

## Chapter 1063

“The blessings of the dragon?” muttered Christopher as he immediately took a few steps back, his eyelids twitching rapidly.

Seeing that the old man was momentarily stunned, Daryl shouted, “Gerald! Leave now!”

The pilot himself took the cue to immediately start up the helicopter.

While Gerald was extremely reluctant to leave, he was also well aware that his grandfather had used all his strength for his sake. If he remained here any longer, his grandfather’s efforts would all be for naught.

With that in mind, he rushed into the helicopter.

The moment Christopher attempted to pursue the youth, Daryl immediately clung on tightly to him, preventing the old man from proceeding any further.

“You called me cruel earlier, but aren’t you even more so? To think that you’d actually use your blessings of the dragon to take the blow of my mysterious mirror’s power! While I know that I can’t kill you, you’ll still be terribly injured! There are still three more months till the pledge of the holy water takes place. I’m afraid that you won’t be living long!” said Christopher, feeling that he was left with no further options now that Daryl had suddenly risen again.

Him, feeling cornered was warranted. After all, Christopher knew for a fact that the blessings of the dragon wasn’t something that could be looked down upon.

Adding that to the fact that he still wanted to participate in the Pledge of the Holy Water, Christopher knew that giving it his all to fight against Daryl now wasn’t going to be worth it.

What more, if Gerald managed to escape, then the possibility of further improving his strength before the pledge would be completely out of the question.

With that in mind, after some struggling, he managed to break free from Daryl's grasp.

As Christopher ran toward the helicopter—that had already lifted up by now—Daryl knelt on one knee as he began vomiting blood. Knowing that he no longer had the strength or energy to pursue Christopher, Daryl could only look at the helicopter with worried eyes.

After flying quite a distance away from the island, the pilot said, "Worry not, young master, for the helicopter is already quite high up now! I doubt that he can continue pursuing us from up here!"

"That's good to hear... Still, I wonder how grandpa's condition is right now... I had initially thought that he was perfectly capable of dealing with Christopher. To think that Christopher had such a powerful magic artifact with him!" replied Gerald, his voice filled with worry.

"The lord is extremely powerful so you needn't worry about him. No matter how strong Christopher's magic artifact is, I believe that he won't be able to do any serious damage to the lord. Just so you know, the lord was probably distracted earlier since you still hadn't taken off. Now that we've escaped Christopher, the lord can fully focus on him," said the pilot.

The moment he said that, however, the helicopter suddenly shook slightly. It felt like something weighted had just attached itself to the bottom of the airborne vehicle.

Shockingly, a second later, a head could be seen peeking through the helicopter's window! It was Christopher!

"Where do you think you're running off to, little boy?" asked Christopher with a cold smile.

Before Gerald could even react, the old man shook his wrist slightly, sending a white light flashing into the helicopter!

Following that, the sound of an explosion could be heard, and after shaking violently, the helicopter began plummeting!

It wasn't long before it collided with the ground, and upon impact, rocks were sent flying all over the place as a blazing fire engulfed the helicopter!

Debris was everywhere as the injured Gerald slowly sat up before getting to his feet. Since he was a semi-great master now, his body could withstand more than what regular people could. The same couldn't be said for the dead pilot, however.

"There really isn't any reason for you to continue running, you know? Come with me. With you, I'll obtain the possibility of further increasing my strength before the pledge of the holy water," said Christopher—who had been standing at the side—with a faint smile on his face.

"Over my dead body!" growled Gerald as he gritted his teeth before immediately using all his energy to toss his short blade at the old man!

Aimed at Christopher's chest, the short blade whistled as it swiftly flew across the air... only for the blade to be caught by Christopher with only two of his fingers!

"I see you used a hidden weapon... While impressive, you're still too weak to defeat me, boy!" replied Christopher, his smile broadening.

Seeing that, despair swept through Gerald. He had thought that he would at least have a slim chance of survival. After all, even though he knew he was going to die based on the sun picture's prophecy, he still wanted to participate in the pledge of the holy water before that.

