

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

Chapter 631 Return From the Formation

Amid the snowfall—and heavy fog. Dalton watched Wynter intently. His dark pupils shone with a hint of coldness.

Snowflakes settled on his shoulders, yet his posture remained resolute. The chaos around him didn't faze his inherent grace. Instead, a myriad of spirits swirled behind him.

The pressure threatened to collapse the entire formation.

tas hew

Leo sensed his intention. Just as he was about to speak, a deafening roar erupted.

On her BMW Tomahawk, Wynter lifted it upward and sliced through the night sky between two buildings.

Just like when she arrived, she was magnificent and cool.

Afraid of being left behind, Leo hurriedly ducked into the copper coin and followed Wynter out of the formation.

As the BMW Tomahawk touched down, Wynter had already returned to the Yeaton residence.

The scene behind her faded away and returned to its previous modern decor.

A pair of faded red shoes fell to the side. However, the wooden doll seemed unaffected. It stood there as

if untouched and gave off an eerie feeling.

Wynter glanced at the doll briefly, then instructed Leo to guide Nixon's soul back to its rightful place.

After lighting a fire, she quickly tossed the wooden doll into the flames.

As the doll burned, all the resentment in the room dispersed. The corners were no longer chilly, and the moonlight streamed in. The only thing left untouched was the candle wax.

This wasn't her specialty. She'd have to contact Kaspar to cleanse that properly.

There was one thing Wynter couldn't figure out. What was so special about Winnie's family that warranted the formation being placed there?

She gazed at the crackling fire and made up her mind to ask Winnie about how she had obtained the wooden doll.

The spirits of so many unjust souls during these special times had become a source of fortune for this wooden doll. Its influence extended for miles, affecting all the residents in the vicinity.

Wynter wasn't well-versed in Foplyan wooden dolls. After all, she didn't play with dolls herself. But she knew it was popular nowadays.

She didn't leave the Yeaton residence immediately. After the doll was completely burned with no trace left, she took out a lucky token and nailed it directly into the pile of ashes.

In the darkness, the entire formation collapsed.

Sometimes, it was easy to overlook the smaller players. Formations could disappear completely, but

Chapter 631 Return From the Formation

history would always be remembered.

Wynter wasn't worried about Nixon. There were gods responsible for guiding the souls. Time-wise, Nixon should make it in time.

In the hospital, medical staff worked tirelessly throughout the night, from the emergency room to the operating table.

Victor had examined Nixon, but the only thing detectable was his weak life signs. However, the exact cause remained elusive.

He couldn't bear to leave the child alone, so he stayed by his side.

Nixon's soul was still somewhat lost.

He had been called to school by a boy to play. The school was unlike any he had seen before, with everyone speaking Foplyanese. Inside, he met a homesick girl.

In his dreams, it seemed like others couldn't see him.

He sneaked out of school to get to the girl's house. The streets resembled scenes he had only seen in movies, with beggars, foreigners, and armed soldiers everywhere.

He finally found the place but couldn't find the girl's sick mother or sister selling camellias, as she had mentioned.

Chapter 632 Nixon Is Back

The neighbors in the alley said that the girl's family were all unlucky souls. Her mother had passed away.

and her sister had been sold.

When the former died, her body was so stinky that her father didn't want to spend money on her burial. He just wrapped her up in a mat and tossed her somewhere.

This was Nixon's fifth time being pulled into a dreamh.

At first, he thought that if someone called him again, he would just pretend not to hear and not go in.

Since he often felt drowsy during class and was a bit anemic, his mother was already worried about hist health.

But Nixon worried that the girl would have no one to take care of her and would wait for him, so he entered the dream for the sixth time.

This time, he brought lots of snacks because he was afraid the girl would be sad when she heard about her mother's death.

But when he saw the girl again, she was being dragged into a small, dark room, barely alive.

Nixon followed along and realized that this wasn't a school at all but a place for human experimentation. He had read about such things in books.

