

Six Brothers 1011

Chapter 1011 The Red Streak

The once invincible man lay sprawled on the ground, trampled by others.

Just then, a disheveled figure crawled over. He had been watching from afar for some time. His gaze was fixated on the pendant hanging from the Soul Forger's neck.

After ensuring the Soul Forger would not wake up, he seized the pendant and prepared to depart.

Suddenly, the Soul Forger opened his eyes. There was still blood trickling from his eyes as he lay on the ground. His lips curled into a smile, and his fingers clenched tightly around the man's hand.

Eventually, the man's eyes gradually dulled, shrouded in black mist. Only then did the Soul Forger lay back down.

The man rose, his face dark with malice. With each step, a bearable itch crept over him. His heart started beating faster and faster.

Simultaneously, the military received a battle report.

"Report! The mountain slope has collapsed, and the armory has been set ablaze. They're forced into retreat! There are countless casualties, but we are unable to tally the count now."

The chief of staff was initially skeptical of the report, but he couldn't deny the continuous sound of cannons booming.

Overjoyed, he said, "Those Foplyan soldiers are finally getting what they deserve! Even Heaven couldn't stand by anymore—it wants to punish those beasts!"

Suddenly, the chief of staff's eyes widened as he grasped the crucial point. "Wait, did you say someone set fire to their armory? Who did it? Was it our men or someone else?"

“It should be considered our men,” the soldier replied. He received a significant amount of information that day. The most incredible thing was that several college students claimed they were from the future.

The chief of staff had been extremely busy over the past few days, lacking proper rest, and had sustained

an injury.

Hence, the soldier first reported the news about the medicine to the chief of staff and didn’t have time to say anything else.

The chief of staff said, “What do you mean, ‘considered? We need to recruit such talent!”

“Actually, it’s like this...” The soldier took a deep breath and reported all the news he had gathered that

day.

The chief of staff paused, pacing back and forth. “The future? College students? The future?”

“Yes, that’s what they said. They also brought a device with information about the enemy’s deployments 50 miles away and the next stronghold’s location,” the soldier explained.

Just as the chief of staff was feeling overwhelmed, the alarm sounded.

“It’s a Foplyan annihilator aircraft!”

“It has missiles on it!”

“How did it get here?”

“Who leaked our location?”

The chief of staff's face turned pale. Although they had underground air-raid shelters, a missile hit could

flatten the entire area.

Moreover, the soldiers on the ground wouldn't have time to retreat. Their scarce food supplies were also

nearby.

"Sir, should we shoot it down?"

The chief of staff yelled, "Of course! We must shoot it down! Quickly, protect the women and children

first. Hurry!"

"Wait a moment." A white-haired teenager-walked over.

The chief of staff had never seen him before and assumed he was just a child from the residential area.

"Why are there still people from the living quarters here? Quickly hide underground with the others. Hurry!"

"I might know the person piloting that annihilator aircraft," the white-haired teenager said, standing firm. Please wait a moment. Let her fly closer."

The chief of staff was about to argue that waiting for it to get closer would be disastrous. Just then, he saw a streak of red unfurling in the wind from the plane.

Chapter 1012 Our People

Amid the swirling smoke, a red banner fluttered vividly in the wind.

The four college students watched with varying expressions. Jairo felt his heart pounding.

The flag from that era wasn't quite like the one today, but the chief of staff sensed an indescribable power in it.

"Chief, she's one of ours! She's using hand signals!"

"Those are our hand signals!"

Jairo and Kristina were stunned. Who was this young woman? How could she know these early military hand signals? Even in the 21st century, such knowledge was top secret!

Their surprise was understandable. Wynter was young and looked like a celebrity—someone you'd never associate with the military, let alone piloting an annihilator aircraft.

"And she can control ghosts," Kristina muttered. It meant that she was capable of commanding rather than exorcizing them.

They exchanged bewildered glances.

Wynter maneuvered the plane, landing it gently on a flat area. The wind rustled the wild grass.

The soldiers were initially puzzled, but soon they started cheering. "It's one of our own. It's definitely one of our own!"

