

Six Brothers 951

Chapter 951 They Used to Know Each Other

The crow began to caw as he took off from Dalton's shoulder.

“You Foplyan mediums sure are evil. How dare you even think of using Chaos as your scapegoat? There's no point in keeping you two alive.”

The crow's eyes darkened as he cawed once more. he had been an auspicious beast since ancient times. His feathers were known for their darkness.

He also had a skill that he had been equipped with since birth—predicting people's time of death accurately.

But he didn't need to predict anything this time as he had decided to take matters into his own hands. The men in black couldn't even figure out who Dalton was when they suddenly could not breathe.

To think they had even planned to tell the medium about everything they witnessed that day. It was absurd for them to think they could leave the plaza alive.

As they took their last breaths, they saw Dalton walk toward Chaos and place his hands on Chaos' head.

Then, they lost consciousness.

Amid the black fog, Dalton looked at Chaos and said, “How is she suppos continue to act like this?”

to take care of you if you

Wolf was beginning to morph into Chaos, and he opened his mouth to bite Dalton.

Dalton held him up with one hand and met his gaze. Then, his eyes began to change colors.

Wolf's head tilted to one side before his body softened and fell to the floor. His claws began to shrink back, but his sharp teeth and tail remained.

It was obvious he shouldn't be seen in such a state.

The crow went up to Wolf with reverence and said, "Sir, do you want me to take care of those mediums from Mt. Dragon as well?"

"There's no need for that. Leave those two Foplyans for them."

Dalton looked at Wolf, who was already in deep slumber, and said, "Take him back to the mansion."

The crow was immediately filled with excitement at the prospect of returning home.

"Yes, lord!"

It had been so long since he returned home!

On the other hand, Dalton wasn't so excited about returning there..

However, a certain someone would probably not want to see Wolf in such a state. To Wynter, Wolf was her chosen family, but Chaos was not.

Dalton didn't want to force her to make such a choice. So, he decided to bring Wolf back to the mansion. He might be able to return Wolf to Wynter after some proper education.

Although the situation was slightly complicated as Wolf had blood all over him, it was still salvageable..

"Lord, will something happen to Chaos since he is in such a state now?"

Back when they worked together, they would not let themselves get hurt. Because once a beast bled, Their blood would attract their enemies' attention.

Since Chaos had the Savior's blood on him, Chaos would enter a hostile and ferocious state. He could

easily become a beast that had the potential to ruin the world with how irrational he currently was.

The crow had spent a long time with Chaos. Those terms like "Ancient Beasts" or "Mythical Beasts" were

nothing but labels the humans had given them.

Chaos' birth came with an ominous foretelling, but that wasn't something Chaos could have decided for

himself.

Why should a prophecy have the right to decide if Chaos was good or evil?

Dalton could sense the crow's dissatisfaction with the heavens. He lowered his voice and coughed hoarsely. "Nothing will happen. I still need to return him to my fiancé."

"Lord, there's something I would like to ask. Is she the human soul you met in this world when you first lost your spiritual form?" The crow's courage had grown after doing quite a number of tasks.

Dalton was quiet. His hand remained on Wolf's forehead until a seal-like mark appeared. Then, he glanced at the crow with an eerie and creepy gaze.

The crow felt scared and hurriedly explained himself, "I just think that she's changed a lot, but she's still a loyal soul. She's also much more caring toward you than she was before!"

"Oh? Do you think she cares about me?" Dalton asked with a raised eyebrow. His gaze was no longer as

cold as before.

Chapter 952 In Love With You

The crow felt like his flattery was working, so he quickly added, “She truly cares about you as she even gave you her faith. She must be so in love with you to be able to give you such an important thing.”

Dalton’s gaze flickered. “Is that true?”

“Of course! Lord, think about it. The power of faith is an invaluable thing for cultivators. Back then, when she was cultivating, she needed the power of faith. That was why she-

The crow suddenly paused mid-sentence.

How could he be so careless? How could he say such an insensitive thing?

The crow tensed. He did not look anything like an ancient beast. Instead, he looked very much like the fried chicken they would usually eat.

Dalton’s expression remained unchanged. He waved his hand and covered their presence from their surroundings.

That way, the cultivators would not know what happened even if they were to arrive. His aura was able to conceal and suppress Chaos’ hostile one.

Just as the crow was about to sigh in relief, he realized that he wasn’t able to move one of his wings.

One can imagine how hilarious a bird would be if it tried to fly with just one wing!

