

The Heiress 721

Chapter 721 Dalton the Cash Cow Jolene had long grown tired of the monotonous life back in Cascadia.

Life abroad seemed so much better, with everyone's open-minded attitudes. But she hadn't expected that the so-called openness came with conditions.

She disliked the restrictions at home, so she fled abroad. There, she wasn't restricted, but she faced.

domestic violence from her boyfriend.

Since her boyfriend was local and she was a foreigner, she wasn't under the country's protection.

Jolene was in despair, but at least she had a fallback.

She didn't intend to approach Albert with ulterior motives, but even Shane agreed they should rekindle their relationship.

This, to Jolene, was true acceptance-a legitimate entry into the family.

However, Albert's reaction seemed too indifferent.

Jolene reassured herself, "It's okay. Take it slow. Reminding him of the past will soften him up."

She knew that Albert had always been a sentimental person.

She had been too foolish before. If it hadn't been for someone pointing it out, she wouldn't have known about the company's shares. Instead of going abroad, she should have stayed and become Albert's wife.

"Living in a place like this would certainly bring joy."

Jolene admired the house's decoration. Even a single lamp here cost thousands of dollars, not to mention the paintings on the walls.

As an art major, she was particularly sensitive to these details.

With Albert's support, she believed she would soon have her own gallery and company. She couldn't wait for that day to come.

Outside, a fog had settled in. It was around 4:00 am, so it was still dark.

Early risers, like those preparing to open their shops to sell breakfast, were already up.

Near the train station, older workers often spent the night on benches when it wasn't very cold. For them, hot toast in the morning was a real treat.

Wolf felt the same way. After receiving Wynter's call, he slung a big black bag over his shoulder and headed out.

Before leaving, he asked Margaret for his birth certificate.

Yes, Wolf now had an official ID and was a resident of Kingbourne.

To board the train, children under 16 needed to show their birth certificates.

"It's just a youthful infatuation. We can't predict what will happen next. You should include my shares in your contract, and I'll sign it along with yours."

Albert and Sebastian shared a silent understanding as they exchanged glances.

From the tales about Wynter's actions in the group chat, they knew she was always alarmed. However, they hadn't realized the reasons for her concerns until now.

Despite dreaming about everything that had happened in the Quinnell family, Wynter still chose to return. They owed everything to her.

"I'm not doing a great job as an older brother," one of them admitted.

"None of us are," the other replied.

Meanwhile, Jolene had no clue that Albert was no longer the same person she once knew.

Indeed, she had ended up at the airport following someone's arrangement.

Her years abroad had been tough. Jolene had long regretted her past decisions. In order to obtain citizenship, she dated a foreign boyfriend.

She had been content and never thought leaving her homeland might have been a mistake. Compared to youthful romance, securing her future was more important.

Chapter 721 Dalton the Cash Cow Jolene had long grown tired of the monotonous life back in Cascadia, Life abroad seemed so much better, with everyone's open-minded attitudes. But she hadn't expected that the so-called openness came with conditions.

She disliked the restrictions at home, so she fled abroad. There, she wasn't restricted, but she faced domestic violence from her boyfriend.

Since her boyfriend was local and she was a foreigner, she wasn't under the country's protection.

Jolene was in despair, but at least she had a fallback.

She didn't intend to approach Albert with ulterior motives, but even Shane agreed they should rekindle their relationship.

This, to Jolene, was true acceptance-a legitimate entry into the family.

However, Albert's reaction seemed too indifferent.

Jolene reassured herself, "It's okay. Take it slow. Reminding him of the past will soften him up.

She knew that Albert had always been a sentimental person.

She had been too foolish before. If it hadn't been for someone pointing it out, she wouldn't have known about the company's shares. Instead of going abroad, she should have stayed and become Albert's wife.

"Living in a place like this would certainly bring joy."

Jolene admired the house's decoration. Even a single lamp here cost thousands of dollars, not to mention the paintings on the walls.

As an art major, she was particularly sensitive to these details.

With Albert's support, she believed she would soon have her own gallery and company. She couldn't wait for that day to come.

Outside, a fog had settled in. It was around 4:00 am, so it was still dark.

