

The Invisible Rich Man CHAPTER 2386-2390

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Before Ryder could even react, Gerald was already pointed his newly summoned blade toward the sky while yelling, "Skysplit...!"

Following that, a humongous aurablade of air rapidly began descending toward the old man!

"W-what?! " shouted Ryder as his white hair danced in the gale created by the giant aurablade's ungodly pressure. With how appalled he was, Ryder's immediate action was to dodge the attack rather than even thinking of trying to block it!

Thankfully, Ryder was able to avoid the deadly attack just as the aurablade crashed onto the earth. Even so, he still ended up getting injured due to the powerful qi.

Feeling his chest ache as he stumbled a few steps backward, the now wide eyed Ryder was prompted to mutter, "W-what a strong move...!"

Even the other cultivators couldn't help but gulp after witnessing all that. This was a battle between two great masters, and their techniques were so supreme that this was the first time they were even witnessing such attacks!

Once the dust clouds settled-and Ryder caught his breath, the old man was prompted to ask, "What martial art is that? Where did you learn it?"

Satisfied with his attack's power, Gerald scornfully retorted, "Where, you ask...?"

"You... You managed to enter the saintly ruins, didn't you...?! That's the only way you could've learned these supreme heavenly techniques...! I'll... I'll kill you... !" roared the insane Ryder as his pupils dilated!

Using all his strength, Ryder then sent out a Seventh Sword Rain attack! Due to how lustrous the attack was, nearly everyone watching was instantly forced to shield their eyes!

"Today, I overpower your sword technique...! " retorted Gerald as he immediately initiated the second style, Thirdhell!

Following that, three essential qi points began fusing rapidly at the tip of his blade prompting the sand and stones around them to begin swirling faster and faster until they formed two massive tornadoes...!

By this point, the cultivators had already stopped trying to break the formation. Instead, they all gathered to one side to observe the battle.

"W-what kinds of techniques are those two even using...?! Especially the ones used by that young man! Each of his terrifying moves seem capable of extreme destruction...! That kid definitely has the upper hand!" exclaimed one of the cultivators.

"Indeed! Ryder was clearly unable to handle blocking that previous attack. With that in mind, why is he still trying to fight back?"

"Whatever the case is, Thirdhell is a great move!"

As the amazed crowd kept discussing the battle among themselves, Gerald and Ryder themselves continued trading blows. As for Ryder's disciples, any of them who had attempted to close in to help their master ended up perishing from the sheer pressure that the two were exerting.

Even Ryder who was still hanging on-was already coughing out blood from time to time. This was bad. One more direct blow of essential qi from Gerald and he'd be done for...!

Gerald, on the other hand, couldn't help but feel slightly amused that the old man was this keen on dying.

All of a sudden, Ryder began laughing wickedly before roaring, "You're strong, I'll give you that! However, it's impossible for you to take me down that easily! Have a taste of my Demonic Shadow Split...!"

Following that announcement, a doppelganger Ryder suddenly appeared! Though the Demonic Shadow Split technique required the user to lose half of their cultivation, Ryder so desperately wanted to defeat Gerald that he didn't care anymore!

Regardless, after taking a fatal blow for the real old man, the doppelganger roared in pain before completely evaporating! Seeing his chance, the real Ryder then darted toward Gerald while yelling, "Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm...!"

Within seconds, Ryder's body began glowing as he condensed all his essential qi into his palm before aiming it right at Gerald's chest...!

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Even if he had to sacrifice half of his Triton qi, so be it!

His palm now inches away from Gerald's chest, Ryder couldn't help but laugh maniacally as he roared, "Die..!"

However, his laughter soon came to a stop when he realized that all his palm's power had vanished!

Stupefied, Ryder immediately exclaimed, "Wwwhat?! Where did all my strength go?!"

Ryder's question was answered the very next second...

When all his palm's power was fired out from Gerald's back! In the end, the power of Ryder's Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm was redirected toward the old man's remaining disciples, and screams of agony soon filled the air...!

As it turned out, Gerald had just used one of his divine moves, Bloombaum Shifting!

"W-what...?!" exclaimed the stunned Ryder.

Unfortunately for him, Gerald wasn't about to give him any time to recover. With that in mind, the boy began executing his third sword style while yelling, "Mokinfinite!"

"Curses...!" growled Ryder whose hair was already standing on end. Knowing that he had already lost, Ryder gave one final roar before rapidly condensing his energy...!

