

Six Brothers 981

Chapter 981 Wynter Calmed the Heroic Spirits

In fact, it wasn't so much that Myla was looking at Wynter, but rather through her. Myla could see the future they had been fighting for all along through Wynter.

With a heart attuned to Heaven and Earth, they strived to uplift the lives of all, carrying on the wisdom of the past, and ushering in an era of enduring peace and prosperity. As long as the new Cascadia hadn't

arrived, Myla wouldn't give up.

Originally, Myla felt a bit disheartened. It wasn't so much about whether people of the future would remember them or not.

It was the worry that the youths, whom the mentors had high hopes for, might have become complacent

and reliant on others.

Was this the future? Were they still being bullied? This would have made her upset. But seeing Wynter now, Myla understood that the youths of the future were doing just fine.

They had better lives, they were more educated, more capable, and more knowledgeable. They carried an unwavering confidence in Cascadia.

Seeing that they dressed well, had enough to eat, and everyone had the opportunity to study was more than enough for Myla. A pair of dimples appeared as she smiled. The future was truly wonderful.

Wynter could understand the meaning behind Myla's gaze. Just before Myla left, Wynter blurted out, "August 15, 1945. That's the day Foplya announced their unconditional surrender.

“There are still five years to go. It’s now the latter half of 1940. In less than ten days, we will soon achieve a great victory in this battle.”

“Five more years...” Myla lowered her eyes before looking at Zayden. “Zayden will live to see that day. By then, he can go to school like all of you, and he’ll have clean clothes to wear,”

Wynter gazed deeply at her. “He will.”

Myla had no more regrets as she left decisively. The sound of gunfire outside was relentless. No one could guarantee they would return once they stepped out, but everyone was resolute because they held the highest beliefs.

The underground rest area quieted down considerably after Myla’s departure.

Not wanting the awkwardness to continue, Jairo offered sincerely, “Miss, are you really a medical student? You could team up with my friend. She studies nursing, right, Kristina?”

Kristina nodded vigorously. “Yes, I can help. But it’s tough without antibiotics.”

Wynter glanced at them and accepted their goodwill. “Do you know how to start a fire and boil medicine?”

“Uh...” Jairo hesitated for a moment. “Sure, I guess. I often cook instant noodles in the dorm.”

Wynter picked up a knife from the table. “You start the fire. Kristina, see what you can handle when patients come. Use the alcohol from the confiscated foreign liquor for disinfection where you can.

“Disinfect with foreign liquor? I’m not sure about the dosage...” Kristina hesitated.

Wynter’s voice was calm. “This is a special circumstance. Handle the wounds as well as you can. For the ones you’re uncertain about, wait for me.”

Wynter glanced at the Savior who was standing in the corner as she spoke. She walked over to him and whispered, “Can you spare us some blood?”

Whitley smiled brightly. “Of course. I’m happy to help.”

Wynter swiftly drew three drops of Whitley’s blood, which soaked into the ground with a touch of her

Arcane Way.

Regular people couldn’t use the Savior’s blood, but it would bless the land with fortune when absorbed by it. It would make the war more favorable for them and appease the heroic spirits who had sacrificed

themselves.

Nico, who had been reprimanded by Wynter, was still resentful but didn’t dare confront her directly anymore. He could only quietly complain to Jairo.

“Are you really going to listen to her? Don’t you think she’s a bit strange? She’s too calm about all this. She’s not even curious about how she ended up traveling here.”

Chapter 982 This Earthbound Formation Is Different

“Shut up already.” Jairo was still trying to figure out how to get a fire started.

Nico was still in pain but continued, “I’m just advising you. Remember how scared we were when we first got here? It was barely an hour ago, and they almost thought we were spies with all those questions.

“But look at her. She just arrived. Yet, she isn’t scared at all. She doesn’t even look like she’s worried about the possibility of never getting back. She is even planning to gather herbs on the mountain while giving orders.

“Wake up, bro. This is war. It’s just a part of history. We can’t change history, can we? Why does she have to act like we’re supposed to do something about it? This isn’t something we should bother about. There’s clearly something off about her!”