Early risers, like those preparing to open their shops to sell breakfast, were already up.

Near the train station, older workers often spent the night on benches when it wasn't very cold. For them, a hot toast in the morning was a real treat.

Wolf felt the same way. After receiving Wynter's call, he slung a big black bag over his shoulder and headed out.

Before leaving, he asked Margaret for his birth certificate.

Yes, Wolf now had an official ID and was a resident of Kingbourne.

To board the train, children under 16 needed to show their birth certificates.

Chapter 721 Dalton the Cash Cow

Wolf stood there waiting, munching on a toast, and holding a bunch of stuff. Even Cody couldn't help but glance back at him.

Yet, he didn't dare to approach him as he felt a strange heat around Wolf.

The other three spirits reacted differently. They vanished as soon as Wolf arrived, never mind approaching him.

"Master, I'll go get someone." With that, Leo disappeared near the ticket gate.

He was indeed looking for someone.

With his eerie presence, just a slight command could summon 100 spirits. But today, not a single spirit dared to come.

Leo sneaked back while Wolf wasn't paying attention and whispered, "Master, they're too scared to come with Lord Chaos here."

Wynter raised an eyebrow, Just as she was about to think of a solution, she noticed a figure approaching through the dense fog.

The figure seemed to have a crow perched on his shoulder, or maybe it was just a shadow.

As he came closer, his black trench coat and white shirt became visible. They were tailor we gavisously meticulously tailored. On his wrist hung a striking scarlet rosary bracelet.

He looked cool and noble, with a presence so commanding that it seemed to warn others to keep their distance.

It was none other than her handsome fiancé.

Wynter was surprised. "What are you doing here?" Dalton coughed lightly and smiled as he glanced at Wolf behind her.

Wynter turned to look at Wolf. "Did you tell him?"

Wolf nodded and pointed to his phone, indicating that Dalton had transferred him money. In Wolf's eyes, he was a cash cow worth keeping around.

Chapter 722 Suppressing His Presence Wynter was speechless. Was this considered an unhealthy practice among the family?

She didn't want to rain on Dalton's parade, especially since he was already a cash cow being ripped off.

Bending down slightly, she whispered to Wolf, "Do you really want this pampered scion to come with us? He can't handle a train ride. Are you going to take responsibility for the aftercare?"

Look at Wynter using such professional jargon.

Wolf's eyes gleamed as he gestured, "If he faints, I'll carry him. Leave it to me!"

Wynter raised an eyebrow. Before she could respond, Dalton had already stood in front of them. His voice was as pleasant as ever as he said, "What's wrong? Is the money not enough?"

No wonder Wolf liked taking jobs from him. Such an eager and wealthy client was hard to resist. Even though Wolf was personally wary of Dalton, the latter's attitude was impeccable.

Wolf's little face lit up, and he raised his hand to increase the price.

Wynter quickly covered his mouth and glanced at Dalton. "It's an old-fashioned train. Can you handle it?"

"You'll be there to take care of me, right?" Dalton chuckled near her ear. "Weren't you discussing the aftercare?"

So, he had heard everything.

Despite Wynter's usual shamelessness, openly talking about overcharging in front of the cash cow was a bit embarrassing.

She cleared her throat. "Not entirely."

Dalton looked at her with his deep eyes. "Do you just not want to take me along? You've been busy for so many days. You should spend some time with me."

As he spoke, his profile looked lonely. Even his tone carried a light sigh Wynter finally understood why men couldn't resist women who feigned innocence. Honestly, even she found it hard to resist such a good-looking face when he wasn't making a fuss.

Dalton's gaze shifted to Cody nearby. "Besides, you need my fortune."

"Can you see me?" Cody hadn't planned to show himself. But apart from Wynter, Dalton was the first person who could see him without assistance.

Upon hearing that, Dalton raised an eyebrow and then looked at Wynter, as if to confirm his guess that Cody didn't know he was already deceased.

Wynter gave a slight nod.

Dalton fiddled with the bracelet on his wrist. No wonder Wynter wanted to use her life span to save this spirit.

Chapter 722 Suppressing His Presence When Dalton learned about it, he was indeed furious.

