

Six Brothers 931

Chapter 931 The Truth Should Be Known

“There’s no need to go through all that trouble. Those scumbags won’t get off lightly

It was Wynter, holding a diary and some documents in her hands. Her gaze passed through the crowd. and settled into the depths of the living room.

“Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, I’m here to fulfill my promise.”

Leanne’s eyes wavered. Her neighbor’s words had made her feel somewhat disoriented. But when she saw Wynter, her mind cleared up considerably.

Leanne’s thin hand reached out, as though she wanted to confirm something. Her voice trembled slightly as she said, “Come in. Please come in.”

The rest of the details were not suitable for public disclosure.

From the moment Wynter stepped into the hallway, she sensed Budd’s resentment. He must have already

woken up.

All the neighbors wanted to follow them in. Not out of gossip, but out of a genuine desire to help.

Wynter didn’t stop them. The Wilson family’s case needed to be laid bare and aired in the sunlight for the

truth to come out.

Seeing Budd awake, Leanne froze for a moment before stepping forward quickly. “Budd, Ms. Quinnell said

"I heard." Budd squeezed her hand and shifted his gaze to Wynter.

His entire face was pale with dark circles under his eyes as he spoke, "I want to know everything Dulcie

went through before she died. No matter how gruesome the footage, I can handle it."

As a father, Budd's greatest regret was the consecutive overtime during that period. Did Dulcie ever send

out a distress signal that he ignored? Just thinking about it caused a stabbing pain in his chest.

Wynter didn't conceal anything and handed him her phone.

Dalton followed her the whole time. His profile was strikingly handsome, and his demeanor dignified.

He maintained a respectful distance, not participating directly but seeming to convey the message that he was always there for Wynter.

As they entered the neighborhood, an elderly lady walking by said to Wynter, "You've found yourself a good boyfriend. He cares for you

Wynter didn't think much of it at the time, but now, she felt a sense of reassurance as Dalton's eyes met

hers.

"The video footage on the phone was collected by Dulcie's classmate. Dulcie had made an agreement with him to go to the police that night because they didn't want any more victims to be chosen as the

donkey.

“Dulcie was always brave Not only did she never think of yielding, but she also thought about preventing

the next victim. That’s why she made so many preparations

“It’s precisely because she’s brave enough that she left behind this evidence, giving us the chance to bring the criminals to justice

As Wynter spoke those words, Budd’s and Leanne’s eyes were already red

Leanne’s hands trembled as she flipped through the photo album She didn’t dare to watch the video, but her eyes were wide open, memorizing every aspect of Dulcie’s face

Leanne couldn’t hold back her sobs any longer when a loud bang sounded

Her cry would tug at anyone’s heartstrings, especially that of a mother. It was unbearable to see

Leanne held onto the phone as tears streamed down her face. “Duls My Duls!”

Her crying was so heartbreaking that it made everyone upset.

The neighbors in the neighborhood didn’t come in. They stood at the door, listening

They had all seen the videos online. It was because they had seen them that they realized just how misguided they had been during this time.

Humans had feelings. If it were their own child in such a situation, they’d probably have gone mad.

Chapter 932 Budd’s Relief

Budd sat there, still wrapped in invisible threads that ordinary people couldn’t see. The Epoch Collection hanging on him was ringing.

He seemed to have completely lost his emotions. His eyes were almost engulfed by the black mist.

Wynter watched him but didn't show any intention of stopping him. Instead, she handed Dulcie's notebook to him.

"Dulcie was a very smart kid. She must have been good at biology and chemistry." Wynter smiled. "She

mentioned that this was a game you used to play with her when she was younger. She wrote some words

in a certain way that only you could see."

When she said that, Budd suddenly raised his eyes.

He remembered Wynter's other identity and now realized something. "Ms. Quinnell, you can see Dulcie, can't you?"

Hearing this, the neighbors thought Budd had lost his mind. Only Leanne believed in him because she knew how capable Wynter was.

She looked at Wynter with hopeful eyes.

Wynter turned slightly. With her back facing the neighbors, she nodded subtly at the couple.

She leaned down and whispered in Leanne's ear, "I brought her here. She's right beside you and Mr.

Wilson."

Leanne wasn't sure if it was her imagination or not, but a sudden gust of cold wind blew through the room.

Others felt cold, but Budd and Leanne both teared up simultaneously.

