

## The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 621 Lord Gabby

Wynter chuckled softly at the words. "God's blessings?"

\*I forgive your rudeness. When Gabby spoke, her mouth moved stiffly. "You may not fully understand my origins, but I'm the embodiment of God In Foplya.

"People worship me and pray for peace and blessings. And I have the power to grant it."

As she said that, she lifted her left hand slightly, causing all the appliances around her to levitate into the air. Her long hair billowed with a glow as if caught in an invisible breeze.

At the same time, Rory, who was drinking with Gordon, suddenly stood up as if sensing something amiss. He knew something was happening with Gabby.

Rory couldn't believe anyone in the Quinnell family could pose a threat to Gabby. He assumed the children he provided her this time didn't satisfy her, which was why she was angry.

Straightening his clothes, he said, "You guys keep Mr. Quinnell Senior company. I'll be back shortly."

Gordon rose, trying to keep him there. He knew Wynter had been discovered, as this was part of their plan.

Before Wynter had left the car, she had told him that if Rory left the room, it meant she had found what

she was looking for. He should take the opportunity to get Fabian out.

But now, faced with the reality, Gordon hesitated. How could he let Wynter face the danger alone, especially when she was a descendant of the Quinnell family?

"Mr. Turner," Gordon called out, "if you leave now, does our agreement still stand?"

Rory hesitated. He had worked hard to make Gordon waver. If he continued the discussion, he could

secure protection. But Gabby...

As Rory paused, he heard a chilling voice in his ear. "What are you doing? Get to the underworld, now!"

With a snap, the wooden doll in his hand shattered.

Something had definitely gone wrong. Gabby would not waste her power to summon him this way unless

it was urgent.

Rory no longer cared about Gordon. He believed the Quinnell family's situation was already under control.

While the grand plan was important, Gabby's immortality was his true reason for coming to Cascadia.

After several experiments, Gabby/could finally choose any vessel she wanted.

Once her heart was implanted in the little girl's body, she would walk the earth like a normal person.

The next step was to absorb Cascadia's fortune. If Gabby succeeded, she could return to her former glory from 50 years ago.

He believed Gabby possessed supreme abilities, such as granting immortality. She could even restore his family to its royal status.

Chapter 621 Lord Gabby

Rory had his ambitions, and Gabby knew he wouldn't abandon her. Those who did were always met with

severe repercussions.

Her summoning became more intense. Countless specks of light emerged from the well, swirling around

Gabby.

She radiated an indescribable presence of wisdom, enhanced by her traditional attire, making her seem

truly divine.

To anyone else, this sight would have been awe-inspiring. Unfortunately for Gabby, she was facing Wynter.

"I really hate it when people try to make me submit." Wynter ignored Gabby's divine glow and smirked. "I might consider it if you're the God of Wealth. After all, I could use some money."

## Chapter 622 Find the Original Body

Wynter raised the iron rod. “Are you, a Foplya wooden doll, claiming to be God? Sorry, it seems that our textbooks on mythology don’t match. And I don’t play with dolls, nor do I wish to become your slave.

“I just have one question. Will you expel the spirits you’ve swallowed, or do I have to beat them out of you?

As Wynter said that, she had already bitten her finger. She smeared the blood along the iron rod, infusing it with her power.

Gabby’s eyes narrowed as she noticed Wynter’s defiance. An intense resentment flared in her gaze. It was pure malice.

“You Cascadians really like to do things the hard way. Since you won’t submit, stay and keep me company. Your body is much more suitable for me. The blood of a cultivator smells better.”

Gabby licked her lips, and suddenly, she vanished.

Gabby was not a lingering spirit. Once she left her shell, it would immediately perish. The little boy earlier

was nothing more than a remnant.

The entire laboratory echoed with Gabby’s chilling and sinister laughter. She was chanting curses in

Foplyanese.

Instantly, the spirits turned into ghosts. Nearly 100 children with empty eyes outstretched their hands, all

targeting Wynter.

Among them was Nixon’s semi-transparent figure.

