

## Chapter 1449

Following that, matrix formations began enveloping everyone within the Gunter family, and anyone caught within them instantly felt a sense of looming death. Despite knowing that the Gunters were all feeling a cocktail of shock, fright, remorse, and anger, Gerald didn't care.

If he didn't kill them all today, they'd surely return as villains sooner or later. With that in mind, Gerald wasn't going to be soft-hearted on them anymore.

Within seconds of being ensnared within the matrix formations that Gerald's golden eye emitted, all the Gunters were reduced into nothing but fine dust.

Peter himself was honestly horrified beyond words. Gerald's most recent change... How absolutely horrible...

A little while later—after rescuing Jasmine, Leo, and the others—Peter called Gerald over to the manor's secret room. After Peter relayed what he had earlier learned from Yreth, Gerald found himself utterly shocked.

"So... You mean to say that grandpa isn't dead, Second uncle...? Not only that, but he's also the mysterious man who's been monitoring me this entire time...?!"

"Indeed! I didn't tell you about it at the time since I wasn't certain about it yet... However, I now have confirmation that that truly seems to be the case!" replied Peter, a complicated expression on his face.

After hearing all that, Gerald recalled how familiar the mysterious man had felt when he had fought against him while Gerald was still in the past. Now that his uncle had clarified the situation, Gerald tried to remember more about that incident.

'...That person's gaze... In the end, there's no mistaking that it was exceedingly similar to my grandpa's... But... Doesn't that signify that the mysterious man was grandpa? Was grandpa really the one who ruined my Dehlere Foundation...? While uncle did warn me to be mentally prepared for this revelation, I can't help but feel doubtful about all this... After all, the grandpa I know has always been a loving person, especially to me... No matter how I look at it, I just don't feel that he's the kind of person who hides his identity and controls everything from behind the scenes...'

'However... If he truly is the culprit, then the Dead Annies that he grew back at the Soul Palace explains quite a bit too... For one, he definitely didn't grow the Dead Annies just to display them as a trophy garden!'

“...Even if that’s the case, I’d like to have a talk with grandpa about all this first when we finally meet again... Until then, I refuse to fully believe in all this!” said Gerald.

Nodding, Peter then replied, “But of course. We’ll just have to wait till we find him in order to clear things out. As for the other Crawford family... I’m going to begin investigating as soon as possible!”

With that, both Gerald and his uncle talked late into the night...

Deep inside, the duo knew for a fact that neither of them was willing to truly admit that there was a serious problem with Daryl... However, with the way things were going, both of them knew that the truth was pointing in that direction...

After all, his grandfather knew about the ancient tomb’s location as well. It was completely plausible for his grandfather to have entered the cave, killed the snake, and carried Liemis’s corpse away...

Thinking back, Master Ghost had also warned Gerald before this, stating that Gerald had to be careful of the people around him... While Gerald hadn’t paid the warning much heed at the time, he now found himself wondering whether Master Ghost had been telling him to be careful of his grandfather...

‘...Actually, hold on. Master Ghost!’ Gerald suddenly thought.

Ever since that incident regarding Queena, Master Ghost had gone missing. Where could he be now?

‘If I’m able to locate him, he’ll surely be able to tell me some secrets!’

From what his uncle had told him, Zyla had gone someplace else to avoid the pursuit of the King of Judgment Portal. With that in mind, she probably wasn’t going to be back anytime soon... Due to that, Master Ghost truly was his only option of proceeding from this point on.

‘Where could my family be...? And what about the things regarding grandpa? I probably won’t be solving these questions without Master Ghost’s help...’ Gerald thought to himself as he instantly began wondering how to find him...

When morning came, the uncle and nephew immediately began discussing the routes they would take next.

By the end of it, it was decided that Peter would help him inquire about Zyla’s location. He would also attempt to look for Lyra.

Leo and the others, on the other hand, were responsible for transferring the headquarters of the Crawford family to Mayberry.

As for Gerald, he decided to return to Langvern Mountain first. After all, while he did manage to hear Master Ghost's advice from Zenny, he hadn't been able to listen to the rest of her description.

