



68 What the heck is that name?

"Hey, Mister. Can you tell me what just happened there?" the young lady asked, but unfortunate for her, the man in the white robe couldn't gather his strength to speak. ¹

The young lady just gritted her teeth once more, then tried lifting the body. But on her way, she grunted as she realized that the body was just too heavy for her.

She cursed, then put the body back on the ground. She pondered, then sighed. She decided to drag the body to the nearest grass.

When she had already dragged the body, she tried inspecting its core, but to her surprise, there wasn't any core.

At first, she thought that she had just missed it, but alas, it was really real. They were floating, even without a proper grasp of magic?

'Core is the result of the comprehension of magic and also concentration of mana in one's body. But for him to fly, was it from an artifact? No, it isn't. Those powerful attacks earlier





couldn't be just from an artifact.' She concluded.

The young lady sighed, tried to assess more fully what she had just discovered. Truth to say, she didn't dare socialize with other people. Although she knew that they all had black hair, she didn't bother to even talk with them. It was already obvious that she was in a different realm, but she only knew about was magic.

However, to her thoughts and pondering about the man's abilities, there could be one reason to answer it.

"It could be the unexplainable and strange energy in this world. But right now, I am sure that this isn't the afterlife. If the afterlife was like this, too chaotic, then where would those who suffered and almost died?" She reasoned.

Her reasoning was on point. She could still use her magic, which was really impossible considering if she was in the 'afterlife'. Also, there was something from this world that she couldn't explain. The property of mana was a bit less detailed but somehow noticeable.

She sighed once more and then tried inspecting the body again, in case she overlooked some



point.

"There was nothing. Then could this mean that I am in a different world?"

At first, she jokingly said those words as her conclusion. But thinking of it after a few minutes, she hung up, unable to accept what she had just learned.

"Master is still not dead. But I am not sure if this is the place where he is currently. I couldn't feel his signature, but it might be because of this abundant strange energy that I can somehow feel," she added.

A few hours later, the man in the white robe started to have his consciousness back.

His eyebrows twitched as his eyes slowly opened, then slightly blinded by the light from the sky.

The young lady reacted, noticing that the man was slightly bothered by the light.

"Oh, sorry. I should've brought you to shades. That's unthoughtful of me."

The man hung up, then moved his head slightly,



facing the young lady.

At first, he was dumbfounded. To be precise, he was mesmerized by how beautiful the young lady was. And, as time passed and she was noticed by the young lady, he snapped.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Ah! Yes. Thank you. Was it you who helped me?" he asked.

"Was there any other one here? Of course, it was me. But can you tell me, what happened there?"

Before he answered the question, he first checked his body. But after it, he was silent, seeing how his body was perfectly fine.

"Was it days ago? Months? Years? How could I feel unnaturally well after that brutal and deadly damage I took?" he pondered.

"Hey. Why aren't you talking?" the young lady asked.

The man in white robes jolted, faced the young lady with a perplexed expression. Then, when he realized that he still hadn't answered, he started talking.



68 What the heck is that name?



"It was a fight between sects. Actually, that cultivator was from another sect that my sect had a grudge. Then he attacked me for that reason."

Listening to it, the young lady was just silent, eagerly listening to him. But even though she was listening attentively, she still couldn't comprehend what the man said.

"Sect? What is that?"

The man dazed, looked at the perplexed face of the young lady. Then, slowly, he just looked her in the eyes.

"Are you serious?" he then asked.

The young lady nodded as she didn't really know what the man was talking about.

"Sect... It's a group of cultivators. I don't know how to say this, but I am not actually an active disciple," he explained.

Deep inside, he just wondered why the young lady didn't know what it was. For sure, she should know what a cultivator is, right?

"Then what is a cultivator?"



After hearing those words from the young lady, his face went blank. Was she serious? He didn't know if he should ridicule her or just teach her and ignore it.