Gabby’s voice echoed. “Aren’t you very capable? Then kill these spirits. Only by killing them all can you

truly defeat me.

“If I’m not mistaken, you aren’t even from this world. Your spells can only unleash a fraction of their power

here, right?

“If you want to survive, you just need to destroy them completely! Hahaha! I love watching Cascadians kill

each other.

“During classes, their children would harm each other just for some extra food. Don’t disappoint me. Start killing!”

Her laughter was like a demonic chant, resonating in Wynter’s ears.

Standing in the center, she gripped the iron rod with the purple sugilite pendant on her wrist. The lucky token could only hold off the spirits for a while. Eventually, they would reach her.

Ordinary spirits were one thing, but these children had been murdered and left unburied. Their resentment

would drag Wynter into an abyss of despair.

Just then, Wynter recalled some legends she had read online about Foplya dolls.

› Chapte, 627 Find the Original Body

She needed to find the original body. It was the vessel that was storing the spirits. Destroying it would free the spirits from enslavement,

But where was Gabby’s original body?

Wynter’s vision was blurred by the thickening black mist as the air was filled with resentful spirits.

Gabby’s laughter continued, insidiously gnawing at her mind.

Wynter tried to stay calm, but her eyes had already turned a deep crimson when she opened them. The iron rod in her hand rose as if guided by an unseen force.

Just as her consciousness began to slip, a deep, melodious voice pierced through the darkness. “Are you looking for this?”

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 623 Dalton Yarwood.

The tall figure stood amidst the blood mist, completely unfazed by the surrounding evil spirits.

The resentment couldn’t touch him. Instead, they dissipated as they approached him. It wasn’t due to any protective charm he carried, but rather, his very being instilled a profound fear in all souls.

Wynter's mind cleared almost instantly. The distracting chant and the spirits under Gabby's control all halted their actions.

Though their eyes remained blood-red and their forms grotesque, they respectfully lowered their gazes upon seeing the newcomer. They even created a path for him.

The tall man wore a pure black wool coat. As he strode forward, he exuded the air of a businessman from Hawford—refined and gentlemanly, perhaps educated abroad with a hint of 19th-century etiquette.

His face was strikingly handsome and cold. Only Wynter's fiancé could possess such a complex and intricate spiritual form.

However, it seemed that this version of him from a century ago didn't have such a short lifespan.

He should have been the least likely to be superstitious. Yet, here he was, casually strolling in with a Foplya wooden doll in hand, wearing leather gloves as if afraid of dirtying himself.

The doll seemed to sense danger. Its eyes snapped open and glowed menacingly. Its hair grew wildly, attempting to ensnare Dalton's hand like it had a mind of its own.

Dalton raised his gaze and pulled its hair with his finger. The wooden doll emitted an unprecedented scream.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the laboratory shifted. The light bulbs began to flicker and buzz erratically.

Gabby obviously panicked. "Release the sacred item at once!"

As she said that, the wooden doll, which had come alive, straightened and lunged at Dalton's shoulder. She intended to bite him.

Wynter swiftly flicked her left hand, sending the lucky token, pierced by a silver needle, through the doll's heart.

Instantly, the laboratory shook violently. An endless stream of blood began gushing from the ancient well.

Gabby went berserk, determined to drag both intruders into the well.

She summoned more resentment to form a vortex above the consulate. With that, she could pull in all the spirits on the land to her aid.

“You Cascadians have no reverence for God!” Gabby, now in the wooden doll, flew into the air. It glowered down at the two figures below. “I shall judge you in the name of God!”

Faces began to emerge from the ground. They stared at Wynter and Dalton through the mist.

#### Chapter 623 Dahon Yorwood

There were expressions of pain, pleading, anger, malice, and bloodlust. Each face mouthed silent words that initially seemed meaningless but carried a malevolent chant that could drive one mad upon listening closer.

Though Wynter had never encountered this, she had heard Atwater mention it.

This was a phenomenon known as “Hundred Ghosts Weeping”, a phenomenon that only occurred during major calamities.

