

## Six Brothers 971

### Chapter 971 Wynter Is Finally Taking Action

Wynter knew she had to wait for the mastermind to make their move before revealing her full strength she acted too soon, the enemy might still have backup plans.

If

Even now, the origin of the wooden doll was still unclear. Wynter was worried that there were too many carriers and that the resentment was too strong. Some of them may have escaped and some had been

chosen. For instance, the Wilson family.

Wynter didn't believe these incidents were random. The problem she just thought of reminded her of the Earthbound Formation she had once entered.

The Foplyans had attempted to infiltrate the school in hopes of influencing the younger generations. They

might have been employing similar tactics this time, just more discreetly now.

She had to take this issue more seriously now given that these matters were tied to the Earth's energy.

Wynter planned to inform Lucas, who was coming back to Kingbourne, about the current issues. She had to alert Mt. Dragon as well. From the clues that she had gotten so far, it was clear that there were internal

issues within their rank.

Wynter retracted her gaze. Her demeanor was completely normal. It was as if she was just taking a leisure stroll after a meal. Only Whitley, who was resting in the room, understood her true intentions.

From now on, she was the only cultivator left in the mansion. This would mean that she was the only one who could feel Whitley's aura. Not only could she hide his whereabouts, but this also made it easier for

her to act.

Sure enough, the first thing she asked when she went upstairs was, "Any sign of the aura I told you about?"

Whitley shook his head but added, "It's strange though. I feel your aura here."

"Mine?" Wynter was taken aback. She was sure she had never been in this place before. How was it possible for her aura to be here?

"Yours," Whitley affirmed.

Wynter frowned. She trusted the Savior and Ancient Beasts' abilities to detect auras. Wolf represented the ominous energy while Whitley represented the auspicious energy.

However, she was currently more concerned about locating Wolf. "What about the scent I asked you to follow? Is it gone?"

Whitley thought for a moment. "It's still around, but very distant. It's probably up in the mountains."

"Distant? How distant are we talking about?" Wynter found the situation increasingly peculiar.

Whitley closed his eyes to concentrate. "Not in Kingbourne. The place feels very peaceful."

Whitley felt his thoughts becoming jumbled up and he felt a little dazed as he recognized how familiar that place felt. It was as if he had been there multiple times, and he wondered where that place could be.

Wynter noticed that Whitley's current condition was very similar to Wolf's

Wynter had a bold guess. Was it possible that, as long as they were from ancient times, both Saviors and Ancient Beasts had experienced the great calamity described in “The Odyssey?”

Was that why they appeared in their current form now? That could also explain their fragmented memory.

Having thought this much, Wynter looked at Whitley and asked, “Do you know what you are? Specifically?”

“Me?” Whitley was smart. He could very quickly understand Wynter’s question. “I suspect I’m a turtle.”

Wynter raised her eyebrows. “Kraken?”

Whitley nodded. “Possible. I enjoy being in the water. It makes me feel safe. The constant rain recend has made me feel very comfortable.”

“Do you remember the boy that was with you in the garbage heap? What do you think he is?” Wynter glanced at Whitley curiously.

Whitley took a guess. “A glutton? He could never stop eating. He eats everything and anything he can find.

“It seems that your perception may not be entirely accurate either,” Wynter said as she stood up, her eyes pale. “Albert is here. He will distract that old geezer. You and I will go and see what’s in the back garden.” Wynter suspected there was more to the place than the cultivator.

Chapter 972 It’s Also Problematic To Have Too Good of a Fortune

The night grew darker.

At first glance, the back garden seemed perfectly normal. At the very least, it appeared ideal from a fortune-telling perspective. It was said that a house facing south with its back to the north would attract

positive energy.

However, it was this seemingly perfect setup that masked a significant flaw.

Every piece of land has its own unique fortune. In this world, it was not just humans that had souls. Every plant and tree had a spirit too.

People often said that nature was the fairest judge as it would distribute what was deserved to each person. Hence, that was the reason for the saying that you would receive what you give.

