

Six Brothers 1141

Chapter 1141 Indebted to You

“You wouldn’t even exist if not for me, let alone that brat. While you lots were being revered by outsiders, I’m lying in bed waiting for my death!

“If you truly love me, you ought to share your lifespan with me!” Alijah refuted with eyes full of madness and greed.

Austin was stupefied. He couldn’t believe that his beloved grandfather would utter such cruel words.

Despite knowing his descendants’ fortune would be sacrificed, Alijah still struck a deal with the devil upon discovering a way to extend his lifespan. All he desired was to remain young and alive.

With a quick glance, Alijah attempted to reach out and seize a substitute. Just as he was about to extend his cursed hand, he abruptly came to a stop.

Alijah thought his scheme had gone unnoticed, yet Wynter had knowingly tied a lucky coin around his wrist. The thread quivered at the slightest movement he made.

Alijah instantly felt an inextinguishable flame sear through his body. He widened his eyes in horror upon sensing his soul gradually fading.

He clutched his chest in agony before collapsing stiffly onto the ground. His nails had returned to normal, but his body began to rot.

It was an expected result of someone who stubbornly lived beyond their death.

Both Malik and Austin stood dumbfounded by the appalling event, a stark contrast to the oblivious ladies chatting happily in the living room.

With a heavy heart, Malik covered Alijah’s corpse with a blanket and sighed. “My father wasn’t like this before.”

It was unknown whether such explanatory words were meant for himself or Wynter.

After all, no one would willingly accept to be treated as mere tools by their closest family. Yet, the palm print on Austin's shoulder proved otherwise.

Malik remembered reading a foreign news story regarding a wealthy man, who had his blood replaced with his son's in an effort to stay young.

Although Malik dismissed it as a passing conversation, he recalled his father appearing interested in such stories.

Back then, Alijah had questioned the plausibility of eternal life through exchange transfusion in the office.

Malik recalled responding to the question from a scientific perspective, mentioning the replacement of cells and the like.

At that time, Malik wondered if his father had considered investing in such projects. He didn't give much thought to it, but now he understood the reason.

Malik shook his head with a sigh and turned to Wynter.

"We are deeply indebted to both of you. However, my father valued manners and etiquette throughout his life. For his sake, I hope you'll refrain from discussing today's incident in public," he pleaded earnestly

Glancing at Austin, Malik added, "And can you please take a look at Austin's shoulder?"

As the oldest son, Malik had to tactfully ease the turmoil within the family lest they would suffer serious

repercussions. Although he refused to forgive Alijah for his misdeeds, he couldn't allow his father's name

to be tarnished.

“Let’s just pretend this never happened. What do you say. Austin? Malik asked with a downcast gaze.

Nodding in affirmation, Austin stared at Alijah’s corpse as tears rolled in his eyes. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn’t understand.

But that was the way the world worked While some would go to great lengths for the ones they loved. others would stop at nothing for their own gains.

Chapter 1142 He Will Be Fine

Ironically, one would finally mature upon recognizing that not all parents genuinely loved their children.

Some desired the glory brought upon them, while others sought dominance and control. Some favored sons over daughters, and others overwhelmed their children with overprotectiveness.

Many failed to understand the harsh reality and never stopped questioning, though their answers remained unheard.

For Alijah, his desire for immortality outweighed all concerns in his life.

Wynter forbade anyone from touching Alijah’s corpse. She took out a talisman and drew on it.

“I suggest cremating Mr. Alijah’s body by this afternoon. Don’t let anyone stay in this room for now. And

Austin...”

Upon hearing his name called, Austin lifted his eyes sorrowfully. Wynter glanced at his shoulder and handed him a lucky coin.

“Here, hold onto this. You probably need to take some herbal baths, so I’ll write you a prescription later.

“As for the sigil, the fastest way to remove it from your shoulder is through acts of kindness. Your merits will repress any lingering resentments,” Wynter remarked.

