

Six Brothers 1131

Chapter 1131 Friend of Kingbourne's Wealthy Ladies

Austin was about to sit down on the couch and calm himself down when he overheard Bruno and Malik

talking.

“Dad’s still not well. I don’t know what’s going on. The doctor says it’s nothing serious, and he just needs rest. Should we inform the Quinnell family about this?”

Malik was in charge of the Fenton family. “Let them know, but we can’t refuse their visit. Just explain that

Dad can’t come downstairs due to health reasons. The Quinnells won’t mind, but something really isn’t

right with Dad.”

“I agree.” Bruno mysteriously added, “I feel like there’s someone else in Dad’s body.

“Malik, I was really scared last night when Dad insisted on bringing Logan back. Maybe we should take

this chance to have Ms. Quinnell take a look at him.”

Malik frowned. “You’re being superstitious again. I’ve told you-”

“It’s not just me. Remember how Ms. Quinnell saved Austin? We all brushed it off as a coincidence, but

Malik, think about it.

“Ms. Quinnell had just returned to Kingbourne then. Even if she did investigate Austin’s plan preferences

as we analyzed, how could she predict the exact time something would go wrong that day?

“Malik, look at the Scott family now. If Austin and Logan didn’t meet Ms. Quinnell, we might all be in tears

by now.”

Though Austin was a playboy, he was the Fenton family’s sole heir. The Fenton family’s lineage would be

at stake if something happened to him.

Malik’s expression changed. “Let’s get everything ready. When Ms. Quinnell arrives, I’ll greet her personally.”

“Alright. I’ll go instruct the butler.”

While each household had its own thoughts, they couldn’t ignore their respective matriarchs’ demands to

be respectful toward Wynter.

They, along with Austin, were puzzled by what was happening.

Little did they know, Wynter had secured a significant place in these ladies’ hearts. Her friendships within

elite circles weren’t without merit.

When the ladies heard about the gossip surrounding Wynter, they created a group chat, expressing their concern about Wynter's well-being.

Kingbourne's socialites had never seen such a grand spectacle before.

When they visited other aristocratic families, they came bearing gifts.

Wynter, on the other hand, simply handed out invitations, and the aristocratic families eagerly awaited her

visits.

"She really knows how to make connections."

"She might not last long with Mr. Yarwood if he keeps behaving like this."

"True. With the Yarwood family's emphasis on etiquette, they won't tolerate this for long."

Yet, when they saw Wynter appear with Dalton, their expressions were as complex as they could be.

Wynter's intention of visiting the aristocratic families this time was more than just a casual visit, anyway.

Instead of visiting the Fentons or the Winstons first, she visited the Larsons, who were previously critical of the Quinnell Group.

The Larson family's third daughter, Sara Larson, was once close to Naomi. When she saw Wynter, her

eyes

oozed with frustration.

Sara's face was filled with pride and her chin raised high. Her skirt had paint stains on it, as she portrayed

herself as artistic.

However, Wynter didn't spare her a glance. Her gaze fell behind Sara instead.

There was some truth to the saying "like father, like daughter".

She was the one paying the visit, but the Larsons were showering Dalton with utmost hospitality.

Sara's father, Kendrick Larson, practically gleamed with excitement as he discussed his current dreams and plans.

Chapter 1132 Who Are You to Undermine Wynter

Wynter attempted to speak with Kendrick twice, but he ignored her. He continued to walk ahead on his

own.

It was Dalton who paused momentarily, clearly waiting for Wynter. His profile was refined and dignified. As he reached out to assist Wynter down the steps, his presence exuded an aristocratic air.

Outside of the Quinnell residence, his imposing presence was unmistakable.

Observing Dalton's behavior, Kendrick finally noticed Wynter and said with a smile, "Mr. Yarwood, who

would have thought you and Wynter have such a close relationship?"

He referred to Dalton as Mr. Yarwood and Wynter by her first name. He was obviously trying to use his

seniority to undermine Wynter.

It seemed that some people in this circle still hadn't learned their lesson.

