

## Chapter 1056

However, upon seeing how seriously Gerald was already studying the image of the sun, Lyra leaned toward Gerald's side and held on to her beautiful chin before observing the picture as well.

In general, once people placed their other thoughts aside, they would be able to concentrate much better. That applied to Lyra as well.

As she continued looking at it, Lyra paused for a brief moment before a frown began forming on her face.

"...Hmm?"

Squinting her eyes, Lyra's eyes slowly widened, fear reflected in them as she sat upright before shouting, "No... No!"

Everyone instantly became terrified as they watched Lyra—who had placed her hands on the side of her head—scream hysterically.

"Lyra? Lyra, are you alright?" asked Gerald.

"What's wrong, Lyra?" asked Daryl next as he stood up and walked toward her.

With a quivering finger, Lyra then pointed at the picture of the sun. In a terrified voice, she then muttered, "I... I saw it..."

She was simply too frightened to even say anything beyond that.

After Daryl and Gerald exchanged glances with each other, both of them asked in unison, "What did you see?"

Slowly turning to look at Gerald, Lyra then replied, "I... I saw... I saw Gerald getting murdered by others!"

The moment her sentence ended, Lyra immediately burst into tears.

“...What? Gerald was being murdered? Calm yourself Lyra, and tell us everything that you saw!” said Daryl.

From the moment he had first met Lyra, Daryl had sensed that his granddaughter-in-law was quite good, and not just in terms of her beauty and disposition. However, he couldn't quite put his thumb on why he felt that way.

As it turned out, his granddaughter-in-law had such a high level of understanding that she was able to comprehend the picture of the sun!

After calming down a bit more, Lyra slowly relayed everything she had seen in the picture.

It had started when the picture of the sun suddenly began transforming the moment Lyra paid closer attention to it.

Instead of a sun, the picture now portrayed the opening of a cave and in it, was a high stone platform. As if that wasn't strange enough already, Lyra swore that she could hear the eerie sounds of a flowing creek on the mountain as well.

Moving back to the platform, she saw a woman dressed in white climbing up its stone surface. On the platform itself was a youth that had been tied down by five large iron chains. Surrounding the platform were several people wearing hideous masks, and all of them were pulling the iron chains outward, stretching the poor youth's limbs further and further.

Of course, the youth was none other than Gerald, and Lyra watched in horror as he began screaming in pain due to his limbs slowly getting extended by the chains.

She had to stop them! However, no matter how desperately she tried to rush over, Lyra simply couldn't budge an inch.

Eventually, the disgusting sound of something being ripped apart could be heard... That was the moment when Lyra watched as Gerald's body got torn into several pieces, fresh blood gushing wildly out of his tattered body!

Lyra ended her explanation there, choking between sobs.

"...How... How could any of this be? Are you truly sure that that was Gerald, Lyra?" asked Dylan in disbelief.

As Gerald's face turned serious, Daryl himself was already portraying an extremely ugly expression.

"...I... I don't think that these are all mere coincidences... After all, I had a nightmare of that exact same woman earlier... It can't be just a coincidence for me to see her again so soon!" said Lyra as she began tugging her own hair.

"...Unfortunately, the picture never lies to anyone! The event Lyra saw will probably happen in the near future! Gerald will also be powerless to fight back once the time comes since Lyra saw him being torn to shreds!" replied Daryl, his worry prominent in his tone.

"Why... Why would you say that, dad? Didn't you say that Gerald has already entered the realm of the legends...? Ordinary people shouldn't be able to lay their hands on him! Shouldn't the scenario Lyra saw be impossible?"

By then, even Yulia and Jessica were getting increasingly frightened as they saw the slight anxiousness on Daryl's face.

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"Alright Lyra, listen to me. I want you to take in a deep breath and focus on the picture again. I need to know whether you see the same scene again," said Daryl hurriedly.

Hearing that, Lyra nodded before reluctantly turning to look at the picture of the sun once more.