“I know. That’s why you asked my mom and the others to make donations,” Austin replied softly.

“There’s no harm in doing good. Over the years, the Fentons might have conducted wrongdoings in businesses, whether by accident or deception. You may have unknowingly borne personal burdens,”

Wynter explained.

She was only willing to give further advice for Austin’s sake. Despite being family, Austin differed greatly

from his egotistical grandfather.

Wynter had acknowledged Austin as a kind and decent man. He welcomed her with open arms upon their

first meeting.

Instead of scorning her for her poor background, he was respectful toward her. However, he was prone to the influence of his peers within the same social circle.

While the Quinnells had their fortune stolen, the Fentons were facing a decline in fortune. It was evident

that the Fenton family was rotten inside out.

Perhaps, they had failed to raise a competent child throughout the years.

That said, it wasn't entirely unexpected. While some fooled around with their mistresses, others remained

cautious against their own wives. Wynter even doubted that their businesses were thriving.

Shaking her head with a sigh, Wynter turned to Malik and advised, "I know you've made a lot of profit, but I suggest you keep your taxes in check. You wouldn't want Austin ending up on the streets, would you?"

Malik swiftly raised his head at her words. "You're right. I'll remember that."

"You should also decide when to announce Mr. Fenton Senior's passing. As for the sigil on Austin's shoulder, there's no need to worry. A sincere and righteous man like him will stay protected in his whole life," Wynter comforted him.

She recalled Austin's angry face when he learned about the resentful infant. Despite his affluent upbringing, he had a kind soul and never judged others by their backgrounds.

Wynter wished for his life to be free from suffering and torments.

Dalton realized Wynter's intention since she usually refrained from offering advice. Such reminders were a breach of the heavenly laws, and a medium could face serious consequences for divulging secrets.

Each person had a predetermined fate, and those who forcibly intervened would bear personal burdens.

Dalton doubted Wynter was ignorant of such rules, yet she still made her words clear. He couldn't help but inwardly question her interest in Austin.

Chapter 1143 Jealousy

Dalton instinctively shot a cold glance at Austin, who appeared rather pitiful and innocent.

At that moment, Dalton recalled Wynter's preference for such men over him. She had once stated that she was drawn to their melancholic appearance and found them fun to tease.

Dalton secretly let out a scoff as he suppressed his annoyance behind his perfect facade.

Lost in his grief, Austin failed to realize his constant pestering of Wynter had given others the wrong impressions.

Wynter and Dalton's visit was abruptly cut short by the unexpected incident. As Malik began making arrangements for Alijah's funeral, Dalton suddenly called out to him.

"Leave the death announcement for another day," Dalton instructed, leaving Malik confused.

Despite feeling annoyed by Wynter's concern toward Austin, Dalton still provided an explanation.

Mr. Fenton Senior passed away upon Wynter's visit. If words went out, it would be bad for her reputation."

It seemed no

one had considered the impact of Alijah's death on Wynter aside from Dalton. Even though she had helped cleanse the house and laid Alijah to rest, others might mistakenly believe that she had caused his demise.

She was already notorious for jinxing her father, and Dalton feared that the rumors would only worsen her reputation.

Wynter couldn't care less about her reputation. Upon hearing Dalton's words, she was momentarily stunned and turned to him with sparkling eyes.

"How nice of you," she whispered into his ears.

In truth, certain personal burdens were hard to banish, yet Wynter had intervened in the Fentons' affair for Austin's sake.

Displeased with Wynter's decision, Dalton had refused to respond to her. Yet, he couldn't help but lecture her when she approached.

"For a cultivator, both reputation and belief are of utmost importance. There's no harm in sending you praises."

Though Dalton's voice was as calm and reserved as ever, Wynter could discern the anger in his tone.

Confused, she turned to Whitley. "What did you do to him?"

Before Whitley could respond, Wynter swiftly added, "Don't mess with my fiancé."