To think that Christopher would end up cornering him like this.

In his mind, Gerald felt that ending his own life there and then would be much better instead of getting captured and most probably tortured by Christopher.

With his mind set, Gerald's eyes became filled with murderous intent as he slowly lifted his hand, ready to commit suicide.

However, the moment his hand was raised, a whistling sound could be heard.

Looking at the source of the sound, Gerald was stunned when saw that the short blade—that was still pinched between Christopher's fingers—was now vibrating in place.

The old man himself was even more surprised. However, he quickly regained his composure and began increasing the force his fingers had on the blade.

Suddenly, the shiny black short blade emitted a red flash of light! Upon closer inspection, it now looked like it had just been taken out of a forge...

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Evidently, however, it didn't just appear to be hot. This was confirmed when Christopher instantly began screaming in pain as he let go of the scalding-hot short blade.

The moment he did so, the short blade instantly flew back into Gerald's hand.

"It's... It's a magic artifact?!" yelled Christopher, still recovering from the shock.

Shortly after, his gaze went feral as he muttered, "So the picture of the sun wasn't the only magic artifact that the Crawford family owned... How surprising... If I get my hands on that short blade and learn how to control it, my power will easily be doubled! I'll be invincible! Once I obtain it, I'll surely be able to further demonstrate my great skill and talents during the pledge of the holy water!"

Seeing that the old man had started mumbling like a mad person, Gerald slowly began taking a few steps back.

"The heavens have truly blessed me this time... Not only do I already have control over the mysterious mirror, but I'll soon be able to get a hold of both Gerald—who

has a special body—and a new magic artifact! I'll truly be invincible!" said Christopher aloud as he began walking toward Gerald, his eyes now lit up.

However, after just a few steps, his left arm started trembling violently as the rest of his body stiffened!

Gerald watched as the veins on Christopher's arm swelled up, their sheer redness making them resemble numerous worms. The old man's face, on the other hand, had an expression of agony as his face slowly turned purple.

"...Could it be a backfire?" muttered Gerald under his breath, realizing that now was his chance to escape.

Immediately tossing his short blade at Christopher, the old man—who was in massive pain—used his mysterious mirror to deflect it.

Upon seeing that, Gerald knew it was now or never. Taking advantage of Christopher's backfire, Gerald instantly began running away.

"You b\*stard! No matter how far you run, I'll definitely catch up to you! I'm determined to examine your special body and gain that magic artifact!" roared the still paralyzed Christopher as he continued glaring daggers at Gerald's back.

Gerald himself didn't stop running and eventually, he got to a forest. Running through it, he had no idea where he currently was or how far he still was from the desert.

Knowing that the desert was in the northwest, however, he gathered his bearings and began running in that direction.

It was three days later when Gerald came across a stream. Feeling extremely thirsty, he decided to stop to drink some water.

“So it seems that choosing you was the right choice after all... I guess you’ve finally decided to reveal the holy spirit in you...” said Gerald, a hint of happiness in his tone as he took his short blade out.

“...Hmm? What’s this?” said Gerald the moment he realized that the short blade looked slightly different from before. Looking closely at it, it seemed that peculiar lines and words had appeared on both sides of the blade.

On one of the sides, the word ‘Dawnbreaker’ could be seen engraved on the blade in ancient-like handwriting.

‘Dawnbreaker... I guess that’s your name, huh. What an overbearing name!’ Gerald thought to himself.

Turning to look at the other side of the short blade, Gerald saw that there were many more tiny lines and pictures on this side.

As he squinted to make sense of the images, to his surprise, the pictures on the blade seemed to be able to communicate with him!

The moment his gaze fell upon a small, black figure, it instantly became animated and began repeatedly performing a few movements.

“...Could Christopher have awakened a dormant power within Dawnbreaker when he touched it earlier...? Regardless, based on the figures’ actions, it seems to be showing me the proper way to use the short blade!”

Understanding that, Gerald began seriously observing the animate figure’s actions. After repeatedly watching the black figure’s movements, Gerald was able to discern four different attack patterns.

