

Chapter 1156

Looking at how weakly Chester was apologizing, Gerald then gently patted him on the shoulder before saying, "It's fine... After all, we've... We seem to have finally arrived at the king of the ocean's palace..."

After saying that, Gerald went silent for a while, utterly stunned by what he was now looking at.

Not hearing anything from Gerald for a while, Chester then looked up as well. His eyes widened the moment he did, and he found his mouth gaping as he stared at the extremely magnificent-looking palace that lay before them.

The palace looked befitting of a dragon, and in the middle of the structure, was an enormous high platform. What stupefied Gerald most, however, was the fact that hovering about twenty feet above the platform, was a crystal coffin!

'It's another eternal coffin!' Gerald thought to himself in his bewilderment.

So it really was true... The woman in white truly had been buried within an eternal coffin here after being separated from the deity!

Still, Gerald couldn't help but wonder why the old beggar had deliberately placed them so far away from each other... What could the old man's intention have been by disallowing the two to ever meet for all of eternity?

As Gerald was deep in thought, the corner of his eye saw Chester pointing at the surrounding murals as he said, "...There are murals all over the place, sir... They seem to describe everything that had happened that eventually led to all this..."

After glancing one more time at the woman in white's eternal coffin, Gerald turned to look at the murals together with Chester.

Similar to the underground palace in the desert, this place was also filled to the brim with murals.

Skimming through the images, Gerald confirmed that the murals were mostly detailing the tale of the woman in white's burial. More specifically, they talked about the burial process and the origins of the woman in white's corpse. In other words, mostly things that Gerald was already aware of.

Among the murals, however, occasional abstract words could be found. Gerald, for one, had no idea what they meant. After all, they were vastly different from the words he had seen in previous murals.

All of a sudden, he heard Chester mutter, "...Hmm? Cavern language?"

Turning to look at Chester, Gerald saw that he was also staring at a few abstract words that had been etched onto another wall.

"Cavern language?" asked Gerald as he went to Chester's side.

"Indeed, sir. You see, the language was used exclusively by an ancient tribe who were cave dwellers. My family had a collection of animal skin rolls belonging to said cave dwellers, and my grandma had forced me to learn the meaning of some of their words and characters when I was much younger..." explained Chester.

Raising an eyebrow, Gerald then replied, "Does that mean that you're able to read and understand the language?"

Briefly skimming through the words, Chester then scratched the back of his head as he said, "...At most, I feel that I'll only be able to understand a little over half of it... The rest will mostly be guesswork."

"That's already way better than me since I can't make heads or tails of it. Either way, do tell me what you think the words are trying to say," replied Gerald as he patted Chester's shoulder.

Hearing that, Chester immediately began trying to decipher the words very seriously.

It was around ten minutes later when he said, "...The text seems to be talking about some mysterious prophecy... It also keeps repeating a few words..."

Upon saying that, Chester then began pointing at a few words, guiding his finger along each word as he explained what they individually meant.

“The sentence that keeps getting repeated says, ‘Two petals bloom and each petal represents a world. The answer you seek is in one of them!’”

“Two petals bloom and each petal represents a world... That’s what it truly says?” asked Gerald for confirmation.

“That’s right, sir!” replied Chester as he immediately nodded.

The mysterious old woman had said the exact same thing to him back then... Speaking of the old woman, Gerald had earlier used his mind to search his surroundings, yet he couldn’t sense the old woman’s presence at all.

‘Could she have left the moment we fainted...? But that doesn’t make any sense! With the currents so strong out there, even I can’t go against them, let alone her!’

However, Gerald quickly shook the thoughts off. That wasn’t the main thing he should be focusing on at the moment...

Moving back to what Chester had told him... Each petal represents a world... While Gerald was definitely sure that it was referring to the Dead Annie, he had no idea where to even begin comprehending the text.

Slowly frowning, Gerald then asked, “Is there anything else? Also, which part of that made you feel that it sounds like a prophecy?”

