

## Six Brothers 991

### Chapter 991 Nested Formation

That thought dawned on Wynter as she headed toward the mountains. Within this formation, one would

have to face their own personal burdens and various anomalies. Only heroic spirits were able to suppress

these anomalies.

There was a popular saying on the Internet—if one ever found themselves spooked at night while away

from home, worried that they'd bump into evil spirits, Martyr Graveyard was the place to go. Any evil spirit would pause before the gates.

When they were still alive, the heroic spirits protected commoners during wartime. They continued to do.

so even after death.

As long as the heroic spirits were armed, there would be no enemies wherever they were.

Wynter was staring at an anomaly. Then, her gaze fell on Whitley. "You doing okay?"

"It doesn't affect me." He was rather direct. "But I'm worried that it'll affect you. Humans have their seven

deadly sins. If they lure your dark side out, I fear that we'll be trapped in the formation"

Wynter took pictures of the terrain and enemy troops. She smirked. "A question has been lingering in my

mind before you said that.

“I felt there was something off about this Earthbound Formation. There is another formation here as well-

I think we’ve encountered a Nested Formation.”

“Nested Formation?” Whitley was slightly confused.

He had a sharp mind, and he knew he was no normal person. Yet, he had no clue about formations.

Wynter’s gaze fixated. “When two or more people share remorse over the same matter, a Nested Formation is created.

“The situation is much more complex now, as someone from the Foplyan troops has cast a spell. You

should have sensed enough ominous energy to know what’s happening there.”

Clouds of black mist have shrouded the enemy troop’s camp.” As a Savior, Whitley was able to see things from a great distance. He was perplexed by what he was seeing. “What are they doing?”

Wynter dipped a maple leaf in water and swiped it before her eyes. “Someone’s forging souls, thus absorbing our fortune,” she muttered icily as she stood back up.

Whitley widened his eyes in shock. From her words, one thing was clear—he was being hunted.

Before coming here, Wynter had told him that every country had their own Savors. More Savors meant more fortune. These contributed to a flourishing country.

Some things never changed, especially for the Foplyans. They plundered what belonged to others and

claimed it for themselves!

“Forging souls? Souls of... He thought it wouldn’t be the souls of soldiers, since they were still in battle.

“Commoners slaughtered by them.” Wynter glided the blade of her sword across the ground. “I’ll get changed, then I’ll head over.”

Whitley stopped her. “No. I’ll go with you.”

“I need to go alone. You’ll be recognized by the cultivators.” Wynter glanced at him. “I know it’s dangerous, but I’ll have to deal with matters myself.

“Whose remorse created the formation? What does it have to do with my great–great–grandpa? I need to know. It has begun to affect the present, and I can’t let this persist.

\*Take my phone with you. With your wits, I’m sure you’ll know what to say to minimize the casualties. Only attack after I’ve dispelled the Soul Forging Formation.

“You’re a Savior. We need you the most during times like these. Now, go back and be our mascot.”

Chapter 992 His True Identity

Wynter was firm with her decisions. As a Savior, Whitley was indeed capable of avoiding misfortunes. It would be safest for him to bring the photos of the enemy back.

However, he was still concerned for her since both of them came from Southdale. Furthermore, she did not demand anything from him after saving his life. Carl was the only other person who also did so.

All along, Whitley only considered himself to be a mere human. He didn’t see himself as any legendary

savior.

During national crises, everyone had their responsibilities. This was what years of education have also taught him.

He then decided to form a pact. When a Savior made offerings to protect its master, shockwaves would occur. In this case, Wynter was the protectee. She was surprised when she felt the shockwaves.

This pact was different from normal ones—it came with impeccable force. As the one who initiated the pact, the Savior would cast blessings all around its master.

By doing so, he was eliminating the personal burdens she would face, and the souls of the wronged would protect her.

However, once the Savior made their offerings, they would have to serve their master, no matter the type of person their masters turned out to be. Going against the pact meant that the Savior would perish eternally.

