

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 471

Posted by AdminM, 120 Views, Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 471 Plot Twist

"My sister was suffering in the washing machine," Lana hissed, sounding unhinged as she looked down at her hands. "I screamed and screamed, but no one came to save us!"

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"If they wanted us dead, why give birth to us in the first place?" Her voice was frighteningly low as she demanded, "Why? Tell me!"

The hospital building quaked like it was about to collapse as Lana tossed Lucy aside.

The dark shadows looming up behind Lana were a maelstrom of hatred. Even though there were no openings, a bone-chilling draft blew into the room. It was as if some evil force was trying to swallow everyone present.

Yvonne and Cecilia had passed out from fear. Zane and Oliver wanted to bolt, but when they opened the door, they were greeted by a dark abyss instead of a corridor.

"What the hell is this?" They spied a black river filled with writhing shadows flowing **past** their feet.

Zane staggered back and fell on his backside. Fear registered in his eyes as he realized there was no escape from this room.

At that moment, Wynter bit her fingertip until it bled and cast her purple sugilite pendant into the river.

The shadows fell back as if they had been scorched and disappeared into the black river once more. Before long, the hospital walls appeared again.

Lana regarded Wynter with surprise. "You know the Arcane Way?"

“Yes,” Wynter answered. With no cameras on her, **she** could do what she needed to placate the tortured spirits here.

“This isn’t fair!” Lana shrieked. “Why are you helping them and not us?”

“How is it fair if you kill these people?” Wynter countered patiently. “If you love your sister as much as you claim, you should know that your souls will be eternally damned if you kill.

“If you and your sister keep reliving the same day, her soul won’t be able to take it.”

Wynter looked at Lana and asked, “Are **you** going to let your sister’s soul be trapped in darkness and be used as a tool forever?”

Lana faltered and clutched her hands nervously. “I... I was told by a man that if I did as he asked, he would help avenge my sister and me.”

“I can help you with that right now.” Wynter raised her gaze to meet Lana’s. “Have you forgotten what the person who killed you looks like?”

Lana looked puzzled. “Killed us?”

“I can help you remember. But first, you have to restore these cameras and stop interfering with the reception,” Wynter explained as she pointed at the cameras. “If we’re going to expose a criminal, we

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should **do** it with an audience.”

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Hesitation colored Lana’s expression, and the shadows behind her swirled in an invisible breeze as they muttered softly, “Let’s do as she says.”

“You trust her?” The reflection in the window made Lana look like she was conversing with herself. A beat

later, she said under her breath, “Fine.”

With a wave of her hand, the cameras were brought back to life, and the footage on the audience’s screens was restored.

Given the interruption earlier, the audience had no idea why Zane and Oliver looked like they had seen death.

The only one with any composure was Wynter, who pinned a newspaper article on the table and said, "There's another story we need to piece together."

The audience gasped.

"Another story?" one of them commented in disbelief.

The production crew hurried to reassure the audience **once** they saw that the reception was restored. Images of Wynter's flawless face had been screenshotted and circulated across the web.

Back in the hospital, she launched into a retelling of the so-called second story.

"Three years ago, a couple made a report claiming that their twin daughters had fallen into a washing machine when they weren't looking.

"According to the wife, she was busy looking after her newborn son, the twin daughters' younger brother. The husband, on the other **hand**, was cooking in the kitchen.

"However, something about this narrative doesn't quite add up."

Lana froze when she heard this. She mumbled to herself as she stood in place, "My sister and I fell into the washing machine?"

"According to the police statement, yes, Wynter confirmed. She pointed at the words "newborn son" in the article and mused, "There is another presumption here. Would you like to hear it?"

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 472 The Full Picture

Lana bristled, and her eyes widened at whatever sudden memory crossed her mind.

Wynter continued, "Because the **case** details didn't quite add up, there were **rumors** that the couple found raising twin daughters burdensome in light of the birth of their son.

“That was never verified, of course. But after the incident, the couple fled town with their son, citing

privacy concerns.

“The strange thing was, the father refused a post-mortem for his daughters, and the mother didn’t want to talk about the incident. No other details of note came to light, **save** that the couple got quite a hefty

amount in compensation from the washing machine’s manufacturer,

“The manufacturer tried to reenact the incident and concluded that two grown children couldn’t fall into the washing machine simultaneously. I’m sure you’ve recalled the truth by now.”

