

Chapter 1170

The roar had come from Gerald whose eyes were now bloodshot as he stared at all the blood currently gushing out of Chester's mouth.

As Joshua and Lord Fenderson immediately rushed over, the trembling Chester stuttered, "M-master... it... it hurts...!"

Covering the injured parts of Chester's head with his hand, Gerald attempted to force his powers out to save him while shouting, "You'll be fine! Stay with me!"

"I-it's... too late... Y-you know, master... I... I think I can finally see Lola...! After so many years, she still looks like an eight-year-old child... And... her smile... her laughter... they're as pretty as ever...!" replied Chester, his voice slowly weakening as more blood spilled out from his mouth.

"I... can see it now... She's rowing a boat... She's telling me that we're going... to see the sunset together... We... We're finally going to be reunited again... How great...!" added the dying Chester, his trembling slowly getting weaker and weaker...

"I... miss you so much... Lola..."

That was the last thing Chester ever said as his hand slowly went limp.

"Chester!" shouted Joshua.

However, no amount of shouting would be able to help. Chester had already breathed his last breath...

Despite the emotional scene, Tiara herself simply looked away disdainfully.

Even Hendrik had scorn in his gaze as he thought to himself, 'Well isn't this great? To think that the young master would actually do all this to anger the master of the

Holy Witchcraft! Regardless, now that he's dead, then that means that the position of future master of the Holy Witchcraft will fall to...'

As Hendrik smirked to himself, Gerald turned to look at Tiara as he growled, "He had already chosen to start a new life... Chester had been ready to start doing good after all the wrong he's done... How... How could you do something like this to your own blood-related grandson?!"

"He deserves to die for being such a disgrace to the Holy Witchcraft!" retorted Tiara to the furious Gerald.

"You know, I heard from Chester that you were the one who killed Lola as well... You're one vicious old woman... You'll certainly die an ugly death one day!" cursed Gerald.

"...What? You... You...! I'll kill you!" roared Tiara the moment she heard the words, 'old woman'. That was the last thing she wanted to be referred to as!

Just as the raging old woman was about to charge toward Gerald, a black car—which Gerald recognized to be one of the Yonwick's—came to a screeching halt close to them.

Following that, the car's driver immediately stepped out before shouting, "Please, wait a minute!"

"...A subordinate of the Yonwick's? How dare you attempt to stop me!" replied Tiara with a frown.

"Lady Queenena wishes to see you!"

"What? Queenena? Who does she even think he is? How dare she order me around!" growled Tiara, her rage seething by this point.

“Please don’t be upset, Master Tiara. Before anything else, Lady Queena told me to show this to you... She said you’d understand once you open it!” said the driver as he tossed a box to Tiara.

Catching it, Tiara then opened it to see what the big deal was. Seconds later, however, her body instantly began trembling wildly as her eyes widened.

“...I-I’ll follow you to meet Lady Queena!” replied Tiara as she immediately bowed! Whatever she had seen in that box, it must’ve been extremely incredible...

Getting the confirmation he needed, the driver then looked at Gerald before saying, “As for you, Mr. Crawford, Lady Queena asks if you’ve made up your mind. If you’re still uncertain about it, I was told to leave you to be dealt with by the Holy Witchcraft’s second lord!”

“Then tell her that even if I were to die, I’ll make her suffer for the rest of her life! She’ll never get what she wants!” replied Gerald, the only person who knew that he was referring to Zeus.

“Very well, then. You’ll be in charge of young master Gerald then, Second lord. However, you’re not allowed to kill him!” said the driver as he turned to look at Hendrik.

While Hendrik himself had never looked up upon the Yonwicks, seeing how terrified the master of the Holy Witchcraft currently was, he didn’t dare to disobey. There was something he wanted to ask Gerald anyway...

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With that said, Hendrik ordered for Gerald to be arrested.

Not long after, Gerald found himself within a secret room with Hendrik.

