

Six Brothers 961

Chapter 961 She Who Shall Not Be Named

“I remember she-

“Shush it! Don’t say her name!” The older medium quickly stopped his apprentice. That person was someone that even the heavens hated.

Just the words, “Open the heaven’s gate with a sword” were enough for one to know that the person in question was exceptional and did not follow the rules of the world.

Everyone’s admiration for her was genuine. If she really appeared before them, they would listen to her teachings with utmost sincerity.

But she had always remained associated with malevolent spirits, so there were mixed emotions about her.

After all, anyone who had read the ancient books for cultivators would know that the most common advice regarding her techniques was to not simply summon one’s energy.

One might end up attracting and summoning malevolent spirits instead.

However, she had indeed been the one to pass down most of the techniques that they were currently using

According to the legends, when she was still around, Savors would often appear by the mountains, and all of them would listen to her.

Their head, Kaspar, was also practicing the techniques she had left behind. It had also been part of her legacy.

The people from the Special Unit could not understand what those mediums from Mt. Dragon were talking about. They were there because Wynter had told them there was a job to do.

One of the mediums from Mt. Dragon continued to question them. “Is there a cultivator among your task force?”

Such a special and talented cultivator had appeared. He had to ask them about it. Cultivator? Who?

The leading officer of the Special Unit met the medium’s gaze and said politely, “Our unit’s motto is to uphold scientific innovation, prosperity, peace, freedom, equality-” He continued to recite their core values.

The medium pursed his lips. Didn’t the Special Unit handle some paranormal cases? How could their unit’s motto still remain so rigid?

“We do not have a cultivator among us.”

After Wynter had contacted them about another task, they had all rushed here immediately.

The people from the task force were all geniuses and did not care much for those unborn spirits. Those malevolent spirits were also just another form of energy in their opinion. They were more focused on studying physics.

The medium knew there was nothing more he could learn from them. Other than the leader of the Special Unit, no one would be able to make them do anything.

It seemed like he would have to slowly investigate to find out who had been the one to command those

malevolent spirits.

At the same time, the Foplyan medium had not regained consciousness yet. He did not know he had just missed out on a piece of very important information.

The Special Unit had always done things efficiently. After a short while, the plaza had returned to its original peaceful state.

Some of the people from Mt. Dragon had seen that Foplyan medium. Everyone realized that certain people from the Formation Conference seemed to be planning something.

After all, they were all cultivators themselves. Once blood was shed, they would also be able to sense Savior's aura. Who on Earth had been helping the Foplyans integrate within their country so perfectly?

These questions weren't just for the Special Unit to solve. As cultivators from Cascadia, they had the responsibility to examine the apprentices they had all taken in.

The other party had used some of Mt. Dragon's techniques. Although other people were not able to tell, the cultivators from Mt. Dragon all knew it.

At the same time, an old man was waiting by the hillside villa for Savior's arrival. The old man's expression seemed to be darkening by the minute.

He had tried contacting all 17 of the people who had been assigned on that mission, but no one had answered him. Such a situation had never occurred before.

The old man narrowed his eyes. The backlash from the Arcane Way technique he practiced was extremely severe. He could only use some underhanded methods to stay alive.

Tyler didn't dare to speak as he had also failed to contact his people. Even their medium had gone missing without a trace. It was a huge loss for their forces!

He had to inform his superiors about it to plan around the loss.

Chapter 962 Where's the Savior

The old man didn't stop him. After all, he had lived for so long. His skills were unfathomable, and he always had a few unborn souls doing his bidding.

"Sir, we can't get into the plaza because there were too many malevolent spirits in it. However, there are people from Mt. Dragon in there," a black mist that landed in front of the old man reported.

The black mist only had a single blood-red, ominous eye visible which made his presence uneasy.

Tyler Shaw quickened his pace when he heard the mention of Mt. Dragon. He was worried that their people would be exposed.

The old man was more cautious than Tyler. He asked in detail, "Who from Mt. Dragon?"

The people who were sent out this time were all skilled in Arcane Way, but none of them returned. This made the old man pay closer attention.

"Sir, someone has set up a barrier in the plaza which made it difficult to get close. We didn't get to see

clearly."