The layout in this back garden had precisely disrupted this balance. Although the fortune of this house was good, it blocked the wind from the east. That would mean that the fortune of the entire villa community would not be able to rise and would remain stuck.

Wynter carefully surveyed the surroundings. She knew there were surveillance cameras, but had to hack the main system herself now that Wolf wasn't around.

The footage displayed in the security room now was of the previous night.

As for Declan, his attention was currently entirely focused on Albert. For him, nothing was more important than finding a new valuable puppet.

Declan had underestimated Wynter, and Liam even more so. Liam assumed that Wynter was only interested in leisure.

His assumptions were evident from Wynter ordering several bottles of wine and playing loud video games. She would also constantly demand snacks. Outsiders would assume that Wynter was the actual heiress, not just a guest.

“Mr. Miller, what’s going on?” Albert, who was downstairs, timely asked. “You’ve been going upstairs a lot. Is something wrong with Wolcott?”

Liam scoffed. “It’s not Mr. Jones. If only it was him. It’s Ms. Quinnell. Frankly, Sir Quinnell, you and this Ms. Quinnell...”

“Liam!” Declan stopped pouring his tea, anger evident on his face. “Who gave you the permission to discuss Wynter?”

Liam was visibly frightened and immediately fell silent. He had been so frustrated today that he forgot his place.

Albert turned his gaze to Declan. When Wynter first confided in him

, he was indeed somewhat skeptical. Could the great uncle who had always loved them like his own children really be the mastermind behind

all this?

Even now, Albert could only see the indulgence in his great uncle’s face when it came to Wynter. But appearances could be deceiving.

If a servant dared speak ill of Wynter, it spoke volumes about how the master usually conducted himself.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Quinnell. My bad. I was just concerned about Ms. Quinnell’s eating habits. It’s also quite

late now.” Liam found an excuse.

Jolene, with her usual tact, stepped in as a mediator. “It is indeed getting late. Al, it’s easy for Wynter to suffer from indigestion if she eats like this.

“From my previous interactions with her, she doesn’t seem like the type to keep the butler busy all the time.” Jolene’s words prompted a glance from Declan.

Albert replied coldly, “She argued with Grandpa. I didn’t even know she came to great uncle. She has been quite stubborn lately. She used to listen to us. But recently...

Albert’s tone was unable to mask his disappointment.” She’s a bit difficult to figure out.”

Jolene as the “beacon of purity” surely had to show her compassionate side at this moment. “I’ll talk to Wynter tomorrow. Girls her age are sensitive and tend to overthink.

“I might understand her better since both she and I come from humble backgrounds. Perhaps Mr. Quinnell Senior has been pushing her too hard.”

“I told Grandpa the same thing. I told him that once Wynter’s set in her ways, forcing her to do things she’s not good at won’t help. But Grandpa wouldn’t listen.”

Chapter 973 Albert Sees Through the Deception.

Albert sighed deeply. “Alright. Let’s stop talking about Wynter. Let’s discuss our own matter.”

Albert went to great lengths to play along with his sister’s charades. He was doing things he wouldn’t

have done in normal circumstances.

“Great uncle, Grandpa always had issues with Jolene. You are the only one who can persuade him and

that stubborn nature of his.”

Albert decided against holding Jolene’s hands after some thought. Instead, he only looked at Declan and

said, “I want to marry Jolene.”

Jolene was

so thrilled her heart nearly leaped out of her chest. She almost couldn’t hide the money-hungry gleam in her eyes.

“Al, you finally... Jolene forcibly changed her tone when she noticed Declan’s warning gaze.

“It will only strain your relationship with Grandpa further if you bring up marriage now. Al, I can wait for you. Don’t let me be the cause of a conflict between you and Grandpa.”

Albert looked at Jolene deeply. “This isn’t for you. It’s for myself.” However, Albert didn’t say that sentence aloud. He was grateful to Wynter for allowing him to see through all the deception.

