

## Six Brothers 1051

Chapter 1051 In Honor of Gordon Quinnell

The SWAT officers continued to give instructions. They didn't know Wynter's identity.

After all, this wasn't the usual jurisdiction for their special unit. Additionally, everyone present was a notable figure in the business community.

The SWAT officers looked at the gathered relatives and aristocratic families. "Do any of you have business dealings with Declan Quinnell?"

Those people vigorously shook their heads, but it was futile as the records were all there. If they had plans to siphon off the Quinnell family's shares and divide amongst themselves, they needed to be psychologically prepared to act ruthlessly.

With Wynter's report, almost half of them were taken away. The remaining two or three individuals trembled as they fixed their gaze on Wynter. She was like a grim reaper who was seeking revenge.

Initially, Wynter intended to extract information from Declan and inquire about his so-

called master.

However, she considered Declan's cunning nature and knew he would never tell her the truth. Instead, he might use it as leverage to threaten her and Fabian.

Wynter detested being threatened the most and decided not to give Declan that opportunity. At the very least, with these people taken in, they wouldn't leak the fact that she could enter the Earthbound Formation.

Wynter approached those who remained. "If I were the three of you, gentlemen, I wouldn't talk about today's events. If the SWAT officers suspect you of having

business ties with Declan Quinnell, you would be considered aiding spies."

“We won’t say a word!” the Winston family’s representative, Xander Winston, spoke up. “Ms. Quinnell, you have to trust us. We had no idea he was involved in these

things.

“How could he sell our business secrets to Foplyan businessmen? It’s outrageous!”

The other two nodded in agreement.

The SWAT officers wouldn’t arrest anyone hastily. Indeed,

they hadn’t found anything on these three.

When Declan was taken away, his lips were tightly pursed. He clung tightly to the car

door, unwilling to accept his ending.

He was so close to success. The entire Quinnell family was about to be his. Wynter was just a bumpkin, yet she had ruined everything for him! How did she manage to

hide so well?

Declan thought he had control of the whole situation. Even Dalton was unable to see

through his schemes. How did Wynter see through him?

Declan continued to underestimate people, even now.

Dalton had never interfered in the Quinnell family’s matters because he previously deemed it unnecessary. But now, with his fiancée involved, things were different.

After Wynter dealt with Declan, her gaze fell on the cremation urn. She looked up at

Kaspar, “Sir, I don’t know how to perform the ritual. Could you please help clear the

resentment for Granpa Gordon?”

“Do you really not know how to clear the resentment?” Kolton was genuinely surprised. “How could you not clear the resentment when you can break the

formation?”

Kaspar found his disciple talkative. “Mind your own business. Go look around with

Maurice. Check for signs of any remnants.”

“Understood,” Kolton reluctantly agreed. After all, one must heed their mentor’s

words.

Kaspar approached Wynter. “Young lady, step aside.”

Wynter was just about to move aside when Kaspar remembered something. “Oh, I

forgot. The Quinnell family doesn’t differentiate between men and women. You and

your eldest brother, come together.”

Wynter raised a puzzled eyebrow.

Kaspar chuckled. “You’ve heard of descendants carrying the coffin, right? It’s the

same with the cremation urn.”

Wynter promptly followed the instructions as soon as she heard Kaspar. Albert followed suit.

The siblings each stood at different sides. One on the left, while the other on the right. A light suddenly appeared from the distance, enveloping them.

Whitley observed Wynter's expression and acted accordingly. He remained hidden but subtly moved closer.

The clouds above had an auspicious hue.

Even Kaspar was somewhat surprised. "The Quinnell family truly lives up to its reputation as national businessmen. Gordon Quinnell should have been honored long ago!"

"A Savior! Kolton, look! There's an auspicious hue!" Maurice exclaimed.

As Maurice's voice sounded, Kaspar shouted, "Rise! Let's go home!"

Chapter 1052 Even a Strong Wind Can Rise From Flat Ground

As the clouds dispersed, layers of halos formed in the sky.

Maurice didn't understand why, so he asked Kolton, "Kolton, is a great sage about to

manifest?"

"Not a great sage." Kolton turned his gaze to the cremation urn held up by the Quinnell family. "It's a soul who performed great deeds in his past life."

In the distant sky, even the crow watched the scene.

Gordon had spent his life in commerce, saving the country and its people when he

was alive. He deserved such auspicious signs..

He shouldn't have been buried in an unmarked grave and deceived by traitors!