Whitley was left speechless. How he wished he could tell Wynter that she was the one who had upset Dalton.

The Fentons promised to heed Dalton's words. In truth, they also felt it was inappropriate to announce Alijah's death so soon.

At that moment, Malik voiced his confusion, "How strange. Dr. Yates affirmed that my father had been red back then. How did he end up like this?"

Wynter raised her brow at Malik's words. Instead of mentioning the Ledgers of Souls, she questioned, "A doctor surnamed Yates?"

“Exactly! She’s known as a genius doctor and is rather skilled in traditional medicine.

Rumors have it that her needles can bring the dead back to life. She’s currently staying in a mansion at Oceanview Street,” Malik replied.

Hearing that, Wynter stopped caressing her purple sugilite pendant and asked, “Is her name Yvette Yates?”

Malik exclaimed in surprise, “How did you know? Did you perform a divination?”

“Nope. I just happen to know her,” Wynter stated while tucking her purple sugilite pendant away.

Malik could hardly contain his excitement. “What a coincidence! To think you’re friends with Dr. Yates!”

Chapter 1144 Peace Has Returned

“I wouldn’t say we’re friends, more like acquaintances. During my time with the Yates

family, she tried to harm me on a few occasions,” Wynter remarked calmly.

Malik’s smile faltered instantly, along with the words he intended to speak

“Don’t be nervous. I’m just curious—how could someone with average medical skills be

hailed as a genius doctor?” Wynter flashed a meaningful smile.

Malik understood her implications, yet he couldn’t shake off his confusion. “Her skills are

unquestionable. She cured my wife.”

After a moment of pondering, Wynter decided to inquire further. According to Malik, Yvette was capable of performing acupuncture treatment. However, its effectiveness remained

debatable.

Alt

ah Wynter hadn't returned to the mansion recently, she doubted Yvette had learned

nique from Margaret.

More importantly, Yvette had mentioned that both the Fenton and Winston families would

flourish in the near future.

Strangely enough, Yvette's statement hinted at two things. It would've been expected if

she had only mentioned the Fentons, yet she included the Winstons as well.

Wynter had sensed an unusual presence around Yvette during their last encounter, and that

feeling had heightened since then. It seemed that she needed to make a trip to the

mansion before heading to Hawford.

"You mentioned that Yvette has headed to Hawford. Is that right, Mr. Malik?" Wynter questioned upon catching onto a detail.

"My father has been behaving weirdly lately. Out of concern, we attempted to request Dr. Yates... I mean, Ms. Yates, for treatment.

"However, she said she had a patient in Hawford and wouldn't be back in Kingbourne any time soon," Malik answered.

"That's too much of a coincidence," Wynter remarked with a frown. As she caressed her

purple sugilite, she attempted to piece all the information together.

While Wynter had a hunch, it was purely a wild guess—Yvette’s departure to Hawford might

be related to the Winstons. In that case, she needed to uncover why the Winstons held

Yvette in high regard.

Nonetheless, she had to make her way to Hawford as soon as possible.

Wynter rose to her feet and glanced at Malik. “Speaking of which, was Mr. Fenton Senior close to any mediums or fortune tellers?”

“Not that I’m aware of. We’re mostly acquainted with the mediums from Mt. Dragon,” Malik replied.

Wynter couldn’t help but frown at the familiar name. She quickly composed herself and stated, “Well, I’ll let you get on with your work, Mr. Malik.

“If Austin encounters any problems, feel free to give me a call. The air in the house has been rather gloomy lately. It might be good to let your boys out sometimes.”

Cooing that Wynter expressed genuine concern for his family, Malik felt touched by and

eful for her kind words.

Dalton and Wynter swiftly excused themselves and headed toward the door.

The ladies in the living room were surprised to see Wynter leaving and attempted to go

after her. After all, they still needed her guidance on the path to prosperity.

However, Malik stopped the ladies with the pretext of an important announcement. He told

the ladies about Alijah's death and requested them to stay silent about the news.