According to legend, an almighty Savior would emerge during a national crisis. A single flap of a phoenix's wings could eradicate malevolent spirits, bringing ten years of peace.

A Savior from Cascadia was destined to save the world.

The heavens deemed them too powerful to exist in current times. Even so, they persisted in doing these. seemingly “foolish things“.

Wynter gave Whitley a sidelong glance. “Aren’t you afraid of me stealing your spiritual form right after

you’ve formed a pact?”

“This is the way of my tribe. I have no regrets, be the outcome good or bad.” He didn’t even realize the

change in his tone as he spoke.

Clouds shrouded the sky. It wasn't those dark clouds that appeared in the presence of a dragon.

Instead, it was gleaming with a lustrous glow, like the sun's golden rays peeking through clouds. It was as if a majestic dragon was hovering above, watching over all beings.

Whitley's eyes were tightly closed. Turning around, Wynter looked at him. She suddenly smiled. He had thought he might've been a Kraken, who loved lurking underwater.

He might've forgotten about the Celestial Dragon. It was one of the four ancient beasts that was most often spoken of

Any cultivator would notice the Divine Clouds descending from the heavens, even though they were still in the formation. Unfortunately, the Divine Cloud had appeared in the east.

The Soul Forger paused his actions. Squinting his eyes, he gazed at the sky. He had eliminated his fellow peers. He assumed that no one could interfere with his spells anymore.

Yet, at that exact moment, a Savior had descended from the heavens. Worse yet, it had descended onto

179 the enemy's side!

He did not care which side would win or lose. All he wanted was ascension—and he almost succeeded!

“Master, what's this?” Colonel Irvine Wacaster approached the Soul Forger.

His subordinates informed him about abnormalities in the east. He took a look with his binoculars. What

was with Cascadia? Unbelievable!

Previously, a dozen Cascadian fortune tellers had created a formation. This hindered the Foplyan troops' attack, turning the tide on them instead.

Now that the fortune tellers had been killed, how could such a ridiculous event happen again?

Foplyan planes had already targeted one of Cascadia's hideouts. They were supposed to bomb and destroy it!

But now, they had lost all contact with the planes. Not a single one was seen again after flying into the

cloud.

Irvine panicked. "What do we do now?"

Chapter 993 The Truth Behind the Fortune Tellers' Deaths

"Halt." Dressed in a robe, the Soul Forger lowered his arm. His gaze was tainted with viciousness. "Only attack after the Savior leaves."

Irvine was annoyed by his superstitious logic. "We're on a battlefield now. In your own Cascadian words, the battlefield is ever-changing. There shouldn't be any delayed timings or opportunities."

"I agree, colonel, but fortune is on their side now. If we attack forcefully, things might go wrong."

The Soul Forger turned around. There was a deep scar visible between his eyebrows. He had an unpleasant-looking face, with protruding cheekbones and gloomy eyes.

It was said that one's appearance could reflect one's personality. This was particularly evident in his case.

Yet, Irvine loved to work with people who looked like the Soul Forger. According to his observations, each

of them had their own objectives. They wouldn't mind being his pawns if they could gain benefits.

“So, what do we do now?” Previously, Irvine didn’t believe in these. It was the fortune tellers that had

made him so cautious.

Furthermore, the bizarre Cascadian terrain was a problem. One could never know where Cascadian soldiers would suddenly appear.

There were also mountain roads where one would easily get lost trying to navigate their way. Sometimes,

even compasses would malfunction there.

If it weren’t for the Cascadians who led the way, it would be impossible for the Foplyans to enter the village. After all, the Cascadians knew the most about their nation’s terrains and traditions,

Hence, Irvine favored these guides. Without the Soul Forger, they wouldn’t have been able to get through

the pass.

Those fortune tellers died with remaining grievances. Irvine wanted to take them in, but not a single one

of them would betray their own country.

The Soul Forger before him was an exception. Thanks to him, all of the fortune tellers were eliminated in

one night.