He wanted to save her, but the boy who had summoned him noticed him. Then he darkness.

He seemed to hear his mother's voice, but it felt unreal.

What about the girl? Did she know how dangerous the basement was?
lost in the

Just as Nixon was thinking about all this, a figure suddenly blocked his path. It was a cool lady with her long legs straddling a bike.

"Are you sure you want to continue forward?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.
"If you keep going, you won't
see your mom again."

The pretty lady reached out and patted his head. Suddenly, chants filled the air, and Nixon felt an
unprecedented comfort.

"Here's your yellow duck. Take it and go back. The person you wanted to save has already been rescued."

Nixon's chubby face lit up with joy. "Thank you, miss."

After bowing, Nixon ran back. His chubby figure looked adorable.

At the same time, inside the ward, the nurse looking at the monitors exclaimed in surprise, "The patient's
vitals have all returned to normal!"

Upon hearing this, Victor walked in briskly.

Chapte: 632 Nixon is Back

After checking Nixon's vitals and taking his pulse, he smiled with relief beneath his mask. "Inform the patient's family that he's now out of danger. He can be transferred to a regular ward."

Although Nixon was still receiving IV drips when he was wheeled out, Winnie couldn't hold back anymore. She gripped his hand and called his name.

Nixon opened his eyes and grinned weakly.

In the ward, Winnie immediately hugged him tightly. Her heart was still racing with fear.

Nixon rubbed his eyes and said, "Mom, don't cry. I'm fine. I didn't go forward. By the way, where's the pretty lady?"

Winnie was momentarily taken aback. "Pretty lady?"

“Yeah. She had my yellow duck, the one you bought for me. She told me not to go forward and to come back quickly, or else I wouldn’t see you again. I’m a good boy, Mom.”

Nixon’s face was still pale, but he was quite energetic. “Did she go to take the girl home? I knew she wasn’t lying when she said the girl was rescued.”

Hearing his words, Winnie suddenly realized something.

It wasn’t a miracle. It was Wynter, Wynter had brought Nixon back from hell.

“That lady is Mrs. Quinnell’s daughter and your life savior. Without her, you wouldn’t have come back. When you’re better, we’ll thank her in person, okay?”

Chapter 633 The Lord

Nixon nodded obediently. “Okay!”

Winnie hugged him tightly, her heart filled with gratitude.

Fortunately, they had Wynter.

Nixon was still curious. want to ask her about the girl.”

Winnie, not knowing who the girl was, asked him to elaborate. Nixon then recounted everything he had seen in the yard and his dream to her.

Only then did Winnie realize that their home was the most dangerous place. Wynter was still there!

Her first instinct was to rush back, but at that moment, she received a text message.

“I heard from Mr. Lopez Senior that Nixon has woken up. You should stay at the hospital for a few days. The house needs to be handled by professionals.”

It was a very concise message from Wynter..

Winnie breathed a sigh of relief as she texted back, “Alright, I’ll follow your advice.”

After sending that message, she quickly typed another one. “I heard everything from Nixon. Thank you so much, Wynter.

From Nixon’s description, Winnie could tell that his dream was no ordinary one. The more she listened, the less it felt like a dream. It seemed connected to historical events.

The Foplyans and the special period in Hawford...

Suddenly, Winnie thought of something. She typed, “Wynter, your great-grandfather was the president of the Hawford Chamber of Commerce. I remember that the Whitman family was also involved. They fought against the Foplyans together.”

“I got it. Thank you, Ms. Yeaton, Wynter replied swiftly. “By the way, do you remember who gave you this wooden doll, Ms. Yeaton?”

Winnie—tapped open the picture that Wynter had sent her. A wooden doll?

“It should be something Nixon bought himself. I don’t like these kinds of things.”

Nixon bought it himself?

Wynter didn’t doubt Winnie’s words but had initially thought the doll might have been linked to Naomi. Apparently, that wasn’t the case.

She glanced at her phone screen and wanted to ask Abel to trace the doll’s origins. But, upon opening Amazon, she found many similar dolls.