More importantly, he still had to carry Chaos with him.

The crow gulped. He was terrified they would both fall to their deaths, so he said cautiously, “Lord, I’m afraid I’ll just delay your travels since I am in such a state.”

Dalton looked at him as the black fog around them began to move.

The crow was terrified of speaking and could only lower his head to carry Chaos.

As for the Savior, Dalton had probably predicted that Wynter was currently heading toward them.

The crow felt like Dalton's way of gift-giving was slightly unique. Other men would use flowers and jewelry as gifts. However, Dalton liked to give Wynter Ancient Beasts.

ing trou

But Crow felt like Dalton didn't act like he was pursuing Wynter. It felt more like he was causing trouble for Wynter.

He could understand it if Dalton gave her the Savior or beasts like him. But there was no need for Dalton

to heal Chaos and send him back to her.

That brat could swallow mountains whenever he worked up an appetite. More importantly, Chaos was a picky eater. He usually only ate root herbs and truffles.

Wynter must have spent a lot of money to raise and feed him.

But the crow didn't dare to overstep. He could only keep his thoughts to himself and fly away. Only the

two men in black were left on the ground.

By the time Mt. Dragon's mediums arrived, their astrolabe was beginning to malfunction as it indicated that the area had a particularly clean energy.

"That's weird. The astrolabe indicated that this was a hotspot only moments ago."

The mediums looked at the talisman on the ground and fell into confusion. Why did the Ancient Beast's aura disappear without a trace?

"There's someone there!"

Another middle-aged medium went forward and took off one of the men's masks.

"I-Is he from Foplya?"

Usually, the mediums from Foplya were easily recognized. They were well known for their Escapism Art.

They also would not dress up like this usually. Ordinary people would not recognize them as they walked on the streets of their city.

A mark would only appear on their face after they used their mystic arts.

Their mystic arts and techniques were similar to the ones they used in Cascadia. For example, they also used astrology, mind control, tracking techniques, talismans, curses, mystic arts, and many others.

All of the mediums had performed and showcased their skills in the Formation Conference. Hence, they were sure they did not recognize the two men on the ground.

They would have surely met and interacted with every cultivator that had attended the conference. However, they had never seen these two men before.

That meant that there were indeed cultivators from Foplya and that they had entered Cascadia through illegal means!

Chapter 953 Taking Action

They had to make a report after making such a discovery. They also needed to make preparations for the appearance of an Ancient Beast.

It was rainy in Kingbourne recently.

They had gone to the South–West corner to take a look. The chains were broken, but the seal was still

there.

The creepiest thing was that the water dragon didn't seem to have any intentions of leaving that place.

Before Kaspar returned to the mountains, he had told them he would head out to retrieve a certain thing

before returning to Kingbourne.

Within that period, they were supposed to look after the seal outside of Kingbourne. Once something was amiss, they should contact him immediately

So, they informed Kaspar about the South–West corner's situation.

Throughout the years, multiple seals throughout Kingbourne seemed to be weakening, though that was expected

But it was the first time that problem occurred to a seal so close to Kingbourne.

Now, they couldn't help but feel like something was brewing after sensing an ancient beast's aura and seeing cultivators from Foplya.

Why w

were these cultivators from Foplya here? Under what circumstances were they forced to use their mystic arts and risk being exposed in the plaza? Who was behind their arrival?

They weren't able to make any conclusions as there wasn't any evidence left behind at the scene.

Before the mediums left, they found a black feather on one of the men's clothes.

"This looks like a crow's feather."

"Are there crows in the city?"

Due to environmental and ecological reasons, there weren't many birds left in the city, let alone crows. At most, one would be able to see some sparrows flying about.

Hence, it was a bit weird that a crow had appeared in the plaza.

"Do you think it's because someone has died?" a new cultivator asked.

A slightly older cultivator was exasperated by the question and said, "I've already told you to start reading more books. Why do you refuse to do so?"

"I've told you this multiple times, but crows are not a symbol of bad luck! Bring these two bodies back and hand them over to the Special Unit."

The two bodies' appearance within the plaza might easily cause panic and turmoil.

Under such circumstances, ordinary officers wouldn't be able to do much. Letting the Special Unit do their thing was the best choice right now.

"We'll need to repair the building."

"But why do I feel like there's another very familiar presence in the area? It's quite faint, and it seems to be coming from the south..."

Wynter was currently at the south side of the underground plaza.

