

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2408

While he wasn't about to say no to freedom, there was something else on his mind. For one, the fact that these seven mortals had come down here without permission from the Thunder Sword Sect was already punishable by death. With that in mind, if they were willing to risk their lives just to momentarily release him, that had to mean that the enemy was exceedingly strong!

"Is he really that strong?" asked the old man.

"He is, and despite being so young, he's probably stronger than the three elders of the Thunder Sword Sect! We know since even after so many years of cultivating, all seven of us weren't even able to block a single attack from him...!" replied Jaxen as he began explaining about Gerald and his sons' deaths.

Naturally, this left the old man surprised as he thought, 'To think that the outside world has changed so much after being imprisoned here for just a few decades... For that boy to be this powerful, he must be a true cultivator from the cultivation realm like me!'

If he could have a good fight with the boy during his 'momentary freedom,' he could at least vent all his anger and grievances that he had accumulated over the years on him. In doing so, he'd finally be relieved of his mental torment for a bit.

Turning to look at the seven kneeling men who were still waiting for his reply, the old man eventually said, "Fine, I'll help. However, are you really going to free me?"

“About that... Please don't get mad, senior, but we can't touch the chain formations... We'd get pulverized if we did! That aside, we do have access to a soul shifting formation... If you don't mind, we'll use the formation to transfer your primary soul to another person's body... Take note, however, that the formation can only last for four hours... With that said, once the time is up, you'll automatically be sent back to your body,” explained Jaxen.

“Four hours of freedom is the best we can compromise with...” added Grand Elder.

“The Thunder Sword Sect had me locked down here since they know that I'm a straightforward person who likes to travel. In other words, they knew I'd feel true torture down here. That aside, I'm in. Four hours, it is!” declared the old man with a laugh.

Hearing that, the Grand Elder leaped out before tossing an old man into the cavern!

When he saw that, Jaxen was prompted to say, “We'll be casting the spell now, senior!”

As they had said, the soul-shifting formation would be broken after four hours. However, what they didn't mention was the fact that if the old man attempted to seek revenge on them, the formation would immediately explode, thus destroying his soul! Even so, they believed that the old man was smart enough to know that they'd have a backup plan. With that in mind, both parties were equally at risk of being in danger.

The seven, for one, believed that the old man wasn't foolish enough to end his life just to kill them, which further gave them the guts to release him.

Whatever the case was, shortly after the soul-shifting formation was initiated, the old man's primary soul could be seen rising from his body before transforming into a beam of light that quickly shot into the dead old man's body that the seven had just killed!

It didn't take long before the corpse opened its eyes and once his eyes were fully opened, brilliant light began radiating from his body!

As the seven men covered their eyes, they heard the old man laugh heartily as he yelled, "Hah! It's good to be free!"

Following that, the old man transformed into a stream of light, disappearing into thin air!

"S-Senior...!" yelled the seven men as they quickly ran after him.

The Morningstar manor was built halfway up a mountain, and by the time they finally caught up to the old man-at the back of the mountain-, they were just in time to witness him glowing goldenly in an attack stance while yelling, "Thunderous Immobilite...!"

All of them could only stare wide-eyed as the old man then shot out an immensely powerful lightblade...!

“Is... Is this the true power of the legendary cultivation realm...?” muttered all seven of them to themselves, all frozen in shock.

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“It’s been ages since I, Lyndon Moldell, have felt this great! Come over here!” scoffed Lyndon as he turned to look at the seven men.

“Y-yes, senior...?” asked the men as they cautiously approached him.

“Give me his address so I can deal with him. Also, I’ll need you to do something for me in return. Otherwise, I won’t help with your problem!” said Lyndon with a sneer.

Though they were startled, after thinking about it for a while, Jaxon nodded before replying, “Alright, senior! Please state your request! ”

“I know you’ve been ordered to guard me, so I won’t request to be set free. On the contrary, I believe my request should be simple enough to fulfill. See, while I was out training during my youth, I had a child in the secular world, and they eventually started the Moldell family who practiced secret techniques. I, for one, believe that the knowledge should’ve been passed down the generations, but that aside... I want all of you to search for my descendants. If you come across any, just show them this stone tablet and tell them to meet me. I have a set of sword techniques to pass on to them!” explained Lyndon.