#### Chapter 1450

After Queena headed there, Gerald wasn't even sure whether Zenny still remained...

It was a few days later when Gerald finally arrived at Langvern Mountain.

While he had anticipated for the place to be desolate, to his surprise, there was a long queue leading up to the mountain! With how crowded it was, Gerald was reminded of how the place had been like in the past before Master Ghost left.

'What on earth is happening...? Could Master Ghost have returned...?' asked Gerald as he walked up the mountain in his bewilderment.

The more he saw, the more surprised he became. After all, several people seemed to be standing respectfully all over the place, and there were even more of them kneeling in the direction of Langvern Church. With how devout each of them looked, they looked similar to loyal followers who had undergone a millennia of baptism.

Feeling slightly amused, Gerald simply shook his head slightly with a wry smile on his face.

Before he was able to proceed any further, someone suddenly shouted, "You there! Stop where you are!"

Turning around to see who had called out to him, Gerald was immediately greeted by the sight of an angry-looking woman—in her twenties—who had her hair tied in a ponytail.

Looking at the woman—who had both her hands against her waist—Gerald then smiled subtly before asking, "Do I know you, miss?"

"Let me do the questioning first! Why were you smiling while looking at my kneeling grandpa? Was that mockery I sensed?" asked the woman as she frowned.

Truth be told, she had already noticed Gerald for a while. After all, while the others had been respectfully lining up at the base of the mountain—either standing or kneeling—not only did this guy just walk straight up, he had done so with an indifferent expression on his face! And now he was displaying a bitter smile!

While she had heard about people who preferred doing things their way instead of following societal norms, this was her first time meeting such an unconventional person! What more, he had even placed himself above her grandfather! How couldn't she be angry?

"I wasn't mocking your grandfather. I was simply wondering why you were all kneeling here at Langvern Mountain despite the fact that all of you look prestigious and powerful!" replied Gerald.

"You...! To think you'd still retort so rudely...! You're definitely asking for it!" growled the wrathful woman, thinking that Gerald was mocking them again.

'Who the hell do you even think you are? Since you're so undaunted, I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget!' Thought the woman to herself as she swiftly lifted her arm to land a punch on him!

As she did so, her grandfather—and another middle-aged man who had been kneeling beside him—both looked up.

The old man knew his granddaughter's strength well. Both fast, and powerful, the woman's strength alone was comparable to the strength of ten young men! With that in mind, her grandfather could only smile subtly as he thought, 'This undaunted young man... He's about to suffer a loss for sure...'

"It was merely a question... Either way, I don't mind if you refuse to answer... Is there really a need to start a fight?" said Gerald with a wry smile as he shook his head after seeing her punch coming right at him. Instead of counter attacking or dodging, he simply turned around slowly before continuing to walk off. Such things were dull to him by this point.

Regardless, the second the extraordinarily strong girl's fist came close enough to land, everyone found themselves instantly stunned when the attack simply brushed past Gerald's body! Gerald's movements were so fluid that it almost seemed as though he was a martial arts director who had rehearsed that action for countless times! In fact, the maneuver was so skillful that it almost seemed like Gerald had only avoided the attack by coincidence!

"...W-what...?" muttered the woman, filled with incredulity that her punch could miss.

By that point, everyone who had witnessed the scene—including her grandfather and the middle-aged man—found their eyes widened in disbelief as their breathing hastened.

"S-sir! Please, stop...!"

“What? Do you plan on attacking me as well?” asked Gerald with a subtle smile.

With the help of the middle-aged man, the old man then quickly got up before bowing slightly while saying, “We wouldn’t dare, sir! You’re a powerful person who’s hidden your true power extremely well... How dare we normal people offend you?”

Though elderly, the white-haired old man bore a youthful complexion. Regardless, since he looked like someone who had a considerably high status, the fact that he was speaking and behaving so humbly toward Gerald made everyone—his granddaughter included—stare in disbelief.

“...Grandpa, what are you saying? Why are you being so polite to this b\*stard? Whatever the case is, since my punch missed earlier, I’ll make sure the next one lands and ruins his face!” growled the woman whose initial shock quickly turned into wrath.