She was sure that Wolf had been here because his favorite glass balls were on the ground. More importantly, the stench of blood was strongest here.

Wynter held a whip in her hands with a heavy look in her eyes. The further she walked, the more blood there was.

But up until now, none of the blood belonged to Wolf. Otherwise, Wynter would have definitely flown into a rage and torn the entire place apart.

Other than that, there seemed to be someone there as well.

Wynter could immediately sense a weird movement the second she entered the underground area.

It was evident that she was the other party's target!

The two men who were tasked with attracting Wolf's attention were actually the two weakest cultivators among the Foplyan cultivators sent to Cascadia.

The real person tasked with hunting the Savior was one of the mediums who had joined the Formation. Conference.

Their team consisted of covert and overt operatives.

Other than meeting the medium whom they had been working with for decades, they planned to come here to capture the Savior.

However, the sudden formation of a barrier interrupted their plan and forced them to show themselves.

One of the leading Foplyan mediums, Fred Pittman, had already sensed Wynter's presence when she first appeared.

At first, Fred thought that she was one of Mt. Dragon's newest recruits. Hence, he had been planning to avoid her.

But after observing Wynter, he believed there was no need for that. Wynter seemed to be just a passerby who had accidentally stumbled across their hunting grounds.

They could either ignore her or knock her out.

Fred turned to both his sides and gave a signal. Suddenly, four dark figures appeared from all directions and headed straight to Wynter.

Chapter 954 An Attempt at an Ambush

They thought Wynter would not be able to sense anything and would fall for their trap. That way, they would be able to save themselves a lot of trouble.

But before they could apprehend Wynter, they heard a loud sound.

The second the whip touched the ground, an invisible force suddenly came straight at them.

The dark figures flew at least a mile away before crashing onto the ground. The sounds of them falling echoed throughout the place.

Every one of them suffered a blow from the whip and was thrown to the ground. They were in a lot of pain.

It was evident that Wynter was not an average woman! She was not a passerby, either! They came to the

realization too late.

On the other hand, Wynter was quick while her actions were cool and handsome.

She dodged a black figure and flicked the whip toward the middle area.

The mediums were unable to react in time. By the time they realized they had to dodge, the whip had already flown through the air, landing straight on their faces.

Under normal circumstances, they would not be required to show themselves. The Savior was right behind them.

The Savior was exhausted after being chased across three streets. The mediums had also made the necessary preparations for a formation.

But the woman before them, whom they had never met, had destroyed their formation with just the flick

of a whip.

Fred took a few steps back and used his hands to block the energy from the whip. He was trembling slightly despite managing to stay upright.

Although he didn't know who Wynter was, he had gone to Mt. Dragon numerous times. He had a fair understanding of the people there.

As for the woman before him....

Fred collected his contemptuous gaze and smiled. "I wonder which faction you're from. I'm from Mt. Dragon. We came here to catch the ancient beast.

"If our goals align, why don't we stop fighting and work together?"

Normally, people would be willing to work together after hearing such words. After all, an ancient beast would likely cause extreme weather within the city.

So, for the sake of maintaining the peace, mediums would always have to prioritize capturing beasts and malevolent spirits.

That was what he had managed to conclude after staying in Cascadia for so many years. Not to mention, there was no obvious external mark on them to prove that they weren't Cascadians.

Furthermore, they were wearing the robes of Mt. Dragon's people. He believed Wynter would not suspect the authenticity of his words.

However, he was unlucky to have Wynter as his opponent.

Things would have been salvageable if he had not mentioned that they were here to capture the ancient beast. But the second he said that, Wynter's gaze turned cold.

“Are you all trying to capture an Ancient Beast?”

Fred thought that Wynter had believed him, so he said, “That's right. We had put in a lot of effort to lure him here. Finally-

Before he could finish his sentence, Wynter raised her whip and aimed it at Fred.

He was caught off guard, and a streak of blood began to pour from his mouth. He took a few steps back and placed his hands on his stomach.

It was the first time he had encountered someone daring enough to attack a medium from “Mt. Dragon” Did she not understand the hierarchy among mediums in Cascadia?

“How dare you? Don't blame me for not holding back now!” Fred dropped the act with his gaze filled with

hostility.

He was about to show her the power of his mystic arts. Suddenly, numerous talismans began to fly up in

the air.

Fred was trying to summon the godly powers, including the underworld guards and the Grim Reaper

himself.