The old man instinctively thought of the reclusive genius Mt. Dragon had recruited in recent years. Could he have come down from Mt. Dragon as well?

The old man got up. "They've all been captured. What about the Savior?*

The two unborn souls exchanged a glance and replied plainly. "The Savior is not with the group of from Mt. Dragon."

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"Not with them?" The old man's brows furrowed. "There is no way those cultivators from Mt. Dragon would leave a Savior behind."

He didn't care much about what happened in Foplya. What he wanted was a Savior.

For many years, he had been unable to cultivate his ascending skills. He could only continuously change bodies as he was unable to stand his deteriorating face.

He wanted a Savior to constantly provide him with fresh blood. That way, he wouldn't need to waste resources sending his subordinates to collect virgins from various places.

"Find him." The old man's murky eyes flashed with a venomous glint. "That Savior can only be mine."

"Yes, sir." With that, the black mist dispersed.

The old man stood in the study. His back was so badly covered with scars that he could hardly be considered human anymore.

Only after stitching himself up did he speak with a voice that penetrated the door. "Get prepared. I want to go to the Quinnells."

The butler who had been standing outside answered with a trembling voice as his face paled. "Yes."

In the distance, the night grew deeper. It was 10:00 p.m. when Wynter finally stopped at the corner of the

street with Whitley.

The boy's wounds are now wrapped up in bandages, and he looked more lively than he was previously. He held a fruit crepe that Wynter had bought for him.

He appeared quite ordinary when he looked down to eat his crepe. Anyone who saw him would simply think he had albinism. No one would associate him with the term "Savior".

Wynter had been asking about Wolf along her way, but no unborn souls had seen him.

Wynter wasn't walking on this route with the boy randomly. The truth is, she had deliberately allowed a bait to escape from the plaza earlier.

Wynter glanced sideways and her eyes landed on a man with a trendy style. The man thought changing his jacket would prevent him from being recognized.

Wynter's lip curved slightly. With Wolf missing, she intended to track down whoever was behind this. It doesn't matter who it was.

Not only did they fail to capture the Savior, but they were also beaten horribly by Wynter in the plaza. The first move by the Foplya's spy after leaving the plaza would undoubtedly be to contact his superiors.

However, he was indeed quite cautious. He circled several times before finally appearing like a rapper returning home after a drink. His appearance alone wouldn't peg him as a spy for sure.

Wynter didn't need to investigate in depth to know that their backgrounds had all been meticulously fabricated. Some of them might not even have been from Foplya but instead were local young people.

It was undeniable that Foplya's cultural infiltrations over the years had been incredibly effective. Enjoying anime and live-action was fine given that everyone had their preferences, but...

Chapter 963 Revenge

Freedom to dress as one pleased came with the responsibility of remembering the context and time.

No one had the right to forgive on behalf of the heroic spirit who sacrificed themselves for this land.

Imagine if they had returned only to see young people dressed in traditional Foplyanese outfits while singing and dancing. What would they think?

They would believe that their aspirations remained unfulfilled and that we were still being bullied, just like the confused Cody.

However, debates were inevitable and vigilance would wane as more people failed to thoroughly learn that part of history.

It was not a new phenomenon for spies to be exposed every year. The opposition probably relied on their

deceiving appearances to act so blatantly.

Wynter recently met a female friend who acted all arrogant. Her true nature was revealed when no one

was around.

Wynter's eyes darkened slightly as she followed the man. The man had a small, subtle tattoo on the back.

of his hand. It was something trendy that usually wouldn't attract much attention.

Wynter had observed earlier that almost all the men in black at the plaza had this tattoo. It seemed that

identifying them wouldn't be too difficult.

"The car ahead is here to pick him up." Whitley was indeed quick-witted. He had noticed the subtle details.

even while eating his crepe.

Wynter hailed a taxi to follow the man's car. The drivers in Kingbourne relished in tasks like this. The driver got extremely excited after hearing that Wynter wanted to follow the car in front of them.

The driver couldn't be bothered by his audiobook any longer. As he drove, Wynter gave the driver a

thumbs-up at his top-notch driving skills.

The driver said with a proud expression, "They can't outrun me."

Whitley wore the purple sugilite pendant that Wynther had given him on his neck. The pendant seemed oddly familiar to him. It was as if he had seen it long ago. He could clearly feel it masking his aura when

he touched it.

