

Chapter 1077

As dust flew right into Gerald's face, both Meredith and Giya walked toward him—once the dust settled—before peering into the box as well.

Inside, lay a long, dust-covered sword. Despite the coat of dust on it, that wasn't enough to hide the sword's brilliant gleam. It was so shiny in fact, that all three of them felt that even people who saw it from far away would feel shivers run down their spines once they saw the sword's sheen.

"...Despite it probably being thousands of years old, the sword still looks pretty sharp!" said Meredith as she tried picking the sword up with a smile.

Giya herself—who didn't look particularly interested in the sword—simply returned to look at the murals.

"H-heavy...!" groaned Meredith as she continued attempting to lift the sword. It almost felt as if the sword was stuck to the bottom of the stone box.

"Let me try!" said Gerald as he reached out to grab the sword's hilt. Applying a bit of strength, Gerald was able to lift the sword out quite easily.

"It's really not that heavy!" added Gerald with a chuckle as he shook his wrist slightly to shake the dust off the sword. While it didn't look particularly special, just as Meredith had earlier said, the sword appeared to be extremely sharp.

Upon closer inspection, the word 'Lightbane' was etched on it, and Gerald couldn't help but feel that the sword was somewhat special despite its mundane appearance.

"Could... Lightbane be a magical artifact as well...?" muttered Gerald to himself in surprise.

While that was his assumption, he was unable to find any real spiritual traces on the weapon. Regardless, he was still very excited about his find.

The fact that he had already learned three longsword style moves—from the Dawnbreaker—made the find even better. Coincidence or not, he now had a perfect new weapon to accommodate his skills.

“...Hey, both of you... Come look at this! There seems to be something off with this mural!” called out Giya out of the blue.

“Oh, stop looking at that fantasy mural, Giya! Why don’t you come over and see whether this sword had any monetary value!” replied Meredith.

“No, you don’t understand! After looking a bit more closely at the latter part of the mural, I don’t think all of this is strictly just fantasy anymore! Just come over and look already!” said Giya as she pointed at the second half of the mural.

“If you just imagine that this huge building—that the ancients painted—was a battleship that could fly, then everything starts to make sense! Nearing the end of the mural, it’s shown that on the night before the heavenly soldiers’ burial, this huge battleship appeared and took three hundred young men and women away! See the king and the others bowing there? Don’t they look like they’re seeing them off? And then in the next panel, the battleship suddenly disappears!”

“Take note, however, that while everyone was kneeling, the mural made sure to highlight the old beggar’s face! Among all the painted people, only the beggar held his face up high while portraying an ugly grin. The ancients even made sure to make him look like he was trying to hide his sinister smile! Doesn’t everything make a lot more sense now by looking at it this way?” explained Giya.

“Hahaha! You surely have an active imagination, Giya! No wonder Professor Yale accepted you as his student! Giya, the mural was painted like, what? Tens of thousands of years ago? Whenever it was, the time period had to be ancient! With that in mind, how could your theory possibly make any sense? Battleships? Girl, if the ancients truly drew all this exactly as you had imagined, then I have to say, their imagination really is something else!” replied Meredith.

“I know it sounds bonkers but this mural just gives me a very weird feeling!” said Giya.

“You’re not alone there!” replied Gerald as he stared at the mural as well.

Hearing that, Giya turned to look at Gerald before flashing a smile.

Feeling uncomfortable by the way Gerald and Giya were looking at each other, Meredith immediately stood between them before asking, "Speaking of which, Giya, where was the corpse of the young woman in white transferred to?"

"That... Isn't stated in the mural, unfortunately... The mural only says that both of them were separated! Regardless, do you think that all this is just a fantasy the ancients had, Xadrian?" asked Giya as she looked at Gerald.

Before Gerald could even reply, Meredith interrupted him by saying, "Y-you know, why don't we discuss this once we've left this place? It feels a little hard to breathe in here anyway, don't you think, Xadrian? Why don't you get us out of here first?"

"Agreed!" replied Gerald with a nod.