“Tell me, Gerald... Are you aware of any secret techniques to get rid of ancient witchcraft...?” asked Hendrik coldly.

“Secret techniques? Now why would I know anything of the sort! After all, such techniques are only taught to those within the Holy Witchcraft, no?” replied Gerald rather casually as he turned to look at Hendrik.

“You’d best stop putting on an act before me, you brat! I’ll admit that I used a secret ancient witchcraft technique on Chester’s body long ago... That particular witchcraft poisons a person’s heart, making them act in eccentric, unreasonable, and extreme ways! After a long period of time, said person would eventually die from insanity! I was lucky to have come across such an ancient technique, you know? Regardless, when I saw Chester again earlier, the witchcraft I had placed upon him seemed to have been lifted! While he was able to regain his consciousness, I’m glad that old woman still killed him with a single blow! Otherwise, all my plans would’ve been for nothing!” growled Hendrik as he glowered at Gerald.

Grabbing Gerald by his collar, he then added, “Now hurry up and spit out the truth! If it wasn’t you, then is there anyone else among you who’s proficient in ancient secret techniques?!”

In truth, Gerald had noticed something odd about Chester back when he had just cornered him in the woods. After using his mind-reading ability on Chester, he realized that Chester wasn’t actually a person with bad character. In contrast, he seemed to be constantly repenting and confessing his sins!

Simultaneously, Gerald also noticed an inner demon within him that wished to simply act uncontrollably.

Something just didn’t feel quite right about that. After all, while childhood traumas could certainly be linked with having extreme feelings or emotions, the things Gerald sensed within Chester were on a whole new level.

It was then when Gerald realized that someone had used heart devouring witchcraft on him. Such witchcraft was poisonous to the afflicted, and the technique could be used on any part of the body. If a person wasn’t proficient in the technique or if they didn’t know about its existence in the first place, even a master who was skilled with poisons wouldn’t be able to tell if someone was suffering from the witchcraft.

However, Finnley had previously taught and passed on all his skills to Gerald. As a result, Gerald was much more proficient in poisons since he had received legitimate training on them.

Regardless, sometime after that incident, Gerald found an opportunity to remove the poison from Chester's body. However, he had refrained from telling Chester about it since he only wanted to tell him about it once he fully recovered.

Anyhow, that was the reason why Gerald had treated Chester so well. If it wasn't because of the poison, Chester pretty much had a simple and kind personality. But there was no use thinking about all this now...

Chester was no longer among the living.

He had died because of Gerald, and Hendrick was the one who had set him up.

Thinking about that, Gerald turned to glare daggers at Hendrik, immense murderous intent reflected in his eyes.

"Not only are you refusing to answer my question, but now you're even glaring at me so murderously? Have it your way! I have many ways to make a useless person like you speak up! While I can't kill you, I can still make you suffer by humiliating you to the point where you'd definitely prefer to be dead rather than alive!" declared Hendrik as his eyes widened.

"Men! Tie him up before hanging him out at the port! He's going to be placed there as an exhibit for tens of thousands of people... Only let him down once he's willing to fess up!" ordered Hendrik as he laughed aloud.

Swiftly obeying, Gerald soon found himself on the ground as Hendrik's subordinates began tying his hands behind his back...

True to Hendrik's orders, Gerald was soon hung up—for all to see—at the port.

Also true to Hendrik's words, an almost endless number of pedestrians immediately recognized who he was when they walked past him, prompting many to take the time to stare and discuss Gerald's current plight.

"Oh god, isn't that Mr. Crawford...?"

"The hell is going on? How did he even end up in such a sorry state?"

"Well, I'm sure you've heard by now of how vile the internal committee of the Holy Witchcraft actually is, right? You see, Mr. Crawford was the one who had uncovered their lies and exposed them! Due to his actions, the young lord turned into a new leaf and even announced his departure from the Holy Witchcraft! Since then, Mr. Crawford supposedly took the young lord under his wing!"