It was extremely rare, with only a few occurrences recorded in ancient texts. Those with a deeper

knowledge of the Arcane Way were more susceptible to its influence, which could lead to confusion and mental disarray.

#### Chapter 624 The Lord Strikes

Hundred Ghosts Weeping usually occurred during times of ancient wars when countless lives were lost. Many of them were ordinary citizens with various unfulfilled desires and grievances.

This made the situation extremely difficult to resolve. Such spirits, having died unnatural deaths, could

not be forcibly exorcised.

Atwater had assured Wynter that Hundred Ghosts Weeping was unlikely to happen in peaceful times, as the natural cycle of life and death usually prevented the rise of such phenomena.

She had once asked him what to do if she ever encountered such a situation.

Atwater’s advice was simple and practical—run as far as possible. There was no shame in not being able

to fight 100 ghosts.

Wynter, however, had no intention of running. She looked at Gabby, who had gone nearly insane in the air.

Gabby had summoned their Cascadian spirits, exploiting the nation's grievances to turn their own against them.

Wynter narrowed her eyes. The idea of deicide crossed her mind for the first time.

Gabby wasn't entirely lying.

In Foplya, wooden dolls were used in rituals and were considered minor deities. But here, Gabby was abusing Cascadia's spirits for her own gain.

Wynter tightened her grip on the iron rod, ready to strike. But before she could act, Dalton intervened.

He cleared his throat and looked up at Gabby. A faint, almost non-existent smile played on his lips. "Do you think you can judge me?"

In the next instant, his attire transformed. Gone was the businessman's outfit. Instead, he was cloaked in an ancient, blood-red robe with wide sleeves.

His overwhelming presence made it hard for everyone to breathe.

With every step he took, the sound of bells echoed as the red spider lilies swayed.

Gold-bronze Fankrit inscriptions snaked from his neck but were concealed. The air thickened with blood mist, and the ground trembled.

No one knew which idiot had the audacity to provoke the lord.

As black feathers fell, Dalton seemed to have teleported. He was now grabbing a spirit in mid-air. His blood-red cloak concealed his pale jaw, and his eyes were filled with a frost-tinged black mist.

"That was really unpleasant to hear."

With a loud thud, he slammed the spirit to the ground. Before she could struggle, Dalton had already seized Gabby, who was still in mid-air.

## Chapter 624 The Lord Strikes

The faces of spirits recoiled at his feet. None dared to move, and no spirit from the well dared to emerge.

Gabby finally grasped Dalton's terrifying power. She moved her limbs clumsily and asked in a raspy voice,

Who are you?"

"I've been worshiped much longer than you," Dalton said while gripping her neck. "How dare an exiled evil spirit claim to be God?"

Sensing the danger, Gabby tried to escape.

Dalton's voice was slow and deliberate. "Karma isn't usually my concern. After all, fate is human-made, and I'm not particularly kind.

"But you just couldn't stay quietly as a doll. You messed around and dirtied my place. It's truly irritating."

Hearing his words, Gabby completely panicked. "Spare me, please! As long as you spare me, these spirits.

are all yours!"

Never before had she pleaded like this.

#### Chapter 625 Consider to Stay

Even during the upheavals in Foplyn, where Gabby was seen as a symbol of misfortune, she remained an unquestionable God in some fanatical followers' eyes.

They worshiped her, and many powerful figures sought her revival, hoping to harness her divine power to achieve their ends. She didn't fear any cultivators, either.

But who exactly was this man standing before her? How could he not be affected when her most vengeful long hair pierced into his arm?

And why were those spirits so afraid of him that they retreated to the depths of the underworld? They wouldn't even dare to come out and try to fight him, despite having made pacts with her.

Gabby couldn't understand. Things had spiraled beyond her expectations. She had never imagined that someone would truly be able to harm her.

She had experienced Foplya's ups and downs before being brought to Cascadia by the Turner family. She couldn't just vanish into thin air like this.