Wynter had gone to the past, so she understood better than anyone else that Gordon's life deserved to be honored in this manner. She was going to welcome

Gordon home!

She wanted him to see that those who tried to divide the Quinnell family and sell out the country for honor would face no good end.

Wynter didn't have grand ambitions. All she wanted was for Gordon's spirit to rest in peace.

As leaves beside the formation rustled, Wynter gazed at the distant glow of light.

Suddenly, a memory of her conversation with Gordon surfaced. The conversation she had in the formation with him was from a different era.

Back then, only Wynter and Gordon were in the study. He was like an eager child as he peppered her with questions. His face lit up with joy when he heard that everyone.

would have access to education and food in the future.

Wynter still remembered the calligraphy hanging behind Gordon.

It was a line from a poem by a renowned poet, Eason Byron, "Even a strong wind can rise from flat ground, and I will ride the wind for thousands of miles!"

Gordon Quinnell deserved all the beauty in this world, and even more so, he deserved to witness the present world with his own eyes.

Resurrecting a spirit wasn't a hard task for Kaspar.

Even with just a trace of the remnant, Wynter could see the faint figure of an elderly man as she looked up. He was smiling with tears in his eyes as he waved as if to say that he could finally rest in peace.

Wynter felt a lump in her throat. She glanced sideways at Albert, who was visibly shaken.

"Wynter, just now, was that..."

"It was Grandpa Gordon," Wynter whispered. "He wanted to see you, too."

As long as the siblings held the cremation urn up together, they could see their ancestor's remnants.

Albert, who had always been a stoic man of few words, found his eyes welling up with tears. He stood tall, his handsome face etched with determination.

"Grandpa Gordon, rest assured that the Quinnell family is in our hands. My brothers and I will take good care of Wynter."

Albert did not believe in ghosts or spirits, yet at this moment, he made a solemn oath in the presence of something unseen.

Kolton watched this scene and remarked from a distance, "With such ancestral blessings, if it hadn't been for someone stealing it, the Quinnell family wouldn't have

fallen to such a state in recent years.

“Now that the Quinnell family has regained its heavenly luck, it will only grow stronger. The three of you should be careful.”

His last sentence was meant for the remaining aristocratic families.

They had come today hoping to see the Quinnells' downfall. After all, Wynter was known for being ruthless and did not mind embarrassing anyone.

In the social circles of Kingsbourne, personal connections and relationships were something one must always consider.

But who knew Wynter really didn't care about that? She had boldly reformed the Quinnells' family business and put them in a very difficult position.

They always thought Wynter wouldn't last long given how she always broke social rules and offended everyone in the circle. Who would want to do business with her in the future?

Who would have thought that Wynter could transform the Quinnell Group into a booming conglomerate?

She even managed to turn herself into a significant public figure! This was something no amount of corporate PR spending could achieve.

The most confounding part was that the Quinnells truly had once been national businessmen.

What were they supposed to do now that Gordon had returned in such a manner, and Declan had fallen?

Chapter 1053 Even Stronger in the Future

The three remaining aristocratic family members exchanged glances.

Though they hadn't participated in Declan's schemes, they had indeed come with the intent of watching a good show. What they witnessed today left their hearts still

pounding.

"Did you guys hear what Mr. Pennington said? The Quinnell family isn't what it used to be."

"I had a hunch that things were different from before. It was the both of you who kept underestimating the daughter the Quinnell family took back."

"That's unfair, Xander. The Winstons have always been opportunistic. Besides, the one who was always targeting Ms. Quinnell was the Winstons' scion. I'm not wrong,

am I?"

"Exactly, Xander. You're not being fair. Ms. Quinnell saved Logan. Yet, I don't see you mentioning it at all."

"Both of you, get some common sense! I only learned about this today. If I'd known the Quinells' daughter could use mystic art and read fortunes, do you think I would have come to mock her? I'm not stupid!"

"True." The other two frowned. "It seems only the Winston family's main branch knew. But it seems like the Winston family has no intention of thanking the

Quinnells. That's really strange."

Xander Winston waved his hand dismissively. "It's not strange. Mr. Winston Senior has been ill for a long time, and there's no one in charge now. They're probably waiting for him to recover before coming to thank Ms. Quinnell in person."



“Mr. Winston Senior didn’t look well even at the family reunion banquet. Hasn’t Chad

thought of taking charge in the meantime?” someone asked.