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By the time all three of them got out of the ancient well, it was already late at night and the moon was high in the sky. Gerald then led the two girls back to the dilapidated building.

Upon arriving there, they saw that the crowd of people had regrouped again. Ever Professor Yale and the other researchers were there. They had earlier returned to the building once they realized that there was no way they would be able to catch up to Gerald.

Aside from the two deaths, the only other person seriously injured was Wynn, and he was also suffering from a high fever. Though the others had made it out fine, all of them were equally feeling uneasy out of fear.

Now that Gerald was here, however, all of them could finally rest a bit easier after going through so much today.

As the others rested, Gerald himself remained awake. After lighting a bonfire, he kept guard over the others while making sure to toss firewood into the warm flames from time to time.

Meredith and Giya, on the other hand, stayed awake as well. Both of them had their eyes peeled as they continued staring at Gerald—who was currently sitting by the entrance—for quite some time.

Under the moonlight, his tall and muscular silhouette gave them a sense of peace and security.

Eventually, Meredith rolled to her side to look at Giya before whispering, "...You aren't asleep either, Giya?"

"Not at all..." whispered Giya back.

"Say, ever since we woke up in that monster's lair, I've noticed that you've been constantly staring at Xadrian... Do you like him?" asked Meredith, slight jealousy reflected in her voice.

"...No... Of course not..." replied Giya.

After all, the person she liked was Gerald and Giya knew for a fact that she would never be able to forget him for the rest of her life. While it was true that Xadrian and Gerald looked extremely similar, Xadrian wasn't the person she was truly in love with! At least that was what Giya kept reminding herself.

However, Giya couldn't deny that she just couldn't take her eyes off him. Both Xadrian and Gerald really looked too similar!

"Look, I'm just staring at him a lot since he looks a lot like Gerald!" added Giya in a soft tone.

"Well they may look alike, but remember that he isn't Gerald!" whispered Meredith in return.

Hearing that, Giya rolled slightly to her side before asking, "...Well, what about you then? You probably like Xadrian, right? I can tell..."

Giya was well aware that deep down in her heart, she was feeling slightly jealous when she asked that question.

"I do. While I've encountered many, many handsome and great guys before, I've never met someone who could impress me like Xadrian! I've already waited so many years for such a person to appear... Due to these feelings, I believe that I've finally found the right person for me!" replied Meredith.

"...I see," said Giya, feeling a cocktail of emotions brewing in her heart. She just couldn't help but feel upset upon hearing that.

"So... Since we're both good sisters and all, I'd like to ask you something, Giya. Since Xadrian isn't the person for you, would it be alright for me to try pursuing him? After all, I've waited so long for my heart to be moved by someone!" whispered Meredith as she gently squeezed Giya's hands.

Giya hadn't the slightest clue how to even describe her feelings after hearing that.

While she had convinced herself that Gerald and Xadrian—despite looking so similar—weren't the same person, she couldn't help but feel that Xadrian's subtle behaviors were far too similar to Gerald's as well.

This was especially apparent when she had just woke up in that monster's lair earlier. Back then, she remembered Gerald calling out her name.

Though she couldn't really tell if it was all just an illusion, she was sure that she had heard Gerald's voice! For more solid evidence, when Xadrian had blushed earlier, he blushed the exact same way Gerald did back when they had first gotten acquainted during their university days!

As if that wasn't enough, the way Xadrian pursed his lips—back when they were still in that stone room—was also very similar to how Gerald used to do!

Was Xadrian really Gerald? Was he deliberately hiding something from her?

He may have wanted to deceive her, but whenever she saw him looking at her, Giya could sense that those were the eyes of someone who had finally reunited with an acquaintance after a long absence.

Girls were usually extremely observant, and Giya herself was no different. In addition to that, her feminine intuition was also very strong.

Understanding that, the fact that she had been able to find so many similarities between Gerald and Xadrian made her unsure of how to even answer Meredith's question.

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"I'll be taking your silence as approval for me to chase after Xadrian then! I'll start going after him starting tomorrow!" said Meredith.