"You know, Mr. Crawford's provided no shortage of economic-based projects for the Yonwick family... In fact, he's even taken the initiative to invest and start several development projects on Montholm Island! You can already tell that Mr. Crawford is a good man from all that he's done!" explained a passer-by.

While they clearly viewed him positively, none of those discussing Gerald dared to speak out loud. After all, there were two guardians from the Holy Witchcraft who were keeping a close watch on Gerald, and everyone knew that those from that clan were proficient in witchcraft that could easily be used to kill others.

Though they were aware that attempting to rescue him would definitely spell trouble, many of the pedestrians chose to remain there. To them, since they couldn't actively help him, keeping him company was the next best thing.

Around that time, a car slowly drove past the area...

"...Hmm? M-miss Queena, look! It's Mr. Crawford!" exclaimed the shocked driver when he saw who had been hoisted up at the port.

Hearing that, she immediately rolled the car's windows down to have a look for herself. Naturally, the sight of Gerald in such a condition made her feel quite distressed.

While she was extremely tempted to lower Gerald right this instant, she kept reminding herself that his current situation was pretty much ideal for her plan to work out. In her mind, she summarized that after Gerald arrived at the point where he couldn't bear the humiliation anymore, he would eventually come to realize that she was the only person who truly cared about him. By that point, he would surely choose to approach her, begging for mercy!

For her plan to come true, she knew she had to endure her own pain, even if it made her slightly distressed.

"So it is! Well, he has nothing to do with us! Drive on!" replied Queena as she closed her eyes.

Not daring to delay the car ride, the driver simply obeyed and drove off.

Meanwhile, Gerald was thinking to himself, 'I have to quickly think of a way to recover my strength! If this goes on, then I'll definitely miss out on the pledge of the holy water! However, even after I've escaped, I have no real way of contacting grandpa at all...!'

Hours passed and soon, it was late at night...

Chapter 1172

By that point, out of fear that those from within the crowd would attempt to rescue Gerald, the two guardians—who were tasked with keeping an eye on Gerald—quickly drove away anyone who had chosen to stay behind.

As a result, only silence remained when Gerald looked up at the moon in the midnight sky.

Throughout the afternoon earlier, Gerald had remained focused on thinking up a way to break free of his seal. After all, not only was the clock ticking, but Gerald had also come to realize something from Chester's death.

That being, he couldn't allow anyone else around him to suffer any more harm or die because of him!

With that in mind, he was eventually able to come up with a method to break his seals.

Back when he had first come across the deity, Gerald had found a ring-shaped jade pendant that embedded several memories into his mind.

Though he now had memories of learning several new skills, despite previously attempting to use those skills for himself, Gerald realized that he could only actually practice a small portion of the skills.

Regardless, while thinking of ways to remove his seal earlier, Gerald recalled a training technique that he felt could easily and quickly allow him to break free of all three of them.

However, said technique was also evil in nature, and if the user of the technique wasn't careful, they could easily get corrupted after receiving such a surge of power. What more, the execution of the technique was also rather cruel, even for Gerald's standards.

Due to that, he spent much of his remaining time wondering whether he should take the risk and use such a dangerous technique. Even after quite some time, however, Gerald knew that in the end, he didn't have much of a choice. There simply wasn't any other way, and he was well aware that he couldn't afford to allow anything bad to happen to Joshua and the others due to his hesitation.

Anyhow, in order to actually use the technique, Gerald first needed to practice it for some time, so he figured that midnight would be the best time to do so. With Gerald already having memories of the technique implanted in his mind, he knew it wasn't going to be too difficult for him to practice it.

Now that midnight was here, the determined youth felt that it was high time that he began practicing it. Since he was left hanging mid-air now, Gerald simply closed his eyes, resting while simultaneously manipulating the flow of the meridians in his body in accordance to the paths that his implanted memories showed him.