“Gather some young boys and girls too.” The Soul Forger’s voice was deep and intimidating. “Go and rest. There is no need to worry. Within a hundred-mile radius, I am the only one left in my sect.

“Even with the arrival of the savior, those who are untreatable will still perish. Furthermore, we have cut off the Cascadians’ food supply. We still have time to spare.”

Irvine still had his concerns. “I’m just afraid that their reinforcements will arrive in time.”

“If you don’t trust my formations, feel free to do whatever you wish. The Soul Forger waved him aside, clearly unhappy-

He desperately needed to cultivate, as it would be easier for ascension during times of mayhem.

Irvine smiled. “How could I not believe your words? Your formations are so powerful that even the mightiest beast can’t escape them.”

He wouldn’t have believed that such formations existed if he hadn’t witnessed it with his own eyes.

By just placing a few rocks, sticks, and herbs, the Soul Forger was able to make people completely lose their way. He even managed to manipulate the behaviors of certain animals.

What a shock! There were just too many gifted people in Cascadia.

Irvine had hoarded a collection of books about Arcane Ways. He had ordered people to send them back to Foplya. These books covered various topics—the Eight Trigrams, Sin and Grace, divinations, and constellations.

He didn’t want to offend the Soul Forger before him. The Soul Forger was crucial in helping to refine his

Arcane Ways.

The Foplyan troop’s skills weren’t up to par with those who were truly capable. Hence, they treated them

with utmost respect.



“I’ll go and make adjustments. Colonel, just remember not to launch attacks in the Savior’s presence.” The Soul Forger had his doubts as well. How

#### Chapter 994 A Man of His Word

“If it was the way of the heavens, then fine. However, if someone was behind it, then... he must be found!” The Soul Forger thought to himself as he lowered his gaze. The Savior should have belonged to him!

Irvine stopped the Soul Forger as the latter was about to leave. “Master, some of my cowardly soldiers complained about hearing the cries of your dead peers. Can you do anything about it?”

\*Still restless even after death.” The Soul Forger chuckled. “Take this amulet. Order them to place it on

the southeast side. My fellow peers just don’t know how to seize their opportunities.”

Irvine immediately ordered his subordinates to take the amulet.

They were still afraid of the Soul Forger. Irvine never forgot why his peers had let their guard down. All of these were due to the Soul Forger’s betrayal. These thoughts never left his mind.

That night, the Soul Forger came over on his own. Like how Irvine imagined Cascadian mediums, he

looked gloomy and unsettling.

However, the Soul Forger made a tempting proposal. He claimed that he could conquer the stronghold

without needing a single

soldier.

Previously, they had tried attacking for five consecutive days but yielded no results. At times like these,

someone offered them a lifeline.

Irvine was willing to let his soldiers take the risk even if it was a trap. Unexpectedly, the outcome was

unbelievable!

Before his death, one of the Soul Forger's peers was still tugging on his sleeve, asking for an explanation.

The Soul Forger remembered his own demeanor at that time—icy and intimidating. “Detaching oneself from their seven deadly sins is crucial for ascension. Do you think I’m one of you all, just mere commoners practicing cultivation?”

“I’m asking just once more. Where is Julian? Hand him over and I’ll spare you.”

Seeing him refusing to answer, the Soul Forger struck the top of his head, killing him instantly.

Irvine knew that the Soul Forger who initiated the collaboration was as vicious as a snake. Yet, it didn’t

matter as long as it benefited the Foplyan troops.

But then again, where was Julian? They searched for him in the mountains but found nothing.

Strangely after that, the Soul Forger stopped them from continuing the search. He also added, “It would be good if Julian were still alive! It’ll be too obvious if I’m the only one left.”

Irvine wasn’t interested in the Soul Forger’s enigmas. Currently, what mattered most to him was the whereabouts of the Foplyan planes.