Xander sneered. “He doesn’t have a legitimate claim. Why should he be the one taking charge? With Logan around, the Winston family should be his.”

“Indeed, the head of the family must be chosen carefully. If it weren’t for today’s

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ed tuin well yer ne venait them by keeping the cremation um exceto varuder Rek and key. He even planned to join forces

at the Quannel family’s anoma

Enough Les et mention thes again. It’s best if we think about how to apologize to Mi Quinnell Service

“Apologize to Mr. Quinnell Senior? someone asked, puzzled

Xander lowered his voice. “Kaspar Stavius wants to take Wynter as a disciple. She’s a master of physiognomy and the Arcane Way. With someone like her in the Quinnell family, shouldn’t we be more involved?”

“You’re smart! We need to keep close ties! We were on the wrong side before, but now, it’s time to switch sides!

With these three, most in the business circle would soon know about Wynter.

As the three men walked out of the villa, Wynter spoke up, “Gentlemen, please wait.”

All three of them turned to look at Wynter.

Wynter approached them and spoke calmly, “I don’t want anyone to know that I was the one who set up for Declan’s capture today. Nor do I want people coming to us for physiognomy, divination, or fortune-telling. So…”

Wynter pulled out her phone and opened an album. It showed the three of them at a nightclub, each with a woman in their arms. The scene was highly inappropriate.

Their expressions changed instantly. “Where did you get these?”

“While investigating Declan’s connections. These are part of the evidence.”

Wynter’s voice was steady as she continued, “I know that the three of you value family and reputation, especially since one of you works in the education sector. I can hold onto these and not hand them over.

“But remember what I’m about to say. Today’s geomantic layout was discovered by Mr. Pennington, who then informed Kaspar Stavius. That’s how Declan was taken

away. You have no idea what role I played in this.”

Chapter 1054 A Weapon Against Cheaters

The three men nodded understandingly at Wynter’s words. “Don’t worry. We won’t breathe a word about your involvement.”

“Definitely! It was all thanks to how skilled Mr. Pennington was. He visited the villa and immediately spotted something off about the geomantic layout. That was what

led to Declan’s downfall.”

“Exactly. Declan brought it on himself by crossing the line. Even the heavens couldn’t ignore his actions any longer, that’s why Mr. Pennington took action.”

Wynter smirked at their responses. “The three of you really live up to your years of business experience in the market. Let’s go with your suggestion. I had a little spat with my grandpa, and now we’ve made up.”

“That’s great news! A happy home brings prosperity!” Xander chimed in smoothly. How about this, Wynter? Let’s delete those photos. We don’t want your aunt to get

the wrong idea.”

Wynter chuckled. “Mr. Winston, don’t worry. I’ll delete them when the time is right.”

Xander winced and wondered how Wynter still recognized him. After all, the three of them had only attended the Quinnell family reunion banquet once.

Wynter headed toward Albert after finishing her statement.

After a few steps, Wynter suddenly remembered something and turned back to look at the three remorseful figures.

“Gentlemen, if you keep quiet, I can help you with the geomantic layout in your homes,” Wynter offered sincerely.

She added, “After all, through this incident, you will stand with me in future shareholder decision-making meetings of the company. I understand how gentlemen get along. Let’s all work together.”

The three of them were truly surprised that things could take such a turn! They couldn’t believe Wynter would say that.

Xander was in disbelief while the other two men thought

they were dreaming

“Will you really help us with the geomancy layouts in our homes?”

Wynter nodded while smiling. “I know a little about geomancy. Consider it a shareholder benefit.”

“Will you actually help us? The representative from the Fentons exclaimed excitedly, “Ms. Quinnell, you have to help out with my layout, then. I’ve been feeling really

unlucky lately!”

The shareholder perk was great! If they knew there were such benefits, no one would

have sided with Declan!

Wynter immediately gave him a quick reading. “Mr. Fenton, be cautious with those romantic affairs. Those women outside could drain your fortune over time. Look at the dark circles under your eyes.

“There will be no peace in your house if this continues. If you don’t end things cleanly with your mistress, she could ruin your career.”

Wynter’s words were spontaneous. She had another reminder for cheaters like him.” It’s best to let your wife handle all the finances. She can bring you luck.”

Shawn Fenton listened intently. “When I got married, the fortune teller also said my wife’s horoscope was good for me!

“I’m such an idiot. How did I end up forgetting? I’m ending it with that vixen now!”