Declan had always cared for them since they were young. Whenever Fabian was strict with them, it had always been him who pleaded on their behalf.

Albert still remembered the time he almost drowned at the beach. It was Declan who saved him. Ever since then, Albert had always regarded Declan as a hero in his heart.

But now, seeing the silent exchange between Declan and Jolene, Albert was completely disillusioned. There was no need to make excuses for him anymore.

The truth was just as Wynter had said. The two not only knew each other but had even conspired to drive a wedge between Declan and Fabian to manipulate him. It was all an act from the start.

After some reflection, Albert realized that the deeper the love, the stronger the admonishment. Fabian’s tough love was meant to instill discipline. Too much coddling would have spoiled them.

Albert finally understood that Declan’s action was slowly and subtly rendering them useless. After all that, they still had to feel grateful to him. It was truly a cunning strategy.

Albert maintained a facade of calm and even gentleness. He was aware that Wynter’s schemes were not

over yet.

This convinced Jolene that Albert truly loved her. She believed she had him wrapped around her fingers. Why was Mr. Quinnell Senior even giving her so much pressure back then? The outcome of their schemes seemed quite obvious now.

“Al,” Jolene said tearfully, “I shouldn’t have left you for my studies. I was too insecure and arrogant back

then.”

Albert lowered his gaze. He did not want to look at Jolene at all. His voice was heavy as he said, “It’s not your fault.”

Albert blamed himself for being so blind and overly attached to the past.

If his actions had caused Fabian to be unable to find peace during his illness, or if his brothers met tragic ends, or if Wynter died without anyone to claim her body, Albert would never be able to forgive himself. Albert was thankful Wynter had revealed the truth to him..

Albert kept his emotions hidden. Declan felt reassured as he listened to Albert and Jolene’s conversation.

There was a limit to how much a brother indulged his sister. If she was beyond saving, he would eventually give up.

The recent unexpected events had made Declan doubt, but now everything seemed to be going according to his plan. Albert seeking his intervention was the first sign of success.

“Albert, you know me. Normally, I wouldn’t have interfered with your grandpa’s decisions. But I’ve watched you grow up and I understand you’re sentimental. You would be unhappy for the rest of your life if you were to be forced into a marriage against your will.”

Chapter 974 Still Putting on the Act Wynter has Already Made her Move

Declan put down his teacup and said as if he had made an important decision, “I’ll talk to your grandpa. But you need to keep calm and avoid confronting him directly. You should pay more attention to his health. It’s been tough for him these years.”

“Wynter has just been brought back recently, and there are many matters both at home and outside to handle,” Declan continued casually. “Some shareholders still think Wynter is too young and can’t handle

things.”

“You know those uncles of yours. They’ve spent many years navigating the business world. Do you think they would respect Wynter? I doubt it.” Declan sighed, “Your grandpa must be worried about this too.

“I also want to ask him why he chose to hand over the massive enterprise of the Quinnells to Wynter

instead of you.”

Declan patted Albert on the shoulder. “I know it hasn’t been easy for you to be abroad for so many years. You and I are both the most suitable candidates in the Quinnells when it

comes to business.

“Putting aside whether you want to lead the Quinnell Group or not, there are so many employees in the group. If everything were handed over to Wynter, she would be overwhelmed. She’s still just a child.”

On the surface, his words seemed to be for the greater good. But in reality, he was stirring up conflict

between the Quinnell siblings.

It was just as he had subtly instigated with Shane before. However, he had overlooked the fact that Albert and Shane were vastly different.

Since Albert could remember, his mother had been pregnant with twins. She would ask him what he wanted to be when he grew up when she paid attention to him.

Young Albert only had one wish—he wanted to earn money to support his younger siblings. When Wynter was born, she was an adorable rascal who would giggle whenever they came home.

Albert felt he needed to make money so his siblings wouldn’t be bullied.

Albert enjoyed running the company because it allowed his younger brothers to pursue their interests.

