

The Invisible Rich Man CHAPTER 2365-2370

Chapter 2365

"I'm glad to hear that! Still, do you know where the dragon currently is...?" asked Gerald.

"But of course! As I've said, several of my ancestors had attempted to take down the Redflame Dragon. Unfortunately, all of them were forced to retreat before they could even get far into Fyre Cave... Regardless, I've inherited a map to the cave, as well as a detailed plan. With the map and our combined powers, I believe that we'll be able to make it further in! Even if we're forced to retreat, we should be able to escape in one piece with each other's help!" replied Walter.

"Excellent!" said Gerald.

"Then it's settled. I'll gather a few of my men tonight, and once dawn comes, we'll all head to Fyre cave together! Are you fine with staying at my place tonight?"

"No problem!" declared Gerald before following Walter back to the Zeman family's residence.

It was later that night when Gerald could be seen lying on his bed in the room that Walter had provided him with. Understandably restless after all that had happened today, Gerald had been pondering about his next step from the moment he laid down.

From what he had sorted out, once he was done with Walter's quest, he would return to Weston and send his men out to search for the Divine Fruit tree. Following that, he would need to search high and low for any witch descendants. Gerald, for one, refused to believe that such a powerful group of people would be wiped out that easily. With that in mind, if he still couldn't locate them, then the second-best thing to do was to play the waiting game...!

Just as Gerald had made his mind up, the sound of thunder erupted from the outside! Immediately opening his eyes, the boy then bolted toward the source of the sound! Shortly after, Gerald was greeted by the sight of two men standing on the rooftops.

One of them was Walter, while the other was a white-haired old man dressed in shabby clothes.

Before Gerald could even process what was happening, Walter placed his hands against his back before sternly asking, "Thunder Swordlord... To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Let's just say that a little birdy told me that you were preparing to hunt down the Redflame Dragon! With that in mind, I now know that you still have the map leading to Fyre Cave! To think that you've tricked me all this time!" scoffed the old man as he glared at Walter with greedy eyes.

"Ryder Weir, you've made yourself a name in the cultivation realm, have you not? To think that you'd still be pestering me so shamelessly after all this time! You're an embarrassment to the cultivation realm!" retorted Walter.

"Say what you want, but I'm not leaving without the map! You told me you had burnt it back then, so I'm glad I didn't buy your lies! Regardless, you're searching for the Redflame Dragon to cure your daughter, no? Why don't we just join forces?" proposed Ryder with a sinister grin.

"Please, I know you well enough. If we really do kill the dragon, it's not like you'd let us leave in one piece! Your selfishness knows no bounds!" scoffed Walter with a sarcastic chuckle.

"So that's your answer... Then allow me to show you the power of my Thunder Sword...!" growled Ryder as he sharpened his gaze before drawing his blade!

"Thunder Strike!" roared Ryder as he lifted his blade, causing the golden sword to charge up with electricity as it swung toward Walter! With how immense the power was, even the air seemed to momentarily get twisted...!

Knowing how dangerous the attack was, Walter immediately yelled, "Lonsdaleite Shield!"

Following that, a golden shield suddenly materialized before Walter! Unfortunately, as the sword struck the shield, a sickening crack could be heard...!

"F*cking hell!" roared Walter as he watched the sword pierce through his shield!

Thankfully, Gerald was quick to act! Leaping toward the duo, he drew all the power within his Herculean Primordial Spirit... And through sheer will, he was able to deflect the attack away from Walter! Had he been a split second too late, Walter would've surely perished.

Whatever the case was, the energy from the deflected attack quickly collided with a massive, old tree and after a deafening explosion, nothing remained of it...!

Chapter 2366

Utterly shocked by the amount of power that Gerald had just exhibited, Ryder-whose eyes were now wide open couldn't help but exclaim, "My lord! To think that a kid like you would be able to deflect my Thunder Strike! I guess you really can't judge a book by its cover anymore! Regardless, what kind of cultivation techniques do you even practice? And where are you from? Not many young people can attain such immense cultivation levels!"

"I wonder..." muttered Gerald.

"Hah! Staying silent, eh? Just so you know, I always get what I want! With that said, since you're playing hard to get, I'll just kill both of you! I'm overturning the Zeman family tonight if it's the last thing I do!" roared the insane looking Ryder as he pointed his sword toward the sky before yelling, "Blood Shower!"

Watching in horror as a swirling vortex of thunder clouds gathered atop the blade's tip, Walter quickly yelled, "Gerald! Run! We won't survive that attack...!"