Fast forward to a week later, Gerald finally determined that his soul was ready. It was now finally time for Gerald to use the Dawnbreaker!

'Come forth, Dawnbreaker!' Gerald ordered through his mind.

Almost instantaneously, the black blade flew out of Gerald's sleeve and swiftly sliced open the rope that had been binding him this entire time!

Now freed from his restraints, Gerald fell to the ground, almost losing his footing since his body was still slightly weak.

As Gerald let out a long sigh of relief, he suddenly heard someone sneer, "The hell? How'd the ropes break? Hold up, looks like he had a dagger with him this entire time! Thankfully, the second lord sent seven of us to keep an eye on you, twenty-four hours a day! Otherwise, you would've surely made your escape!"

After sliding the Dawnbreaker back into his sleeve, Gerald turned to look at the seven smirking men from the Holy Witchcraft who were all staring at him as they slowly approached the youth.

Despite how cruel his following actions would be, Gerald had already convinced himself that he was only using the technique due to there being no other way to break the seals.

"Hey, brat! Are you going to tie yourself up or do you need us to do it for you? I'll have you know that you're just begging for trouble just by attempting to escape!" said the leader of the men as he continued walking over to Gerald in a carefree manner, intent on giving the youth a few gentle slaps to the face to teach him a lesson.

Once the leader was within range, however, Gerald immediately grabbed hold of his guardian's head before unleashing the technique he had been practicing throughout the week!

At that moment, a surreal and slightly chilling sound could be heard. Soon enough, the guardian's screams of pain were added to the mix.

To the six other guardians, it looked as though a huge suction force was sucking their leader dry, causing his body to rapidly begin shriveling up as his cheeks sunk so much that his pale face now resembled a skull more than anything.

Their leader's skin soon turned a purplish-black as it continued shriveling to a point where only ashes remained... Releasing his grasp on the ashes, Gerald turned to look at the six screaming men who were all paralyzed in fear after witnessing the horrors that Gerald had just committed right before their very eyes.

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This evil method was known as the Soul Eater, and by using it, Gerald was able to quickly drain his victim's vitality, turning it into his own. Naturally, this meant that the more souls he absorbed, the more strength and energy he would gain.

None of the guardians had expected Gerald to possess such a diabolical skill, but it was already far too late for them to escape. With the same technique, Gerald swiftly absorbed the vitality of the six remaining men, resulting in each of them turning into mere piles of dust.

After completing the deed, fierce determination glinted in Gerald's eyes as he stared off into the distance.

While he had now managed to recover around thirty percent of his strength, Gerald was well aware that even at his peak strength, he still wasn't going to be a match for Queena by a longshot.

With that in mind, he knew that he needed to get as far away from Queena as possible. After all, his current priority was still to locate the actual woman in white.

Even so, Gerald was sure that it wasn't going to be as easy since Queena had supernatural powers.

After giving it some thought, he decided to look for Master Ghost to get another reading from him. After all, up till this point, everything that Master Ghost had predicted had eventually come true.

Regarding the old score that Master Ghost had told him to settle first before his next reading could take place, Gerald now knew that Queena was most probably the person that the previous divination session had predicted for him to meet.

Since he was actually capable of predicting all these events, Master Ghost would definitely be able to provide a good lead for Gerald's next step!

'Regardless, I should save lord Fenderson and the others first before leaving!' Gerald thought to himself as he instantly began heading toward the land of the Holy Witchcraft.

The second he arrived at the foot of the mountain, Gerald was immediately stopped by a guardian who shouted, "Halt! What do you think you're doing? Did you think you could break into the Holy Witchcraft that easily?!"

Gerald, however, wasn't planning to waste any time. Extremely swiftly, he decisively ran up to the guardian before instantly breaking his neck!

Seeing that, the other guardians widened their eyes in horror.