Following that, he pinched his fingers together before carving some symbols on a flat stone. If the descendants the seven men came across were true Moldells, then they’d surely be able to decipher the symbols.

“Very well, senior! We promise to do the best we can!”

“Good. Once everything’s settled, I’ll teach all of you a set of cultivation techniques that’ll increase your odds of accessing the cultivation realm!” replied Lyndon, causing all seven of them to immediately freeze again.

After exchanging glances, they all knelt in gratitude before sharing Gerald’s location with Lyndon.

Lyndon himself then muttered, “What an interesting boy that Gerald must be... Let’s see how strong you are.”

Following that, Lyndon turned into a cloud of smoke, completely vanishing from sight...

Back at the manor on Wayfair Mountain, Aiden and Leo who had been practicing the cultivation techniques that Gerald had taught them for about four hours now couldn’t help but smile.

Clearly looking better than ever, Aiden was prompted to exclaim, “These techniques are awesome!”

“Indeed! Master truly is kind to us!” replied the grinning Leo as he scratched the back of his head.

“Hmm? That breathing technique...” muttered a third voice from out of the blue.

Naturally, this made Aiden and Leo turn to face the voice and standing there, was an old man with his hands against his back! Sensing something off with the old man, Aiden was prompted to ask in a frigid tone, “Who are you?”

“That breathing technique is very similar to the Ultimate Immobilizing Internal Skills that the Zemans use... What’s your relationship with Walter? Are you members of that family?” asked the surprised old man to the equally surprised Aiden.

True enough, they were practicing the Zeman family’s secret technique that Walter had given to Gerald. Since it was an authentic method that would allow them to enter the cultivation realm, Aiden and Leo clearly hadn’t expected the old man to recognize it through a simple glance.

Whatever the case was, Aiden eventually asked, in a careful tone, “We aren’t Zemans, but my brother is a friend of Mr. Zeman. Regardless, why are you here, old man?”

“Hah! I see... As I suspected, Gerald is practicing authentic cultivation realm cultivation methods as well! No wonder those seven men were that terrified! They were never his match!” declared Lyndon with a laugh, completely disregarding Aiden’s question.

“Hey now, don’t you think it’s a bit rude to ignore me when you’ve clearly trespassed into our turf?” retorted Aiden.

“Hmm? You’re not worthy of my time. Now go get Gerald for me!” ordered Lyndon.

“How arrogant! What kind of place do you think this is?! If you don’t leave immediately, you only have yourself to blame for what I’m about to do to you!” scoffed Aiden who was now brimming with energy in a confident tone.

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“Hah! What you’re about to do to me? To think that you’re already this arrogant when you’ve just started cultivating your inner strength! Look, while you may think that your cultivating technique is superior, in my eyes, that Zeman technique is just something off the rack! ” scoffed Lyndon as he laughed bitterly while shaking his head.

“You’re courting death!” roared Aiden and Leo simultaneously as they pounced toward him!

To their shock, Lyndon simply waved his hand which sent a strong wave of essential qi flying out! The two weren’t his match at all!

Watching as they got tossed into the air before crashing on the ground and spurting out blood, Lyndon then replied, “Save it. You’re lucky that I don’t kill innocents. Otherwise, you’d be dead by now!”

Before the duo could reply, all three of them suddenly heard a voice saying, “Oh, you two are here? If you’re free, do get some water for me! I’d like to water the plants!”

Though the voice wasn’t all that loud, everyone seemed to magically be able to hear it clearly. As if that wasn’t surprising enough, the second the voice ended, Aiden and Leo felt a stream of energy flowing into their elixir-of-life fields and just like that, their injuries from the old man’s attack were completely healed! In fact, their bodies arguably felt better than before!

“Hell yeah!” declared Aiden as he and Leo got to their feet.