Dalton raised an eyebrow. Instantly, a chilling frost lurked in the corners of his eyes.

If those accustomed to being around him had been present, they would have recognized it as a prelude

to him dealing with someone.

Though Kendrick had met Dalton a few times, their social and financial standings were vastly different, so

he was unaware of Dalton's temperament.

He didn't notice any hint of impatience on Dalton's handsome face. Instead, there was a faint smile.

Kendrick thought he had hit the mark with his flattery.

"Mr. Yarwood, I heard you like paintings. My daughter, Sara, is currently working on her graduation design.

project."

Chuckling, Kendrick shook his head. "She's won quite a few awards abroad but still wants to return home

for her career. When we sit down later, maybe you can offer a few words of guidance."

Dalton halted momentarily, and his gaze deepened.

In his view, when dealing with a family like the Larson family, he preferred direct acquisition through financial pressure. Making a casual visit was such a waste of time.

He glanced at Wynter.

Wynter's fingers lightly grasped his wrist as she said nonchalantly, "Since we're here, we might as well

look around. The Larson family is not bad."

She needed a target, and Kendrick's presence could prove helpful for her upcoming plans.

Kendrick couldn't hear their conversation, but he knew Wynter was a renowned designer from abroad.

He attributed her success to luck, as women naturally gravitated toward fashion and jewelry. That was

why the ladies adored her.

Sara, on the other hand, was a legitimate, high-achieving student who studied abroad.

"Now that things in the Quinnell family are settling down, what are your plans, Wynter?" Kendrick asked as he signaled to the butler to prepare tea.

"I know you're talented in many ways, but furthering your education could be beneficial for your future."

His words were subtly demeaning.

Kendrick continued, "I'm not trying to be nosy, but look at Sara. She achieved her current success and enviable academic achievements through hard work. She studied rigorously to achieve such excellence.

"We may not prioritize these things in business, but when it comes to managing projects in the future, knowledge will be essential."

Kendrick's tone was paternalistic to the core.

As Wynter noticed the different treatment from the butler when he served them tea, she remained composed.

She looked at the teacup before her and said calmly, "Speaking of projects, Mr. Larson, I've heard you were quite critical of the projects my grandpa invested in. I'd like to seek your advice on which types of projects you consider favorable."

With a resounding clink, Wynter set down the teacup. Her etiquette was flawless, yet her words carried a chilling undertone.

As she observed Kendrick, a hint of disdain flickered in her eyes. It seemed like a sense of superiority was ingrained in her demeanor.

"Could it be the construction projects that fail to repay contractors, exploit workers' wages, or offer microloans?"

Chapter 1133 Done With the Larson Family

As Wynter said that, Kendrick's smiling face turned pale in an instant.

His previous disdain toward Wynter and his sole interest in currying favor with Dalton had vanished. His eyes betrayed a hint of panic as he glanced downward, feigning calm while taking a sip of tea.

"These are all just rumors. How could you believe such things, Wynter?",

"Rumors?" Wynter casually toyed with her teacup.

Her words cut through with an eerie nonchalance that sent shivers down the spine.

"Are the stories about construction workers not getting their pay after toiling all year and those driven to suicide by your debt collection also just rumors, Mr. Larson?"

“If you want to keep something secret, you shouldn’t have done it in the first place. I know what projects you consider favorable.”

This wasn’t just a warning shot. It was a clear signal that she was going after the Larson family.

Yet, Sara couldn’t grasp the meaning behind Wynter’s words. She only saw Wynter as a junior to Kendrick, yet here she was, making a show of authority at their house.

“It’s only right for debts to be repaid. Those poor people ooze poverty from their very bones.

“When we lend them money, it’s an act of benevolence. Those deadbeats not only fail to repay their debts but also end up jumping off buildings.

“We’ve already lost the money, and now we have to endure baseless slander from you? Wynter, remember, this is the Larson residence, not the Quinnell residence.”

Sara sneered. “If you don’t want to work with us in the future, then don’t come around. You Quinnells might be richer than us, but we don’t depend on you for our meals.”