Lana was shaking after hearing Wynter piece the story together. An accidental death could not result in

such a terrible grudge on the children’s part, and Wynter did not believe in coincidences

.

She had noticed the Earthbound Formation the moment the show started filming, which could only mean

one thing.

“Your father is among us today,” Wynter declared as she glanced at the shadows behind Lana. “Your sister must have sensed his presence today, hence her anguish.”

The audience could not see the shadow, which was why they were bewildered by Wynter’s statement.

*Sister?” someone asked in the comments

Another viewer summarized, “Number five just said the twins didn’t fall into the washing machine by accident, which means their father...”

At once, the comment section fell silent. After all, the story was never verified.

Just as the audience thought story time **was** over, Wynter handed Lana a photograph she had found. Even though you were twins, your sister was malnourished since birth.

“She didn’t care that her parents didn’t love her because she knew you would always stand by her, which was why she would look at you in pictures.”

Lana took the photograph and stared at it with red-rimmed eyes. “Yes. My sister was always an angel. She didn’t eat much at meals, either

.

“Let’s go,” Lana’s reflection suddenly urged. “We can’t touch him! If we do, you won’t be able to go to your new family.”

Lana gritted her teeth. “Then so be it! Who **cares** about being reborn anyway?”

“Please,” her reflection begged, lowering her gaze. “We forgot what he looked like because we were terrified of him. There was nothing we **could** have done.”

Chapte:4771 Full Picture

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At this, the audience felt their hearts wrench over the twins’ tragedy. They had seen the twins’ photograph. They were an adorable pair.

The younger twin stared at her older sister in adoration, a coy smile on her lips. The older twin stared into the camera, beaming as she put up her index and middle fingers in a peace sign while holding her sister’s hand.

It was a normal enough photograph. But what was infuriating was how they did not have individual portraits, unlike other children.

Even the photograph depicted the younger sister in crumpled clothes like she had been hastily dressed for an unplanned photoshoot.

It was hard to imagine that these incidents could occur in this time and age.

But as reality would have it, some grown-ups still thought of their children as stepping stones. Others simply favored sons over daughters to the point of madness,

The article in the newspaper was receiving more attention than it ever had.

Although the audience did not understand the full story, at least not enough to determine its truth, they understood how much women suffered since the moment they were born.

As such, compassion and righteousness seized the audience as they took to the comment section once

more.

“Number five said one of the guests is responsible for the twins’ tragedy! Which one is he? Show us the inhumane bastard!”

Chapter 473 Something Strange About Dalton

“I want to know too!” another viewer said.

"The production crew must let the sisters have their revenge, or I'll stop watching this show immediately!" another threatened.

Everyone was grieving for the twins who had arrived in this world with so much hope, only to find hell awaiting them. Life was filled with many wonderful things, but that didn't mean everyone wanted to go

through it again.

At once, Ultimate Survival became a trending topic on the internet. There were even related topics like "Recognizing that you're a victim of child abuse is the first step to saving yourself" and "Anti-favoritism going around."

The production crew panicked as these topics gained traction online. They wanted the story to go according to script, but it **was** entirely out of their **hands**. Who would believe them if they said the set was

haunted?

"Believe us? The industry will kill off this show!" Dexter snapped. He wanted his crew to pull themselves together and focus. "Figure out a way to save our guests from the set. There's a criminal among them!"

Just as the crew fretted over what to do, Dexter escorted an extremely handsome and regal-looking man

onto the set.

The man was dressed in a dark trench coat that would have looked drab on others but luxurious on him.

life.

He was tall and had an elegant silhouette that made him look like a sculpture brought.

"I'll go in," the man declared, much to Dexter's shock and horror,

"No! You can't!" Dexter objected. "It's too dangerous in there. If something bad were to happen—"

The imposing man cut Dexter off. "Something bad has already happened. You're in charge of this show, so you and your crew will be responsible for allowing a criminal to participate in it."

"You're better off issuing an apology. Any damages will be borne by Yarwood Corporation."