Just as she was about to launch another attack, the old man instantly scowled, “Stop right there, Perla! Don’t be rude!”

Though Perla Sherwin was clearly reluctant to obey that order—a sentiment that the middle-aged man from before seemed to agree with—she deeply respected her grandfather, which was why she simply obeyed and stood at the side.

Following that, the old man then smiled—hoping to please Gerald—before saying, “Now then, you were asking my insensible granddaughter why we were kneeling here, correct?”

After seeing Gerald’s nod, the old man then explained, “Well, you see, a person called Master Ghost used to live here, and he was a wise man who could come up with extremely clever strategies and tactics. His claim to fame, however, was his ability to read one’s future. Thinking back, he truly had a number of skills that defied the heavens... While he did eventually leave without a trace, someone called Master Crawford soon took over his place! Not only is Master Crawford capable of drawing charms to save people, but he’s also able to control swords and fly on them! He truly owns an arsenal of remarkable abilities... I came here myself to beg for a charm, you see! With any luck, I hope that the master will also take my insensible granddaughter as his disciple after some begging!”

Even before his granddaughter had attacked Gerald, the old man had sensed a rather extraordinary aura surrounding Gerald... Being someone who had seen much of how the world worked, the old man found himself feeling slightly nervous of the aura, though he couldn’t quite put his finger on why yet at the time... After seeing how proficient Gerald was in martial arts, however, the old man instantly realized that Gerald was the cream of the crop, a person whose abilities and world views were unfathomable...

Terrified by that realization, it was because of that that the old man was treating Gerald with so much respect now.

Regardless, Gerald took a look around after hearing the old man's explanation. From what he could see, most of the kneeling people were middle-aged men, though there was a young child among the crowd. If what the old man had said was true, then all of them were either here to plead for medical treatment or beg the master to take their children under his wing.

Gerald had also taken note that there was now a new master on Langvern Mountain who bore the surname of Crawford...

"What's the master's full name?" asked Gerald.

"Master Crawford's full name is Gerald Crawford, if I'm not mistaken!" replied the old man respectfully.

"...Oh? His name is Master Gerald Crawford, you say?" replied Gerald, feeling intrigued as he tried to hold back from laughing.

'To think that this sword-riding master would actually share a name with me... Still, there aren't many in the world who are capable of bragging about riding swords...' Gerald thought to himself, now keen on meeting this remarkable person in order to widen his knowledge.

With that, Gerald then turned around and began walking up Langvern Mountain again, completely disregarding the old man.

Seeing that, Perla was instantly shocked as she thought, 'You... How dare you not pay attention to my grandpa...?!'

Unable to hold back her anger, she then rushed toward Gerald, aiming to land a kick against his back as she yelled, "You truly are asking for death!"

While both the middle-aged man and Perla's grandfather had already arrived at a consensus that Gerald wasn't someone to be trifled with, they quickly realized that the same couldn't be said for Perla as she got closer and closer to attacking him.

They weren't going to be able to stop her in time!

However, everyone watching found themselves momentarily frozen in place when they saw what happened next.

'...W-what...?' The shocked old man thought to himself as he stared wide-eyed at the paralyzed Perla.

Even Perla was in disbelief. She was now less than an inch away from Gerald, yet her feet were frozen in place. She couldn't even move her legs in the slightest!

As terror swept through her, she now felt like she had just attempted to kick a mountain just for the sake of it.

Before she could begin regretting her decision, she felt a force gently pushing her back to where she had initially been standing!

"P-Perla...!" shouted the old man in fear as he immediately tugged on his granddaughter's hand.

Turning to look at Gerald, it was evident that his immense fear for the youth had now overtaken his feelings of respect.

"Don't ever try me again...!"

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After casually saying that, Gerald then continued walking, not even bothering to turn around.

"Are... you planning to head up there, master...?" asked the old man.

"Indeed!"

"While it's true that you're quite remarkable, there are many rules to Langvern Mountain... If you still wish to head up there, why not wait here for a while? After all, it'll soon be my family's turn—the Sherwins—to head up there! Why not go with us?" suggested the old man.