Wynther, the genius doctor, was right. The best path for Whitley was to follow her.

Wynther's gaze shifted slightly as the car drove onto the main road on the west side. She was very familiar with this road as she had cycled here many times.

It seemed the answer to the question she had pondered for so long was finally within reach.

Wynther had always been meticulous in her actions. She grabbed her phone and called Albert. "Albert, I need your help."

Albert, who had just finished a shareholders' meeting, immediately lost all his anger. His stern face softened into an indulgent warmth which baffled his assistants who were following behind him.

Just moments ago, Albert's gaze was cold and he seemed more than ready to fire someone due to the poor decision made by some of the stakeholders. Why did he seem like a different person now?

"Wynther, what do you need from me? Just say the word," Albert said as he continued to walk. His gaze landed on his assistants, signaling for them to make preparations,

His assistants instantly understood everything when they realized it was Ms. Quinnell.

Ms. Quinnell was worthy. Everything that she needed was worth putting in the effort. After all, she was the reason for their recent salary and benefit increases.

"I need you to arrange a meeting with that first love of yours..."

Albert stopped moving when he heard that. He knew Wynther was about to take action.

For days, Albert had been indulging Wyther's wishes and had not made a move on Jolene. However, this doesn't mean that he wasn't furious.

Albert had prided himself on being serious with all his relationships. He had helped Jolene genuinely

when he met her overseas.

Albert had thought about Wynter's words more than once after learning about her dreams and discovering Jolene's schemes that she had committed in his name after she returned to the country.

Jolene hadn't honored Albert's will by giving the shares to Sebastian when she got remarried. Instead, she sold the shares off, forcing Sebastian into exile and leading to the downfall of the Quinnells. The regret Albert felt had been simmering for days. He was more than ready to get his revenge.

Chapter 964 Found you Declan Quinnell

Jolene couldn't remember the last time she had received a call from Albert. She would have thought that he had found out about her schemes and became suspicious of her if it weren't for the occasional flowers sent by his assistant.

"Yes, that's right. Albert said he'd take me to visit you." Jolene's tone was unusually relaxed. "I just wanted to let you know so that you could be prepared

"Why is he suddenly bringing you to visit me?" Declan had been a shrewd and calculating tactician for years. He lowered his voice. "Did you mention anything about me to him?"

Jolene felt a little guilty. "He kept asking about my life abroad, so I told him that I happened to run into you. I said that you recognized me and knew I was someone he cared about, so you made sure I didn't suffer too much,"

Declan's expression turned cynical when he heard that. "Who told you to say that?"

Declan squeezed the sandalwood beads in his hand. He was furious with Jolene's incompetence and stupidity. It made him wonder how his grandnephew, who was known as "the Wolf of Winnow Street", ever took a liking to her.

Declan took a deep breath. "How did he react after you said that?"

"He was very grateful to you."

Jolene had the wrong impression of Albert. After all, she only knew Albert in his younger days and when he was more trusting of her. Back then, Albert had never put up his defenses against her.

"He even said that it would be great if his grandpa was as understanding as you."

Jolene was very eager to marry into the Quinnell family and live a life of luxury. The financial strain that she was experiencing recently had been hard on her.

The pressure from abroad was also relentless, and she always had to maintain her good front in

Cascadia.

Although Albert had been sending his assistant lately, the gifts had all been inexpensive and invaluable

trinkets. He said those trinkets were the memories they shared during their college days.

Jolene despised the gifts but had to pretend to genuinely appreciate them. Finally, things seemed to be paying off!

Declan paused at Jolene's words. He wondered if he was being overly sensitive and if his nephew was

simply concerned for Jolene.

He glanced at his phone and noted the messages he had received previously. Many stakeholders had been asking about his next plan after the failed deal with Dalton.

Some of Declan's old friends had suffered from business losses, but what made him the most uneasy

was the fact that some of them were sent to prison.

The Yarwood family was pursuing the matter aggressively. Declan knew that it was only a matter of time before it implicated him.

Albert's involvement would be the key to alleviating the current crisis that Declan was in. With Albert taking the blame, Declan could find a way out.

With this in mind, Declan stopped hesitating. "Come here with Albert. But be mindful of your tone and

behavior."