Abel was still asking, “Boss, since when are you interested in these dolls? I recommend Whimsy Treasures. They’re knockoffs but cheap.

633 The Lord

“You have no idea how much kids love these dolls nowadays. Some cost hundreds of thousands.”

Wynter skimmed through the photos he provided. “Just look for the one I showed you.”

She needed to confirm that this particular wooden doll wouldn’t cause any more trouble. Also, she had to identify its believer and whoever had reintroduced it.

Wynter wasn’t well-versed in Foplyan culture but understood that only the original body held power.

Dalton had indeed broken the doll in the formation, but that was because she was breaking the formation

and disrupting the causal loop.

She had no idea what had ultimately happened to this wooden doll in the real past.

The fact that even its replica could affect the spirits to such an extent implied that the original body still

existed.

Wynter's eyes deepened with thought as she considered the red shoes. After all this time, who would still keep such things?

With a crack, the last log broke, and mist rose.

Amid the mist, countless spirits cowered in the center of the Earthbound Formation. They respectfully addressed a man, "My Lord."

Dalton looked down at his empty wrist and nonchalantly remarked, "So, I'm just a remnant."

Chapter 634 It Does Not Affect Our Relationship

"No, you're not." The black mist surged around Dalton, attempting to thaw his icy demeanor.

Unmoved, Dalton spread his arms and lay back quietly into the serene depths of the Dark River, the deepest part of the underworld.

He had always been reckless. Now, as he lay down, not a single spirit dared disturb him.

Before those desires, which surged forth upon his entry into the Dark River, could even reach him, they scattered and fled in disarray.

On this day, the evil spirits gathered for a small meeting.

"Is the lord in a bad mood?"

"Very bad."

"What should we do? Should we still go out?"

"If you don't even want to be a ghost, you can try to leave."

"I think I'll just stay here and continue sleeping."

The water rippled. The river's depth was unfathomable.

Only Dalton, draped in a red robe, appeared to be asleep, exuding an air of elegance and nobility as

though he belonged there.

Earthbound Formations would often leave behind some spirits' memories

When Wynter couldn't make sense of some things, she hoped to find more clues through Leo,

However, for some reason, he had retreated into the lucky coin and refused to come out.

When Wynter received a call from the current Dalton, both Leo and the twins seemed to vanish into thin air. They lowered their resentment to its lowest ebb.

“How’s everything going?” Dalton’s voice was still as pleasant as ever. “Mrs. Quinnell and Mr. Quinnell Senior are very worried about you. Come back once..

done with everything.”

Wynter looked around her to ensure that nothing was following her. “I’ll be back soon. Tell Grandpa not to sleep yet. I have something to ask him.”

“Alright.” Dalton chuckled, followed by a light cough.

In that instant, Wynter was reminded of his appearance 100 years ago and couldn’t help but ask, “Do you prefer red over black?”

“Why do you suddenly ask?” Dalton raised his eyes. His deep gaze grew even more mysterious in the darkness.

Chapter 634 : Does Not Affect Our Relationship

Wynter straddled her bike and adjusted the windscreen. “It’s just a thought. Your face, paired with a red robe, would probably look quite striking.”

“Oh?” Dalton’s smile was faint. “I’m glad my face catches your eye. How long until you get home? I’ll have someone cook you pasta.”

Wynter smiled brightly at his thoughtfulness. He could even guess what she wanted to eat.

“Okay. Add an egg salad on the side. I’ll be home in about 20 minutes.”

Without wasting any time, Wynter leaned forward with her Bluetooth earpiece in place and gently uttered, Although you had some antisocial personality traits before, it doesn’t affect our relationship now. Don’t worry.”

As the busy tone sounded from the other end, Dalton smiled faintly.

The red bracelet was already on his wrist. Yet, a palpable intensity emanated from behind him, as if seeking to overshadow the darkness itself.

The Fankrit inscriptions on his body seemed to lose their restraint at this moment, and the chanting resonated.

