

Six Brothers 1111

Chapter 1111 Family Upbringing

Haddon's voice had regained its usual vigor. "This is for the best. My wife and I have discussed it. Wherever I go, she'll follow.

"She has certain ingrained beliefs that are hard to change overnight. In her era, a husband was the universe, while sons were a woman's everything.

"I'm not making excuses for her. She was indeed in the wrong. But I'm confident she'll listen if I give her a sense of security and patiently explain certain things that shouldn't be done. The only difficult one is my granddaughter,

Haddon paused, his expression troubled. 'I'm not afraid to admit it to you, but I can't communicate with her. However, I'm clear that it's not her fault.

"She was raised this way. I, her grandmother, her father, and even Judith all share the responsibility."

Haddon's words were true. Family upbringing was a complex matter.

admit

"The primary responsibility lies with me," Haddon admitted, as he always did. "I was only concerned with antiques, never giving a thought to worldly matters.

"I also neglected my family too much. I know some ingrained habits and values are hard to change, but I want to try my best."

As Haddon spoke, he seemed to have come to terms with the situation. "Thank goodness you're handling this matter. I know you've left me an out. I'm not blind, and there's nothing amiss here at home.

"I'm thinking of moving in a few days, to a different environment. It'll be better for the child."

Wynton hesitated upon hearing Haddon's words. Generally speaking, she would have given up on such a

child.

Once people formed their set values, it was difficult to change them. They would be ingrained in their very

being.

However, love could conquer all. Wynter hoped that some intangible cultural heritage would survive and

Haddon's spirit would remain.

Everything was back to normal in the Martinez family. But what about the sigil?

Wynter's mind was overloaded with information. She reached for a piece of paper and began to write

down the events she had encountered.

Initially, she was just helping a granny open a clinic. Then, she crossed paths with the Gibson family. Next came the human trafficking village.

When Wynter returned to Kingbourne, she discovered that the Scotts, the Gibsons, and the human trafficking village were all closely connected.

Later, there were the wooden doll, the trapped soul, and the college students entering the formation, affecting the real world.

What did ordinary people care about most? Healthcare, education, and eldercare.

This approach, starting from various aspects, finally led to the Internet.

Wynter suddenly looked up. She had a hunch, but it seemed a bit far-fetched.

She needed to consult an expert. If Atwater still wouldn't come to her, Mt. Dragon should give her an

answer.

Meanwhile, Logan had been sitting at the Quinnell residence for who knew how long. He held his teacup with his eyes glazed over. It was a stark contrast to his usual self.

It was worth noting that Logan had quite the temper. He was a typical thrill-seeker, always up to something exciting, and his girlfriends were a revolving door.

for

Albert had never seen him like this. At first, he thought he was Logan still afraid of him like when he was a child. However, it didn't seem that way. Hence, he called Tobias over.

Tobias was also puzzled. He put his script aside and looked over.

"Hey, Logan, what's with you? This isn't like you. Don't think I won't hit you just because you're acting like this. I've wanted to settle the score with you for what your brother said about my sister."

Chapter 1112 Expanding to Hawford

Tobias found Logan's behavior unsettling. Having spent considerable time with Wynter, he'd witnessed her methods of dealing with similar situations.

"Albert, I think this kid is a bit dangerous," Tobias warned.

Albert had been chairing a meeting with a Bluetooth headset in one ear. He was sending clear

instructions in a deep tone.

When Tobias arrived, Albert was dismissing the marketing department head.

“Inform the Boyd family that the Quinnells have always conducted business with sincerity. However, if they’re not interested in cooperation, we’re not limited to them.”

Since Gordon’s cremation urn was dug out, Albert had harbored plans to expand into Hawford.

In the past, the Quinnell family had established their roots at Hawford before migrating north.

Having spent time on Winnow Street, Hawford held a special allure for Albert. As a financier, he saw greater opportunities in the bustling metropolis.

Moreover, there was an even more compelling reason—the Quinnell Group needed it.

If anyone had undergone a significant transformation, it was Albert. Initially, he had no desire to take over the company, preferring to forge his own path.

After meeting Wynter, he grasped a fundamental

truth—the stronger the Quinnell family was, the better able he was to protect his loved ones.

As a child, Albert hadn’t fully understood Fabian’s actions. Now, he did.