"Do we have someone who can fly an annihilator aircraft? How come I didn't know?" the chief of staff asked his subordinate excitedly.

The man was equally baffled. "I didn't know, either."

It was said that the Foplyan army's weapons were incredibly advanced, especially their annihilator aircraft with navigation capabilities.

Even those who had studied abroad might not know how to fly them. Moreover, it was rare for one to be

in contact with the aircraft.

The chief of staff couldn't contain his excitement. "Let's take a look!"

They ran, faces streaked with mud after days of fighting, but their eyes shone with hope.

"Sir, it's the college student who claimed she's from the future!"

The chief of staff kept running. Can college students in the future fly annihilator aircraft? Incredible!"

"She also sent us herbs that work like antibiotics!" a soldier exclaimed.

The chief of staff's eyes widened. "Is she the genius doctor you mentioned?"

"Yes. She also has the device with photos of the enemy's deployment!"

The chief of staff took off his hat and laughed, overjoyed. "Where did such a treasure come from? She's

part of us now!"

"Report!" Before the chief of staff could reach Wynter, another soldier ran up to him. "Sir, s—she captured Someone important."

The chief of staff narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean by 'someone important?'"

The soldier's eyes gleamed with excitement as he explained, "She captured their highest-ranking commander. The aircraft is also loaded with sniper rifles and long-range artillery we don't even have!"

The chief of staff stopped in his tracks, his throat tightening. “What did you say?”

“She captured their highest-ranking commander!”

For days, they had endured eating tree bark and sustained injuries. Yet, the entire troop had never thought of retreating. They started with a full company, now reduced to just over 30 men.

Their mission was to destroy the enemy’s sniper points before the main force arrived.

When they arrived, they found many unarmed civilians behind the mountains. They feared they wouldn’t be able to protect the innocent.

Chapter 1013 Show Respect

As the chief of staff, Axel Zenfeld was under immense pressure.

Everyone praised him as a military prodigy. With merely 30 soldiers, he managed to put up a fight for so long and bought time for the main force. Moreover, they managed to destroy several enemy

communication hubs.

The enemy hesitated to commit a full-scale assault and resorted to relentless bombing from their annihilator planes. They presumed the bold offensive was a carefully laid trap, and there was a substantial force in ambush.

Axel orchestrated this perception deliberately. Regardless of the dire condition, he still wanted to retain his mighty nation’s pride. He would never back down.

In fact, he had ascended the mountain to provoke the enemy, which led to their bombardment. His fearless demeanor convinced all the enemy soldiers that it was undoubtedly a trap.

Elwood had said, “They are known for their cunning and have numerous tactics, like provocation, to lure us into their traps. There will surely be traps waiting for us if we go over.”

Their colonel had faced ambushes before, which made him especially cautious. Moreover, he was knowledgeable about Cascadia’s history

To him, Cascadia resembled a dormant behemoth, with a storied history of battles and strategic maneuvers. He had a penchant for Cascadia plays, including the “Bluff at the Empty Fort“.

Having fought with Axel three times, the colonel had come to understand his opponent’s character and

arrogance.

The Soul Forger had also mentioned more than once that the earth’s energy was currently at Cascadia.

The colonel had to wait for the energy to dissipate slightly before attacking, as any premature attack would be disastrous.

Their situation improved since the Soul Forger appeared and Axel had ceased his provocations. They had even managed to wipe out one of the opponent’s squads, thanks to the master’s formidable defenses.

Yet, no one realized their forces were stretched thin. This was due to Axel’s brilliance.

Wynter sensed it the moment she arrived.

What drove their victories when faced with outdated weaponry, scarce resources, and limited knowledge? Beyond the will of the people, it was the extraordinary leaders.

These leaders were rare talents and possessed an unyielding spirit that nothing could extinguish. They

came for the nation and would sacrifice themselves for it.

Wynter would never forget the profound impact of learning about Caleb Will’s deeds in her present time.

Despite the country's underdeveloped state, Caleb's achievements could have elevated him to the pinnacle of global recognition and wealth. Yet, he chose to return home because his country needed him.

During a time of scarcity and hardship, when few were literate and opposition was rampant, Caleb said, "Having no weapons is one thing, but having them but choosing not to use them is another."