Upon hearing this, Jairo finally lost his patience. He threw down what he was holding. “You’re the one with a problem! Don’t you seem like a spy? Not being able to answer those questions just now was embarrassing enough.

“Bro, you’re a man too. If you don’t have the guts, then shut up. I am more than happy to travel back to this

period and contribute! We’re not the same!”

Nico was taken aback. He couldn’t understand why someone who had always seemed so timid suddenly

erupted in anger.

The commotion caught Wynter’s attention. She had just finished seeking spiritual guidance and was still holding the knife.

She approached Nico and said in an icy voice, “One more word from you and I’ll cut off your tongue.”

Nico was genuinely scared. He hadn’t expected to be caught causing trouble behind the scenes. He braced his hands on the ground and scooted back.

Wynter couldn’t kill humans from outside the formation, especially since they came from the future. This Earthbound Formation was indeed very different.

Usually, Earthbound Formations were created by the remnant thoughts of unborn souls which gradually formed over time.

Although it was very dangerous, as long as one didn’t enter it, there would be no harm. The formation wouldn’t have a strong connection to the real world unless there was a specific cause or effect.

to bled into

the formation by accident.

However, it was obvious that these few people seemed to have Judging by their condition, they were dragged in while they were

relaxing.

After all, the heart of the formation was located in the back garden of Declan's villa. This raised a few questions.

Firstly, why was this Earthbound Formation connected to the parallel real world? How did these people get pulled in? Who chose them to enter, and what was the purpose behind it?

Wynter's concerns stemmed from the danger the Earthbound Formation would impose if it developed to the point where it could willingly pull people in at any time. This could pose a great danger to people in

the real world.

All of this was connected to the secrets Declan was hiding.

Wynter stepped closer to Nico and looked him in the eye as she pondered on. "However, there's one thing you got right. I am indeed different from you.

"The reason I remained so calm is because you were pulled in, while I entered voluntarily. If you still want to go back, I'm the only one who can make that happen."

"Nico, you'll be stuck here for the rest of your life as a sitting duck if I die or if something happens to me."

Nico and Phoebe exchanged worried glances. They didn't want to stay in this dreadful place.

Who would want to live underground while drinking murky water? They were used to drinking imported bottled water from Frenda, after all.

“Miss, no, I mean, young lady! My mouth really deserves a slap!” Nico slapped himself, trying to curry favor with Wynter. “I knew you were different, young lady.”

Chapter 983 Stewart Zola

“Yeah. I also think you have exceptional temperament,” Phoebe said with a smile. “Young lady, it was all a misunderstanding earlier. There are only a few of us who came, but we’ll do whatever you ask us to do!”

Wynter glanced at Phoebe. “I told you to shut up. Don’t speak ”

Phoebe fell silent immediately. Wynter’s firm approach effectively subdued those who were more concerned with their own survival.

Wynter handed the knife she was holding to Jairo. “Heat the blade until it glows red. While I’m gone, you’ll

assist Kristina.”

“Got it!” Jairo replied. He was unsure why he found himself subconsciously following Wynter’s orders

despite her looking younger compared to them.

Wynter then turned to Kristina. “Believe in yourself. You can do this.”

Kristina initially felt uncertain about her own professional competence.

Despite having some clinical knowledge, she hadn’t even become a management trainee yet. That was

why she claimed to have studied nursing. But now, Kristina wanted to give it a try!

What if she could save one more martyr? Wynter prepared to leave after giving instructions.

Nico who was nearby became nervous. “Young lady, it’s dangerous outside. Are you really going to gather herbs? What if there are enemy soldiers? The bombing hasn’t stopped.

“If you need medicine to treat them, tell them to go gather the herbs themselves. You’re the only medical student here. If something happens to you, what will they do?”

In reality, Nico was more concerned about himself. He was still counting on Wynter to get him out.

This time, Wynter remained silent. A swooshing sound was heard.