Nothing surpassed the Quinnell family’s prosperity. The Quinnells decided to engage in business so that they could leverage their influence and ensure that projects critical to the nation’s prosperity would not be controlled by foreign capital.

If the Boyd family weren’t interested, he’d find other partners.

Albert knew Hawford’s business landscape was dynamic, vastly different from Kingbourne’s. However, the Boyds’ demands were far too unreasonable. They didn’t seem truly interested in a collaboration.

Realizing he might have interrupted Albert’s meeting, Tobias turned to leave.

But at that moment, Albert stood up and asked, “Dangerous? Him?”

“Creepy,” Tobias replied.

His silver hair made him look both stylish and rebellious. Yet, his words were laced with superstition.

“He must’ve encountered something supernatural. Wynter said his horoscope is extremely weak, making him susceptible to such entities.”

Albert had never been one to believe in such things. He furrowed his brow and said, “I’ll go take a look

“Wynter gave me a coin.” Tobias raised an eyebrow before continuing, “If he really turned evil, just hide

behind me.

Albert, clad in his sharp suit, exuded an air of authority. The idea of him cowering behind anyone seemed absurd. Without a word, he strode toward the living room.

The Quinnells took pride in their hospitality. Hence, they provided a spread of fresh fruits, steaming hot tea, and delectable pastries.

However, Logan remained motionless. Although his clothes were dry, he gave the impression he’d just emerged from water.

His eyes darted about in an unsettling manner, and he became increasingly flustered. The housekeepers tried to avoid him.

Suddenly, Logan spoke in a rough and deep voice that sounded like an echo.

“Where’s Wynter? Ask her to come out here.”

Upon hearing these words when he arrived, Albert narrowed his eyes and turned to Tobias.
“Where’s your coin?”

Tobias retrieved a trendy necklace from around his neck. He’d commissioned a designer for the coin.

“Albert, this is my prized possession. It’s a meeting gift from Wynter. Handle it with care. If it darkens, I’m going to destroy Logan.”

Chapter 1113 The Epoch Collection

Sensing a hostile presence, Logan twisted his neck and glared at Tobias. His eyes were fixed on the coin in Tobias hand.

A mix of hatred and fear contorted Logan's face as his fists clenched tightly.

Albert furrowed his brows when he noticed Logan's behavior. Tobias raised an eyebrow, exchanging a knowing glance with his brother.

Albert took the first step.

Logan's face remained rigid, yet a sinister smile tugged at his lips. "Even if it's one of the coins from the Epoch Collection, you need to know how to use it. Do you?"

One of the coins from the Epoch Collection?

Albert realized that Tobias' coin was indeed from the Epoch Collection. Having frequented auction houses, he was well aware of its value.

The coins could command a considerable sum if proven to be authentic and had been blessed.

More importantly, the coin's rarity far outweighed its monetary value. Counterfeits flooded the market, making authentic pieces highly sought after.

The Epoch Collection held immense appeal not only for domestic families but also for foreign clans.

After all, during the Atlantean's zenith, the 'Half-Split Coin', the first of the Epoch Collection, was used by King Thalos, the ruler who unified the country.

To many foreigners, the mention of Cascadian evoked images of a legendary ruler.

Therefore, the Epoch Collection was coveted by most merchants. Their archaeological significance and collectible value were immeasurable. Legend had it that the Epoch Collection possessed past rulers' aura, imbued with their era's prosperity. Hence, it bestowed one the power to ward off evil spirits.

Family lineages, especially those with ancient roots, placed immense value on such artifacts.

Albert was surprised that Wynter had gifted Tobias one of the coins in the Epoch Collection. What puzzled him even more was how Logan could immediately identify the coin in Tobias' possession.

Furthermore, Logan's behavior was increasingly bizarre. He exhibited aggressiveness that was unlike his usual self.

Logan seemed normal when he first entered the room. However, he now looked as though he had been possessed by a spiritual entity.

Maintaining his composure, Albert replied, "What makes you certain we don't know how to use it?"

Logan narrowed his eyes, contemplating Albert's words. His gaze fell upon Tobias.

"He shouldn't be alive. He used some unorthodox methods to escape the underworld guards grasp.

"You couldn't possibly use the Epoch Collection, as you lack any aura of cultivation. Are you trying to deceive me? You're far too inexperienced." Logan's laughter echoed through the room, sending shivers down their spines.