Hearing that, Gerald then thought, 'That's not a bad suggestion. Since they're planning to go visit Master Gerald Crawford anyway, I may as well follow them. After all, it'll be easier to do that compared to fighting my way in. Still, I wonder how capable that master truly is...'

Seeing Gerald nod in agreement, the old man then said, "It's settled, then! Speaking of which, I go by Terrance Sherwin! It's a pleasure to meet you, master!"

After exchanging pleasantries and casually talking about a few other things, Gerald and the trio entered Langvern Church together.

From what the Terrance had told Gerald, the reason why this place was so lively now was because not too long ago, a supposedly authentic video of an old man controlling and riding a

sword—that flew through the forest and even across a river—suddenly began spreading around the inner circles of powerful people in the business field.

What more, the old man apparently cured a rich businessman as well. Due to that, he ended up getting extremely famous.

Following that, he took in a few disciples, and that was around the time the business was established. Things then went smoothly for a while. A few days ago, however, the old man suddenly announced that he was willing to take in a few more disciples, though they would first have to be personally assessed by him.

All that eventually led to the current turn of events.

After hearing Terrance's explanation, it was now evident to Gerald that most of the people here had come in hope of becoming one of the master's new disciples.

Regardless, the four people were only a few steps in when they saw a person being driven out while a voice shouted, "Save me the effort and just leave! With such limited talent and quite worrying levels of intelligence, I simply can't accept you as my disciple!"

Naturally, the person who was driven out looked rather dispirited.

Whatever the case was, Gerald quickly noticed that the church's large hall had now been modified to look like an examination hall of sorts.

He also saw several young people from different families respectfully waiting to be assessed.

It wasn't long after before a few young men and women walked over to them before saying, "Perla! You're here! Hurry on over!"

After greeting Perla, they then turned to look at the old man before greeting, "It's nice to meet you too, Mr. Sherwin!"

Following that, one of the men in the group then nervously said, "Say, Perla, did you know that up till this point, nobody's succeeded in becoming the master's disciple? Master Crawford's conditions truly are strict!"

"I know right? Speaking of which, Perla, who is he? Is he your boyfriend?" asked a woman from the group. If it wasn't evident enough by this point, everyone from the group was pretty well acquainted with Perla.

"...What? Of course not! He's just here to pay Master Crawford a visit!" replied Perla in slight embarrassment.



"I didn't come here to pay him a visit. I'm just here to look for some things!" replied Gerald casually.

Regardless, he had been observing Master Crawford for a while now, and though there were undoubtedly traces of essential qi coming from his body, the essential qi fluctuated rather frequently. In other words, it was sometimes strong and other times weak, a phenomenon that was quite peculiar to Gerald. After all, that was a trait that those from cryptic families tended to have. If that was the case, then Master Crawford definitely wasn't a true trainer who had trained himself to achieve spiritual enlightenment.

"...Is he truly capable of controlling swords and flying on them...?" muttered Gerald to himself, now clearly doubtful about what Terrance had earlier told him.

It was at that moment when Master Crawford's voice could be heard asking, "What's all this noise about, then?"

Those from Perla's group had been speaking quite loudly, which was why Master Crawford was now looking at them with a rather bleak expression on his face.

"Apologies, Master Crawford, but this man here just doubted your strength!" said Perla as she pointed at Gerald while smiling smugly.

Hearing that, Terrance was instantly stunned. However, that feeling quickly turned to anger as he shouted, "Perla! What on earth are you talking about?!"

While it was true that anyone who had witnessed Gerald's performance earlier would feel that he was way stronger than Master Crawford, Perla was simply being too unruly! She didn't even seem to care about the implication of her statement!

'Powerful, aren't you? If you're so powerful then go out there and have a real fight! Let's see how long you'll last against an exceptional man like Master Crawford!' Perla thought to herself.

## Chapter 1453

"...Oh? There's actually someone who dares doubt me?" said Master Crawford as he squinted his eyes at the direction where Gerald and the others were.