The baffling thing was, only one of the four attacks felt like they were meant to be used by the Dawnbreaker. The other three felt more like attacks suited for a long sword.

While that was what he initially thought, the more Gerald observed the black figure's movements, the more he was able to imagine himself doing all four of the attacks.

Once he felt he was ready, Gerald gripped the short blade's handle tightly. His strength appeared to trigger something within the blade, causing it to start whistling. Following that, the weapon seemed to begin chanting.

Hearing that, Gerald then tossed the blade with one swift movement. As it flew forward, it produced a terrifying noise that sounded like it was tearing through the air around it.

What more, the blade's power seemed to have increased as well, slicing through any trees and destroying any large rocks that stood in its path. Eventually, the short blade began flying back to Gerald.

However, instead of catching it, he used his mind to control the short blade to make a second attack.

The short blade obeyed, and since it did, Gerald knew that he now had an extremely handy assistant on the battlefield that was able to fly all over the place and look for flaws on his opponents.

So this was the true way of using the Dawnbreaker...

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Gerald was so immersed in his new discovery that he ended up training for days to master all four of the techniques made by the black figure. By the time he realized it, a week had already passed.

Tossing the short blade again, an explosive sound was soon heard as a large stone crumbled to pieces.

As the blade hovered in the air, Gerald used his mind to command the Dawnbreaker to return to his hand.

Once it did, Gerald thought to himself, 'The Dawnbreaker truly has immense attack potential... From what I can tell, it's probably as strong as a great master! While I may still be a semi-great master, since I now know how to properly use this short blade, I should be able to even up the fight should I bump into Christopher again!'

Throughout that week, Gerald had mastered the other three methods as well. However, since he disliked using long swords as a whole, he didn't really bother practicing too much on the other three moves.

Regardless, he knew that he had delayed his search for the eternal coffin for a bit too long at this point. Thus, he decided it was high time to leave the forest and continue heading northwest.

Thankfully, Gerald made it out of the dense forest by evening.

Stumbling across a small town close to the forest's edge, the dry atmosphere there hinted to him that a desert could be nearby. After enquiring a few of the townsfolk, he realized that he had arrived at the border of the Death Desert.

He was pleased that the desert was extremely close to where he had initially predicted it to be while navigating through the forest. He was also thankful that the helicopter had crashed quite close to the desert, otherwise, he would've surely had to walk much longer.

After finding a hotel to stay the night in, Gerald went off to buy some suitable clothes for himself, well aware that he needed a temporary break.

Once he got everything he needed, he was just about to head back to his hotel when his sharp ears heard a scream coming from nearby.

"W-what do you intend to do?"

"Oh, nothing much... We saw that you two beauties came from out of town so we just want to treat you to a drink! You know, to express our admiration for you!"

“Step aside!” said one of the women as she pushed the men aside, intent on leaving.

“Hey, now! Don’t leave yet, beauty!” said another man as he—alongside a few other men—blocked her path.

It was evident that after seeing how beautiful both of them were, the men were having all sorts of cunning thoughts.

While such incidents were common, Gerald found himself stopping dead in his tracks.

‘...Why did it sound so much like her...?’

The more Gerald listened, the more he thought that her voice resembled that girl’s. Now intrigued, Gerald followed the voice till he arrived at a corner of the street.

The moment his eyes fell on her, Gerald felt his eyelids twitch slightly.

‘So it truly is her! Why did she come all the way out here?’ Gerald thought to himself in surprise.

However, he quickly shook the surprise off the moment he saw the men beginning to take action. Frowning slightly, he began walking toward the harassing men.

The youths themselves were just about to forcefully drag the women away when two of them felt a hand being placed on their shoulders.

Turning around to see who it was, they were greeted by the sight of a man who was wearing a cap and mask.

“Huh? Where the hell did you come from, you b\*stard? Mind your own business! If you don’t leave now, I’ll kill you!” warned the youth coldly.

Making sure to alter his voice slightly, Gerald then said, "Let them go!"