But while those from the underworld indeed came out, they immediately retreated once they saw Wynter.

They couldn't win against her in a fight. They tried before and failed!

Not to mention, Wynter was already suspecting them of betraying Cascadia. They didn't even dare to think about what might happen to them if they were to lend Fred their strength!

The talismans hovered in the air for some time, yet Fred could not summon anyone. He immediately

frowned.

Why was this happening?

He couldn't believe he had failed and planned to try one more time. This time, he would try to summon the spirits' power.

Chapter 955 Spotting a Spy

Wynter went ahead and kicked him out of the air. She stood straight with her feet on Fred's wrist. Her voice was cold as she said, "You're so noisy."

Wynter refused to waste any time when she had the chance to fight. She also rarely used talismans to summon creatures for help.

She held onto his collar and looked into his eyes. "Where is that Ancient Beast you mentioned?"

Ancient Beast?

Fred froze. He never thought that Wynter would have believed his lies. But there was a beast behind them right now.

Fred had also finally understood the power difference between them.

He opened his mouth as blood dripped down and said, "He managed to run away. M—My people are still chasing after it. It headed to the east side of the plaza."

He had said that in hopes of luring Wynter away, but Wynter was never one to be easily fooled.

“The east side?” Wynter raised an eyebrow and threw him to the ground.

Wolfs distressing situation had fueled and ignited the unexplainable power within her.

“What’s hiding behind there if the Ancient Beast is currently heading east?”

A loud crack echoed out as Fred’s head was slammed against the concrete floor, which even started to crack.

The black figures had tried to get closer to her, but they were all bounced back by an invisible force.

Wynter’s voice was cold and impassive. “I’ll ask you once more—where is that Ancient Beast you mentioned?”

“I d—don’t know.”

Fred had never experienced such shame before. He had always been known as a respectable medium and was often held in high regard. He would have been able to easily defeat the mediums from Mt. Dragon.

Who was this woman before him? Why were all his power and techniques rendered useless before her?

Wynter looked at Fred’s pale face and narrowed her eyes.

She stopped questioning him and threw him to the corner of the building. Then, her gaze landed on a dark

corner.

It was obvious that there was something there. It had been injured but was still breathing. The aura in the corner didn't feel like Wolf's. Instead, it felt like the Savior.

Wynter turned to Fred once again and asked, "Did you claim that you were from Mt. Dragon?"

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Spotting & Spy

Fred nodded weakly.

Wynter looked at him and said, “Alcohol from the palace.”

What? What alcohol?

Fred was confused. He didn’t understand why she was suddenly talking about alcohol.

“Do you

not understand the catchphrase? It seems like you aren’t just pretending to be someone from Mt. Dragon. You’re even pretending to be Cascadian,”

Fred immediately began to panic, not understanding how Wynter managed to come to such a conclusion.

He had spent many years mimicking the Cascadian accent to make things easier for him. However, Wynter was able to see through his facade so easily!

Fred tightened his fists as his eyes darkened. The woman before him should not be kept alive!

There was a hidden needle in his sleeve. Just as he was about to raise his hand and attack her, Wynter

twisted his arm.

She said calmly, “Even after so many years, the people of your country only know how to use such backhanded trick

With that said, Wynter had already guessed which country the man before her was from. However, she did not have the patience to waste any time on him because she was worried about Wolf.

It was evident that Wolf's animalistic side surfaced because he smelled the Savior's blood when the Foplyan mediums were hunting it. That was why Wolf began to act weirdly.

"Did you come to Cascadia just to hunt down the Savior? Who gave you the audacity to do such a thing?"

Chapter 956 Working With the Malevolent Spirits

With that said, Fred knew that the jig was up. He tried to move, wanting to send out a call for help..

However, Wynter didn't even give him the chance to attack her. So, of course, he would not have the opportunity to call for backup.

She had not beaten his face into a pulp because he would need to take a picture after he was detained. A spy like this must have his face at least recognizable in the photo.

Fred thought that she had put down her defenses as Wynter was scrolling through her phone..

He was just about to send out the signal when Wynter Inserted a needle into one of his acupuncture points.

Fred immediately fainted. The others wanted to run, so Wynter waved her hands and put down the barriers around the south end of the plaza.

Suddenly, endless malevolent spirits appeared before them. Those men had nowhere to run.

Who was this woman? Why did she practice such evil arts? Why were those malevolent spirits willingly listening to her?