Furthermore, Caleb envisioned concepts such as the "Metafield". He even proposed the name "Linqo for the first-generation virtual reality.

Many in the modern world flaunt foreign brands, speak in mixed languages, and believe themselves superior. They failed to recognize the countless homegrown talents that had shaped the nation's history. There was Caleb Will in scientific advancements and a wise old man in agricultural innovation.

Chapter 1014 Shifting Formation

It was often said that man could not defy fate, as everything was controlled by a higher power. Yet, in Cascadia, the belief had always been that humans could shape even the heavens.

Wynter approached Axel with a mixture of respect and admiration in her eyes.

Axel, who was momentarily stunned to see her, asked, "Were you the one who piloted the annihilator

aircraft?"

Wynter nodded before opening the hatch to unload the cargo. The annihilator's limited storage space was its only inconvenience. A larger passenger plane would have made things much simpler.

Axel, seemingly in disbelief, exclaimed, "And did you really manage to capture the enemy's commander?"

"Yeah!" Wynter had squeezed the commander inside the aircraft to conserve space. He had just regained consciousness, his eyes wide with bewilderment, and his legs still in motion.

Wynter's attention was briefly diverted, but she didn't engage with him further. Instead, she pulled over another person who was tied up nearby.

"Oh yes, and I also brought along some other items. We're not just running low on food, but we're also short on antibiotics," Wynter remarked while patting the commander's deputy. "I had him bring quite a bit."

Only Wynter could pull off such a feat. Not only did she steal their food, but she even captured them. Even without the Soul Forging Formation, she could rely on spirit possession.

Axel beamed with pride and remarked enthusiastically, "That's the spirit! That's what makes our exceptional!"

Those who knew Axel understood that such praise was also to deter others from attempting to poach her. "Young lady, can you tell me how you managed to operate this annihilator aircraft?"

"Oh, and we've also seized some other equipment from the Foplyans. We don't know how to use it. Can you teach us?" Axel asked eagerly, his eyes gleaming with curiosity.

His intent was simple yet urgent—to learn more so that they could enhance their capabilities and minimize casualties during their missions.

One of Axel's former soldiers had lost his leg to an annihilator aircraft strike. The first time they encountered this weapon, they had no idea how to evade it.

Who could have imagined that their team would now possess such a device? More importantly, someone finally knew how to operate it!

In the past, Wynter would have been eager to break the second formation after solving the Soul Forging Formation. She dared to challenge the formation master because she had mastered the intricacies of the

formation.

The master had seized control of the formation and believed he was invincible within it.

But the moment Wynter released numerous cultivators, the Earthbound Formation shifted. Now, she was

in control of the formation.

Wynter looked at Axel and began teaching everything she could. The soldiers followed along eagerly, their eyes fixated on the annihilator aircraft and the sniper rifles instead of the food that Wynter brought.

After explaining for an hour, Wynter finally took a sip of water.

Axel, still excited, exclaimed, "I may not fully understand, but some of us do, right?"

Zayden and another soldier nodded.

Axel licked his chapped lips and said, "That's great! Tonight, we'll continue to scout the place. When the main force arrives, we'll use the annihilator aircraft to strike first."

In the face of adversity, the bloom of hope was always the most beautiful. Wynter had undoubtedly become the prized asset of the entire unit.

Axel kept nodding and smiling. "Education truly makes a difference. You all should keep studying, and you'll see the results."

Chapter 1015 Make the Formation Disappear

The few college students stood nearby, unsure of what to say.

One of them, who had been wearing a traditional Foplyanese outfit earlier, hesitated to speak.

Wynter shot her a glance, and she froze, unable to move forward.

Axel chuckled and explained on their behalf, “Wearing a Foplyanese outfit was for protection, right? I get

“We disguise ourselves on scouting missions, too. However, we’re constantly worried about getting caught as we don’t know their language. It’s great that all of you know so much. Impressive.”

Axel’s laughter gradually faded, and his eyes began to redden as he turned to Wynter. “Is our country’s future bright?”

“Yes, and it’s all because of people like you,” Wynter replied with a serious expression.