An idea popped up in Gabby's mind. "Or would you perhaps like a fresh vessel? That woman over there is not bad! As long as you spare me, I can give her to you, and Rory will be under your control as well.

"You should know that nowadays in Cascadia, what the Foplyans say is like a royal decree. What do you



want? I can give-

Dalton seemed to be too bored to listen to Gabby's ramblings. He tightened his grip on her neck.

With a crack, he crushed the wooden doll in his palm. "You don't need to worry about what I want. A. plaything like you shouldn't talk so much."

His words were casual. With a blow, the wooden doll turned into ashes.

Despite his ailing appearance, his body was shrouded in swirling black mist. It was as if he didn't acquire it, but it was instead the very origin of the darkness.

Across the myriad spirits, Wynter met his gaze.

His eyes remained unchanged. They were deep and composed.

He seemed to chuckle softly. "Did I scare you?"

Wynter watched as the bloodthirsty atmosphere gradually dissipated in the laboratory. She didn't forget to summon Nixon's spirit back and put it in the yellow duck.

Her movements showed no signs of being frightened. Instead, she lifted her chin toward Dalton. "Quite impressive."

She was commenting on his actions earlier.

Dalton lightly coughed. "Oh, I was worried you'd be scared off after witnessing this scene, then run to Mr. Quinnell Senior and spill my secrets."

Chapter 625 Consider to Stay

"I don't know much about your secrets." Wynter glanced at the well nearby.

"But I heard you mention being worshiped. If you're into offerings, I could light some candles for you regularly."

This was the first time Dalton had heard such an amusing remark. "I'll pass on the offerings. But how about considering staying?"

His deep laughter made Wynter frown. "Stay? To conduct human experiments?"

"You know what I mean." When Dalton lowered his gaze, he looked more vulnerable than ever but was still beautiful. "You're not from this world."

Wynter's fingers paused. She was now wary of Dalton. "What if I say I don't want to consider it?"

"Then my methods of keeping you won't be so gentle." Dalton sighed as if resigned. He gazed at Wynter with an affectionate look.

He not only possessed a striking face but also had a remarkably captivating voice..

It was a shame he didn't take on the role of the main villain, given how pleasing his voice sounded when he spoke of imprisoning her.

## THE HEIRESS' RETURN: SIX BROTHERS AT HER BECK AND CALL

### Chapter 626

#### Chapter 626 Wynter's Bold Move

Wynter wondered if Dalton knew he looked like this 100 years ago.

She smiled faintly. "I think we're more sulted in the next life."

"It seems I'll really have to take action." Smiling, Dalton moved slightly and was already in front of Wynter.

His movement was so swift that even though Wynter reacted, her chin was already pinched between his fingertips.

In the darkness, Dalton, clad in a blood-red robe, lowered his gaze. His breath mingled with a pleasant sandalwood scent. Despite the situation, he still exuded the most refreshing fragrance.

"Relax, I'll be gen-"

Before Dalton could finish the word "gentle", Wynter acted one step ahead and sealed his colorless lips

with a kiss as her hand rested on his waist. Her movements were more adept than his.

The sudden tenderness caught Dalton off guard, causing him to forget what he was about to do next. His eyes, usually devoid of emotion, showed surprise at that moment.

Even the spirits under the ancient well trembled along. Some dared not to show themselves, while others witnessed it firsthand.

They were sure that Wynter would be dead. How dare she kiss the lord?

Never had a person—or rather, a soul—escaped from him alive.

The spirits felt that humans these days were really audacious.

They still remembered what happened last time in Ghoulton, when one of the maids dared to flirt with Dalton. The outcome was unimaginable.

Seeing this scene before them, the spirits were certain that Wynter would meet a painful demise.

The spirits, who had been seething with resentment just moments ago, were all hiding now. There was no way they would dare to show themselves.

They only hoped that Dalton would quickly dispose of Wynter so they wouldn't be dealt with. After all, they had also been deceived into coming out of the underworld.

They were controlled by Gabby before. Only now did they begin to awaken to their senses.