After furrowing her brows for a while, she eventually covered her mouth before replying with a nod, "...It's exactly the same... Upon closer inspection, the five people were even making threatening gestures... I... I can't bear to look at the picture anymore... Grandpa, please! You have to save Gerald!"

Watching Lyra cry out to his father, Dylan himself said, "Is there a possibility that the sun picture could have prophesied wrongly, dad...? After all, Gerald is much stronger than before. There's no way such a scenario could take place, right?"

Shaking his head, Daryl then replied, "As I've said, the picture of the sun never lies. If it predicted that Gerald would die being torn apart, it'll surely happen sooner or later. Still, I wonder what their motive is... Or who they even are..."

As everyone fell silent, Gerald turned to look at his family members.

While Gerald was definitely pained to find out that the picture had predicted a horrible death for him, he didn't want his family members to feel the same grief that he was.

Clearing his throat, Gerald then flashed a slightly bitter smile before saying, "Dad, mom, grandpa, sister, and Lyra... There really isn't a need to worry! After all, aren't I in perfect condition now? Besides, grandpa's already said that I've entered the realm of legends! Though I'm sure that there are still people who are stronger than me out there in the world, it definitely won't be easy for them to kill me!"

Daryl, however, shook his head as he replied, "I know what you're thinking about, Gerald. While it's true that you've managed to transcend the realm of champions and enter the realm of legends, you still can't truly be considered to be a great master. From what I've observed, you seem to only be at half the level of a great master. A semi-great master, if you will. You still require more training before you can truly enter the realm of legends."

"A semi-great master?"

"That's right! As a result, if you bump into a true great master who wishes to harm you, there's a high chance that you won't have the sufficient power to fight back. After all, there's still a vast difference between a semi-great master and a great master who's completed his training," explained Daryl.

"Then what should we do, dad? We can't just wait and watch as Gerald gets mercilessly murdered by those mysterious masked people! There has to be some way to avoid that outcome, right?" asked Dylan anxiously.

"Of course we won't! As long as the tiniest chance of evading that scenario exists, we'll definitely give it a try! Still, too many things have been happening recently... I have a gut feeling that something major will happen next... Call it a hunch, but I have a feeling that the incident will be related to the token of the holy water..." replied Daryl with a frown.

"The token of holy water?" asked Gerald.

"...Dylan, tell everyone to leave first. I've something to tell Gerald. Personally," said Daryl.

Hearing that, the others obeyed and soon enough, only Gerald and Daryl remained in the secret room.

"...So... What's this token of the holy water, grandpa? What's happening to it? And why haven't I ever heard you talking about it before?" asked Gerald in confusion.

"Well, I received a legendary token of the holy water not long after you headed to the Logan Province. The token itself was given to me by a force that invites great masters from all over the world to an event known as the pledge of the holy water. On that day, limited holy water will be presented to the great masters and in order to obtain it, the great masters will have to fight each other for it. The holy water itself is worth fighting over since it's said that whoever drinks it will be granted immortality!"

After a brief pause, Daryl then continued, "While the pledge of the holy water is held once every thirty years, up till this point, nobody has actually consumed any before. After all, everyone who's ever returned after participating in the event either ends up going missing or turns insane. For the ones who become deranged, they end up passing away soon after."

“You should know that even Christopher’s father participated in the pledge of the holy water before. However, after returning, he only lived less than a year before passing away. While I’d like to say that it’s only a mystery for the Moldells to solve, in the end, it’s something even the rest of us—who’ve entered the realm of legends—need answers to.”

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Daryl then added, “With great masters already existing so few and far between, you may wonder why such a powerful force would and could summon so many of them from all across the globe. Well, you see, nobody would know about the truth behind the event if they didn’t partake in the pledge of the holy water in the first place! Regardless, I told you to stay since there’s a very important clue to all this that I wanted to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“Well, I know that you’ve constantly been investigating the Sun League. There was a picture that was etched on the stone tablet that was dug up, and I find it to be quite similar to the place that was described on the token of the holy water. I want to study it together with you. Call it a gut feeling, but I feel that it’s closely linked with the pledge of the holy water.”