Axel laughed heartily. “My ear didn’t get blown out for nothing! We will win!”

Unlike others, Wynter could see the changes in the Earthbound Formation. Her eyes narrowed, and her

right hand slowly clenched into a fist.

She had learned from Atwater that someone intended to use this formation to alter the course of the war.

Even knowing this, fury welled up inside her.

The students hadn’t been chosen randomly but were selected deliberately.

Ordinary farmers, wealthy individuals, or high-ranking officials wouldn’t cause the people to lose hope so easily. But students, who symbolized the future, were the perfect targets.

These students represented the hope for tomorrow, and seeing them lose faith in their history was a strategic blow.

They would argue that the current times were tough, that the competition was fierce, and that life was

hard.

It was true. Times had changed, and finding a job as a student was challenging.

But the formation's creator had chosen specific types of students—those who wore Foplyanese outfits, frequented bars, and drank only imported items.

Such misinformation could easily lead to misunderstanding. Over time, as more students with these traits were brought into the formation, they would gradually despair and lose hope for the future.

The Earthbound Formation could build on its victims' despair. It continually replayed the events experienced by the spirits on the day.

Wynter realized that these four students were likely not the first to be brought here. She sensed an overwhelming sorrow from the depths of the souls within the formation. They had endured countless cycles of this torment.

Each time, students were brought into the air-raid shelter and asked the same questions, leading to the same hopelessness, day after day.

Wynter glanced at the girl in the Foplyanese outfit beside her. While she knew the real culprit was the mastermind behind the formation, she couldn't help but feel a surge of anger toward the girl.

Wynter told herself to calm down as she read the pulse on her wrist. She knew that those from the present could not die in the formation, or it would become unsolvable. This was why people kept being

sent in.

Wynter understood that no one had the right to judge others. She was simply overwhelmed and struggled to control her hostility.

Her personal burdens had worsened, perhaps due to her recent actions.

There was a time when someone said that young people should have their own passions and dreams. However, some young people ended up betraying their roots.

Wynter suppressed the darkness bubbling within her, partly because of the mythical beast's presence.

Celestial Dragon, sensing something amiss, stood protectively behind her.

"This formation needs to disappear," Wynter said. She didn't just mean to break the formation, but to cause it to vanish completely.

Wynter looked once more at the newspaper clutched in her palm.

Chapter 1016 Burn the Papers

Why was Gordon's regret in the formation? What else could it be besides protecting the Quinnell family?

The Quinnell family's ancestors had been the formation's guardians largely because of Gordon.

Wynter had yet to uncover Gordon's lingering regret. Could there be more clues related to the Quinnell family in the newspaper?

With this in mind, Wynter reopened the Youth Daily, hoping to find something else besides the letter that

might connect to the Quinnells.

She combed through every page meticulously but found nothing new. She creased her brow in frustration.

as she hit a dead end.

When Axel noticed Wynter was reading the papers intensely, he brought her a cup of water. After all, it was only right for him to thank her for her invaluable contributions to the team.

As Axel drew near, he saw Wynter staring at an article from Gordon. Hence, he said, “Mr. Quinnell Senior helped us a lot. Luckily, his son sent word advising us to head south after overcoming this challenge.”

“Was his son the one who told you to head south?” Wynter said with a suspicious look

Axel nodded. “Yes, that’s what he said. This article is coded, but we deciphered it with our key and got the

message.”

Wynter studied the newspaper again with a serious expression. “Mr. Zenfeld, you must not go south.”

“Yes, I had my doubts, too. The route doesn’t make sense,” Axel replied, rubbing his head. “I’ve fought many battles and have a certain level of experience.

“When Mr. Quinnell Senior gave the advice, I thought he might have bought an intel that steered us away from danger. However, something feels off.”

Wynter crumpled the newspaper into a ball. “Mr. Zenfeld, trust your instincts. The Quinnell family’s communication network has likely been compromised.

“I met Mr. Quinnell Senior once. If there was important news, he would have delivered it himself. He would not rely on others to do so, even for a coded message.”

“Are you saying the message didn’t come from the Quinnell family?” Axel’s face paled.