Glancing at his wrist, Dalton saw that the bracelet had dimmed, becoming an ordinary bracelet.

Yet, he acted as if nothing had happened as he strode indoors confidently. In his impeccably tailored suit, he exuded an air of refinement.

“Go cook some pasta.”

“Yes, Mr. Yarwood.”

People always obeyed his commands instinctively. That was a fact that had never changed.

Meanwhile, under a bridge, an old man spinning tales suddenly stood up

Chapter 635 Atwater’s Reading

Atwater couldn’t believe it. Dalton actually managed to retrieve his remnant. The divination didn’t indicate this outcome.

Finding it strange, he wanted to pack up and quickly go see what was going on.

He wondered if it was Wynter’s doing, but that guess dissipated at once. She only liked making money and never thought about coming to Kingbourne.

How could Kaspar not keep an eye on things? He knew there was a dangerous figure in Sorzada Since he was already here to teach the Arcane Way, why couldn’t he do something productive?

Atwater could hardly contain his impatience.

Natalie, the lady who was still flipping tarot cards, noticed the light go out in front of her.

a City.

She immediately stood up. “Sir, what’s going on? Didn’t you say my relationship would go smoothly? Why

is something going to go wrong again?”

She was afraid he might leave. Although it was only 29.9 dollars for one reading, it was still money.

Young people were all about value for money. She wanted to ask about her financial luck after her relationship reading

At her question, Atwater spread out the tarot cards in his hand. 'Pick whichever one you like.'

"Sir, you can't be-

Before Natalie could finish her sentence, Atwater interrupted her. "Miss, honestly, I don't know anything about tarot readings, but I know physiognomy. Do you believe in that?"

Natalie shook her head. "That's all superstition."

"Then, are these tarot cards not superstition?" Atwater didn't quite understand her point.

"Zodiac signs and tarot cards both have a scientific basis," Natalie said seriously.

Atwater was speechless for a second.

Since he was in a hurry to leave, he changed the subject. "Oh, well, that's a shame. I wanted to talk to you. about your work troubles. I can tell from your face that you've been short of money lately, right?"

Natalie immediately nodded. Her eyes gleamed.

Atwater looked at Natalie's features and indeed saw resentment inside her, mostly related to relationships.

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't buy into it when married men claim they have no feelings for their Wives.

"Don't trust them when they say they're only together due to family pressure, or that their wives don't understand them, no matter how nice they put it."

Chapter 635 Atwaters Reading

Natalie was visibly stunned. She had never shared these things with anyone, not even her best friend.

She had been feeling particularly upset today, so when she passed by this bridge on her way home from work, she decided to get a quick reading.

She never expected Atwater to be so accurate.

"But he's really good to me," Natalie said, biting her lip. "He's mature and caring. He knows that I have it tough working here. When my stomach acts up, he buys me medicine and orders takeout for me."

Natalie continued, emphasizing, "I can tell there's no love between him and his wife! His wife is fat and ugly. She's always picking on him, talking about divorce, and putting pressure on him. She's also got a really bad temper."

Atwater stroked his white beard at her words. "If that's how you see it, then I guess there's nothing more for me to say. Everyone reaps what they sow in their own way.

"Sir, don't use your old moral standards to judge us." Natalie didn't like hearing his preachy words. "I love him, and he loves me. Is there anything wrong with us being in love?"

With that, Natalie left in a huff.

Atwater shook his head and didn't waste any more time. He had to go check on the seal. If Dalton's remnant had indeed returned, those things underground might no longer be controllable.

Chapter 636 Secret History

In the Quinnell residence's living room, Tobla's watched as Dalton made himself at home. He seemed even more at ease than Tobias was.

Not only did Dalton instruct Phil to cook pasta, but he also took out some coffee beans to grind.

At first, Tobias didn't quite grasp what he was doing. However, it dawned on him when Wynter returned.

As she took a sip of her hot coffee and smiled at Dalton, everything seemed to fall into place for Tobias. His expression became complicated.