Wynter clearly understood the importance of her life span. Each use would deplete it, yet she still used it so recklessly.

When Dalton narrowed his eyes, Wynter was the only one unaffected.

The three spirits shrank into a huddle, not daring to approach, let alone other spirits.

Wynter could forget about asking for directions. After all, no one would dare to come forward.

Wynter seemed to realize this issue, m

so she placed a copper coin in M Dalton's pocket to temporarily suppress his presence.

Normally, this method would work, but Dalton was not ordinary.

Dalton glanced at it and then and laughed. He darkened his gaze, suddenly, the atmosphere around them returned to normal.

Watching from a distance, Leo found the scene strange.

If they hadn't met Dalton before, they might have thought he was just an ordinary human.

Chapter 723 A Lead After Dalton suppressed his presence, he took out an emerald necklace and put it around Wolf's neck.

Wynter was puzzled. What was he doing?

Dalton smiled faintly. "It's an item from Mr. Stavius. It was kept on Mt. Dragon. He said it can reduce the Chaos' murderous intent."

No one bought it. That necklace didn't resemble anything from Mt. Dragon.

The emerald was carved into a skull shape. Since when did Mt. Dragon have such aesthetics? That necklace obviously came from the underworld.

Upon hearing Dalton's explanation, the three spirits rolled their eyes in unison, but none dared to speak. the truth.

They were genuinely afraid they would be gone if Dalton raised a hand.

Wynter's gaze also lingered on the skull for a few seconds. She then raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Quite unique," she remarked, though her tone didn't sound like praise.

Wolf, on the other hand, seemed to like the necklace very much. He even bit down on it and confirmed it was indeed a piece of genuine emerald.

that Seeing his reaction, Wynter didn't say much. After all, the necklace really did its magic.

The most obvious change was that there wasn't a single wandering spirit within a mile radius just a moment ago. But now, they had started to flock toward them.

Usually, spirits at the train station were travelers from distant places when they were still alive.

After death, they either didn't realize they were dead and continued to travel or were like the middle-aged man holding a package in front of them.

Γ

He urgently shouted, "Get out of the way! I need to hurry back and tell my family where I am."

The number of spirits increased in an instant.

Apart from their pale faces, they look just like normal morning commuters. There were even women passing through security with children in their arms.

The variety of beings was not limited to the living.

They seemed unaware of any differences between Wynter and themselves. One even stopped to ask her for directions. "Miss, does this train go to the hills?"

"Yes," Wynter replied.

Amidst the hustle and bustle, a spirit bumped into Dalton.

Watching that scene from the side, Leo took a sharp breath..

However, the spirit didn't notice anything wrong. None of the spirits even realized Chaos was there.

Leo exchanged a glance with the twins. In that instant, they understood what the emerald necklace was.

for.

Without the interference of Wolf's murderous intent, Leo quickly used his connections to bring in many more spirits.

"Master, these have all been wandering around this area for the past ten days."

Wynter questioned each one, but none of them had any recollection of Cody.

It was the old man who had asked Wynter for directions earlier who provided a clue. Putting down his package, he turned and said, "I've seen this kid before. Doesn't he remember? He boarded the train at Alryne station,"

I

"He was too hungry, so I offered him some biscuits, but he refused. He said that he couldn't take things from the citizens."

Finally, there was a lead, Wynter naturally wanted to ask for more details.

"Other details? Oh, I remember now," the old man said as he put away his e & pass. "He said the old trains weren't liken. the lord this! one, and he didn't know how to ride them.

"Originally, he hadn't planned to go to Alryne, but after arriving, he realized

he had boarded the wrong train. So, he switched to the train I was boarding to find someone in Kingbourne."

"Did he say where he came from?" Wynter asked.

"Why don't you ask him yourself, miss?" The old man was puzzled.

Wynter's voice was soft as she replied, "As you know, spirits who have just passed away forget things until their consciousness awakens."

Chapter 724 He Must Feel Terrible

"This kid hasn't awakened?" The old man's tone rose, but he was afraid others would overhear.

"Miss, this is quite serious. If he hasn't reported to the underworld, he'll be punished if caught."