Wynter looked at him steadily. “I’m, saying it didn’t come from Mr. Quinnell Senior. There could be a traitor in the Quinnell family. In these turbulent times, you must trust your judgment on the battlefield.”

rify the t

“I understand.” Axel agreed with the need to rely on his judgment. After all, it was hard to verify amidst war. “I’ll stop the vanguard immediately. They were about to scout the south.”

Wynter clenched her right fist. “Do it quickly!”

“I’ll send the riders now!” Axel called for the cavalry.

truth

Wynter stared at the crumpled newspaper with a sense of foreboding.

The young man nearby stepped forward and reassured her. “It should be all right.”

“Can you sense anything from the newspaper?” Wynter asked him.

He touched it lightly. “It feels ominous. It’s best to burn it.”

Burn it? Wynter had always considered the newspaper a clue left by Gordon. She never thought of destroying it.

“Let me think about it,” she said, her eyes fixed on the paper.

The newspaper had conveyed two messages—a false one and a true one intended for her. The true

message was from Gordon, while the false one was designed to deceive.

Only Wynter and the person sending the false message could tell them apart. This meant the imposter had likely figured out that ‘Gordon had left something behind.

With this realization, Wynter’s thoughts cleared.

Chapter 1017 Gordon Quinnell

Wynter stood up, determined to act. The false information had undoubtedly caused dire consequences, leading to Gordon's lingering guilt. She had to rectify this.

"We caught up with them!" someone reported. "Sir, we've caught up with the squad!"

Axel said in surprise, "So quickly?"

"The road ahead was damaged by the enemy's explosion. They were just about to turn back and take a different route. So, they haven't gone far."

Just then, the elite scouting squad sprinted toward them with their packs. Despite being just a handful of people, their efficiency was impressive.

Good scouts had to be fast, adept at hiding, and skilled in signaling. Typically, they were the best in the company.

Without a frontline scouting team, one had to advance in battle with great danger and uncertainty.

Seeing the scouts' faces, Wynter realized they were marked for death.

The false information wasn't just to mislead Axel. Although Axel might have his battle tactics, he was still sure to send scouts to investigate.

Hence, the intel was designed to lead the scouts into an enemy trap, ensuring their capture and subsequent torture to death.

"This newspaper must be burned," Wynter declared while striking a match.

As the paper caught fire, the southern sky began to clear.

Sometimes, objects held more than just memories—they held regrets. Gordon must have blamed himself for the false message that doomed the scouts.

Wynter had salvaged the situation now that the newspaper burned and the scouts were called back.

As Wynter saw the sky clear up, she called out, “They’ve returned and haven’t gone south. Rest assured

that I will find what you left for me.

“I know someone has been using your name to tarnish the Quinnell family’s reputation. Once I’m out, I will

make them pay.”

The newspaper’s ashes seemed to respond, drifting toward the formation’s entrance. However, a thick, black mist lingered at the intersection of the outside world and the Earthbound Formation.

The four college students saw this, too. The girl in the Foplyanese outfit desperately tried to run toward it.

Wynter raised her rifle and warned, “If you touch that, I will kill you right here.”

The girl’s eyes reddened as she screamed, “That’s the way out! Don’t you see? I don’t want to stay here. another minute!

Wynter replied calmly, “I’ll let you know when it’s safe to leave. For now, stay put. If you move, I’ll count to

three. One, two...”

Seeing she was serious, the girl stopped.

Wynter was at a disadvantage without her needles. However, she swiftly immobilized the girl with a precise touch and then handed her to Jairo.

“You shall leave the way you came. Stay here. Once I’ve finished, you’ll return to your bodies. All of you

shall not wander off.”

These four weren’t like Wynter—they had entered the formation in spirit form.

Leaving in this state would mean they couldn’t return to life, and the formation would absorb even more resentment from the living world.

The spot where the ashes fell was the entrance to the formation. Wynter didn’t believe it was a coincidence. She decided to move closer.

Chapter 1018 Eternal Regret

Axel and his men watched the scene unfold with a sense of eerie fascination. On

dissipated, they wouldn’t remember any of this.

formation

Wynter wasn’t worried about any negative consequences, so she continued moving until she reached the boundary between the formation and the real world.