The ladies fell silent upon hearing Malik's revelation.

Truth be told, they had recognized Alijah's odd behavior at home. However, they were too

afraid to tell anyone about it. Now that peace had returned to the house, the Fentons might finally find some relief.

After informing the ladies, Malik gave a call to the company. In truth, an overseas company had proposed a collaboration and willingly offered their assistance regarding tax affairs.

Despite his initial temptation, Malik came to realize the risks and errors after hearing Wynter's advice. Perhaps, it was time they learned a thing or two from the Quinnells.

They shouldn't be mere businessmen, but rather entrepreneurs who benefited the country and its people.

Chapter 1145 Everyone Was Impressed

"Yes, I'm sure. We won't be proceeding with the collaboration. Let's cease contact from now on," Malik declared firmly on the phone. Upon ending the call, he felt a heavy weight being lifted off his shoulders.

Although Malik grieved the loss of his father, he was left disheartened by Alijah's malicious intentions.

The chaos within the Fentons seemed to go unnoticed by the other families, who remained calm and composed.

That said, the ladies appeared full of smiles as they escorted Wynter to the door. Such a sight left their daughters stupefied, who had been eagerly expecting to see Wynter embarrass herself.

While the socialites scornfully belittled Wynter at their usual tea parties, Wynter had risen to a level they could never attain. The country bumpkin they loathed had easily brought down the Larson family without the need for socialization.

But that wasn't all. The socialites had been falling over backward to please the difficult ladies, only to see them showering Wynter with kindness and affection. The ladies were

practically singing Wynter's praises!

"Just what kind of spell has Wynter cast over them?" the socialites indignantly wondered

aloud. Yet, their question remained unanswered.

They were silently seething with rage. Each had planned a scenario to embarrass Wynter, but it failed before they could even execute it.

Adding to their frustration, they had to wait their turn to meet Wynter. Their fathers even

warned them to treat Wynter with respect in the future.

"Why do you want me to treat that woman with respect?" the socialites yelled out

indignantly. Used to the veneration, they refused to accept the sudden turn of events and

wreaked havoc in the house.

"You've raised such a good daughter!" Seamus Hoffman ridiculed his wife over their

daughter's tantrum. He couldn't stand the infighting in the house.

Analía Benton retorted dismissively, "You always say that. I admit we're not as wealthy as

the Quinnells, but that doesn't mean our daughter has to stoop so low to flatter a country

bumpkin.”

“You ignorant woman! Can’t you see how the Quinnells treated Wynter?

“And it’s not just the Fentons—the other ladies have stopped inviting you to their

gatherings, haven’t they? We’re the ones falling behind this time, not the Quinnells!”

Seamus refuted sternly.

Hearing that, Analia suddenly recalled that she hadn’t been in touch with the other ladies

for half a month. She had no idea about their recent conversations at all.

As the realization dawned upon her, Analia turned to her husband in shock.

“If you finally understand the situation, you should visit the Quinnells more. Although Marie and Shane ended up in a divorce, she’s still the mother of their children.

“Besides, Wynter couldn’t have attained such power and influence solely through the Yarwoods’ support.

“You should’ve seen how both Mr. Quinnell Senior and her brothers dote on her! Don’t come crying when we get kicked out of the social circle,” Seamus lectured while fixing his tie.

He then strode out of the house, leaving his wife with no words to refute.

The socialites were oblivious to the recent developments during their gatherings.

Among them, some returned from abroad and intended to build a career in the country. Being educated at prestigious schools, they boasted outstanding academic records.

While the socialites dutifully pursued the paths set for them, Wynter had discreetly acquired and merged various companies under her family's name.

She attained such success without Fabian's assistance, let alone mapping a plan for her future.

At that point, the Quinnells were in a league of their own when it came to fame and assets.

Chapter 1146 The Talk of the Town

Analia swiftly took out her phone, hoping to reconnect with her friends.