Kendrick’s hands trembled at her words. “Wynter, Sara doesn’t mean that. She doesn’t understand the ins and outs of business dealings. I’ve already arranged for compensation for the family of the deceased.

Right, Tyson?”

Tyson Tanner, the butler, responded, “Yes, Mr. Larson, everything has been arranged. Ms. Quinnell, if you could-”

Wynter’s gaze remained indifferent. “I know about the arrangements. The Larson family hired a few thugs to harass the girl’s family every day.

“Yes, you did give them compensation, but is 50 thousand dollars enough compensation for a life, Mr.

Larson?”

She didn't bother to pretend to be respectful anymore.

Kendrick never expected her to be so well-informed about these trivial matters.

"I-I'm sure it was an oversight by my men. How could they have given only 50 thousand dollars when someone died? There must be someone embezzling in the middle. I'll call them right away."

Kendrick still wanted to distance himself from the issue.

Sara, however, didn't understand why Kendrick was suddenly so afraid of Wynter.

After all, it was just a rural worker who had died in the city. Moreover, it was his own fault for borrowing money from their family and committing suicide. What did it have to do with them?

"Dad, we did nothing wrong. We gave them 50 thousand dollars. What more do they want?"

Kendrick wanted to slap Sara's mouth shut right now.

Suddenly, Wynter smiled and said somewhat fiercely, "You've certainly handled your business well, Mr.

Larson.

"Bringing in workers to labor without pay and turning legal advances into loans. I wonder who's behind the Larson family."

Wynter lowered her voice as she added, "Whoever it is, rest assured, they'll be joining you in jail."

With that said, Wynter waved her hand and casually threw the teacup on the ground, then straightened up

and walked away.

“I’m done with this visit. Next stop.”

Sara, in her high heels, followed behind Wynter. Gnashing her teeth, she tried to catch up. “Who do you think you are to treat us like this? Just you wait!”

But the Quinnell family’s and Yarwood family’s bodyguards were not to be trifled with. They immediately stopped her.

Chapter 1134 Absolute Power

Dalton smiled as he stood up, following Wynter. While adjusting his cuffs, his gaze met Kendrick’s.

He coughed, and in a low voice, he said, “Your daughter is a lost cause. I have nothing more to advise.

“Actions like these do need to be covered up with some artistic skills. But I’ll leave you with this, Mr.

Larson. The Larson family is a nuisance and should be eliminated.”

Unlike Wynter’s bold and flamboyant manner, Dalton spoke calmly, as if he were just having a casual chat. Yet, his words were cutting.

Kendrick collapsed heavily to the ground, gasping for breath as his heart condition threatened to flare up.

He had his own lucrative schemes as a businessman. He was confident that his actions would remain

undiscovered since he operated within legal boundaries.

After all, he wasn’t the only one delaying payments to workers. Everyone was involved in microloans. It was just his bad luck that someone committed suicide, and somehow, it all fell on him.

Sara helped Kendrick up and urgently said, “Dad, I’ll go find Uncle Philip. He won’t stand idly by. I don’t believe that the Quinnell family is so powerful that they can offend us without a care. I’ll head to Hawford

right now.”

“It’s useless.” Kendrick knew he had made a colossal mistake. Someone would come to investigate him

in less than two days.

It was at this moment that he knew that his peers had misjudged Wynter. They thought Wynter, without a proper education, was just clever.

Now he understood that her background didn’t matter. She could still take them down without one.

As soon as the incident with the Larson family spread, it became the talk of the circle.

Those who had planned to give Wynter a hard time during her visit now wore grim expressions.

Fear gripped them as they realized she knew everything about the Larson family. What about their own

secrets?

Realizing this, none of the families dared to underestimate Wynter. Even the spoiled socialites were warned to watch their tongues.

Most of these young ladies had been Naomi’s friends, eager to avenge her.

However, Wynter was rarely seen at socialite gatherings. Yet, when they finally got the chance to meet her, their families acted as if they were mice confronted by a cat.