Suddenly, Celestial Dragon spoke, “There’s something buried here. It’s not good, but it’s related to you.”

Related to her? Wynter didn’t fully understand, but she didn’t hesitate. She immediately started digging.

Wynter’s movements were swift, and after digging about seven inches deep, she uncovered a paper talisman. This talisman wasn’t like the traditional ones but was used for calming spirits.

As Wynter dug deeper, she realized she was no longer within the formation but in a spot in the real world. It seemed like the backyard’s water source with pebbles.

Beneath the three talismans, she found a cremation urn. She picked it up, and before she could take a good look, the ashes from the newspaper were carried away by the wind.

Wynter's gaze turned icy as she looked at Celestial Dragon. "Are these ashes related to me?"

Celestial Dragon nodded, still sensing the surroundings. "The resentment was strong before but is now

fading."

Wynter realized the reason Declan received the Quinnell ancestors' protection wasn't merely because he was in the family registry. He had been using Gordon's ashes to anchor the formation and draw energy.

But who could have stolen Gordon's ashes from under Fabian's watchful eye?

Realization dawned on her. Fabian wasn't the head of the family when Gordon passed away. Everything

clicked into place.

The ashes enshrined in the Quinnell family memorial hall might belong to someone else entirely.

This was Gordon's eternal regret -while he could tolerate not being home, he could not accept helping the Foplyanese destroy his country's energy.

Wynter's heart ached when she thought about how Gordon had sacrificed so much for the new Cascadia, only to be exploited after death.

"I'm taking you home," Wynter whispered, holding the urn tightly. The southern sky brightened completely, indicating the formation's imminent dissolution.

Wynter was serious about destroying the formation. She turned to Axel and said resolutely, "Mr. Zenfeld, I need your help to find a child. He's five years old and dressed as a little cultivator."

“You mean our little scouts!” Axel remembered the children well, especially the little ones. He wouldn’t let

them go hungry. “He’s over there.”

He pointed to his usual lookout spot, where a small, skinny boy with one eye closed looked up at Wynter.

Instead of going directly to the boy, Wynter said to Axel, “Mr. Zenfeld, if I asked you to disappear today for the future, would you agree?”

“Absolutely!” Axel responded without hesitation. He looked at the men behind him, all with soot blackened faces. They nodded in agreement, too.

“We would!” Even the cook, who was roasting potatoes, stood up.

Zayden stood next to Wynter, his eyes red. “Myla sacrificed herself. Before she left, she asked me to tell you that women today can take on many responsibilities. The women of the future can also do just as

much.”

Tears welled up in Zayden’s eyes as he said, “She was happy to see you.”

His form began to fade as he continued, “I feel the same. Don’t worry. I will become an excellent sniper and win many battles!”

Chapter 1019 The Sacrifice

The other spirits began to fade as well. They stood tall and straight, dressed in their most worn-out combat uniforms.

However, their unyielding silhouettes radiated strength, as if they could challenge all the injustices in the

world. Their eyes held no resentment, only a hopeful vision for the future.

Wynter's emotions surged as she watched them.

Axel noticed her reluctance. He knew she was good in every way, but she was soft-hearted. As someone

who had always looked after the young, Axel felt compelled to offer Wynter some comfort.

"Do you think I'm clueless?" Axel laughed heartily, rubbing his head. "The fact that you're from the future just means one thing—we've already died in battle.

"People die, and souls dissipate. Anything that lingers isn't real."

Axel remained optimistic as he spoke. "I used to dream that if our platoon had just one of those annihilator aircraft, we could have saved so many lives.

"My soldiers wouldn't have had to die. We could have defeated so many Foplya enemies. If we had this technology, would they dare to bully us like they did? No, they wouldn't. They're cowards!"

Axel's expression grew serious. "You've made my dream come true. You're not from our time, but I'm glad you were born in a better one. I have no regrets."

Axel exclaimed, "I'm so happy. I've never felt this fulfilled! Life is short, but I've lived it to the fullest!"

With those words, Axel vanished. He couldn't be held back. Just as he said, they were shocked by the presence of these visitors from the future.