Sebastian also took a cup of coffee. He pushed up his glasses and squinted. "I remember your boss is not usually like this."

He was making himself out to be an innocent husband. This was quite a strange scene. Could the Yarwoods imagine their patriarch wearing an apron and grinding coffee beans?

Yet, Wynter seemed quite pleased. Upon returning from the Earthbound Formation, she noticed the current Dalton displaying various expressions.

As she warmed up a bit, she asked, "Where's Grandpa?"

"The banquet just ended. The shareholders seem to have many questions for him." Dalton glanced at his

watch. "He should be done soon."

As he finished speaking, Fabian came down from the upstairs study, accompanied by Marie and Wolf.

Marie had been worried about Wynter all along. Now that she saw Wynter, she immediately grabbed her hand and looked her over, afraid she had been injured.

Sebastian didn't know Wynter was into mystic arts. He thought Marie's behavior wa

response to her illness.

Just a stress

Having experienced that episode of the TV show, Tobias widened his eyes. 'Did you go to the Yeaton. residence to save people with that?'

With what? Sebastian and Fabian didn't understand.

Wynter didn't elaborate. She had something important to ask. "Grandpa, do we still have the records and photos from when the Quinnell family was doing business in Hawford?"

Fabian's expression changed at the mention of Hawford.

Tobias was even more puzzled. "Wynter, what are you talking about? Our family made our start in Kingbourne. When did we go to Hawford? That was Grandpa-

"They're upstairs," Fabian interrupted with a smile. "It's been many years since anyone mentioned that period of the Quinnell family

Fabian glanced at the three Quinnell brothers. "You should come up and listen, too."

Chapter 636 Secret History

It seemed he was about to reveal the Quinnell family's secret history, so Dalton stayed downstairs. He twirled his bracelet with his fingertips with a faint smile.

At first, Wynter didn't think much of it. But as she climbed the stairs, she suddenly stopped and looked down at Dalton standing in the center of the hall.

His figure reminded her of the man she saw when she left the formation. He stood in the black mist with an air of danger, eerie and sinister, yet filled with indescribable loneliness.

“Grandpa, can you let Dalton join us as well? He’s my fiancé and will also be part of the Quinnell family in the future.”

As soon as Wynter said that, Dalton was the first to raise his gaze. His face looked sickly but appealing.

The three Quinnell brothers exchanged glances.

Wynter was exceptional in every way, but this habit of taking Dalton everywhere showed that she had fallen too deep for him.

The brothers wondered if Dalton would truly belong to any family. He would only swallow up other companies!

“Thank you for letting me join you, Grandpa,” Dalton said calmly as he walked over. His manners were impeccable.

Tobias nearly lost his composure when he heard Dalton refer to Fabian as “Grandpa”.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Chapter 637 The Truth About the Quinnell Family

Even Sebastian frowned. Was the legendary Dalton this shameless in the rumors?

Fabian, however, seemed to have figured it out.

From this banquet alone, it was evident that the Quinnell family had been declining over the years.

But the Yarwood family was different. With Dalton’s, support, Wynter’s later years could be much smoother.

Once inside the study, Fabian gestured for Alexis to close the door. Then, he strolled over to the

bookshelf and moved one of the books.

With a click, the shelf shifted.

Tobias didn’t know there was a hidden compartment behind Fabian’s bookshelf.

Inside, there was a well-crafted leather chest. On the wall were some newspapers from the special period, along with some documents and photos. Among these lay a well-preserved lucky coin.

When Wynter saw the coin, her gaze paused.

Fabian approached and picked up a family portrait from the shelf. "I'm not a dutiful son. I haven't passed on the Quinnell family to the next generation yet. Luckily, I have a granddaughter now."

Smiling, he continued, "Today, I can finally give your great-great-grandpa some peace of mind."

With that, he started explaining. "The Quinnell family didn't start in Kingbourne. We have control over

various trading firms."