For some spirits who had just passed away, accepting their death was usually difficult. In the first seven days, they would try everything possible to return to their bodies.

Some, realizing they couldn't return, would try to possess others, hoping for a chance at a new life. But to do so, they had to avoid the underworld guards' notice.

The events of a person's life were all recorded in the underworld ledger.

When a person breathed his last, the underworld guards would appear to capture his spirit and then take it to register for their awakening. Spirits who hadn't awakened would continue to linger in the human realm. They would easily be influenced by the surrounding emotions, leading to resentment. The longer they stayed, the heavier the resentment grew.

These spirits could then turn into evil spirits. If resentment continued to escalate during this period, the evil spirit might become a malevolent spirit.

Leo and the twins were perfect examples.

Hence, it was important for spirits to register in the underworld and then get scheduled for rebirth.

For those unable to be reborn, they would undergo punishment first. Those who had committed numerous sins in life would face judgment after death.

Some spirits were afraid of punishment, so they were reluctant to register for consciousness awakening.

Many people would pass away each year. It was normal for there to be three or four spirits escaping during busy times for the underworld.

However, they couldn't get away for too long.

The old man suggested, "Miss, it's better to have him awakened sooner rather than later. He can always come out again after registration if he has any unfinished business."

At that moment, an elderly woman passed by and said, "Miss, you guys haven't been dead long, have you? I can still smell your human scent."

"Don't act recklessly about this matter. We all have seven days to go back and see our family, anyway. The first seven days are like our holidays. You don't have to rush back now."

As the elderly woman spoke, several spirits nearby nodded in agreement. Otherwise, if they turned into evil spirits, they would be marked down by the underworld guards and might even be reborn as animals.

Another helpful spirit also tried to persuade Wynter. "Everything is digitized nowadays. It's easy to check Miss, you really can't hide from the underworld guards."

Chapter 724 Hp Must Feel Terrible Wynter seemed quite popular among the spirits.

Wolf stood there, resisting the urge to gulp everything down in one go.

The spirits thought he was just shy and didn't like to talk. Well, Wolf indeed couldn't speak, but when he opened his mouth, it wasn't just about speaking.

This misunderstanding was quite delightful, to the point where Leo's heart was pounding anxiously.

"Alright, I understand what you mean. Thank you all," Wynter said as she pushed Cody forward.

She turned back to the man from before. "Sir, I'll need you to thinkm carefully about where he came from. Only then can I know where to take him once I've registered him."

The old man was reminiscing.

Memories after death weren't as m

clear as when one was alive, But When Cody left a deep impression on him. Cody had said he boarded the wrong train somewhere.

"Swinford! This kid came from Swinford. He said many people were being suppressed by something there. They were waiting for him to come back and save them.

"He must hurry and not forget. He repeated that phrase all night. Yes, that's it!"

The old man looked into Cody's eyes with pity. "He was muttering that all the way not eating or drinking. but he still forgot. He must be feeling terrible."

Chapter 725 The Underworld Guards Are Here Swinford?

Wynter seemed to have realized something. Her eyes deepened. "The Swinford that is close to Hawford?"

The old man nodded.

Without hesitation, Wynter took out her phone and booked the earliest train to Swinford, securing three seats. Luckily, it wasn't peak season, so there was no need to fight for tickets.

However, just as she was about to take Cody Into the station, two figures suddenly appeared.

They were dressed in suits, one in black and the other in white, both wearing skull face masks.

The man in the black suit held an iron chain, while the one in white looked at his tablet. "There's something unusual here. Why are there so many spirits?"

As they approached, they intended to avoid the living and work as usual, so they didn't pay much attention to Wynter and Dalton. It wasn't until the man in the black suit noticed Cody. "He's a heroic spirit who shouldn't be here. His merits have faded. He's showing signs of resentment... Wait, there are other smells on him."

"Let's take him back first. He's surrounded by too many spirits. It's not easy to deal with," the man in the white suit said.

He then turned to the other spirits. "You should hit the road. Come back before the end of the holiday. Don't make Grim and I go after you."

The old man immediately picked up his package. "I'll leave now, sir."