At the same time, many of the people in the large hall were staring at Gerald with bewildered gazes. After all, saying such a thing was akin to Gerald courting death!

Gerald himself could only display a bitter smile. Since things had already gotten to such a state, there was no point in beating around the bush anymore. With that in mind, he decided that it'd be better for him to just straightforwardly reveal his true thoughts.

"Indeed. Regardless, you'll have to forgive me for being rather blunt, but your remarkable skills... They're honestly nothing but simple tricks that barely have any functions at all, Master Crawford!" replied Gerald.

The second his sentence ended, a huge ruckus instantly erupted! For a person to doubt the master like that... He truly was asking for death!

Master Crawford himself now felt his eyelids twitching slightly. To think that he was being humiliated in public, and during his disciple selecting process, no less!

Watching as Master Crawford slowly stood up, Perla—who had been standing quietly at the side for a while—excitedly said, "Look! Master Crawford's about to demonstrate his power!"

While she had to admit that the strange, young man was much stronger than her, in the end, he looked to only be around the same age as her. With that in mind, she wasn't convinced that Gerald deserved the respect that her grandfather was giving to him, and she hoped that once Master Crawford was done with him, her grandfather would share her sentiment.

Regardless, Master Crawford's actions had caught the full attention of several people by this point.

"Who even is this mad person? How dare he doubt Master Crawford!"

"I know, right? How undaunted! Someone like him will only come to regret things when he's close to dying!"

The scowls had come from a few old men who couldn't bear seeing Master Crawford get humiliated.

As the old men continued bombarding him with scowls, Master Crawford himself simply narrowed his eyes before shaking his head and saying, "I won't make things too difficult for you, young man. Just kneel before me with your forehead against the ground. Once you admit to your mistake, I'll allow you to leave the hill unscathed!"

"You truly are the bigger man for being so forgiving, but I feel you should still teach this guy a lesson, master!" shouted someone from within the crowd.

"Is there a need to admit to a mistake if what I said was the truth? Look, the only true master of this church is the previous one. With that said, I dislike the notion of you being here since all you're doing is humiliating Langvern!" replied Gerald casually.

“How utterly imprudent! It seems like you’ll truly remain undaunted till I teach you a proper lesson! I hope you realize that you’ve only made things more difficult for yourself! With that said, you’re only allowed to leave if you roll down the hill!” growled the furious Master Crawford as he raised his right hand.

Out of nowhere, a compass—with a golden dragon engraved on it—appeared on his hand, and the second it did, Master Crawford instantly began reciting a chant. Once he was done, he muttered an order... and just like that, the entire hall began trembling despite the lack of any strong winds!

‘By god!’ Thought everyone within the hall as they watched the tables and chairs shake wildly!

Even the old men from before were terrified, and with eyes reddened with shock, one of them quickly shouted, “You ignorant child! You’ve truly offended the master now! Hurry and kneel already!”

Terrance and the others—who had been standing at the side—were similarly frightened half to death by Master Crawford’s skill, and they were all dripping beads of cold sweat for Gerald.

Gerald himself, however, simply shook his head with a bitter smile as he said, “Is that all, Master Crawford?”

By that point, Master Crawford’s forehead was drenched with sweat. Though he wanted to create even more mayhem, no matter how much he tried, he couldn’t seem to increase the intensity of all the shaking by much.

After staring at him for a bit longer, Gerald then shook his head before asking, “Is this what you’re trying to achieve?”

With a gentle wave, the compass—that had been in Master Crawford’s grasp—instantly flew into Gerald’s hand!

The compass now in his hands, Gerald began murmuring a barely audible chant...

Before anyone could realize what was happening, an explosive sound was heard as the compass emitted a blinding light that painted the entire hall in a golden glow!

As if all that wasn’t already shocking enough, an inhuman roar was soon heard, and everyone stared wide-eyed as a faint, but large golden dragon momentarily appeared above the compass!

Screams filled the area as a twister showed up out of nowhere as well! What a dramatic change!

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Almost everyone in the hall was now screaming in utter terror.

While the old men from before could almost feel their eyeballs popping out in their shock, the flabbergasted Perla herself was barely able to keep her mouth closed.