For instance, Albert thought it was great that Tobias loved singing and dancing. Not only was their family wealthy, but they also had him, their eldest brother, to rely on.

Now, here was Declan telling him all these negative things about his sister, trying to manipulate him. Albert inwardly scoffed. No amount of money or power mattered to him more than the health of his

siblings.

Declan assumed his words had sunk in when he noticed how silent Albert was.

Declan felt confident that everything was under control and that success was certain when he thought Albert had already begun to contemplate. Moreover, he still had a secret ace up his sleeve.

There were some things so ancient and hidden that even the medium couldn't detect them. Perhaps if

the medium had visited Declan, he might have seen through it. But in all these years, the medium had refused to see him. Only the Foplyans had

Declan had stumbled upon this "ace" by chance. As long as he carried the Quinnell's name, he believed

nothing could go wrong.

What Declan didn't know was that Wynter, whom he had overlooked, had already gone to the back garden

He also didn't know that she was well-versed in Arcane Way, and could perceive subtle things that ordinary cultivators couldn't.

Moreover, Wynter still had a Savior accompanying her. It was a matter of time before she found the key to the geomantic layout

“The issue lies with the fish pond.” Wynter raised her eyebrows. “The thing is not here. It’s at the water

source.”

Whitley nodded in agreement. Wealthy people often created landscapes in their yards. But the view wasn’t just for aesthetics, they also carried symbolic meanings.

#### Chapter 975 Entering the Earthbound Formation Again

The saying went that if one had water in their landscapes, one should also have a way to allow the gathering of energy. This applied to anything with water, like water wheels or rockeries. The circulation of water had to be maintained.

Wynter looked inside the fish pond, where three ornamental carp were kept. These carps symbolized the scenery of fish leaping over the dragon gate, which seemed fine at first glance.

But as Wynter looked further, things seemed suspicious. Wherever the water flowed, it carried a sense of protection with it.

Wynter raised her gaze toward the outside of the enclosure. She propped her right leg against a tree trunk, and with a swift movement of her waist chain, she found herself standing on the wall. Her movements displayed professional maneuvers.

The chain came with a safety cut-off device. She looked down at Whitley. “Follow me.”

Follow her? The Savior, famous as it was, couldn’t scale the wall that quickly. Whitley was stunned by the sight before him when he managed to land outside the enclosure.

It was a malicious formation. Not only was it blocking the fortune of the whole area, but it also redirected the turbid elsewhere.

It meant that the consequences of the evil deeds by Declan were borne by another person, and this person was none other than Fabian.

As Wynter's sight followed the direction of the formation, her gaze darkened even further.

Generally, there were a few rules to follow to receive ancestral protection. One needed to be listed in the family genealogy, and the ancestor's tablet had to be presented.

This wasn't the Quinnell family memorial hall, so how did Declan enjoy such strong protection?

"That stone doesn't look right." Whitley pointed at the bluestone that was on the formation. He repeated what he said previously, "It carries your aura, and... the aura of the dead."

The aura of the dead? After death, people transformed into unborn souls, leaving behind certain signs. However, Wynter couldn't detect any signs of any unborn souls here. It seemed that the Savior was indeed useful:

"I feel very uneasy." Whitley's face paled. Wynter kicked the bluestone away without hesitation after hearing Whitley's words.

Whitley wondered to himself. Shouldn't Wynter have stopped her actions if he was feeling uneasy?

Efficiency was key for Wynter. Regardless of what came next, she couldn't let anyone harm her grandpa. like this.

As the bluestone moved, the sky immediately darkened.

While others might not have grasped what was happening, Wynter was sensitive enough to notice the

change in her surroundings. She had entered a formation again—the Earthbound Formation.

What kind of formation would be related to both Wynter and the ancestral protection of the Quinnell family? Wynter didn't let her guard down. This formation was clearly different from the others.