The Soul Forger was right about one thing—the Cascadian soldiers weren’t lasting any longer. Even if there weren’t attacks, they would still die of starvation anyway.

Furthermore, it was tough for anyone to launch attacks by invading the Foplya roads.

Yet, Irvine had missed out on something crucial about the latter part. At that moment, Wynter was right

above the enemy's base.

After the formation of the pact, she went into the forest. The anomaly was still in the sky. No one took

notice of her.

The only one suspecting her presence was outside of the formation. It was a crow perched on Dalton's shoulder. Its black feathers were more dazzling than ever, gleaming with an iridescent glow.

"Master, it's a Celestial Dragon," the crow cawed. "Has it acknowledged its master? Was the master Miss Wynter?" It secretly gave a sidelong glance toward Dalton as it spoke.

"But usually, if a pact is formed, it is prohibited to acknowledge another master. Master, was it you that... The crow's voice trailed off.

comes

"This time, the acknowledgment with the country's fortune." Dalton's words interrupted the crow's

doubts.

He had very subtle emotions. When he opened his eyes, his gaze brought an innate sense of oppressiveness.

He was warning the crow to keep its words to itself. However, there was an explanation for his actions- Dalton had always been a man of his word.

The crow almost rolled its eyes. It thought that its master could give his fiancée a Savior in a more direct

#### Chapter 995 Wynter's Identity

Without permission, a Celestial Dragon would never simply change its master! It was different from Chaos, which could be easily manipulated when bribed with food.

A Celestial Dragon was the smartest one among the four ancient beasts! It was arrogant by nature, as well as being difficult to reclaim.

In this case, it might have changed masters voluntarily. This was because it meant having to endure the thunderstrike trial from the heavens.

However, there was no thunderstrike nor a trial—this called for a universal celebration! Look how eye-catching the Divine Clouds were!

Flapping its wings, the crow flew around in circles. After all, this joyous occasion had a tremendous impact. It ranged from the heavens to the underworld.

It was fine as long as Dalton didn't go hot-headed and hosted a grand ceremony. On the other hand, gifting a Savior and casting blessings with righteous intent were relatively acceptable.

When the crow flew, present-day hell would sense it as well. The bridge to hell shook so much that event

runes were falling off.

When an ancient beast acknowledged its master, the East would have abnormalities. In the underworld,

there would be rejoicing as well.

Minor crimes of some spirits would be pardoned. Some spirits were able to spend more time with their families. Those seeking scapegoats would have to stay put, or else they would stumble upon trouble.

The underworld guard's sighed, clicking on the fluctuating data on their tablet screen

“What’s going on? It’s been a few hundred years since a Savior acknowledged its master.”

Grim tugged on his tie. “That’s enough. We’re not going to hit our KPIs this month again.

“Go back first.” Vesper didn’t want to appear in the human world and be mistaken for a real estate agent

again.

Usually, cultivators would pay more attention to saviors acknowledging masters. This was true no matter

where they were. The cultivators attending seminars were gazing at the Divine Clouds in the east as well.

From a commoner’s perspective, the weather was fine and there was good lighting. The clouds were interesting too. From afar, they looked like a soaring Celestial Dragon.

Rainbows were seen in various places as well. At the seafood market, fish were jumping out of the water vigorously.

A lot of people stopped to take pictures of the enormous cloud. This scene astonished Kaspar. His face was evident with envy.

“A prodigy from my sect has descended. Go and search for him. He must be found this time!”

He did not know that the prodigy was none other than Wynter. Back then, he wanted to take her in but

was rejected. Every single cultivator was searching for her now.

“Could it be someone’s ancestor showing their presence?”

“Impossible. By the looks of it, it seems like a newer sect.”

Some hermits gathered together. Without their robes, they looked like ordinary elders going on a walk.

Atwater had just finished his pasta. He stopped in his tracks while hiccuping. He performed a swift divination. As the answer struck him, his reddened eyes started to overflow with tears.

Someone shouted, “Old sir, it must be you! You’re the one that always told fortunes under the pedestrian

bridge!”