"Yes. Don't worry. I understand."

Liam Miller, Declan's butler, entered the room just as Declan hung up the call. "Mr. Quinnell, there's an important guest in the back garden."

"Back garden?" Declan's brow furrowed as he realized something. "Who is it? Did they say?"

Liam lowered his voice. "You need to meet them yourself. They said they are friends of Tyler Shaw."

Declan quickly headed to the back garden when he heard those words.

A taxi came to a halt a mile away from the villa. The taxi was stopped by the security guards.

"Sir, you may not enter as this is private property. You need to turn right to return to the main road."

The taxi driver glanced back at his passenger and was about to speak when Wynter lowered the window. Her side profile was fair and delicate, and she spoke with a slow and gentle voice.

“Am I not allowed in?”

“Ms- Ms. Quinnell!” the guards stammered. “Of course, you are allowed in. It’s just that Mr. Quinnell

Senior, he...”

Chapter 965 Wynter the skilled actress

Wynter looked at the security guard. “What’s the matter with great uncle?”

The security guard fumbled for an excuse. “Nothing. L- Let me report your arrival.”

“There’s no need for such trouble.” Wynter glanced around while noting the numerous surveillance cameras. She decided to walk in openly since entering discreetly was impossible. “I’ll call my great uncle myself.”

The security guard quickly relented when he realized that letting Ms. Quinnell make that call would surely cost him his job. “No need for that! Please go ahead, I’ll open the gate right away!”

The security guard pressed the button of the gate. The taxi drove through while the driver was still stunned. “Young lady, so you’re a relative of the owner here? Who are we following then?”

“Spies,” Wynter replied casually.

The driver chuckled. “You have quite the sense of humor.” Wynter smiled faintly but said nothing.

Whitley suddenly grabbed onto Wynter’s wrist. “Something’s off about that house.”

Wynter didn't ask what he meant because she had noticed it too. She had checked this place before and found nothing unusual. But why was there an aura of resentment absorbing the Earth's energy now?

This great uncle of hers would really do anything for his own gain.

The taxi driver looked around. "Off? What's off about the house? It looks grand and magnificent."

Wynter's presence could neither be hidden nor could it be stopped. Her timing coincided with Declan being in the back garden, leaving only Liam in the front yard.

Liam had no idea how difficult it would be to deal with Wynter, who Declan spoke of so casually. Just because Declan could anticipate certain things didn't mean his butler could as well.

Liam's mind was filled with the idea of preventing Wynter from reaching the back garden. "Ms. Quinnell, what brings you here?" Liam feigned joy.

Wynter glanced at him and answered with a casual tone, "I came to see great uncle. I heard that some shareholders often come here for tea. I'm here to seek his advice as the company has been facing some difficulties recently."

Liam's eyes flashed with disdain as Wynter seemed no different from her father. They knew nothing and always turned to Declan for help.

Liam thought that the praises online must have been exaggerated. The company's recent improvements surely weren't Wynter's doing. It had to be the people behind the scenes.

"Mr. Quinnell is already asleep at this hour," Liam said pompously while glancing at his watch. "Ms. Quinnell, Mr. Quinnell has been having headaches lately. Perhaps you could come back tomorrow?"

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Great uncle isn't feeling well? Perfect timing: I studied medicine. I can take a

look at him."

Liam clenched his fists and felt speechless. He thought to himself that Wynter was a hick for not understanding basic etiquette and hints.

“Ms. Quinnell, that might not be appropri-

Before Liam could finish his sentence, a deep chuckle interrupted him.

“Wynter, is something wrong? Why do you need to see me so urgently?” It was Declan. He had just reached the back garden when he received the news that Wynter had come.

Declan had thought that Liam would be able to keep Wynter outside the villa, but she had somehow already made it inside.

Wynter turned her gaze to Declan. “The company’s matters are beyond me. Grandpa was so stubborn and

we just got into an argument.

“He said I didn’t understand anything, so I ran away from home. I was planning to head back to Southdale with my friend, but I saw this place and thought I’d stop by to see you.”

Wynter’s lies flowed effortlessly. Even Whitley was momentarily speechless after hearing it. Liam nodded slightly, as if validating Wynter’s story.