Fabian looked at his grandchildren. "Even now, reactivating these firms will impact some people. In the heyday of the Quinnell family in Hawford, we attracted the Foplyans' attention.

"I was young

then. I let the people from the Youth Daily get away, and my family put a lot of effort into rescuing me. You've all been to school, so you should understand that in those days, Cascadia had

nothing.

"The Foplyans used me to threaten your great-great-grandpa, demanding that the Quinnell family help them recruit students and report some firms to them. Their ambitions were clear.

"But those weren't real schools. A Quinnell exposed their intentions. They claimed to be running schools but were actually conducting human experiments on our Cascadian children. At the time, the Youth Daily and international papers all reported it.

"Your great-great-grandpa took the evidence to the negotiating table. He thought that the Foplyans, feeling guilty and fearful, would disappear from Cascadia."

Fabian stroked the family photo. "But Cascadia was weak back then. We had no diplomatic power, so no

one truly stood up for Cascadia. We could only rely on ourselves.

“As long as these trading firms were active, they would be coveted by Foplya or others. Your great—great—

Chapter 637 The Truth About the Quinnell Family

grandpa didn’t want to work for Foplya in exchange for me. He exchanged his own life for the Quinnell

family’s peace.

“Since then, all trading firms have been operating in secret. They served the Youth Daily and other ambitious individuals by providing resources and financial support.

“Your great—great—grandpa said Cascadia would have its own schools, and its future would be bright. He believed that day would come but didn’t live to see it.

“As a member of the Quinnell family, I’ve never revealed these trading firms until today.”

Fabian set down the photo. “Wynter, this is the truth about the Quinnell family. Get ready to take over.

Some things from the Quinnell family, even if kept hidden, must never fall into the wrong hands.”

Being a national businessman was never just a casual title.

Wynter looked at the elderly figure in the photo.

Chapter 638 Someone Took the Doll

Wynter recalled Gordon’s wise demeanor in the formation.

In those days, there were always some pioneers making sacrifices to safeguard the information network and the forces behind them.

Gordon was willing to exchange himself to maintain the facade that he was just an ordinary

businessman. He wanted other people to think that if he really had something, he could have used it to save his own life.

The Quinnell family couldn’t be handed over, and the trading firms were even more crucial.

Everything required money. Gordon might be money—minded, but it was this money countless youths.

that supported

Wynter walked closer. Just as her fingertips touched the photo, a gentle breeze blew by. In the newspaper, Gordon stood tall and proud.

"I've been waiting for you. I finally get to see you again. You really didn't deceive me. Cascadia is truly strong now. With you here, I can rest assured."

Others couldn't hear these words.

Wynter knew deep down that it was just a remnant. The spirits often couldn't let go of their m

important wishes from their lifetime. This wish would only truly fade away when the person they were

waiting for arrived.

Before, Wynter had been wondering how such a malicious formation had managed to persist for so many years without completely ruining the Quinnell family.

Even with the accumulated luck of several generations, it seemed a bit exaggerated.

Now, Wynter understood the reason.

There was a heroic spirit guarding them. That was why those evil spirits couldn't easily harm the Quinnell family's foundation

Gordon's primary concern wasn't whether the Quinnell family would falter but rather ensuring those trading firms' safety..

When Wynter put down the photo, she waved her left hand and gilded a layer of gold onto Gordon's

remnant.

The three Quinnell brothers watched earnestly though unaware of the meaning behind Wynter's action.

But Dalton, who stood farthest away, tilted his head and raised an eyebrow, as if pondering something. He then fixed his gaze on the lucky coin.

Wynter noticed his gaze and looked over.

Without avoiding it, he pointed at the coin. "It looks like the one you're wearing."

Chapter 630 Someone Took the Doll

"Lucky coins are pretty much the same." Wynter casually shifted the topic..

Dalton chuckled as if enlightened.

Wynter didn't dwell on the topic of lucky coins with him further. Her handsome fiancé was sometimes too clever.

Reminding him of what he looked like 100 years ago might lead to unexpected outcomes.