"It seems Wynter isn't here. Otherwise, they wouldn't have waited this long," Logan muttered to himself.

Then, out of nowhere, Logan turned violent. "How dare you question me? Why do you still have a mind of your own? How annoying!"

He raised his hand and slammed it against his head. His unsettling and menacing gaze never left Tobias.

Albert sensed Logan's imminent attack and had deduced his heightened perception. Why was Logan fixated on Tobias?

Albert shifted his position slightly. In that instant, Logan appeared in front of him. He was so close it sent chills down Albert's spine.

"He has the Epoch Collection coin, but not you," Logan said, his eyes darkening with a sinister mist. "Such good energy would be even better in my possession."

With that, Logan raised his hand.

Chapter 1114 Confusion

Just then, Logan felt a searing pain shoot through his palm. His eyes darted wildly before landing on Tobias, who had thrown the coin.

Tobias was just an ordinary man whose energy was as mediocre as his lifespan. How did he know how to use the Epoch Collection? The darkness in Logan's eyes began to recede rapidly. He was worried that if he didn't retreat, the coin's power would consume him entirely. For years, he had not endured such torment. This was no ordinary borrowing of power. It was an intensity he had never experienced, not even from Mt. Dragon's mediums.

If he delayed his escape any further, he would be reduced to ashes.

The Quinnells were not as simple as they appeared. Even the person he knew best, the seemingly frivolous entertainer, could wield the Epoch Collection's power.

To utilize the coin's power, one had to be proficient in the art. Tobias was no ordinary man.

The moment the coin was unleashed, Logan felt drained. Behind him, a shadowy mist emerged before dispersing rapidly.

Logan's face was ashen, his eyes rimmed with dark circles. Luckily, his vision had returned. His feet, however, seemed to ooze a dark substance, leaving a trail of wetness wherever he walked.

Gazing at Tobias, Logan's eyes clouded with confusion. "Toby, why are you here, too?"

Tobias was often the life of the party among his peers, hence the occasional address of "Toby".

"Don't you remember I was here?" Tobias raised an eyebrow, not fully trusting Logan's words. After all, his behavior had been far too erratic.

Logan appeared disoriented. He pressed his hands against his head and swayed back and forth.

"I only remember Wynter telling me to come to the Quinnell residence. She said that I would be better off living here. That's why I came. I remember..." Logan's voice trailed off abruptly.

"I went to the Fenton residence before I came here. I encountered some strange things there."

Before Tobias could inquire further, a voice echoed from the doorway. It was Wynter, who was accompanied by Dalton and a white-haired young man Tobias had never seen before.

Tobias furrowed his brow and asked, "Where's Wolf?"

"He's recuperating at Mt. Dragon," Dalton replied.

As Tobias' biggest patron, Dalton held the power to determine his stage performances and potential collaboration with Rowan. Hence, he didn't pursue the matter further.

Wolf had always been by Wynter's side. Now, there was a new person beside Wynter with white hair that didn't seem dyed. Perhaps, he had albinism.

Tobias didn't have any prejudice against those with such conditions. However, the man seemed to be hesitant to speak up. He seemed underaged, too.

What was it that made him hesitate to speak?

But that wasn't important. For now, the main focus was on Logan's strange behavior.

Upon seeing Wynter, Logan visibly relaxed. The fear in his eyes subsided, yet his voice remained unsteady.

"I saw Mr. Fenton Senior engrossed in smelling candle wax. He leaned in close to the candle like this."

Logan demonstrated, his movements oddly contorted.

"I'm sure of what I saw," he insisted.

Chapter 1115 The Trap

"Wynter warned me to be careful, given my constitution. So, I didn't expose myself. I pretended not to notice anything.

"If it weren't for Austin being in the bathroom and preventing me from using it, I wouldn't have ventured into the Fenton family's main hall. "It was odd that despite the early hour, the entire Fenton residence was devoid of housekeepers. It was as if they had all been dismissed.

"I was already suspicious at that point. When I emerged from the bathroom, I witnessed that scene."

The image was etched deeply in Logan's mind. He had tiptoed back, his heart pounding in his chest, terrified of being discovered. Upon returning, he inquired about Alijah's recent behavior from Austin.