“What?” muttered the shocked old man as he felt his jaw drop. He, for one, knew that though his attack hadn’t been deadly, it should’ve shattered the duo’s meridians. With that in mind, to think that the owner of the voice was able to cure them in seconds! Lyndon had never seen or even heard of such a technique!

However, what caught Lyndon’s attention most was the fact that he hadn’t been able to sense the speaker’s presence this entire time. How immensely interesting...!

Turning to face the owner of the voice, the old man was soon greeted by the sight of Gerald who had a hoe in hand planting flowers in the backyard. As it turned out, Gerald was building a condensation formation for Leo and Aiden to cultivate in. Naturally, before he could do any of that, he had to lay the foundation, which was what he was currently doing.

Regardless, after a brief pause, Lyndon asked in a loud voice, “You’re Gerald, correct?”

“I am, indeed,” replied Gerald as he took a bucket of water from Leo before pouring its contents onto the seeds that he had just sowed.

“Are you aware that I’m here to kill you?” asked Lyndon as he narrowed his eyes.

“Shh... Save it for later. I’m planting these flowers that’ll help absorb the holy spirit for the foundation I’m building. Please don’t distract me, though you’re free to sit around and wait for a bit!” replied Gerald in a serious tone.

Upon hearing that, Lyndon immediately began quivering in anger. To think that this brat had the nerve to order him around!

“I admit that your cultivation is quite high for a young boy... In fact, I found your healing spell to be extremely impressive as well! With that in mind, I had honestly wanted to just destroy your cultivation earlier, thinking that it was a pity to kill you. Unfortunately, your arrogance has made me change my mind! Enjoy your trip to hell!” growled Lyndon as he clenched his fists, releasing an immense murderous aura...!

“You done, old man? Even if you aren’t, I advise you to take a seat. I’ll only be done with my work in about half an hour!” replied Gerald as he covered another seed with some soil.

“You...! Just die already!” roared Lyndon as he aimed a fierce blow at Gerald...!

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Lyndon made sure not to use his Thunderous Immobile this time. After all, he knew how strong the boy was, so he wanted to leave his backdoor open. Even so, his palm was still enveloped in immense essential qi that was powerful enough to subdue the greatest dragons and tigers as he surged forward...!

Gerald, however, simply continued sowing more seeds, his back against Lyndon this entire time...!

Though this made Lyndon confident that the arrogant boy would die for sure, the second his palm touched Gerald, all his power suddenly disappeared! In a way, it was almost like he had attacked Gerald with a balloon, and the balloon was now being bounced off!

“What?!” said the frowning Lyndon to himself as he stared at his palm in disbelief.

“You know, your attack’s quite similar to the secret technique of a family who tried to assassinate me in Yanam years ago... I remember that family forcing me to flee from them for quite a while... Regardless, as I said, it’s similar, but different enough to differentiate. After all, while your palm attack is activated through essential qi, the Moldells used inner strength instead,” replied Gerald as he placed his hoe to the side before dusting the dirt off his hands.

Watching as Gerald then walked over to a table to sip some tea, the frowning Lyndon was prompted to ask, “Moldells? You dealt with my descendants?”

“So you are related to them! I suppose you know who Christopher is, then,” replied Gerald as his eyes glinted with interest.

Back then, the Moldells had used Gerald’s life to get his father to hand over the Crawford family’s assets. Not wanting to cause any further trouble to his family, Gerald managed to escape, and it was around then when Finnley took him as a disciple, leading to Gerald slowly acquiring the power of inner strength. Honestly, it was thanks to the Moldells that his Herculean Primordial spirit got activated. Regardless, once his inner strength was greatly enhanced, the boy used his newfound powers to finish off that family.

“You... You’ve met him?!” exclaimed Lyndon.

“I have. In fact, I’ve met most of the Moldells, though most of them ended up dying by my hands! As for Christopher, he died during the pledge of the holy water. Serves them right for doing so many evil things and wanting to kill me so much!” scoffed Gerald.

