

The Invisible Rich Man CHAPTER 2481–2490

Chapter 2481

“Not a clue” replied Gerald.

“Well, he’s Zedd Burns, the youngest son of Duke Carlos, the War God of the Qin Kingdom at the end of the Great War period!” explained Finnley.

“I’ve never heard of Zedd, but I do know Carlos’s eldest son, Zelig. From what remember, after Zelig’s father was executed by the Qin Emperor, the rest of his family moved to Yorkland, which is why most of Zelig’s descendants are Yorklanders, right?” asked Gerald, who knew his history since he used to be a literature major.

“Oh? Not bad! True enough, all that happened, and you may already know this, but the Burns family quickly regressed after Carlos’s death. Though Zelig was nowhere near as capable as his father, Zedd had inherited Carlos’s bravery and hostility. With that in mind, the youngest son soon ended up handling most of the family’s affairs.”

“After a period of time, Zedd even wanted to use another name to conquer the land for Westland during the Great War period. In the end, Zedd’s savagery surpassed his father’s, and lives were lost everywhere he passed..” added Finnley.

“No wonder he became a devil after he died.. He had been that hostile even when he was alive!” muttered the enlightened Gerald.

“That’s... Partly right. While his resentment and wrath from being beheaded definitely served to push him toward becoming a demon, that alone would’ve done little to turn him into a devil! The truth is, his previous incarnation was a powerful Zearl. For context, once one enters the Ziyiryon Realm, it’s near impossible to further ascend. However, this Zearl was ambitious, and he dedicated his life to pursuing the most supreme realm”

“I’m sure you know that after one becomes an Angelord, they’ll definitely strive to become a Vizkaunt next, right? As long as you’re willing to train, you’ll eventually be able to achieve that. However, progressing to become a Zearl is exceedingly difficult. Aside from needed great fortune- since you’ll need to be at the right places at the right times a lot, you’ll also need to overcome a hundred heavenly tribulations to succeed!”

“For a Vizkaunt, it’s quite difficult for them to survive even three heavenly tribulations. With that in mind, just imagine how hard it is to go through a hundred heavenly tribulations just to become a Zearl! There’s a good reason why the Ziyiryon Realm was once considered the peak of cultivation!” added Finnley, leaving Gerald utterly dumbfounded.

After all, the boy had only experienced one heavenly tribulation before, and he had only survived since he had access to the Velement Method. Unable to fathom just how obsessed that man was with cultivation, Gerald then asked, "But even then, he still wasn't satisfied and wanted to continue cultivating...?"

"Bingo! But before that, I hope you now understand just how dangerous it's going to be on your journey to becoming an Angelord. One wrong move could straight-out result in you turning to ash! With that in mind, what you reap really isn't proportional to what you sow. Still, it was what that man was utterly bonkers about. To think that after becoming a near- invincible Zearl, he was still willing to sacrifice everything to become a Xenquis!"

"Just so you know, before you can become a Xenquis, you must first be reborn in the secular world to re-experience life as a mortal. During that period, your internal pellet will follow you, and it must get damaged. If it does, not only will all those years of cultivation go down the drain, but your mortal body will also be destroyed!" explained Finnley.

"Christ... Did he end up damaging his internal pellet in the secular world?" asked Gerald who really wasn't keen on playing such high-risk games.

"Even worse, actually. Before he was reborn into a mortal, he hid his internal pellet in his skull. Unfortunately, during a war, a rebel soldier ended up chopping his head off and presenting it to the enemy! As if that wasn't humiliating enough, they then fed his head, along with his internal pellet, to the dogs! One can only imagine how resentful the headless general ended up becoming!" muttered Finnley with a bitter laugh...

Chapter 2482

Now that he had heard all this, Gerald finally understood the whole story. He was also glad that he hadn't recklessly entered the tomb right after obtaining the general tomb's map. The headless general truly was something that he couldn't deal with alone.. Come to think of it, he had only dealt with demons before this. This was going to be his first time fighting a devil!

"We really need to plan thoroughly for this.. Though Sanchez doesn't have a real body yet, we can't underestimate his current power. While I'll definitely be helping you in the shadows, I can't use my powers to subdue Sanchez since that'll definitely alert the Soluna Deus s*xt. With that said, you'll need to rely on your own strength to deal with him, Gerald!" added Finnley.