These pampered, status-conscious socialites couldn't bear it at all. They wanted nothing more than to bring Wynter down. No one should be standing beside Dalton.

Their strategy of collectively ostracizing an outsider had always worked. After all, even though they came

from aristocratic families, they could choose their friends freely.

But no one anticipated Wynter bypassing them entirely. To her, meeting or befriending them didn't matter.

This left many socialites feeling shocked. They stood there with their exquisite makeup and the latest limited-edition Chanel bags, only to be utterly ignored.

These socialites, with their rigidly established socializing patterns, failed to understand one fundamental truth—absolute power would render social interactions meaningless.

Wynter didn't need to schmooze with those who couldn't understand her. Giving them a good beating

would suffice. Befriending them and adhering to rules wasn't Wynter's way of doing things.

She valued efficiency above all else. She wasn't doing business with a bunch of overgrown babies, anyway. Dealing with those who needed to be dealt with was her style.

"Is this a visit, or is she using it as an excuse to deal with us?"

Chapter 1135 Wynter's Admirers

The people saying these things were usually on Shane's side. This time, they were truly afraid of Wynter.

Instead of a friendly visit, she might as well have told them all to behave.

Wynter's show of strength as a warning worked. Everyone believed her visit was a warning for the various families to keep in line and to show that the Quinnell family was not to be trifled with anymore.

Wynter didn't deny that this was partially true.

She was about to leave for Hawford, leaving Fabian in Kingbourne. She had to make sure those who wished ill on the Quinnell family understood her message.

If she didn't make her point clear, she feared something might happen to Fabian once she left.

More importantly, she could subtly observe any anomalies within the families through this method.

In the car, Wynter mused, "I originally wanted to have a friendly chat with them."

For this reason, after unearthing Gordon last time, she intentionally left two people behind to spread the word that she was skilled in geomancy. She wanted others to come to her willingly.

"That way, I could make some extra money on the side."

Wynter played with her purple sugilite pendant. Resting her chin on her hand, she sighed. "That's impossible now."

"Then why didn't you have a friendly chat with the other families just now?" Logan asked, puzzled.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Because I realized that I wasn't entirely satisfied with them even as the first party. It's better to follow the heavenly law."

"Heavenly law..." Logan repeated, muttering to himself. "Is there really a heavenly law? If there is, why would I end up like this?"

Wynter looked at him. "Maybe you did something wrong in a past life. It could be karma."

Logan fell silent, his mood visibly sinking.

“Or it could just be that the man up there is blind. You should know, he often is,” Wynter spoke casually,

even yawning.

Her face, especially when she wore a white shirt and a black choker, had an androgynous beauty that was both captivating and mischievous. She was beautiful but too unconventional.

Logan looked up. “You’re right, Wynter. He’s blind.”

Just then, a roll of thunder sounded.

Logan froze, his eyes widening. “What...”

“How petty.” Wynter clicked her tongue and leaned lazily against the seat. “He can’t even take a few

words. But Logan, you should stop. With your luck, you might really get struck by lightning.”

As they talked, Whitley tried to minimize his presence. When Wynter said the word “petty“, he found himself instinctively glancing toward Dalton.

Dalton, however, remained unfazed as he stared out the window. It was as if neither sunshine nor thunder could affect him. Yet, his deep eyes seemed to hold endless mysteries.

By the time they reached the Fenton residence, the rumors had spread, and the thunder had stopped.

When Austin saw Wynter, he leaped excitedly. “Wynter, over here! I’m right here!”

However, Wynter was greeting several of the Fenton family’s ladies, who wanted to show her around.

“Master, ignore that jumping monkey. We have more important matters. Look, did I buy the right aloe vera plant?”

“And me, Master. I followed your advice and sold those two pieces of jewelry to sponsor some underprivileged students. Now I feel much better.

“Is there anything else I should do for my health? Should I donate more money?”

A few days earlier, Wynter had been added to one of the Fenton family’s group chats. These ladies’ questions were actually related to common medical knowledge.