Austin, engrossed in his video game, replied nonchalantly, "Why would my grandpa act strangely? The old man just wants me to learn from the Quinnells. Do you think I'm cut out for that?

"Oh, and he also mentioned that I should learn from your older brother. Your grandpa knows mine well. What's up with you lately? Why haven't you been home?"

Logan avoided the question, fixated on confirming whether he had witnessed the truth or if his mind was playing tricks on him.

The following day, after receiving Wynter's message, Alijah summoned Logan to the study. Still shaken by the previous night's events, Logan attempted to come up with an excuse to decline.

Suddenly, Alijah put down his cutlery and lifted his gaze. "Logan, did you see something yesterday?"

"No, I didn't!" Logan blurted out in a hasty denial. He didn't know he had fallen for a linguistic trap.

Alijah chuckled, his silver hair and beard contrasting with his unusually grim expression.

"I haven't even mentioned what it is, yet you claim you didn't see it. Did you truly not see it? It seems you did see it," he concluded.

Logan recalled his immediate panic and the urgent request to leave. Fortunately, it was daytime, and everyone was present, allowing him to make his escape.

Next, Logan headed to the Quinnell residence to find Wynter. He could not recall what happened after that.

As Logan concluded his story, Wynter's attention was drawn to the Fenton family and the coin lying on the floor.

"Tobias, did you use the coin I gave you?" she asked.

Tobias saw no issue in his actions. "Wynter, you have no idea what state Logan was in earlier. His voice was coarse and uncharacteristic, and he spoke to Albert in a commanding tone.

"He looked like he was possessed. He kept staring at me and even attempted to attack Albert. I figured the coin you gave me might be useful.' Wynter raised an eyebrow, her skepticism evident. "Did you know how to use the coin?"

"I just saw how terrified Logan was of this thing, so I threw it at him," Tobias explained. Although he was clever, his explanation was far from convincing.

Wynter recalled Atwater's words about the distinction between the Epoch Collection and the Small Epoch Collection.

To borrow power from the Epoch Collection, one had to undergo rigorous training, as not everyone could wield its power. Yet, Tobias was seemingly able to do it.

Atwater often praised Wynter as a rare talented cultivator.

Chapter 1116 His Identity

Then what did that make Tobias? He could instantly borrow the powers from the Epoch Collection.

Although Wynter had imprinted the coin to protect Tobias, the situation earlier seemed more than offering protection.

Wynter couldn't deduce anything from her family's physical appearances. She touched the now blackened coin and felt the lingering heat. It was a testament to the force exerted. What was happening?

Wynter didn't think Tobias was deceiving her. He genuinely didn't understand these things and had his dreams and pursuits.

If it wasn't him in this life who could harness the Epoch Collection's power, then what about his past life?

Ever since entering the formation, Wynter had been eager to know more about her family's past, particularly her brothers' previous lives.

Even without solid clues, the desire to know persisted. But she could deduce nothing.

While Wynter pondered, Tobias, frightened by Logan's words, said, "Smelling candle wax? What kind of fetish is that?"

Wynter glanced at him. "It's not a fetish. Haven't you heard the saying 'People fight for breath, spirits fight for candles?' To them, the candle wax is crucial.

"Alijah Felton is problematic, but you have even more issues."

Wynter's gaze returned to Logan. "What happened to you?"

Logan was confused. 'In simple terms, you were possessed," Wynter explained, casually pocketing the Epoch Collection she had picked up. Tobias' situation could wait. As for the Fenton family, she needed to inquire further.

Meanwhile, Dalton's gaze swept over, his eyes shifting for the first time. It surprised him that someone from that lineage remained and was right beside him.

Logically, that lineage should have perished long ago, with no chance of reincarnation. Yet, after regaining part of his cultivation, Dalton could distinctly sense these auras.

The Epoch Collection someone had just pocketed was burnt through. This indicated that the user was an expert.

Of all the Quinnell men, Tobias seemed the least likely to wield such power. Yet, he was the one who had used it.

Dalton's fingers twitched. As he looked up, he met Whitley's gaze.

Whitley had been observing Dalton. His focus was unwavering, as he wanted to verify his instincts.

Whitley was certain now that Dalton recognized him. Initially, he was only 50 percent sure, but now, he was almost certain.