"Hmm? What exactly are you planning to do?" chuckling in response, Finnley then said, "Don't worry, I'll just be assuming the identity of someone else so that I can secretly stay by your side and help you!"

Following that, the old man outstretched his hand and after a brief flash, a scroll appeared in it!

"This scroll contains a secret technique for deus cultivation that'll help you condense your primordial spirit before you enter the Deitus Realm. If you do everything right, this secret technique will also greatly help in the process of obtaining an Immortal Body! Even if you ultimately fail to enter the Deitus Realm,

honing this technique-together with the Velement Method will allow you to double the current power of your primordial spirit!" explained Finnley as he tossed the scroll to Gerald.

"The Coronal Decem Charm..." said Gerald, already feeling excited as he read the name. After all, the boy was keen on improving his cultivation.

"Read through and memorize it. Following that, I'll perform the charm for you once," said Finnley.

"Understood!" replied Gerald, prompting both of them to sit cross-legged and begin cultivating

Meanwhile, back at Marcel's home, an uninvited guest had just shown up...

"Had I not seen your name on that name list, I would've never figured that you'd be here, Gerald! How fortunate that you're still in Peaceton! Now get out here!" roared Ryder who was now Sanchez's subordinate. The truth was, he had learned from Master Greendrake that Gerald was still in Peaceton. However, instead of listening to Greendrake's advice, Ryder still came over to have his revenge!

Now that he possessed demonic soul power, his cultivation was much higher than before, and he was highly confident that he could finally have his revenge against Gerald after being humiliatingly defeated with a single sword technique back then.

Regardless, when both Darkwind and Lyndon came out to see what the fuss was about, Lyndon was instantly filled with murderous intent as he growled, "Ryder.. ?!"

"Huh? Eldest Senior? And here I was wondering who the hell had killed my men and saved you! It seems you've teamed up with Gerald! Since that's the case, go get him out for me! I have a score to settle!"

"Don't even dream of getting a chance to deal with Mr. Crawford..! Before you even consider getting your revenge, allow me to take my revenge first for all the fallen brothers of the Thunder Sword Sect!" roared the fuming Lyndon.

"Careful, Lyndon. Weir's body seems to be exuding a thick demonic aura now!" Said the frowning Darkwind who was standing beside Lyndon with his arms against his back.

Laughing in response, Ryder then scoffed, "Good eyes as always, Darkwind... Regardless, I don't have the time to waste on you today. I just want to get rid of that useless cr*p of a sect and take my revenge. I have no business with you, so just stand aside!"

"Hold it. I'm a follower of Mr. Crawford as well, and if you want to fight Lyndon, you'll have to get through me first!" retorted Darkwind who was already activating his palm's power. "You're hopeless! Fine, I'll just kill all of you, then! Once you're dead, I'm sure that b*stard will finally reveal himself! He'll join you in hell soon enough!"

Chapter 2483

The second Ryder's sentence ended, he immediately launched a Thunder Strike attack!

Upon seeing that, Lyndon quickly used his sword technique to attempt to block it!

Unfortunately for Lyndon, Ryder had mastered the three strongest styles of the Thunder Sword technique and if Lyndon wasn't Ryder's match all those decades ago, there was little hope of that changing.

With that, in just a single strike, Lyndon found himself so terribly injured by the aurablade that he instantly vomited blood when his back crashed onto the ground.

Seeing that, Ryder simply smirked before bolting toward Lyndon! His palm aimed at Lyndon's forehead, Ryder then yelled, "Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm!"

Knowing that he wouldn't have the time to dodge that terrifyingly powerful attack, Lyndon simply closed his eyes to brace for impact.. When all of a sudden, he heard Darkwind yell, "Careful, Lyndon!"

Following that, Darkwind charged toward Lyndon and pushed Lyndon aside before counterattacking Ryder's attack with his upgraded Fierce Wind Palm! As the two forces collided, a massive explosion could be seen..!

Ultimately, Darkwind ended up stumbling a few steps back, and he only managed to stabilize himself again by stomping on a tile with such power that it instantly cracked! By this point, blood could be seen trickling down his arm, and his arm itself was filled with bulging blue veins..!

Now looking extremely pale, Darkwind clearly hadn't expected Ryder's attack to be this powerful.