"Where is Hendrik Tindall?" asked Gerald coldly as he grabbed hold of one of the guardians.

"T-the second lord is drinking with his friends in the mansion!" stuttered the guardian.

"What about Lord Fenderson and the others? Where have they been locked up?"

With Gerald's pressuring aura and how resolute he had been when snapping the neck of the other guardian seconds earlier, the young guard knew that his life was hanging by a thread at that moment.

"I-I'll tell you the truth but in return, please don't kill me...!"

“Agreed!”

Meanwhile, Hendrik was playing cards with a few of his friends inside the mansion.

Throughout his life, the man had three things he loved most. Aside from his obsession with ancient witchcraft, Hendrik also loved beautiful women, and playing mah-jong as well as cards.

He simply adored the exciting atmosphere that came with playing mah-jong and cards. Due to that, Hendrik had converted his huge living room into a mah-jong and cards room. Of course, he also had an area—in the middle of the room—specifically designated for several beautiful and flirtatious women to dance while he played with his friends.

Hendrik himself was currently extremely comfortable and completely immersed in the atmosphere. Not long after, however, the loud ‘slam’ of a door could be heard, causing his attention to be drawn to the sound.

From where he sat, Hendrik saw a young man walking into the room as a servant—who was holding onto the young man’s shoulder—attempted to stop him from entering. However, the servant was clearly failing at his attempt as the young man simply dragged him into the room as well.

When the young man got close enough, Hendrik couldn’t help but feel surprised when he realized who the young man actually was. It was Gerald of all people!

“So it’s you, you worthless piece of trash! I really hadn’t expected that you’d be able to escape! Ignoring that, to think that you actually came all the way here to seek your own death again!” scorned Hendrik before continuing on with his game of cards.

He had already fought against Gerald before, thus he knew that Gerald wasn’t as powerful as the others had described him to be. That was also the reason why he was behaving so contemptuously toward the youth.

Seeing how calm Hendrik was, his friends didn't even bother to budge and simply continued with their game. It was evident that they were all treating Gerald like he was nothing more than a joke.

"So that's the infamous Mr. Crawford? And here I thought he was going to be some powerful man! As it turns out, he's just some kid! Hah!" sneered one of the men playing with Hendrik.

Following that, a young man with a very pale complexion—who had been standing behind Hendrik this entire time—said, "So this is the person who killed the young lord! How absolutely perfect! I was planning to head to the port one of these days to look at how miserable he was hanging there, you know? To think that he managed to escape yet decided to show himself before us! Please allow me to take him down first before you deal with him next, father!"

Seeing how vicious his son's expression was, Hendrik simply casually replied, "Very well, but be careful not to kill him! Keeping him alive will be of great use to me!"

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Getting his father's approval, the young man then began walking toward Gerald and with a contemptuous tone, he scorned, "I hope that you know that there is only submission when it comes to our sacred Holy Witchcraft, young man! There's never been room for any negotiation in the past, nor will there ever be any in the future! With that in mind, since you're clearly here to seek a compromise, you're already in the wrong! Due to that, I'll personally teach you a lesson you won't ever forget! We'll see if you'll finally tell my father what he wants to know once I'm done with you!"

After a booming laugh, he then launched himself toward Gerald!

Gerald, however, was now much faster than him. In one swift move, he grabbed hold of the young man's head before tearing it right off his body!

The others could only widen their eyes in disbelief as the decapitated body—that was now spurting a fountain of blood from the neck—flopped to the ground.

"...W-what?!" roared Hendrik as Gerald tossed his son's head—which still retained a frozen expression of shock—to the side.

At that moment, nobody at the table dared to even make a move in their immense shock. Hendrik himself was simultaneously flabbergasted, distressed, and extremely heartbroken by the sudden turn of events.

Not too long after, he managed to snap out of it and the second he did, he immediately stood up trembling. The immensely distressed man felt great pain from his aching heart as he cried out, “M-my son...!”