The man paused before reassuring Dexter, "Don't worry. Mr. Stavius is here, and he'll make sure everything is under control. The theme of the game show is decent, and I look forward to seeing more creative ideas from you, Mr. Lyons."

Dexter's eyes widened at this as surprise filled him. "Yes, of course!"

The rest of the crew were stunned. They wondered who the mysterious man was and why he commanded such authority over Dexter.

Dexter hadn't even balked when Zane tried to angle for more benefits using his family name.

The assistant director glanced at the mysterious man to get a better look at him but found two robed figures coming **his** way instead.

He was about to tell them to stay away and let the police do their work when the older robed male **said**,

"

Chupte: 473 Something Strange About Dalton,

Move! I need to break that Earthbound Formation!"

Kaspar was already harnessing his energy and strength as he said this. His voice was unyielding. Everyone on set dared not get in his way. He was the head and last custodial of Mt. Dragon.

One of the officers running the investigation informed Kaspar quietly, "Mr. Stavius, we have one of the top brass to help you break the formation."

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orders from

Kaspar stared at the dark, ominous mist gathering over the hospital building **and** nodded grimly. He needed help to cut through this insidious formation. Only then would he be able to placate the angry spirits within the building.

"**Pick** eight of your men and have them stand at the four compass points of the building," Kaspar ordered.

He was just about to break the formation when Dalton walked up to the building.

Dalton had only wanted to try his luck, so he hadn't expected the door to swing open under his hand. At once, the air was cleared of any evil presence.

The hospital building no one could break into earlier was now wide open.

Maurice let out a squawk of horror as he cried, “Master, he just-

“The noble destiny he carries has given him the power to break through that formation, but at the cost of his life. Is that something you’d want?” Kaspar kept his things as he mumbled, “Heavenly luck, indeed. The heavens must truly love that young man.”

Kaspar had cultivated the Arcane Way for 30 years before he could break a single formation. He couldn’t help but feel that there was something strange about Dalton, especially if he could break a formation, through sheer luck.

Chapter 474 Serving Revenge

Inside the hospital building, Lana appeared to have sensed something, for she looked up in suspicion.

“Lana, someone’s here!” her twin warned.

Snarling, Lana flashed Wynter a savage look as she seethed, “I sense a heavenly presence in the air! You summoned help! You lied to us!” She looked maniacal. “You lied to us, just like the others!”

She reached out to strangle Wynter, but her **fingers** had only just grazed Wynter’s neck when she stopped.

Wynter did not hide. She stood facing Lana and said flatly, “If you can’t remember the person’s face, take your pick between non-celebrity guests one and three.”

“What?” Lana was baffled.

Wynter’s gaze darkened. “I told you I’d show you how grown-ups play their games. Since the person you seek vengeance on is unlikely to be among the celebrity guests, he could only be one of the two non-celebrity men here.

“Between number one and three, I’d say the latter looks more menacing.” In a voice that was clear and calm, she continued, “He’s middle-aged and looks like he could be a father.

“I wasn’t sure at first. But now that my acquaintance is here, I suppose I can let you take your revenge.”

Lana froze. “Revenge?”

Wynter’s gaze fell on Lana as she reached out to touch the latter as if she could comfort the twins. Resolve your grudge and go into the light. You could have your revenge or have him apologize on his

knees. I can make either one happen.”

Lana gaped at her, looking somewhat endearing. “So you weren’t lying to us?”

“Of course not,” Wynter answered with a small chuckle. “The person who just came into the building is of great help to me.

“Without him, I wouldn’t be able to exact vengeance for you. Now that he’s here, he can help cover up my

tracks while I work.”

There were shadows under Lana’s eyes. “Can we really have our revenge?”

Wynter gently gripped Lana’s shoulders and spun her to face the **window**. “You can. Now w, take your pick. Let me win this game after the story ends, okay?”

Meanwhile, the other guests listened in on the conversation.

Having witnessed such strange events, Oliver was about to ask Tobias if Wynter was out of her mind to want the story to continue.

Half of the guests had already passed out from fear. Joshua **and** Horace faltered at once after Wynter had urged Lana to choose one of them to exact vengeance on.

However, Horace made his move first. He suddenly pulled Oliver to his feet and hissed, “Don’t pick me! I don’t know anything about that damned washing machine you speak of ! Come near me and I’ll kill him!”