Chapter 966 Web of Lies

“Ms. Quinnell did indeed come by taxi.” This wasn’t normal, but after Wynter’s explanation, Liam finally understood that it was because she had run away from home.

A trace of surprise flickered in Declan’s eyes. He hadn’t expected this turn of events. Was he running from home? Even though Declan didn’t show it, he was suspicious of Wynter’s explanation.

“Your grandpa has always indulged all your wants, whether outrageous or impossible. Wynter, you should appreciate and understand your grandpa’s intentions. He means well.”

“Don’t I appreciate and understand him enough?” Wynter reclined on the sofa. “He wanted me to create an online persona, and so I did. Now, I’m burdened with all sorts of things that aren’t my responsibility every day.

“I’m a medical student, but he insists for me to manage the company. He also said that I would be easily criticized by others since I came from Southdale. He wants me to learn the manners of socialites because of that.”

Wynter tilted back slightly. “He doesn’t dare to show it to outsiders, but I know he looks down on me. He would always argue with me and won’t even let me make friends.”

Even Liam was bewildered after hearing Wynter’s words. However, Declan laughed indulgently.

“You have the temper of a child. How could your grandpa look down on you? Enough of this. Get prepared to go home. It’s late, and your grandpa will worry.”

With that, he raised his hands. “Let me call your grandpa first to inform him that you’re with me. Otherwise, he might worry and call the police. It’s late, and he might think that you’ve gotten kidnapped again.”

It was a test. Declan obviously didn’t believe Wynter and needed to confirm her lies in another way.

Wynter would lie without careful consideration. She wouldn’t have just given Albert one instruction when she called him.

Wynter knew she would meet Declan from the moment the spy’s car entered the main road leading up the hill.

Apart from Declan, this area was filled with other villas, including the Fentons and Winstons. But in the end, the bait entered Declan’s villa.

Declan’s phone call connected and he pretended to disagree with Fabian. “Why did you argue with Wynter? She is just a child. Can’t you talk calmly to her? She is in my place with a friend now. Quickly come and pick her up.”

“I won’t pick her up! She can do whatever she wants. She embarrassed me in front of so many people at the dining table.

“She doesn’t understand anything about social etiquette. Declan, you don’t have to advise me anymore. She is a huge disappointment just like her father. It has truly chilled my heart.”

The sigh that Fabian let out at the end sounded genuine. Declan knew his brother well and could sense that he was truly upset.

Declan felt like he had gone back to the year his nephew had run away from home. Shane was only about 15 then when he allowed his strong pride and ego to take over.

That was when Declan realized that not all of the members of the Quinnells were mature. They could be

valuable assets for him with proper guidance. After all, Shane had been a good pawn for so many years.

However, Declan needed a new pawn now that Shane had become useless. He knew that risks were involved in trying to use Wynter as a new pawn as he knew very little about her. Even so, Declan decided to approach and assess her slowly.

Declan hung up the phone and acted like a benevolent elder. “It’s fine not to go back now. Both you your grandpa need to calm down. We can discuss this tomorrow.

and

“Liam, get the staff in the kitchen to prepare some noodles.” He then turned to Wynter. I’m assuming from your grandpa’s words that you haven’t eaten.”

If one didn’t know the true colors of Declan, they’d think he was a kind elder. His refinement and warmth made it easy for Wynter to fail at detecting any malice for so long, even in her dreams.

Chapter 967 Wynter Moves In

Declan was very adept at hiding his intentions. He wouldn't have personally intervened in certain matters if it weren't for Shane's demise. He would have preferred to manipulate situations behind the scenes.

It was because of this that Wynter always felt like Declan had some hidden agendas. After all, everything seemed abnormal in this place. That was why she didn't immediately confront anyone, but instead proceeded gradually.

Declan acted naturally. "Wynter, don't be upset anymore. Have a warm meal with your friend first. By the way, who's this friend of yours?"

"He's from Southdale." Wynter pulled Whitley closer. "He's my younger brother from the alley. My grandpa doesn't like me associating with people from Southdale.

"Even Grandma was just phoning it in. She didn't let him stay with the Quinnells and he was only allowed to stay in the courtyard outside.

"Grandpa got so mad this time because of this friend of mine. He said that I never listen to him and that I've embarrassed him."