“No fortune telling today.” Rolling up his mat, Atwater strode away. From his back, no one could tell that he was over a hundred years old.

How many years had he waited, and finally the moment had arrived!

“Savior’s arrival! My apprentice, you’re finally interested in the sect. No, no, I should say that you’re finally back...” he thought.

At that moment, Wynter was still within the formation. She was unaware of the commotion that she had caused. When she arrived at the enemy’s base, her first thought was to cut off the Foplyan’s food supply!

Chapter 996 Wynter Hears About the Whereabouts

There were no surveillance cameras in this era, so Wynter could move around easily without worrying about getting caught on camera.

However, the closer Wynter got to the center, the stricter the patrolling soldiers were.

There were usually snipers lying in wait at high points, so she would need to find each blind spot accurately.

This took some time. But for Wynter, facing those soldiers was not particularly difficult. Those familiar with military operations would know that patrolling soldiers followed a predictable logic.

As long as she figured out their logic, she could sneak into their squad during their shift change.

Wynter listened to them exchanging secret codes. She dragged the last soldier in the line out of formation without anyone noticing.

The darkening sky facilitated her movement. She quickly changed into his uniform, leaving a traditional Foplyanese outfit next to him. Wynter was swift. Before anyone could notice, she had slipped back into the squad.

It was not a random move. She changed her plan after overhearing a conversation among Foplyan soldiers that dancers would be coming over to entertain them that day.

Compared to the Cascadian soldiers, the Foplyan soldiers seemed to enjoy a more indulgent lifestyle, with performances to entertain them once in a while. What a life!

Wynter sneered secretly. She could see people dancing and singing merrily when she passed by the center with the patrolling squad.

One of the officers even took off his coat and put on a headscarf. He moved forward slowly in a ghostlike manner. It was eerie.

It was a famous traditional Foplyan dance known as the Summoning Dance. It was performed every time Foplyan soldiers celebrated their victory. This dance symbolized a celebration with the spirits of the dead war criminals.

Wynter watched with clenched fists.

The officer was laughing loudly. His face was full of vulgar expressions. There were many prisoners of war around. Most of them were women and children. Yet, to the officer, they were less than human.

Wynter's gaze was filled with suppressed rage. She was just about to act when someone approached her.

"Hey, it's time to change shifts. You are up next."

Someone pointed at Wynter and she responded, "Yes sir."

"The colonel is furious now, Stay vigilant. Remind General Elwood that getting carried away with entertainment is not appropriate right now

. It is not the time for enjoyment."

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"Yes, sir!"

One of the soldiers nodded and proceeded to inform Elwood, who was dancing. Agitated by the soldier's interruption, General Elwood slapped him.

"Idiot! Those Cascadians were just a bunch of stupid cowards. They couldn't do anything.

"They didn't even dare to fight back when I took away their wives. The rest of them were just useless. The colonel might worry about them, but not me.

"The arrival of a Savior? It was just a lie of that Cascadian medium! I'll kill anyone who comes, even that

Savior!



“Those Cascadian bastards were trembling with fear when I pointed a gun at them behind the hill. Ha ha ha! They could do nothing to resist.”

The soldier whispered something into the general’s ear as he clutched his face. Elwood’s expression changed. “Don’t mention those fortune tellers again! They are already dead and gone!

“If they were still alive, I would cut out their tongues again!”

Wynter deliberately slowed her pace to hear more of their conversation.

“General, the medium mentioned to the colonel before that these fortune tellers had spiritual power when they were alive. They also had some strange and unusual practices.

“With so many of them dying at once, in the old sayings of Cascadia, it might bring bad karma. We do indeed need to keep a closer watch on them to avoid any unforeseen changes.”

Chapter 997 Wynter’s Plan

Harvey, who replied, was obviously a traitor and was likely someone who had studied abroad. He followed Elwood closely, respectfully explaining to him in an accent. While explaining, he kept fanning

Elwood attentively.