A silver needle streaked across Nico’s cheek, embedding itself heavily into the earthen wall behind him, causing it to crack instantly: Nico was so startled he fell to his knees with blood streaming from his face.

Wynter’s voice was indifferent. “There are no antibiotics here. It would be simple for me to kill you. A minor injury, a bacterial infection, or pus formation, followed by a series of symptoms such as high fever. Do you want to live, or do you want to keep babbling nonsense like earlier?”

Nico covered his mouth while shaking his head frantically, indicating he wouldn’t say another word.

Phoebe was no longer jumping around as she assisted Jairo in starting the fire. They needed something to ignite it, so they grabbed some newspapers from the stone table.

It was during this action that Wynter noticed a headline in one of the newspapers. She had seen the Youth Daily in her previous encounter with the formation. As a newspaper that transmitted messages, it always had its unique code.

However, what caught Wynter’s attention wasn’t the code, but rather the headline itself. Stewart Zola, her

great–great grandpa’s pen name. The headline was written by Gordon Quinnell!

The headline read, “Seeking for Lost Family“.

Wynter picked up the newspaper, smoothed it out, and carefully examined the words and the photo beneath the headline.

Although it said “Seeking for Lost Family“, it didn’t convey that exact meaning. Instead, it seemed to be transmitting some important message.

Wynter knew her great–great grandpa wouldn’t do something without purpose. She knew this having

interacted with him during her previous encounter with the formation.

“In the past, my granddaughter and I used to drink and listen to music on nights with a full moon.

“I don’t know where my granddaughter is now. She told me she dreamt while studying abroad. In her dream, our country was prosperous with airplanes and agriculture.

“Today, if my granddaughter sees this message, please contact me urgently. I also want to inform all youths that the future we desire will surely come.

“May we live long and share the beauty of the moon together.

“I can only leave my heartfelt longing behind. I hope my granddaughter can see it after my death.”

Chapter 984 Mansion

Wynter clenched the newspaper, and her eyes darkened slightly. Her great–great–grandpa had left something for her.

During her previous encounter with the formation, she had mentioned to Gordon Quinnell that she was

from the future. Therefore, whatever he referred to was likely in the present world.

What puzzled Wynter was why Fabian had never mentioned anything about this if her great–great–grandpa

did leave something for her.

Although Fabian had shown her some family heirlooms and Gordon’s belongings, there had been nothing specifically meant for her.

Out of nowhere, Wynter suddenly had a thought. The Earthbound Formation could be related to Gordon.

Every item within the formation was there for a reason.

Additionally, the Earthbound Formation’s entrance was located near Declan, who had always been under

the family’s ancestral protection. With this realization, Wynter carefully put away the newspaper,

The others around Wynter didn’t understand why she treasured a piece of newspaper so much. But those

who were scared remained silent, while those who had tasks to finish continued their work.

Though there was no signal in the Earthbound Formation, a smartphone was still incredibly useful as a

camera.

Wynter’s trip to the mountain had another purpose besides gathering herbs. She needed to gather some intelligence. She planned to take the Savior with her.

Zayden was very worried when they were prepared to leave. “Young lady, let me go with you. The enemy

might come this way.”

“No need,” Wynter replied as she skillfully tucked a gun into her waistband. “Stay here and keep an eye on them, especially those two. If they show any signs of trouble, knock them out.”

Zayden was taken aback when he saw Wynter deftly assemble and disassemble the gun. She seemed even more skilled than him.

Wynter carried a bag filled with clothes she had taken from Phoebe. Zayden didn’t understand what Wynter was trying to do, and she had left too quickly.

The enemies had concentrated their attacks in the mountain’s direction. However, Wynter avoided danger with ease with her professional movements,

Whitley, who was following her, was also rather uncanny. It seemed as if the bullets inexplicably just

couldn’t hit him.

Nevertheless, things are starting to seem more optimistic. There were finally people who could tend to

the wounded.

Zayden didn’t stay idle either. With Myla absent, he had to take even greater care of these logistical tasks.

Wynter checked her phone’s battery after passing the firing zone. It was at 70%, which was enough.