Ryder had underestimated the power of the Fierce Wind Palm as well, and the old man ended up having to stumble a few steps back as well after facing the attack.

Stroking his goatee, the old man then laughed before scoffing, "To think that your cultivation would increase within such a short amount of time, Darkwind! That attack you just used seems to be stronger than your Fierce Wind Palm... What kind of martial art was that?"

"It's my new Fierce Wind Palm, and it was developed thanks to Mr. Crawford's patient tutelage!" retorted Darkwind who knew for a fact that he had suffered serious internal injuries.

"I see! Well, since Gerald is good with formations and he knows the laws of heaven and earth, I guess it isn't surprising that he'd be able to help you invent a new palm technique! Honestly, if I hadn't received the great master's guidance, I probably wouldn't have been able to take you on! Either way, what a pity!" replied Ryder as he shook his head with a sigh.

"What is?" growled Darkwind in a frigid tone.

"It's a pity that though there's finally someone stronger than me, he'll still have to die by my hands. I'll kill you first, then Gerald, and following that, I'll torture this sorry excuse from my sect till he dies!" roared Ryder as he sharpened his gaze.. And a split second later, a horrendous gust of wind began to blow! By this point, an immensely pressuring dark glow was exuding from Ryder's body, and the force of it all instantly caused veins to form on Darkwind and Lyndon's foreheads who were now experiencing head-splitting headaches!

"W-what immense demonic power!" yelled both of them.

"Have another taste of my attack, Darkwind!" roared Ryder as he used his Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm again.. Only this time, it was way stronger than before.

Apart from the time when he had faced Gerald, this was the second time when Darkwind had truly felt hopeless.

"Enjoy your stay in hell!" yelled the maniacal Ryder as his palm got dangerously close to Darkwind..!

Chapter 2484

"Careful, Darkwind...!" yelled Lyndon. Though he was also appalled by that terrifying power, Lyndon quickly leaped forward and mobilized his essential qi, thus combining it with Darkwind's, in order to block the attack together!

Following the collision, an explosive sound was heard.

Lyndon and Darkwind's clothes were instantly shredded, and their backs quickly began releasing huge surges of white smoke as well!

It was as though they were overheating pots! That wasn't all, either.

Both of them now had black faces, and after vomiting their insides out, they weakly flopped to the ground.

Darkwind knew that his organs had been severely damaged, and even his primordial spirit had nearly been crushed.

However, due to the fact that he had been a Domiensch Master for quite a while, he was able to force himself to sit cross-legged to restabilize his primordial spirit.

Lyndon, on the other hand, was not as lucky. With even a bone protruding out of his elbow, this old man was no longer able to move...!

Laughing aloud, a smug smile appeared on Ryder's face as he scoffed, "Impressive, Darkwind...! To think you'd still be able to regulate your essential qi after being hit by my powerful attack!"

After all that noise, Marcel and the professor came running out and upon seeing how horribly beaten up the two were, they both yelled, "M-Mr. Darkwind..! Mr. Moldell!"

"Don't...! Stay inside..!" retorted Darkwind as he coughed even more blood out.

"It's far too late for that...! Gerald hasn't shown up, so all of you must die...! Well, most of you. Since we're old acquaintances, Darkwind, I'll give you the option of defecting from Gerald. If you kowtow thrice before me and promise to submit, I'll spare your life!" yelled Lyndon before laughing once more.

"As if an amalgamation of human and demon like you even deserves receiving a kowtow from me!" retorted Darkwind with a bitter smile.

"You...! Fine, then! Since you're this stubborn, enjoy your one way trip to the underworld!" growled Ryder as he trembled in rage. Just as Ryder was about to strike Darkwind's forehead, a voice suddenly called out, "Hold it!"

Following that, a group of people could be seen running over, and the leader appeared to be a beautiful young lady...

"Why wouldn't I be after you caused such a huge commotion?" replied the eldest young mistress before turning to nod at Darkwind while adding, "Also, it's been a while, Mr. Darkwind!"

Still looking extremely haggard, Darkwind forced a chuckle before replying, "To think you'd remember me, Young Mistress Quarrington..!"

"Of course I do! I, Yusra Quarrington, even remember saying that though you didn't want to join our group, we'd still be friends! Regardless, you should know that the matter regarding the general's tomb isn't all fun and games, Mr. Weir. Master Greendrake has invited so many of us, including you here, so don't you find infighting to be a tad wrong before we've even started the expedition?" said Yusra as she looked at Ryder.