The Foplyan cultivators' eyes widened in shock, but they could not avoid the spirits. The second they tried

to lift their legs, the spirits would pull them back down.

It was almost as if they were mocking them for their techniques of escaping and prohibiting them from

using their power.

Although Wynter was also using someone else's power, the effect was completely different.

Avenging one's country had been engraved into everyone's DNA. It didn't matter what they did in their past life, their wish to protect their country would always be there.

Those malevolent spirits were unwilling to sit still after hearing Wynter claim that those men were spies

from Foplya.

They were willing to spend the little fortune they had collected if it meant beating those Foplyan spies

into a pulp!

They

could always collect more fortune in the future. But it was not every day that those spirits could

meet Foplyan spies!

The men in black had thought that they would only face an angry Savior at best.

The medium had told them not to be scared even if there were signs that the Savior was about to be

reawakened.

He also claimed that as long as they had a certain object with them, they would be able to force the Savior to continue his slumber.

Who would have thought that they would be defeated by a group of old souls? Looking at the baskets in their hands, it seemed that some of these spirits were out for groceries when they died.

The resentment coming from them was so overwhelming that the men in black felt breathless.

Those elderly folks were already dead, but once they pointed their fingers at the men's faces, they felt a strong sense of dizziness.

The spirits didn't even have to use any of their power. They were solely focused on attacking them.

Wynter allowed the spirits to do as they wished.

After handing them over to the furious spirits, Wynter went to tie Fred up. Then, she followed the aura and prepared to continue her search for Wolf.

However, a streak of white hair caught her attention.

Wynter didn't care about who the Savior was. But she knew that certain cultivators were willing to lay out ginormous traps just to catch the Savior.

That was because the Savior's flesh and blood could help a cultivator in their path to ascension.

But Wynter did not approve of such behavior. Cascadia had also claimed that hunting such a protected species was prohibited.

That wasn't the only problem. Wynter couldn't understand their morals, either. Hence, Wynter had always kept a distance from cultivators who would carry out such practices.

Cultivators could ascend through enlightenment, or they could ascend after collecting offerings and faith from the malevolent spirits.

She didn't understand why cultivators would insist on using such means to ascend.

Not to mention, the people who had set their eyes on the Savior this time were from Foplya,

Wynter did not hesitate as she sent her location to the Special Unit. She then ordered them to apprehend the people here and bring them back for interrogation.

As for the Savior, Wynter walked to the corner and saw a young boy holding a knife. He was leaning against the wall and looked slightly desperate.

There was a baseball cap beside him. His white hair cascaded down, blocking his eyes from her view.

Meanwhile, his face and neck were covered in blood, while his leg seemed broken. His clothes were also tattered and torn.

However, that was not what caught Wynter's attention. Instead, she was shocked by the fact that she had met him before.

Chapter 957 The Savior

He had been hanging around with some gangsters back in Waterview Alley, Southdale. But those gangsters weren't evil at heart.

One of the men, Carl, had stopped Wynter in her path, claiming that they wanted to give her a lesson.

Back then, that kid, Whitley, was standing quietly in the corner.

Wynter raised an eyebrow in shock. "Are you the Savior?"

She did sense that Whitley was somewhat special compared to others back then. She had found him in the same pile of trash that Wolf was found in.

The only difference was that Wolf was much younger than him. Not to mention that one of them couldn't speak, whereas the other could not walk.

Whitley also recognized Wynter. Although his eyes did not work well in dark places, he was still as smart as he had been.

When he saw Wynter, he immediately greeted her despite their circumstances, "Boss."

His voice was incredibly weak.

Whitley's hair was also wet due to the sweat. It stuck to his pale face, making him look pitiful.

Since he had already acknowledged her and called her "boss", she could not turn a blind eye to him. She quickly took a look at his injuries and pressed on a few acupuncture points.

Then, she glanced at his wrists and ankles. There were needle wounds all over them. There was even a

beast-locking chain around one of his arms.

Wynter quickly took the chain away.

Only then did Whitley seem to have been freed as his eyes immediately brightened. Although he was

exhausted, at least he could still

move.

Whiley looked up at Wynter. His lips were pale, and he had an indescribable beauty despite his current

state.

“Thanks, boss.

“You and your gang didn’t come to work the next day, so I’m not considered your boss.”

Wynter looked at Whitley’s face and bent down. She sounded certain as she said, “You knew you were the

Savior.”

Whitley did not look away. “I guessed it. After Uncle Carl brought me back, a lot of weird people would come looking for me.