Declan didn't recognize the Savior. The people that were currently in the back garden would've recognized him if they weren't still healing from their wounds and waiting for Tyler.

It was safe to say that no one had any idea that Wynter would bring the Savior directly to them. It wasn't a move that most people would think of.

Liam walked over with the noodles and ordered the maids to prepare some side dishes to complement them. Whitley took a glance at Wynter, wondering if they should actually eat.

Wynter picked up her fork. Of course, they were going to eat. They needed to be well-fed before exterminating them.

Whitley was hungry, so as soon as he saw Wynter eating, he followed suit and practically buried his head in the noodles. Both of them devoured the noodles as if they hadn't eaten all day.

Liam couldn't help but sneer and looked down on them.

Declan on the other hand, felt more at ease. "You can rest upstairs when you're done eating. There are

rooms for both you and your friend."

That was precisely what Wynter had hoped to hear, but she had to continue with her act. "Great uncle. what did Grandpa say? Did he realize his mistakes?"

Declan laughed when he heard Wynter's question. "Your grandpa is a stubborn man, but you shouldn't blame him. He's under a lot of pressure with such a big company to manage."

*He may be under a lot of pressure, but he can't always demand me to do this and that. He should have known that I was an underachiever when he brought me back. I even bought some of my grades."

Wynter's words struck a chord with Liam. He had always

wondered how a bumpkin from a village could

outshine Ms. Naomi. It couldn't have been easy for Fabian to create an online persona for such a wastrel.

Declan took a sip of tea before saying with a meaningful tone, "The matters you handle are beyond your grandpa's control. It shows that our Wynter has talent."

"I think so too," Wynter pretended to enjoy being praised. "I was originally an art student, so why would Grandpa insist on making me an overachiever? It would be great if Grandpa had your mindset.

"Grandpa was always either demanding things from me or Albert" Wynter continued smoothly, "I feel

suffocated in that house."

After analyzing Shane, Wynter concluded that his collaboration with Declan hadn't just started in recent years. What kind of person would believe in their uncle more than their own father?

Other than some subtle influences and deliberate conditioning over time, it was simply a matter of his

mindset for useless trash like Shane.

He always blamed others. It was always someone else's fault and never his own. Wynter struggled to act like Shane, but she knew that Declan was a sucker for people like him.

"Being successful in art can also be promising. After all, you're already famous internationally."

There was a sudden commotion in the back garden just as Declan finished speaking.

Chapter 968 Wynter The Nemesis of Small-minded People

The noise that came from the back garden sounded like someone had been smashing something. From how loud the noise was, it was obvious that the person causing the chaos was furious.

Wynter stopped eating her noodles. She knew that she had to react appropriately given the current circumstances. "Great uncle, what's happening in the back garden?"

Declan glanced at Liam who was beside him. Liam immediately responded, "Nothing serious. The maids are undergoing some training due to their poor performance."

"Did someone steal something?" Wynter continued naturally.

Liam said while nodding, "Yes! That's right, Ms. Quinnell. Your guess is accurate!"

"Then they need to be punished properly." Wynter placed her fork down and wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Our family had a similar issue with Ms. Young. I wouldn't have been abducted if it weren't for her. "Great uncle, you can't be soft-hearted when dealing with disobedient maids. No matter how large the Quinnell family is, our fortune will be depleted if they collude with outsiders and steal from us.

“Some people are ingrates by nature. They won’t feel grateful even if you give them food and shelter. Instead, they repay you by biting the hand that feeds them.” Wynter fixed her gaze on Declan as she said that.

Wynter knew Declan was currently displeased even when his expression remained unchanged. Making him upset was precisely her intention.

Liam felt a flicker of anger that he couldn’t express given the current circumstances. “Ms. Quinnell, your words are-”

Wynter interrupted him, “Oh, I was just speaking from experience. Mr. Miller and great uncle, both of you must have heard about Naomi Quinnell.

“She constantly made things difficult for me and always aimed to replace me even when she was just a sponsee of my family.”

“Great uncle,” Wynter continued with her head held high and a serious expression, ‘don’t you think it’s shameless for her to behave like this when she eats and drinks at the Quinnells’ expense?’ This was akin to forcing Declan to admit his own shamelessness.