Maurice, who was standing nearby, was bewildered. He didn't see any signs of financial loss in Shawn. In fact, it should be normal for Shawn to feel frail, especially his kidneys, after all the drinking and partying.

How did Wynter figure out that handing over all of Shawn's money to his wife would make him successful? Maurice was puzzled, frowning in confusion. He thought of asking Kolton for advice.

But even Kolton was beginning to doubt himself. He threw the question back to Maurice. "Are you sure our mentor didn't misjudge?"

"I think so. Ms. Quinnell has indeed broken through the formation." Maurice was

certain about this. After all, he had seen the Earthbound Formation during the TV show recording.

The strange part about this was the malevolent spirit that was present in the formation. It had still yet to be found.

Chapter 1055 Bom Like Thin

Kaspar had said not to bother looking for it, as even malevolent spirits had their fate.

This puzzled Maurice. How could a malevolent spirit have a fate?

However, he had figured that the malevolent spirits tied to the Earthbound Formation

were quite pitiful. They were a pair of sisters, and they seemed quite young.

Kaspar couldn't help but speak up when he saw his two disciples confused, "She did

that on purpose."

"On purpose?" Maurice tilted his head. "Master, what was she doing on purpose?"

Kaspar laughed heartily but didn't explain further.

Seeing Wynter read his friend's fortune, Xander eagerly asked her to read his as well.

"Ms. Quinnell, can you check mine, too? been involved with anyone outside

I haven't

my marriage. Should I let my wife manage all the money?"

"That's up to you," Wynter replied and pretended to be profound. "Sincerity is key in some matters."

The three men responded in unison, "We'll be sincere! We won't make the same mistakes again!"

Any mistresses of theirs had to be cut off!

Wynter glanced behind her. "I need to take Grandpa Gordon back to the memorial hall now. The three of you can reach out anytime if you want me to check your homes."

Wynter had said so much, but her true intention lay in that final sentence. Since there was no direct evidence pointing to any particular family, it would be better to visit them all.

Looking at their geomantic layouts wasn't the same as casual visits. Many details.

could be revealed.

Besides, she also wanted to find out what illness Clyde had. It was quite severe, after all.

Wynter narrowed her eyes after they left. She turned around and revealed her true demeanor.

Kaspar watched her with amusement and couldn't help but laugh. He waited till Wynter approached before pointing at her.

"You really have a lot of tricks up your sleeve, don't you? Interesting, very interesting! Why don't you tell me about your real motive for offering to help with their layouts?"

Kaspar did indeed seem like a mischievous old man at times.

Wynter looked down slightly. "It's personal. But, Mr. Stravius, you have visited the Winstons before. What exactly is wrong with Mr. Winston Senior's health?"

"He doesn't have much time left," Kaspar replied. "As people age, their bodily functions decline. You should understand that since you have medical knowledge. After all, you are Dr. Miracle."

"Dr. Miracle?" Kolton suddenly turned his head. "The legendary Dr. Miracle?"

Albert also looked over when he heard Kaspar. His eyes filled with surprise. "Dr. Miracle? Wynter?"

"Yes, it's me. It's just a title, out of respect." Wynter didn't bother hiding this fact. After all, it had been quite some time since she had taken any cases.

Albert looked at Wynter and suddenly laughed. "My sister is truly amazing. We thought it was because you inherited Mrs. Yates Senior's skills when you cured

Grandpa, but now it seems that's not the whole story."

Even though Albert hadn't spent much time in the country, he had heard of Dr.

Miracle. It was said that even if the Grim Reaper wanted to claim lives when the

clock hit three, Dr. Miracle could let them live till five.

Albert had thought that the saying was exaggerated. But now, knowing that Wynter was Dr. Miracle, he didn't think it was exaggerated at all. He believed his sister was indeed that amazing.

Wynter, what else are you hiding from your brothers?"

Whitley watched from the sidelines as he thought to himself that there was so much more that Wynter was hiding. From his observations in the formation, she was far from ordinary.

Who else could pilot an annihilator aircraft or decipher military codes? These were things that only Wynter could do.

This included being able to save Whitley.

Despite having forgotten many things, Whitley was still a Savior. Yet, Wynter still

came to save him and even managed to get the Soul Commanding Badge from the

formation.

A Savior recognizing someone as their master could have consequences for ordinary cultivators. Yet, Wynter remained completely unharmed as if she were naturally destined for it.

The medium from Mt. Dragon was right, yet not entirely.

Wynter was indeed a prodigy cultivator, but she should be stronger than all of them. Whitley could faintly sense the power emanating from the depths of her soul.