He had a scalpel in his hand. No one, not even Oliver, had noticed this.

Oliver had chosen Horace as his partner in hopes that he would do the dirty work by solving all the clues. After all, with his unassuming countenance, Horace made for an easy target.

Oliver certainly never expected to be held at knifepoint! He blanched as blood seeped out from the thin cut on his neck. At the sight of this, Wynter raised a brow in amusement.

Tobias urged, “Put the knife down!”

“Enough!” Horace roared, tightening his grip on Oliver. “This piece of shit has been giving me orders since the start of the game, and I’m sick of it!”

Oliver pleaded, shuddering. “Hey, buddy. Let’s talk things out! I’m sorry for what I did!”

“Sorry? You weren’t sorry when you snatched my flashlight!” Horace snorted. “I escaped and stumbled onto this set, not knowing that you’d be filming a show here.

“You were so full of yourself when you mocked me. Well, look at you now, hotshot!”

With that, he kicked Oliver, his fury evident.

Chapter 475 Hostage Situation

Oliver dared not fight back **against** Horace.

The contempt was clear in Horace’s eyes as he held the scalpel against Tobias’s throat, seething, “If you want to save him, tell the production crew to stop with these special effects.

“Did you think all this pretending would stop me from noticing the police cruisers pulling up outside? I already saw them!

“And if you think you can assist the

buy them time, you’re wrong!”

e with capturing me by spinning some ridiculous horror story to

He dragged Oliver to where the cameras were and demanded, “I’ll make my request simple: don’t come

into the building. For every outsider that comes in, I’ll kill one hostage!”

The production crew flew into a panic. After watching Dalton enter the building, Dexter t hundered, “Who recruited that non–celebrity guest?”

“M- Me...” A bespectacled intern raised his hand timidly, adjusting his glasses. “In my d efense, he stated

on his resumé that he was a surgeon by profession, and I didn’t doubt it, so I...”

The Special Operations Team was ready to strike. Their leader ordered, “Be careful, the criminal has a

knife. I repeat, the criminal has a knife, Do not let him hurt the hostages.”

At this

point, a long length of police tape had cordoned the hospital off. The Special Operations Team had also evacuated the production set.

Dexter stopped a police officer on duty and asked anxiously, "Excuse me, officer, but what is the suspect

wanted for?"

"illegal organ trading and serial homicide," the officer answered. He put up a hand and said, "You have to

get out of here. His countersurveillance and hypervigilance make him extremely dangerous.

"The man is medically qualified, and that's why it took us **this** long to track him down. We reckon we

might need some time before we can wrap things up here."

Dexter's jaw dropped when he heard this. He gripped a fistful of his hair **and** shot a withering look at the intern. "You certainly know how to pick them."

Talk about

a diverse cast. Who would have thought that a homicidal maniac and evil spirits would become guests on a game show?

Dexter shuddered at the thought of being held accountable for any casualties inside the children's hospital.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lyons, I... I've checked the statistics, and the streaming numbers for our show are still climbing." The intern showed Dexter his phone screen. "See? The audience loves how unscripted the storyline is.

"They find the plot twists refreshing, and the praise just keeps flooding in!"

Chapter 475 Hostage Situation

Dexter wanted to sob. He didn't care about the popularity of the show. He just wanted everyone inside that building to be safe.

Meanwhile, Horace stood in the dim room on the second floor of the children's hospital **as** he looked up

at the cameras.

A crazed gleam shone in his **eyes** as he said, "I heard this show is all the **rage**. I'm sure a lot of people are watching this **right** now.

"Let me go free, or I'll take all these celebrities down with me. At least I'll have company in hell."

Oliver was on the brink of wetting his pants. He cast a desperate look **at** Tobias, silently begging the latter

to save **him**.

However, Wynter surprised everyone by stepping forward. She paid no mind to Oliver as she gave Horace

a cursory look. "Guess you're not the person the twins are looking for."

Horace couldn't believe Wynter could look so at ease even when he was holding a knife to Oliver's neck.