“Well, the rest of the words state that someone will appear after ten thousand years and bring the fairy away to be reunited with her lover after being separated throughout that period of time... Once they’ve been reunited, the person who brings them back together will also be able to find his answer... Even so, the answer may seem far but also very near at the same time...”

Just as Chester had said, while he was able to discern most of the words, he still needed a great deal of effort to properly translate them.

After a brief pause, he then continued, "...Because he owns the... key to carry away the eternal coffin... He's the only one who's able to truly open the eternal coffin!"

"A key?"

"Yeah. Or at least something very similar to a key!" replied Chester.

After thinking about it for a while, Gerald then said, "...Could it perhaps be referring to this...?"

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"What is that...?" asked Chester rather curiously as he watched Gerald carefully take a square, wooden box out from his pocket.

Wagner had given the box to Gerald after an old beggar gave it to his ancestors about eight hundred years ago. From what Wagner had told Gerald, not only had the old beggar anticipated that Gerald would head to the king of the ocean's palace centuries later, but he had also accurately predicted Gerald's meeting with Wagner, hence why he had told Wagner's descendants to hold on to the box till Gerald finally showed up!

Could it be that the old beggar truly had foreseen what would happen in ten thousand years? Had the old man actually managed to predict that Gerald would find the eternal coffin and transport the woman in white away for her to finally be reunited with the deity?

Could... could that old beggar from ten thousand years ago actually be the same person from eight centuries ago...?

Gerald shuddered at the thought and didn't dare to dwell too much on it. Just thinking about it was enough to make him filled with fear and anxiety.

Regardless, Gerald was able to discern one thing from all of this. In the message the old beggar had left for Gerald, he had said that Gerald would gain the answer he sought for as long as reunited the woman

in white with his other-self. Did that mean that once he did that, the incident regarding the Sun League would also be revealed soon as well?

“...What else did he say? Please do your best and try to understand as much as you can, Chester!” said Gerald after his brief silence of deep thought.

“...Well, it says here that something bad will happen to the world before long, and many will die because of that event... Nobody will be able to prevent the calamity from happening, and the prophecies will come true one by one! It’s simply our destiny! Beyond that part though, I... I can’t really understand anything else...” replied Chester with a sigh.

Prophecies? And a bad incident where many would die? What event could that even be referring to...?

And no matter how he looked at the words, why did he have a feeling that the words on the stone tablet were referring to him?

With so many questions in his mind, Gerald forced himself to record down all the words on the stone tablet. After all, even though he wasn’t able to read the words now, that didn’t mean that that would remain the same in the future.

Following that, he then brought Chester toward the other murals.

After looking through them for a while, they found that the last mural seemed to state that as long as someone was able to get the key to open the life gate, they would be able to find their way out.

Even the ‘key’ was shown on the mural. True to what was inside the box, the ‘key’ on the mural was drawn in the shape of a goldfish’s tail.

Gerald made sure to record down all this as well before finally walking over to the eternal coffin—with Chester following right behind him—that still lay in the center of the structure.

While Gerald had heard Lyra describing the woman in white—from her dreams—as a person with the temperament of a fairy, Gerald had never seen her for himself.

Now that he was finally here, he wished to take a proper look at her. After all, he kept hearing that she was a beauty that had come from heaven. Was she really that beautiful?

With a little effort, both of them managed to push the coffin's lid open halfway. Immediately after that, a chill seemed to seep out of the coffin.

Seconds later, the iciness dissipated and the woman in the coffin could now be seen.

"...Angelica...?" muttered Chester with an excited expression on his face. His tone, however, hinted at simultaneous feelings of shock and delight.

So it seemed that Gerald's guess really was true. The person who had saved Chester from before really was the woman in white! However, a new question was now posed. How had she come alive back then?

Taking a better look into the coffin, Gerald saw that the person inside appeared to be a cold-looking beauty who was wearing spotless white clothes.

With near-unmatched beauty, Gerald had to admit that she was probably the prettiest beautiful woman on the planet.