“You... What?! You assassinated most of my family...?!” roared the enraged Lyndon. He hadn’t even been able to discuss some important matters with them! Yet Gerald was saying that they were mostly dead now?!

Watching as Lyndon screamed in anguish, Aiden was prompted to retort, “You, of all people, should know what your family has done! They pretty much had it coming!”

After all, had the Moldells not hunted the Crawfords down back then, Aiden wouldn't have joined the army in the first place!

“Like I care what your reasoning is! For killing so many of my family members, you'll all pay with your lives!” roared Lyndon as he clenched his fists and released a greater surge of essential qi!

Recognizing the attack, Gerald was prompted to say, “Hmm? Wasn't the Thunder Sword Sect obliterated? Why would a strong cultivator like you still be alive?”

Though he didn't say it, Lyndon's essential qi and techniques were strikingly similar to Ryder's, and Gerald knew for a fact that Ryder had learned most of his moves from the Thunder Sword Sect. As for why he could tell, it was merely because he had bumped into Ryder enough times.

Whatever the case was, after mobilizing his essential qi and entering an attack stance, Lyndon retorted, “So you even know about the Thunder Sword Sect! Fine, then! I'll allow you to die from the Thunderous Immobilite technique that I've been practicing for ages!”

Following that, his aura grew so violent that Aiden and Leo couldn't help but retreat in fear. They felt that if they got too close to that immense aura, it could potentially kill them...!

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Though Lyndon's aura grew stronger by the second, Gerald simply stood there with his arms crossed, shaking his head the entire time.

“You brat...! How dare you look down on my Thunderous Immobilite?!” growled Lyndon who had fully formed an aurablade by now.

“While it's true that the Thunder Sword Technique is rather exquisite, in all honesty, only the final three styles can be considered to be powerful. Despite being a disciple of that sect, you don't seem to be able to use any of those three styles, or can you? If it's the latter, then I suggest using the Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm. That, at the very least, is stronger than the attack you're using!” mocked Gerald as he continued shaking his head.

“You d*mned child...! For humiliating me so much, here's your one-way ticket to hell...!” roared Lyndon as he gathered all the power he had and launched his attack!

At that moment, the entire area began quivering and even the slow flowing rivers on the mountain grew restless! As for the aurablade itself, its explosive energy caused a trail of dust to cloud the air as it flew toward Gerald!

In response, however, Gerald simply outstretched his hand and upon flicking his finger on the tip of the blade, the aurablade completely vaporized! As for the force that the aurablade had been carrying, it was sent flying back toward Lyndon, causing the old man to stumble backward in response!

By the time things had settled down a bit, Lyndon's eyes were widened in shock as he said, "You... You can't be a Domiensch Master, can you?! But there's never been such a young Domiensch Master before! This doesn't make any sense!"

"Why wouldn't it? Speaking of which, are you related to Ryder?" replied Gerald as he casually sat down.

"You...!" growled Lyndon who was irritated by how casual Gerald was taking all this. Even so, he refrained from saying anything else. After all, he understood that Gerald could easily finish him off if he really wanted to...!

With that in mind, Lyndon clenched his fists before replying, "Ryder is a sinful man from my sect! A traitor! Had it not been for him, my holy body wouldn't have ended up getting ruined like this! Long story short, he pierced my clavicles to cripple me, which is why I'm only able to be here through another person's body! That should explain why I haven't been able to hurt you!"

"Truth be told, even if you were in your original body, you'd still fail to hurt me due to your current cultivation level," corrected Gerald.

"Why you...!" growled the enraged Lyndon whose lips were already quivering.

"I speak only the truth. Regardless, from what I've been told, all seventy two successors of the Thunder Sword Sect were killed. So why are you alive?" asked Gerald.