"Cultivator is..." then the man started explaining about it, the concept of cultivating as well as the spiritual energy that they gather and store in dantians. He also proceeded on each cultivators' goals and practices not just about the concept of cultivating. Furthermore, he added the different spectrum and categories in which cultivators take. In which for example, one of the most wanted thing a cultivator wanted: to learn mystical art and ascend.

Slowly, the young lady started to understand what a cultivator was, as well as the concept she heard sounded familiar. When she started to make the connection between what she heard and what she knew, she sighed.

'So those energies were what they call Qi. I am really in a different world,' Finally, the questions she had about how different this world was was already answered.

But the way the man looked at the young lady



68 What the heck is that name?



was kind of off. He was just staring at her without any particular kind of gaze. He appeared perplexed or curious.

"Who is this girl? How could she help me heal if she was that clueless about the world?"

Thinking about it, the man still didn't know who the young lady was, and so he decided to ask for her name.

"Hey. I am thankful to you that you saved me. But may I ask, what's your name?"

He couldn't feel any Qi from her, so he just thought that she might be a stronger cultivator than him and was just playing with him.

But just after hearing her answer, he didn't know how to react.

"I am Ellisa Illiana Rouverd. How about you?"

"What the heck is that name?"

"I am Jake Meng."

"What the heck is that surname?" Ellisa thought after hearing Jake's name.

"So, Jake Meng, what's your plan now?" Ellisa



asked.

"How about you first? I am still indebted to you. May I ask?" Reluctantly, Jake still asked.

"I don't know. I am still looking for my master. And also, don't think about it. I saved you since I just felt like doing it. I didn't even have to use much of my mana."

'Mana?' Jake pondered but just ignored it and continued conversing with Ellisa.

"So what does that mean? Will you let me give you my gratitude?"

"Nah. It's okay. But I am actually interested in this sect thing you were saying. Can you tour me or at least show it to me?" Ellisa asked.

"Of course. There's no need to ask. It would be my honor to let you visit my sect, my savior."

"Cut the crap. I am just interested. So... let's go?"

"Well, it will be hard for me since I was lost for a few days. Maybe they already thought I was dead or it might even be too late."

When Jake suddenly frowned, Ellisa could only

wonder why he was acting like this. The way he talked, it was as if he thought that it had been a few days since he was out.

But in reality...

"What are you talking about? You were just out for the day. The fight happened yesterday."

Jake almost dropped his jaw in shock. It was something he didn't expect to hear, much less learn.

"You mean... you healed me for only a day?"

"Ah. Yes. Why do you even make it sound too unrealistic and shocking? Don't you know anything about healing? I thought your body was used to it."

When Ellisa inspected Jake's body, she noticed that the body wasn't actually that medically customized; it was more into healing, so she decided to use her power instead of her medical knowledge.

Well, technically, it was still medical knowledge, but in a way more magical than physical. It takes too much time to manually treat a damaged body



that has already reached a state that can't be borne by an average person.

"Well... I am surprised. I didn't know that you were such a knowledgeable person when it comes to healing." Jake awkwardly said.

"You don't know me. So, how about we move? I still have to find my master." Ellisa said.

Now that Jake had heard it once again, he couldn't help but be curious about Ellisa's master. The way she speaks of him, he was as if he was an important person. If her master was a man.

"Is your master a man?"

"Yes. He is a man. Why do you ask?" Ellisa showed a perplexed expression.

"Well, I am just curious about your master. You see, I also have a master that I treasure."

Ellisa just listened to him, and afterward, she just sighed, then faced away.

She was standing while Jake was still sitting on the grass.



68 What the heck is that name?



"I don't treasure my master. It's because my master is my life. I couldn't live without him, so why would I treasure him if treasures are mere objects or a word that means valuing something? My master is my heart, so I don't treasure him since I need him."

Jake just made a blank face after hearing Ellisa's words that sounded like an old lady making her anecdote.

"You can just tell me that he's special."

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