“I did a small investigation and guessed that my flesh and blood must be quite valuable.”

“Then you’re very smart.” Wynter stood straight as her eyes darkened slightly.

Whitley and Wolf had both come from a pile of trash. Wolf wasn’t even able to sense anything, but Whitley was able to conclude from his surroundings about his true identity.

Wynter wasn’t even sure if it was because Whitley was much more cunning than Wolf was. After all, the Savior had not awakened his true form yet, so he had been trying his best to protect himself.

She knew Wolf was Chaos because Wolf had shown some suspicious behavior when he first arrived at

their house.

Wynter had been forced to read a number of books, hoping to help Wolf.

As for the Savior’s true thoughts, Wynter had not reached that level where she could see through his

thoughts. She had always considered herself a half-assed medium.

Whitley used his hand to prop himself up. He could tell from the sounds just now that Wynter had saved

him.

After giving it some thought, he stretched out his hand and said, “Boss, why don’t you start your journey

as a cultivator?

“I don’t have any money on me now. But once I earn some money, I’ll pay you back. I’ve researched my kind. My flesh and blood will be able to help you since I’m giving it to you willingly.”

“Are you só free that you have time to investigate such a matter?” Wynter smiled and looked at his outreached hand.

“Give me a minute, Wynter said as she began to search Fred’s body. Soon, she found an antidote for the poison and some cloth.

Wynter tore the cloth up and wrapped it around Whitley’s bleeding wrists.

Whitley tensed. “Boss, do you not need my blood?”

Wynter was adept in bandaging wounds. Her methods were sharp and quick. “I’m not a cultivator. But there’s something I would like to point out.

“You should follow me from here on out. You must have heard their words just now.

“They’re from Foplya, and I’m guessing they’re here to capture you. They won’t stop so easily. You’ll also end up hurting your fellow Cascadians if you end up in their hands.”

Chapter 958 Afraid of Backlash

Rather than calling Whitley obedient, he was much smarter than he should be.

“I would have followed you even if you didn’t allow me to.”

Recently, the number of people after him had been increasing exponentially. He didn’t want to drag Carl into his mess, either. It was already hard enough for Carl to raise him while trying to find someone to heal his leg.

They didn’t go to Empathy Clinic for work because they had heard that they would be able to earn more money in Kingbourne. That was why Carl had brought him here.

But it had been a few days since Whitley heard from Carl. That was why he came out of hiding to search

for him.

He had planned to make an exchange with Wynter, but she didn’t want his blood.

Whitley couldn’t help but feel anxious by the situation and unintentionally reflected his feelings on his

face.

Wynter noticed his expression and asked, “Is there something else troubling you?”

“My uncle is missing.”

It was the first time Whitley experienced the feeling of owing someone a favor. Wynter had saved him, yet here he was asking her for her help again, but he didn’t know anyone else who could help him.

“Dr. Genius, could you please help me find him? I’m willing to do anything as long as you help me find him.

Whitley’s eyes glowed with a faint golden hue.

Wynter’s memory was shockingly good, as always. “Your uncle? Carl Wilkinson?”

“That’s him!” Whitley finally made an expression that matched his age.

He was finally able to reveal his emotions as he said, “The amount of herbal medication I need has been Increasing lately. My uncle isn’t a cultivator, so he doesn’t understand how to heal me.

“He came to Kingbourne because he heard he was able to earn a fortune here. But he disappeared ever since he managed to earn 30 grand.

“There’s something wrong with my eyes, too. My vision will fade sometimes, causing me to be temporarily blind.”

Whitley’s hands were shaking as he added, “Dr. Genius, I can make a pact with you if you don’t want my

flesh and blood.

“I’ve read some ancient books that claimed that a Savior would be able to bring their master an abundance of fortune.”

Wynter said, “That’s true. But there haven’t been any voluntary Savors like you.”

With that said, Wynter seemed to have thought of something as she got up and said, “I’ll think about Carl’s situation. I’m also looking for someone now.

“Your identity is special. This is not the place to have such conversations.”

Whitley seemed to regain hope after hearing Wynter’s words.

Although his leg was injured, he quickly followed behind Wynter when he saw her getting up. But his forehead was quickly drenched from sweat due to the pain.

Wynter did not allow him to continue torturing himself like that and quickly handed him some medication.

On the other hand, she quickly took out her chain with the Epoch Collection attached and tied Fred and his subordinates together.