There were no souls guiding them, nor any physical items. To break the formation, Wynter had to either

find the formation master or the object carrying the formation master's last wishes.

Wynter looked around at the empty space while Whitley wore a bewildered expression. He was trying to figure out where he was and what this place was.

Whitley was still confused when a distant sound of gunfire echoed.

“Why is

there gunfire?” It was obvious that Whitley had never entered a formation before.

Wynter, who was accustomed to such situations, quickly pushed Whitley aside. There were loud explosions heard as fighter jets flew overhead, dropping bombs.

Thankfully, Wynter's push came in time. Otherwise, Whitley, a Savior or not, wouldn't be anything more than the corpse of a cute little animal.

Though calmer than most, Whitley was still confused. “Normally, I wouldn't have touched these switches.

on my own.”

Whitley was a Savior, after all. He still managed to win in the lottery, though it was always the small prizes. Carl had always advised him against buying lottery tickets constantly.

For dangers like this, Whitley usually sensed them in advance and avoided them.

Wynter stood up and brushed off the dirt from her clothes. She said casually, “You'll have to get used to it. Since you've recognized me as your boss, you'll encounter many such situations in the future.”

Just as Wynter said that, a sudden urgency echoed in her ears. “Oh my god! What’s happening over there....”

#### Chapter 976 The Travelers Besides Wynter

“Why are there two more people over there?” A voice shouted loudly amidst the sound of artillery.

“Stay hidden! I’ll go check it out!”

Wynter turned toward the voice and saw a male soldier, his face covered in ashes. He quickly dragged both Wynter and Whitley away.

“Quick! The enemy might launch another cover!”

und of bombardment at any moment. Come with me and take

The soldier pulled them forcefully. He was afraid that these two children might not make it out alive if he didn’t.

Wynter didn’t resist. In fact, she had managed to grab a sniper rifle from the ground as the soldier dragged her along.

This place clearly had just seen the end of a battle, and the distant sounds of gunfire indicated a possible second wave of attack.

Wynter had to quickly find the formation master or the object forming the Earthbound Formation. Those were the only ways to eliminate the remnant thoughts and break free from this formation.

The soil around the trenches was crumbling as fighter jets roared overhead. Just as they were about to be hit, the male soldier pushed them aside in the nick of time.

The explosion nearly left Wynter temporarily deafened. She patted her right ear and saw that Whitley’s

face was also covered in dirt.

As they walked further, they entered a place that seemed like a shelter. In reality, it was just a chicken

coop.

Whitley was still puzzled when the male soldier moved aside some haystacks, revealing a path down for them. It was similar to the experiences of escape rooms where the players would enter an underground

area via a ladder.

The further they went, the darker and more spacious it became.

Wynter was still observing. She hadn't gotten a chance to speak when the male soldier lit a torch on the wall. More people in combat uniforms rushed out.

"Mr. Savidge, are you hurt?"

"No." Presley Savidge wiped his face with a white cloth. "The enemy's counterattacks are regular. Get the chief of staff. Also, make some arrangements for them."

A very young soldier straightened up and saluted. He turned to Wynter and Whitley. "Comrades, come

with me.

Presley thought Wynter was afraid. "Go with him. It will be alright. We are all soldiers, Zayden here is around your age."

"I'm not as educated as they are." Zayden Mullins scratched the back of his head shyly. "But young lady, your clothes are similar to theirs. Maybe one of the people inside is from your hometown!"

Wynter raised an eyebrow when she heard Zayden's words. "Our clothes are similar?" Did that mean there were others besides her?

"Yes, but one of them is wearing a traditional Foplyanese outfit. We used to suspect she was an enemy spy, but she insisted she wasn't and kept crying. The other three from your hometown wouldn't eat or drink.

"The chief of staff heard they're all highly educated students. It would be a great loss to our country if anything were to happen to them," Zayden explained as they walked.

They had to duck while passing through underground thresholds. Wynter and Whitley listened to Zayden intently.