"...Fine," replied Giya in a soft tone.

Taking in a deep breath, she reminded herself again that Gerald was the person she was in love with. So what if Xadrian looked like him? In the end, he still wasn't Gerald.

If Meredith truly liked Xadrian, then Giya knew she had no right to prevent her from pursuing her own happiness.

'You can't be so selfish, Giya!' Giya thought, attempting to comfort herself.

Regardless, neither of the girls slept a wink that night due to how preoccupied they were with their own concerns.

Early the next morning, everyone was packing up—preparing to leave—when Meredith walked over to Gerald before saying, "Are you thirsty, Xadrian? I have some water with me if you want!"

Hearing that, Gerald's first response was to take a peek at Giya through the corner of his eyes. Realizing that Giya herself was secretly staring at him, Gerald turned to look at Meredith, flashing a gentle smile before replying, "...Sure, why not? I am a little thirsty now!"

"Hehe... Since you were so focused on saving and protecting us last night, you probably haven't gotten sufficient rest at all! So drink up to make sure you don't get overly dehydrated as well!" said Meredith as she smiled back.

Taking a sip of the water, Gerald then said, "...Hmm? Why's the water sweet...?"

"...Huh? Sweet? How could that be?" replied Meredith, surprised. However, she quickly caught on to what he was implying.

Once she did, she couldn't help but blush as she added, "Oh, come on, Xadrian! Now you're just teasing me!"

As the two of them continued bickering playfully, Giya—who was still standing at the side—couldn't help but clench her fists slightly. She wasn't even sure what expression to make, evident by how she occasionally scrunched her face up.

In her mind, she wondered if she truly had been overthinking everything. Perhaps Meredith and Xadrian truly were a perfect match. Just by looking at them, she could tell how good they looked together!

Even after leaving the building, Giya saw that Gerald occasionally ended up chatting with Meredith as they continued on with their journey.

Gerald, of course, was deliberately doing all this in front of Giya. Since he was well aware that it was impossible for a relationship to bloom between them anyway—regardless of whether he was Gerald or Xadrian to her—by flirting with Meredith, he hoped that Giya would just give up and forget all about him already and try starting a new relationship.

What more, there was no way Gerald could return to his previous life anyway after all that had happened. Knowing that, he really had no other choice but to do what he was currently doing. He just couldn't bear hurting Giya any more than he needed to.

The group had set off early in the morning, and it was near midday when the Master of the Desert suddenly shouted, "...Hmm? What's that in front?"

As he said that, he stopped his camels from proceeding on for the moment.

“...It looks like a crashed vehicle! I can see a few human figures lying on the sand!” shouted one of the tourists.

“Nonsense! We’re in the middle of nowhere! Why would a vehicle be out here out of the blue?” replied Professor Yale.

By then, Gerald himself squinted his eyes to look at the wreckage. Slowly frowning, he then said, “...That’s not just any vehicle. It’s a helicopter!”

Upon saying that, Gerald began running toward the crash site.

To the others, Gerald was now as much of a guide as the Master of the Desert was. As a result, they all chased after him, surrounding Gerald once they arrived at the scene.

Now up close with the helicopter wreckage, everyone could see several of the vehicle’s parts scattered all over the place. Since any flames from the crash had long been put out, Gerald estimated that the incident had occurred in the early hours of yesterday.

“Look there! I think those are corpses!” yelled out Meredith as she pointed at a sand dune.

Hearing that, Gerald ran over to where Meredith was pointing at. All in all, Gerald found that there were four corpses lying around the initial crash site. That, however, wasn’t what caused Gerald’s eyelids to twitch after getting a good look at all four of them.

“Why are all of them wearing black robes...?”

“Could they be tomb robbers? You know, like the ones they usually show on film and television dramas...? Why else would they be dressed like this?”

As the others began discussing the current situation among themselves in between gulps filled with worry, nobody was able to notice the shock on Gerald’s face.

Checking for all four of the men's breaths—just for double measure—Gerald confirmed that all four of them were dead as he thought to himself, '...How could this have happened...? Why are they even here in the first place...?'