“From what you’ve said, it truly does seem relevant. If one manages to participate in the pledge of the holy water, there’s a chance that the secrets of the Sun League—which have remained an enigma for nearly a thousand years—may finally be solved!”

Despite knowing full well that those who participated in the pledge either went missing right off the bat or went insane before dying, Gerald was still very excited to have a lead.

What sort of life did those from within the Sun League live? Who even were their members?

After suffering for over a year, would he finally be able to solve those questions?

Regardless, Gerald finally understood why Finnley had claimed that it would be better to just kill himself when Gerald told him that he was going to investigate the

Sun League a year ago. Finnley must've been aware that only great masters would be able to uncover their secrets, and even if they managed to do so, no answers would ever return with them—to the ordinary world—once the event was over. After all, the participants either disappeared or went insane!

“For a while now, I’ve noticed that something seemed to be weighing on your mind. You even summoned all the family members to observe the picture of the sun! So this was what it was...”

“Indeed... As you can already tell, I may not be able to return once I head out on this journey... If I don’t leave the picture of the sun with you, then I’ll truly be a great sinner to the Crawford family!” replied Daryl as he shook his head.

“...How do you feel about me representing you to participate in the pledge of the holy water, grandpa? After all, since the picture of the sun predicts that I’ll die soon anyway, I may as well participate in the pledge of the holy water in a final attempt to solve the secrets of the Sun League. Who knows, I may even succeed and find out where Mila and uncle are. If I’m able to do that, then I’ll at least be able to die content,” proposed Gerald with a slightly bitter smile.

“Rejected. First of all, my name was the one that was engraved on this token of the holy water, so they’d surely be expecting me. Secondly, once they find out that you’re only a semi-great master, that’ll give them even more reasons not to allow you to participate. I know how much you love me, Gerald... After all, you’re always so obedient... However...”

At this point, Daryl, one of the strongest to ever live, suddenly burst into tears!

“...I ...I just can’t find a way to save you...! I’m uncertain how things will end for me as well once I go on this journey... Gerald, know that you’re the future of the Crawford family... If you die, then our family will sink together with you!” cried out Daryl.

While he had claimed that he would look for a way to solve things, after being notified of the picture of the sun’s prophecy, what else could be done?

Hearing that, Gerald started weeping as well. While he wasn't afraid of death, since he was now aware of what was to come, he knew that he needed to start staying away from everyone. That alone was enough to fill him with grief.

"...Please don't be saddened, grandpa... When that day comes along, I'll be sure to fight them till my very last breath!" declared Gerald as he clenched his fists tightly.

Looking at his grandson, Daryl then nodded firmly before replying, "...Either way, that woman in white clothes that Lyra keeps mentioning seems to have a lot to do with you! How cryptic... Regardless, I have to say that Lyra truly surprised me this time... I've heard from your dad that she was the only one who was able to see a broken stone statue on the map that was traced from the stone tablet! She was the sole person to be able to see through and decipher the sun picture's prophecy as well today! What exactly are her origins? You know, I even secretly investigated her when your parents picked her up by the beach, yet I found nothing at the time. Regardless, it never occurred to me that she would have such capabilities..."

Hearing that, Gerald fell silent, feeling both flustered and confused.

While some revelations seemed to have made things rather complicated, Gerald could sense that he was also getting closer to the truth now.

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As both of them continued pondering in the secret room, Dylan suddenly shouted from outside, "Dad!"

"What is it, Dylan?"

"One of the servants found an ancient-looking box in the manor earlier... Attached to it was a letter with Gerald's name on it!" said Dylan as he entered the room with the box.

Just as Dylan had said, a letter addressed to Gerald had been placed atop the square box.

"Is there any indication of the sender?" asked Daryl.