The spirits quickly entered the station. Before leaving, some kind-hearted spirits glanced at Wynter's group, advising them not to resist.

The man in the black suit, Grim, didn't think much of it and was about to swing the soul-locking chain.

"Wait, I feel a malevolent spirit here." The man in the white suit, Vesper, sniffed before shifting his gaze to Wynter, wondering if that smell had come from her.

Yet, he quickly brushed off that thought. If any malevolent spirits wanted to harm her, they, as underworld guards, would have sensed it.

Wynter stood there with clear eyes, looking calm and composed, as if she could see them.

Vesper chuckled self-mockingly. "I must have been overworked lately. I'm having illusions. Grim, go ahead. There's no problem here."

But in the next moment, Dalton, who had been silent, suddenly spoke calmly.

"According to the underworld handbook, heroic spirits are different from other spirits. It's paramount to let them return to their homeland. Am I right, gentlemen?"

What was going on? A human seemed to know the rules and regulations in the underworld handbook better than they did.

And most importantly, he could see them! What about Wynter?

Vesper suddenly turned around, realizing that she was indeed looking at him. Nwas not his imagination.

Grim calmed himself down before asking, "Which sect do you two belong to? Mt. Dragon? Mt. Thorpes?

Or are you two a medium's apprentices?"

He asked that because ordinary people who witnessed their om appearance would usually bow and show their respect.

But these two individuals treated them like ordinary workers, as though they were no different from the spirits around them.

This made Grim feel like his authority was challenged. "We're doing gun jobs as underworld guards. Don't disturb us, humans. You better hand him over to us."

Chapter 726 in Deep Trouble Upon hearing Grim's words, Leo and the twins exchanged glances. They silently agreed that Grim was in deep trouble.

The lord of the underworld was right there.

Though they weren't worried, others were.

Some spirits who had left returned and pleaded, "Sir, look at the kid's attire. It's obvious that he didn't pass away recently. Can't you cut him some slack and let them register two days later?"

Vesper also noticed Cody's peculiar outfit, but underworld guards had their rules.

"Whatever he wants to do, we'll escort him. Even if he's a heroic spirit, once he leaves his designated area before officially receiving the title, he'll attract resentment, which isn't good for the living."

Cody was at a loss at this point.

Pass away spirit? Did that mean he was dead?

He looked at his hands and realized they were still intact and unharmed.

No, something didn't feel right.

He pressed his hand against his head, and his eyes started to turn slightly red.

Seeing this, Grim was ready to act, but his iron chain seemed to have a mind of its own. He couldn't swing it, no matter how hard he tried.

Grim raised his hand, but the iron chain pulled him backward.

All the objects in the underworld were imbued with spiritual energy, often housing famous spirits throughout history.

Grim's iron chain could lock away all spirits, good or evil. But a situation like today's was unprecedented.

Γ

Dumbfounded, Grim threatened in a low voice, "What's going on with you?"

As he said that, he was about to swing the chain again.

At that moment, Dalton, who was standing nearby, lifted his eye casually.

Grim's iron chain suddenly turned around and ran away!

Not only was Grim shocked, but even the nearby spirits were astounded. It was the first time they had seen a soul-locking chain run away on its own.

Grim and Vesper were both bewildered.

Vesper's tablet completely crashed. There was no way he could continue working.

What was going on? What was so special about this heroic spirit that even the underworld objects were afraid of him?

Grim and Vesper were losing it. How could something like this happen during their shift?

"Is the system malfunctioning?"

"How would I know? I'm not a technician."

"This is getting ridiculous. Hold on, Grim, why is your name in the Ledger of Souls?"

Vesper waved his tablet around, catching the attention of a breakfast cart attendant passing by.

It was quite a scene at the bustling train station entrance. Even if a living person witnessed it they'd probably just think they were seeing some overworked employee going mad and toiling away at any and any place.

time

The attendant couldn't bear to see a young man like this. "Young man, calm down. Don't these electronic devices have backups? Look, your friends are still waiting for you to check in at the station.

"Why not get some coffee first? The earliest train isn't leaving for another half an hour, and the food stalls inside the station aren't open yet."