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The bodies didn't belong to just anyone. The corpses were all his brothers from the Soul Palace!

Gerald already had a bad feeling earlier when he saw how familiar the helicopter looked. After finding out that his assumption had been correct, Gerald couldn't help but feel extremely upset.

After all, those from the Soul Palace were essentially also part of the Crawford family!

From the looks of it, they must have come to the desert to look for him. Gerald was well aware that the helicopters from the Soul Place had been specially designed to be near impossible to crash. Looking at all the many spots of spilled gasoline that had darkened the sand, however, it was made evident how the culprit had gotten the helicopter to crash in the first place.

Still, who could've been the murderer?

After carefully checking each of the four corpses, he finally found a clue on one of them.

This person, in particular, had managed to crawl quite a distance away from the helicopter after it crashed. Gerald was sure that he had crawled since there was a faint trail of him dragging his body along the sand before eventually dying.

Lifting the corpse's robe up, Gerald immediately saw an imprint of a palm on his chest. This person didn't die from the helicopter crash... He was murdered after it crash landed!

Shocked by his discovery, Gerald muttered, "This palm print..."

Since the people from the Soul Palace were all champions, ordinary people would definitely have been unable to kill them at all. Only people stronger than he was would be able to do the deed. In other words, the murderer had to be a great master!

Since the palm print on the chest was of a left palm, it wasn't hard for Gerald to put two and two together.

A left-handed great master... This could only have been the work of Christopher Moldell!

With that in mind, Gerald immediately heightened his vigilance.

Of course it was that old man. Gerald had personally witnessed Christopher crashing his helicopter. Only he would have the ability to commit such a heinous crime.

Could Christopher already have chased him all the way out here?

While Gerald now had the power of the Dawnbreaker, he knew that he was still far from being able to deal with someone like Christopher.

Regardless, what an utter b*stard! To think that that old man wanted to capture him so much!

"...Are you alright, Mr. Xadrian...? Could you perhaps know these people...?" asked Professor Yale the moment he saw how serious Gerald's expression was.

"...I do," replied Gerald with a nod.

"I see... It's such a pity that they had to die in an aerial accident like this..." said the professor as he sighed.

"Oh, it wasn't a mere accident. They were murdered!" declared Gerald as he stood up.

The moment the others heard that, the other members of the group began panicking.

"M-murdered...? Who could've been so powerful to do such a thing...?" asked one of the tourists.

"I'm afraid that I won't be able to summarize the entire situation in a sentence or two. Regardless, the murderer is after me. Because of that, I believe it would be wisest for us to split paths from now on. Professor Yale, until you leave the desert, you have to make sure that everyone is careful in everything they do!" replied Gerald with a solemn look on his face.

From what Gerald had learned from Christopher's character, the old man wouldn't allow anyone to remain alive as long as they got in the way of him and Gerald. With so many people within that group, Gerald really didn't want to be the reason all of them came to any harm. This was especially so for Giya.

Upon hearing that, Meredith's eyes grew slightly red as she asked, "Are... are you leaving now, Xadrian...? You're not traveling with us anymore...?"

"Yes, I have to... Following me will only result in all of you getting hurt!" replied Gerald.

At that moment, he thought of something. Retrieving the map of the desert from his pocket, he used his secret inner power and concentrated hard on the image of the eternal coffin. Somehow, he managed to erase the location of the eternal coffin right off the map! Following that, he seemed to ponder for a bit before walking over to Giya—who had been staring at him this entire time—with the map in hand.

"...Here, take this map. Use it if you wish to thoroughly research this desert. I'm sure it'll be a great help to both of you in terms of work. If needed, it'll also help you get your bearings and help all of you leave this place!" said Gerald as he looked straight into her eyes while handing the map out to her.

Giya herself was slightly stunned, but not because of what he had just said. Rather, it was because the way he was currently looking at her truly felt reminiscent of how Gerald usually did.