"Your acting's pretty good for a newble," Horace remarked with a sneer. "Stop going on about the twins. Patience isn't my strong suit, so one of you had better go out and tell the production crew to let me go free, or I'll-

Before he could finish his threat, Wynter's hand darted out and grabbed his wrist. "If you're not the one the twins are after, then stop getting in the way of their revenge and go sit and in the corner!"

Horace gaped at her. He hadn't even gotten his thoughts in order before he heard his wrist cracking. He was in so much pain that he was forced to release Oliver,

Wynter wasted no **time** kicking Horace into the corner after that.

Chapter 476 Another Killer

Wynter threw all her might into the kick that sent Horace flying. His lower back hit the wall and he slumped to the floor, groaning.

A second ago, he had been holding Oliver hostage. Now, he was coughing blood on the floor.

The comment section fell silent. Dexter was on the verge of tears when he saw this and paused. "Did she just take the suspect down?"

The audience was shocked.

"This has got to be the shortest hostage situation I've ever seen," someone commented.

"Is he really a... serial killer?" someone speculated.

"Yes! See, even the internet police put up his information!"

The internet police had disclosed Horace's personal information **and** criminal record after the broadcast couldn't be stopped. At once, comments flooded in.

“Number five has got to be working for the cops!”

“She who

has done nothing wrong shall fear no evil, right?”

“But the internet police didn’t say anything about knowing her. For all we know, she’s just a candidate

selected at random.”

“She’s won me over completely nonetheless.”

“Guys, you’re missing the point! If Horace **isn’t** the douchebag who killed his twins, then Joshua is the only one who fits the profile!”

Before the camera could pan to Joshua, he bolted down the stairs. Joshua barely looked older than 19.

Baffled that Joshua, who was so young, could be a father of three children, Dexter glanced at the intern in

askance.

The intern sheepishly adjusted his glasses. “He provided false information, apparently. If anyone guessed his identity correctly, they would get a hidden score at best.”

“He was chosen by you too?” Dexter thought he was going to go mad.

The intern should have verified the candidates’ personal information. How could he make such a mess of selecting candidates for the show?

If there were anyone who would not be affected by the Earthbound Formation, it would be the person who killed the maker of that formation.

Joshua hurtled down the stairs, his face awash with panic. He had been quiet since getting here, almost like none of this **had** anything to do with him.

In truth, he didn’t think the haunting upstairs had anything to do with him either until Wynter and the NPC

Chapter 476 Another Killer

brought up the twins’ story. That was when Joshua felt his palms getting sweaty.

He wondered if the production crew had dug up his past before inviting him to be a guest on the show. That would explain the high pay he was offered for each episode. The **crew** had been setting him up for a big reveal.

Joshua could only think of one solution—lying through his teeth. He would not confess to his crimes no

matter what.

Losing his moral compass had made pretending a lot easier. There was nothing he wouldn't do to save

himself.

He hadn't forgotten what the fortune teller told him—lost souls feared those who killed them the most. As such, Joshua had nothing to be afraid of. The twins wouldn't come near **him**.

Just as Joshua was about to reach the landing, he bumped into someone walking up the stairs.

Startled, Joshua quickly grabbed the person's arm, saying, "Turn around, pal. You don't want to go up there where the serial killer is! It's dangerous!"

The robed apprentice behind the person was convinced. "Where's the serial killer?"

"Upstairs, with the others!" Joshua answered, continuing to put on an act upon seeing that the person had

come with reinforcement.

"Didn't you guys notice that your phone reception was cut off when you entered this building? This is a — strange place, and the killer has taken a hostage at knifepoint!"

The person whom Joshua was grabbing onto coughed lightly. He asked quietly in a husky voice, "Sir, would you mind letting go of me?"

Despite the person's polite tone, Joshua registered the withering look in the former's eyes. The gaze was so intimidating that Joshua let him go.

Chapter 477 Power Couple

Joshua let **go**, and Dalton, whose handsome features made him look out of place in an abandoned

building like this, gazed at him curiously. How did you get out if the serial killer was as vicious as you

said?"

Maurice agreed after collecting his thoughts. "Yes. How are you moving **so** freely within the formation?"

He wondered if Joshua was blessed with heavenly luck too. He then began to question if heavenly luck had been given out in a free-for-all and he had somehow missed the memo.

Maurice had little experience in the real world, so his first reaction was to **call** for Kaspar. "Master!"