The underworld guards froze at her words.

It should be noted that underworld guards were not allowed to appear in front of the living. Violating this rule meant either forfeiting ten years' worth of salary or enduring an additional hundred years of service in the underworld.

After all, underworld guards were humans once.

They tried to keep up appearances, pretending the attendant wasn't addressing them but the people next to them.

Vesper turned around and said, "Hey, she's asking if you guys want coffee."

Chapter 727 Dalton's Identity Grim was desperately pulling Vesper away and urging him to walk away silently like him.

At that moment, Wynter seemed to realize something and spoke up with a smile. "Is she asking us? I think she seems to be asking-"

"Three days!" Vesper quickly interrupted her. "We'll give you three days. After that, we must take him away."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Okay, cool. Yeah, the attendant was indeed asking us."

With that, she turned to the side and said, "Two cups of hot coffee and one milk, please. Thank you." She quickly paid for her order.

"Sure thing. Coming right up!" The attendant started working on Wynter's order on the breakfast cart.

The guilty underworld guards took advantage of this opportunity and disappeared on the spot. Known for their terrifying reputation, they had never fled so hastily before.

It was truly bizarre. Why was their existence suddenly revealed to the living? It was still half an hour until dawn.

Tonight's events were all too strange. They were determined to investigate it when they returned underground.

No one suspected Dalton, especially with his frail and delicate appearance. He was just standing silently next to Wynter while occasionally coughing softly.

Except for the three spirits, no one noticed the subtle threat conveyed by his faint smile.

If it were them, they wouldn't dare to approach, either.

The soul-locking chain truly lived up to its name. It recognized its master within a second.

If the three spirits had any doubts about Dalton's identity before, they were now 100 percent certain that he was the rumored underworld lord.

After all, only he could scare the soul-locking chain into revealing its essence. After confirming Dalton's identity, the three spirits dared not even breathe loudly.

Silently, they moved closer to Wynter and wondered if they should remind her of the prominent figure standing right beside her.

But Chaos was also there. Why didn't he recognize his master?

Leo had many questions. He had been around longer than the twins and had heard some spirits mention it before.

The underworld lord always carried Chaos with him wherever he went. According to legend, Chaos shouldn't even exist in this world anymore. Every time it appeared, it heralded great calamity.

All spirits had to obey heaven's will.

Nowadays, human fortune was more important than anything. Most of the fortune in the world had been bestowed upon humans.

As a result, spiritual energy grew scarce. This led to the downfall of the ancient beasts, who were resigned to their fate.

Hadn't the lord already sealed himself away? It was said that his soul was scattered in different places. Why would his true nature appear here? Didn't the people in the underworld know about this?

Leo stole a glance at Dalton.

Dalton, of course, noticed Leo's gaze.

When he looked over, he extended his slender fair finger and lightly placed it on his lips.

Within the black mist, he looked even more sinister than the underworld guards.

Meanwhile, all of Wynter's attention was focused on the underworld guards, so she overlooked this.

"It seems that Atwater's words can be useful in critical moments m derworld guards aren't allowed to reveal themselves in front of the living, or they'll be punished."

But why did they just reveal themselves out of nowhere? Or Was there e

something that forced them to do

so?

As Wynter pondered, her gaze shifted backward, toward Dalton's direction.

Chapter 728 Recalled His Memory Dalton gently placed his hand on Cody's head.

Cody's soul was unstable. His eyes, surging with resentment, slowly regained their previous dullness with Dalton's touch.

Under the enveloping purple aura, there seemed to be a blessing from above, at least from Wynter's perspective.

However, Cody's stabilization wasn't just due to Dalton's heavenly luck. The most crucial reason was his intimidating identity.

Any spirit in front of him could only bow and submit.

Puzzled, Cody looked up. "I'm already dead. Everyone else is dead, too. Richard was stabbed in the back while protecting me"

Cody muttered to himself, "Wait, no. There's something else. I forgot... I've forgotten something important.

Wynter gently held his restless hand. "It's okay. We can retrieve all your memories. Let's go to Swinford now Finally, the group passed through the ticket checkpoint.