He truly hadn’t expected that Gerald would possess such great strength! However, it was far too late for regrets now.

Gerald had already killed his only son!

It was at that moment when screams filled the room as the dancing girls finally snapped out of their horrified states and immediately began scattering to get out of there! Even the servant—who had earlier been trying to stop Gerald from entering—instantly turned around to run after witnessing Gerald’s terrifying strength.

To his utter dismay, he was only a few steps away when he felt Gerald’s hand on him! Fear was the last emotion he felt as Gerald took in a deep breath...

And just like that, the servant felt like millions of tiny explosions were simultaneously taking place all over his body! Though he was now still standing in place, the others watched in horror as a strange red mist began seeping out of every orifice on his body! By the time Gerald’s attack was done, the young servant’s body appeared to have been sucked dry and was now nothing but a shriveled up black corpse!

How absolutely horrifying and cruel! Frightened to death by all this, everyone’s fight or flight instinct was instantly triggered.

Run. They needed to get the hell out of this place!

At that moment, that was the only thought in the minds of those who were earlier playing cards with Hendrik.

They were all well aware that Gerald was here to have his revenge on Hendrik, and though he was a good friend of theirs whom they could play cards with, there was no way in hell they were staying to die with him here today, especially after seeing how tragically the servant and Hendrik's son had died.

Though the men began running in all directions, hoping to escape, it was a futile effort, to say the least. After all, Gerald had already planned to kill everyone here tonight.

Regardless, they could wait. After all, Chester's murderer was now standing right in front of him.

Turning to look at Chester's murderer—who was now standing right before him—Gerald recalled how Chester's death had filled Gerald with immense sadness and guilt. After all, he had only died to save Gerald.

While it was true that the others in the room didn't have anything to do with that, Gerald simply wanted all of them to die here together with Hendrik today, simple as that. Not one of them was leaving alive tonight!

With that, Gerald released the Dawnbreaker.

Though everyone was undoubtedly fast, the Dawnbreaker was faster.

Even before any of them were able to make their way to the door, one by one, decapitated heads fell to the ground, followed shortly after by their bodies.

While he had earlier been filled with both anger and resentment after witnessing his son's murder, after watching Gerald kill off all his friends so effortlessly, all the previous feelings were instantly replaced with sheer panic as he began trembling uncontrollably.

The person standing before him now... He was no ordinary man! He... He was a death god! A death god who didn't even need to blink or think twice before killing! And his aura... What a terrifying aura he exuded... The pressure from Gerald's aura

alone made people feel like an impending disaster was coming! Due to that, any sane person would only be able to think about surviving within his terrifying presence!

Now brimming with fear, Hendrik immediately knelt and hit his forehead against the floor quite loudly before begging with a quivering voice, "P-please, Mr. Crawford...! Please spare my life...!"

"Hmm... No can do. Regardless, you've always been obsessed with ancient witchcraft techniques, right? With that in mind, I'm sure you'd love to personally witness and experience one of the more vicious and terrible ancient techniques! Here's how it'll go. I'll plant the witchcraft within you, and from there on out, it'll begin to slowly corrode your internal organs bit by bit, until your insides all turn into rotten meat! Now you can take whatever remaining time you have left to learn it!" replied Gerald as he flicked his finger, sending a black, glowing orb floating right into the area between Hendrik's eyebrows.

Listening to Hendrik's terrifying screams of agony as he lay on the corpse-covered floor, Gerald retained an indifferent expression as he said, "You died because of me, Chester... I'll avenge you if it's the last thing I do!"

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Following that, Gerald swiftly headed off to save Lord Fenderson and the others. They had been captured as well since Hendrik had planned to torture them if Gerald still refused to surrender the ancient witchcraft techniques after a while.

Thankfully, Hendrik hadn't personally done too much to them.