“That’s... Mostly true... I’m the eldest disciple and also the head of the Thunder Sword Sect... I have no idea where Ryder learned his cultivation, but in the end, he got so strong that none of the brothers were able to live to tell the tale! That aside, though Ryder is ruthless, he didn’t dare to bear the sin of killing the head of the sect. With that in mind, he simply sealed my essential qi and kept me locked up in the secular world till this very day! For years, I’ve been thinking about avenging my senior disciples and ridding our sect’s harm by killing Ryder!” explained Lyndon in a sorrowful tone.

“Well... I have some bad news for you...” replied Gerald with a sigh.

“Come again?”

“Even if you do manage to track him down, you won’t be his match. After all, similar to me, he’s already entered the Domiensch Realm! What more, he’s mastered the final three styles of the Thunder Sword Technique as well! All he’ll need is a single Thunder Strike to kill you, and that’s simply the cold, hard, truth,” said Gerald.

“He... He’s what? He’s already a Domiensch Master?!” exclaimed Lyndon as he felt his mind go blank. After stumbling a few steps back, he couldn’t help but feel that his entire world had just collapsed.

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“There’s no need to be disheartened... Though Ryder has exceptional talent, I still managed to injure him quite badly,” replied Gerald.

“That...” muttered Lyndon who was finally able to see the bigger picture.

Generally, when two battling cultivators had similar levels of essential qi, the winner would usually be the person who had better martial arts skills. Though that was the case, it was quite hard for cultivators who shared the same cultivation level to kill each other. However, bringing a Domiensch Master into the equation was a whole other story. There was simply too big a gap between the two titles. A good example would be how Lyndon was pretty much nothing but a helpless rag doll in Gerald’s presence.

Whatever the case was, after a short while, Gerald was prompted to ask, “Come to think of it, are those petty Morningstars even capable of standing guard over you?”

“Well... Those seven mortals are merely watchdogs for the Thunder Sword Sect... Let’s just say that the three rascals from the new sect are afraid that they won’t be able to keep me down should I break free from their formation. By having the Morningstars stand guard over me, the three will be able to prepare themselves a little better after being alerted by one of those seven mortals! That aside, it’s also the reason I had to use the soul-shifting method just to be here!” explained Lyndon.

“The new sect, you say...?” replied Gerald in an inquisitive tone.

“They’re essentially just Ryder’s descendants. The Thunder Sword Sect has a principle stating that anyone who commits rebellion is bound to be subjected to heaven’s wrath. It’s why Ryder didn’t dare to kill me. That aside, those who manage to enter the Domiensch Realm usually wish to leave a legacy behind. With that in mind, Ryder’s second objective of creating this new sect is just so his legacy will continue to be passed on by his descendants!” explained Lyndon.

“I see... It’s funny how enemies are always bound to cross paths. Uncle Zeman mentioned this before as well. Regardless, all this talk about sects reminds me that I have my own sect in the Jenna Province. Unfortunately, I got too busy to run it, so I ended up having to let Aiden take over... Either way, after our little conversation, I believe it’s high time I properly begin planning my legacy... That way, the Crawfords won’t be in such a poor state when I eventually go up against Daryl!” declared Gerald with a nod.

Following that, Gerald smiled at Lyndon before adding, “And what legacy would it be if I didn’t have some guardians? With that said, I’m proposing for you to be my first guardian. How’s that sound?”

Upon hearing that, Lyndon honestly wanted to ask why Gerald wasn’t worried about him seeking revenge. However, he refrained from doing so for fear that Gerald would end his life there and then! After thinking for a bit, Lyndon eventually replied, “Do you truly mean it..? Can you really get me out...?”

“But of course, I can! All you need to do is kowtow before me and I’ll immediately appoint you to be my first guardian!” declared Gerald with a chuckle.

This prompted Lyndon to gulp before quickly falling to his knees. The old man, for one, understood that submitting to Gerald wouldn't just free him, but it would also give him an actual future!

Regardless, upon seeing that Lyndon had complied, Gerald was prompted to say, "It's settled, then. Now... Tell me, Guardian Moldell. How strong are Ryder's three descendants compared to you?"

"From what I remember, Ryder's three great grandsons are from the fourth generation... Either way, they were only slightly weaker than me when they first joined. Note, however, that that was a few decades ago Under Ryder's guidance, I'm sure their cultivation has increased by a lot since then!"