No matter how clever Whitley was, he couldn't hide his innocence. He blurted out, "Boss, are there others who traveled here like us?"

"Traveled here? What do you mean by that?" Zayden turned back when he heard Whitley.

Wynter handed Zayden the sniper rifle she had picked up from outside. "I'll explain later. This suits you

better."

Upon hearing this, Zayden's dark eyes lit up. Which male soldier wouldn't like to have a gun in hand? It helped them feel more safe and secure.

One of the chiefs had said he was too young and only allowed him to stay underground. He was only allowed to go on an ambush when absolutely necessary.

Chapter 977 More Travelers From the Future

Not only did Zayden have a gun now, but it was also the most advanced model. Zayden excitedly exclaimed, "This is the enemy's sniper rifle. It has excellent accuracy and is said to be equipped with night-time silencing and infrared capabilities.

"I don't really understand any of it. But... this was the gun that injured the chief of staff last time!"

Zayden's excitement waned slightly when he said that. "Luckily, the chief of staff dodged just in time. He only hurt his arm. Young lady, where did you get this gun from?"

"I picked it up from outside just now. I was thinking that it might be useful for us."

Wynter was part of the Special Unit and had carried out border missions. Hence, her understanding of firearms was exceptional. This was thanks to her photographic memory as well.

Zayden had to confirm with Wynter again, "You are really giving this to me?"

"Those calluses on your hands prove that you've trained a

." Wynter looked at Zayden and smiled.

"A

good sniper is crucial to any team, but not everyone can be one.

"Your breathing is steady despite your outgoing personality. You have the potential to be an excellent

sniper."

Other than the chief of staff, Zayden had never told anyone about his desire to be a sniper. This was because he was never quick enough when shooting.

Compared to the others in his unit, he was younger and often lagged behind.

Zayden thought about how great it would be if, one day, he could take out the enemy commander from afar with a single shot. Then, they could achieve victory sooner and reclaim all the lost land.

"I'll do my best!" Zayden saluted before feeling shy again. "Young lady, here we are."

It was obvious that the room was a resting area, and Wynter could hear the sound of crying from within.

“But comrade, I didn’t say an

Chapter 978 You’re Not Any Better Than Traitors

“What are you saying?” Kristina glared at him. “Jairo, stop talking if you don’t remember anything.

Jairo realized that it was inappropriate to talk like this given the situation. He quickly changed his tone.” We’ll win! We’ll definitely win! And we’ll win spectacularly!”

“Exactly! Foplya surrendered voluntarily. I remember that clearly!” Kristina said enthusiastically.

Myla’s eyes lit up upon hearing this, and she immediately asked, “Really? Foplya surrendered voluntarily? It’s 1940 now. Will they surrender this year?”

“Yes! I think?” They realized how little knowledge they had when they actually needed it. They were genuinely unsure about it.

Phoebe Boyd, the student in a traditional Foplyanese outfit, still remembered a little. “It definitely wasn’t this year. Let me think about it.” Upon hearing that, the hope in Myla’s eyes began to fade.

Zayden couldn’t stand it anymore and stepped in. His tone was harsh, “How can you not remember? This is such an important event for us! I- I-” Tears were welling up in his eyes.

Myla patted him. “Don’t make it hard for the civilians.”

“The chief of staff said that people who go to college are all knowledgeable. They should know everything. Myla, why don’t they know anything!”

Upon hearing this, another male student, Nico Reid, got angry. “Why should we remember such things so clearly? Come on, what era is it now? Can you stop spreading anxiety?”

“We’re already exhausted from our thesis project. Do we really have to remember things from so long ago? Bro, this is a time of peace, okay? This is so lame.”

Zayden had trouble understanding Nico's words. Many of the young soldiers at the time were from rural

villages.

They were often orphans who were rescued by the army. Some of them dreamed of wearing the uniform and had fervent and sincere dedication since young.

"What do you mean?" Zayden asked.