"You're a fine girl, so always protect yourself until you find a suitable man to protect you. I recall you saying that I look a lot like this Gerald person... After listening to what you had to say about him, I believe that Gerald feels the same way as you do. Regardless, I hope you'll live a happy and blessed life," added Gerald as he gently placed the map in her hand.

As Giya's breathing grew rapid, Gerald turned to look at Meredith and after giving her a nod, he turned around before saying, "Well, it's time to go our separate ways then, everyone! Take care!"

With that, he began walking off, leaving them behind.

Chapter 1081

Gerald had already memorized the map.

Therefore, it would not be difficult for Gerald to find the eternal coffin.

Gerald had a faint intuition in his heart that there might be a bigger secret hidden with the eternal coffin.

This world was not as simple as he thought it was.

Gerald felt that everything seemed to be even stranger especially after he had seen those murals.

How could he describe it?

It seemed as though two hands seemed to be secretly manipulating everything in the dark.

It was already very dangerous in the desert, and it would be even more dangerous as he got to the outlands of the desert.

Of course, Gerald, who was already a semi-master, did not take some of the beasts that he had encountered so far to heart.

As it got closer to the evening, Gerald had already reached the deepest part of the outlands.

He reached a place called Ullerwood.

It was not yellow sand everywhere now, but instead, it was filled with black sand.

Moreover, the wind was very strong here, and it seemed as though a gust of wind could break a human skeleton apart.

'This is strange. Based on the mark on the map, the location of the eternal coffin should be at this spot, but this is just a piece of barren land!'

Gerald could not help but feel surprised.

'The map could not possibly be wrong!'

Gerald endured the strong wind as he continued looking around.

Fortunately, Gerald found a deep and terrifying hole beside the mountain valley.

As expected, it should be here!

Gerald recalled the location of the map, and he could not help but feel a little pleased.

At this time, Gerald was about to go in and take a look.

Suddenly, a voice rang from above the mountain valley, startling Gerald.

"Young boy, I am truly very curious to find out why Daryl Crawford wants you to risk your life just to find this ancient tomb. What is so mysterious about it that the entire Crawford family is so interested in it? Could it be that there is some sort of treasure inside? Is that the reason why Daryl Crawford is working so hard for it?"

"Christopher Moldell!"

Who else could the old man above the mountain valley be if it was none other than Christopher Moldell?!

At this moment, Christopher jumped down from the top of the mountain valley, and he stood in front of Gerald with a joking smile on his face.

However, at this time, Christopher looked a little more haggard compared to the outstanding sage-like behavior that he had before. There were also bruises on his face.

“I have always felt very curious about the reason why your grandfather wanted to send you all the way to the North Desert. Luckily, I followed you here secretly. If it weren’t for this map, I wouldn’t have been able to arrive here one step ahead of you. However, there is some incomplete content on this map. What is it? Is it the secret of this ancient tomb?” Christopher asked as he frowned.

“You... what did you do to Giya and everyone else?!”

Gerald was so angry that his eyes flashed red in an instant.

This old fox had suffered a backlash the other day, and Gerald had taken advantage of that opportunity to slip away.

At first, Gerald had thought that the old fox had not caught up to him yet. That was the reason why Gerald had been wearing a mask in front of everyone else all the time—because he did not want to reveal his identity.

Unexpectedly, the old fox had already caught up to him.

Moreover, Gerald could have caused harm to Giya by handing the map over to her.

A murderous intent instantly stemmed up from within Gerald.

“Hahaha! Don’t worry, young boy. I did not do anything to them. Although I would usually use all kinds of means possible to get what I want, I do not need to use my strength against a few ordinary people. They are simply asleep at this time, and they will naturally wake up after sleeping for a day and night!” Christopher said as he laughed.

“The reason why I did not kill them is because I am giving you face. So, you’d better tell me the secrets in this ancient tomb before you die now! That way, I will not hurt any of your acquaintances, then. Otherwise, you can already guess how their fate will turn out to be!” Christopher said.

“You are so despicable even though you are a great master!”

“There is no other way. Since there is something in this world that I do not know of, but Daryl Crawford actually attached such great importance to, I will have to find out what it is so that I can get it! Okay, Gerald, that is all that I am going to say to you. So, why don’t you tell me whether you are going to speak up or not?”