Declan’s hand tightened slightly under his sleeve as he forced a smile to avoid showing any unusual reaction, “Indeed.” He had to suppress a surge of frustration as he uttered the word.

Declan’s current priority was to leave and handle the situation in the back garden. He knew exactly what the noise was. Tyler Shaw must have returned.

Declan had to go over to the back garden first to prevent Wynter from overhearing any important information. Therefore, he had to swallow his pride and frustration for now.

“Wynter, you’re right. Some people should be dealt with swiftly if they aren’t useful. You should continue

eating. I will go check on things.” Declan walked towards the back garden leisurely right after saying that.

Liam bowed respectfully as Declan cast a meaningful glance at him before leaving.

Liam wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. He believed he could manage these two youngsters who came from the countryside.

Liam believed Wynter was far from formidable based on his own judgment of her emotional intelligence

and intellect.

Liam was sure that it was the lack of personal contact that had led to people mistakenly believing that she was impressive. After all, they had only encountered her at the family reunion banquet.

Seeing her current demeanor, it was clear that everything had been orchestrated by Mr. Quinnell Senior. "Ms. Quinnell," Liam couldn't help but speak up for Declan as he poured her some tea, "you shouldn't have said that just now."

by Wynter

raised an eyebrow. "Do you think that Naomi was right, Mr. Miller? Does Great Uncle think so too? But that household staff of hers was an accomplice to human traffickers."

Liam realized that the conversation was heading in a dangerous direction. It would have implied that Declan played a role in Wynter's abduction if he were to agree.

"Ms. Quinnell, that's not what I meant," Liam quickly set down the teapot and spoke earnestly. "Many people don't know about this, but Mr. Quinnell was actually adopted by the Quinells. Your words just now might have felt like a veiled accusation."

Chapter 969 Wynter's Scheme to Sow Discord was Successful

Wynter thought to herself that that was exactly what she was doing. She was indeed making a veiled accusation, but she pretended to be surprised.

"Great uncle was adopted? I've never heard Grandpa mention that! Grandpa doesn't treat him like an adopted brother at all."

“Mr. Quinnell Senior has always valued brotherhood deeply,” Liam responded instinctively. It was only after finishing his sentence that he realized he had complimented Fabian.

“Moreover, there’s a backstory to their bond. It was Mr. Quinnell who stood up and saved Mr. Quinnell Senior when the Quinnells were facing a crisis.”

Wynter was very skeptical about the backstory. She couldn’t believe that Declan would risk his life for anyone. After all, he had used the Quinnells to siphon off Earth’s energy to benefit Foplya. There had to be an underlying motive.

Her current curiosity stemmed from why Declan could gain the protection of the Quinnells’ ancestors if he wasn’t a true Quinnell. Something had to be wrong with this mansion. The problem didn’t seem to be the mansion itself, so something must have caused it.

Wynter tapped her fingers on the table. It was a habit she had when thinking.

Meanwhile, in the back garden, Tyler couldn’t suppress his fury no matter how hard he tried to lower his voice.

“You idiot! A dozen of us were wiped out by a single person, and you’re telling me that you still don’t know their identity?”

The wounded cultivator struggled to breathe steadily, “That person appeared too quickly. We didn’t even get the chance to react.

“I was in charge of the perimeters so I was far away and managed to escape. The others... The cultivator

spat out blood before continuing, “were all captured.”

Tyler grabbed the cultivator’s collar tightly. “By who?”

The cultivator shook his head. Tyler’s frustration deepened when he realized that he couldn’t get any useful information from the man.

Tyler tri

Declan saw this scene as he walked over. His eyes were cold. “So, your plan failed again?”

tried to salvage his dignity. “Capturing a Savior isn’t an easy task.”

“Tyler Shaw, I’m not deaf.” Declan was still rattled by the things Wynter had said earlier. “There’s a risk of being exposed now that your men have been captured!

“I’ve warned you countless times not to mess with things you shouldn’t in Cascadia. Did you listen? Not only was the Savior not captured, but your men were also sent to prison!

“Do you think the associated authorities are stupid? It’s only a matter of time before they figure out you’re

spies!”

Declan was genuinely anxious. He needed to secure a backup plan for himself. Whether it involved the stupidly naive girl in the front yard or the elaborate scheme he had spent years on with Albert, it was still better than the risks he had to take now.