“Is there anything else unusual about Mr. Winston Senior besides his physical condition?”

Chapter 1056 Bitterness

Kaspar turned, and his gaze landed on Wynter. “Unusual?”

Wynter nodded.

Kaspar leaned closer to Wynter. “Young lady, why are you suddenly asking this? You can tell me, and I promise I won’t tell anyone.”

Although Kaspar was trustworthy, Wynter had learned from her experiences in the formation. She only trusted Atwater now and would not reveal too much before Atwater came to find her.

Wynter simply smiled. “I’m thinking of treating him. The Winstons

would probably

offer a good price to fetch a doctor. How much did they pay you?”

Kolton interjected before Kaspar could reply, “Ms. Dr. Miracle, my master is at devoted cultivator. He doesn’t care about money.”

“Kolton!” Kaspar frowned at Kolton’s rudeness. What had gotten into him?

Kolton was unable to accept that the Dr. Miracle could be so mercenary. He was shocked to learn of Wynter’s identity earlier, but now he felt a little disappointed.

A doctor should be indifferent to fame and fortune. Instead, they should be dedicated to saving lives and alleviating suffering.

Kolton shook his head disapprovingly after seeing Wynter acting like this. He used to look up to Dr. Miracle as a benchmark for himself.

Now, it seemed to him that Dr. Miracle did have excellent medical skills, but she was lacking in other aspects.

Kolton's reaction was similar to that of a fan becoming disillusioned.

Wynter didn't need to guess to know what Kolton was thinking. She glanced at him but said nothing. She idly played with her purple sugilite pendant as she gave him a faint smile.

Whitley, who was hiding in the shadows, couldn't help but feel that Kolton, Mt. Dragon's genius cultivator, had been somewhat overrated.

Regardless of the amount of money received for treating a patient with divine healing, it carried a measure of faith. This was not insignificant for cultivators,

Whitley had looked into his own origins yesterday and had taken the opportunity to research Mt. Dragon while he was at it.

Even him, an amateur Savior, could tell that Kolton, this so-called genius cultivator of Mt. Dragon, was not very skilled.

Wynter shared Whitley's view. Her gaze made Kolton uncomfortable.

Kaspar shook his head and pointed at Kolton. "You. What are you thinking? Although spiritual practice doesn't require you to be completely detached from worldly desires, you should avoid the mercantile spirit..

"You are always overthinking. You might as well use that time to read more books."

Kolton protested, "Ms. Quinnell engages in business, yet master, you praised her as a prodigy cultivator. This shows that business and spiritual practice are not in conflict."

“Are you comparing yourself to her? Kolton, are you in your right mind?” Kaspar wasn’t one to coddle his disciples. He waved his hand dismissively, his long sleeves following his movements. “Stand aside.”

Kolton had grown accustomed to being respectfully addressed.

In recent days, with Kaspar absent, he had represented Mt. Dragon at seminars. Kingbourne’s aristocratic families treated him with utmost politeness and regarded him as an honored guest.

In this moment of comparison, he felt a knot in his throat and an inexplicable sense of discontent. How could Kaspar, his mentor, fail to support him in public and undermine his reputation like this?

Regardless, Kolton knew there was plenty of time ahead. He was determined to demonstrate that he possessed unmatched talent in the realm of spiritual practice.

Kaspar felt worried as he noticed Kolton’s bitterness, but he ignored his sharp perceptions.

He answered Wynter, “Mr. Winston Senior doesn’t have any unusual symptoms. He’s

been bedridden for recovery. He should have departed for Hawford by now.”

“Hawford?” Wynter paused and wondered if it was just a coincidence or...

Kaspar continued, “I don’t foresee any immediate trouble for the head of the Winston family. There are experts in Hawford who can cure his chronic illness.

“However, as for his grandson, his horoscope outlook isn’t favorable, and his fate

seems destined to be troubled.

“The Winston family’s fortune is also mediocre and lacks the ability to ward off spirits. I believe he could be at risk at any moment.”

Chapter 1057 Her Own Path

“Logan Winston? You’ve met him?” Wynter asked.

Kaspar stroked his beard thoughtfully. “I caught a glimpse. The boy seems troubled, but that’s not the main issue. What concerns me is his fortune. It carries a sense of impending doom.”

Wynter’s expression changed subtly at Kaspar’s words, though her thoughts

remained hidden from everyone else.