Whitley seemed to sense Wynter's concerns and said, "Judging by the scent I picked up in the plaza, the

person who took Wolf didn't have malicious intent. They seemed to be like me—a Savior."

A Savior took Wolf? Wynter's gaze was unreadable, but her worries had indeed lessened significantly.

Wynter wanted to focus on the task at hand. Since she had already entered the formation, she wanted to

solve her current problems first. "Let's go to a higher ground."

Wynter observed her surroundings before supporting herself up from the ground.

Meanwhile, outside the Earthbound Formation...

Instead of a mansion, it better resembled a relic that no one dared to visit. It was located deep within

Mount Etna.

Everyone knew about Mount Etna from a few rescue news stories. The mountain was shrouded in mist due to its unique geographical location.

Moreover, the deeper one went, the more damp and eerie it became. It was pitch black with no sunlight.

It was possible to be very close to the edge of the forest, but once inside, people would inexplicably lose their sense of direction.

Additionally, the drastic temperature changes due to the special environment could cause a person to experience hypothermia once they entered.

Chapter 985 About Dalton Yarwood

The strangest thing about Mount Etna was that even if one shouted from one end, those on the other end. wouldn't hear them.

The periphery of Mount Etna only got electricity in 2017, and even professional adventurers were daunted by its challenges.

In addition, the forest was home to leeches, poisonous insects, pythons, black bears, and persistent wicked energy.

Consequently, despite numerous legends surrounding Mount Etna, no one dared to venture into its depths.

The most famous tale was that of the Lincoln family's treasure. It was said that the countless treasures of gold and silver were hidden underground in his residence.

The mansion's courtyard also supposedly held mysterious patterns, possibly indicating the treasure's location.

All of this, however, had never been verified..

Historical records were more reliable. Archaeological findings indicated that the area was once a multi- ethnic state known as the ancient Aplan Kingdom. However, due to the challenging terrain, few ventured into the area over the centuries.

If the forest rangers on the outskirts saw a man approaching the mountain dressed in a suit, they would definitely stop him and give him a stern warning. After all, entering there could be a death sentence!

The calls of crows could be heard as they flew overhead. They seemed to be guiding the way. The man walked unhurriedly, sending a few messages before entering the mountain.

However, he received no reply. He wasn't sure what the other person was preoccupied with, and the lack. of reply made him raise an eyebrow. But he had said what needed to be said.

The man knew that someone's anxiety would spike if they realized Wolf was missing. "I've taken Wolf to the mountains. Kaspar Stavius mentioned a way to heal him." His message was meticulously crafted.

The man opened a black umbrella after pocketing his phone. The bracelet on his wrist stood out, though it no longer served him. He only needed one more soul to achieve soul-body unity.

The monks had always been overconfident in their abilities, believing they could trap him.

The man was pale and even coughing occasionally. He looked as if he could die at any moment. Yet, his striking looks often made people forget this.

Hidden malevolent spirits in the mountain began to stir as they sensed his presence. They had gone without prey for a long time and were eager for a meal.

This "weakling" wasn't going to live long anyway. He might as well serve as an appetizer for them!

Malevolent spirits loved devouring souls, but they were certainly foolish. They had been confined to this

small plot of land, unable to go out for too long. They failed to recognize the crows in the sky.

The malevolent spirits extended their black claws and lunged at Dalton Yarwood. However, at the next second, a few of them froze mid-air, their faces contorted in agony as if their insides were being torn

apart.

Dalton merely glanced at them, his empty eyes betraying no emotion. He looked out of place in the forest as he stood tall in his finely tailored suit, but the malevolent spirits were paled from horror.

It wasn't just the few who charged forward. Even those hiding in the shadows couldn't help but kneel to the ground. That was the suppression from the deepest bloodline. They dared not even move.

Declan's indifferent gaze swept over them. A malevolent spirit trembled while whispering, "How could it be that lord! Why has he returned?"

"That lord? Who? Is he stronger than the king?" A new malevolent spirit was confused.

"The king can only kneel when he sees him. Haven't you noticed that no one dares to go to the part of the mountain with the most spiritual energy? That's where he resides."