Nearly a century had passed, yet their goals had been achieved. They had glimpsed the future, and there was nothing more gratifying.

When the red streak appeared, the soldiers shared a collective understanding. Although Wynter's words were fragmented, they understood her mission.

Wynter intended to make the formation disappear, but it would be a sin if she did it herself. They would

do it themselves so that she could leave with a clear conscience.

Wynter's hands trembled slightly. She felt emotional as she understood the meaning behind their sacrifice. Despite her immense power, they still saw her as a child.

The young man said, "They chose to disappear on their own. You don't have to bear any personal burdens when breaking the formation."

"I understand," Wynter replied, clutching the urn tightly. Her throat was hurting, but she had one last task to complete.

To truly break the formation, there should be no regrets left within it. She realized she had overlooked

someone.

The boy facing her, the soured veteran within the formation, stood still. While everyone else was fading away, he remained because his heart was filled with hatred.

He was such a young child but lost his entire team overnight. How could he not harbor hatred?

Wymer exhaled and drew the Soul Commanding Badge. Suddenly, countless shadows appeared in

These were the ofrators residual souls. They were surprised that they were still allowed to linger. When They saw Wyte, they understood she had given them one last moment.

The cultivators smiled warmly as they looked at the young boy

Julian”

My apprentice”

For the first time, Julian’s expression changed. His darkened eyes started to shed tears.

Mr. Trevino, everyone. I have no home. I miss you all. Julian sobbed “it was him, he

Daius patted Julens head. “Remember what you’ve seen, but don’t harbor hatred. Listen to your elder.”

Eger The boy looked on

Wynter

Vyser quely erected, No, dont call me that it messes up the seniority.”

Chapter 1020 Take Me as Your Disciple

Julian looked perplexed.

The cultivators chuckled, and their lingering souls gradually dispersed within the formation. They exhausted their cultivation to pacify the remnant souls.

Countless spiritual lights surged from the ground toward the sky.

Darkness began to descend, and everything began to fade away. Wynter knew that the formation was

about to dissipate. The students, who were unaware, were frightened and panicked.

Julian's hand was also fading. "Mr. Trevino wants me to listen to you, and he—"

"Enough, Atwater. There's no time. I'm Wynter Quinnell. Remember to come find me and accept me as

your apprentice."

Wynter wanted to bring Celestial Dragon out before the formation completely disappeared. Her gaze swept over the formation's entrance.

"I'll definitely learn fortune-telling and the Arcane Way from you. I'll also help you if you want to ascend."

Julian was bewildered. "Me, accepting you as my apprentice? Are you confused?"

Before he could finish speaking, the mountain peak began to sway.

The students looked at each other. They began to scream incessantly as they watched themselves fade

away.

"Don't panic. Once you're completely gone, you can go back." Wynter placed a token on each of them. It was linked to the mortal realm and would allow them to return safely without interference.

The girl in the Foplyanese outfit refused to obey. "Why should we trust you? Maybe you just don't want us

to leave!"

Wynter clutched the urn with one hand and gripped Celestial Dragon with the other hand.

She sneered. “You think too highly of yourself. You

don’t deserve to stay here. Go back. Only then can I make you pay.”

The girl was the first to disappear. Everything around her began to change.

The final sight that the boy saw was a figure standing amidst heaven and earth. Just as when he had arrived, he cast a rope and vanished into the boundless darkness.

The invisible energy dissipated halfway up the mountain.

Although everything was planned, Declan couldn’t fall asleep. By the time he slept, it was already in the wee hours of the morning. He was awakened by the crow’s cry.

The sound was not peaceful at all. Hearing it made people feel uneasy.

Declan got up, inexplicably breaking into a cold sweat. Overwhelmed with a sense of unease and irritability, he summoned the butler.

Liam also heard the sound and bravely opened the window. He saw a crow perched on a branch.

The crow was staring at them. It was extremely terrifying!

Liam trembled and almost dropped the lamp he was holding. “Mr. Quinnell, it’s a crow!”

Declan frowned. “A crow? How could there be a crow in the courtyard?”