“None that I know of. According to the servant, he found it by accident. Even after enquiring Welson about it, none of his security systems were able to capture any clues!” replied Dylan, his tone slightly anxious.

He had reason to feel so. After all, his father belonged to the Soul Palace, and everyone who was part of that secret society was the best among the best! Since someone was actually able to infiltrate their manor—even after Welson and his men had taken charge of the Crawford family’s security—of course he would feel nervous!

“...How odd... I wonder why so many weird incidents are occurring recently... Could something big be about to happen...?” muttered Daryl who was also starting to get worried.

“...Regardless, take a look inside the wooden box, Gerald. It’s meant for you anyway,” added Daryl after a brief pause.

“Alright!” replied Gerald as he doubtfully opened the box.

Upon opening it, an ancient-looking scroll was revealed.

After inspecting it a bit closer, it seemed to be a route map in a desert. The few grains of sand that were present on the scroll confirmed their deduction.

Every point on the map was marked clearly, and Gerald found himself surprised when he realized that the final destination appeared to be some underground palace. What more, there was a large sarcophagus in the middle of that palace!

Though the scroll was rather compact with rather crudely-marked details, the sarcophagus clearly stood out the most.

“...Well, it’s definitely a map of sorts...” said Gerald after looking at it for quite a while, still feeling slightly baffled.

Who exactly could have sent him such an oddity?

"...Based on the coordinates, it appears that the desert in question should be the Death Desert located northwest from here. It puzzles me as to why our anonymous sender even sent Gerald such a map... Also, that sarcophagus was definitely meant to stand out among the other details on the map... From the looks of it, it could be an eternal coffin..." replied Daryl.

"An eternal coffin?" asked Dylan, confused.

"Indeed. I've seen such coffins before in the picture of the sun... The coffin itself is a patent belonging to one of the countries in the Western Regions, and it has a history of at least a few thousand years by now. According to legends, people who are buried in such coffins will be able to keep their appearance and bodies fully intact," replied Daryl as he took a deep breath.

"There used to be a lot of people who wanted to get their hands on the eternal coffin, but even after so long, nobody's truly seen it before. How queer... Why could have sent you such a large gift? What even is the meaning behind all this...?" added Daryl.

"...You know, Parker said that someone aided him secretly while he was looking for leads to locate the Sun League. Now that someone's sent us this map, I wonder if the sender is the same person who helped Parker... Could it be that the person has been helping us behind the scenes this entire time?" said Dylan as both he and Daryl turned to look at Gerald.

Daryl knew for a fact that there wasn't such a person in his life who would do something like that for him. Dylan was thinking the same thing.

As a result, Gerald was the only possible person with such a connection.

"...Could it be my master, Finnley...? Though there's little reason for him to do things behind the scenes... If he truly wished to help me, he'd definitely make himself known!" replied Gerald, still feeling perplexed after giving it quite a bit of thought.

In the end, Finnley seemed to be the only one that made sense. However, there really was no reason for Finnley not to just show himself, right?

“...Regardless, that issue can wait. For now, why not open the letter first and see what it says,” said Daryl.

Upon opening the letter, Gerald was greeted by only a few lines of words. However, when all three of them read the letter’s contents, they ended up feeling rather stunned.

‘When the bright sky erodes the moon,’

‘And water flows in the opposite direction,’

‘The Golden flower will wither as soon as it falls.’

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When the bright sky erodes the moon? Why would there even be a moon in the middle of a bright day? And why on earth would water flow in the opposite direction?

While Gerald found the first two sentences to be extremely peculiar, the last one was relatively easier to grasp.

It signified that someone was going to die once the golden flower fell to the ground.

“...Could that be referring to me...?” muttered Gerald to himself.

“It seems that even the sender’s level of training is difficult to pinpoint. Whoever it is, they seem to thoroughly understand everything... Could there really exist such a powerful person in the world?” added Daryl in disbelief.