However, though Lord Fenderson's illness had been cured, all the fatigue, fear, and torture the ninety-year-old man had to go through had taken a clear toll on him. By the time they were all freed, Gerald found that Lord Fenderson had already been comatose for a while.

As all of them began leaving the manor, a tired and exhausted Joshua couldn't help but ask, "...Speaking of which, senior... Are you leaving again after this...? If you are, where are you headed to next...?"

“I’ll be seeking out Master Ghost. I simply cannot continue staying on Montholm Island anymore! Worry not, I’ll make sure to order a few of my family’s guards to safely escort all of you back to the Salford Province,” replied Gerald as a hint of helplessness and bitterness was reflected in his eyes.

Queena was still too strong for him to take on right now. If he didn’t make a quick escape while he could, she could easily trap him for all of eternity. Should he allow that to happen, he knew he wouldn’t ever get the chance to continue searching for Mila and his second uncle ever again.

To avoid that, Gerald needed to get out of this place immediately...

“...Senior, I...”

While Joshua was tempted to tell Gerald that he wanted to come along, after giving it some thought, he felt that he would only end up becoming a burden to Gerald, which was why he refrained from completing his sentence.

Patting Joshua on the shoulder, Gerald then said, “I know what you wanted to say, but you have an important job too, you know? Lord Fenderson and Mindy are in dire need of your treatment, after all. As for Jasmine... I’ll find a way to free her sooner or later. Regardless, all of you need to leave first. If I’m able to make it past this tragedy in one piece, I’ll definitely be sure to make some time to come over and cure Mindy and Lord Fenderson with you!”

Hearing that, Joshua simply nodded before saying, “...Alright then. You take care in everything that you do too, senior!”

“I will! This is goodbye for now then! Take care!” replied Gerald before turning around and swiftly heading into the jungle. In a blink of an eye, Gerald had already disappeared from Joshua’s sight.

Meanwhile, Jasmine was pouring a cup of ginseng tea back at the Yonwick Manor. Once she was done, she placed it on a table in the living room before turning to look at the bed. Sitting on it, was a calmly meditating Queena who had both her eyes closed.

While Queena truly had planned to kill Jasmine in the beginning, after spending some time with her and listening to what Jasmine had to say, Queena was now starting to grow fond of the girl.

Though she didn't say much, Queena truly hoped that Jasmine would remain by her side in the long run. Simply being able to chat with Jasmine when Queena was down or when she was facing a difficult period was enough for her.

As for Jasmine, she simply couldn't help but feel sympathetic toward Queena. While she was well aware that Queena wasn't a good person, with both of them being women, Jasmine could completely understand the pain of loving someone yet not being able to be together with said person.

After all, she felt the same way with Gerald.

If anyone were to understand how terrible it felt not to be able to be with their loved one, it would be these two.

As Jasmine was thinking about this, Queena—who had been sitting cross-legged the entire time—suddenly opened her eyes before standing up abruptly while shouting, "...No! He's escaped!"

"...Come again? Who's escaped?" asked Jasmine.

"Who else? I'm talking about Gerald, of course!" replied Queena as a confused expression showed on her face.

She had already sealed off all his meridians... How was he able to get rid of the Holy Witchcraft without his inner strength? Thinking about it now, she realized that she had seriously underestimated him.

'While you keep denying that you aren't him, your cunningness is on par with his!' Queena thought to herself.

Upon hearing that, Jasmine immediately felt like a heavy burden had just been lifted off her heart.

Seeing that, Queena turned to look at Jasmine with a triumphant smile before saying, "It's best that you don't get too happy yet! He's not slipping out of my fingers that easily! Not this time! I'm holding onto him firmly by my side till the day he finally becomes my man!"

After saying that, she immediately stepped out of the room, and just like that, she was gone.

Gerald himself—who was proficient in making escapes underwater—was already leaving the island with the help of the water repellent stone.