"Oh? Do you truly wish to act like a hero and rescue these beauties? You're just-"

Before the man could even say anything else, Gerald grabbed him by the wrist, and a split second later, the sound of snapping bones could be heard.

Hearing their ally's screams of pain, the rest of the youths instantly went on the attack!

However, after taking turns punching Gerald's chest, all of them ended up yelping in pain as they held onto their hurt fists. All of them were now staring at Gerald, deeply afraid.

Punching him felt like they were punching a mountain rather than an actual human... Feeling that their bones would get fractured if they continued punching him, they all simultaneously wondered what kind of body he even had.

"If you don't want to die, leave this instant!" growled Gerald in a frigid tone.

Gulping, all of them then held on to their hurt hands as they ran away rather pitifully. After all, upon seeing the murderous intent in his eyes, escaping was the only logical answer! How utterly frightening!

Once the men ran off, the two women looked at their savior, feeling extremely grateful.

"Thank you for saving us, mister!" said one of the women as Gerald lowered his cap even further.

Shaking his head, Gerald then looked down before replying, "It's fine. Now head back!"

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After saying that, Gerald was about to turn around and leave when he suddenly heard one of the girls saying, "Ouch! My leg!"

Turning back to look, he saw that girl who had yelped was currently holding on to her ankle. It was most probably hurt when she was struggling to free herself earlier.

"Are you alright?" asked Gerald and the other girl simultaneously as they both squatted down.

Momentarily surprised by their similar reactions, the girl then replied, "My ankle hurts pretty badly... I don't think I can walk!"

"Hmm... Well I'll support you then!" said the charismatic bespectacled girl.

Despite her friend's help, the injured girl's leg was too hurt for her to walk more than a few steps at a time.

After watching them stop to rest a few times, Gerald simply said, "...This is taking far too long... Just let me have a look!"

"Of course! But... Wouldn't it be better if you had her ankle checked back at our place? I'm afraid that those hooligans will return!" replied the bespectacled girl in a gentle tone.

"Sure thing," said Gerald as he carried the injured girl on his back. Carrying her like this again, Gerald felt rather nostalgic.

"Speaking of, where are all of you headed to?"

"Ah, we're staying in Bacht Hotel!"

"Oh? What a coincidence! I'm staying there too!"

"I see! Are you here for a trip?"

"Indeed! What about both of you? Are you reporters or something?" replied Gerald with a slightly bitter smile.

Shocked, the girls then asked, "H-how did you know?"

"Well, let's just say that your character sort of gave you away!" said Gerald.

"Haha! You're quite funny aren't you?" replied the charismatic girl with glasses.

"If you don't mind me asking, where are you from?" asked the injured girl.

"...Hmm? That's not important, is it?"

"Oh no, it's just that I find you slightly familiar with an old friend of mine... He isn't as great or as strong as you though!" replied the girl rather nervously.

Following that, she then added in a softer tone, "...You know, I sprained my ankle once and that was the first time we got to properly get to know each other... I can still clearly remember him carrying me on his back, just like you are now!"

"You sound pretty emotional when you talk about him... Was he your boyfriend?" asked Gerald, his face slightly flushed at this point.

"Hehe! I wasn't lucky enough to be his girlfriend..."

"There's no luck in love, you know? He probably just didn't know how to appreciate you! Since you're so pretty, I'm sure you can get all the guys you want!" replied Gerald.

“He’s right, you know? It’s already been over a year since both of you last talked, so you should really forget about him already and move on!” said the bespectacled girl.

“He isn’t someone that I can just let go of that easily!” replied the injured girl as she shook her head.

Sighing, the bespectacled girl then replied, “It’s pointless arguing with you...”

Hearing that, Gerald himself remained quiet. Soon enough, the trio arrived at the hotel.

There was a restaurant on the hotel’s first floor, and upon all three of them entering, a group of people who were eating there immediately noticed the two girls. Seemingly acquainted with them, the group of people immediately ran over to them.

“Are you alright?”