“...Regardless, what about Gerald, dad? Since this mysterious yet powerful person sent such a note to Gerald, doesn’t that signify that the prophecy of the sun picture

is most likely going to come true? What could all of this even mean?" asked Dylan anxiously.

"Hmm... Well, aside from the scroll we received, we don't really have any other options to deal with the current situation. Since that person wants us to look for the eternal coffin, a wild guess would be that the coffin will be used to keep Gerald's body intact should something truly happen to him. However, Gerald will die being torn to shreds according to the sun picture's prophecy!" replied Daryl as he shook his head.

"Again, we have no better options at the moment... Besides, based on the previous incidents, the person who's been secretly helping us doesn't seem to hold any animosity against us. Whatever the case is, the person seems to want you to locate the eternal coffin for a reason only he knows. What do you think?" added Daryl.

"Heh, I won't be living for much longer anyway so I may as well go look for it. Since I want to improve my strength to hopefully be able to truly become a great master anyway, this will be the perfect chance for me to head out and gain more experience. Should everything go smoothly, who knows, I may even be qualified to participate in the pledge of the holy water!" replied Gerald.

Gerald had a strong gut feeling that the pledge of the holy water was the key to unlocking the secrets of the Sun League. He simply felt that all the questions he had would finally be answered once he participated in the pledge.

Since he was already a semi-great master, he knew that he needed to train as much as he possibly could in order to attain the title of a true great master. With any luck, once that happened, he would still be able to participate in the pledge. The thought of that motivated him to try his best. After all, if he was able to uncover the Sun League's secrets, then all this would be worthwhile, even if the prophecy of his death ended up becoming true.

"I see... Well, I guess it's settled then. Then again, looking for the eternal coffin is the only thing we can do now," said Daryl with a helpless sigh.

With that, all three of them chatted late into the night.

The very next day, all the members of the Crawford family gathered around a helicopter, ready to bid Gerald farewell.

Gerald himself was ready to depart.

Meanwhile, Welson was on the beach, busy giving orders to a few subordinates.

“Pay extra attention to everything that happens on the island! The lord said that it’s currently a critical moment for the Crawford family, so all of you have to be even more serious than you’ve ever been!”

After receiving their orders, Welson told them to leave before placing his hands against his back as he stood by the beach, looking out at the vast ocean.

Recently, he couldn’t help but constantly feel that something was wrong. Though things still appeared to be peaceful, he always felt a lingering feeling that something major would happen soon.

That feeling was particularly strong the moment he woke up today. It was so overbearing that he felt both flustered and extremely anxious, even now.

As he continued thinking about it while looking at the ocean, he suddenly heard faint footsteps walking up to him from behind.

“...Hmm? What’s the matter?” asked Welson as he tilted his head slightly, thinking that it was one of his subordinates.

“Could this place be where the Crawford family lives?” asked an unexpectedly old-sounding voice.

Feeling his heart skip a beat, Welson immediately turned around, only to be greeted by a white-haired old man who was all skin and bones.

With his face filled with wrinkles, the old man had plain white clothes on and he appeared to have lost an arm as well.

Despite how frail the old man looked, Welson couldn't help but feel nervous.

'How did he even get here? And when did he appear behind me?'

"...May I know who you are, sir? And why have you come to search for the Crawford family on this island?" replied Welson as he bowed slightly, understanding that this old man was no ordinary person.

"I'm the great master... Christopher Moldell!"

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A little while later, Gerald was about to board the helicopter when he saw Welson slowly limping toward him.

"...Welson?" said Gerald.

It was evident that something was wrong with the old man. Even from afar, everyone present could see how dull and gloomy Welson's eyes were, and he was also walking somewhat zombie-like. It was odd, to say the least.

While Gerald frowned, he decided not to make a move for now.

Since Dylan was from the same generation as Welson, he called out, "Perfect timing, Welson... Since Gerald's about to head on a long voyage, I'll call him over to bid you farewell."

However, Welson didn't seem to have heard what Dylan said, and he simply continued limping slowly toward them.