The Quinnell family’s affairs had spread throughout Kingsbourne by now.

Declan was under investigation, and Shane was taken away. There were circulating rumors of internal strife within the Quinnell family.

Those who tried to help Declan were quickly brought in for questioning themselves. Some sensed that something was going on, but no one suspected Wynter’s involvement.

Meanwhile, changes were evident in the Fenton and Winston families.

Austin Fenton looked at her aunt, Marla Fenton, whose face was flushed with excitement. However, he wasn’t sure what she was happy about.

Before Austin could ask, Marla had already visited to tell him all about it.

“I don’t know which fortune teller’s divination your uncle listened to, but they said that I would bring him fortune. Now, he’s had a change of heart and is giving all his money to me. His mistress is furious.”

Austin was interested upon hearing the gossip and set aside the game he was playing. “Is there such a fortune teller?”

“Of course. I used to nag him about spending on fortune-telling and buying all sorts

of items.

“He always takes that mistress around for sightseeing. People were saying that I don’t compare to his mistress because she knows something about protective charms and such.”

Marla took a sip of her tea and chuckled. “All is right in the world now. When I meet that fortune teller, I will make sure I thank her properly! She sure is kind-hearted!”

Austin became even more curious and wanted to know who this fortune teller was.

Aunt Marla, didn’t you ask Uncle Shawn? Where did he hire this fortune teller from?”

“She should be someone from Mt. Dragon.” Marla set down her cup. “You should accompany me there sometime. This divination is worth its weight in gold.”

Austin loved seeking out excitement and definitely wanted to go. He wanted to bring Logan along with him when the time came, too.

However, so far, Austin had never met anyone more skilled in fortune-telling than

Wynter.

If she hadn’t kept such a low profile and wasn’t only interested in business and running companies, she would have been the most famous fortune teller in

Kingbourne.

“That mistress is so relentless. She is still trying to cling to your uncle.” Marla sighed deeply. “She really gets on my nerves sometimes.”

Despite being a playboy, Austin knew better than to meddle with someone married.

Aunt Marla, just tell her to scram. She’s a mistress, so she is the shameless one.”

“Alright.” Marla smiled while nodding.

She appeared lost in thought for a moment before she asked abruptly, “Your uncle didn’t dare to cross the line because I have my family’s support.

“But what about those women without any backing? What would they do if they encountered such situations?”

Austin didn’t quite understand Marla. “What kind of situations?”

Marla thought about those women with husbands who cheated and mistresses who would taunt them.

She opened her mouth but didn’t end up saying those words.

The sky outside grew darker.

all the relatives were shocked when the Quinnells welcomed Gordon back to the memorial h

Gordon Quinnell’s situation resurfaced. It drew interest from both business and political circles who reached out to the Quinnells

Fabian asked Wynter, “Wynter, what are your plans now? Which offer will you take?”

“None of them” Wynter smiled warmly as she held onto Fabian. “Grandpa, you know me well I prefer working alone rather than cooperating with others.

“Besides, I haven’t really integrated into any of the circles here in Kingsbourne, so why bother now?”

“You are right. It’s only by focusing on self-improvement that we can avoid being swayed by others” Fabian smiled while nodding.

Albert was still worried about Wynter’s business ventures previously. She wouldn’t be able to have long-term success if she offended everyone.

At that time, Albert was still discussing with Sebastian about supporting Wynter from the sidelines

If any issues arose, they decided that they would handle them first. They were going to build connections and mitigate any damage caused by her confrontations.

Chapter 1058 Gordon Wants Her to Come Home

Now, it seemed that Wynter didn’t need the path they had prepared for her at all. Not just in Cascadia, but even overseas.

Albert shook his head and was relieved that he no longer needed to put on a facade in front of his enemies. He felt better than ever.

At the same time, he had more ideas about the family’s future plans. They would fulfill the wishes Gordon wanted to accomplish.

Albert’s gaze fell on the ancestral tablet.

Wynter knew Albert had been through a lot today and didn’t want to disturb him. She was still preoccupied with what she read in the newspaper and didn’t hide it from her family.

Instead, she asked directly, “Grandpa, did Grandpa Gordon leave anything important. behind?”

“Anything important?” Fabian shook his head. “No, your great-great-grandpa was always busy transmitting intel, raising funds, and supplying food.

“He was also protecting some people. There’s nothing he left behind that is essential.

Wynter lowered her gaze. Nothing essential was left behind.