At this time, the expression on Christopher’s face suddenly turned cold.

Gerald sneered. “The more you want to find out about it, all the more I will not reveal the truth to you, then. Besides, I would not feel any sadness if you were to kill anyone else after I die. So, are you honestly trying to threaten me with that?”

Chapter 1082

“You brat! You are indeed very witty and eloquent, but let’s see how long you can carry on like that! I am going to kill you now!”

Christopher’s eyelids twitched slightly before he rushed forward to attack Gerald.

Gerald wanted to defend himself and avoid Christopher’s attack, but he was no match for Christopher at all.

Gerald was hit directly by Christopher’s punch, and he vomited blood in an instant.

“You will not be able to avoid my attacks! Okay, I will give you one last chance. I will spare your life if you tell me the truth now!” Christopher said coldly.

“Hahaha! Mr. Moldell, did you honestly think that I am a three-year-old kid you can trick so easily?” Gerald said as he wiped the blood off from the corner of his mouth.

“I think that you are really courting your death!”

Christopher was furious, and he lifted his palm as he struck a move, and Gerald’s entire body was lifted into the air.

After pulling Gerald’s body directly toward himself, Christopher struck him once again.

This time, there was white smoke coming out of Gerald’s back after he got hit, and he was instantly thrown about ten meters away.

Gerald was bleeding internally, and he spurted out a lot of blood.

“Are you going to say it... or are you not?” Christopher asked as he ground his teeth angrily.

“I am not going to say anything. I want you to feel impatient and anxious all the time!”

Gerald replied and smiled mockingly as he wiped the blood off his mouth. He could barely support his own body as he stood up.

“Do you honestly think that I will not kill you? I can kill you first before going to Daryl Crawford directly to ask him about it! You can die now!”

Christopher was further enraged and tried to pull Gerald toward himself using his left palm again.

However, this time, Gerald suddenly raised his eyes as he tried to get out of the suction force from Christopher’s wrist.

At the same time, he also drew out the Lightbane from his waist, and he prepared to use the water dripping skill that he had learned from the Dawnbreaker.

Why was it called the water dripping skill? This was because Gerald had come to an understanding and enlightenment that the water dripping skill matched the blade from the Lightbane perfectly. He could use offense as a defense, and the aura blade was getting higher and higher every layer, just like water dripping through rocks.

Therefore, this was called the water dripping skill.

At this moment, Gerald's figure was very swift and violent as he counterattacked with unrestrained sword moves, piling up one after the other.

Christopher could only get busy avoiding the penetrating power of the Dawnbreaker right now.

However, when he turned around, the sword was already striking him.

Christopher panicked as he responded to the attack.

Yet, it seemed as though the short blade was alive, and it focused on attacking all of Christopher's flaws instead.

Christopher's eyes opened wider and wider in utter disbelief.

At this moment, he could not respond in time, and he got hit in the chest by the Lightbane.

He rolled over as he fell to the ground, and a bloodstain quickly spread on the ground.

"Mysterious mirror!"

Christopher was shocked, and as he shook his wrist slightly, the mysterious mirror quickly appeared in his hand.

As for Gerald, he turned around and went past Christopher as he ran directly into the cave.

This was because Gerald knew very well that the only reason why he had managed to strike Christopher earlier was simply because he had caught him by surprise. If he wanted to confront Christopher directly, there would simply be a very big gap between the both of them.

Gerald's only glimmer of hope was to run into the cave.

This was Gerald's plan when he had been enduring those two initial attacks.

Every movement had gone according to plan, and everything had happened all at once.

When Christopher finally got up from the ground with his eyes wide open, Gerald had already escaped into the cave.

Christopher muttered to himself in disbelief as he stared at Gerald's back, "He truly has a special physique. He is surprisingly strong! I nearly lost to this young boy!"

At this time, Christopher suddenly raised his head with a spiteful expression on his face, "I cannot allow him to stay alive! Otherwise, the Moldell family will not be able to escape a calamity in just five years! I absolutely cannot allow him to live!"