Liam shook his head. He was also disgusted. Waving his hand, he drove it away. “Shoo! Go somewhere

else!”

He didn't want to hear the bird's calling. If it kept cawing, someone might get hurt.

However, the crow seemed unafraid of people. It looked at them before flying away.

Liam trembled again. "Mr. Quinnell, this--"

"Don't scare yourself. Have there been fewer offerings in the courtyard recently?" Declan looked at him.

with a grim expression.

Liam shook his head vigorously. "No! Mr. Quinnell, you said that the courtyard matters are always a top

priority."

Declan was suspicious. "Has anything happened?"

Liam followed him out. "The security room is watching it on 24-hour surveillance."

Declan stopped in his tracks, and asked, "And what about Albert?"

Liam whispered, "That's the thing that's strange to me. Nothing has happened between Mr. Albert and Ms.

Horton."

Declan's attention immediately shifted at those words

Liam adjusted the lamp slightly higher. "Mr. Quinnell, I'm concerned that Mr. Albert isn't quite aligned with his attitude toward Ms. Horton today wasn't very welcoming

“That’s true Decian squinted. After all, he’s not like his dad. We’ll have to test his intentions.”

Albert had endured long enough, but he knew he couldn’t expose himself. He needed to give Wynter time.

Though Wynter had said he should follow his heart, he decided to wait for Wynter.

Albert also wanted to know what was going on with Declan, the Quinnell family’s savior, who was perfect in front of others

At the same time, in Quinnell Villa’s backyard, a crow emerged silently from a black mist, unseen by anyone. He had arrived on command.

Dalton couldn’t enter this formation, but the crow could. However....

“Lord, should we investigate Ms. Quinnell’s past life? The crow could see the mirror image in the formation

He continued, “The voluntary dissipation of a heroic spirit is understandable, but that Soul Commanding

Badge isn’t something just anyone can obtain, right?”

The crow scrutinized Dalton’s profile cautiously. “Lord, do you think Ms. Quinnell might be connected to

That-

The formation is breaking,” Dalton interrupted. His handsome face was devoid of emotion, but his pale complexion was stark against the night. “She’s coming out. Stay here.”

The crow caved softly.

Dalton’s dark eyes were unreadable. “Celestial Dragon is here. You two can catch up.”

“Are you suggesting I take Celestial Dragon to meet you?” the crow speculated.

Dalton supported himself with a black umbrella, gesturing for the crow to return to where he had landed.

To disguise himself as a common bird, he needed to suppress his presence. The crow swooped back.

Just as Dalton vanished, Wynter returned to the present world, still holding the cremation urn.

The ashes were the only link between the present world and the Earthbound Formation.

If there were aches inside the formation, they must exist outside, too. Both needed to be unearthed to

nullify the current geomantic/layout

“Here? Wynter’s gaze swept over Whitley.

Whitley nodded at first, then seemed to sense something. He froze momentarily, and his eyes darted toward the bushes on the right.

“What? Is something wrong?” Wynter now had a new understanding of Whitley.

She used to believe dragons could only control the weather, but after entering the formation with Whitley once, she realized his effectiveness surpassed any testing device.

Whitley stared at the bushes, seemingly hesitant. “It’s nothing. I must have been mistaken.”

“Be more confident in yourself.” As Wynter said that, she suddenly raised her right hand. The copper coin was flicked out and landed heavily on a branch, causing the tree to sway along with it.

The crow was startled. Since he had concealed his presence, no one should have been able to detect him except for Celestial Dragon. He didn't expect a human to detect him.

To avoid exposure, the crow had no choice but to land on the ground and play dead, mimicking an ordinary bird.

After a glance at him, Wynter approached slowly and examined him with a neutral expression.

The crow dared not move. He lay there with his legs splayed out.

Suddenly, Wynter chuckled and lifted her gaze to Whitley. "Is this what you sensed?"

Whitley didn't deny it.

Wynter casually toyed with her purple sugilite pendant as she addressed the crow casually, "How long do you plan on playing dead?"

The crow stiffened. Seriously?

"A crow playing dead so convincingly is quite rare." With a smirk, Wynter picked it up. She asked Whitley, "Do you know this crow?"