The Epoch Collection on Budd fell silent, and he slightly crouched down, as if wanting to get closer to

that breeze.

Wynter withdrew her gaze, as if agreeing to something with Dulcie. She brought up the comments from netizens and handed them to the Wilson couple.

“Dulcie hopes you can take a look at these, Wynter said.

Budd’s gaze shifted over.

The case was still brewing. Though the criminals had been caught, the impact remained. Countless people were demanding justice for Dulcie. They all stood on Dulcie’s side.

It was unlike when the school’s post claimed Dulcie’s death was due to her poor psychological endurance.

Many people, even children as young as a few years old, were speaking up for Dulcie. They said that when they grew up, they would protect people like Dulcie.

Speaking up bravely against bullying was not wrong. If there was still injustice, it wasn’t their fault, but the

bullies’. It was those who abused their power and trampled on others who were wrong.

Budd had harbored hatred. What he had been willing to protect with his life had turned into daggers that stabbed Dulcie. His youthful passion had gradually cooled with torment.

But now, as he read those comments, he suddenly understood something.

There were many families like theirs. They had no money or power, living their lives honestly. But

whenever needed, every one of them would help.

Yes, what he had desperately protected were these people.

Budd choked on his voice. “Ms. Quinnell, did Duls say anything else?”

“No, she just hopes you can look at these more.” Wynter hinted, “I believe you know what she really wants

to express.

The black mist in Budd’s eyes dissipated by a large margin.

Dulcie was telling him, “Dad, you were not wrong back then. How could protecting others be wrong?”

But the more this was the case, the more Budd’s heart felt stifled. He clenched his fists tightly.

“Duls often told me she wanted to enlist in the future. She liked criminal investigations. She also liked helping others.”

Chapter 933 Dulcie’s Last Wish

Wynter’s fingertip traced over the surface of the diary. “She’s especially fond of helping the weak. She

wrote in here, ‘Girls should help cute girls.’”

Wynter’s final tone mimicked Dulcie’s.

Outside the door, many people were listening.

In the living room at this moment, besides Leanne’s sudden crying, there were no other sounds,

Budd opened the diary, then took out a bottle of water from the coffee table and dripped a few drops onto the rough white paper.

Soon, a passage written in light purple ink appeared on the paper.

“Dad, I saw an interview online today. Those children at the border you saved have all grown up. They haven’t forgotten you, Dad. They’re all amazing. Some of them can even ride horses and shoot arrows!

“Dad, you’re always a great hero to me. With you around, I’m not afraid. After I finish this year’s exams,

can you take me there to see them? I want to see a rocket launch and ride horses.

“Dad, I encountered something today and was about to give up. In an interview, a lady said that they used

to not let girls study there, but after you went there, education spread there, too.

“Now, she’s an Air Force pilot. It’s so cool! It’s the Air Force!

“Dad, I won’t give up on myself. The books say we need others to save us sometimes, but more importantly, we need to save ourselves.

“Let’s protect Mom together. I want to be like that lady—to do what I want to do. When the time comes...”

Dulcie didn’t finish writing the rest of the words. The word “comes” was not even completed, as if the ink

had run out.

By the time Leanne read this far, she was sobbing uncontrollably.

Budd held her. The moment tears fell from his eyes, the black mist disappeared completely.

He had promised Dulcie to protect Leanne. Dulcie remembered, but he had forgotten.

Dulcie had

always been like a little sun, warming everyone around her.

“Mr. Wilson, rest assured. All the people in this video won’t appear again.” Wynter stared into Budd’s eyes. “And I guarantee that even if the law doesn’t sentence them to death, I’ll make sure they’ll have fates

worse than death.

“The moment I saw you, I knew you had two guardians by your side. One is the military merit you have earned, and the other one is Dulcie. I only found out after reading this diary.

“She doesn’t want you to dirty your hands for her. Defending your country is not wrong. Dulcie learned well from you and loves this country just like you.”

Wynter continued, “So, Mr. Wilson, do you still want to be used by others as a sacrifice?

“Dulcie has always been guarding you. She’s been using her spiritual energy to protect your original intention. It’s time for us to send her off.”

Wynter’s voice was very gentle

Budd’s eye wavered. “Duls, she

“She doesn’t want you to regret it.” Wynter’s eyes were icy as she continued, “The person coaxing you to be a sacrifice has ulterior motives.”

