabian’s feebleness, Wynter instructed Albert to support their grandfather before calmly continuing, “I’m sure everyone must be swirling with questions—just how on earth did I discover the cremation urn?”

Though the kinsfolk weré indeed baffled, they kept their puzzlements to themselves. Upon hearing Wynter’s words, they exchanged confusing glances.

That’s because I dreamt about him. I dreamt about Grandpa Gordon. He told me to find him when dawn came.” Wynter explained as she locked eyes with Kolton

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The superstitious relatives instantly felt a shiver running down their spines. Did Gordon really send a message to Wynter in her dreams?

“That person has been dead for a long time, hasn’t he? How did he send a message through dreams, then?”

Someone couldn’t help but doubt Wynter’s words.

*Shut it! He might hear us. Look, that crow’s still standing there,” another interjected fearfully.

Despite their fears, the relatives were intrigued to learn the truth. In particular, Kolton was eager to uncover the one capable of dispelling the Earthbound Formation aside from his mentor.

“Are you saying you’ve dreamt about the formation master?” As he stared at the cremation urn, Kolton instinctively blurted out.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Wynter replied with a smile.

All eyes fell on Kolton, who clenched his fists and cast a glance at Declan.