Upon joining the group chat, she attempted to strike an engaging conversation but found everyone focused on building a connection with Wynter. Bewildered, Analia made a call to a friend.

"What's going on? Is there a need to sing Wynter's praises? They didn't seem so enthusiastic when Cassie returned from Traoland," Analia grumbled.

Hearing the jealousy in her tone, her friend hurriedly interjected, "I don't mind your complaints, but please refrain from saying such things in the group chat."

Embarrassed the rebuke, Analia argued, "I just don't understand. What in the world has happened?"

"I understand where you're coming from, Mrs. Hoffman. We've been friends for so long, after all.

"But there's something you must know—Ms. Wynter Quinnell is kind and capable. She understands the pain and struggles all housewives face.

"Don't feel jealous of her stealing Cassie's limelight. Set aside your hostility and

discrimination against her. It's a fact that she brought the sinking Quinnell family back to life," the friend insisted firmly before ending the call.

Analía stared blankly at the messages flashing on her phone, completely oblivious to her daughter's calling.

Upon hearing her daughter's vow to teach Wynter a lesson, Analía snapped back to reality and turned around.

"Your father's right, Cassie," she stated sternly.

Cassandra Hoffman could hardly believe her ears. As far as she knew, her mother had always supported her claims.

Besides, Wynter had always been an eyesore. Ever since her arrival, she had been the talk of the town. On top of that, she set Naomi up and sent her away.

As Naomi's close friends, Cassandra and the other socialites promised to stand up for her.

Stroking Cassandra's hair, Analía gently advised, "I know what you're thinking, Cassie.

"I know you're close to Naomi, but have you ever thought about the true nature of your friendship? She knew you had feelings for Chad, yet she didn't turn down his advances."

"But everyone knows who Naomi really likes. Her heart has always belonged to Mr. Yarwood. Even so, Chad never stops chasing after her," Cassandra refuted.

With a sigh, Analía shook her head and decided to pay the Quinnells a visit. She would rather have Cassandra confront the formidable Wynter than worry about the devious Naomi.

On top of that, Analía was alarmed by the flooding messages in the group chat. She feared the possibility of being ostracized from the social circle if she failed to establish a connection with the Quinnells.

In truth, Wynter was deeply aware that her visits had a profound impact on the aristocratic families. She had purposely done so to warn them against antagonizing the Quinnell family.

Naomi heard about Wynter's growing influence in prison, where she continued plotting her escape.

She knew that someone would get her out of prison eventually. After all, her backers weren't one to be deterred by the Quinnells.

However, she was disgruntled when none of the aristocratic families succeeded in suppressing Wynter. To make matters worse, she had lost contact with all her connections within the families.

Naomi knew that she couldn't solely rely on emotional manipulation, but things had seriously gone awry. She couldn't afford to stay in prison and wait any longer! At that moment, Naomi lifted her eyes and cast a gloomy glance to the side.

Chapter 1147 Covering for Her

Upon meeting Naomi's gaze, the patrolling guard gave a slight nod. Upon closer inspection, one would notice a subtle deference in his demeanor.

It was apparent that outside influences were at play, such as the incident within the Fenton family.

"Did the Fentons really say that?" a voice inquired. Upon receiving an affirmation, a figure lifted the voile curtains and stepped out in clogs.

With a cold gaze, he demanded sternly, "I thought we had a deal. Has that old man decided he's done living?"

"It seems that the spell has failed. The Cascadian cultivators might've caught onto something

That said, it's only a matter of time before he's discovered. After all, the Cascadian cultivators aren't to be underestimated," another figure standing nearby replied with a

frown

The first figure let out a hearty laugh. "No matter how strong they are, they are no match for your skills. Once we free the saintess and merge her soul, we'll gain an infinite fortune.

That's what you said, sir.

"Cascadia's vast population is both a merit and a flaw. There exist countless thoughts and perspectives. And by manipulating certain beliefs, we'll stand to benefit greatly.