Dalton couldn't hear the spirits' muttered complaints. His attention was fully focused on the woman

before him.

Initially, he didn't pay much attention to her, just finding her familiar.

Relying on this familiarity, he probed her soul. He knew she didn't belong here and found this new experience somewhat entertaining. So, when he sensed danger from her location, he rushed over.

He didn't like others touching his belongings, but Gabby had touched Wynter. He was thinking of having

## Chapter 626 Wynter's Bold Move

Wynter properly clean herself later.

But what was she doing right now...

Dalton clenched his hand. His long, black lashes trembled slightly.

Meanwhile, Wynter smirked, realizing that regardless of the time, Dalton remained incredibly innocent.

Although he looked stunning now, those entering the formation must always understand one thing—this was a place of remnants.

Wynter acted swiftly and set off the nearby alarm.

At the same time, Rory burst in with his men.

He looked at the shattered wooden doll on the ground. He never imagined the outcome would turn out to

be this bad.

"I finally picked a body for Lord Gabby. What have you done to her? You bastard!" Rory to shoot.

wanted

Dalton in the back.

At once, Wynter kicked him hard and twisted his hand. The gun went off, but it hit Rory himself.

There were many legends about the Foplya wooden doll. The worshipers must also be eradicated to prevent the doll from resurrecting.

The worshiper in this formation was Rory, but there were other worshipers outside. She needed to finish up things here and leave the formation quickly.

## Chapter 627 Chaotic Foplya Consulate

The wounded Rory let out a hoarse roar.

Wynter knew that more people would be coming in. She glanced at Dalton and said, "I'll leave this to you.

Until we meet again."

Her words sounded nice, but in reality, she was just using these Foplyans as a barrier to block Dalton.

Dalton chuckled at her words. "You better really be able to run."

"Later." Wynter didn't waste any more time. Judging from Dalton's demeanor, she might not make it out alive if she were caught.

He could crush a wooden doll so easily. These Foplyans would only delay him for a few minutes.

Wynter told herself that she had to run fast.

She h

ad found Nixon's soul. As long as she pulled out the other spirits from the formation, everything would end, including the lingering Earthbound Formation.

Clearly, Dalton saw through her plan. But unfortunately, the Foplyans kept coming in one group after another.

Dalton couldn't kill humans, as that was against the rules, but he could cause them to have a mental breakdown.

He let the black mist surge up from below the well, revealing a parade of spirits to the Foplyans.

In an instant, all the Foplyans who had barged in froze in their tracks. They saw the most horrifying scene.

Dalton, dressed in a blood-red robe, stood tall under the shade, looking noble and beautiful. Behind him surged spirits and demons capable of seizing souls.

“They’re yours now.” With Dalton’s words, the spirits began to stir with hatred. They despised these Foplyans the most.

Dalton didn’t even heed to instruct them specifically. They wouldn’t let a single one escape.

The armed Foplyans, who had done all kinds of evil, began to feel fear. They wanted to run but found that all the doors and windows of the laboratory were tightly shut, just like how they shut those innocent children inside.

If they managed to escape, they would find themselves in the field or classroom. If not, they would be trapped in the dark, never seeing the light of day.

Although just a door away, the distance felt insurmountable.

Rory lay on the ground, unable to bear the intense resentment. He was still thinking about Gabby. Not giving up, he tried to piece together the shattered wooden debris.

These Foplyans were scared but unrepentant. They believed that all the Cascadians who died here

Chapter 627 Chaotic Foplya Consulate

deserved it and that even if Cascadia wasn’t theirs now, it would belong to them in the future.

Some Foplya soldiers even shouted boldly, “Come on, you lowly pigs! Only when you’re dead will you dare to lay a hand on us!”

Dalton was rushing after Wynter, so he didn’t have time to listen to their nonsense. He didn’t even want to witness their attempts to kill themselves.

With a glance at the ancient well, he waved his sleeve.

The black mist poured out without restraint and infiltrated the Foplyans through every orifice.