"Got it. For now, I have no further business with you, so you should return to your original body. After all, we don't want the Morningstars to have a reason to go all out to destroy you. Rest assured, I'll surely break the formation for you in due time!" said Gerald.

"Thank you, senior! No my lord!" declared Lyndon as he respectfully kowtowed a few times before vanishing into thin air...

Fast forward to sometime later in the Morningstar's dungeon, the seven men couldn't help but exclaim, "What?! You weren't a match for the boy?! He seriously injured you as well?!"

After hearing what Lyndon had to say about his encounter with Gerald, all seven of them were left utterly dumbfounded. Gerald was simply too terrifying!

All of them eventually snapped out of it when a butler came running over to inform, "Master, those from the Crawford family have returned to demand for holy stones! They also stated that if we don't hand the stones over by nightfall, they'll wipe our entire family out...!"

"I get it! Get out!" yelled the quivering Jaxen.

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“Let’s... Just give Gerald those holy stones for now! We need to prioritize our lives!” muttered Grand Elder as he shook his head.

“Unfortunately, that’s all we can do!” said the others in helpless tones...

After handing exactly one hundred holy stones to Gerald’s men, they made it a point to refuse any further guests for the time being.

It was two days later when a huge ship docked at Mayberry City’s port. Three old men who had plain clothes on could be seen standing at the bow of the ship, their hands behind their backs.

“So this is Mayberry City! What a fine looking place!” said one of the elders cheerily.

“Indeed. You know, I remember Great grandfather saying that before one was able to enter the cultivation realm, the best place to start cultivating was in certain locations within the secular world! Two such locations are Zephyr Island which is up north in Jay City and Mayberry City!” replied another old man.

It was evident by this point that the three were none other than the heads of the new Thunder Sword Sect!

After laughing among themselves, the third elder was prompted to say, “Whatever the case is, now that we’ve mastered the divine technique, acquired holy bodies, and entered the cultivation realm, we won’t have to rely on the geographical advantages in the secular world to cultivate anymore!”

“Speaking of which, where are the Morningstars? They know for a fact that we’d arrive today. Why aren’t any of them here to greet us? How rude!” scoffed one of the elders, prompting all three of them to suddenly feel pissed.

“Do you think it’s because they’re that scared of that ‘strong enemy’..?”

“If that’s truly the case, I guess all we can do is head to their manor to witness that ‘strong enemy’ for ourselves!”

Following that, the trio headed to the Morningstar manor and upon arriving, they found the main gates tightly locked. There wasn’t even a doorkeeper on duty! Once they notified the Morningstars of their arrival, the three were surprised to see all of them kneeling the second the door was unlocked.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked one of the startled elders.

“Before anything else, allow us to beg for forgiveness, elders... Firstly, because we didn’t dare leave the manor for fear that Gerald would come after us... Secondly, because the boy has snatched most of the holy stones we’ve been collecting... We

know this is a great offense, so all we can do is apologize!” exclaimed Jaxen who was kowtowing before them.

“What?! That Gerald is really asking for it! Wait till we tear him to shreds!” roared the elders.

“Oh please, even if all three of you work together, you’ll still be no match against him. With that said, I advise you to just surrender and accept your death!” retorted a loud, croaky voice out of the blue that then began laughing.

Naturally shocked to hear that, one of the elders was prompted to yell, “Who’s there?!”

As the laughter went on, all seven of the Morningstars quickly covered their ears and they eventually began vomiting blood!

Before the three elders could even make sense of what was happening, a beam of light suddenly appeared in the yard and once the light was gone, a black haired old man who had a black robe on could be seen standing there!

It was clear that this person was no average Joe, so one of the elders eventually asked, “Who exactly are you, senior...?”

In response, the old man simply glared at them ferociously as he waved his hand prompting a surge of essential qi to fly out! The essential qi rapidly turned into a black hurricane that swept all three of the elders off their feet!