Unfortunately, it was far too late for that...!

A frighteningly powerful aurablade began materializing at the heart of the massive vortex and without warning, it began flying toward the duo...!

The aurablade was so overwhelmingly powerful that even Gerald had to admit that it was far stronger than any of the attacks that Daryl had previously used on him!

Regardless, though Gerald and Walter used every last bit of their essential qi to deflect the attack while frantically trying to evade it, their efforts were for naught...!

The aurablade simply confirmed bolting toward them and the second the attack collided against a surface, it caused a near blinding explosion that instantly lit the night sky up.

The attack had detonated like a massive bomb, causing both Gerald and Walter to get flung high into the air!

However, they weren't the only victims of the attack. Several of the Zeman disciples had been standing beneath the roof while the attack was happening. As a result, together with the house, all of them were blown to smithereens...!

As Walter smashed into the ground, he immediately coughed out a mouthful of blood. Gerald himself had suffered quite a few internal injuries, and he could now barely stand.

"So... Strong..." muttered the weakened Gerald.

While it was true that Gerald had memorized a list of powerful techniques, he was unable to use them since he still hadn't gained full control over his Herculean Primordial Spirit. With that in mind, as Sister Indigo had previously said, until he had full control over his primordial spirit, he'd be lucky to be able to survive an encounter with a true master.

Whatever the case was, Ryder began laughing maniacally as he scoffed, "Hah! You're getting more and more interesting, kid! Just so you know, nobody's ever been able to survive my Blood Shower attack! Yet here you are, still alive and well after taking two of my attacks! I wonder if I should make an exception and show you my third sword technique...?"

"You monster...!" yelled Gerald, both his arms already numb. While he wasn't critically injured yet, Gerald knew that he had already used far too much of his Triton qi to withstand another attack.

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when Walter who had just managed to get to his feet again ordered, "Step aside, Gerald... I'm... I'm initiating the Lonsdaleite Extermination Formation...!"

After saying that, Walter spread his arms out before beginning to chant a spell... Shortly after, the entire area started shaking like it was being hit by an earthquake! Following that, violent and howling winds began blowing as well!

Watching as beams of golden light began shooting out of the ground, Ryder roared in laughter as he scoffed, "How very interesting! To think that the Zemans would possess such a powerful formation!"

However, as the gales grew more violent, Ryder quickly found his eyelids twitching as an immensely pressuring aura enveloped him... Something dangerous was coming...!

Chapter 2367

Shortly after, the ground began quivering as a massive roar rang through the area! Following that, a humongous dragon materialized out of thin air and began charging toward Ryder!

"Thunder Strike!" yelled Ryder as he launched his own attack, hoping to fend off the incoming dragon!

The second the two attacks collided, a near deafening explosion filled the area! Not only did the immensely powerful collision cause the dragon to quickly dematerialize, but even Ryder found himself coughing mouthfuls of blood as he was flung backward...!

Once he stabilized himself, Ryder who now appeared even more twisted than before looked up at the sky before laughing maniacally.

"The Lonsdaleite Extermination Formation, eh? What a great formation your ancestors have left behind!" scoffed Ryder before swinging his arms and somehow transforming himself into a thick fog of sorts!

As the fog was blown away by the wind, Ryder's voice could be heard echoing, "You won't get rid of me that easily, Walter...! Just you wait..!"

After Ryder's voice could no longer be heard, Walter quickly used his essential qi to withdraw his formation and seconds later, the middle-aged man went completely pale as he fell to his knees and began coughing out blood!

"P-patriarch...!" exclaimed several of the Zemans as they quickly rushed forward to help Walter up.

Sitting cross-legged, Walter slowly replied, "I... I'll be fine... Nothing life threatening... Regardless, to think that Ryder's cultivation would improve this much just after not seeing him in thirty years...! At this rate, I'm honestly worried that he'll be able to deflect my Lonsdaleite Extermination Formation past the sixty year mark..."

"Who... Exactly was that old man...?" asked Gerald, feeling equally concerned.

To think that Ryder would be a super cultivator just like Daryl and his master, Finnley. What a shocking turn of events.

"Well... He's a solitary cultivator, though things weren't always that way... He used to be part of the seventy-two disciples in the Thunder Sword Sect. After an event thirty years ago, however, he became the only one left in the sect. Regardless, though he's an evil and ruthless man, he's also undeniably talented. After all, he already had an eye for the map to Fyre Cave from three decades ago! He was and probably still is determined to enter the cave to retrieve the records of a legendary skill... Needless to say, he's a martial arts fanatic!" explained Walter as he remained in his sitting position, occasionally regulating his breath to help heal his internal injuries.