Dalton’s voice was calm but reached the depths of the underworld. “You reap what you sow.”

With that in mind, the spirits' demand for retribution seemed entirely justified. The Foplya soldiers were still looking for the wooden doll they worshiped. Most of their forces were concentrated here.

In almost an instant, the black mist surged up and engulfed the entire laboratory. The Foplya consulate descended into chaos.

Earlier, some soldiers had received orders to shoot Gordon if anything unusual happened. But before the soldiers could pull the trigger, Wynter had already dealt with them.

She coolly grabbed the zip line rope and cast one last glance at Gordon. "Now's our chance. Go."

#### Chapter 628 Wynter Scattering Cash

Outside, about 20 men from the Quinnell family stood waiting for Gordon to emerge. They were all renowned fighters from Hawford.

Even Fabian, fresh out of captivity and still nursing wounds, didn't lag behind.

He refused to take any photos with the Foplyans, even under duress and coercion.

The Foplyans intended to publish the photos from this gathering in International newspapers. Their goal was simple—to seize control of Cascadia's economic lifelines.

They wanted to mislead Cascadians into believing the Quinnell family was just the first step. What they really wanted would come next.

So, the photographer, who had been following Rory from the start, found himself dodging the Quinnells at every turn.

However, early on, Wynter had Leo plant something on him,

The photographer thought he'd be safe once he left the consulate and arrived at the Foplya Intelligence Office in the Frenda Concession. He never imagined the

Wynter would follow him all the way.

Besides destroying his camera, she also noted down everywhere he went.

She had no time to destroy the intelligence office, and it would be pointless inside the formation. But what mattered was that Wynter was inspired.

She used the printer in the office to make over 100 copies of documents detailing Foplya's human experiments and stuffed them into her black bag. As for the photographer, she didn't plan to let him see the light of day.

Relying solely on Lily's power to sway public opinion was still somewhat lacking. To swiftly quell such intense resentment and make Foplya think twice, it needed to be sensational.

As a live streamer, Wynter was a pro at creating a spectacle.

She glanced at the time. Hawford's night was just beginning, especially in the Frenda Concession, where the revelry was still in full swing.

is from the

Without hesitation, Wynter grabbed the black bag filled with printed photos and documents ground. And, of course, everyone's favorite—cash.

She had ransacked the intelligence office.

Meanwhile, Foplya agents found no trace of her. All they saw when they pushed open the door was an open window.

Plus, with the consulate in turmoil, they could only anxiously send telegrams to their superiors and await instructions.

Frenda Concession, bustling with cars, never lacked people. It was bustling even back in the day. There

were casinos, rickshawn, and little girls selling roses.

The money handed to them by a passing foreigner could buy them a hearty meal. And if they were fortunate enough to encounter someone purchasing flowers, that person would be considered a generous benefactor.

The dance hall was filled with swaying dancers, creating a bustling and lively atmosphere.

Suddenly, the entire power supply system in the Frenda Concession seemed to malfunction. After a couple of buzzing sounds, everything went dark.

The only place that was still lit was the casino entrance. On its rooftop was a motorbike with its headlights glaring brightly, almost blinding.

In that split second, all eyes on the street turned to the roof.



A—slender figure leaned against the gleaming motorcycle with her hair swaying in the wind. She seemed

to be scattering something with one hand while putting the other casually in her pocket.

At first, people didn't notice because they were all captivated by the figure's looks and attire.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 629 Frenda Concession Exploding Into Chaos

Her stunning face stood out even more at that moment. The mole under her eye captivated anyone who saw her.

Her white shirt was tucked neatly into black jeans, and she wore military-style boots. It was impossible

not to notice her.

And then she spoke, "Who wants money?"

With a casual flick of her hand, money started raining down from above.

No one could resist such a sight. Everyone stared in amazement.

She was scattering cash. A lot of cash!

In an instant, the Frenda Concession exploded into chaos.

Even the usually

usually composed foreigners abandoned their manners and rushed out of the buildings. People attending parties and business meetings all turned their attention to the spectacle.