It was so fast that before Gerald was even able to form his next aura blade, the old coward had already escaped in a cloud of thick smoke!

"How fast!" muttered Gerald as he withdrew his power. Though he had mastered all those techniques, this was still his first time using them in actual combat. With that in mind, his lack of experience was what allowed the cunning Ryder to escape in time...

Speaking of cunning, to think that that old man was capable of summoning a doppelganger to take and launch attacks for him! Still, Gerald could sense that half of Ryder's spiritual

essence was destroyed upon creating that doppelganger, so he probably didn't have to worry about him using that move again.

Then again, with how quickly Gerald was progressing, he didn't really need to fear that old man anymore.

Meanwhile Ryder who had just made it to about a hundred miles away found himself coughing out blood the second he stopped moving. Feeling the qi in his chest burn, Ryder then slowly laid on the ground before curling up.

Looking incredibly battered, the trembling Ryder was prompted to mutter, "Thirdhell he called it... What a strong move...! Despite summoning my doppelganger, I still got injured by the aura blade's residual power...! Gerald had some other technique that was able to completely disregard my attack as well! That d*mned boy... Not only does he possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit, but he was also able to find the treasure in the saintly ruins! I can't even imagine how strong he is now...!"

Despite how beaten up he was, Ryder soon got to his feet before continuing to leave, his hand against his chest the entire time...

As for Gerald, he quickly saved the rest of the cultivators before returning to the Zeman's residence. While it was true that Gerald had brought Walter back to life, the middle-aged man still had quite a few serious injuries. With that in mind, after treating Mia with the dragon blood, he immediately entered seclusion to begin healing.

Once Gerald was told where Walter was, the boy then went to check on him. On his way there, he thought about the damage that Walter had sustained in his previous battle with Ryder. From what he could remember, the palm technique that he had used brought great damage to his spiritual essence. As if that wasn't already enough, he was also further injured by Ryder's palm attack.

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While it was true that Gerald had healed most of the damage, the boy couldn't do anything about Walter's injured meridians and elixir-of-life field. With that in mind, it was honestly impossible for Walter to continue cultivating.

Upon noticing that Gerald was staring at him, Walter who could guess what the boy was thinking about was prompted to clear his throat before saying, "I know about my condition, Gerald, so I'm not expecting to be able to continue cultivating. Don't worry, I'm glad enough that I can remain alive. There is, however, one thing that saddens me... That being the fact

that there may not be any future Zemans starting from my generation capable of entering the Domiensch Realm. Knowing that at least seven individuals have been able to enter that realm in each of the previous generations only makes it more depressing!"

"The... Domiensch Realm...?" asked Gerald.

"Indeed... Speaking of which, I recall you stating that you don't understand much of the cultivation realm... I may as well take the chance to impart some knowledge to you! What do you say?" replied Walter with a chuckle.

"Please do," said Gerald with a nod.

"Well, first off, if you're part of the cultivation realm regardless of whether you're a solitary cultivator, alchemist, or machinery expert, your ultimate goal should be to transform into a sage and become a Domiensch Master! After all, people who manage

to attain that title will not only increase their lifespans, but also become much more powerful! Honestly, if I had a few more decades, I could've succeeded in becoming a Domiensch Master myself. It's a little embarrassing to admit, but I had already thought of giving myself the title, 'Saint Walter' since I was already that close to attaining that rank! It's a pity that I won't be able to cultivate ever again..." explained Walter as he coughed before shaking his head.

Upon hearing that, Gerald was prompted to say, "I see... Back when I was in Yanam, I came across a few high elders. What exactly are their cultivation levels...?"

"Oh, them? At most, they're mere beginners, so pretty much nobodies. While their cultivation may eventually increase, they're most probably only going to be able to prolong their life expectancy. If I were to be a bit more direct, they're honestly just a bunch of arrogant idiots who think that they're strong! Real cultivators couldn't care any less about them. After all, even regular weapons can still hurt and kill them! Speaking of which, I should remind you that you're still a mortal, Gerald. The only reason why regular weapons can't hurt you is because you possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit. Regardless, now that you're a sage, you can just forget about those idiots. Speaking of which, I should start addressing you as a senior Domiensch Master now!" replied Walter.

"Come again? You said that I'm... Already a Domiensch Master...?" said the dumbfounded Gerald.