All this while, Wolf remained quiet. Unexpectedly, he didn't comment about the underworld guards smelling delicious when they appeared.

It seemed that he had learned to restrain himself after putting on the necklace Dalton gave him. At the same time, his eyes would occasionally shimmer with a hint of gold.

Wolf remained adorable. He held up his birth certificate for the ticket inspector to see as they passed through the manual gate.

The inspector glanced at it and then at Wynter. "Siblings?"

Wynter nodded.

Γ

The inspector then looked at Dalton. She couldn't help but take a closer look.

These three people, especially the man, didn't seem like they would ride an old- fashioned train.

Dalton indeed exuded an air of affluence wherever he went. After all, he was born into nobility. Having a refined demeanor was only natural.

As soon as the three entered the train carriage, the smell of pasta filled the air.

The train was packed, with people almost rubbing shoulders.

Seeing this, Wynter quickly booked three berths. Dalton could sleep on the bottom berth, while Wolf on the middle berth.

Chapter 728 Recalled His Memory She then took Cody to walk around the carriage, hoping it would help him remember something else.

Meanwhile, Dalton couldn't possibly sleep on a berth. He couldn't stand the smell around him. After all, he had grown up among the riches, Wolf, on the other hand, continued to watch him while munching on bread. He could eat wherever he was.

Every time Dalton moved, he followed suit, as if eyeing a criminal.

"50 thousand dollars. I'm going to stretch my legs. You stay here." Dalton then added, "And don't tell her about what you sensed before we boarded."

Wolf stood up to tag along.

Dalton lowered his gaze. "100 thousand dollars."

Wolf hesitated for a moment, as if struggling internally.

Dalton raised the stakes. "A bag of diamonds and a golden pillow."

Wolf gestured with his hand, asking where Dalton was going and what he was going to do.

Dalton chuckled mysteriously. "Has your brain been fried? Did you not notice that something is wrong

with this train?"

As he spoke, heavy fog began to form outside the train.

Carriage No. 6 was a standard-seat carriage.

Wynter let Cody walk ahead of her. The familiar environment indeed helped his memories become clearer.

He had sat on a similar train before.

He departed from Swinford and m change trains twice before arriving,

at Kingbourne.

"Foplyans!" Cody suddenly stopped and grabbed Wynter's sleeve.

Chapter 729 Someone Was Worshipping Them Wynter didn't immediately respond to Cody's words. Instead, she pondered for a moment before turning on her phone.

She showed him videos and photos to let him see that it was quite normal for some ordinary Foplyans to appear in Cascadia.

"We also go to Foplya for cultural exchange and trade nowadays."

Cody watched for a while and finally understood that things were different from back then..

But his following reaction was intense. "They're not ordinary Foplyans! They're the ones who bullied us back then! And they're armed!"

"Do you mean that they're the Foplyan troops?" Wynter's eyes darkened. "You're all spirits living in the same place?"

Cody mumbled, "It doesn't seem like the same place. They have food and drinks. They're living it up."

Food and drinks? On Cascadian soil?

This was basically impossible, considering that they were war criminals who invaded Cascadia.

That is, unless someone was worshiping them.

Wynter suddenly remembered the letter's contents, which clearly warned her to be cautious of traitors.

But even if someone was worshiping them, the war criminals couldn't possibly suppress Cascadia's heroic spirit in the underworld.

After all, public opinion had always been paramount throughout history. What form of worship could surpass it?

What exactly happened here that could deceive the underworld and even heaven?

wynter to into contemplation. This was the first time she had encountered such a situation. Even Atwater hadn't mentioned it.

Cody could only recall some of his memories.

Just as Wynter was about to take him back to the berth to rest, a child's cry suddenly came from nearby.

Wynter turned to see a middle-aged woman sitting there with her head wrapped in a scarf. The child in her arms was crying uncontrollably, as if suffocating.

However, the woman didn't pay him any attention. She just adjusted the blanket around the child.

The child immediately stopped crying, and even his presence became much weaker.

Wynter's eyes flickered with suspicion.

On an old-fashioned train like this, the lights would be turned off at night.