Budd’s hand dropped. Tm powerless I can only seek justice for Duls in this way

ere you,

“Mr. Wilson, you misunderstood me.” Wynter looked over. “You haven’t done anything wrong. If I were even if I had to make a deal with the devil, I would do it as long as it makes those scumbags pay the price. An eye for an eye.”

She glanced beside her. “Now that the truth is out...”

Smiling. Dalton approached her.

Wynter grabbed his hand, pressed it against Budd’s wrist, and then gave a strong tug. “Some unnecessary agreements should be broken.”

Chapter 934 Dalton’s Fortune Is Really Useful

Following that move, a thunderclap boomed across the sky.

The people outside were still moved by Dulcle’s heartfelt words, not noticing what was happening. It wasn’t until the thunder struck that they turned their heads toward the window in shock.

There was no rain, so where did such the thunder come from?

Someone remarked that the continuous rumbling sounded like something undergoing a trial.

Indeed, it was a trial. A water dragon was rolling through the lightning, dodging here and there.

Dalton was practically cheating, using his heavenly luck to break the agreement. Who could say anything against that?

In the end, all the thunder was after him.

But there was another person—that cunning medium.

Speaking of which, Sothoth was doing just fine underwater until that medium removed the seal and let

him out.

Though he had been suppressed and felt a bit uncomfortable, there was no Chaos underwater, and he

never lacked food.

Now, he had come out, but he'd become someone else's snack

If Sothoth didn't get struck by lightning a couple of times, Chaos might just listen to Dalton and turn him into a crispy roast snake.

So he let the thunder strike. It'd be best if it struck that medium dead, too.

On a hillside villa, a 70-year-old tree was split in half by a lightning bolt, crashing straight into the yard.

The butler was so startled he nearly dropped his cup. Meanwhile, a maid got scratched by a falling

branch. But fortunately, no one was seriously injured

"Why is there suddenly thunder?"

"And look, doesn't the direction of the lightning seem odd?"

"It looks like it's all aiming at sir's study..."

"Watch your mouth! Do you want to get fired?" A maid promptly silenced the other's speculation.

They had come to work in the villa at the same time.

As a place where their employer often came for recuperation, it always had an inexplicable eeriness. For instance, they had recently heard sounds from underground. It sounded like a little girl talking.

They didn't dare to ask too much. After all, their salary here was quite high, so it was best to just do their jobs well.

However, there was one thing they found difficult to handle. Their employer's son seemed to have noticed something. He was always asking them tricky questions over the phone.

Come to think of it, he hadn't returned in many days. Meanwhile, their employer...

The maids exchanged glances. In this house, they never dared to mention their employer.

They had a secret they never shared with anyone, not even their families.

They always felt he was strange. In public, he seemed perfectly normal, but at the villa, he became frightening.

What disturbed them most was how much younger he looked. It wasn't an illusion. He genuinely looked younger.

Night after night, it became more apparent. This phenomenon had been there since they arrived at the

villa.

Over the years, he had times when he looked extremely old, as if on the verge of death. But after spending six days at the villa, he would look completely rejuvenated again.

With a boom, another bolt of lightning struck from the clouds.

Budd's resentment completely dissipated.

The sacrificial mark was lifted. No one could absorb his fortune anymore.

As a sacrifice, he wouldn't have had a soul after death, nor could he reincarnate. Even his descendants would suffer.

The other party definitely wouldn't have mentioned this.

But now, everything was resolved.

Thanks to Dalton's extraordinary fortune and dense purple aura, no amount of lightning could touch him.

Wynter looked at Dalton with satisfaction, suddenly realizing that this could be a business opportunity. Dalton was speechless when he saw the look in her eyes.

Chapter 935 Living Up to Expectations

Outside, the thunder ceased. Wynter released Dalton's hand right on time.

Dalton's eyes were inscrutable as he glanced at her. Seeming to recall something, he smiled as he gently

rubbed his fingertip.

The scarlet rosary bracelet on his wrist gleamed with an indescribable luster. Dalton exuded an air of nobility and restraint. His dark, thick eyelashes fluttered slightly, adding a touch of coldness to his

presence.

Just like before, Wynter used people when needed and discarded them just as quickly when she didn't.

Dalton raised his hand and pulled her back. Wynter didn't understand his actions, but she felt much better.

With the trial over, the Wilson family would now have smooth sailing ahead. The things at the bottom of

the river wouldn't resurface, either.