“Ma’am, could you all help me watch over them until the officers arrive?”

Wynter lowered her head as she looked at the spirits. She did not feel an ounce of fear or emotion as she

met their red eyes.

One of the spirits of the elderly waved her hands and said proudly, “Don’t worry, and just do what you need to do. I’m a martial artist myself.

“Just because I’m dead doesn’t mean I can’t do martial arts anymore. If they even dare to move an inch, I’ll beat them up until they see the stars.”

“Alright. There are a few cultivators from Mt. Dragon nearby. All of you should be careful. You should quickly run if they come here. Don’t let them get to you.”

With that said, Wynter put up the formation.

One of the men tried to struggle, but he quickly fainted after receiving a punch from Wynter.

She was in a bad mood because of Wolf’s disappearance. “Stop moving, and stop wasting my time.” Her actions were cool, but they were somewhat cruel and irrational. It did not match her appearance. That man had obviously misjudged her, and a black eye was beginning to spot his swollen face. Didn’t they say that Cascadia was a country that upheld proper etiquette and mannerisms? Which faction did she belong to?

How could she be so cruel? Also, why was she teaming up with the malevolent spirits? Wasn't she afraid of facing backlash?

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But those malevolent spirits all respected how Wynter handled the situation.

The spirits also couldn't help but wonder if it was due to old age or the moon phase, but the mediums were no longer strict and decisive when dealing with their enemies.

They would often sort to summoning and borrowing some godly powers.

The spirits of the elderly hated it when those mediums channeled the godly powers to force them into obedience.

It was just like the current situation, where they had to stay and watch over those Foplyan bastards! They didn't kill them outright as Wynter had told them they would earn merits if they allowed the officers to arrest them.

Usually, they would not care about things like merits. They were malevolent spirits, after all, and they

didn't need it.

But they would be able to boast about the merits they gained today for eternity, so they had to listen to Wynter.

Although the sp

spirits did not express their feelings, Wynter could understand them. She did not waste any

time and held Whitley's hand.

"You gave me a good idea just now. The person I'm looking for is quite similar to you."

With that said, Wynter placed one of the glass balls he had found on Whitley's palm and said, "Try and see if you can sense his location."

Whitley was smart. He didn't ask any other questions after hearing that the person was similar to him.

Instead, he closed his eyes and tried to grasp the energy around him.

He could sense Chaos' energy and aura surrounding the place. However, there was a unique aura on the

glass ball.

It made one feel slightly uneasy and unsettled. It was almost as if those two auras were completely incompatible with each other.

"He's not here," Whitley said as he opened his eyes. Although his eyes remained clear and bright, he

looked exhausted.

He added, "His presence disappeared completely from the west side of the plaza. It seemed like someone had brought him away."

Wynter's gaze darkened. "Someone brought him away?"

"It's just a guess." Whitley's train of thought was clear and concise as he said, "He unleashed his aura in

full force just now. His body was bound to collapse after some time.

“However, someone managed to control the beast within him.”

Whitley seemed to have sensed something as his fingers froze. His voice sounded slightly confused as he said, “Why is there another aura that is similar to mine around us?”

A Savior would only share a similar aura with another Savior.

At that moment, Wynter realized that people were coming. She didn’t plan to linger, so she quickly brought Whitley out of the place through another exit.

She needed to find out who had taken Wolf away. No matter who it was, she would make them regret

very decision they ever made if they planned to harm Wolf.

At the same time, the cultivators from Mt. Dragon arrived at the spot

Some newer cultivators were so shocked by the scene before them that they began to tremble. “Is it normal for so many malevolent spirits to be staring at us?”

The older cultivators were wise as one of them said, “Don’t do anything. Their targets are those Foplyans,

not us.”

It was obvious that the man the malevolent spirits were circling was the mastermind behind the whole incident.

However, they were shocked to see the item that had been used to tie up those men. It was a chain that had an Epoch Collection attached to it.

Every cultivator had dreamed of possessing such a precious item. But among the mediums in Cascadia, who would be able to gather so many malevolent spirits and have them watch over the Foplyans?

Not to mention, those malevolent spirits were all souls of the elderly.

They turned to look at them with crimson eyes. Black mist encapsulated them as they exuded an evil air.

In normal circumstances, the mediums present would have already used their power to subdue the spirits. That was because nothing good would happen with the malevolent spirits roaming the area. But now, they were at a loss for what to do.