Chapter 1136 The Fenton Family’s Problem

For the first lady, the plant she kept was too dense, which could absorb sunlight and oxygen in the bedroom. This was definitely not good for health in the long run.

That was why Wynter had her replace it with an aloe vera plant, which was harmless and useful.

As for the second lady, the jewelry she wore had dubious origins. One was from underground, and the other had excessive mercury levels. Prolonged wear could lead to health issues.

Wynter had already arranged for them to be handled and explained everything to the ladies.

But the Fenton family ladies were convinced Wynter possessed astonishing mystic arts skills. Otherwise, why would those men suddenly get rid of their mistresses? In their eyes, only Wynter deserved to be called a master.

“We know that you prefer to keep a low profile, Master. Don’t worry. We won’t spread it around.”

“Yeah, we won’t. We’ll just treat you as our junior.”

Indeed, Wynter didn’t want the person who set up the Earthbound Formation to know she had entered the formation. But they didn’t really need to do this.

Surrounded by the Fenton family ladies, she found herself even throwing off her usual pace.

Fortunately, Wynter had a way out. Casually, she asked, “Typically, mishaps occur within the residence. I noticed cuckoos calling earlier. That’s not a good sign. Has anyone fallen ill at home recently?”

At her words, the living room suddenly fell silent.

The Fenton family ladies, who had just surrounded Wynter, exchanged glances.

Malik had only heard about this from Bruno and Austin before, and he didn’t quite believe it. Now, Wynter’s remark made him unable to hold back.

“Yes, someone at home is ill. We’ve even informed Phil, but I suppose you haven’t received the message yet.”

“Yeah, everyone is spreading news about me now and less about what’s important.” Wynter glanced southeast. “Is that the Fenton family memorial hall over there?”

Austin was straightforward. “Wynter, you’re amazing. It’s the first time you came here, but you know where the memorial hall is!”

“A swallow entering the house is a good sign, but that place is too sinister.” Wynter’s eyes were hard to read. “This geomantic layout is/not right. Has someone disturbed it?”

Austin didn’t know, so he looked up at Malik, who also looked puzzled.

Josephine spoke up, “It was me. I had someone touch it but just a little.”

After saying that, her face turned pale. She hurriedly asked, “Wynter, is there a problem with that?”

“It’s a layout that uses wealth to exchange one’s life.” Wynter frowned. “I need to see Mr. Fenton Senior

Malik originally didn’t want to disturb Alijah because the latter’s body was really weak. Moreover, the whole thing seemed spooky

During the day. Alijah would lie in bed, breathing weakly. However, he would become energetic at night. Even his eyes would be piercing when looking at people.

Many maids had seen him insist on going to the memorial hall to eat the offerings.

The whole thing sounded eerie. If it spread, the Fenton family would be ruined.

They also called in a doctor, but the doctor found nothing.

It was strange because Yvette had clearly cured Alijah before, and he had been fine for a while. So, what happened this time?

He even personally went to visit Yvette to have her treat Alijah. But the people there said she had gone to Hawford and hadn't been in Kingbourne recently.

He was out of options and was thinking of inviting Kaspar. After all, he had to try every possible option. As soon as Wynter entered the room, a cold chill swept over her.

Alijah was still lying in bed with a pale face. But upon sensing someone entering, he rolled over. "Didn't I say I don't want anyone to disturb me?"

Chapter 1137 Taking Action

Alijah's voice sounded unusually old and raspy. It was somewhat unnatural, almost like he was a puppet put together.

Upon hearing this, Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Fenton Senior, you should see a doctor when you feel

sick.

"How can you throw a tantrum like a child and refuse to get examined? I happen to know a bit of medicine, so allow me to examine you."

Alijah froze at her words.

Without giving him a chance to refuse, Wynter looked at the bedside. With a flick of her fingers, she tossed the Small Epoch Collection in the four cardinal directions.

Alijah struggled to sit up. “You...”