What more, despite the fact that she was simply lying there so peacefully, she somehow still exuded a fairy-like aura. From what Gerald could tell, the aura seemed to help her heal any flaws on her the moment they appeared.

'How absolutely beautiful!' Gerald thought to himself, stunned.

"Unfortunately, no matter how beautiful you are, you still belong to my doppelganger. I'm only here because I wish to find Mila and uncle so that my family can finally be reunited again... Regardless, I'll be reuniting you with him first, and once I'm done with my task, I hope you'll help me as well. Even if it's just the tiniest of hints, I'll gladly accept it as long as it truly leads me to them..." said Gerald as he looked at the woman inside the coffin before averting his gaze.

With that said, he then re-sealed the lid of the coffin before jumping off the high platform together with Chester.

After looking around for a bit, Gerald finally saw an indentation in the middle of the high platform. The indentation itself matched the shape of the fish tail 'key' in his hand.

'We should be able to exit this place the moment I slide the key inside...' Gerald thought to himself.

Just as he was about to slide it in, however, he suddenly heard Chester shout, "S-sir! Look there! There's another coffin there!"

Turning to look at the dim area that Chester was pointing at, Gerald soon saw it as well.

Lying in the middle of that darkened area, was a giant black coffin that had been tied shut with a number of sturdy-looking chains. The way the chains were tied, it was almost as though they were actively preventing something from escaping.

With that in mind, it really was no wonder why Chester was feeling unnerved by it.

"How odd... Why didn't the murals show the origins of this coffin?" muttered Gerald to himself in astonishment.

That wasn't the only thing he had found odd upon arriving here. After all, where was the small coffin that had turned over from the ship? And though there was also supposed to be a gigantic dragon buried here, it was nowhere in sight either!

"...Let's not bother about that first. Regardless, stand back, Chester. I have a feeling that the second the exit is opened, a lot of seawater will come gushing in. I'll be focusing on taking care of the eternal coffin, so remember to stay close to me," said Gerald.

Gerald only had a single aim now, and that was the woman in white. While he still couldn't completely comprehend some things, he was far too drained to investigate any further into the matter, at least for the moment.

Upon seeing Chester's firm nod, Gerald slid the fishtail in place...

A second later, a golden light was emitted... And thunderous crashing followed immediately after!

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The entire palace was now shaking vigorously, and it felt as though the heavens were about to come tumbling down while the earth seemed ready to rend open!

As all this happened, the crystal coffin slowly began descending, supported by Gerald in one of his hands.

While Gerald had anticipated for at least this much to happen... He hadn't expected the life gate to not open! Instead, it simply seemed to be shaking violently!

Amidst the chaos, even the iron chains that were wrapped around the giant black coffin began quivering in place...

It was at that moment when something truly peculiar happened.

Both of them saw the iron chains—tying the black coffin shut—starting to break apart. At the same time, the crystal coffin almost appeared like it wanted to fly out of this place! As if all that wasn't enough, Dead Annies suddenly began growing rapidly on all the surrounding walls!

"It... It's the Dead Annies again!" shouted Chester, now extremely frightened.

It didn't take long for the flowers to fill the entire place, and it was around then when a lot of pollen began emerging.

As a result, the dizziness instantly returned.

Before both of them could even think about how to react next, one of the palace's walls came crashing open, sending seawater rushing rapidly into the structure!

Despite his entire body already trembling in great pain, Gerald still grabbed onto the eternal coffin as tightly as he could.

Moments later, the stone pillars within the palace began collapsing, sending chunks of the broken pillars all over the place!

By then, Gerald's legs had already given in—due to the effects of the Dead Annie's—and he was now kneeling as he watched as Chester got hit by one of the pillar chunks.

"S-sir!" shouted the injured Chester as he began crawling over to support Gerald.

However, a massive gush of seawater prevented him from even getting close!

As seawater filled the entire palace, Gerald found himself slowly blacking out. The Dead Annie's had already taken their toll on him, and he could no longer endure all the pain.