However, ordinary people usually wouldn't remember what happened in their past lives. There was no need to think too much about it.

She focused on finding clues about the wooden doll.

Wynter pieced together the newspaper reports related to the Foplya consulate.

In these records, both the wooden doll and Dalton's presence seemed to have been hidden.

She had never experienced this before.

Logically, the Earthbound Formation was just a remnant. Her entry or exit from the formation shouldn't affect the present.

Yet, Gordon remembered her, waited for her, and even kept her lucky coin. Could the formation's disbandment this time really have affected the present Quinnell family?

As Wynter pondered, her gaze suddenly landed on something.

In the newspaper, the Foplya consulate hadn't disappeared or been destroyed.

Rory killed himself to quell international repercussions. On the same day, it seemed like the Foplya consulate had lost something important and had been searching for it.

What could they have lost?

Wynter looked at the newspaper report and suddenly paused.

The doll. The wooden doll had been taken away!

Chapter 639 Dalton Knows Everything

But inside the formation, Dalton had definitely crushed that doll.

Logically, if the coin could be kept, then the doll should have been destroyed, too.

Wynter wondered if there was something she had overlooked.

Just relying on newspaper clippings wouldn't provide the whole picture.

Since Fabian was captured by Rory back then, Wynter paused and pulled up a picture on her phone. Grandpa, have you ever seen this thing?"

Fabian's expression changed the moment he saw the photo. "Wynter, where did you take this photo?"

Seeing the expression on his face, Wynter knew she had asked the right person. "It wasn't me. Many online stores are selling them, Ms. Yeaton's house has one."

"This thing is eerie. You better not touch it." This was the first time Fabian opposed something this much. Frowning, he asked, "Why has this wooden doll shown up again? Wasn't it banned from sale for a while?"

Tobias, as a top-tier idol, looked at the photo. 'Grandpa, this doll is popular among many girls. Isn't it quite common? What do you mean it's eerie?"

Fabian wasn't superstitious, so Tobias didn't understand why he wore a troubled expression when he looked at the doll.

"You know nothing." Fabian seemed ready to use his cane to hit Tobias, but he took a deep breath. "The Foplyan official back then used to carry this doll around."

He remembered this clearly. At that time, he was kept underground, and Rory worshipped this wooden doll.

"Worshipped?" Sebastian's expression changed upon hearing this.

Tobias seemed to realize something. He looked at Wynter.

Wynter wouldn't have randomly shown a photo of a wooden doll to Fabian. Did she.

Before Tobias could think about it, Fabian spoke again. His tone was serious. "That's right, worshipped. He treated this wooden doll with great respect and often talked to it at night.

"At first, I thought he was talking to himself, but later I realized he was speaking to the doll. I said it was eerie because its hair grew on its own."

Tobias couldn't help but shiver at those words. Imagining that scene, especially in a prison, sent chills down his spine.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. “Why worship it in a prison?”

“Perhaps because he believed in that rumor.” Fabiap suddenly recalled something as he looked at Wynter “There’s a rumor that Cascadia’s lifeline is either in the mountains or underground.”

Chapter 639 Dakori Kwe Everything

Wynter shook her head. “That’s unlikely. It doesn’t rely on such things to grow.”

“There was brutality in prison.” Dalton, who was reading through the documents, interjected suddenly. He pointed to the Youth Daily’s report.

“Back then, whoever who entered the prison died. The Foplyans wouldn’t let anyone escape. They used interrogation methods that took lives. Some couldn’t bear it and became traitors, while others ended up covered in blood.”

Dalton looked at Wynter. “I heard Mr. Stavius mention that some evil spirits enjoy such things.”

Upon hearing that, Wynter tapped her finger. “You seem to know a lot.”

“I enjoy reading miscellaneous books.” Dalton coughed.

Wynter lifted her phone. “So, how much do you know about this wooden doll?”

“I’ve seen a bit of it.” Dalton seemed so disdainful of the doll in the photo that even his smile carried a hint of sarcasm.

