

H P D WIZARD 221

Chapter 221 - Frank

"You're actually cursed," said Edward with great interest. "I've never seen this kind of curse before. However, the magic seems slightly similar to native American tribe magics found in the Amazon."

"I do not know what you're talking about," said Frank.

Nevertheless, Edward's interest was picked. Not only because of the curse but also because of the fact he could not use Legilimency on Frank. When he reads his mind, all he could see was a forest with a large lake on it.

Nothing more nothing else.

With a smile on his face, he said: "From what I learned about you from Dr. Houghton's memory, you seem to be a person who requires money. How about I pay you and you tell me about your curse and let me study it."

After saying that, Edward snapped his finger and ten bars of gold more than 20 cm long appeared on the boat. Frank's eyes lit up after hearing this, took one of the gold bars and bit it.

"How did you make so much gold appear out of nowhere?" asked MacGregor, who was the thin man and also Dr. Houghton's brother.

"Magic," replied Edward.

"Magic is real?" asked his sister.

"Since curses exist, of course, magic does as well."

"Wait, Frank, you're cursed?" asked Dr. Houghton; she appeared quite excited at the prospect of seeing both magic and a cursed individual.

"It's a long story," replied Frank who was the only person who was not surprised at Edward's use of magic. He then looked at the latter:

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. Plus, I may be able to help you lift the curse."

"I thought you could not read my mind."

"I do not need to read your mind to guess such obvious intentions."

After pondering for a moment, Frank took the fold bars to the deck of the ship. After returning, he told his story.

More than 400 years ago, he was the cartographer of a Spanish Expedition full of conquistadors who traveled to South America in search of something called Lagrimas de Cristal Tree or Tears of the Moon.

The petal of this magical tree—when processed properly— is said to be able to slow down aging, cure any disease and break any curse. The leader of this expedition—Don Aguirre—wanted the petal of this tree to save his only daughter whom he loved dearly.

Without her, his life held no meaning. During this expedition, the majority of Aguirre's conquistadors died because of the jungle; whether it was snakes, poisons, fatigue, or diseases.

In the end, the remaining ones were on the brink of death, their bodies damaged beyond repairs. Luckily for them, they were saved by the Puka Michuna tribe with the flower of the tree, nursing them back to perfect health.

Aguirre then demanded the location of the tree from the Chief of the tribe, and when the latter refused, he stabbed them in the back and killed all the people of the tribe, and burned their village.

Frank—whose real name was Francisco Lopez de Heredia—did not agree with Aguirre's action. Although they were raised together since young and were like brothers, he still tried to defend the Puka Michuna people.

However, he was stabbed by the latter instead. Luckily for Frank, the chief of the tribe cast a curse on the group that would grant them immortality at the cost of being unable to leave the Amazon River, or they will be brought back by the jungle itself.

"Frank, I cannot believe you have lived for more than 400 years; that must have been really hard," said Dr. Houghton.

"395 years, 5 months, and 13 days," replied Frank. "It was indeed hard but I managed."

Edward patted his shoulder, "As a fellow immortal, I understand your pain."

"You're also immortal?"

"I've lived for more than 200 years. Not just me, but my wife is also immortal. Don't look how young she is, she's actually over 60 years old...Ouch!"

Edward felt a small hand pinching the muscles on his side; he finally remembered that although both he and Hermione had their mana and aura drastically suppressed, her current body was still powerful enough to wrestle with an elephant.

"I know that a woman's age is taboo, so I'm sorry," pleaded Edward, which finally granted him armistice.

"So, what do you think about this curse?"

"It seems very similar to a Horcrux. Most likely, his soul is bound to the Amazon River instead of a magical artifact, thus granting him his immortality," replied Hermione.

"The real question is whether only part of his soul is bound or the entire thing."

"This could explain the reason why his mind is full of only rivers and forests."

A small wooden wand suddenly appeared in Edward's hand and he looked at it with nostalgia. Ever since his battle with Dumbledore, he never used a short wand again.

In the Empire, children between the age of 11 to 17 will still use the short wands as assistance, however, they are taught not to rely too deeply on it to develop their magic veins.

After graduation, they will usually forge a long wand for themselves with this short wand as the core. Of course, some people preferred to use things like guns as wands.

The reason that Edward was using this wand now was to conserve his mana. The restriction of the world was still prevalent and using a wand will help preserve mana when casting spells.

He wanted to be safe than sorry.

A white light came from the 9-inch wooden wand and entered Frank's body; it was checking for something.

"His soul is not in his body," said Edward as his eyes twinkled; he had never seen someone who was perfectly fine and functioning properly without a soul.

"How fascinating," he muttered.

"What exactly will happen if you try to leave the river?"

"The trees in the forest will come alive and drag me back," replied Frank.

"Let's do a small test," said Edward after nodding his head. He placed his hand on Frank's shoulder, then, they disappeared.

"What just happened?" asked Dr. Houghton.

"They've teleported away," replied Hermione.

"Is this magic? It's wonderful. Are there many magicians like you two in the world?"

"Why? Interested?" replied Hermione with a smile.

"Indeed. I'm just wondering how many people magic could save, how much better the world would be. You could probably solve world hunger, diseases, famines, and so many things."

"Indeed magic can do all these things," replied Hermione calmly. "But you also have to understand that there is a dark side to everything. Just like it can save the world, magic can also destroy it."

Dr. Houghton became momentarily silent after hearing this as she knew that this was true. For example, if magic fell in the hands of the Germans. with the current ideologies that are rapidly spreading in their country, this would be a true catastrophe to the world.

While deep in thought, Edward and Frank suddenly appeared back. However, Frank looked like a statue at this point. Edward waved his wand and the water from the river rose from the ground and drenched Frank.

As a result, he slowly returned to normal.

"Did we just instantly arrive in London and return to the Amazon in the span of a few minutes?"

Edward smiled at him without saying anything; he was truly interested in this curse; he knew that he could learn something from it—especially regarding the soul.

However, he still had time. He looked at Dr. Houghton:

"Dr. Houghton."

"Call me Lily."

"I have a friend named Lily and it would be very confusing to call you that. How about Olivia? No, my 6th wife is called Olivier, it's too close. How about Livy?"

"You have six wives? You must really get around."

"Unfortunately, that's true."

Dr. Houghton did not really care about Edward's practice of polygamy. Her brother was shunned by British society because of his sexual orientation but she still loves him for who he is.

So, she would not judge someone's else lifestyle. Of course, she was a firm believer in monogamy but she respected his choice; it was just not for her.

"You can't just change my name because it is inconvenient."

"You don't like Livy? How about Lilith? That's a good name. From now on, I'll call you Lilith."

"I refuse."

"It's either that or I call you Pants like Frank."

"In that case, I'll call you Playboy."

"Fine by me," replied Edward calmly. "The arrowhead that you have should be the key to find the Tears of Moon. I am very interested in this magical tree. Can you let me see it? I might be able to discover something."

"Can you stop reading my mind? That seems very impolite and an invasion of privacy," replied Lilith as she removed the arrowhead that hung on her neck like a necklace and handed it to him.