

I Am The One - Chapter 2 The legacy of the strongest God

Chapter 2

When his blood touched the tablet, something magical happened.

The stone tablet emitted a radiant light and entered Henry's body.

At the same time, Henry found himself in an open place with an incredibly beautiful panorama.

In his estimation, this place seemed to be above the clouds. But how could that be?

Before his question could be answered, he felt a very weak electric current in his chest, coming from the palm of someone's hand.

It was accompanied by a warm and comforting sensation that spread from Henry's chest to his entire body.

Still lying on the ground, in front of him, he saw a middle-aged man dressed in golden battle gear, sitting cross-legged. His gaze was focused on Henry's chest, one hand resting on it.

"I didn't expect someone from the non-cultivators to inherit my power! But with the Godseed I gave you, you don't have to worry about your cultivation anymore!"

Henry remained silent. Still, he was in awe of what the man was doing.

Observing the man's appearance, based on his previous research, he could see similarities between the man and the gods typically written about in the history books of ancient civilizations.

"Sir, I don't fully understand what you're saying, but before anything else, allow me to express my gratitude and introduce myself. My name is..."

Before Henry could continue, the man interrupted him.

"Henry Matthews, a young professor at the university, right? Not bad! Even though you don't have a cultivation base, your heart and mind can be relied upon!"

As a professor, Henry's curiosity was immense. He wanted to ask the man more about cultivation. But as if he could read his mind, the man went on.

"This is something very difficult to understand, because not even one percent of Earth's population knows it, let alone masters it. However, you will understand it for yourself once you study it."

The man then raised the hand that was on Henry's chest.

"I have now successfully planted the Godseed. After that, you shouldn't have any problems with the cultivation techniques and all the knowledge I've given you."

The man rose from his seat, stood up, and walked away from Henry.

It was then that Henry realized that he might never see this man again.

"Sir, may I have your name?"

The man stopped for a moment, turned back to Henry, and smiled faintly.

"You already know it! You've been researching me!"

What?

The tablet Henry had been studying was one of the ancient artifacts associated with the most powerful god of the past.

"Are you... are you the god Athar?"

Without uttering a single word, the man simply smiled, turned his body and walked away.

As he did, the world suddenly went dark, and Henry could see nothing.

Then, faintly and slowly, his ears caught a voice that was familiar to him.

"Baby, come back!"

It was a fragment of his favorite song. He loved the song so much that he had set it as his ring tone before entering his apartment that afternoon, with the main purpose of surprising Darcie.

Still lying on the floor, Henry opened both of his eyes.

It was then that he realized that his encounter with God Athar had only been a dream. Still, the dream felt incredibly real. He could even remember all the ancient techniques and knowledge the god had imparted to him.

When Henry remembered the pain he had suffered from Zachary's blows, his face should have been ruined by now. But something strange happened.

"Why don't I feel the slightest bit of pain in my body?"

Henry touched his face, and there was no trace of the red, foul-smelling liquid. The wounds on his face were also gone. Not only that, he felt that the pain in his entire body had also disappeared.

"Baby, come back!"

The ringing sounded again.

"Damn, I must change this phone's ringtone back to the default!"

As he reached into his pocket for his phone and remembered what Darcie had done earlier today, Henry made a decision.

"Darcie seems very familiar with this man. They must have been involved behind my back for a long time. I will never hope for her to come back into my life."

Henry looked at his phone and hit the answer button.

"Aunt, what's wrong?"

"My dear, are you busy? If not, hurry to the hospital! Your uncle just had an accident!"

"What? Aunt, wait a minute! I'll be there in half an hour!"

Although Henry didn't ask where the hospital was, he knew it had to be the Waterside General Hospital, not far from their apartment.

"Can't you come sooner? Your uncle is being treated at the Waterside Elite Hospital! It shouldn't be too far from where you live!"

What?

There was only one elite hospital near Waterside University, and that was Saint Elizabeth Hospital.

"Auntie, are you serious?"

"Of course! Hurry! I have something to tell you!"

"All right! I'm on my way!"

When Henry got up from the floor, he not only felt incredibly light, but he also felt that his body had become much stronger.

Henry quickly changed his clothes and headed out.

Fifteen minutes later, he was standing outside the hospital.

Just by looking at its exterior, one could tell that this hospital deserved to be called one of the most luxurious in Waterside, even in Bayshore Province. However, people like Henry could only hope that they would never have to come to this place.

With the exorbitant cost of treatment, even if he combined his salary with that of his aunt and uncle, it probably wouldn't be enough.

But Henry shook his head. What had happened had happened. The most important thing now was to find out his uncle's condition. The question of expenses could be considered later.

After asking the receptionist, Henry went up to the seventh floor.

Room 706.

Henry opened the door carefully, and then the sound of a middle-aged woman's crying reached his ears, tugging at his heartstrings.

It was Harriette Matthews, his aunt.

As he stepped further into the room, his eyes caught sight of a middle-aged man lying weakly on the white bed.

Except for the respirator attached to his nose, the upper part of the man's body was exposed, revealing a chest covered in many red bandages.