"Soon enough, the Celestial Force will be within our grasp."

Although he was frustrated by the failure in the Fenton family, he remained steadfast in pursuing his ambition.

When their generals crumbled on the Cascadian land, he vowed to honor their last wishes.

Back then, the Cascadians were living off of them. Though they appeared formidable now, they weren't without weaknesses.

After all, Project Spring had proven successful. Their kin who remained in Cascadia had concealed themselves flawlessly, unknown to anyone of their true identities.

If it weren't for the incident at the Quinnell residence, they would have proceeded with their second phase.

Fortunately, the incident had minimal impact on their grand scheme. If they couldn't take over Kingbourne, they could start with Hawford instead.

Besides, Hawford was a more conducive city for infiltration. More importantly, it was the perfect place to welcome their saintess' arrival.

Meanwhile, Wynter and Dalton had arrived at Oceanview Street's alley. Margaret, who hadn't seen Wynter in ages, was thrilled.

"Come, help me set up the stove. We're making grilled ribs today," Margaret exclaimed, clearly remembering Wynter's favorite food.

Margaret then glanced past Wynter and asked, "Where's Wolf? I've made a new pair of mittens for him."

ourne was notably colder than Southdale, especially during the late autumn. The freezing breeze could bite at one's face.

Margaret had been worrying about her grandchildren, especially Wolf. When he first showed up at the doorstep, he was so small and reserved. On top of that, his hands tinged with frostbite.

Hoping to ease Margaret's concern, Wynter silently took a sip of her drink before pulling Dalton over.

"This guy has sent Wolf to Mt. Dragon for spiritual practice," she explained.

"What? Is Wolf capable of doing that?" Margaret exclaimed in surprise.

She had heard that cultivators valued a person's affinity with living beings. However, she had witnessed various animals cowering before Wolf—even the goldfish flipped over in his presence.

Margaret sincerely doubted that Wolf was capable of becoming a cultivator.

Obviously, Wolf couldn't become a cultivator due to his identity. If he were to participate in the training at Mt. Dragon, there would be serious retribution.

Despite Wynter using him as an excuse, Dalton chose not to expose her and instead covered for her lies.

"Indeed. Mr. Kasper Stavius believed that Wolf is exceptionally gifted, and it would be a waste of his talent if he didn't pursue spiritual practices," he replied calmly.

Chapter 1148 The Lord of Chaos

Wynter swiftly turned her gaze to Dalton: Not only were his lies more convincing than hers, but his stole face also lent credibility.

Wynter noticed Dalton remained expressionless throughout the deception, even throwing her a casual glance.

As expected, Margaret believed Dalton's lies. "Oh, I've heard about Mr. Stavius. My, Wolf is lucky to gain his recognition. Tell Wolf to work hard. I'll go visit him soon.

*Sure, let's visit him at Mt. Dragon together," Wynter agreed, unwilling to dampen Margaret's spirits.

Since Wynter planned to set off to Hawford, she decided to stay for a meal. She also offered some advice regarding the clinic's development but entrusted the rest to a professional ma

Wynter recalled that Margaret had stayed by her side during the time she lost her five senses. And, despite Wynter losing her sense of self, Margaret never abandoned her.

However, the Yates family was beyond redemption, especially with Ewan's insatiable greed.

Wynter only wished that Margaret would live out her life peacefully and stop worrying about those undeserving. She also refrained from mentioning Yvette as she didn't want to cause Margaret any distress.

At that moment, Margaret recognized Whitley and exclaimed, "Oh, aren't you a resident from Waterview Alley?"

"Do you still remember me?" Whitley asked in surprise and took a step forward.

"Of course I do. You and your friends might look mean and tough, but you're all kids inside. How did you end up with Wynter? Why are you alone?" Margaret inquired.

"I ran into some troubles after arriving in Kingbourne," Whitley replied with his eyes downcast.

When he could no longer feel the existence of the one he sought, he feared that they had met a grim fate.