However, Kaspar had no time to entertain his apprentice's questions. He bolted up to the second floor, where the evil aura was strongest.

Seeing this, **Joshua** thought he could sneak away. However, Dalton **blocked** his way and asked, "Could you show us the way to the room where the hostages are?"

"There's a killer in there!" Joshua snapped, wondering if the handsome man before him was **deaf** or simply had a death wish.

Dalton eyed him evenly. "We're looking for the killer."

"What?" Joshua gaped at **him**.

Dalton said slowly. "You provided false information when you signed up as a show candidate. Your real

name

is Josiah Geller, and you're 33 years **old**. You married **and** started a family at a young age.

"You had twin daughters, but now you're left with only a three-year-old son. The reason you're back in

Kingbourne is to seek medical treatment for your son.

"He's developmentally retarded and requires expensive, ongoing treatment. The money you received as compensation from the manufacturer ran out in the last three years.

"When you found out how much Ultimate Survival was willing to pay its candidates per episode, you decided to try your luck and signed up for it.

"You didn't think you would be picked, but you **changed** your personal information for fear of having your

past dug up.

Dakton recited Josiah's entire history as if he was familiar with the case details and was merely laying down the pretext of it.

Dalton **had** always been lethal with his intelligence and resourcefulness. In the short drive it took to get to the set, he had already memorized all there was to know about Josiah.

Josiah blanched. He glared at Dalton menacingly and warned, "Stay out of it, pal. Go after the killer upstairs if you want and leave me alone!"

He wouldn't let a delicate-looking man like Dalton threaten him into submission, no matter how elegant and imposing Dalton appeared.

Josiah narrowed his eyes as he assessed Dalton. He might not have been able to take on that crazy young lady upstairs, but he could certainly fight a sheltered scion.

However, before Josiah could strike, Dalton had already raised one long leg and kicked him hard. Dalton pulled off the move effortlessly and gracefully. He didn't move like a sick person at all.

Not one to waste time on small talk, he gazed d **glaring** up at him.

at Josiah, who had doubled over in pain and was

"Mr. Geller, I forgot to mention that I'm a bit of a germaphobe, and I don't like being touched,"

Blood filled Josiah's mouth, and he had lost a tooth after taking a kick from Dalton.

Wynter came downstairs in time to catch this moment. She glanced at Dalton, her beautiful fiancé, standing tall and straight in the shadows. He looked imperious in his white shirt and dark trench coat.

As if sensing her gaze on him, Dalton looked up at her. A smile curled on his lips as he explained, "He was going to hit me. I kicked him out of self-defense. Do I get a reward for stopping the culprit?"

He reached down to pull Josiah up by the collar. With one fling, he tossed the latter at Wynter's feet effortlessly.

A brief look at Josiah told Wynter he was still breathing. She glanced at Dalton and took in his purplish

aura. "That's great and all, but I kind of need something else from you.

"Hmm?" Dalton raised a brow.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 478 We Meet Again

"Luck," Wynter said briefly before bracing her arms against the handrail behind Dalton as she pressed her lips to his.

Their heights matched perfectly, and his fine looks complemented hers as well.

The only difference lay in their **carriage**. Where Dalton was imperious **and** aloof, Wynter had the makings of a temptress. In summary, they made a handsome pair.

Maurice's eyes widened at the sight of this. This was the first time he had seen heavenly luck being **borrowed** this way. He cried out to Kaspar in alarm, "Master!"

"What are you yelling for? Watch Dalton's back," Kaspar **said** tersely. He was busy mustering strength for breaking the formation. "Don't let the evil aura get near him."

"Do I stop him from being kissed too?" Maurice asked loudly.

Kissed? Kaspar had only just located Lana, and he was about to perform the Arcane Way on the dark shadow writhing behind her when he paused.

For a moment, he doubted himself. Did he make **a** mistake? Was there a greater evil downstairs? Why else would Dalton, of all people, get kissed all of a sudden?

While

Kaspar was momentarily distracted, Lana darted past him with the dark shadow in her wake. The lights overhead flickered.

Lana was the older sister, and protecting her younger twin was a matter of instinct.

Kaspar was a master of the Arcane Way and was only a level away from being a grand master. If he were to get his hands on her, he would shatter their souls.

