

The Invisible Rich Man – 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 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?”