Nico Reid shouted, "Help! Let me go back! I can't communicate with you guys. Don't impose your stuff on us. We're already under a lot of pressure, okay? You-"

A sharp, snapping sound was heard. Before Nico could finish, Wynter gave him a hard slap. The sharp sound echoed underground, resonating so intensely that it felt as if their faces were stinging from the

reverberation.

era's

"Who the fuck do you think you are? How dare you bark around here?" Wynter lifted Nico by his collar as she said that. Her eyes were icy cold.

"They are the reason you can safely attend your university, sleep, and play games in your dorm without worrying about a bullet hitting your clueless head one day! They bought your safety with their blood!"

Nico was stunned and his face was starting to swell. He clenched his fist, ready to punch her back when

he regained his senses.

Myla tried to intervene, fearing they might start a fight. But before Myla had a chance to intervene, Wynter caught Nico's fist. She squeezed his fist hard, causing Nico to involuntarily lower himself in pain.

"Times have indeed changed." Wynter stood there, looking down at Nico with a faint, mocking expression.

"I might have overestimated you. You're just a loafer who doesn't even attend classes properly, cramming at the last minute to avoid failing.

"You have tattoos on your arms and reek of alcohol. What's the matter? Can't pay off your loans and feel the pressure now?"

"If you can't speak properly, then shut up." Wynter's eyes were as dark as impenetrable fog. "You learned a couple of foreign phrases and got so proud that you forgot who your ancestors were. Who are you to show off here like this?"

The other students could see that Nico was truly in pain.

Chapter 979 The Forgotten Battle In 1940

The people next to Wynter pleaded, "Miss, please let Nico go. He's just got a foul mouth. He doesn't mean any harm!"

"Oh?" Wynter raised an eyebrow. "The way someone speaks reflexively is the truest reflection of their inner thoughts. I don't care if he means harm or not. If he keeps running his mouth before you guys get to return, I'll make sure he stays here forever."

It was then that the students noticed that Wynter's attire clearly didn't belong to this era!

"Those shoes! Oh my god! Are they limited edition?" Phoebe exclaimed in surprise. Even in this situation, Phoebe was more concerned about whether the shoes were limited edition or not.

Wynter didn't expect everyone to have the same values. Otherwise, there wouldn't be so many twisted criminals or people proud to be homewreckers in this world.

However, Wynter genuinely despised this type of behavior. Her gaze swept over to Phoebe. “Your makeup style is very popular with the Foplyans. I could send you over to them and buy us some time.”

Phoebe’s face turned pale instantly. “Miss, you are just like us. We’re all from the future, aren’t we? You should understand that it’s just clothes. We have freedom and democracy in this regard.”

Wynter’s voice was cold. “It’s not about what you wear. I despise you as a person. Making someone disappear here is very easy.”

For a moment, both Phoebe and Nico felt a chill run down their spines. They had a gut feeling wasn’t just making empty threats.

Inter

And why was Wynter so calm, despite also being a time traveler? Her skills were so incredible that it didn’t seem normal. She seemed about their age, maybe even younger.

“How can you be so cruel? We’re all from the future!” Phoebe cried out. She looked up at Myla for help. Ms. Cote, she shouldn’t be doing this, right?”

Myla frowned at the scene. Zayden was so worried that Myla might misunderstand Wynter, whom he just brought in, that he was red with anger.

Wynter, despite the current situation, just smiled. “Miss, let me be clear. I’ve dealt with so many pretentious people that they could form a circle around your livestream.”

“You know me?” Phoebe’s eyes widened.

Wynter looked at Phoebe. “People like you are hardly worth saving to me. But as long as you’re here, the soldiers will protect you.”

Wynter included Nico as she spoke. “I won’t harm you guys to avoid distracting them, that is if as long as you keep your blabbering mouth shut and stop acting so pretentious”

Wynter leaned closer to Phoebe. “Otherwise, both of you can forget about going back for the rest of your

liver

”

Phoebe started trembling with fear. She fell silent and was no longer crying. Nico was still in pain, and his eyes were filled with fear as he looked at Wynter.