When Kaspar realized Lana was getting away, he quickly fished out an artifact to stop her. But at the next.

second, a lucky coin was tossed in his direction.

At once, the aura of the artifact dissipated, and another figure appeared before Lana.

Kaspar recognized Wynter right away. "You're the young lady from the hotel!"

..wynter replied politely Fi

"In the seems we meet again, Mr. Stavius."

She then cast a sidelong glance at Lana. "Go ahead and do what you must. I've already talked to my

acquaintance, so go and have your revenge the way you like it.”

Lana was about to say something when Wynter urged quietly, “Go!”

Kaspar’s gray brows knitted at this. “Young lady, stay out of this! You have no idea what you’ve just done!”

“Oh, I’m well aware,” Wynter countered without stepping out of Kaspar’s way. “She set up the Earthbound

Formation.”

“You know that?” Kaspar paused. It didn’t take him long to put two and two together. He stared at Wynter

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with wide eyes and said, “You’re the one who broke that formation the other day!”

“Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Stavius,” Wynter quipped with a smile, not at all denying his accusation.

Kaspar exclaimed, “My child, where have you been? I’ve been looking everywhere for you!”

This surprised Wynter. She had no idea what he was going on about.

Glancing at Maurice, who was downstairs, Kaspar patted Wynter on the shoulder and said, “I must go and break the formation first. We’ll talk about your apprenticeship once I’m done.”

But Wynter did not let him past her. “Mr. Stavius, I need to talk to you about this breaking-the-formation

business.”

When Kaspar saw that she would not budge, he understood her intentions. “You’ve made up your mind to help that evil spirit? Don’t you know how that will disrupt the heavenly balance?”

“Heavenly balance?” Wynter pointed out crisply, “I can’t cultivate that, but I do have a question for you, Mr. Stavius. Is blind loyalty true loyalty?”

Kaspar had been cultivating the Arcane Way for years, and his stance on the matter was clear. “No.”

“If I was killed by my parents and my death was brutal, is my grudge justified?” Wynter pressed.

Kaspar froze. "I don't think any parent would be so cruel as to-

"Mr. Stavius, your compassion makes you a great cultivator of the Arcane Way," Wynter said, cutting him off. "But you have secluded your self in the mountains for years and have **cut** off contact with the outside.

world.

"What good will the fruits of your cultivation do if you do not recognize the pain and suffering that are rife within society?"

Chapter 479 The Truth Revealed

Wynter held onto the lucky coin, the purple aura swirling in her hand. "Some folks just prefer sons over daughters. They treat daughters like they're nothing, ready to toss them aside or sell them off.

"And some dads, after cheating, would sooner see their own kids gone than stick around with the mistress. If there's really justice out there, it better start paying attention."

"Stop talking about human rules. They just want fairness, not to be called evil spirits.

"Master, who's the real bad guy?"

Kaspar, paused, deep in thought. Some folks could achieve the impossible, and others found enlightenment in one night.

He didn't go downstairs. Instead, he sat where he was, basically telling Wynter the answer.

Meanwhile, James **had** opened his eyes. As he watched as two tiny figures approached him, he felt a shiver run down his spine.

Turning his head, he spotted Maurice, who had tears streaming down his face. "Master, save me, please!"

Maurice couldn't step forward **as** there was **a** heaven's chosen one blocking his way.

Lana was initially wary of James' handsome appearance. They were unloved spirits who could see what

other spirits couldn't, and the darkness surrounding him was almost thicker than their own aura.

It blended with numerous strands of celestial purple aura, which made them feel both at ease and afraid.

To their surprise, James glanced at them and said, "They are over there. Go on. Stay out of sight."

It wasn't just the twins.

It seemed like all the spirits within the spell were suddenly suppressed by some unseen force.

They dared not stir from their hiding spots underworld. They wondered who exactly was standing above them!

"I think I smell the scent of Master."

"Don't talk nonsense! You might not even make it as a spirit!"

The underworld went quiet. The creatures lurking in the shadows, who were just moments ago ready to exploit the chaos, backed off, afraid of getting caught. They knew they couldn't keep going like this.

In the human world, Dora and Carol exchanged a glance. Then, they respectfully bowed to Dalton. Afterward, they headed toward James.