Seconds before he went completely unconscious, the large black coffin caught his eye again. By this point, all its chains had already been broken and the coffin's lid had now slid open. Following that, a black and dense light shot out of it...!

Meanwhile, it was late night above sea and the Crawford family fleet was still waiting for Gerald to return.

While the ocean had been relatively calm before, the ships instantly began bobbing up and down rather dangerously as the ocean's waves went wild and thunder and lightning began crashing and striking out of nowhere!

With the addition of sudden strong gales that hadn't been present just seconds ago, all the ships were truly in danger of getting overturned! It was almost as though a tsunami was imminent...

“How’s the situation? Is Mr. Crawford still down there? All this seems to be happening due to the movement of secret currents under the sea! Can anyone tell what’s going on down there?!” shouted several of the Crawford family’s bodyguards anxiously.

“All the other ships have lost signal on him! The radars are all being disrupted as well!” shouted one of the men operating the ship.

The moment his sentence ended, a black light shot out of the ocean, towering into the sky!

“...What the hell is that...?”

All the bodyguards standing on deck found themselves staring wide-eyed as the black light flew high into the sky... before beginning to fall in a certain direction like some kind of meteor!

“...That... Couldn’t have just happened, right...?” asked one of the guards, completely flabbergasted.

“We all saw it! It wasn’t just your imagination!”

“Hold on. Everyone, quick! There’s a signal again! We’re connected with Mr. Crawford again!” shouted another one of the guards excitedly.

As the ocean gale grew more and more powerful, the unconscious Gerald simply floated in the sea with the eternal coffin wrapped tightly in his arms.

While his mind had long gone blank—due to the overwhelming pain—and he was no longer in control of his body, his wish to cling onto the eternal coffin persevered above all else...

The next time his eyes reopened, Gerald found that he was lying on a bed. Unsure of how long he had even passed out, he thought to himself, ‘...I... I actually survived...?’

“...G-Gerald...? You... You’re finally awake!” shouted a voice from right beside him.

Turning to look to his side, Gerald saw that Jasmine was the one who had cried out. It appeared that she had been waiting by his side this entire time, and the fact that he was now finally awake was such great news to her that she couldn't hold her tears back.

Not long after, Lord Fenderson, Joshua, and several other top-notch bodyguards rushed in as well while shouting, "You're finally awake, Mr. Crawford!"

Looking at them, Gerald then asked, "...How... long have I been unconscious...?"

"You've been unconscious for about a month and a half now!" replied one of the worried bodyguards.

"...What? A month and a half?! Actually, hold on, where's the eternal coffin?" exclaimed Gerald, his eyes widened in shock.

Hearing his question, the bodyguard then quickly said, "...Well, we had been planning to tell you about this as soon as you woke up... You see, while it's true that you managed to bring it back... Actually, it's easier to explain if you go take a look at the situation yourself..."

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As Gerald listened to what his bodyguards had to say, he was simultaneously also thinking about something else.

The fact that he had gone unconscious for a full month and a half meant that the Dead Annies had been much more potent than what he had initially anticipated.

Completely different from the attacks from powerful people like Christopher, Dead Annies were used as a medium to bring great mental harm to others.

It made him realize that despite training his physique to such a powerful state, his mental power was still far from catching up to his body's capabilities. To think that he had almost died due to all the injuries he had suffered from the Dead Annies....

Regardless, Gerald distinctly remembered witnessing something seconds before he had fainted back when he was still in the king of the ocean's palace.

As he was clinging onto the eternal coffin back then, the lid of that large, black coffin had slid open and following that, a black light shot out of it....

Whatever the case was, he was sure that he had brought the eternal coffin back with him. But why were his guards still behaving like something was amiss?

Getting up from the bed, Gerald then headed to the room in the backyard that was currently being heavily guarded by bodyguards.

The moment he opened the door, Gerald was immediately greeted by the sight of the eternal coffin right in the middle of the room.