"...Welson...?" said Dylan.

“Back off, Dylan!” shouted Daryl out of the blue, his gaze appearing extremely vigilant.

“Welson, are you alright? Did something happen?” asked Daryl, still staring at the old man.

The rest of the Crawfords began peeking at Welson as well, curious as to what was happening.

Without warning, Welson suddenly began vomiting blood! Following that, blood began gushing out from both his eyes, and nose as well!

It wasn't long before his entire face became a dark-purplish shade and the old man finally collapsed to the ground.

Seeing that, both Daryl and Gerald simultaneously shouted, “Welson!”

Repeatedly shouting Welson's name as Gerald ran over to the old man, by the time Gerald got there, Welson was no longer among the living.

“...Welson has immense strength so few people in the world are able to defeat him... There's a threat on this island!” growled Daryl coldly as his eyes turned fierce.

“...H-huh? Who's that?” asked Dylan who instantly became nervous.

“With such high vigilance, you truly are the same Daryl from back then... It's been thirty years since we last parted ways... Long time no see, Daryl!” shouted an old man—who looked to be in his declining days—as he walked over to them.

Despite how frail he looked, his steps were light and his voice was extraordinarily loud and clear. Knowing how unnatural that was for someone his age, the rest of the Crawfords began growing nervous as well.

“Who are you? Are you Welson’s murderer?” asked Gerald, his voice filled with hatred.

While Gerald had only known Welson for half a year, after how well Welson had treated him for so long, Gerald already saw the old man as his own grandfather.

Gerald had also heard from Daryl that Welson’s family had been servants to the Crawford family for many generations now, and each generation of servants was extremely loyal to his family.

With all that in mind, how couldn’t Gerald be furious about what had just happened?

“Retreat, Gerald! That person is none other than the Moldell family’s Christopher!” said Daryl as he took a step forward, maintaining an extraordinarily calm composure.

“As expected of your grandson, Daryl... Gerald truly is as talented as Kort said... Quite honestly, I didn’t believe it when Kort told me that Gerald had managed to enter the realm of legends. After all, who on this planet would be able to change the laws of nature and train up a young great master? With doubt in mind, I came over to have a look myself. To think that what Kort had said was all true!” said Christopher as he nodded several times.

“Actually, I take it back a little. From what I can see, you’re only somewhat of a semi-great master... Such a pity... If things had gone a bit more smoothly, you would’ve definitely achieved the title of the second young great master in the history of legends! Pity, pity, pity...” added Christopher.

“And why exactly are you pitying him, Christopher? Surely you couldn’t have come all the way here just to congratulate my grandson, correct? Also, I couldn’t help but notice that you’ve lost your right arm. How did that happen, I wonder...” replied Daryl.

“I’d rather not talk about my missing arm. And no, of course not. I simply came over to take Gerald away! Well, I won’t deny that I initially thought of killing him as soon as I got here. If I had gone with that, then after taking part in the pledge of the holy water, the Moldell family would remain and be able to take control of the dragon veins of the entire world! Haha! However, after seeing Gerald, I just couldn’t bring



myself to do it! Instead, I've now decided to take him away, just to see how he'll even end up becoming a great master!" said Christopher.

"You're speaking so seriously and confidently, Christopher. I don't suppose you've forgotten our fight thirty years ago, have you? Do you not recall how difficult it was for you to stand against me, even with both your arms intact back then? While it's true that both of us arrived at the realm of legends at around the same time ten years ago, you now only have your left arm left! It won't be easy for you to take my grandson away from me, you know?" replied Daryl who had already begun channeling his inner strength into his hands.

"As they say, change is the only constant. I'd like to know as well whether I'll be defeated again this time!" said Christopher with a faint smile.

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Upon ending his sentence, a gust of wind blew past the old man's body, sending his plain clothes fluttering in the breeze.