"But of course you are! How else do you think you could've defeated Ryder? He's also a Domiensch Master, if you couldn't already tell. If you want proof, just try cutting yourself with a regular fruit knife," replied Walter with a smile.

After getting one, Gerald did as Walter suggested... and to his shock, not only did he not bleed, but the cut on his hand healed almost instantaneously!

"As I guessed, you truly have become a Domiensch Master... Unlike us, you can now disregard any mundane damage. While it's true that I was close to gaining the title of sage, the fact that I'm not past that stage means that I can still get hurt if the mundane attacks are too strong..." explained Walter.

After watching Gerald nod, Walter was prompted to add, "Speaking of which, now that you've become a Domiensch Master, you should think of a title for yourself! Having one will be convenient for you as you travel around in the cultivation realm!"

"You know, since Ryder had a master and the Thunder Sword Sect had its own naming system to differentiate the cohort, he should've been given the title of Saint Zephyroar. However, since he didn't like the idea of being bound to that sect, he gave himself the title of Thunder Swordlord instead."

"So that's why he was able to summon a doppelganger earlier! Either way, after becoming a sage, are there any further cultivation realms to attain...?" asked the increasingly curious Gerald.

Chuckling in response, Walter then said, "Of course there are! But very few have been able to get past the Domiensch Realm... Some have been unable to break through even after training for a thousand years! Regardless, you should next aim to become an Angelord! Following that, you'll be trying to enter the Vizkaunt, Zearl, Xenquis, and Gauloduke Realms. If you

manage to get past all that, you'll eventually be able to forge an indestructible Immortal Body!"

"I should note that I know very little about the realms beyond the Domiensch Realm... Regardless, don't be misled by any of the idiots you've met in the past. What they told you is probably far from what the real cultivation process is like!"

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Now that Gerald had been exposed to all this, he wondered if the 'sage' he had previously

met while trying to locate the Zircobsite in Mayberry City's Mountain Top Villa was actually just a beginner cultivator like the high elders in Yanam...

As for the existence of 'great masters,' the cryptic families may have simply been exaggerating as they passed down the legends to their successors. That certainly explained why Gerald had previously been so helpless in the presence of a real cultivator like Ryder. Back then, he couldn't even lay a finger on that old man. Regardless, Gerald finally knew the proper process of cultivation.

Since he now knew the most supreme cultivation methods as well, he didn't have to resort to using his mortal body to fight against someone with a holy body anymore. Come to think of it, just like Sister Indigo and the rest, his previous reincarnations may have been able to attain Immortal Bodies. After all, they were able to form primordial spirits that eventually led to him getting his Herculean Primordial Spirit after being reincarnated nine times.

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he heard Walter say, "Speaking of which, I know you're returning to Weston soon, so I've ordered my men to pack some books for you, Gerald! You can read them when you're free!"

"I appreciate it. Also, I was thinking of staying for a few more days to help you completely recover. While I'm at it, I wish to teach you some of the formations I've learned. I'd have loved to teach you a powerful sword technique as well, but... Well, you know," replied Gerald with a sigh.

Teaching Walter a sword technique now was equivalent to giving a bald man a comb. Rather than reminding the middle-aged man of what he could no longer do, Gerald may as well teach him the formations that he had learned. Now that would be far more practical.

Regardless, after chuckling wryly, Walter simply said, "Don't worry, I've given up on martial arts by this point. However, I'm not passing up a chance to learn new formations!"

Nodding in response, Gerald then replied, "I feel these formations suit you a lot. With that in mind, as long as you diligently train on them, you should be able to use the formations to prolong your life through the forces of heaven and earth, even without actually cultivating..."

Following that, Gerald remained on the island for fifteen days. Once he parted ways with the Zemans, Gerald made sure to deal with Lucian and Lindsay's issues before finally returning to Weston.

While he would've definitely needed a much longer time to get there in the past, now that Gerald had access to the Golden Blaze Somersault, he was back in Northbay in no time...

As was expected, his family's manor was still as deserted as ever. Ever since that incident, his parents, Lyra, and the others had all vanished. As for his remaining assets, Lyra had thankfully instructed Zackie to transfer all of them to Mayberry in advance...

It was clear that simply being here was making Gerald feel nostalgic. After all, this was where he used to live. Regardless, as he sat in the manor and stared blankly into space, he couldn't help but think that apart from Mila, he also felt sorry for Lyra and Giya...

It was sometime later when he finally got up and made a Somersault back to Mayberry City, the place where he had lived for almost two decades. With that in mind, this place held even more sentiments to him.