"Oh, this isn't a simple case of infighting! I've hated these people for the longest time, and I truly must end them this time, Young Mistress Quarrington..!" growled Ryder who wasn't lowering his murderous intent at all.

"According to the rules of the cultivation realm, dueling to the death is the most appropriate way to settle this, Eldest Young Mistress. With that said, let's not interfere!" said Mr. Sevenom, who had appeared out of the blue, as he revealed a frigid smile.

Watching as the other cultivators nodded in agreement, Darkwind then struggled to his feet before scoffing, "Just so all of you know, feet before scoffing, "Just so all of you know, I've never hidden like a coward behind others throughout my entire life...! While I appreciate your kindness, Eldest Young Mistress, this is my conflict with Ryder, and it'd do you best not to interfere... Now then... Make your move, Ryder!"

"Come meet your end, Darkwind!" retorted Ryder who was smiling sinisterly.

Just as Ryder was about to launch another attack, however, he suddenly heard a familiar voice scoffing, "Allow me to take that attack instead, Ryder!"

Naturally, the one who had said that was Gerald!

Though he hadn't even realized when Gerald had returned, Ryder's eyes were too blinded by rage to care as he growled, "So, you've finally appeared, Gerald..!"

Chapter 2485

After giving a smirk, Ryder's expression quickly grew fierce.

Throughout his time cultivating, he had never been humiliated. This is, of course, till Gerald came along! Not only did that boy rob him of the treasure in Fyre Cave that he had been guarding for so long, but Gerald had even defeated him with a single sword style!

Had Ryder not escaped back then, he would've already been dead by now! Whatever the case was, even if he had to become a demon, he had to have his revenge..!

As Ryder gnashed his teeth, Darkwind was prompted to call out in an apologetic tone, "I'm sorry for shaming you, Mr. Crawford.."

In response, Gerald simply pointed at the heavily injured Darkwind's, and the barely alive Lyndon's, chakra points... And soon enough, two respective streams of essential qi were injected into their bodies.

Under Finnley's guidance, Gerald had managed to complete three cycles of the Coronal Decem Charm earlier.

When he sensed that his Herculean Primordial Spirit was stronger than ever, Gerald was naturally overjoyed.

However, it wasn't long before he noticed that his talisman was burning hot.

From the day they learned about Master Trilight and her gang, all three of them began carrying a talisman each for safety.

Essentially, whenever any one of them was in a life-threatening situation, Gerald would instantly be able to tell.

Either way, when he knew they were in trouble, he instantly used his Golden Blaze Somersault to return!

Back to the present, now that he had injected them with sufficient essential qi, Gerald placed his arms against his back while saying,

“You’ve shamed no one. Now focus on recuperating as I handle this man!”

Smiling at Ryder as he made an invitational gesture, Gerald then added, “It seems your cultivation has improved quite a bit since we last met, Ryder... That aside, make your move on me, not my allies!”

“Only a bit? You’re as arrogant as ever, Gerald! I don’t know what else you found in Fyre Cave, but either way, an eye for an eye! You’ll die by my hands today!” roared Ryder as he stomped his foot on the ground, instantly causing it to crack.

Following that, Ryder yelled, “Thunderous Bone-crushing Palm...!”

With his attack announced, Ryder charged up all the power he could muster into his palm before bolting toward Gerald.

Compared to earlier, his aura was much, much stronger.

Even so, Gerald didn’t even budge. He simply waited till Ryder got close enough before striking his own palm attack out!

The second the two attacks collided, two beams of light, one black and one golden, instantly enveloped the two and to Ryder’s shock, his attack wasn’t able to overpower Gerald’s pure palm power at all! But Ryder had used all he had in this attack.

Just as Ryder thought it couldn’t get any worse, he quickly realized that Gerald’s power was getting stronger by the second.

“Impossible...!” roared Ryder as the excess essential qi caused his hair to dance wildly! Even the veins in his arms were bulging, pulsating like lively blue worms..!

Following that, Gerald simply exerted the tiniest force and just like that, an explosive sound was heard as Ryder was flung several meters back, screaming miserably between coughs of blood the entire time...!