Dalton was no ordinary man. The Fankrit inscriptions entwined around him grew more intricate as he looked at the coin, suggesting an unshakable curse.

Whitley was most intrigued by the deep sense of familiarity. It was as if he had known Dalton for a very long time, much like the crow he had seen earlier.

Dalton didn't intend to hide his aura but added a warning to his gaze.

Whitley hesitated. Did Dalton not want him to reveal his suspicions to Wynter, his betrothed? Was he approaching her with an ulterior motive?

Whitley was confused. He was unsure how to convey his thoughts to Wynter, who seemed preoccupied. Whitley hoped his intuition was wrong this time.

Chapter 1117 Meeting the Others

Wynter didn't notice the subtle changes in Whitley's expression.

There was too much information to process, and she needed time to sort through it all. Logan being possessed didn't surprise her, but Alijah's behavior did.

"Tobias, get in touch with Austin. Tell him you want to take me to the Fenton residence as a guest," Wynter instructed.

Logan immediately understood Wynter's intention. He lowered his head, seemingly composed but clearly hiding something.

"Now? Or tonight?" he asked.

Wynter preferred to go now, but seeing Logan's hesitation, she conceded, "Tonight is fine."

Tobias, interpreting Logan's hesitation as lingering fear, said, "Phil, please bring Logan to rest."

Phil brought over some tea. "Mr. Tobias, rest assured that Mr. Logan's room is ready. It's right next to yours."

Then, Phil turned to Wynter and said, 'Ms. Quinnell, you've been busy all day. Have some tea.

"I've had the kitchen prepare some bacon, kept warm for you. You can eat before heading to the Fentons. There's no rush. I'll handle the arrangements.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior mentioned that I should take you around to meet the prominent families. You've been in town for a while now, so it's time to get acquainted with everyone.

"After all, these are people you'll be interacting with regularly in the future. You would also meet the people from the Quinnell family's other businesses.

"Moreover, you saved Mr. Austin before. Mrs. Fenton has expressed her gratitude multiple times. We can use this as an opportunity."

Wynter agreed without hesitation. "Let's proceed with your plan, Phil."

"Okay." Phil smiled and signaled the kitchen staff to prepare a few more dishes. The housekeepers quickly set the table.

In the past, the Quinnell family meals usually consisted of Fabian dining alone. Shane was always busy, and the other Quinnells had their careers out of town. The house often felt empty.

But things changed after Wynter returned. The house became lively, transforming from a small table for one to a large round table for many.

The round table had always been there, but it was rarely filled, even during New Year's dinners. Shane thought round tables looked unsophisticated compared to the long tables frequently used abroad.

Fabian cherished the idea of family unity, which Shane never understood. For him, prestige took precedence, and foreign customs were always superior.

Phil had always been pained by how Shane's attitude hurt Fabian. It was bad enough that outsiders troubled him, but for the Quinnell family's only son to do the same was incomprehensible to Phil.

Now that Shane was no longer around, the household thrived like never before, all thanks to Wynter.

Phil wasn't interested in the external chaos. His priorities were simple-protecting Wynter and the Quinnell family. The rest had to fend for themselves.

His loyalty to the Quinnell family never wavered, even during the toughest years when he stood by the old master's side.

With the Quinnell family's fortunes on the rise, Phil had only one wish left-to see the Quinells married with children. It was a modest wish, but one that meant everything to him.

Therefore, Phil took special care when attending to Dalton. Despite the other Quinells' apparent lack of warmth for Dalton, Phil remained diligent in his hospitality.

Chapter 1118 Dalton Is Jealous

If Sebastian had been present, his disregard toward Dalton would have been even more noticeable.

All of the Quinnell brothers were protective of Wynter, and even Phil disapproved of her marrying so early. However, they all agreed that a man like Dalton was worthy of her.

"Ms. Quinnell specifically instructed me that pasta is better for your digestive health," Phil explained as he placed the chicken macaroni from the cart in front of Dalton.

Hearing this, Wynter paused mid-bite of her bacon.

Dalton looked at her and said, "Did you really tell Mr. Moore about this?"

Wynter looked at Phil, then back at Dalton. She nodded and said, 'Of course, I did.'

It was up to Phil to respond to whether the discussion was intentional.

Dalton smirked and muttered so softly that his words could only be heard if one was close enough. "Well, at least you have some conscience."