Would anyone else dare? There was simply no way to get out alive.

Declan continued walking. The black umbrella shielded him, making him exude a cold, noble air. Wherever he went, wicked energy obediently dispersed.

Chapter 986 Mount Etna

As they ventured deeper into the area filled with spiritual energy, a crow perched on a branch and let out

two loud caws.

Its caws pierced through the mist, echoing across the entire Mount Etna as if announcing to all the unborn souls that their true master had returned.

A certain malevolent spirit had reported the news to its king, who was now pacing anxiously.

"Has the master truly returned? Did the master mention why he's back?"

"Go! Gather all the root herbs that were grown on the mountain and offer them to the master!"

"No, wait. The master doesn't particularly like root herbs..."

The reporting malevolent spirit, seeing its leader's panic, tried to guess. "Perhaps the master only came

back to take a look. Chaos is with him, you know.”

Chaos? Who wouldn’t know Chaos? Back then, he was almost devoured by Chaos!

“Lord Chaos loves root herbs and truffles. Send them! Send as many as we have! We mustn’t let Lord

Chaos go hungry!”

That was the plan, but who would go? Who dared to deliver them?

Before long, another malevolent spirit came to report. “The master seems to have brought Lord Chaos.

here for healing.”

As much as Mount Etna was filled with wicked energy, it was also rich in spiritual energy.

Dalton had assessed Wolf’s condition. It wasn’t dire enough for him to lose his sanity completely. Especially with Dalton around, Chaos wouldn’t bring about the end of the world. Such talk was mere

nonsense.

Dalton placed Wolf, who had already sprouted ears and a tail, into a mist-covered pool of water. He then

glanced at his phone, which still hadn’t received any notifications.

A crow hurriedly swooped down, flapping its wings. “There’s no signal in the mountains. Ms. Quinnell

must have already responded. It's just that you can't receive her message here." What a pathetic weak.

crow

Dalton didn't react, but as he walked into the hall, he suddenly furrowed his brows. "She entered the

formation again."

"Who? Ms. Quinnell?" The crow was equally surprised. How had she entered the formation again? It was a formation that even the master could sense was no easy puzzle to solve!

Wynter also felt the complexity of this formation. She couldn't detect any trace of aura to deduce the key to unraveling it. The only clue she had was the newspaper in her hand.

Could resolving the remorse of her ancestors be the key to breaking the formation? But why did it have to

be on the battlefield? Wynter had asked herself this countless times while gathering herbs.

"Take these three herbs back," Wynter instructed, handing the package to Whitley.

"The first type can reduce inflammation. The second one is antibacterial." Wynter tore a corner off the newspaper and wrote down the proportions. "Have Kristina follow this prescription."

Whitley understood her intentions. "You're going to investigate over there?"

"Exactly." Wynter grabbed a traditional Foplyanese outfit.

Whitley clutched her sleeve. "Boss, let me go with you."

Wynter raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

“I just feel uneasy. I think this place was once inhabited by cultivators. I can sense their presence.” Whitley’s grip tightened as he added, “It’s as if they all vanished suddenly. Like they were protecting the people on the other side of the mountain.”

Wynter wasn’t surprised. Arcane Way had traditions of martial and medicinal cultivation. Particularly during times of crisis, they couldn’t bear to see the country in ruins and took up arms to fight.

During chaotic times, fortune tellers shut their doors to avoid disasters, while mediums ventured out to save the world. But the Savior said they all suddenly disappeared, which was odd.

Logically, now was the time for a proactive offensive, unlike the early days of bombardment when people had no power to resist. So why did the mediums who descended from the mountains vanish all at once?

Chapter 987 Complicated

Wynter knew the situation was more complicated than it seemed.

When the Savior expressed unease, it surely signified something ominous. She wasn’t stubbornly insisting

on going alone, but the herbs had to be delivered.

Firstly, many of the wounded were waiting for antibiotics, and some injuries couldn’t afford the delay.

Secondly, carrying the herbs would hinder her disguise.