Wynter could not see his face, but she found his voice oddly familiar. She had heard it somewhere before. She was walking so slowly that someone would definitely notice her.

“Hey! You over there! What are you doing?” the leader shouted. Instantly, all eyes were on Wynter. Even

Harvey looked over.

Wynter’s Foplyanese was very fluent, but the hard part was disguising her voice. She lowered her voice to a coarse tone and said, “Reporting, sir. I think I saw a flame over there.”

Flame? Where? Everyone followed her gaze and looked up.

Elwood's expression changed again. "Idiots! Our food reserves are on fire!"

The fire had spread throughout the dining areas and food storage. No one understood how the fire started. Suddenly, everything turned into chaos.

Elwood kicked Harvey aside. Yet, he still offered Elwood advice as he scrambled to his feet.

"General, I think something is not right about the fire. Should we stay put? Someone might have infiltrated

the barracks."

Elwood turned his head abruptly to look at him. His eyes were filled with anger and murderous intent.

\*These persistent Cascadian bastards! Go and investigate it! Find out now which part of our operation

was compromised!"

It was originally possible to draw all the soldiers away. However, Harvey's words worked. Elwood was not so easily fooled either. He would surely have a backup plan. Of course, he would know exactly where the most important location was.

They could have as many food reserves as they wanted. Even if the food storage here was burnt down, they could always plunder from the nearby Cascadian village. Only those starving Cascadian bastards would prioritize the food reserves so much.

As long as their armory remained intact and the formation set by the medium was still in place, the Foplyan soldiers would never lose!

However, although the general was clever, he never thought that his opponents might have ulterior motives.

For instance, Wynter found it too troublesome to locate the armory directly. She thus decided to use the fire to create a smokescreen to observe their layout.

By observing the direction where most of the soldiers ran toward, she could deduce the location of the

armory.

She seamlessly blended into the squad. While moving, she also noticed something odd. Aside from the armory she was in, there was another location that seemed Important to these Foplyan soldiers.

Wynter enabled her Spirit Sight, which allowed her to see other souls besides living spirits. But the weirdest thing about this place was the absence of spirits.

Had she overlooked something other than their Soul Forging Formation?

That Foplyan officer mentioned the fortune tellers. It sounded like their souls were still here, suppressed

by the power of talismans.

Wynter looked up and took in the armory ahead. It was clear that acting now would be unwise

She planned to let them experience some internal chaos for a while. She would make her move again when they let their guard down.

Wynter's plans had always been meticulous. When she was on missions in the past, someone said it was fortunate that the leader of the Special Unit never thought of doing evil.

Otherwise, with her intellect, she could commit the perfect crime. No evidence could be traced back to her. At this moment, Wynter had taken that statement to the extreme..

Elwood had put out the fire, and then what?

## Chapter 998

Nothing was found. Elwood's expression was gloomy. He lashed his whip out again and again.

\*Some Cascadian bastards must have snuck into our camp!

"You!" Elwood pointed at Harvey with his whip. "I thought you said the Cascadians' weapons were very primitive? How did they manage to start the fire from the inside?"

How could Harvey possibly know the answer? He could only speculate. "Perhaps they studied abroad in Foplya and became familiar with the weapons over time?"

"They studied abroad in Foplya?" Elwood pondered for a moment and suddenly looked up. "Other than

our soldiers, are there any outsiders in our camp now?"

The adjutant immediately replied, "There are some dancers and musicians who have come to entertain

our soldiers."

"Investigate it now!" Elwood looked at the food reserves, which were almost completely destroyed by the

fire.

At first, he wasn't really that nervous. He even thought the Cascadian intruders were foolish enough to believe they could burn the Foplyan's food reserves.

The Foplyan soldiers would certainly have taken a series of measures with technology they couldn't even imagine. But now, someone had destroyed all their technology without requiring any codes!