Some consulate staff sensed something was amiss and quickly called their superiors. Reporters, both local and international, scrambled to get to the scene.

Wynter tossed the cash casually. The crisp bills mingled with the snowflakes and spun gently before landing on the ground. A shower of cash blanketed the entire area.

That day, the Frenda Concession was filled with the scent of cash. After all, those were fresh bills from the Foplya Intelligence Office.

Wynter was anything but stingy. She was generous with each toss.

Street beggars scrambled to pick up the money, joined by freezing vendors and even well-dressed foreigners.

The scene grew so chaotic that even though soldiers from various consulates were deployed, they couldn't restore order.

Then, amidst the rain of money, other items began to fall.

At first, the Foplyans thought the money had nothing to do with them. But when the shocking photos and horrifying documents started raining down, they panicked.

Some froze in place, while others shouted, "This is a lie! It's slander!"

However, no one listened.

The Frenda Concession was home to many international elites. It didn't matter if they didn't understand Scandonese. Wynter had thoughtfully included Elmstian translations of the key points.

"Foplyans have invaded our land, humiliated our people, and disguised themselves as educators to imprison children.

Chapter 629 Frenda Concession Exploding Into Chaos

"They violated international agreements and used live humans for experiments. This is inhuman and unforgivable."

As she spoke these words, many Cascadians, who didn't understand the documents, looked up.

They couldn't read, but they could understand the photos' content. Among them, parents who had lost their children

burst into tears on the spot.

"T—This is my daughter!"

"The Foplyans lied! They told me if my daughter went with them, she'd have food and education! They lied!"

Heart-wrenching cries resonated throughout the Frenda Concession.

Chapter 630 Resentment Dissipated

Wynter's actions effectively cornered the Foplyans, leaving them no escape. The impact was enormous and severe.

Some still clung to earlier newspapers with photos of the Foplyans, who claimed they were there to help with Cascadia's infrastructure and lift its people out of poverty.

Such lies were torn to shreds.

No matter how they tried to twist the narrative or how eloquent they were, they couldn't explain away the children's pale faces or the heaps of test tubes in the photos.

Even their usual international supporters condemned them.

Snowflakes swirled through the air, reaching Hawford.

The loud cries of grief showed just how many families were destroyed.

People in the Frenda Concession couldn't sleep soundly knowing that those Foplyan devils were doing despicable things under the guise of humanity in Cascadia.

It was as if even the heavens were bidding farewell to these little spirits. As the Foplya consulate was destroyed, the snow in Hawford fell even heavier.

People said they had never seen such heavy snowfall in Hawford before.

On the ground, it was impossible to distinguish whose child's photo was lying there.

Meanwhile, those who had picked up the money remained frozen in place. The sight before them.

horrified them.

People's minds needed to be awakened. If they weren't stimulated, they would never understand that they could only be slaughtered like sheep if they were weak.

Because the ones wielding the knife didn't see them as humans at all. To them, the weak's humility was seen as cowardice. Being hospitable to all was seen as inherently lowly by them.

Only when they were strong could their virtues be acknowledged.

Wynter didn't know if these photos could awaken even a small group of people. But as long as those trapped spirits could find peace, it would be enough.

Through the thick fog and heavy snow, Wynter saw the woman in the crowd. She still wore those red

shoes, which were the only colorful thing on her.

Since her marriage, her mother had made those shoes for her by hand.

But who would have thought that she would marry a devil? She had never been treated kindly, yet she endured.

She endured the beatings, hunger, and being forced to sleep with other men by her husband. It wasn't

Chapter 630 Resentment Dissipated

enough to break her. She persevered for the sake of her two daughters.

Yet, the Foplyans weren't satisfied. They didn't even spare her daughters' souls.

How could they do this? How?

It was this immense resentment that had condensed into such a powerful Earthbound Formation. because such matters were unsolvable in those days.

Now, the resentment had dissipated. The scenery around Wynter was slowly losing color, except for that one blood-red figure.