Looking down at the prosperous metropolis, Gerald couldn't help but smile as he muttered, "It's been some time since I've left to search for Mila... I wonder how my old friends are doing..."

Gerald, for one, would've never been able to imagine that he'd no longer be a commoner the next time he returned to this place. Either way, though he definitely felt emotional upon returning to his hometown, he made sure to remind himself that he had far more important things to do. For one, he still needed to look for the divine fruit tree to hopefully be able to locate Yearning Island...

"If I remember correctly, I told Aiden to look for Zackie back then... I wonder how things are going..." said Gerald to himself as he Somersaulted to Wayfair Mountain next...

Ever since the crisis befell his family, the Crawford family's business had entered turmoil as well. Thankfully, Lyra's secret arrangements of transferring all the remaining assets to Mayberry had prevented the Crawfords from completely going bankrupt in a single night...

Regardless, upon arriving at his manor, Gerald was immediately greeted by the sight of a few luxurious cars parked at the entrance. Realizing that there weren't even any security guards at the gate, Gerald raised a slight brow before placing his hands against his back and entering the manor...

He had just taken a single step inside when his divine sense allowed him to hear someone scowl, "The Morningstar's Patriarch will be celebrating his birthday in three days, so you have until then to consider! If you refuse to sign the contract by then, you'll all die!"

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Raising a slight brow, Gerald then followed the source of the voice...

Soon enough, he came across a group of suited men standing around and scowling at a few people that were lying on the floor and one of the men on the floor was a seriously injured Zackie! From the looks of it, Zackie's hair was starting to turn white as well...

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he heard Zackie yell, "I'll never sign it! The Crawford family's business shall remain!"

"Hah! Know that if you don't sign it, you won't be the only one facing the consequences... Your children will as well! Besides, even if you don't sign it, the Morningstars will eventually get what we want!" scoffed a gorgeous woman who had her arms locked around what appeared to be the leader of the group.

"You dare say that after you betrayed my son and killed him...?! You utter slut of a woman! I'll kill you, Stephanie Eaton...!" roared the infuriated Zackie before charging toward her!

In response, the middle-aged man simply waved his hand, releasing a stream of essential qi that quickly turned into a cloud of white smoke! The second the smoke came into contact with Zackie, it flung him backward, causing him to roll several times on the ground before eventually spurring blood out!

Upon seeing that, Gerald felt his eyelids twitch as he thought, 'Was that... Inner strength?'

Whatever the case was, the middle-aged man then scoffed, "You brat! The Crawford family is dead! The fact that you're still guarding their properties must mean that you crave death!"

Following that, the middle-aged man then swung his hand toward Zackie's forehead...!

However, when his hand was mere inches away from its mark, the middle-aged man quickly realized that he couldn't move it any further! It was like some force was holding his hand back! Before the surprised man could even react, his hand exploded right before his very eyes...!

Howling in pain, the agonized man then yelled, "W-what the hell?!"

Before the man could say anything else, his entire arm exploded next! The sheer force of it caused the screaming man to fly in the opposite direction...!

How terrifying...!

Now panicking, the rest of his men could be heard frantically asking, "W-what is the meaning of this?! Who's doing this?!"

Upon turning around and seeing Gerald who was standing about five meters away from them one of the men immediately yelled, "So it's you! Courting death, aren't we? Get him!"

Following that, the group of men attempted to pounce on the boy only to realize that they couldn't move a muscle! Gerald who still had his hands against his back had fully immobilized them without even moving an inch!

"W-what the hell is this horrific power..."

Before the petrified henchman could even finish his sentence, he along with all the other men who had just attempted to attack Gerald felt an immense power growing within... All of a sudden, the power bloated so rapidly that the immobilized men found themselves exploding on the spot!

Upon witnessing such carnage, Stephanie instantly shrieked in horror while the middle-aged man was silenced in his shock. Contrary to the others in the room, however, Zackie who already had tears in his eyes looked extremely excited as he got to his feet before exclaiming, "Y-Young Master Crawford...? You're... You're finally back..."

"I am! You've truly worked hard all these years, Zackie!" replied Gerald before pointing toward Zackie and sending a stream of essential qi into Zackie's body and just like that, Zackie's pain disappeared. In fact, he now felt more energetic than ever!

Now that Zackie was healed, Gerald was prompted to ask in a frigid tone, "Now then... Who are these people...?"