The water dragon was just the beginning. Nurtured by the resentment of the sacrifice, the suppressed malevolent spirits would grow stronger.

Although she hadn't seen the seal Atwater had mentioned, she knew its origins.

Every country had its own fortune, and Cascadia valued Celestial Force the most. Their ancestors had

been guarding it since their time,

Many had tried to destroy Cascadia's fortune through mystic arts.

Since the land had always been fertile and full of vitality, the mastermind behind this sought to use the

land's fortune to destroy the Celestial Force.

Wynter thought the reason he chose the river bottom was because that seal was least likely to be

discovered.

After a flood, there would be many animal corpses and bacteria that could cause diseases. That was why it was often said that epidemics followed natural disasters.

Such a scenario would lead to widespread illness, with many unable to survive.

Given the prevalence of various viruses today, the elderly and children would struggle the most.

The mastermind's intentions were far from simple. And this wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

Atwater had experienced it himself, which was why he had warned her.

But their ancestors were wise. Long ago, they integrated formations into their daily lives. Even architectural aesthetics naturally developed to include protective elements.

People living in the northwest region would never imagine that the bridge spanning the river itself had a sealing effect.

Plus, the dragon lock chain beneath it wasn't just decorative. It was a seal established by several mediums back in the day. It wasn't something Just anyone could break.

The mastermind's abilities were likely on par with Atwater's.

Wynter's eyes darkened as she glanced toward a corner. She needed to find out why they had chosen the Wilson family.

The mastermind surely had a way,

Wynter didn't believe that the Wilson family being chosen was a recent event. Instead, she felt that everything had been set in motion a long time ago.

As Wynter pondered this, two imposing off-road vehicles pulled up in the neighborhood.

Many

residents watched, as the license plates were very rare.

"What's going on?"

"It looks like they're heading to the Wilson residence."

“Mom, look! There are so many soldiers! They’re marching so neatly!”

Almost every child was watching.

Around seven men in army green uniforms, each tall and upright, got out of the vehicles. Though moving in formation, they still made way for the children they encountered.

The children loved watching this and ran over one after another. Seeing the soldiers heading upstairs, they eagerly followed.

The leader seemed to be carrying something.

Seeing them, the people standing at the Wilson residence’s door instinctively made way for them.

“Recruit Training Camp Unit 071 welcomes Dulcle Wilson to the camp.”

Chapter 936 The Soul’s Destination

With a swish, all seven men saluted simultaneously.

Budd looked over. His eyes wavered as if he couldn’t believe it. “Y–You guys?”

“Long time no see, Mr. Wilson.” The leader’s eyes turned red. “It’s us. Do you remember Ramiro at the back? You carried him for 12 miles so he could survive.”

The man named Ramiro Knox had a scar near his eye. He stepped forward and hugged Budd. “It’s me, Mr. Wilson. I always thought you were doing well. Over the years, you never contacted us. You...”

Ramiro’s voice trembled. If it weren’t for this case, everyone would have thought Budd didn’t want to contact them.

After all, they were all children back then. But now they realized someone had been blocking Budd’s path at every turn.

“Captain Wilson.” The man with a shoulder mark on his shoulder stepped forward. “We all know about your situation.

“Mr. Preston assures you that the organization won’t neglect any heroes. The Lowes, the Thompsons, and the Reeds will all be punished.

“Dulcie’s wish will be fulfilled by us, Unit 071. From today, Dulcie is our youngest soldier.”

Of course, there wouldn’t be any formal enlistment, but this was Dulcie’s

dying wish.

Leanne understood Dulcie best. If she knew that her favorite unit was here at the house and allowed her

to join, she would be overjoyed.

Holding his notebook tightly, Budd couldn’t contain himself any longer. His voice trembled as he said, Duls, did you hear that? Your wish has come true.”

In the corner, Dulcie nodded heavily, and her eyes shone. Though there wasn’t a spot on her that wasn’t

injured, she was still smiling.

Looking at her parents, she reached out and wanted to hold Leanne’s hand, but she was afraid Leanne

would be tainted by her dark aura.

Seeing this, Wynter placed the purple sugilite pendant in Leanne’s hand.

In that instant, Leanne seemed to feel something—the warmth and softness of Dulcie’s hand in hers during their post

—dinner strolls.

Leanne covered her mouth with her hand.