Jairo tried to mediate the situation. His tone was respectful. “Miss, they were indeed wrong, and their mindset definitely needs adjustment. But we just woke up here and are still in shock. We still need time to process everything.

“We nearly had our ears blown off. We must unite for now.” Jairo smiled. “We should stand united and work together.”

“Exactly.” Kristina chimed in, clearly worried. “I really hate myself for not remembering more clearly! 1940. What battle was happening in 1940 again?”

Wynter followed up in response to Kristina’s question, “The Great Regiments War. After this victory, our

longer just defending, but taking the country gained significant international recognition. We were no longer just defending, but taking the

offense.

“Our victory showed all other nations that our great Cascadia is neither afraid nor intimidated. Dare not trample upon Cascadia again, for we are not to be trifled with!”

Chapter 980 Their Endured Hardship in Exchange of the Best for Us

Myla couldn’t hide her excitement after hearing Wynter’s words. “Comrade, is everything you said true?” Myla couldn’t help but confirm it again.

Wynter nodded. “It’s true. They arrived before me. I’m assuming they have told you about future events already.”

“Yes, yes. Kristina mentioned that Cascadia will have airplanes and cannons more advanced than those outside our country in the future.” Myla laughed. “When our entire unit first saw these students, we were all a bit slow to react.

“We couldn’t understand some of the things they said. Something about a mouse and a notebook, or going online? They said they time-traveled when they were online. It was all Greek to me.

“Their attire and appearance indeed look foreign. I initially thought they had returned from studying abroad.

“When they said they came from the future, we all thought their heads were muddled from the bomb blasts.

“I talked with them before you came. Even now, I find all this so unbelievable. People can really come from the future!” Myla handed over a sweet potato to Wynter.

“I got a bit impatient earlier. I didn’t mean to make things difficult for these kids. Comrade, since you know so much, could you tell me more about the details of this battle? I want to prepare the chief of staff better.”

Wynter glanced at the sweet potato and Myla’s cracked lips. “This offensive campaign is massive, with over 1,800 battles of various scales. As for the details, are we currently facing shortages of water and

food?”

“It’s more than just lacking those. The hardest part is the lack of antibiotics,” Myla sighed as she wiped the sweet potato with her sleeve. “Comrade, please have a few bites. I’m not sure how to send you back, but I don’t want you to go hungry.”

Myla wasn’t just like that toward Wynter. On the makeshift table covered with newspapers, there were also several boxes of canned foods that the soldiers managed to seize.

Because they came from the future, which symbolized infinite hope, and were students, these soldiers

would still give them the best despite not having enough to eat themselves. Yet, there were still some who didn't appreciate it!

Wynter glanced at Nico, who was huddled in the corner before turning to Myla. "I'm not hungry. You guys should eat. The antibiotic issue can be resolved easily. As for them, they're not hungry either." Wynter

picked up the canned food from the table as she said that.

Phoebe muttered, "Who says we're not hungry?"

Wynter ignored Phoebe for now. She planned to address it later.

"Take these back with you. I'll talk to them later about their majors. I'm a medical student. So, feel free to bring any patients to me."

"As for antibiotics..." Wynter thought for a moment. "I see a mountain not far from here. I'll figure out a way to gather some useful herbs tonight."

Myla didn't know how to express her emotions at this point. She simply held Wynter's hand tightly, repeatedly calling her "Comrade".

"Don't worry. Together, we can solve everything," Wynter patted Myla's shoulder.

Myla was actually in her 40s. She lacked proper nutrition, but she had bright eyes. Just as she was about to say something more, the sound of gunfire from outside interrupted them.

"I have to go. Zayden, tell the chief of staff what our comrade said." Myla moved swiftly. She adjusted her military cap and secured her gun at her waist.

Myla seemed reluctant to leave, and her eyes were fixed on Wynter. She wanted to say more but

hesitated...