Moving toward it, Gerald slowly slid the lid open... Only to find out that it was empty! The woman in white was missing!

Seeing that Gerald had now realized what the 'problem' was, the same guard from earlier walked up to him before saying, "You see, Mr. Crawford, after successfully getting both you and the eternal coffin out of the water, we brought both of you back here. At the time, we were all pretty sure that the contents of the coffin remained inside. And we were right. However, it was about a week ago when... an incident took place. Even though she was still in the coffin the previous night, the next thing we knew, she had disappeared, leaving only the coffin behind!"

"Despite how unimaginable it sounds, it's the truth!" chimed in Lord Fenderson.

There was a reason why Lord Fenderson was still here. After returning to Halimark City, everything had gone fairly well. However, just as he was about to return to the Salford Province, Gerald's bodyguards suddenly asked for Joshua, stating that Mr. Crawford was injured and was currently in a comatose state!

Since they were still there anyway, they agreed to head to Montholm Island to visit the unconscious man.

Regardless, despite the fact that Lord Fenderson was almost a hundred years old by now, everything that was happening was still pretty hard for him to believe.

Gerald himself was equally as surprised. Could the description of the person who had taken part in the funeral procession back then really be true...? Was it truly possible for the woman in white to return to life?

As Gerald carefully scanned through the eternal coffin, a Dead Annie placed right in the middle of the coffin instantly caught his attention. The moment he saw that dreaded flower, he couldn't help but take a step back.

Due to how much pain it had caused him, his body had now instinctively learned to fear it.

Quickly regaining his composure, Gerald realized that the flower had been placed quite neatly within the coffin, almost as though someone had left it there the moment the woman in white left.

Seeing that Gerald had noticed the flower, the bodyguard added in a shameful tone, "Unfortunately, Mr. Crawford, that nameless flower was the only thing that remained in the coffin!"

Stunned, Gerald then turned to look at the guard before saying, "You... You know of this flower?"

The flower was extremely rare, and Gerald had only managed to encounter it the first time back when he was on his grandfather's island. Despite its beauty, Gerald had only regarded it as a simple flower back then, so he hadn't really paid it much attention.

Nevertheless, Gerald was this surprised now since a random bodyguard from his family—who didn't even belong to the Soul Palace—actually knew about the flower.

"Oh! Well, Lord Fenderson was the one who gave me the details!"

"Hmm? Then I'm assuming you've seen this flower before, Lord Fenderson?" asked Gerald as he turned to look at Bryson.

"But of course I do! When I was much younger at around the age of twenty, I had a pretty good relationship with your grandfather... That year, your grandfather and I were still comrades-in-arms..."

Either way, he showed me this breed of flower back then and claimed that it was owned solely by your family! When I asked him what its name was, however, he simply said that it was a nameless flower. He then added that it was a weird and mysterious flower that was once a totem flower that belonged to some mysterious country within the Western Regions,” explained Bryson.

“So what you’re saying is that not only did my grandpa have this breed of flower with him all the way back then, but he also knew that it was mysterious?” asked Gerald, feeling shocked by the sudden revelation.

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After all, when he had last enquired Welson about the flower back when he was still on the island, Welson had told Gerald that after his grandpa founded the Soul Palace, he had gone to the Western Regions. While he was traveling northwest, he had apparently found the seeds to that flower by accident. Though he had an entire garden of it, he had only planted them for their beauty. In other words, Gerald had been told that his grandpa didn’t know about the flower’s mysterious properties at all.

What more, from what Lord Fenderson had just told Gerald, it seemed that his grandfather had found the flower much, much earlier than what Welson had told him! His grandpa had apparently even told Lord Fenderson that the flower was owned solely by the Crawfords!

What contrasting statements!

“Indeed. It’s a nameless flower, after all. ‘There are only two petals that bloom, and each petal represents a world...’ That was the stunning statement that that old man had told me back then, you know?” said Bryson as he shook his head with a bitter smile on his face.