Did Declan take it in advance without Fabian knowing? No, that didn't seem right. Declan would have used it to negotiate with her if he had anything significant with him. But clearly, he didn't.

Wynter tapped on the table with her slender fingers. It was a habit she had when she was deep in thought.

There was another possibility. Maybe Gordon wanted Wynter to find it herself. She recalled the letter in the newspaper. The words on it seemed to be urging her to

return home.

Home? Wynter looked up and furrowed her brows slightly. But she was already

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home. Where was she supposed to return to?

Just then, the purple sugilite pendant hanging on Wynter's waist started to sway. It was a signal sent by Leo! Wynter grasped the pendant tightly and cursed under her

breath.

Wynter had been so busy that she had forgotten about Leo, who she left at the

Martinez residence!

"Albert, please take care of things at home for a bit. I need to go out. Oh, and if Mr. Logan comes looking for me, have him stay with you for a while," Wynter instructed.

Albert raised his eyebrows. "With me? That Logan dude?"



“Yup. Is there a problem?” Wynter thought that Albert, who was immersed in commerce, would likely have the God of Wealth’s protection. It would be perfect for Logan who had a bad horoscope outlook.

“Fine by me if he’s willing to.” Albert didn’t tell Wynter that the aristocratic families’ scions, except for Dalton, in Kingbourne were absolutely terrified of him. They would go to great lengths just to avoid him.

After all, Albert still wanted to maintain a positive image in Wynter’s eyes.

Fabian chuckled as he watched the exchange, but he didn’t expose Albert.

Kaspar had mentioned earlier that Logan would face impending doom. Wynter must have arranged it this way for a reason.

Fabian had watched Logan grow up and felt the need to look out for him.

What did it mean for a person to be kind? One would know if they knew Fabian. Despite all the hardship he had gone through, he never lost his benevolence.

Declan claimed that Fabian was too sentimental, and he had to agree. The Quinnells had always valued such sentiments.

The same applied to Wynter. She may seem money–driven, but in reality, she was just as steadfast.

“Then please help me welcome him, Albert.” Wynter squeezed the purple sugilite pendant again. “I’ve already sent him a message. He should be here soon.”

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## Chapter 1059 Even the Underdogs Deserve Respect

But Albert would take it seriously since it was Wynter who asked.

“I’ll keep an eye out. Do you want me to send someone to look for him?” As the eldest brother, Albert had always wanted to help his sister, but Wynter was just too capable.

Wynter chuckled softly. “No need for that. No one would be able to find him unless he wanted to be found.”

Albert understood after hearing Wynter. “Is he so mysterious? He must be someone very important to you.”

“He’s the mentor who introduced me to the Arcane Way.” Wynter took a glance at Kaspar, who was outside. “Albert, I will introduce you to him when he arrives.”

Albert was smart and understood immediately. “Got it. I will make sure he stays. You

can go now.”

Wynter could not recall a time when Leo had been this unsettled. She could sense his feelings since they had a pact. What could have happened in the Martinez residence that caused Leo to feel like this?

Wynter didn’t go alone. Of course, she wouldn’t leave Whitley behind. If people from Mt. Dragon found out she had a Savior by her side, it could cause chaos.

Wynter left directly from the garage with a black BMW motorcycle. This time, the person who sat in the back seat was Whitley.

“It feels different without Wolf.” Wynter lowered herself and accelerated. “Hold on tight. I ride fast.”

As a Savior, Whitley had never experienced the world spinning around him like this. Was it because turtles moved slowly and couldn't handle such speed?

He felt nauseous and was close to puking. The poor kid still hadn't realized that he was Celestial Dragon.

Meanwhile, Kaspar and his group were still studying the Quinnell residence's geomantic layout.

"This is brilliant! Master, look at what Ms. Quinnell has achieved. The purple aura.

from the east helps bring auspicious fortune.

"She even left some lingering energy for the ornamental carps in the pond." Maurice grew more and more amazed as he studied the layout.

Normally, geomantic layouts borrowed luck from ornamental carps, but leaving luck.

for the carps was rare!

Kaspar laughed heartily. "That's why I said that this young lady is a natural cultivator. Her methods are different from the others, yet it flows smoothly.

"The ornamental carps benefit from the lingering energy and then return the favor to the household. It creates a cycle that strengthens their fortune. It's a fascinating

approach to geomancy."

"Master, why does it sound like recycling to me?" Maurice scratched his head. "It's quite scientific, though."