Wynter glanced over, seemingly ignoring his protest. “Mr. Fenton Senior, do you want me to check your pulse?”

With that, she pressed down not on his pulse but directly restricted his throat.

Malik and the others couldn’t see what was happening inside.

Even though Alijah was held down, he remained uncooperative. He shouted, “Is this how you examine me? Malik! What are you doing standing there? Come over here!”

Malik, who was named, still didn’t understand what was going on.

He hurried over, then froze because Alijah on the bed was completely different from the one he had seen just two days ago.

His skin seemed almost translucent, and his cheekbones protruded significantly. How did he lose so much weight in just a few days?

The most eerie part was his restless eyeballs, as if they weren’t his own.

Malik followed through with Alijah’s words. If Alijah didn’t let him into the bedroom, he wouldn’t go in.

After all, Alijah habitually kept some important company documents locked in his safe, so Malik wouldn’t

come up often to avoid suspicion.

But Malik never expected that Alijah would look like this when he saw him again.

“I know you. You’re the young lady brought back by the Quinnell family.” Alijah quieted down. With his hands hidden under the quilt, he attempted to assert his seniority. “Is this how Fabian taught you?”

Wynter smirked and said indifferently, “Mr. Fenton Senior, your condition is quite serious. The treatment method will be a bit unconventional.”

“Don’t talk nonsense.” Alijah squinted. “I know my body best. There’s nothing that needs treatment.”

Wynter’s eyes were deep, “Indeed, there’s nothing that needs treatment, since all your organs are failing.”

“You...” It was only then that Alijah realized the confinement spreading around him.

He had never encountered such a thing before. His whole body felt like it was burning, as though there was a scorching breath all around.

Suddenly, Alijah seemed to realize something. “You’re skilled in the Arcane Way!”

“It’s divine healing,” Wynter kindly explained.

It might have been better if she hadn’t explained. Once she did, Alijah became even angrier. His resentment burst out.

Alijah could no longer maintain his calm demeanor. His eyes, without any whites, turned toward Wynter.

This scared Austin, who gasped. “Grandpa!”

With this call, Alijah’s gaze turned directly toward him. He moved as if he wanted to grab Austin.

Austin couldn't bear to see Alijah like this. His voice trembled as he asked, "Wynter, what's going on?" "Get out of the way." Wynter's eyes narrowed. "He's trying to possess your body."

Chapter 1138 Good at Acting

Austin's eyes widened in shock. What did Wynter mean by possessing his body?

Wynter didn't have time to explain much. With a single hand lowered, she steadily chanted, "Begone, spirit. Release this vessel's hold and return to whence you came in peace unfold."

With each word she uttered, Alijah's expression grew more ferocious, as though he were looking for the

next vessel. However, all four directions were sealed off, and he couldn't escape.

As Wynter spoke the final word, Alijah suddenly roared to the sky, releasing a thick black mist.

Wynter noticed it and timely evaded it.

But the black mist headed unabashedly toward Dalton's direction because that was the only gap left.

Every malevolent spirit loved bodies with dense fortune, aside from immediate kin.

When Alijah saw Dalton, his eyes lit up. Dalton had such a potent fortune. Just one suck would help him recover from the injuries he'd suffered.

Sucking his fortune was fine, but possessing him wasn't.

Alijah wasn't stupid. He knew such people bore heavenly luck.

But after all, Dalton was human. Regardless of who it was, if their energy was sucked away by a malevolent spirit, they would fall ill.

Wynter didn't want Dalton's condition to worsen. She had fed him so much precious herbal medicine, and she hadn't borrowed his fortune regularly. Where did this malevolent spirit get its nerve?

At this thought, Wynter raised her hand, ready to dismiss Alijah.

Austin, however, stood in front of her. "Wynter, don't!"

He knew Wynter's methods. If she acted, Alijah would be finished.

Blocked like this, Wynter missed the best opportunity to stop Alijah.

Alijah immediately took the opportunity to get closer to Dalton.

He wasn't an earthbound spirit, so the purple aura on Dalton's body didn't affect him.