"Very well. Just so you know, I've long known that you'd leave your seclusion sooner or later. I've been looking forward to this match for a long time myself!" replied Daryl with a loud laugh.

The others then watched as the two of them slowly began approaching each other... Before leaping into the air!

Standing by the side, Gerald watched as both of them displayed equal amounts of strength and skill as they exchanged blows. So this was a fight between great masters...

Powerful. Truly powerful...!

However, what surprised Gerald even more was the fact that though Christopher only had one arm, he didn't seem to be fighting at a disadvantage. In fact, even after exchanging over a hundred blows in the blink of an eye, neither of the two old men had gained any sort of advantage over each other.

“It would appear that you’ve been suffering in silence throughout these thirty years, Christopher. To think that you still have so much power even after losing an arm!” said Daryl, a hint of fear in his voice.

“Now you’re just flattering me!” replied Christopher with a bitter smile.

“Regardless, it won’t be easy for you to capture Gerald and take him away!” added Daryl.

“Oh, I’m well aware, Daryl. That’s why I’m going to be showing you a little stunt I’ve prepared. I do wonder if you’re capable enough to withstand it!” said Christopher as he smiled.

“A stunt?” asked Daryl as he frowned.

As soon as Daryl’s sentence ended, he watched wide-eyed as Christopher’s body turned somewhat translucent. Realizing that it was an after image, Daryl immediately got into a defensive position as Christopher rushed toward him with extreme speed.

Since Daryl had been expecting an immediate attack, he failed to notice in time that Christopher had a mirror in his hand. The moment the mirror was revealed, a white light shot out from it, hitting Daryl right in the chest!

The moment that happened, Daryl’s mind immediately fell into disarray, giving Christopher a chance to slam his palm into Daryl’s chest!

Too dizzy to break his fall, Daryl ended up being flung backward before crashing onto the ground!

“Grandpa!” shouted Gerald as he immediately began rushing over to help his fallen grandfather up.

Christopher, however, wasn’t having any of that. With a wave of his hand, a surge of energy was launched toward Gerald!

Despite using all his strength, Gerald found himself unable to withstand the immense force. It was at that moment when he finally realized that though he was already a semi-great master, there was still a vast difference between his current power and the power of a full great master.

Defeated in just a single blow, Gerald could feel his blood surging wildly within his body. With the force in his body rushing all over the place, Gerald ended up vomiting blood!

“Gerald, retreat!” shouted Daryl as he fumbled up.

“Still, I wasn’t expecting you to be cruel enough to break your right arm just to be able to control the power of the mysterious mirror!” added Daryl as the fear in his voice continued to grow.

“How insightful! No wonder you’re the lord of the Soul Palace! As you probably already know, only a few among the Moldell family’s ancestors have been able to control the power of the mysterious mirror! Naturally, I’m included in that group! Mind you, the Christopher you defeated thirty years ago was still a young and inexperienced person. After that defeat, I was deeply ashamed. As a result, I did my best to improve my strength every day. At one point, I attempted to comprehend the mysterious mirror, hoping to master its power. Unfortunately, I soon came to the conclusion that I wasn’t able to fully control the mirror’s power. Upon finding out that sacrificing my right arm would help me gain full control over it, I did just that as my final resort. As you’ve seen, that final resort worked!” replied Christopher.

Just as the picture of the sun was the Crawford family’s magic artifact, the mysterious mirror was the Moldell family’s own version of that.

“I must say, however, that I currently don’t have much interest in defeating you, Daryl. Rather, I’m more fascinated by your grandson. After studying his secrets, who knows, I may be able to utilize them for myself so that I’ll be able to take another step further during my remaining days,” added Christopher as he shook his head.

Just as he was about to take Gerald away, an infuriated Daryl shouted, “Over my dead body! I hope you know that the Crawford family’s blessings of the dragon isn’t anything ordinary either!”

Immediately after saying that, Daryl’s body began glowing. As a layer of colorful lights enveloped Daryl, his strength seemed to peak as he rushed toward Christopher!