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As he thought about it, Christopher was about to chase after Gerald.

Halfway through, he suddenly stopped in his tracks again.

Christopher touched his cheek that had been scratched, and he had a terrifying expression on his face at this time.

"Young brat, let me give you a word of advice. It would be better for you to come out of the cave obediently now. Otherwise, after you go into this cave, even if your strength increases greatly, you can forget about coming out of this cave alive!" Christopher shouted out loud as he stood at the entrance of the cave.

Not long after that, a faint voice came from within the cave saying, "Old man! That would still be better than getting killed by you outside!"

Christopher frowned. "Little b*stard! Don't blame me for not reminding you if you were to die inside!"

It would indeed be very dangerous and risky to step into the cave. He was already a great master, and it could be said that he was invincible in this world. However, Christopher could not help but feel a lingering fear when he thought about the huge beast he had encountered in the cave just now.

This was the exact reason why he had wanted to investigate the matter thoroughly first.

He wanted to understand clearly whether it would be worth risking his life for the thing that was hidden within the cave.

If it was not worth it, Christopher would not take that risk!

This was precisely the reason why Christopher had waited for Gerald to appear.

'That stinky brat will not be able to go too far. When the time comes, he will either run out of the cave or get killed inside the cave anyway. I should not be risking my life just because of this young brat. It would be better for me to just wait for him outside the cave. Either way, it would still be very advantageous for me!' Christopher thought to himself.

After thinking that, Christopher immediately sat down by the entrance of the cave as he listened to the movements inside the cave.

On the other hand, Gerald initially thought that the sly old fox, Christopher, simply wanted to scare him so that he would come out of the cave.

However, as Gerald walked further into the cave, he could smell a strong odor coming from within the cave.

Gerald instantly felt that something was not right.

At this time, he suddenly recalled that Christopher had looked a little haggard when he had first seen him earlier.

He had even had some minor injuries on his face.

Since the old man knew that this was an extraordinary ancient tomb, according to his temper and characteristics, there would be absolutely no reason why he would refuse to come in to take a look for himself.

‘Could it be that there was something inside the cave that hurt him, and that was the reason why he did not dare to enter the cave to continue chasing after me?’

Gerald thought to himself as he continued walking in.

It was a very short and flat corridor.

Gerald could finally see some light after walking for quite some time.

A tall stone cave appeared in front of him, and it was pitch dark inside the cave.

Moreover, there seemed to be another two big holes in the innermost part of the cave.

The two big holes were as tall as a man.

What surprised Gerald was the fact that it seemed to be a completely different area within the big holes as bright green lights were shining from within it.

It was also because of the shining bright green light from these two holes that Gerald could see some conditions within the holes.

There were carved samurai statues on both sides of the holes. It was very majestic and solemn, and there were dozens of them.

'Could this be the heavenly soldiers that descended from the sky as mentioned in the murals?'

'Their dressing looks just like the clothing worn by the heavenly soldiers in the murals.'

'So, could it be that the mysterious heavenly soldier was actually buried in the eternal coffin inside?'

Gerald thought to himself.

When Gerald saw the candlesticks around him, Gerald walked over to the candlesticks before he lit the oil lamps, one by one.

It was finally bright inside the stone cave.

Gerald finally saw everything inside the cave clearly at this time.

There were many bones scattered on the ground. Based on the equipment that they had brought with them, it seemed as though they were tomb robbers.

However, when Gerald raised his head to look up at the two big holes with the bright green lights, he was stunned.

Those were not green holes!

It was... it was....

Gerald suddenly felt both of his legs going soft, and he was also feeling a little hesitant at this time.

This was the head of an extremely big anaconda! The anaconda was astoundingly big, and the two green holes were its eyes!

At this moment, the anaconda was holding its head up high as it stared coldly at Gerald.

“F*ck!”

Gerald took a deep breath.

He could feel goosebumps rising all over his body as he turned around to run away.

Hissss!

— To be Continued... —