After some thought, Wynter pulled out the purple sugilite pendant. Instantly, the twins appeared. Carol, who was still intimidating despite her soft and respectful tone, asked, “Master, what are your orders?”

Wynter explained the task of delivering the herbs to them.

Dora, hiding behind Carol timidly, expressed her fear. “Master, I’m afraid we can’t complete it. What if they

are afraid of us?”

“Go find Zayden and tell him you’re with me. Don’t worry, the soldiers won’t be afraid of you,” Wynter reassured,

pinching Dora’s cheek. “You’ve said it yourself—only those who have done bad things will fear you.

“Yes, you’re right!” Dora, clutching the package, promised, “I promise we will complete the task!”

Wynter smiled gently. “Good. Now go ahead.”

Just as she was about to leave, Carol suddenly seemed to shift. Without warning, her eyes filled with black mist. It was resentment—a deep-seated malice capable of driving unborn souls insane!

Luckily, Wynter noticed it in time. Her brow furrowed as she reached out, using the Epoch Collection along with her blood energy and fortune.

Carol could feel someone calming her and knew that Wynter was using her blood energy and fortune to help her. With her head bowed, she whispered, “I’m sorry, master.”

“You wouldn’t act like this out of nowhere. Tell me, what’s going on?” Wynter asked, not blaming them.

After all, they were just children, and Carol was always so well-behaved.

“It’s his aura!” Carol struggled to describe it. “I’m sure of it! But why is he here? Isn’t this the Earthbound

Formation?

“Dora couldn’t reincarnate because of him. He used us to hurt others! But he never entered our Earthbound Formation. How can he be here now?”

Carol asked worriedly, “Is he after you, master? Is he targeting you because Dora and I no longer obey him?”

A child’s thoughts were straightforward -when they sensed danger, they worried about the person who

had been kind to them.

Wynter’s gaze darkened at this moment. “He has entered this Earthbound Formation?”

“It must be him!” Carol said anxiously, fearing that Wynter wouldn’t believe her.

In fact, Wynter believed Carol. The stronger an Earthbound Formation, the more ways its formation master had to counteract cultivators.

They wouldn’t allow someone with such high cultivation to enter, as it would disrupt the balance of the Earthbound Formation.

This formation selected its members carefully, usually young people, which aligned with what the ancestors mentioned in the newspaper. Had the mastermind been brought into the formation now?

Wynter didn’t think so. She suspected more that the person in this Earthbound Formation was someone she had encountered before!

At the realization, Wynter turned to Whitley. “Can you trace the troubling aura?”

Whitley nodded, and Wynter’s eyes brightened. Regardless of who the person was, she wanted to meet them because this time, she had the leverage.

After all, he had never seen her face and would have his guard down.

But perhaps she had seen him in this world. Moreover, with so many mediums deceased, Wynter believed it was connected to this person..

Chapter 988 Everyone Is Making an Effort

Til find him,” Wynter said as she looked at the disheveled spirit of Carol, reaching out to ruffle her hair.” You and Dora go deliver the herbs.”

“Even though this is just the Earthbound Formation, the souls inside are heroic spirits. Helping them resolve their remorse is something I believe both you and Dora want to do.

“Leave the rest to me. I’ll find out who he is and bring him to you.”

Carol’s spirit had been soothed, and though resentment still lingered, she would heed Wynter’s words and

take it as the most important task.

This was how spirit companions responded once they were bound. Other lost souls might resent being

controlled by a cultivator, but Carol and Dora were willing because Wynter took care of them.

If they couldn’t even handle the simple task of delivering herbs, they would be useless to her.

The twins exchanged a look and obediently nodded. In their true spirit form, they didn’t have much strength, so they used their resentment to help.

Despite their well-behaved appearance, they were infamous among malevolent spirits before they met

Wynter.

Wherever they went, they would evoke the deepest fears in people, especially those with guilty consciences, amplifying that fear infinitely

Delivering the herbs was indeed easy for the twins, but figuring out how to hand them over without scaring the recipient or affecting their fortune was a bit trick

When they arrived, they happened to see all the students there.