‘It’s that sentence again!’ Gerald thought to himself, now finding the entire situation more suspicious than ever.

Why on earth would his grandfather say the exact same words as that strange old woman had...?

With so many questions in mind, Gerald began listening even more intently as Lord Fenderson continued speaking.

“Regardless, I then asked him what his odd statement meant. In response, he told me that by looking at the nameless flower’s unique shape, the flower could be split into two identical spaces. Regardless of whichever space one chose, the things they would see, hear, and feel would be exactly the same. Even so, the two spaces would still be completely different from one another. In other words, ‘two petals bloom, and each petal represents a world.’”

“But grandpa, why would there be two similar but completely different spaces?” asked Jasmine who had been standing at the side this entire time.

“I asked him the same thing as well back then. Following that, he gave me an example that I’ll now relay. According to Gerald’s grandfather, the nameless flower has a special ability in which it’s able to modify a person’s mentality as well as their sensory organs. To be more specific, the flower can use its strange mind control ability to make you feel that an object is similar to another object, even if it’s completely different from the actual object before you. Take this room for example. Have a good look around. When you’re exposed to the nameless flower’s ability, it makes you feel like you’re in this exact room, even if you’re in a completely different room! You should be able to understand it a bit better after hearing that example. I, for one, surely didn’t back then, and I had even joked around with him at the time by treating him like an extremely weird person...” explained Bryson as he shook his head again, the bitter smile still on his face.

Now that he was at the age where he was already a foot in the grave, Bryson seemed slightly melancholic as he reminisced the events of that year.

While that was Bryson’s reaction, when he and Jasmine turned to look at Gerald, they found that he had gone extremely pale. In fact, his current expression looked far more unpleasant than when he was still unconscious.

“Is something the matter, Gerald?” asked both Bryson and Jasmine in unison.

Gerald—who was already furrowing his brow—was already deep in thought by then, so he didn’t reply.

‘So that’s the true meaning of ‘each petal represents a world...’ Thinking back, while the old woman had clearly entered the cave, she didn’t have the goldfish tail ‘key’ with her... In other words, it wouldn’t make sense to assume that she would be able to leave the king of the ocean’s palace from the other side... I still remember stopping her at the entrance of the cave...’

After waking up from his brief moment of unconsciousness back then—due to the old woman using the Dead Annes on them again—he had entered the king of the ocean's palace together with Chester. However, there weren't any traces of the old woman there at all.

The only additional thing in there was that large, black coffin...

'Speaking of which, I remember finding it strange that the giant dragon's bones weren't present back inside the palace... As for the black coffin, there wasn't even any mention of it at all in the previous murals...'

Everything just kept getting stranger and stranger the more he thought about it.

Back before all this happened, Gerald had simply wanted to bring the woman in white and the eternal coffin back to the surface... According to the procedures on the murals, the door of the tomb should've been opened the moment he inserted the goldfish tail key.

Instead, the heavens fell and the ground split open! It was completely different from what the murals had shown.

'Also, why wasn't I calm at that moment...? Thinking back, it almost seems like there was a force that had captured me at my weakest moment in order to add more momentum to the incident...'

While all this was already quite worrying, there was one particular thought that truly made him extremely anxious.

'...Was... Was the place I had gone to truly the king of the ocean's palace...? Did I meet the real woman in white? If I'm to believe that each petal truly represents a different world...'

'...Then could I have entered another space? If that's the case, then...'

'Who did I save?'

Chapter 1161

Even though he hadn't even begun thinking about what the dark light—that had escaped from the black coffin—was, Gerald truly didn't dare to dwell any longer on any of all this, at least not for the moment.

The stress of all this just felt like a ticking time bomb weighing on his mind.

"...Speaking of which, where's Chester?" asked Gerald, suddenly remembering about him.

"Ah. Well, the young lord had been comatose for quite a long time as well, but he regained his consciousness about half a month ago. However, he suffered quite a lot of physical injuries, especially his legs. Even till today, he still hasn't been able to get out of bed," replied one of the bodyguards.