When she realized what was going on, she deeply bowed to Wynter. “Thank you. Thank you so much.”

Leanne knew deep down that without Wynter, Dulcie wouldn’t have found peace in death. Those scumbags wouldn’t have been punished, either.

Even if she and Budd sacrificed their lives, what they would get in return would only be their own regrets.

Wynter reached out. To help Leanne move on, Wynter said with a smile, “Mrs. Wilson, I’m not helping you for nothing. I want your faith.”

“Faith?” Leanne didn’t understand, but she was sincere. “Both Budd and I will give you whatever you want.”

Budd nodded, too. He approached, wanting to say something.

Wynter stopped him. “Mr. Wilson, you should take your glory first. It’s your credit, and it should have been. returned to you long ago.”

When the members of Unit 071 arrived, they held up the same flag as back then.

All the neighbors witnessed it when Budd wore his military medal.

Someone took a picture and posted it online, and Kate closely followed this matter’s progress. this, she seemed to finally understand what Wynter had said before leaving.

Kate typed out an apology from the bottom of her heart.

Seeing

All of Lavend International School was being reorganized. Anyone involved in the bullying paid the price. That day, many teachers and students were arrested.

Chapter 937 The Return of Justice

This was Wynter's proposal. Prolonged distorted games would influence the students' values in life. Without proper education, these students would become tumors in society.

Even without Wyatt, Hailey, or Tessa, there would always be others like them. Thus, the root cause had to

be addressed.

Lavend International School was forced to cease operations. As the police Investigated the higher-ups, it became evident that they bore responsibility. This sparked anxiety among educators, who feared for their

jobs.

This was something everyone had longed for. So, when the order came to investigate thoroughly,

netizens cheered.

The Lowe family didn't receive lenient sentences. Most received death penalties.

Just as Wynter said, those who weren't sentenced to death wished they were dead rather than live in

prison.

Budd also made appearances in interviews. This time, he carried himself with integrity and honor. Beside him, Leanne clutched Dulcie's birthday photo, radiating with pride.

Some netizens said, "Justice may be delayed, but not denied. I choose to be a brave resistor after seeing

this scene.”

Another said, “Dulcie’s case didn’t just save herself. Can anyone understand that? Our school is also under investigation. Those who were bullied in the past are

now being protected.”

“We won’t become the bullies. But when someone is bullied, I hope I can be the one to speak up. Because what if I’m the missing piece?”

Never underestimate the power of faith.

Wynter asked Leanne for her faith for two reasons—for the seal and Dalton.

Even if Dalton was favored by the heavens, she couldn’t always deplete his purple aura. It was necessary to replenish it when needed.

When there was no one around, Dalton watched as Wynter grabbed his collar and opened her palm to

offer him the faith.

Dalton raised an eyebrow and instinctively pushed her away.

Wynter was taken aback. Was he rejecting her? What was going on with her handsome fiancé today?

“It’s good for you. Don’t you want it?” Wynter didn’t like being rejected, except by people like Charlie.

Dalton grabbed her hand and stood straight. He spoke with a light cough, “Since it’s good, keep it for yourself.”

Wynter frowned. Did he know how rare faith was? Judging from his demeanor, he probably did.

Dalton didn't hide anything from her. He smiled gently. "Faith is useful for a medium, but for me, it's like a tonic. I don't need these with you around."

He then held her hand and lowered his gaze. "Anyway, feel free to use my fortune."

The more Wynter understood Dalton, the more she realized he was different from ordinary people. Normally, humans or spirits would want to accumulate as much fortune as possible.

Yet, he didn't seem to care at all. He was incredibly generous, making Wynter feel embarrassed for using him to make money.

"After I'm done with my work, I'll treat you to dinner," she said as she withdrew her hand and redirected

her gaze upstairs.

Dalton agreed, "Alright."

The two stood side by side. After Sothoth finished the thunderstrike trial and witnessed this scene, he wasn't sure if he should approach.

What was Dalton thinking? Was it for revenge?

Sothoth's eyes lit up as if suddenly enlightened. This must be the reason.

Chapter 938 She Used to Keep Boy Toys

Back then, those old mediums didn't know the overlord's true identity and insisted on sealing him underground.

Dalton must be seeking revenge for what happened back then. That was why he found Wynter.

From what Sothoth saw, Wynter was quite remarkable. Her skills in the Arcane Way were average, but her.

natural talent was exceptional.