Before they could follow Wynter's instructions to find the soldier named Zayden, one of the male students suddenly shouted, "W- what's that over there?"

"What?" Zayden, who was helping with bandages, looked up at the sound.

The student's lips were trembling. "Don't you see them? There's a little girl with white eyes and the other is smiling eerily."

The twins knew he was talking about them. Dora explained, "I'm not eerie!"

Carol comforted her, "He's not a good person. He saw what we looked like when we died."

Just as Dora was about to ask what to do next, Zayden walked over. His sleeves were a bit torn, and he

was holding a gun in one hand.

The student was now so scared he could barely stand and was clinging to Jairo beside him.

Jairo was confused and concerned about his friend's sudden behavior. "What are you talking about?"

There are no little girls here."

“I’m not making it up! I really saw them! They haven’t left!” The student’s face was pale with fear. He clung to Jairo even tighter, pushing him forward as if for protection.

Kristina noticed his genuine fear and said, “This is a battlefield. It might be some children with no home to return to. Let’s go check. I’ve heard stories from the older generation about kids who died during the

wars.

“They went without food for a long time and had no proper burial. They couldn’t reincarnate and would approach people, not out of malice but just wanting something to eat.”

“No! Stay away!”

The student was too terrified to listen. He kept backing away and almost collided with a wounded soldier. If Jairo hadn’t pushed him aside in time, the bandaging would have been undone.

Seeing this, the twins furrowed their brows and decided not to approach any further. They didn’t want to cause unnecessary panic or trouble for the soldiers.

However, they still needed to deliver the herbs and pass on Wynter’s message.

Chapter 989 Who On Earth Is She

While the twins stood flustered, Zayden pondered for a moment before turning to the student. “Where did you see them? Are they nearby?”

Suppressing his inner horror, Nico softly replied, “Just a little bit further.”

Zayden stretched his hand out in the direction the student indicated. As his hand touched Carol, he witnessed the twins materialize before his eyes. In particular, Dora seemed fearful of him as she looked at him meekly.

At that moment, Zayden recalled Myla’s assertion that ghosts didn’t exist and that it was their own guilt deceiving them into believing

But Zayden wasn't concerned with the notion. Growing up in the village, he had heard various stories from his household. To him, both ghosts and humans were children of Cascadia.

Zayden wondered if his sister would have been the same age as the twins if she were still around. Since

his arrival in that place, he rarely had relatives visit.

However, he often found himself dreaming of his sister, only to wake up to the deafening echoes of cannons and gunfire.

"Don't be afraid. Are you hungry? Let me see if there's any canned food left," Zayden comforted the twins

as he turned to search for food.

Standing still, Carol called out to him, "Please wait, Mr. Zayden. We're not asking for food."

Zayden stopped in his tracks and looked at Carol in confusion. "You're not looking for food? Then what are you doing here?"

Carol emptied out a stash of herbs and explained, "Master told us to give you these. Some of these herbs function as antibiotics, while others serve as painkillers.

"Here's a list of prescriptions. Master said as long as Ms. Kristina follows this list, the medicine should

work just fine."

Kristina was stunned to hear her name mentioned, and the others clearly heard Carol's instruction.

"By 'Master', do you mean the lady who came here with us?" Jenson was the first to draw the inference and questioned.

Dora nodded in response. Realizing that some couldn't see her, she vocally expressed her confirmation. Her solemn and eerie tone contrasted to her youthful appearance.

Nico instantly felt shivers running down his spines. After the incident with Wynter, he no longer dared to

cause any trouble.

When he learned that Wynter had the power to command the ghosts, he was completely stupefied and

cowered in fear.

Upon hearing Carol's explanation, Zayden hurriedly gathered the herbs and urged Kristina to prepare the

medicine.

He had never doubted Wynter, especially since she gave him a weapon. After all, anyone offering a weapon on the battlefield was undoubtedly trustworthy.

the 21st

However, the young students were lost in thoughts. Born in century, they were taught to dismiss any supernatural notions.