In the end, Ryder only stopped when he collided against a mountain, and the mountain itself instantly formed a massive crack in between..! By this point, the

flesh on Ryder's back had been torn, and even his arm's bone was protruding out..!

"W-what...?!" whimpered Mr. Sevenom and the other cultivators who were shocked enough to take a few steps back. Even Yusra couldn't help but stare at Gerald, utterly flabbergasted.

As for Ryder, his entire body was now drenched in blood as he retorted in disbelief, "This.... This is impossible..!"

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Chapter 2486

"Did you really think that you were the only one who had gotten stronger, Ryder?" scoffed Gerald in a frigid tone.

"...Fine! So be it! I guess I lost even after possessing demonic soul power! I have no further reason to live!" retorted Ryder as he raised his good hand before attempting to smash it into his forehead.

However, before his palm could hit its mark, a gust of wind redirected the attack away. Yusra was the one who did that, and it was also at that moment when Gerald finally realized that others had been watching.

Now smiling at Gerald, Yusra was then prompted to say, "Mr. Gerald Crawford, correct...? Since you've injured Mr. Ryder so badly, could I request that you call this a tie...? Please put an end to this conflict and spare his life for my sake..."

Upon hearing that, Gerald turned to give Yusra a good look.. However, his eyes instantly widened instead as he muttered in shock, "Giya..?!"

Apart from her fashion sense, Yusra looked almost identical to Giya! Gerald still remembered that after rescuing Giya in Northbay and bringing her back to his family's manor to recuperate, she ended up going missing with the rest of his family... To think that he'd meet her again here, of all places! Since Gerald was staring so much at her,

Yusra couldn't help but blush as she muttered, "Um.. Mr. Crawford.?"

"Huh? Oh, pardon me... You just look very similar to an old friend of mine!" replied Gerald who now realized that she didn't sound similar to Giya either.

But how on earth could such a similar looking person exist...?

"I see... By Giya, I wonder if you're referring to my younger sister whom the Quarringtons recently located again..?" asked Yusra with a smile.

"You... Know Giya, Miss Quarrington? Do you know where she is now...?" replied Gerald.

"Oh, I know a lot more than that. However, this isn't the place to talk.. How about this, I'll use some elixirs to treat Mr. Darkwind first, and following that, we'll find someplace to sit and talk. That aside, many cultivation realm experts are here today for the full moon conference to discuss the general's tomb, so why don't we get to know each other for better cooperation later on?" suggested Yusra.

"We'll do as you say!" declared the crowd. It was sometime later within the manor's magnificent banquet hall when the smiling Yusra said, "It appears that we have a deep connection, Mr. Crawford... As I said, Giya's my sister, and we finally found her again about two years ago! That aside, I honestly didn't expect you two to not only be classmates, but also good friends!"

"I didn't expect Giya's parents to be the presidents of the DarkMoon Biological Group either!" replied Gerald who was rightfully surprised by this turn of events.

"If I may, if we tell the Second Young Mistress that Mr. Crawford is here, maybe she'll finally get out of her depression!" suggested the butler who had been standing by Yusra's side.

"I agree! Once the matter regarding the general's tomb has been settled, I truly hope that Mr. Crawford will come over to my place as an honored guest!" replied Yusra. "I'll be taking you up on that offer, then!" said Gerald.

Regardless of whether Yusra had been lying or not, she truly did look identical to Giya.

Gerald had previously rejected Giya and hurt her, so no matter what happened, if Gerald could leave the tomb alive, then he'd definitely find a way to get to her to find out the truth, and also to hopefully locate the whereabouts of his family.

Chapter 2487

"We have a deal then, Mr. Crawford! It's an honor for the Dark Moon Biological Group to be your acquaintance!" replied Yusra as she raised her wine glass to give him a toast.

"Agreed, Miss Quarrington! He truly is a remarkably talented man!" added a few other experts as they joyously raised their wine glasses as well.

It was at that moment when a servant came running in while exclaiming, "E-Eldest Young Mistress...! Something bad has happened...!"

"What is it, Charle?" asked Yusra with a slight frown.

"It's the seven solitary cultivators of Mount Flygre...! All of them snuck into Noircorpse Valley earlier to be the first to enter the general's tomb..! Unfortunately, one of them died and the other six remain missing! Master Greendrake and the others are currently on their way to discuss this matter!" replied the anxious Charle.

