

After glaring at the men standing behind Patrick, Simon could not help but explode in rage. "You traitors! Have you forgotten what Mr. Vendzul taught us?"

"Mr. Lambert, we should just roll with the punches. Mr. Vendzul is no longer with us, and it would be wise to heed Mr. Sullivan's advice. Being stubborn will not benefit you in any way!" one of Demon Sect's leaders said while looking at Simon.

Simon scoffed. "Have you no shame? Demon Sect and Evil Heart Sect are archenemies. I'll never agree to merge the two sects." With that, he leaped up and slammed the leader who made that remark.

"How dare you!" Patrick exclaimed as he casually waved his hand, unleashing a tremendous force that hit Simon and sent him flying. The power disparity between Simon and Patrick was evident. Blood dripped from Simon's mouth, and his internal organs were churning. That one strike had inflicted severe injuries on him. "Mr. Lambert, run! We'll hold him back..." The few members who had supported Simon ran up to Patrick without any regard for their own safety, buying him time to escape.

Upon noticing that, Simon gritted his teeth and ran toward the secret realm. Meanwhile, Jared was waiting quietly. He knew Demon Sect would make the next move since he had found out what Jessica had done.

He casually placed the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower on the table. Soon, Jared sensed a faint, almost imperceptible aura. It was clear that the other party was deliberately hiding his aura. Jared's face showed a hint of excitement. That must be Patrick!

Suddenly, a man in a black robe with a gloomy aura appeared outside Jared's room. The person beneath the black robe was Skylar, who looked ashen-faced!

After opening the door to Jared's room, he saw the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower casually placed on the table.

Upon noticing that, the spirit in Skylar's body uttered, "Did Jared really just place the tuber fleecflower there without any care or consideration? How arrogant."

Yet, Skylar begged to differ. When he saw the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower on the table, he felt nervous and uneasy. Having known Jared for a long time, Skylar knew Jared was never a careless person.

The fact that Jared had placed the tuber fleecflower on the table with such casual indifference suggested to Skylar that it was either an intentional action or that Jared had been well-prepared and was waiting for someone to come.

"Hurry up and take the tuber fleecflower. We should take him with us too. Just make sure we don't hurt his body," the spirit urged Skylar. Skylar knitted his brows. "I have a bad feeling about this. Jared might be doing this on purpose."

"Hasn't he taken the Cultivation Reversal Potion? He can't do anything to you even if he knows you're here. Why do I feel like you're becoming more and more jittery?" the spirit voiced its dismay.

Upon hearing that, Skylar had no choice but to carefully retrieve the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower. Upon noticing that Jared was lying motionless on the bed, he heaved a sigh of relief and released his aura.

There was nothing Skylar should worry about since Jared had taken the Cultivation Reversal Potion and was now no different from an ordinary person.

With the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower in his hands, Skylar felt a surge of excitement. "Take Jared with us too. I'm sure Tanner will reward us handsomely when he sees him," the spirit uttered. Skylar went up and tapped on Jared's back.

"Wake up. Wake up."

Jared pretended to be in a daze and grumbled, "Who is it? Why are you disturbing me in the middle of the night?"