"I see. It's good enough for me that he survived!"

While the way Gerald and Chester had gotten acquainted was nothing short of dramatic, Gerald remembered how Chester had risked his life to protect him back when he was close to passing out. Due to his heroic actions, Gerald had felt extremely touched.

"...Also, aside from our signals, were any of you able to detect Miss Gunter's...?" asked Gerald.

"About that... We searched for her for seven whole days and nights, but we weren't successful in locating her at all, Mr. Crawford!" replied the same bodyguard from before.

Upon hearing that, Gerald was immediately filled with self-reproach.

Before descending into the ocean, Gerald had made up his mind that he would protect her since he had brought her beneath the waves with him. In the end, however, he had nearly failed to protect himself!

Due to that, he had burdened Yume. He didn't even know if she was currently still alive or not. If only she hadn't gone down there with him, she could have remained safe...

The thought of that made Gerald clench his fists tightly.

While he had initially thought that he could just do as he pleased with his current capabilities, in the end, it was all just a hopeless endeavor... He had just been lying to himself this entire time.

To think that a few small Dead Annies was all it took to render him incapable of fighting... If he hadn't arranged for support above sea back then, Gerald knew that there was a high possibility that he would've already died in the depths of the ocean by now.

Even so, the most pitiful person throughout this entire event had to be Yume...

'I'm so sorry...!' Gerald thought to himself, his expression pale.

When Jasmine saw that expression on his face, her initial joy—of him finally waking up—instantly disappeared. In its place, an immense sense of loss began filling her heart.

'...Why does she get to be blessed with having Gerald worry about her...? Haha! I'm pretty sure that Gerald wouldn't be this sad if I were in her shoes...'

As Jasmine thought about that, Gerald himself was already scanning through the eternal coffin again.

No matter how much he looked at it, however, the coffin didn't seem to be fake.

'...Then... perhaps I really did save the woman in white...? The problems just keep adding to the pile... Regardless, it seems that grandpa knew about the origins of the Dead Annie flowers... Once I meet up with him, I'm sure I'll be able to understand more about its mysteries...'

'Speaking of grandpa, since a month and a half has already passed, he and the other legends should have long started their journey to the pledge of the holy water... I wonder how they're all doing...'

'Regardless, while I had initially promised to meet up with grandpa and the others once I located the woman in white's corpse, I don't even know where her body has gone now...'

His train of thought was cut short when miserable screams of bodyguards could suddenly be heard outside the manor!

Seconds later, the sound of a door being smashed open could be heard!

“What on earth are you doing? Anyone without an invitation is prohibited from entering this place!” shouted Gerald as he ran out to have a look at what all the commotion was about.

Upon arriving at the scene, Gerald saw a few of his bodyguards confronting a young woman who looked to be around twenty. The woman herself looked extremely cold and unapproachable.

Gerald also saw over ten seriously injured bodyguards—who were all clutching onto their chests—lying on the floor.

Before he could register anything else, several of the remaining guards began rushing toward her while shouting, “You’re courting death!”

Lifting her arm and waving her hand slightly, the bodyguards quickly found themselves flying backward as though they were all just broken kites!

As Gerald watched his men topple all over the place, he felt his eyelids twitch rapidly as he shouted, “Step down, men!”

After getting his subordinates to stop attacking, Gerald turned to get a better look at the woman.

While the purple and black eyeshadow as well as her relatively dark lipstick made the woman look extremely charming, that wasn’t what was on Gerald’s mind at the moment.

After all, he now knew who the woman was. She was none other than Linus’s kind-hearted niece, Queena!

Chapter 1162

He remembered how she had helped him enter the Yonwick family's manor in the previous month after he had been denied access into the manor by one of the Yonwick's apprentices.

At the time, Gerald had thought that she was extremely sweet and warm-hearted. After all, from what Gerald had personally experienced, nice women like her were far and few between in today's world.