Elwood only wanted to find out who the culprit was and break their limbs. Since the culprit liked to skulk like a rat in the dark, he would send them to the Human Experimentation Department to be dissected

thoroughly.

A soldier dashed in. "Report! Sir, there's a situation! We found this!"

The soldier was holding a piece of a traditional Foplyanese outfit. This evidence further convinced Elwood that the Cascadian bastard who snuck in was hiding among the dancers.

"Follow me!" Elwood gestured and set off to investigate.

Harvey found his demeanor too confrontational. He said to Elwood, "General, these dancers are here to entertain our soldiers. The colonel should be well aware of their background. Besides, this is the colonel's

"Are you going to listen to him or me?" Elwood roared like a ferocious lion. "You Cascadian bastards are always so greedy! Don't assume I'm unaware of your thoughts.

"I am warning you, there are things I can learn from you and also use against you. You better know your place!"

Elwood fired a shot into the sky. The surrounding commotion intensified.

Wynter followed a small patrol squad and reached the entrance of a cave. They were about to change

shifts.

Here, Wynter could feel the grief emanating from the bottom of the pit. Due to the resentment of those souls, even hell would not take them in. Their spiritual forms were so evil and filled with grudges that

could never be dispelled.

She felt their resentment, hatred, humiliation, and the wrath of being betrayed. Suddenly, something

seemed to have surged into her spiritual form.

“Hey, my fellow! Hey, my fellow!” She heard a voice calling her over and over again.

Wynter clenched her rifle, showing no trace of emotion. In fact, she was preparing stealthily.

The soldier ahead was exchanging the code for the shift change. When it was Wynter’s turn, she repeated

the code from the previous person.

But as soon as she spoke, the Foplyan soldier frowned and looked up at her. He reminded her, “It’s already past 7:00 a.m. Now, it is 7:01 am.”

Wynter immediately realized she had given the wrong code when she heard this.

Chapter 999 Wynter Encountered in the Cave

The soldier’s reminder clearly indicated they would change the code after seven o’clock.

Wynter couldn’t know the new code. If she showed any sign of hesitation, he would definitely become suspicious.

Wynter knew that his hand was reaching for a gun. “It was too late,” her eyes squinted as she thought.

“Oh, I am sorry. I did not notice the time. Let’s go over it again.”

The soldier was still holding the gun when he was about to reply. In the moment Wynter’s silver needles were shot out, all 12 members of the two squads were immobilized on the spot.

The silver needles struck their acupoints, freezing them in place while keeping them conscious.

However, it would be too conspicuous to leave them standing there. Anyone passing by would notice something was wrong.

The Foplyan soldiers were busy arresting the dancer troupe. No one was paying attention to this side.

Fortunately, Elwood was not only brilliant but also skeptical. Otherwise, the Foplyanese traditional outfit that Wynter left behind would be useless. Given his confidence, the dancer troupe could buy her some

time.

Now, Wynter had to tidy up the scene. She glanced over. No patrol had come yet. New personnel would

arrive for the shift change in 20 minutes.

Before the new shift, she needed six people in place to avoid arousing suspicion among the distant patrol.

Wynter looked at the 12 people frozen in place. She had hidden six in the cave. Of the remaining six, three

were seated upright..

At this moment, a patrolling soldier looked over and noticed some soldiers standing as usual. He found nothing unusual although they were not talking to each other.

Wynter k

knew she could slip by unnoticed. She picked up an oil lamp and moved forward. The deeper she went, the more she sensed something familiar.

It was a Soul Lock Formation? Wynter realized what was going on in the cave when she saw the arrangement and talismans on the ground.

Someone had manipulated the spiritual energy from nature to suppress the souls of the fortune tellers

who were destined to ascend.

Ordinary people could not break the formation. Even if they lifted the talismans, it would only alleviate their pains. The formation had to be broken to free them fully

Wynter pressed her palm firmly to the ground. Without her fiancé, the one chosen by heaven, she knew she had to do this on her own.