Now on the ground, all three of them had their eyes widened in horror as they asked, "You... C-could you be the legendary Saint Darkwind...?!"

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“Hah! To be smart enough to tell who I am so quickly... You truly are Ryder’s descendants...” said Saint Darkwind as he laughed out loud.

“S-Saint Darkwind”? The legendary person who had his life’s story engraved on several historical monuments...?!” exclaimed the seven Morningstars as their jaws dropped. After all, Saint Darkwind was well known to be a prodigy cultivator who was able to enter the cultivation realm at only the age of twenty five!

Nobody knew how old he currently was, nor could anyone guess what his cultivation level was anymore.

Whatever the case was, none of them could’ve ever guessed that they would be able to meet him in person. As for the three elders, since they knew that he was already a great person way before their great grandfather had been, they were prompted to respectfully ask, “You’ve... heard of us, Saint Darkwind...?”

“I learned about the three of you from your great-grandfather. Speaking of Ryder, I remember how shocked that arrogant man had been when he was easily defeated by that boy!” replied Saint Darkwind with another mighty laugh.

“W-what?! Great-grandfather was defeated...?! By whom?!” asked the trio as they gulped while exchanging glances among themselves.

“The person you’re about to look for, of course!” scoffed Saint Darkwind.

“G-Gerald defeated him...?! He’s that strong?!” exclaimed the dumbfounded elders. They, for one, knew for a fact that someone like Saint Darkwind wouldn’t joke about something like this.

As the seven kneeling Morningstars quivered even more, Saint Darkwind took the chance to add, “Indeed. Honestly, I find it hilarious that you people actually dared to send him a challenge letter! That aside, since I’m technically saving your lives now, I wonder how Ryder’s going to thank me the next time he sees me!”

Wiping their nervous foreheads, the elders who now realized that they had severely overestimated themselves then asked, “Um... How did you come to learn of all this...?”

“Hmm? As I said, I ran into your great-grandfather while I was cultivating in a valley. At the time, the old man was seriously injured, so in exchange for his life, he informed me all about Gerald! Just so you know, Ryder even had to use the splitting technique during that battle, though if he hadn’t, Gerald’s immensely powerful aurablade would’ve definitely ended him there and then! Regardless, had it not been for my help, your great-grandfather would be dead by now!” explained Saint Darkwind who was telling the complete truth.

Truth be told, Saint Darkwind and Ryder had been rivals for the longest time. Though Saint Darkwind was first to attain fame, the current Ryder through his talent and intelligence had already gotten to the same level that he had. With that in mind, even after fighting each other over a thousand times, the duo still couldn’t determine the winner.

That aside, Saint Darkwind knew for a fact that Ryder was only able to grow this strong due to the secrets of Fyre Cave. In fact, he had followed Ryder into the cave about a year ago, and they had battled by the Red River.

Unfortunately, nearing the end of the battle, Ryder had tricked him into touching the river! Had he not forced the water out using the diffusion method, Ryder would've surely claimed his life that day...

Regardless, it was right after that incident when he headed to a valley to cultivate. This ultimately allowed him to bump into the injured Ryder who had gone there to hide. Quite honestly, had Ryder not told him this secret in exchange for his life, Saint Darkwind would've surely killed him right there and then!

Either way, when Saint Darkwind heard that Gerald had returned to Weston, he immediately came over to search for the boy. On his way, he came across three of Ryder's descendants, so he followed them around for a bit, which allowed him to learn about all this.

"If Gerald's that strong, then what are we to do about the challenge..?" whimpered the three elders who were now rightfully nervous.

"It won't be easy to take on that boy. I have a plan, but I need you three to cooperate with me!" replied Saint Darkwind.

"We'd be honored to!"

“Well said. Essentially, I’m planning to set up a formation later that you three will need to lure him into during the battle. I’ll be counting on you to successfully complete this task!” declared Saint Darkwind in a frigid tone.

“Understood, Senior! With your help, we’re sure to beat him! Though, I do wonder what formation you’ll be using...?”