Moreover, she didn't follow the usual norms. Her methods were nothing like the Arcane Way he remembered.

However, anyone capable of becoming a grand master typically had unconventional thinking.

And Wynter seemed to have some suppressed power. Dalton probably noticed this and wanted to devour

her soul.

However, so far, Sothoth hadn't found any signs of a contract between Dalton and her.

Legend had it that Dalton had once made a contract with someone. That person had a poor reputation, with no virtues except good looks. This individual liked to toy with people, not treating them as humans.

Why Dalton made a contract with such a person remained a mystery. Given his aesthetic sense, he should have preferred someone pure and innocent.

That person was known for keeping many boy toys. She was a princess at the time. Relying on her status, she disregarded all morals.

The royal family, hoping to cultivate her character, even sent her to the mountains.

Surprisingly, a thousand-year-old sect liked this princess and built her a palace for her cultivation.

It was said that when this princess got married, thunder roared, as though her marriage was not accepted

by the world.

Grandmasters from various sects appeared in the sky, not only shielding her from the thunder but seemingly defying the heavens for her.

However, that sect was different from others.

While others cultivated for ascension and slayed many great demons, the sect was known for its youngest apprentice, who liked to keep boy toys.

Of course, Sothoth had heard these stories from Drakonis, the emerald dragon who could control the clouds and rain, while at sea.

Having only lived for a few hundred years, Sothoth wasn't well-versed in events from thousands of years ago. All he knew was that the overlord despised cultivators.

Since Wynter was able to control Chaos, he felt things were not so simple. Yet, he hadn't heard of anyone other than the overlord having such abilities.

Just then, Dalton noticed Sothoth's presence.

His smile faded as he looked over. His face remained handsome and noble, but his eyes turned cold, devoid of any emotion.

Aside from a lofty indifference, there was no hint of joy or anger. Only an indescribable sense of oppression could be felt.

In those eyes, Sothoth read a warning, as if saying not to speak out of turn.

This Dalton was entirely different from his earlier self.

Of course, with Wynter around, no one would associate him with the legendary, aloof scion of Kingbourne. Dalton was undeniably warm in front of Wynter.

Just as Sothoth had said, Dalton was too good at pretending to be human, especially with his sickly demeanor. Those unaware would genuinely think he was weak. In reality, it was a means of concealment.

Sothoth shivered all over as he cautiously approached. “I’ve endured all the thunderstrikes I was supposed to. Can I leave now?” he asked, hoping Wynter would control Chaos.

Wynter had already noticed him as well. She waved her hand.

Chapter 939 Sothoth’s Ascension

With a thud, Sothoth fell flat on the ground.

He was speechless. Why did Wynter always use her Arcane Way skills at the slightest provocation?

As Wynter looked at him, she said calmly, “You had a sleazy look on your face just now. What were you

thinking?”

Sothoth still wasn’t obedient enough. Since she had taken him In, she needed to teach him proper conduct.

Sothoth struggled to get up, feeling wronged. That was just how he looked. He couldn’t help his face from looking sleazy.

“I was just thinking you’re really clever with your methods,” Sothoth said, referring to her use of heavenly luck to break the agreement..

Wynter could sense his loyalty wasn’t absolute. Water dragons were inherently cunning.

But it didn't matter. The contract was in place.

She looked at Sothoth at her feet and spoke leisurely, "This is nothing. My best skill is cooking. If you ever

want to try it, let me know. It'll be a death worth dying for."

Sothoth froze, immediately adopting a sycophantic attitude.

"Master, how could I be worthy of your cooking? I came to tell you that now that we have the thunderstrike marks, we can search for the cunning medium who used me."

Right now, he needed to find someone to vent his anger on.

"No rush," Wynter said, gazing at the constantly shifting clouds in the western sky. "Go to the sealing site

first."

With those words, she waved her right hand again.

Lying on the ground, Sothoth could feel the change within himself. An energy that could aid his cultivation spread throughout his entire body. His scales began to shimmer with a faint golden hue.

Sothoth's gaze wavered as he excitedly looked at his hands. When he turned his gaze toward Wynter, it was filled with gratitude and surprise. "Master, I..."

Wynter said calmly, "Ascending to a

fully-fledged dragon now is difficult. With this faith, as long as you protect your river domain, you'll ascend in 30 years.