Even though she did not possess heavenly luck, she had the bloody energy to meet violence with violence.

She was not adept at using the phrases Atwater taught her. So, she decided to do it her way. She bit her thumb to draw blood and offered it to the earth.

In a low voice, she uttered, "Break!"

Crack after crack spread across the ground, revealing its true form. The surface was densely inscribed in Fankrit and covered in an indescribable black mist.

An Arcane diagram was also seen on the surface. A black badge appeared in the center of the diagram, emitting a thick black energy. The carving on the badge was surrounded by flames.

Wynter had never seen anything like this before. Yet, a sense of familiarity swept over her.

She moved forward and looked down, guided by her instincts. She realized that the badge was what held



the fortune tellers' souls captive beneath it.

What could this be? Even those powerful fortune tellers could not escape from it.

Wynter reached out to touch it and braced for the black energy to engulf her. Those personal burdens emanated endlessly from the badge, but strangely the badge did not move.

Chapter 1000 Wynter's Previous Life

Wynter's heart skipped a beat. There was a tremor the moment she touched the badge. Then, the black mist faded. The badge, which had stood at the center of the Soul Locking Formation, fell right into her

hands.

"Could it be this easy?" she wondered. Wynter gazed down while clutching the badge.

Suddenly, countless images flooded her mind. These fragmented and turbulent images seemed to emanate from the badge itself, depicting a grand wedding in the Arcane way.

The clouds rolled in as heaven's punishment approached. Dressed in an ancient wedding gown, Wynter looked down upon people from various sects.

Standing atop the mountain stream, her wide sleeves swayed with the wind. Many cultivators accused her of being a demon, disturbing their Arcane mind.

Wynter raised an eyebrow. It was sheer nonsense as she did not practice the Arcane way, much less

become a demon. She was a staunch materialist who believed in science.

Since the Savior had told her that her aura was within the formation, she speculated that the badge was hers. If it was hers, the life story reflected by the badge could be hers. So, was she seeing her previous

life?

She was unsure how many lives ago this had occurred. But this was quite a scene as if heaven were against her.

After pondering for a moment, Wynter kept the badge to herself. She had every right to do so since the badge was hers. According to those people, she had committed many misdeeds with the badge.

Once Wynter left the formation, she intended to further investigate what the badge could reveal.

In her spare time, especially before sleep, Wynter loved browsing videos and reading web novels. She

was fond of action movies.

The scene she had just witnessed resembled the scene where the heroes overthrew the villains. It would

be absurd to think there was no conspiracy involved.

In those fragments, she was protected by the people from her sect. It seemed that Atwater was not lying. She might have been a gifted, or even a demonic, cultivator in the past.

The plot was somewhat familiar. Typically, this was what would happen to the male lead in web novels.

It would be unusual for the male lead not to experience a dramatic fall off a cliff and life-changing encounters that awakened the demonic spirit within him.

Wynter doubted her life would be that dramatic. She considered herself sunny and righteous, even if this was self-proclaimed. She might have been greedy, but calling her dark?

Wynter shook her head and lifted the last talisman.

She didn't need any excuse or psychological hint to justify punching someone. If she wanted to, she would. The flashback from her previous life must have been a conspiracy.

What truly moved her were the other images flashing through her mind. Someone was calling her name. Every figure flashed by carrying an indescribable warmth. One scene left a vivid impression on Wynter.

A few figures sat on the ground beside a steaming teapot amidst peach blossoms and beside a flowing stream. They were dressed differently but all looked youthful.

"Our junior sister has caused trouble again?"

"What is the big deal for having a few male companions?"

"We are cultivators after all."

"It's not like she is sleeping with them. She said she just finds them attractive."

"Exactly. She had even more companions back in the palace. Now that she has chosen our sect, she is not even allowed to have her attendants. Who can she reason with?"

"I am not blaming her. I am just worried that someone will pick a fight with her.

"Who? Those who insist on ranking our sect? Our master has already refused to participate in their rankings."