"What?! But... When the seven join forces, they're near unbeatable..! To think that something would happen to them on their way to the general's tomb..!" exclaimed several of the people in the room as they then got to their feet while exchanging shocked glances.

Though the seven solitary cultivators had yet to enter the Dominesch Realm, their master had taught them a formidable formation.

Essentially, when all seven of them used the formation together, they'd all gain the strength of seven Domiensch Realm powerhouses! It was the reason why the seven cultivators were so famous in the cultivation realm.

Whatever the case was, it was at that moment when Master Greendrake, together with Master Trilight and the others came running in before saying, "Hmm..? So you're both here, Mr. Crawford! Miss Quarrington! In fact, it seems quite a number of you are here as well! Good. I was planning to gather all of you to discuss this anyway!"

Before anyone could ask what he meant by that, they soon saw a corpse being carried into the room and upon seeing it, Gerald couldn't help but frown.

The corpse had gone as black as charcoal, and a distinct row of teeth marks could be seen around its neck... Adding that to the fact that the corpse's primordial spirit had been completely drained, it was evident that the culprit of that wound was a demonic corpse.

"What an immense corpsy aura...!" muttered Gerald to himself.

Though Finnley had mentally prepared him of how strong the headless general and his demonic subordinates would be, Gerald was unable to stop himself from skipping a heartbeat as he confirmed staring at the horrifying corpse.

"Serves them right, really. They already knew what they signed up for when they headed down that foggy valley! Still, to think that they weren't even able to make it past Noircorpse Valley unscathed! "

"Could the headless general have done this.." speculated one of the cultivators as he sighed "Now's not the time to mock the dead. Also, the headless general doesn't even have a head! How could he have done the deed?" replied Yusra.

"She's right!"

"From the looks of it, the seven didn't even manage to defeat the demonic corpse that had attacked them.. It's a rough guess, but since there's a dragon vein where the general's tomb is, I'm assuming that the headless general has already

turned into a devilish corpse by now. With that in mind, the other demonic corpses must have had plenty of time to cultivate under him after all these years! The strong corpsy aura surrounding that area most probably contributed to why the demonic corpse was so strong as well!" Though Gerald hadn't gone to the general's tomb yet, he had heard all this from Finnley.

Whatever the case was, Yusra then frowned as she replied, "He's right, and unfortunately, this confirms that the general's tomb is now even more dangerous than before..! If the headless general really has become a devil, then we need to have a thorough plan before we even consider entering that place...! Remember, the headless general only refrained from leaving general only leaving the tomb back then since he was still only a demon. f he's a devil now, then he's free to leave the tomb whenever he likes!"

"I suggest we make our move on the night of a full moon. After all, it's when the headless general absorbs the moon's aura. In other words, he'll be too preoccupied with cultivating, making it his most vulnerable state! With all that said, if we're to make a move, now's the best time to strike!" declared Master Greendrake.

Chapter 2488

Following Master Greendrake's suggestion, everyone quickly agreed and began thoroughly discussing how they were going to make it across Noircorpse Valley to finally get to the tomb.

In the end, they didn't even hold the full moon conference, opting instead to rush to the valley.

All in all, there were about five hundred cultivators from major sects participating in this mission. However, only thirty-eight of them had managed to enter the Domiensch Realm.

Speaking of Domiensch Masters, Darkwind and Lyndon were unable to join along due to their injuries. Because of that, Gerald simply brought the professor along. While it was true that the professor's cultivation was nowhere near as powerful as the rest, this wasn't actually Professor Boyle... It was a disguised Finnley instead!

Naturally, Finnley had tagged along to help Gerald in secret. After all, the old man knew that even with all these cultivators, the headless general was still going to be an extremely dangerous encounter.

Regardless, in order to get to the tomb, they first needed to get past Noircorpse Valley.

As they made their way deeper into the valley, Gerald recalled being told that Freyr Zandt hadn't even been injured in the tomb.

He had been attacked in the valley instead.

Speaking of the valley, it had apparently always contained this dense forest that spanned an area that could house a large city.

The miasma that constantly filled the valley only made the area all the more dangerous. As for its name, 'Noircorpse' came from the rumor that several soldier corpses had been buried together with the general. The valley, however, had another name, that being the Nether Soldier Valley. The second name sprung up due to the rumor that a few hundred thousand nether soldiers called this place home.