Und Sections Was Worshorel Thatn The people in the carriage were all asleep. When they reached a station, a few people got off occasionally. No one noticed the woman's abnormal behavior.

Wynter flicked a copper coin with her fingertip.

Leo, who had been pretending to be absent, immediately responded when Wynter shook him: "Yes, Master."

"Turn into a one-year-old child. I'll hold you."

Leo was puzzled but obediently transformed. He was already sucking on a pacifier, so being held by Wynter didn't feel out of place.

After making preparations, Wynter walked toward the woman with the child in her arms.

She looked like a harmless, innocent college student with a naive expression. "Miss, do you have baby formula? My brother is hungry. If you SS Miss do you have bab have some, I'd like to buy some from you."

The woman looked up at Wynter, then waved her hand dismissively, showing no intention of speaking.

Wynter didn't get a good look at her features, but she noticed the child in her arms had already fallen into deep sleep.

This child had been drugged.

As Wynter frowned, a burly man suddenly bumped into her shoulder.

"What are you looking at, young lady?"

Frowning, the woman said hoarsely,

"Did you see me talking to her? She's just a college student asking to borrow some baby formula. Why are you so loud?"

Chapter 730 Karma

"Fine, fine. Whatever you say." The burly man, Kenneth Gilbert, then glared at Wynter. "We don't have any baby formula. Go borrow it somewhere else."

Wynter immediately turned and left, like she was scared.

But she had actually taken a photo to explain the situation to the railway police later because she had discovered something suspicious.

Not only was this carriage strange, but there were also many women with children on the train. All of them boarded late at night.

Additionally, Kenneth had tattoos on his arm. They were patterns that only outlaws would have.

The railway police alone might not be able to control the situation now.

In this carriage, at least ten people were from the same group.

The middle-aged man with glasses smoking at the carriage connection was the lookout, while the ones playing cards and drinking were just distractions. The noisier they were, the less likely the women with children would be noticed.

This was so organized and premeditated. Wynter couldn't alert the enemy. She needed someone to keep watch here while she went to find the railway police.

Leo clearly couldn't handle it. Any resentment related to children would affect him.

Wynter instinctively wanted to call Wolf over, but before she could send the message, Dalton was already standing beside her. He said softly, "Those people just now seemed suspicious."

After saying this, he coughed lightly. "I saw them exchanging glances. The one at the door was recording.

She had to admit that Dalton was indeed clever.

"You keep watch here. I'll go find the railway police," Wynter said while placing Leo in Dalton's arms. "Hold him. It will reduce your intimidating presence."

Looking at the little guy in his arms, he smirked with a hint of mischief. "Okay," he replied softly.

Leo, who was trying to escape back to the copper coin, froze with the pacifier in his mouth.

This was more unbearable than having his soul scattered. He could barely hold onto the pacifier.

He stretched out his hand, hoping Wynter would look back at him. But Wynter had already left for her business.

At this moment, Dalton lowered his eyes to look at him. He spoke in a cold, indifferent voice, "Do you really want me to hold you?"

Leo's small body stiffened. He immediately resumed his spiritual form. He didn't dare hide at all. Trembling, he called out, "Master."

Chapter 730 Kamma

"She's your master now. Don't call me that." As Dalton talked, he had already made himself invisible.

He glanced toward the other carriage and said, "You're practically the king of children now. Such strong resentment can easily attract tribulation. You should know what to do."

Leo stood straight on his short legs. "I'll handle it now!"

Standing nearby, Cody watched in confusion as Leo landed on Kenneth's shoulder and blew a breath into his ear.

Immediately, he shivered and turned to look at the child in the woman's arms. "Did he just speak?"

"How could that be? He's just a baby."

tension.

Kenneth shook his head. He looked weary. "Don't blame me I didn't want choosing the wrong place to be born."

you. Blame yourself for

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Worried he might slip up, the woman pulled him aside.

Fortunately, most people were asleep and didn't pay attention to them.

But then, Kenneth's behavior became increasingly bizarre. He waved his hands and shouted that soldy om the hospital you, not me! I'm just the delivery guy. Don't come near me! Go away!"

His shouting woke most of the people in the carriage.