Once color began returning to Walter's face, Gerald was prompted to ask, "You said there were seventy two cultivators in the Thunder Sword Sect, correct...? If he alone is already that strong, how did the rest of the sect end up getting destroyed? Are there cultivators out there much stronger than Ryder...?"

From the day Gerald began cultivating, he realized how little he truly knew about the world.

Upon hearing that, Walter simply shook his head with a bitter smile as he said, "Truth be told, the seventy two disciples were all powerful cultivators, each possessing strength that could easily shock the cultivation realm! As for how they were wiped out... Well Ryder's to take credit for that!"

Momentarily flabbergasted to hear that, Gerald eventually snapped out of it before replying, "What? So that's why you were so against cooperating and giving him the map! Not only is that man a fanatic, but he's an extremely selfish one as well! Such a person would never share anything good with others!"

"Indeed... After taking down his entire sect, he's the only one left who knows how to use the Thunder Sword Technique... It's honestly how he garnered the title of 'Thunder Swordlord' among cultivators in just a few decades," muttered Walter with a sigh.

After a brief silence, one of Walter's subordinates was prompted to ask, "Are... We still headed to Fyre Cave then, Patriarch?"

"We are. While we could still afford delays before this, now that Ryder knows our plan, we can't wait any longer. Honestly, the quicker we get this over with, the better. After all, since he's been wounded by my Lonsdaleite Extermination Formation, I'm sure Ryder will need at least a week to fully recover his primordial spirit. With that said, this is our best chance to get things done. If we act any slower, not only will our chances of obtaining the Redflame Dragon's blood plummet, but the Zemans will also be at an increased risk of facing extermination!" explained Walter in a rather anxious tone.

Hearing that, the concerned Gerald couldn't help but ask, "But... What about your injuries?"

"Don't worry, only my essential qi got damaged. With that in mind, as long as I bring enough herbs along, there shouldn't be any issues. Besides, getting to Fyre Cave at least, according to my ancestors' calculations, requires at least three days. We'll need to pass through seventy two caves of varying sizes before getting to the innermost one. With that knowledge, I believe I have sufficient time to recover," replied Walter with a wave of his hand.

"That's... A lot of caves..." muttered Gerald as his jaw dropped slightly.

"Heh. The caves were cleverly designed based on the five elements and the eight diagrams. Since they're also surrounded by all sorts of force fields, it really isn't out of place to call that place a maze. In case you weren't aware, several of the advanced cultivators who died there didn't meet their end because of the dragon, but because they got trapped in the maze! Why do you think Ryder wants my map so badly?"

Chapter 2368

Watching as Walter slowly got to his feet, Gerald was prompted to say, "I see... Either way, just as you said, I believe we shouldn't delay this any further. Let's move on!"

Gerald, for one, was now pumped to see the maze for himself.

Regardless, before leaving, Gerald made sure to update Aiden on the situation. Upon hearing what Gerald had to say, the concerned Aiden couldn't help but say, "You're leaving so soon?"

"Indeed. While I'm gone, I need you to return to Weston as soon as possible to get some things done. This place isn't the safest to be in for much longer anyway," replied Gerald as he began elaborating on his search for the Divine Fruit tree.

Since Gerald possessed a great number of assets in numerous industries within Weston, his resources were near inexhaustible. This gave him a massive advantage in his search for the tree.

Either way, after hearing Gerald's plan, Aiden thought for a moment before asking, "I can do that but... When will you be back? And where should we meet up again?"

After giving it some thought, Gerald replied, "We'll rendezvous at Mayberry City. It's been quite a while since I've last returned!"

By doing all this, Gerald was leaving a way open for his future self. If things went according to plan, he could at least spread the news so that fewer people would get deceived by Daryl.

Fast forward to nighttime, Walter had already selected thirty six advanced cultivators from his family to come along for the mission. With that, the thirty eight people inclusive of Walter and Gerald began making their way to Fyre Cave.

It wasn't long before they arrived at the very center of the island. Surrounded by dense forests, was the entrance of Fyre Cave that honestly looked more like a well than anything.

Clearing his throat, Walter then declared, "Before we descend, let me remind you that underground creatures lurk in the many caverns down there. With that said, please be wary of getting snatched up by them! Also, please refrain from behaving recklessly! Now that that's out of the way... Let's descend!"