“Go now. I’ve given you what you wanted. Do what you must—repair the seal first.”

Rebuilding the seal required a suppressive force. A water dragon was second only to a fully-fledged dragon in this regard, making Sothoth the ideal choice for a suppressive force.

Sothoth enjoyed this task as well. To him, 30 years was just a few meals and a few hibernations away.

Sleeping under the riverbed was what he excelled at.

And the possibility of turning into a fully-fledged dragon was beyond his wildest dreams.

He had abandoned this notion after meeting the overlord.

Over countless years and changing generations, he had been deceived by numerous mediums, all promising him the dream of becoming a fully-fledged dragon.

But they were all liars. To Sothoth, humans were the least trustworthy. With environmental degradation, human nature was becoming more cunning by the day.

Sothoth had never thought a medium would truly help him ascend. “I... Thank you, master. I’ll guard it, not just for 30 years, but 100 if needed.”

Sothoth was overwhelmed with gratitude. He was overjoyed at the sight of his scales gradually turning

gold.

It was worth noting that among his kind, anything gold signified a true, fully-fledged dragon, blessed by heaven. Other dragon kinds would regard them highly, and lesser beings would see them as royalty.

Chapter 940 Something Happened to Wolf

Such an honorable opportunity was practically unheard of. If his useless father could see him now, he would definitely regret abandoning him and his mother.

Sothoth knew Wynter could have chosen to not give him those merits. However, she did. She wasn't like

those other mediums who kept using him.

Instead, she kept to her promise and rewarded him for everything he had done.

Sothoth couldn't help but wonder if his hatred for humans would decrease if they all kept to their promises. Perhaps he would not have the urge to eat them out of hatred.

After thinking things through, he concluded that he could only repay her by strengthening their pact.

However, Wynter did not allow him to continue spilling his blood.

Her thought process was simple. She already knew where she would be after 100 years. There was no need for her to bind a water dragon to her.

Not to mention, the water pollution was indeed terrible.

"There's no need for that. Just remember to stop eating people and help me keep an eye on the river bed. You've also seen how I do things firsthand. Don't act out if you don't want to become food."

"Don't worry. As long as you're still here, I'll always help you watch over the South-West corner!"

Those other mediums would not have a chance with him here.

After that, Sothoth transformed into a cloud. He stopped behind Wynter momentarily before heading toward the South-West corner.

There were very few people throughout history who were able to get a dragon to willingly do something

for them.

Dalton watched them as he smirked in amusement.

Even after so many years, Wynter was still able to gain the trust of all sorts of people and spirits, including his mount, Wolf, who only had eyes for food.

Meanwhile, Wolf was sitting before his computer when he suddenly sneezed. He pulled down his baseball cap and felt an itch in his nose.

He shook his head, feeling displeased. He felt like someone was talking about him behind his back.

He had been looking through all the unusual weather reports across the internet and took photos of them all.

One particular picture managed to catch his eye, and he quickly took a second glance. He was sure he had been to that place before, though he couldn't remember why he had been there.

Wolf looked up at the sky. He was about to get up when he saw someone with silvery-white hair who

looked familiar. He dashed across the streets and seemed to be injured.

The color of Wolf's eyes began to change when he smelled the scent of blood..

The whole plaza began to shake. It was the first time Wolf had shown off his ferociousness as an Ancient

Beast.

His consciousness began to fade as his hunger grew. He began to follow his instinct and slowly made his way into the dark alley.

The other areas were still shaking. It happened so suddenly that the windows by the coffee shop next door immediately shattered. Some of the elderly people nearby managed to hold onto the railings to avoid falling

In a neighborhood nearby, Wynter seemed to have felt something as she immediately froze.

Dalton also froze as black mist began to shroud their surroundings.

Dalton was Chaos' master, while Wynter had formed a pact with Wolf. Hence, they could sense the change in Wolf.

Wynter had wanted to ask Budd about the situation regarding the sacrifice, but she could not focus on that matter anymore and quickly left the place.

"Something has happened to Wolf," Wynter said as she got on her BMW Tomahawk. She didn't even bring Dalton with her.

Dalton was also acting weirdly. He did not follow her this time.

In Wynter's heart, Wolf had been by her side longer than anyone else, including Atwater.

Wynter's memories weren't completely intact. She seemed to have lived another life before. But that life felt strange and unfamiliar to her,