“What’s this then? What happened? How did you injure your leg?” asked what seemed to be the leader of the group in a concerned tone as he walked over.

Just as his question ended, another of the men—who looked rather charismatic and wore a suit—ran straight for the injured girl before asking, “Are you alright, Giya?”

Before she could even reply, the same guy turned to look at Gerald rather jealously.

‘...Who is this guy? And why is he carrying her on his back...’

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“This man saved us, Mr. Lockhart!” said Giya as she slowly got off Gerald’s back.

“I’ve told you time and again not to call me that, Giya... Just call me Wynn... Calling me Mr. Lockhart feels so strange!” replied Wynn.

Choosing not to reply to that, she then turned to look at Gerald before saying, "... Anyway, we still don't know your name, so... Could you please share it with us?"

For some odd reason, Giya had felt extremely close to this person from the moment she first met him. She couldn't tell why either. It almost felt unreal how close he felt to her.

Aside from him, it had been the longest time since she had last felt such a way toward any guy. If she had to put the feeling into words, it felt somewhat similar to meeting a long-lost relative again.

"She's right, we still don't know your name!" added the bespectacled girl with a smile on her face.

"There's no need for that, I just helped with a small matter!" replied Gerald as he further lowered his brim before heading upstairs.

Seeing that, the bespectacled girl pouted slightly.

"Who even is he, Meredith? Why's he wearing a hat and mask in bright daylight? And more importantly, who does he think he is?" scoffed Wynn scornfully.

After hearing how Meredith had talked to Gerald, he was certain that the masked man had saved the girls like some kind of superman. Wynn himself had been waiting for a chance to do such a thing. Now that someone had beat him to it, he was feeling both nervous and envious toward Gerald.

"How could you talk bad about our lifesaver, Wynn?" replied Meredith, upset.

"I'm just saying the truth! I'm sure he's just putting up an act!" replied Wynn.

"Both of you, stop fighting! The only thing that matters now is that the girls are both fine! Also, since both of you are now back, go ahead and grab some food. We'll be heading into the desert once the Master of the Desert arrives!" said their leader.

Upon hearing that, everyone fell silent.

There were over twenty people in Giya's group, with thirteen of them being men and the rest being women. The group itself was there to conduct research in the desert, with Meredith and Giya acting as reporters.

Wynn, on the other hand, was the son of the research's sponsor. Being both rich and powerful, he had fallen for Giya from the moment he first saw her at an event. Since then, he had constantly been trying to win her heart over, even going so far as to come along on this research trip just to continue wooing her.

As their leader returned to his own seat, he said, "Speaking of him, I wonder why he isn't here yet... How odd! Regardless, we won't be able to survive in the desert for long without him. Some say that the Master of the Desert knows the desert like the back of his hand since he grew up there."

While the other members of the group began discussing it, the sounds of bells—which were common for camels to wear around these parts—could be heard ringing away as they got closer and closer to the hotel.

Eventually, over twenty camel-pulled carts came to a halt in front of the hotel.

Standing at the entrance, a tanned old man with a contrasting white beard and a face full of wrinkles shouted, "Alright, let's go!"

He was the one guiding all of the camels, and after hearing his shout, almost everyone in the hotel headed out.

Aside from the researchers, there were also other tourists who had hired the Master of the Desert for both his carts and his guiding service. Once everyone had mounted their bags and bottles onto the camels, the Master of the Desert would begin transporting them across the desert.

“Come on, Giya. I paid him extra since you injured your leg. We can get on the cart together with Professor Yale so that we don’t have to walk!” said Wynn as he turned to look at Giya.

However, when he noticed how hesitant she was and how she kept looking up at the second floor, he immediately became jealous and added, “...Don’t tell me you’re waiting for that dude, Giya...”

“I-I’m not! We don’t even know each other!” replied Giya.

“Good to know. Regardless, we should get going now. Here, I’ll help you up!”

“It’s fine, Meredith can do that!”

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Once everyone was ready, the tan man began leading all of them into the desert.

It was only after they had left quite a distance when Gerald walked out of the hotel.