Since the cave was at least eight hundred meters deep, it took everyone despite having used their lightness skills about ten minutes to get to the bottom. Regardless, once they were all down there, everyone was greeted by the sight of a very long tunnel. A tunnel which they quietly began entering.

All seventy two of Fyre Cave's caverns were interconnected by a hundred and eight burrows. Though each cavern upon entry would still be distinguishable, the second one looked back, they would quickly find themselves unable to differentiate between the caves. With that in mind, Gerald, despite his level of cultivation, soon found himself getting dizzy the further they proceeded into the caverns.

Sensing Gerald's confusion and realizing that he hadn't told the boy about the maze's properties yet, Walter immediately said in a serious tone, "Please refrain from looking around, Brother Gerald! You really don't want to get enchanted by the maze's illusions!"

While the group had journeyed past the first seven caverns without much issue by that point, Gerald had honestly no idea how long they had traveled. It certainly didn't help that he could no longer see the path back whenever he turned to look at where they had passed through. Had it not been for the Zeman family's map, Gerald was pretty sure that even deities would get lost upon entering this place.

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he and the group suddenly heard a loud noise the second they began entering a rather dark cavern that was approximately five hundred square feet wide. Amidst the dim lighting, everyone could then hear what appeared to be something breathing rapidly.

It wasn't long before the vague figure of an old woman who seemed to be trying to light a fire with a flint striker was identified. How peculiar.

"Everyone. Stop," ordered Walter who had his hand raised in a hushed tone as he slowly began retracing his steps.

Under the light of Gerald's torch, the boy was quick to realize that Walter's forehead was now brimming with sweat. What was he so afraid of...?

Chapter 2369

Clearly wondering the same thing, one of the Zemans was prompted to ask, "What's this old woman doing here of all places, Patriarch...?"

"That's no old woman... If my eyes aren't deceiving me, I believe that's a Corpse Demon Spider...!" replied Walter in a grave tone.

As soon as Walter's sentence ended, the rhythmic sounds of the flint striker seemed to hasten and without warning, the old woman turned around and began bolting toward the group!

Everyone could only stare wide eyed as the 'old woman' summoned a green flame that quickly morphed into the shape of a fiery blade! Watching as the spine tingling and seemingly bloodthirsty blade flew toward them, Walter quickly pushed Gerald to the side while yelling, "Don't let the fire touch you!"

While Walter and Gerald were able to dodge the attack with their lightness skills, the three Zemans behind them weren't as lucky.

Screaming in agony as the fiery blade pierced through them, their bodies were quickly engulfed by green flames. Barely a second later, all three of them exploded, leaving nothing but dust behind... !

Upon witnessing all that, Gerald felt his heart skip a beat. Now fully vigilant, the boy entered his attack stance before quickly gathering all the torches off the other Zemans and embedding them into the cavern's walls at lightning speed.

With the surroundings now much better lit, Gerald gave the Corpse Demon Spider a good look and soon saw that it possessed four pairs of black, steel like pincers. Aside from the fact that its face was also pitch black, the messy haired beast was near indistinguishable from a regular old woman from the back, especially in a darkened room.

Regardless, Gerald quickly snapped out of it when the beast began rubbing its pincers together while baring its fangs. The friction formed from its upper and lower jaw rubbing against each other was apparently enough to create blue sparks. So the sounds they had earlier heard hadn't come from an actual flint striker. As it turned out, it was simply the sound of the spider's fangs grinding against each other...!

"As I feared, it really is a Corpse Demon Spider... Listen, everyone! Be careful not to come into contact with its corpse flame! The second you do, you'll instantly melt into a puddle of acid!" declared Walter as he signaled his men to disperse. At the very least, this would prevent the beast from finishing all of them off in one go.

Once the rest of the Zemans had dispersed, Walter faced Gerald before adding, "Let's do this together, Gerald! Either we kill it, or it kills us! "

Before Gerald could reply, Walter had already started mobilizing all his inner strength to activate his Lonsdaleite Extermination Finger!

Since most of the techniques and skills that Gerald knew weren't very useful in this situation aside for his Herculean Sword Technique, Gerald simply took aim before launching an aurablade toward the beast at the exact moment when Walter shot out his own attack!

Seeing that, the other Zemans immediately began launching their own attacks as well!

Upon realizing that it was being cornered, the spider cast a hideous expression before raising its pincers and forming what appeared to be a shield! To everyone's dismay, the 'shield' was able to completely deflect the conjoined attack!

No longer playing any games, Gerald expertly flung his Dawnbreaker Blade toward the beast! The blade itself emitted a golden light, and was thankfully able to pierce through the spider's chest!