The scene happening before them now was truly difficult to swallow...!

“...A-amazing...!” stuttered Master Crawford as he fell feebly to the floor, now entirely drenched in sweat.

With a slight flick of Gerald’s wrist, the golden light disappeared and everything became peaceful again.

Turning to look at the compass, Gerald deduced that it was simply a simple magic artifact that, upon activating, was capable of displaying terrifying images.

While that was the case, since Master Crawford hadn’t trained his mind for it to be steady enough, he wasn’t able to use the compass to its full extent. Knowing that only increased Master Crawford’s humiliation.

Smiling subtly, Gerald then tossed the compass aside before looking at the master whose gaze had turned bleak by this point.

“Now then... Who exactly gave you the courage to deceive all these people?” declared Gerald.

As everyone in the hall quivered from Gerald’s authoritative voice, Master Crawford—who was clearly the recipient of Gerald’s question—dropped to his knees before replying, “P-please don’t be angry, master...! I was told to wait for a young man here... As for why I used my magic, it was because that same person who told me to wait ordered me to protect the Feng Shui of this place and continue burning incense here...!”

The second his sentence ended, several hissing sounds could be heard as multiple people in the hall drew in cold breaths.

“A young man? Do you have a name?” asked Gerald who already had a good guess of what was happening.

“G-Gerald Crawford! I was told to wait for that young man!” replied Master Crawford quickly.

“And who was it who told you to wait for him? Also, what’s your real name?”

“I-it was my great aunt! And I go by the name of Gus Linstone...!”

After hearing all that Gus had to say, everyone found themselves immensely shocked. However, their shock quickly turned into rage as they took turns glaring at Gus.

Following that, they then turned to respectfully look at Gerald who now looked more like a deity than anything.

Gerald, however, wasn't going to waste any more time.

“Order everyone to descend the hill, right this instant!” instructed Gerald.

“R-right away...!” replied Gus as he quickly began driving everyone out.

Soon enough, only Terrance and a few others remained.

Before Gerald could ask Gus for more details, he watched as Terrance knelt before respectfully saying, “Master, I have a request...!”

As the middle-aged man from before knelt as well, Gerald observed the duo for a while. To think that the old man was willing to do this despite already having one foot in the grave...

Truth be told, Gerald hadn't found that old man annoying from the very beginning, so he simply asked, “What is this about?”

“While my granddaughter has always been rather naughty, she's always had the heart to train. Unfortunately, she hasn't been able to find a suitable teacher at all... Now that we've witnessed your remarkable skills, however, I feel that you'd be the perfect teacher for her...! With that said, I hope you're willing to take her under your wing!” replied Terrance, his eyes now teary and reddened.

“...Her?” said Gerald with a frown.

Looking at Gerald's frown, Perla instantly found herself blushing. After all, she now deeply respected and admired him after witnessing his true capabilities.

“I'll have to refuse!” added Gerald as he shook his head.

“B-but why, master...!” asked Terrance rather desperately as Perla felt herself come close to crying.

“She has a terrible temper typical of a rich, young lady! That simply won't do!” replied Gerald as he casually waved his hand.

“I-I can change...! I’ll drop this bad attitude immediately...!” exclaimed Perla.

“Change? Haha! If you say so... Look, since you like making things so difficult for people and you think you can just drop that temper of yours all willy-nilly, why don’t you head to the square and bark like a dog three times? If you do it properly, I’ll consider taking you under my wing! If you don’t, then just get off the hill like the others already!” retorted Gerald.

Preoccupied with so many things, Gerald really wasn’t in the mood to take in any disciples.

In fact, had it not been because the old man had knelt before him, Gerald wouldn’t even have bothered listening to his request.

Regardless, he felt that what he had told Perla to do was the easiest way for him to get her off his back.

To his surprise, however, Perla only hesitated for a brief moment before dashing toward the square...

## Chapter 1455

Her eyes reddened, several people who were descending the hill found themselves astonished as they watched Perla imitate a dog and bark thrice!