He truly hadn’t expected to bump into Giya here of all places after an entire year. Regardless, she had started working and she had also become so much better.

While Gerald had been tempted to reveal his identity to Giya, it had been over a year and he now knew that she still hadn’t truly forgotten about him back when he had tested her.

He was well aware of how bad he had treated her back then, and knowing that them being together was going to be impossible anyway, Gerald decided not to delay her from moving on any longer.

Regardless, Gerald had noticed that Wynn had been very nice to Giya earlier. While Gerald didn’t particularly like Wynn, he trusted that Wynn only wanted the best for Giya. It was the reason why Gerald hadn’t stayed back to treat her injured ankle back then. After all, he could see that there was already someone who would take good care of her.

Shaking his head, Gerald then grabbed his luggage, fully prepared to leave. With the pledge of the holy water due in three months, it was impossible for him not to feel anxious about it. After all, he still needed to train enough to become a full great master and also locate the eternal coffin before then. Not a single second could be wasted.

Not long after entering the desert, Gerald eventually bumped into Giya's group. However, their route forward had been blocked by several people who were wearing clothes with red sleeves.

"Hey now, why are you preventing us from proceeding? You don't own the desert!" scolded a few of the tourists.

"Our sincerest apologies, but a few bodies had been found in the desert a few days ago, and all of them showed signs of facing horrible deaths. We suggest that you refrain from entering the desert for the next few days. It truly isn't worth giving your life up for a mere vacation!" explained one of the red-sleeved men.

"And you think we didn't already know about this? We're here on an adventure and nothing's stopping us! Don't bother about those red-sleeved men! Let's just proceed on!" shouted one of the female tourists as several of them broke through the cordon.

With the group of tourists being so adamant on proceeding, the red-sleeved men weren't able to stop them. Just as the woman had said, these tourists were here for an adventure!

Immediately walking over to the red-sleeved group next, Professor Yale said, "We truly appreciate your work, young men... Regardless, while they're here on vacation, my group is here to conduct some research. I hope you'll allow us and our carts to pass..."

"...Well, your group seems pretty serious with the carts and all... I suppose we can't stop you from proceeding either! Regardless, I hope all of you succeed!" replied one of the red-sleeved men as the others with him allowed Giya's group to go through.

As Professor Yale and the other researchers proceeded, Meredith saw a few of the tourists backtracking, probably afraid after hearing what the red-sleeved men had said. To her surprise, she saw a familiar figure walking behind them as well.

Waving at him, she said, "I guess you came along too!"

Nodding in response, Gerald simply continued walking on in silence.

Upon realizing that he was present, Giya kept staring at the young man. The more she looked at him, the more she felt like she knew him from somewhere. While she had a wild guess of who it could be, the person she had in mind didn't have such a sturdy-looking figure...

"Speaking of which, I think you should join our group... As those men back there said, this desert seems to be particularly dangerous. Sticking with us should be much safer since we have so many tourists in the group. Safety in numbers, as they say. How about it?" suggested Meredith from atop the cart.

"Hah! This dude looks like he's here on a broke trip! I mean he doesn't even have a camel to provide him with water! With that tiny bottle of his, he'll die of thirst first before even getting halfway through the desert!" sneered Wynn.

"Please, join us! I can pay for you!" added Meredith, now getting increasingly worried.

Shaking his head, Gerald simply replied, "I appreciate your help, but I'll have to refuse!"

"Heh! You don't need it, you say? You have no idea of how easy it is to get lost in this desert, do you? Without my help, nine out of ten people don't make it out alive! Mark my words, you'll regret not joining us! Also, since you said that, even if you change your mind and someone else pays for you, I still won't allow you to join us!" scoffed the Master of the Desert as he glared coldly at Gerald before gulping on his can of beer.

Since nobody had ever told him that his help wasn't needed, the Master of the Desert was quite egotistical.

With that, he slapped the sides of his camels which led to his carts moving faster.

Meredith and Giya could only stare worriedly at the walking young man who slowly disappeared behind them.