Chapter 1176

Upon successfully escaping Montholm Island, Gerald immediately took the sea path toward Langvern Mountain in Halimark City.

However, it wasn't long after before he realized that someone had locked onto his aura! No matter how much he attempted to get rid of the person who was tracking him down, he simply failed to do so!

'Is it truly God's will that I won't ever be able to find Mila and Second uncle...?' Gerald thought to himself rather anxiously.

What sort of immense supernatural power did Queena even possess...? Quite honestly, she was probably the only other true top master whom Gerald had ever met aside from Finnley. How absolutely terrifying!

Despite knowing how stacked the odds were against him, Gerald persevered on, willingly exhausting what little strength he had left as long as there still existed a glimmer of hope.

It was around three in the morning when Gerald finally arrived at the foot of Langvern Mountain.

By then, the person who had locked onto his aura was also feeling much closer than she was before. Knowing that she could very well catch up to him soon if he continued loitering around any longer, Gerald immediately began dashing up the mountain.

However, the second he arrived at Langvern Church, he was left completely astonished. The entire church was empty!

Due to how dusty the area was, Gerald felt that it was safe to assume that everyone who used to partake in the activities here had long evacuated the building. Not wanting to give up without trying, Gerald tried to locate any traces of auras within the church. To his dismay, he couldn't detect a single soul inside aside from his.

"...How could this be...!" said Gerald to himself, looking slightly lost and desolate as he stood in the room in the back that Ghost had once led him to.

His current situation was similar to a setting where he had just managed to start a fire after much difficulty. However, before he could even begin warming himself, someone had doused a basin of cold water all over it.

In other words, after going through so much, this was a visualization of how disheartened Gerald was now feeling.

What still surprised Gerald most, however, was finding out that Ghost and the others had left so suddenly. Why had they left in the first place...?

At that moment, a child-like voice could suddenly be heard calling out, "Gerald... Gerald..."

Getting on high alert almost immediately, Gerald realized that the voice calling his name was coming from the living room. However, even after searching the place with his mind, he couldn't detect any forms of life anywhere...

"Gerald... Gerald..." repeated the soft, child-like voice again as the squeaking of what sounded like wheels could be heard.

To Gerald's astonishment, he watched as a loose plank suddenly began shifting... Seconds later, a small robot of sorts—that seemed to have been made with a single bamboo stalk—slowly made its way toward him.

Though it was seemingly made completely out of bamboo, the robot itself had a unique appearance that resembled a very lifelike young girl—somewhere around the age of five—who had two 'braids'.

Its eyes glowing green, it looked at Gerald before calling out, "Gerald..."

"...Yes?"

"So you're finally here! I've been waiting for you for so long that I'm already close to running out of batteries!" replied the little robot.

"What? You were waiting for me? Could you actually have consciousness?" asked Gerald in surprise.

"Of course I do! Master Ghost was the one who had left me here to wait for you, you know? I'm his most special and mysterious piece of work! In fact, I'm even more intelligent compared to most computers! You can call me Zenny!"

"...A pleasure to meet you, Zenny. From what you've said, I'm assuming that Master Ghost had already predicted that I'd come here... Did he have a message for me?" asked Gerald.

"Indeed! You see, during your last visit, Master Ghost had requested to predict your fate. However, since you refused his offer, Master Ghost couldn't exactly force the reading on you. As a result, once you left, Master Ghost secretly read your fate by using the Nine Dragons Divination Technique through the use of palm prints that you had left behind. After getting to know everything that would happen, he realized that what was going to happen next would most likely affect the lives of at least a hundred people within the church. As a result, Master Ghost and the others had already left a long time ago. However, he left me behind so that I could pass on a few messages to you! He really hopes that his words will help you get through your current crisis!" explained Zenny.

“How truly thoughtful of him... I admit now that I may have been a bit too self-righteous and arrogant back then... Regardless, what did Master Ghost wish to tell me, Zenny?”

— To be Continued... —