Alijah genuinely felt that Dalton's body was great. Even if he couldn't take over him, touching such a youthful body would be good enough.

Alijah's greedy gaze was terrifying.

Just then, he extended his najls, which were no longer like those of a normal human. They were entirely black, reminiscent of the unnaturally long nails that appear overnight on the elderly after death.

Austin was dumbfounded. He regretted stopping Wynter, but it was all too late.

Alijah smirked, showing a triumphant smile.

However, in the next second, he froze in place. Even the hand he had extended twitched.

As if in extreme pain, he kneeled heavily on the ground. His blood was boiling uncontrollably and almost

set him on fire.

Alijah involuntarily lifted his head to watch the man standing calmly and superiorly. Dalton's disdainful

eyes made his whole body tremble.

What was this feeling? Why did he feel controlled, with his only thought being to kneel and beg for mercy? It was as if standing for another second would make him vanish forever.

Alijah saw Dalton smiling.

"Filthy," Dalton muttered a single word, as if mocking Alijah's ignorance.

Filthy?

Before Alijah could react, Dalton was pulled away.

It was Wynter. Her speed was fast enough that it looked as if Dalton escaped harm because Alijah didn't touch him.

In reality, only Alijah knew what had just happened.

Meanwhile, Dalton feigned surprise at the right moment and suppressed his presence. With his wrist held by Wynter, he spoke with a gentle cough. "What's going on with Mr. Fenton Senior?"

Chapter 1139 Their Past

"He used a special method to extend his lifespan." Wynter glanced at Dalton and brushed away imaginary dust from his clothes. "Now it's backfiring.

"He wants to switch bodies again, and he even wants to use your fortune. Ha, as if he deserves it"

Her voice was low, almost making it seem like a whispered conv

sion between them

Their posture was quite intimate. He, with his aloof nobility, and she, with her enchanting beauty, complemented each other well.

After hearing her words, Dalton smiled faintly and said in a pleasant voice, ‘Don’t worry. I’ll keep my fortune for you to use.’

Wynter didn’t want to be swayed by his charm. Yet, he was not only good-looking but also gentle and

obedient. He was almost an ideal partner.

Wynter was aware of her brothers’ concerns. Even the kids she took in seemed worried. Perhaps they

were afraid she’d lose her head over love.

With Dalton’s looks, it was indeed easy for someone to get love-struck

If he really messed up, just lowering his head in front of her might make her want to pet his head.

But was it jealousy that made her play these tricks? In any case, she couldn’t let her man lose.

When this thought surged in her mind, Wynter seemed to suddenly see a scene in front of her

On the misty mountains, a young man was injured. He was exceptionally handsome, with long hair covering his face. The only clear feature visible was his smooth jawline.

He looked somewhat stubborn and unwilling to admit defeat.

She coaxed softly, “Just let him have his way. You’re older than him

“Ha. Do you really think I’m old?” The young man’s voice momentarily overlapped with the man before her

eyes.

Wynter shook her head to shake off these inexplicable feelings and pulled Dalton back saying ‘Step back. Let me end this.’”

“Okay,” Dalton replied softly. Anyone with keen eyes could tell he was in a good mood.

Meanwhile, Alijah was trembling all over. Wynter didn’t need to end him as he couldn’t even stand up

anymore.

Dalton was pretending. He could have dodged Alijah’s attack just now. No, he didn’t even need to

Alijah wondered just who Dalton was to exert such effortless control over him

His lifespan was maintained by witchcraft. Now, he seemed to have lost all his cultivation. He bent his body and spayed out a pool of black water.

Looking closely, that black water seemed to be moving.

Wynter raised her hand and used the Epoch Collection to clean it up.

Light streamed in from the window on the east side, and the black water on the ground evaporated without a trace. Looking down again, she was surprised to see a piece of paper.

The paper's color was somewhat special, unlike talisman paper. There were words written on it, which made Wynter pause in her steps, and her eyes were inscrutable.

"Alijah Fenton peacefully passed away at the age of 81."