While that had been his initial impression of her, the current Queena's temperament was vastly different from the one he had met back then.

Instead of the gentleness he had remembered her by, she was now displaying extreme arrogance and viciousness.

What more, while Gerald was sure that she was just an ordinary woman before this, he could now sense immense inner strength emanating from her. It was so overbearing that even Gerald had to admit that he was probably weaker than her at that moment. It was truly bewildering, to say the least.

"...What are you doing, Queena?" asked Gerald rather hesitantly.

"Why, I came over to see you, of course!" replied the woman as she placed both her arms behind her back while looking at Gerald rather fiendishly as though she was staring at someone whom she hadn't met for a long time.

"While I appreciate your kind gesture of visiting, don't you think you went a little overboard by hurting my men, Queena?" said Gerald as he turned to glance at the wailing bodyguards who were still lying on the floor.

"It's their fault for stopping me from entering! Quite honestly, if it wasn't for the fact that I was worried that you'd get angry, I would've just chopped their heads off by now! I refrained from doing so just for you, you know? I hope that gives you a clear image of how important you are to me!" replied the woman as she began seductively walking toward Gerald.

No human would ever treat another's life as a trivial thing, especially not Queena, the person who would probably be sad for quite some time after a kitten or puppy died.

“...You... You aren’t Queena, are you? Who are you?! Queena isn’t like this at all!” declared Gerald in a frigid tone.

“You’re always like this, aren’t you...? No matter what I do, you’ll still end up having doubts about me... While it’s true that I cheat a lot, I’d never ever cheat you! Despite that, you still keep doubting everything I do!” said Queena in return as her eyes suddenly turned vicious.

“I’ve no idea what you’re talking about, but I know for a fact that you aren’t Queena!”

“Is it really that important whether I truly am Queena or not? After all, the most important thing is that we’ll still end up being together in the future! Nobody’s going to be able to snatch you away from me!” replied Queena as she smiled smugly.

Now directly in front of Gerald, Queena stared intently at his face. However, the moment she raised a hand to caress his cheek, Gerald quickly took a step backward, leaving her hand hanging in mid-air.

Looking at Gerald with a smile, she then said, “Fine, fine, I won’t tease you anymore... See, I came here today to give you some time to prepare yourself. Since tomorrow’s a good day, I’ve decided that we’re getting married then!”

“...What? Marriage?” replied Gerald, stunned.

“...I already have a fiancée so it’s impossible that I’d marry you! Also, I’m a good three to four years older than you!” added Gerald.

After undergoing such a huge change, Gerald knew that Queena wasn’t the same person she used to be. While he was sure about that, he wasn’t willing to argue with her just yet. After all, he was still unable to get an accurate reading of how strong she truly was. Due to that, he would only have a row with her as a last resort.

“I don’t care about that! We’re getting married tomorrow and that’s final! I wish to announce our love and marriage to everyone on the planet!”

Following that, Queena turned around and headed to the door leading outside. However, the moment she got there, Jasmine suddenly stepped forward while exclaiming, “Hold it! Who do you even think you are? Gerald already has someone he loves! You can’t just order him to get married to you out of the blue!”

Upon hearing that, Queena stopped walking forward. Tilting her head slightly to look at Jasmine, she then growled in a spine-tingling voice, “While I already hate any women that get too close to him, I hate women like you more! Women who dare to disobey my wishes!”

The moment her sentence ended, she stretched open her fingers before taking in a small breath. Through that action alone, Jasmine felt her entire body being pulled toward her!

“Jasmine!” shouted Gerald as he immediately stretched his own hand out to hold onto her.

However, before he was even able to touch Jasmine’s arm, Gerald suddenly felt a strong inner force against him! He found himself retreating a few steps due to the impact alone.

Looking at his hurting hand, Gerald saw that her attack had caused his thenar webspace to be completely torn off! His green veins were also extremely visible now, pulsating as his arms and palms began bleeding.

Jasmine herself was now being strangled by Queena...

— To be Continued... —