Phil chuckled. He knew that the key to a young couple's relationship was for them to care for each other.

Wynter had been so busy lately that she had neglected Dalton. This wasn't healthy for their relationship.

However, Wynter remained oblivious to Phil's intentions. She ate her food a little faster, her eyes still on Logan. She was still observing him. Logan's current state suggested that he had not merely been possessed. There must be something else going on with him.

Noticing that Wynter's attention was not on Dalton, Phil gave a soft cough.

Wynter looked up and saw Phil winking at her. She raised an eyebrow in confusion.

Phil was getting slightly anxious. He couldn't fathom what Wynter was thinking.

According to Tobias, Wynter was the one who had initiated the relationship. Despite the existing engagement, she was drawn to Dalton. Was this how Wynter took the initiative?

Seeing Phil's persistent gaze, Wynter swallowed the bacon in her mouth and said, 'It's delicious!'

She assumed Phil was asking about the bacon's taste.

Phil was speechless. Well, Wynter must have her own plans. If not, he and Fabian could step in to assist.

Wynter was preoccupied with the Fenton and Winston family matters and rarely went to the courtyard. Her romantic life was indeed not a priority.

Dalton could certainly sense this. He had been like this before.

While it seemed Wynter couldn't live without him, she might have been just fine on her own.

If Dalton's body had not been restored, and he was in the present world, he too would have believed that she cared deeply for him. But he was well aware that he held a mere fraction of her heart, perhaps not even a tenth.

Just as before, Wynter always put those fellow cultivators ahead of him. He was nothing more than her favorite boy toy.

Dalton's lips curled into a cold smirk. He turned his head, his profile devoid of warmth.

Age had a way of bringing back unpleasant memories.

Wynter, now even more confused, glanced at Dalton.

Dalton picked up a piece of bacon from his plate and placed it in her bowl. "If you find it delicious, eat more. Don't stare at people while you're eating. Is Logan so attractive?"

Logan was taken aback to hear that. Even Albert and Tobias exchanged glances.

Wynter choked and coughed a few times. She took the tea Dalton offered her and sipped it slowly until she calmed down.

Wynter said seriously, "You can question my character, but not my taste. He's not my type."

Chapter 1119 The Same Principles

"Oh?" Dalton's expression remained neutral, clearly not believing Wynter.

Her words held little weight with him. Back on the mountain, she'd claimed to have no interest in the people from the rival sect, yet here they were, residing in the courtyard.

Dalton understood the need to control his emotions. But sometimes, it was a losing battle, especially as his memories of the past sharpened. He couldn't shake the primal desire for her undivided attention.

Dalton presented himself like a river of molten lava. He appeared stoic and unreadable, while his deep-set eyes and tailored suit exuded an air of quiet power. The scarlet rosary bracelet adorning his wrist added a touch of intrigue.

No one could fathom Dalton's thoughts as he appeared cold and aloof. But in reality, he was possessive, especially toward those he cared about.

Whitley could pick up on the subtle shift in Dalton's mood.

Wolf disliked Dalton from their first encounter. Savors possessed an uncanny ability to sense danger.

With Dalton, the danger was amplified. His emotional fluctuations weren't limited to humans and animals -they could even alter the weather.

Whitley, however, had forgotten this detail. The lightning tribulation had plunged him and his fellow Savors into a long slumber.

In the past, his master had been devoid of emotions. The weight of his feelings was simply too much for anyone or anything to bear.

Everything possessed a spirit, and every action had a consequence. Humans ravaged nature, and nature, in turn, retaliated.

Before the rise of civilization, the Savors thrived in perfect harmony with the ever-evolving natural world. Only when they strayed from the heavenly law did they face purification. The world itself was in constant flux.

Then came fire, a revolutionary tool that propelled humans to the top of the food chain. They developed tools, formed tribes, and developed a sense of shame.

Unlike the wild monkeys frolicking in the mountains, humans began to reproduce strategically, forming communities with a sense of order and ambition. Some even cultivated wisdom.

The heavens established their rules, and humans gained their intellect. But this knowledge came at a cost.

Whitley had forgotten this crucial history. He couldn't possibly comprehend the consequences of a man's emotional turmoil.

A crow perched on a branch of the Quinnell family tree cawed in alarm. The clear sky had abruptly transformed, thick clouds churning ominously.