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Though the journey through the desert was both long and hot, the researchers and the tourists did just fine with the help of the Master of the Desert.

After two days of traveling, the group arrived at the center-point of the desert. As was expected, from where they currently were, not a soul could be seen within the sandy lands.

At the time, dusk was setting in soon so they decided to make a stop at a shelter that was half-broken. Thankfully, it was still nice enough for them to stay the night.

"I wonder how that man's doing... Do you think he headed back to town...?" muttered Giya as she sat next to the fireplace, thinking about the man who had saved her.

"I doubt it. He just doesn't seem to be that kind of guy! The way he presents himself, he's both mature and reliable! Actually, hold on... Why do you keep thinking about him anyway? Didn't you say that you loved Gerald...? Could it be that you're obsessing over him because he both looks like, and reminds you of Gerald...?" replied Meredith in a rather displeased tone. The way she said it, it was as though Meredith could see through Giya.

"What? No! I'm just worried since he did save our lives after all! Besides, aren't you constantly thinking about him too, Meredith?" said Giya with a smile.

"Well I do admit that I like mature people... He certainly fits the bill in that department! What more, his eyes suggest that countless stories lay hidden behind them... He's the exact kind of mysterious boyfriend that I'd love to have!" replied Meredith without a doubt.

“Is... that an indirect way of saying you like him...?” asked Giya, her curiosity piqued.

“Well... I don’t know, alright? Maybe... I mean I just can’t stop thinking about him! I really want to meet him again, you know?” replied Meredith as she cupped her hands on her cheeks while looking up into the sky.

Hearing that, Giya looked up at the sky in silence as well.

‘Same here... I really want to meet him again too!’ Giya thought to herself.

A brief moment later, Wynn walked over to them before saying, “Giya? Meredith? What are both of you doing? Here, have some hot water. Once the sun sets, things are going to get super chilly here!”

“It’s fine, I’m not thirsty!” replied Giya as she shook her head, knowing full well what he was up to.

While she had to admit that Wynn truly had an aura of royalty surrounding him, he just wasn’t the kind of person she liked.

Despite his constant efforts to woo her, Giya knew that it was impossible for them to be together. As a result, the more he did for her, the guiltier she felt about it.

“Well, if that’s the case, why not come over and listen to the Master of the Desert’s storytelling? So far, all his stories have been pretty scary!” suggested Wynn.

He then pointed at the professor before adding, “Look, even Professor Yale is interested in his stories! Come on!”

Hearing that, both Giya and Meredith exchanged glances with each other. Since they were here as reporters and they needed to write articles once they returned anyway, perhaps listening to an interesting story or two would help them with their writing.

With that in mind, the two girls then re-joined the crowd of people who were listening to the Master of the Desert's tale. The tale itself went by 'the Legend of Capra Nanny,' and the bearded man made sure to use his most serious tone while sharing the story.

Essentially, the tale was about an old grandmother who lived in the desert. Nobody knew whether she was a human or a ghost, but the important thing was that for sustenance, she sucked humans dry of their blood! In fact, all those previous murders could've very well been committed by Capra Nanny! Not only was she scary, but she was also very powerful and bulletproof. Nobody could even dream of killing her, and some accounts even said that any normal person who saw her would end up dead on the spot!

"...Is she truly that terrifying...? If something like that really is out there, then it would've been made public by now!" muttered one of the people huddled before the Master of the Desert. Many others, however, remained silent, feeling quite spooked by the story.

"But of course, she is! I'll let you in on something even more shocking! Capra Nanny truly does exist, and I've seen her before with my own eyes!" whispered the Master of the Desert.

As chills were sent down almost everyone's spines, Professor Yale simply laughed before saying, "You truly are an excellent joker, Master of the Desert! Don't scare the children too much!"

"But I jest not! I truly did see her before! I was only seven back then and I saw her when I was following my father into the desert!" replied the bearded man in a serious tone, a hint of fear in his voice.

Seeing how serious the Master of the Desert's expression was, even the Professor couldn't help but to stop laughing.

— To be Continued... —