Kaspar laughed loudly again. "As cultivators, we must respect both science and nature. Didn't I teach you that everything has a spirit? This formation exemplifies that

principle."

One shouldn't believe that ornamental carps were merely fish and thus take their fortune lightly. Ornamental carps were known to bring fortune, but they could also get exhausted.

This principle extended to people as well. One shouldn't dismiss others as

insignificant and trample on them. Unfortunately, many people didn't understand this

principle.

For instance, there was Phoebe, who was still texting. She took a few photos. One of them was a "valuable" gift, and another was of herself leaning toward and kissing a

man's cheek.

"What can I do? He just likes me so much.

"I must advise you as a fellow woman. At your age, you should focus on skincare

instead of nagging. He told me that listening to you nag gives him a headache.

"Oh, by the way, I heard that you're pregnant with your second child. You should be

careful. Husbands usually start losing interest. After all, pregnancy makes women fat and ugly."

Judith Zachman was in the Martinez residence's bedroom helping her daughter, Janessa Martinez, with homework when she received those messages.

Her grip tightened on her pen, as if it could pierce her heart with its sharp tip. She felt painful emotions surging through her veins.

Chapter 1060 Cheated On

Judith had considered divorce, but her family didn't approve. There was a saying online that married women were no longer a part of their family. She used to think it

was nonsense, but now she believed it.

Regarding her issues with Jaxon Martinez, Judith had discussed them with her family before.

Judith's father had replied, "Men work hard outside, so you should be more forgiving.

He is allowed to make mistakes."

Her mother also added, "It's not completely Jaxon's fault. You should also put in the effort to doll up.

"You have to learn to endure. Do you think your father didn't do this back then to keep the family's status stable?"

Judith couldn't believe her ears. She used to be a high-ranking executive at her company, and she had a bright future ahead. She was her parents' darling before she got married. Why had everything changed?

Judith didn't understand before, but after she went back to her parent's home earlier in the morning, she understood everything. It was because Judith's sister-in-law didn't like it when she came home.

It wasn't just Judith facing this situation. Whenever Judith's sister returned home from an archeological expedition and stayed for more than a week, she would be

probed about her plans for finding a boyfriend.

Judith's parents even arranged blind dates for Judith's sister, despite the man being ten years older than her.

Her sister-in-law would mention that it was a blessing to marry someone so wealthy.

She could be a lady without a worry in the world.

Judith knew why her parents didn't want her to get divorced. The Martinez family

was in antiques dealing, and hence, they had connections with many wealthy

merchants in Kingbourne.

However, the Zachman family was ordinary. Hence, by marrying into the Martinez family, Judith's brother would secure a household in Kingbourne. Judith still had to be grateful to Jaxon.

Judith looked at the message again and suppressed the disgust she felt. She was about to put her phone aside when Phoebe texted again, not planning to leave her

alone.

Another photo was sent. "He even took me to a nearby restaurant. Jane liked me, too. Look, don't we look like a family eating together?"

The photo was taken last week on her birthday, a day no one remembered. She had prepared a few dishes, hoping they could have a meal together.

That day, Jaxon said he needed to work overtime and even posted on his social

media to apologize.

His colleagues and friends praised him as a good husband who still remembered to prepare flowers for his wife despite his busy schedule.

However, the reality was that she waited at home until dawn. The food on the table had gone cold.

The next day, Judith's mother-in-law, Georgia Fletcher, returned with Janessa. She glanced at her and told her not to waste food when she was alone at home. No one was going to eat the food she cooked.

Judith didn't understand why Janessa avoided her gaze that day. Now, she knew it

was because they were with another woman on her birthday.

Judith could no longer bear it. She picked up her phone and stormed toward the

living room.

Georgia was in the living room having a tea break, accompanied by two retired

teachers. "Your daughter-in-law is good. Mine can't compare."

Georgia waved her hand dismissively and sighed deeply. "The whole family depends

on Jaxon to support them.

"The child's expenses are hundreds of thousands of dollars per year. And now, the overall economic situation isn't ideal, so this puts a lot of pressure on Jaxon."

One of the teachers put her teacup down. "If my memory serves, Judith used to be a senior executive. Let her find a new job."

“She’s in her 40s. It would be difficult.” Georgia laughed. “Which company would want a middle-aged mother? She is also pregnant now. My son is unwilling to let her suffer.”

“Then you should be more considerate. We are all women.”

Georgia sneered. “Am I not considerate enough? I’m just a step away from pampering her.”