Sensing the impending downpour, the crow circled anxiously, its wings flapping a frantic rhythm.

Dalton's emotional instability was escalating. It likely stemmed from his incomplete body restoration. But Dalton must have also sensed the traces of his other self.

Dalton belonged in the tranquil depths of the mountains, not amidst the urban chaos. The city teemed with people, each carrying their burdens of good and evil, karma and destiny.

This wasn't just true for individuals. Entire nations were subject to the same principles. A nation's destiny

could be depleted, much like a finite resource.

The concept of a land nurturing exceptional people held immense significance. But even more crucial was what the people themselves believed in.

A nation's fate and fortune were intricately woven with its citizens' beliefs.

In the past, there were talks of stealing a nation's fortune, a practice that went beyond merely exploiting its natural resources.

A quicker method involved manipulating its people. Once the populace was corrupted, the nation would crumble from within.

For the heavens did watch, and nature had its own set of laws. The defining characteristic of humans, however, was their ability to defy the very laws of nature. All it took was faith in miracles.

But now, such faith seemed to be dwindling.

The world was drowning in cynicism, moral decay, and the relentless pursuit of wealth. Betrayal was glorified, and the inherent goodness of others was met with suspicion.

Chapter 1120 Logan's Grandfather

On a previous occasion, the crow and Dalton had witnessed an elderly man fall. A passing student rushed to his aid, concerned about his well-being, and even called an ambulance.

However, when the old man's family arrived, they relentlessly accused the student of causing the fall and demanded an explanation.

Initially, the student believed that once the old man regained consciousness, the misunderstanding would be cleared up.

Little did he expect that when the old man woke up, he nodded in agreement. He adamantly claimed that he fell because he had been pushed.

The student's life was not only disrupted but also consumed by the arduous task of proving his innocence. The situation's complexity far surpassed his imagination.

They said that the heavens were blind, but perhaps the heavens had their eyes open, and it was the people who shaped their destiny.

But one day, even the heavens would be disappointed.

The crow fluttered his wings, his black feathers settling as everything returned to tranquility.

It was fortunate that Dalton had not yet regained his body. Once he did, it would be best for him to minimize contact with humans. If he repeated his past actions, who knew what chaos would ensue?

Unaware of the strange occurrences outside, Wynter simply attributed the darkening sky to an ordinary overcast day. After all, she couldn't detect any aura.

"I think he's pondering Mr. Stavius' words," Wynter said. She then turned to Logan and asked, "Aside from the Fenton family incident, have you encountered anything else strange?"

According to Kaspar, Logan should not have visited the Fenton residence at that time.

Startled by the sudden question, Logan's eyes darted around, his voice slightly shaky. "No."

Wynter raised an eyebrow and questioned, "Really?"

As if fearing Wynter's disbelief, Logan forced a smile. "If there was, I would have come to you. You know I'm not as brave as Austin. Toby is aware of it, too."

"He's indeed not very brave." Tobias turned to look at Logan and continued, "But I heard something strange.

"You've been avoiding your family. While you loved to have fun before, you used to return every other day to have dinner with your grandpa.

"He's getting older, and you're known for often caring about the elders. You know how it is with them- every meeting counts.

"But lately, you've been quite different from before. It's been a while since you've been back, and you barely show up. It's like you're hiding. What are you brooding about?"

Logan let out an "ah," his voice barely a whisper. "No, I'm not brooding."

"Then why aren't you going home? And what happened to the coin I gave you?" Wynter asked.

The mention of the coin sent Logan into a frenzy. He lost his grip on the water glass, causing it to shatter on the floor.

With such a commotion, further excuses were futile.

Logan stood there frozen, his mind replaying the scene he had witnessed in the Fenton residence.

"I did encounter some strange things," Logan confessed, his gaze downcast. "I always felt like odd things were happening in our residence."

Logan continued, slumping dejectedly into a wooden chair, "Sometimes, Grandpa would drink some concoctions to cure his illnesses.

"You guys wouldn't be afraid of Mr. Quinnell Senior, would you? After all, he's your grandfather. But I don't know why. Every time I return to the Fenton residence and see Grandpa, I get the chills."

"It's as if he's a different person," Logan added, his voice trembling. "Yet, he looks exactly the same as before."