Gerald truly hadn’t expected this to happen. After all, he had initially thought that Perla was nothing more than a rich young lady who was both hedonistic and extremely sensitive to how others viewed her. To think that she would actually be willing to humiliate herself just to be able to be his disciple!

Quite frankly, he had suggested for her to bark like a dog since Gerald knew that the humiliation from the act was a little too much for even him to handle. With that in mind, he was convinced that Perla wouldn’t be able to carry out the act. Now that she had, however...

“...I... I’ve done as you told... Are you willing to take me under your wing now...?” asked Perla as she stood before Gerald.

“...That...” replied Gerald rather hesitantly.

Upon noticing that Terrance was also staring at him with his breath held, Gerald eventually grew too embarrassed to go back on his word.

With a nod, he then said, “...Alright, fine...”

Overjoyed by Gerald's reply, Terrance immediately exclaimed, "Well, what are you waiting for, Perla? Hurry and kneel before your master! Remember to greet him as well!"

After hearing what Gerald had told her to do earlier, Terrance had assumed that his granddaughter's bad temper would flare up, prompting her to offend Gerald and further lower her chances of ever getting to be his disciple... To his surprise, his granddaughter was smart and did as she was told! Due to that, despite his clear reluctance, Gerald wasn't able to go back on his word.

To think that the Sherwin family was able to get acquainted with such a great person just because of that small act... It truly was a great fortune on the part of the Sherwins!

'You've finally grown up, my granddaughter...' Thought the old man to himself.

As for Perla, she quickly headed off to get some sweet-smelling tea. Once she had served it to Gerald, she immediately knelt. With her forehead against the floor, she then declared, "Please accept my respect and worship toward you, master!"

'...Could my encounter with this young woman have been predicted as well, I wonder...?' Gerald thought to himself with a bitter smile.

Turning to look at Gus—who had been standing silently at the side this entire time, not daring to speak—Gerald then asked him about his great aunt.

After listening to what Gus had to say, Gerald couldn't help but smile.

As it turned out, Gus had bumped into the ghost of his 'great aunt' while going up the mountain a few months ago. After their initial encounter, Gus had simply acted out everything that his great aunt had ordered him to do, and that included waiting for Gerald.

By that point, Gerald could already guess that the 'great aunt' of his, was none other than Zenny!

Gerald remembered how Zenny had given him a ton of advice after Master Ghost left. After hearing Gus's story, he was pleased to know that Zenny was still in one piece.

While talking about all this, Gus had led Gerald to a manor, and upon entering, Gerald was instantly greeted by the sight of Zenny.

"I didn't expect that we'd meet each other again so soon, Gerald!" exclaimed the bamboo puppet as she stared at Gerald.

"I didn't either. Regardless, I remember that Langvern Mountain had been engulfed in flames back then! I truly thought that you were a lost cause!" replied Gerald, recalling what Queena had done that night.

"Well, I certainly was burned into a crisp! Haha! However, I'm just a puppet, and my body parts can easily be replaced! What more, I'm able to retain my consciousness, even after going unconscious for a while!" explained Zenny.

"I see. Master Ghost truly has excellent workmanship to be able to have made you... Either way, is it true that the master had foreseen me returning here?" asked Gerald.

"Indeed! He had ordered me to stay here and wait for you! Following that, we'd go look for him together! Though, to be more specific, our next mission will be to save him!" replied Zenny.

"Save?"

"Yes! You see, Master Ghost had already predicted that he'd face a great disaster sooner or later. Queena's appearance was only the beginning of the disaster, and by this point, the worst parts of his predictions should already be in play! Master Ghost even told me that whether he ends up living or dying ultimately depends on you!" explained Zenny.

"...I see. Then, do you know where he is now? The sooner I save him the better! After all, the reason I came here today is because I have important affairs that I need his help with!" said Gerald.

"All I know is that the master has gone to the Jenna Province! If we're looking for him, that's the place to go! He also noted that his hometown is located there, and that it's the place where his fortune starts and ends, which is why he wanted to endure through his disasters there! He didn't tell you about this back then since he was afraid that your early appearance would ruin the predestined fate!" replied Zenny.