Sympathizing with Whitley, Wynter had instructed the Special Unit to conduct an investigation upon his decision to accompany her.

Logically, it seemed impossible for someone from Southdale to simply vanish in Kingbourne. Regrettably, the Special Unit found no trace of the person in Kingbourne.

However, ticket records suggested that he might be lured into an MLM organization.

That lead gave Whitley a glimmer of hope. With records indicating the person heading southward, Whitley decided to pursue them in that direction.

Feeling distressed over Whitley's sorrow, Margaret served him a cinnamon roll and comforted him. "These are Wolf's favorites. Eat it while it's hot, my dear. May your life be filled with hope."

At that moment, Whitley felt an unexpected warmth surge in his heart. He instinctively glanced at Dalton, wondering if he had sensed the mysterious power from Margaret.

As for Wolf, Whitley knew him better than anyone else. After all, they came from the same place.

Whitley recalled seeing a tiny figure rummage through trash upon his awakening. Despite his size, the child was strong enough to push Whitley over and hurt his chest.

Now that Whitley had regained some of his instincts, he recognized that the child was one of the ancient beasts known as "Chaos".

Surrounded by a dark aura, Chaos brought misfortune to those who cared for him.

Logically, no ordinary human could raise such a being. Plus, Chaos was notorious for his ruthlessness and cruelty,

After some time, Whitley noticed Wolf trailing behind an elderly person. Although his eyes were blank, he showed no signs of aggressiveness and dutifully followed the elderly person's instructions.

Witnessing Wolf's obedience, Whitley averted his gaze with a sense of relief. After all, Chaos was bound to submit to a stronger master who defeated them.

Yet, what kept him obedient by Margaret's side?

Chapter 1149 Margaret's Love

When Margaret first met Wolf, he looked pitiful and shabby.

No one would have imagined that the filthy and skinny child was actually a fearsome ancient beast. Till now, his identity remained hidden to all but the most proficient medium.

Wolf had yet to awaken his powers, not to mention he appeared honest and unthreatening.

Back then, Margaret found him cowering in the corner on a rainy day, as if he was a homeless stray. And he was quite ferocious, staring into the other's eyes with a glaring

gaze.

Believing that the child was mentally ill, someone called the police. However, the police found no record of him in the blood bank and concluded he was an orphan.

Since the orphanage couldn't take him in, the authorities decided to classify the case as a missing child incident and close it.

Wolf was far from calm and obedient back then. As he was unable to utter a word, he

could only glare daggers at others.

His menacing demeanor was enough to instill fear in ordinary people. He even tried to bite

the police when they attempted to take him away.

If Margaret hadn't stepped in and adopted Wolf, he would've been sent to the youth detention center and undergone a psychiatric evaluation.

While it took Margaret a few trips to gather the relevant documents, she managed to complete the adoption process with the profits from the massage parlor.

The neighbors believed that Margaret held a special place in Wolf's heart. Little did they know, part of the reason for Wolf's obedience was due to Wynter's harsh beating.

Following Wynter's example, Wolf treated those she trusted with kindness while beating up anyone who annoyed him.

Yet, Wolf only felt warmth in Margaret's presence. Though he had lost his memories, his instincts warned him of the imminent danger.

He refused to let anyone approach him, believing they sought to exploit him. His fear and anxiety even drove him to bite Margaret frequently.

Despite the bite marks on her arms, Margaret stroked Wolf's head gently. "I'm not a stranger; I'm your grandma. Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. Here, have some pasta."

After a few repetitions of the same situation, Wolf came to realize that he was safe in this house.

Margaret's kindness wasn't a

to exploit him. Wolf's thinking was direct and simple—if

he worked harder, Margaret would treat him well.

As an ancient beast, Chaos had always been straightforward in his thinking and behavior. Obviously, he could feel the love from the ones around him.

However, Whitley felt that there was more than that. Yet, he couldn't describe the feeling.