“Tyler, take your men and leave my place immediately,” Declan lowered his eyes and demanded with a firm and authoritative tone.

Tyler narrowed his eyes like a venomous snake and threatened, “Are you sure about this, Mr. Quinnell Senior? Are you defying the master’s order?”

“I’ll talk to the master myself.” Declan took a glance at Tyler. “This will be the last time we contact each other. Do you think the master would be pleased if we got exposed because of you? Besides, why is he the only one who escaped?”

Declan had always been suspicious and skeptical. “Are you sure he is capable? Are you sure no one had followed him?” The mere possibility of it made him want to check the surveillance footage immediately.

“Mr. Quinnell Senior, I took a roundabout route to get here! I came here to relay the message! I’m certain no one followed me!” The wounded cultivator didn’t think his current appearance would draw any

attention.

Chapter 970 Looking down on Wynter Playing a long game for a big catch

Tyler firmly believed that the individuals they had meticulously cultivated would remain absolutely loyal

to their empire.

The cultivators had been given all the necessary connections and assistance for their future. Even if they weren’t Foplyans, Tyler couldn’t imagine anyone passing up such an excellent opportunity. More importantly, the cultivators were all personally selected by the Saintess.

Tyler stood in front of the wounded cultivator and looked at Declan. His voice was dreary as he said, “I hope you won’t regret this decision, Mr. Quinnell Senior.”

Declan gestured for Tyler to leave. Tyler said no more, but he knew he needed to report back and await further instructions given the significant losses they had suffered today.

Everything was about gains and benefits for someone like Declan. All his relationships naturally dissolved when there weren’t any benefits for him to gain.

Wynter never spoke without careful consideration. She suggested going for a walk after finishing her

noodles.

Liam didn't take Wynter too seriously. She could go anywhere she wanted as long as she didn't head to the back garden.

Wynter chose to walk around the only exit. She deliberately left Whitley behind to prevent any information about him from leaking out.

The wounded cultivator Wynter had released as bait was responsible for the perimeters. She was confident that he wouldn't have seen her.

Coincidentally, Wynter ran into Tyler and the wounded cultivator when they were walking out.

Liam panicked at the sight and tried to come up with an explanation. However, Wynter spoke before Liam could even think of an excuse. "Are these the maids who were stealing?"

"Yes," Liam went along with Wynter. "It seems that Mr. Quinnell has decided to fire them."

Tyler clenched his fist beside him tightly when he recognized Wynter. Declan, that old geezer. He didn't mention anything about Ms. Quinnell, who had been giving them so much trouble recently by being here.

Both the master and the saintess had warned them that Wynter jinxed them. Declan had to be getting

senile!

Considering that it would not benefit him to get into a conflict with Wynter now, Tyler had decided to just leave quietly.

The saintess wanted Wynter's body, and Tyler would ensure it was brought back to the saintess the next time he saw Wynter again.

Wynter had picked up on something suspicious despite Tyler's attempt to mask his thoughts.

Wynter glanced at him nonchalantly and said in a calm tone, “That’s a great decision. A disloyal dog is the

most dangerous.”

Tyler had never been insulted like that. His lowered eyes gathered an unprecedented killing intent. How dare this bitch call him a dog!

Knowing that taking any action now would expose him, Tyler could only clench his fist. But when he returned, he vowed to make Wynter pay the price.

Disrupting the plan that the higher-ups had would be foolish. Since that old geezer Declan refused to cooperate, they would just abandon this pawn!

Tyler’s resentment toward the Quinnells peaked. As he left, he gave Wynter a final look. His eyes were

filled with venom and calculation.

Tyler thought that he had acted well. He believed that Wynter’s disdainful attitude meant she hadn’t seen him through. In reality, Wynter had noted his peculiar gait and had memorized his face.

Wynter’s skills in criminal investigation had always been top-notch. Furthermore, individuals with poor sketching skills could become top designers.

Wynter’s strategy to sow discord had worked. She only needed to relay Tyler’s appearance and his manner of walking to the Special Unit now. That would put them in a position to take control.

Wynter had no intention of capturing Tyler immediately. That wouldn’t result in any significant results. With spies deeply infiltrated in every aspect, they needed to find the source.