Yet, they didn't expect to encounter someone who could truly command ghosts. Such revelation had overturned their materialistic beliefs, leaving them mystified.

Jairo muttered as he started the fire, "Am I dreaming? Just who on earth is that lady? Am I incapable of restoring my spiritual energy?"

"Oh my god, all of this is blowing my mind! I've only read about such things in stories. I never imagined experiencing them firsthand."

He considered slapping himself to clear his mind, but it proved to be futile since he first arrived.

Kristina appeared much calmer than Jairo, though her eyes were sparkling with excitement as she studied the prescription.

“There’s no room for doubt when you’re actually in the past. Isn’t this fascinating? To think that lady can command ghosts! I’m sure she’s great at fortune telling too.

“I used to pray for good grades and even got lucky bracelets. Oh, why didn’t I meet someone as powerful as her sooner?” Kristina b

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“Is that important?” Jairo was left speechless by Kristina’s outburst. He couldn’t fathom the machinations

of a girl’s mind.

“Of course it’s important! Oh, I really want to meet her in real life. Once she returns, I’m going to ask for her number! And did you know she can accurately determine the ratios for each medical herb?

“She’s brilliant! Even our professors couldn’t match her. She must be one of the medical elites!” Kristina exclaimed. Her admiration for Wynter had reached new heights.

However, Phoebe was irked by Kristina’s compliments and retorted, “If she’s really as powerful as you claim, why is she doing things in secret?

“Everyone else introduced themselves when we first arrived here, but she just criticized us and disappeared. Do you honestly think that someone with the power to command ghosts is good?”

Despite her complaints, Phoebe didn’t dare to confront Wynter head-on. Instead, she voiced her derision behind Wynter’s back.

*I bet she's too scared to show her face in real life. That's why she's acting so high and mighty here."

After a brief pause, Phoebe changed the subject. "Now that we've attained the herbs, let's prepare the medicine to treat the soldiers. I want to help too."

Kristina and Jairo exchanged glances in silence. They were aware that Phoebe wanted to raise her own reputation with Wynter's herbs. Thus, instead of accepting Phoebe's help, they treated the wounded soldiers themselves.

The prescription provided was written in great detail, which included the effective use of each medical herb. For the injured soldiers, the medicine prepared from the herbs proved to be a lifesaver.

As Zayden helped with the treatment, he realized that Wynter had yet to return. He turned to the twins and asked anxiously, "Where did the young lady go?"

"Master has things to attend to," Carol replied as she shot a spiteful glance at Phoebe.

Wynter had advised the twins to suppress their resentments within the Earthbound Formation. One reason was to activate the formation, while the other was the fear of discovery by the formation master, who could either obliterate them or drive them away.

After all, the formation master held significant power in the Earthbound Formations.

However, the twins didn't expect to hear Phoebe's scorn for Wynter. Furious, they were even willing to show her a dreadful nightmare.

Upon noticing Carol's resentment surging, Dora gently patted her sister's hand and comforted her. Master told us to wait for her, Carol. She said we have to look out for each other."

Upon hearing that, Carol slowly calmed down. Dora was right. She mustn't be consumed by her resentment, lest she harm Wynter.

Strangely, the twins couldn't help feeling their resentment intensify since stepping into the Earthbound

Formation.

They wondered if it was due to the bloody battlefield, where innocent souls laid unrested and personal burdens weighed heavily. Or... was it because of someone's presence?

The twins were uncertain, but one thing was clear—they mustn't trouble Wynter or inflict harm upon her.

As long as they didn't fall into darkness and performed good deeds, Wynter would never have to bear their personal burdens. That was all they needed to know and believe.

As for the malevolent souls lingering around, it was probably best to steer clear of them.

"We should follow Mr. Zayden. He helps soothe our resentments," Dora suggested based on her instincts.

True to Wynter's words, Zayden never showed his fear or disgust in their presence. Instead, he was worried about their well-being. To him, the twins were no different from any human children. Unbeknownst to Wynter, she had made the right decision by sending the twins to Zayden's side.