In truth, Whitley also enjoyed being near Margaret, who exuded a gentle and calming air. He could even smell the scent of herbs around her and longed to settle by her side.

Noticing Whitley's unusualness, Wynter cast a glance at Dalton and signaled him to chat with Margaret.

Dalton sat courteously in his seat. Though he seemed imposing in his suit, he carried an air of sophistication when talking with his elders.

"Thank you for staying by Wynter's side these few days," Margaret remarked before

erupting into a violent cough. It seemed that she had been suppressing it.

With age, Margaret had learned to understand certain things and let go of her grudges. She

shifted her gaze to Wynter and Whitley, who were chatting under the tree.

"I'm blessed to have Wynter as my granddaughter. I was worried that she'll suffer

grievances in Kingbourne," she said with a faint smile.

Chapter 1150 Kept Something for Her

"Seeing how well she's doing now makes me really happy," Margaret remarked as she set aside the hand fan on the table. After swallowing a pill, her breathing finally steadied.

Dalton gazed at her calmly, as if he had expected her deteriorating health.

Unlike Wynter, he saw beyond the truth. However, he would never reveal those secrets to anyone. The best Dalton could do was offer his advice.

“Are you going to tell her about your health?” he inquired.

“And keep her worrying about a dying old woman? Oh, no. Now that she has taken over the

Quinnell family, her employees are counting on her for their livelihood.

“The last time I visited, she was sleeping in the chair. She’s just anxious about me, though I

have no idea why,” Margaret replied with a dismissive wave.

faint smile and downcast eyes, Margaret continued, “I’m sure you’re aware of the situation in the Yates family.

“Back then, I could hardly survive in Southdale. Everyone was calling me a murderer and a

vicious mother-in-law.

“However, Wynter stayed by my side without any complaints. Thanks to her, I managed to pull myself together and reopen my clinic in Kingbourne.”

As she refilled Dalton’s cup, Margaret stated firmly, “I won’t cause any trouble for Wynter. However, I hope you’ll watch out for her when I’m gone, Earnest.

“Though she seems indifferent, she’s quite sentimental. That said, I really hope to live long enough to see Wolf in school.”

Dalton placed his hand on Margaret’s and comforted her. “Rest assured, you still have two years ahead.”

Their conversation went unheard by Wynter, who was asking Whitley about his unusual behavior.

Whitley pondered for a moment before replying, "I felt drawn to Madam Margaret for some reason, but she's just an ordinary person. How strange."

It was surprising there were certain things that even a mythical beast was unaware of.

While Wynter had harbored doubts about Margaret before, she decided to dismiss the matter. To Wynter, Margaret was her beloved grandmother.

Just as Whitley was about to give further remarks, Margaret called out to them. "Don't stand over there, or you'll get bitten by bugs. Come here, Wynter. I have something to tell

you."

Wynter instantly moved on from her conversation with Whitley and approached Margaret. Wynter seemed docile and compliant in Margaret's presence, which was a sharp contrast to her domineering behavior outside.

With her back hunched, Margaret appeared shorter than Wynter. Seeing Margaret reach out to stroke her hair, Wynter knelt beside Margaret's feet.

"You don't need to stay, Grandma. I'm listening," Wynter said softly.

The mansion's cozy layout brought back memories of their home in Southdale. Margaret often sat on a small wooden stool with a cushion supporting her back.

"There was a time when you didn't feel like yourself, Wynter. And I'm not sure if I should give this to you," Margaret stated with a sigh as she stroked Wynter's hair.

"What are you trying to give me? I don't remember leaving anything with you," Wynter asked in confusion.

Margaret chuckled softly and tapped Wynter's cheek. "Not you. It was from the fortune teller who visited often.

“You wanted to give it to Charlie, and we had a huge fight about it. I told you that I’ve returned it to the fortune teller, but I’ve actually kept it safe.”

Wynter was completely dumbfounded. “Me? Giving something to Charlie?”