The hallway lights flickered, sending chills down James' spine. Their faces looked ghostly pale, and they had dark circles under their **eyes**

"Do you know how much it hurt us? Dora and I never are much. We were afraid you'd get mad.

"Later, I found out it wasn't about how much we eat. It's because we're girls, and Kent's a boy. He's three

now, but he can have KFC and pizza, and just toss whatever he can't finish.

"Dora Just wanted one hot dog. But you said she's just greedy and was wasting your money.

"If you don't love us, why bring us into this world?"

Upon listening to Carol, James felt less scared. He clenched his fists as he watched her. "You're so annoying! All this fuss over a hot dog!"

"You two were always trouble. Did you think I really wanted you?" James knew there were no cameras, so he revealed his true nature. "Don't think you can scare me like this. Someone already told me that, deep down, you're scared of me!"

"I'll repeat what I did before!" James said, pulling out the jade pendant hanging around their neck. His expression was even more sinister than that of a spirit!

Chapter 480 We Will Protect Master From Now On

The glow of the pendant made Dora and Carol feel like they were diving into flames. The heat radiating from it made them instinctively shield their faces.

But before they could react, someone grabbed James and yanked the jade pendant out of his hand!

"You never learn, huh?" Wynter tightened her grip on **his** neck, her gaze dark and intense.

James' face turned pale. As his feet were lifted off the ground, he started gasping for air. He knew she meant to kill him. He began pleading. "... messed up, I

"It's too late," Wynter muttered. The tension in the hallway grew heavier.

Suddenly, a voice pierced the **air**, stopping her. "Ms. Quinnell, forget it."

Wynter looked down. It was Dora tugging at her sleeve. "If you kill him, you'd go to jail. We don't want **you** to go to jail."

"Yeah." Carol nodded slightly. "Ms. Quinnell, we trusted you. The folks downstairs told us we could get expensive lawyers to fight this. Once this mess is over, could you get him for us?"

Wynter's eyes flickered with anger. "Alright."

In cases of murder, a prosecution was necessary. But it had been three years. Restarting a case was tough

But for Wynter, it was no big deal. "I'll take care of him for you."

"We won't have any regrets then." Dora leaned against her leg. "We're not bad kids, right?"

Wynter patted Dora's head. "You're not."

"I've done bad things. But Carol hasn't." Dora looked up at Wynter. "Can you help Carol move on and let her reincarnate? Can you give her some luck so that when she's reborn, there'll be caring adults for her?"

Wynter looked at her. "Sure."

"Deal!" Dora said sweetly and began to fade away.

The tension around them suddenly disappeared! Above the children's hospital, the sky cleared up instantly!

Dora had willingly resolved her grudges, redeeming every spirit within a hundred miles. It was like a spell of heavy rain brought life to everything.

Carol reached out for Dora, her eyes blazing red. However, all she caught was thick and swirling black

mist.

“Is Dora gone, Master?” Leo jumped onto Wynter’s shoulder, crying as it buried its face. “Can we save her, please?”

Upon hearing this, Wynter tossed the purple aura from her palm into the air. Then, she bit her fingertip and

Chanth: 480 We Will **Protect** Master From Now On

said, “With my blood, I build its spirit.”

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Suddenly, the black mist halted. Blood dripped into the soul, and the heavens lent it their power. The **dark** shadow began gathering, originally capable of transforming into a human.

But with a will of its own, it transformed into specks of sparkles, landing on the purple sugilite pendant hanging from Wynter’s waist.

“Master, I’ll stick with you. If you ever face danger, I’ll come out to shield you.”

It was rare for spirits to voluntarily take on the role of protector, using their bodies as protective tools.

There weren’t many like that.

Maurice watched from afar, feeling intensely envious! To his surprise, another one came right after the

first!

“I don’t want to be reincarnated. I’ll protect you with Dora.” Carol forcibly transformed itself using its soul and landed in Wynter’s palm.

“Master, can you tie me and Dora together? I’m very happy. How about you, Dora?”

The purple sugilite pendant emitted a soft light. “Me too.”

Wynter didn’t refuse their request and strung them together. Then, she glanced up and spotted Maurice not far away.