The malevolent spirits began to mutter among themselves. “Are they the officers she mentioned?” “They’re not. They’re from Mt. Dragon.”

“Oh! Why didn’t you tell me sooner? We should hurry up and leave!”

“I don’t want to leave! I want the merits!”

“You’re such a stubborn cow!”

The malevolent spirits refused to move, whereas the people from Mt. Dragon did not dare to do so.

The mediums who were tied up in the middle felt helpless.

The group from Mt. Dragon only dared to move when the people from the Special Unit arrived and noticed the symbols on the ground.

“Our boss told us that you all have managed to capture seven Foplyan spies. Is that true?”

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“That’s right! It was us!”

The malevolent spirits seemingly puffed their chests out when the officers mentioned that they had captured several Foplyan spies.

They stood straight and proper as if they were ready to receive a special award. It was a sight to behold.

The mediums from Mt. Dragon had been catching malevolent spirits for numerous years now, but they had never seen something quite like that.

More importantly, those malevolent spirits did not want anything in return.

One of the officers from the Special Unit said, “We’ll record this and put it in the books.”

Only then did the malevolent spirits begin to disappear one after another. As they left the place, they did not forget to clear the air of any lingering resentment energy around the vicinity.

One of the younger mediums there asked, “Is this normal?”

The place fell into silence.

There was nothing normal about what had just happened!

Every time those malevolent spirits appeared before the mediums, they would have to pour in all their efforts to subd

them.

Things would be especially hard when the spirits form an Earthbound Formation.

They didn’t dare to enter a formation without any preparation. The mediums would only be able to escape a formation if they were strong and agile enough.

But now, with the malevolent spirits in such a peaceful environment, it created an illusion that the malevolent spirits were actually pure and innocent.

What a joke! If only there was a change in scenery!

One of the malevolent spirits looked like an old woman with a crooked neck. She was always able to scare a group of living beings to death and also swallow people whole.

The mediums from Mt. Dragon always had a hard time subduing her as she had a strong resentment energy on her.

But now, she put on the badge that the Special Unit had given her and left without sparing them a glance.

Some of the mediums present were shocked by the scene.

However, the older mediums already understood what had happened.

“A medium came here just before we did. I don’t know who that person was, but such extraordinary talent is indeed rare.”

“The people from the Special Unit are talented geniuses in different aspects. But no one among them has managed to obtain enlightenment, right?”

“Just because they did not have one back then, doesn’t mean they do not have such an operative among them now. I’ve just taken a look at the year of the Epoch Collection on the chain. It’s close to our mentors.

The group of mediums present were all Kaspar’s apprentices.

One of them, who followed his path closely, was currently absent. If that apprentice were here, he would probably be able to guess that today’s incident was somewhat related to Wynter.

Unfortunately, the group of apprentices here was more focused on research.

It was unknown if the appearance of a medium who could get those malevolent spirits to cooperate with them was a good or bad thing.

After all, such an act went against their principles as a cultivator and a medium.

But on the other hand, that medium must be extremely talented to possess such strength and capabilities.

In the real world, perhaps hard work and effort were still important to determine one's success. However, enlightenment did not work that way. Some people were just born with an innate affinity for it.

For example, Jonathan had been by Kaspar's side for a long time.

They had all spent ten years learning how to draw talismans before being able to channel such godly

powers.

However, Jonathan had only spent a year before he was able to communicate with the underworld's guards.

Hence, those mediums and cultivators who were born with an innate ability would be able to gain enlightenment much more easily than normal people.

"I wonder who has a higher chance of becoming a grand master between Mr. Keys and that medium."

"This unknown medium is skilled, but they aren't comparable with Mr. Keys' talent. Mr. Key is a rare genius. Besides, the chances for one to become a grand master are unpredictable.

*If our mentor hasn't been able to ascend to a grand master, then a normal medium without a faction. would not be able to do so, either. You're overthinking things."

"I'm just saying. You'd never know I've never seen anyone succeed in getting those malevolent spirits to

behave."

“It’s a good thing that you’ve never seen someone like that. There used to be such a medium who could control malevolent spirits back in the old days. However, things did not end well for them.”

“Back then? Who?”

“It’s been written in the books. You should read more during your free time. After all, some of our techniques were created by them.

“We’re even imitating and using some of the energy they had left behind.”

Only then did the young medium come to his senses. His eyes widened in shock as he exclaimed, “Are you talking about our ancestor who managed to open the gates of heaven with just a sword?”