Not wanting to give it a chance to recover, another sharpened Dawnbreaker holy spirit was cast! However, upon collision, all the attack managed to do was push the spider back a few steps before being bounced right off!

Now enraged by the onslaught of attacks on it, the spider let out a ferocious roar before launching at least a dozen corpse flames out of its mouth! While it was true that everyone was now more prepared for the attack, some of the Zemans were unable to fully dodge the flames and unfortunately for them, the slightest graze of the corpse flamed was enough to melt them into pulp.

Either way, though Gerald managed to dodge the corpse flame attack, the beast unexpectedly turned toward him next! Unable to react in time, Gerald could barely brace himself as the beast swung its pincers toward his chest, causing the boy to get thrown toward the wall! With how strong the beast was, Gerald's collision left a massive dent where he landed, forming a cloud of dust in the process.

Though Gerald soon flopped to the ground and began coughing out blood, Walter's situation was honestly looking no better.

The spider was now facing him, and to Walter's horror, he watched as the beast's belly button began bulging and the next thing he knew, a white web was being flung toward him!

Walter didn't even have time to avoid the attack, resulting in his upper body getting fully bound in no time. Now trapped, Walter couldn't help but think that the pain the web was inflicting on him was arguably rivaled only by his Ultimate Immobilizing Net.

Chapter 2370

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Regardless, after a frightening roar, the spider began making a mad scuttle toward Walter!

It was evident by this point that the spider was no ordinary beast. After all, it knew who among the crowd was more threatening to it... Which was why Gerald and Walter were now its primary targets!

"For f*ck's sake!" yelled the furious Walter as he released a surge of essential qi!

Following that, not only was Walter freed from the now tattered web, but in his hands, was a golden longsword that shimmered menacingly. In fact, the sword's aura alone was enough to make the demonic spider start inching backward in fear...!

The sword was one of the Zeman family's ancient magic artifacts, and it went by the name of Demondie. Forged using extremely masculine and righteous auras from heaven and earth, it was no wonder why the spider was so vigilant toward it.

Not wanting to waste any more time, the enraged Walter leaped forward, swinging his sword toward the spider while roaring, "Die!"

Now in a state of panic, the screeching spider immediately raised its pincers to block the attack. To its horror, the Demondie Sword simply sliced its pincers off!

As it wailed in agony, everyone there couldn't help but widen their eyes in shock as they watched the pincers regenerate in the blink of an eye...! Appalled by the spider's regenerative abilities, Gerald immediately fell back while frantically shouting, "What the hell?!"

Walter, on the other hand, knew that there was no room for error. Not even flinching from the horrific realization, the middle-aged man used all his might to begin slashing at the beast! Though each of the following seventy slashes were aimed at the beast's vital parts, it was no use. The spider's body was simply too hard! What more, every time its pincers were sliced off, they would simply regrow in an instant! Was this creature really invincible?!

By this point, the spider had gotten fed up with Walter's attacks! With that, it took aim at Walter's chest before simultaneously launching its corpse flame, web, and pincers! Naturally, the now flustered Walter immediately tried to dodge the attack. Unfortunately, he ended up getting slammed by one of the beast's pincers, resulting in the middle-aged man getting flung against a wall! The impact was so great that there was now a crater where Walter had collided!

Either way, upon seeing Walter's sword fall to the ground, the excited spider's eyes glinted with joy as it slowly approached the injured man. Once he saw that, Walter—who now had one hand against his injured chest—began inching away from the spider while yelling, "W-we must find its Gate of Fate...!"

Throughout Walter's battle with the spider, Gerald had been carefully analyzing the spider's anatomy. After all, with the spider's crazy regenerative abilities and its hard-as-steel body, he

already knew that they weren't going to be able to brute force their way through this, even with their combined efforts.

With that in mind, Gerald was prompted to recall the scene when the spider had shot out its web... It's navel... Everything in this world had a weakness. It was simply the fundamental law of life. Since nothing else seemed to have worked, could the spider's Gate of Fate be its navel? Even if it wasn't, it was do or die.

Understanding that, Gerald's gaze sharpened as he used his aura to summon the Demondie Sword into his hand! Through sheer luck, it was also at that moment when the spider shot out a web, attempting to snatch the sword away!

Gerald, however, managed to get the sword first. Glaring at the spider, Gerald then yelled, "Your Gate of Fate... It's your navel!"

Following that, Gerald flung the sword toward the beast's navel, just like how he had done with his Dawnbreaker Blade...