Austin also saw the words on it. His eyes were filled with confusion as he looked at Wynter. "Wynter, what does that mean? This paper..."

Wynter didn't answer his question. Instead, she bent down to pick up the paper. "Go check on Mr. Fenton Senior."

Austin didn't refuse. Alijah's condition looked dire, as if his life was hanging by a thread. Lying there, he stared blankly at the ceiling.

Meanwhile, Wynter pondered while holding the paper.

This was a paper from the Ledger of Souls that the underworld guards always carried with them. Why would it be with Alijah?

"Grandpa!" Austin's crying came in waves.

Alijah reached out and stroked his face. "My dear, don't cry. I'm old now, really old."

Chapter 1140 Using His Seniority to Pressure Others

Alijah sounded like he was speaking to Austin, but also as if he were talking to himself.

"I should have left long ago. I foolishly held onto the hope of seeing you marry and have children, but that was just wishful thinking."

Upon hearing this, Austin completely lost his composure and turned to Wynter. "Wynter, you can save Grandpa, right? You must be able to save him!"

"I can't," Wynter replied with lowered eyes. "Someone who was supposed to have passed away would only drain the vitality around them when they stay in a place where they don't belong."

“Not only would he harm his descendants, but others as well.”

Hugging Alijah, Austin shook his head desperately. “My grandpa isn’t like that. Wynter, I beg you. He loves me the most. Please, just this once.”

Alijah also looked at Wynter with one hand still hidden behind his back.

Originally, Wynter didn’t want to expose him. She preferred to leave only good memories for the grandfather and grandson.

But since Alijah had meddled in things he shouldn’t have, he must pay the price for it.

“Is seeing Austin marry and have children your only wish, or do you want to achieve immortality through witchcraft, Mr. Fenton Senior? You should tell Austin what elixir allowed you to live this long.”

“Wynter, I don’t understand what you’re saying. I can’t control myself.” Alijah looked pitiful. “If I could choose, I wouldn’t want to live like this either.

“But I’ve become like this ever since that Yvette lady treated me. I really can’t control it.”

Such acting might have fooled others, but Wynter was, after all, a psychologist.

Whenever there was a contradiction between speech and behavior, it proved that everything he said was only for himself.

Wynter’s eyes darkened. “She didn’t let you die, nor did she save you. You should be aware of your own changes. You even killed someone. Before this, you planned to attack Logan, didn’t you?”

Austin couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Grandpa, you wanted to attack Logan?”

“I didn’t!” Alijah struggled to speak with his last breath. “Wynter, I have no grudge against you. How could you wrongly accuse me like this? I—I wouldn’t ever harm someone younger than me.”

Wynter looked at him. “You just didn’t succeed because he has a stronger sigil on him. Yet, you haven’t given up finding a substitute.

“You wanted to appear normal, so you consumed offerings. But you didn’t want to do that anymore, so you’ve turned to using human blood.

“A malevolent spirit will leave marks first if it wants to completely take over another person’s body

“You’ll be easily exposed if you do it to others. But if it’s your own grandson, it’ll be much simpler. You can

take over a little bit every day while he’s unaware.

“Most importantly, he’s still young. You can use his body for a long time.”

As Wynter said that, she pulled Austin closer to her with her hands on his shoulder.

No one noticed just now, but now they saw it clearly Austin’s shoulders were covered with countless

black palm prints, which were densely packed. They looked horrifying

Seeing this scene, not only Austin’s, but even Malik’s face changed. He pulled Austin back, and his eyes were filled with confusion “Why, Dad? Austin is your grandson!”

If Malik still didn’t understand what Wynter meant by now, then he would truly be foolish

But how could he accept that his father had turned into someone like this?

“You can give birth to another grandson for me.” Alijah’s eyes suddenly turned cold. “You know the situation with the Fenton family now

“What use is a brat like him? Why should I be the one who dies? Why not someone else?”

“There are so many villains in this world. What’s wrong with me living a little longer? Aren’t you supposed to be my most dutiful son?”