Chapter 640 The Doll Wants to Replace Her

Wynter scrutinized Dalton’s elegant and handsome face. “Tell us about it.”

“Back then, our country’s puppet culture spread to Foplya.” Dalton’s voice was melodious as he effortlessly recounted the stories.

“During a certain period, dolls held a special status among Foplya’s warrior families and aristocrats. They believed that dolls had Souls, capable of not only warding off misfortune but also boosting morale,” he explained casually.

Wynter detected the crux of the issue. “How did they suddenly come to believe that dolls had souls?”

“It’s hard to verify the specifics, but there’s a story. It’s said that a brother who was about to leave home brought back a wooden doll for his lonely sister.

"The sister adored the doll, slept with it, and set a place for it at meals. She even gave it a name. But not long after, she fell seriously ill. Despite efforts to save her, she passed away.

"In order to keep the doll with her, her family sent it to a chapel to be worshipped by priests. Strangely, the doll's hair grew over time, and its face began to resemble the girl more and more."

"Thus, the legend of the doll's manifestation began. Some even worshipped it as a god, considering its origin from an ancient chapel." Dalton's tone remained nonchalant.

Tobias' brain felt muddled upon hearing this. "So, does that mean the doll gained enlightenment from the priests' prayers?"

"No." Wynter, ever astute, pointed out the flaw in the story. "If the doll could truly ward off misfortune, the girl wouldn't have fallen gravely ill and died after coming into contact with it.

"The doll didn't come alive when it reached the chapel. It had been absorbing everything from the girl since the beginning. Dolls should never be treated as living beings.

"The girl had shown signs of abnormality from the start. The doll, however, was clever enough to understand that revealing itself at the time would have been risky."

At this point, Wynter paused. "Was this girl's identity special?"

"Yes, she was a noble." Dalton seemed to think this detail was unimportant.

Wynter smiled suddenly as she looked into his eyes. "The doll was good at choosing her owner. It gradually resembled the girl more and more. Eventually, it replaced her, right?"

clever

Dalton knew Wynter was She could discern the story's ending from just a snippet.

He chuckled softly. "Yes, her family was reluctant to part with her, and some old followers insisted that the doll was the continuation of the girl's life.

"Since then, it has been treated like a person and worshipped fervently. They firmly believe that only by worshipping it can they attain endless fortune and life." Dalton brushed off nonexistent ashes from his

sult.

Tobias was puzzled. "This sounds absurd."

"It's just an evil spirit aspiring to be a god." Wynter fiddled with her purple sugilite pendant. It was a gesture she often made when pondering "It's a bit troublesome."

She explained further, "Ordinary evil spirits are easy to deal with, but this wooden doll, having been worshipped and imbued with belief, is a bit more difficult to handle."

No wonder destroying it wasn't the end.

Upon hearing that, Fabiah immediately looked at Wynter.

Chapter 640 The Doll Wants to Replace Her

Wynter scrutinized Dalton's elegant and handsome face. "Tell us about it."

"Back then, our country's puppet culture spread to Foplya." Dalton's voice was melodious as he effortlessly recounted the stories.

"During a certain period, dolls held a special status among Foplya's warrior families and aristocrats. They believed that dolls had Souls, capable of not only warding off misfortune but also boosting morale," he explained casually.

Wynter detected the crux of the issue. "How did they suddenly come to believe that dolls had souls?"

"It's hard to verify the specifics, but there's a story. It's said that a brother who was about to leave home brought back a wooden doll for his lonely sister.

"The sister adored the doll, slept with it, and set a place for it at meals. She even gave it a name. But not long after, she fell seriously ill. Despite efforts to save her, she passed away.

"In order to keep the doll with her, her family sent it to a chapel to be worshipped by priests. Strangely, the

doll's hair grew over time, and its face began to resemble the girl more and more."

"Thus, the legend of the doll's manifestation began. Some even worshipped it as a god, considering its

tone remained nonchalant.

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