Either way, due to the thick demoniC aura, corpsy aura, and miasma, Gerald and the others found themselves continuing to wander within the valley, even after the ten-hour mark.. It was simply that difficult to navigate within this place! The headless general was definitely benefiting from all this... After all, just seeking out the tomb was now a tall task.

For safety's sake, Master Greendrake eventually managed to get everyone to what appeared to be an abandoned village nestled deep within the valley.

Naturally, no human had set foot in here for ages...

" entered this valley many years ago, and back then, the corpsy aura and miasma were nowhere near this terrifying..! How did things end up this way? Even a Domiensch Master like me is finding it hard to navigate this place!" grumbled Hauk Savik, the leader of the Mount Taivas Sect ina gruff voice.

"It's to be expected. After all, since the headless general's devilish power has probably multiplied Over the years, his control over demons has greatly increased! It would certainly explain why this entire valley reeks of demonic and devilish aura! With that said, we need to be more cautious than ever!" declared Master Greendrake.

"Master Greendrake's right. Regardless, since the headless general will be busy absorbing the sun and moon's essence tonight, I suggest that we make our move early the next morning when the moon starts to descend. That'll be when the headless general rests from cultivating. That aside, his primordial spirit won't have solidified by that point, so acting then would be our best bet," suggested Yusra.

After a brief pause, however, she was prompted to add, "One other thing... I hope none of you have any greedy or malicious motives.. If we can't achieve our goal in time, please prioritize escaping. I don't think this needs to be said, but we won' t be able to deal with the headless general, no matter what formations we use!"

Upon hearing that, everyone, including Finnley, quickly nodded in affirmation. Gerald himself said, "While we await that moment, make sure to cultivate and rest up tonight. We need all the energy we can get to make this a speedy mission!"

"Agreed, Mr. Crawford...! "

Following that, the team of five hundred people began occupying the houses in the abandoned village to cultivate and rest...

While the village felt like it was thousands of years old, it was still pretty well-preserved since nobody had been here for ages. Either way, since they were going to wait past midnight, when the miasma and devilish aura had thinned out, before finally making their way to the general's tomb, Gerald and Finnley made sure to quickly enter one of the houses to cultivate as well.

It was a short while later when Gerald looked up and saw that a thick layer of miasma had completely clouded the night sky... This prompted Gerald to furrow his brows while muttering, "I can't explain why, but I keep having a feeling that something bad will happen in the valley...!"

"Hmm? So you can feel it too? Not bad! Regardless, the devilish aura has completely covered the moon by this point, and the sun and moon's essences are rapidly being drained as well. To be able to do all this, the headless general is truly far more powerful than you could ever imagine."

Chapter 2489

"Really though, as I said before, devils nowadays are much stronger than deities... No wonder your grandfather wanted to pursue devilish cultivation so much!" added Finnley as he shook his head with a helpless smile.

"From all that you've said, I guess tonight really is going to be an unusual one.. I wonder what we'll have to face..." muttered Gerald.

"I wonder as well. We'll just have to wait and see.. That aside, don't be afraid, Gerald. Remember, if you want to even have a chance of entering the Deitus Realm, you'll ultimately have to enter the general's tomb," replied Finnley in an encouraging tone, not wanting Gerald to chicken out at the last moment.

Gerald, however, wasn't really afraid of dying. After all, he had already undergone a near-death experience once back in Fyre Cave.

Even so, he felt that if he were to die in the tomb and have his soul vanquished, it'd be a complete shame, especially after he had cultivated for this long. That thought alone was making him wonder whether entering the Deitus Realm was really worth all this trouble. It didn't help that Finnley had told him about the headless general's backstory.

Despite having entered the Ziyiryon Realm and having near, unparalleled powers beyond the three realms, the headless general had still wanted to get stronger.

In the process of getting to the Xenqhos Realm, the headless general ultimately died to a mere mortal... Not only did he lose all his cultivation, but he was also decapitated, which finally led to him turning into a devil!

With all that in mind, Gerald would be lying if he claimed that he wasn't worried of such a fate befalling him.

Still, in the end, Gerald took a deep breath before nodding as he said, "I understand, Finnley"

Following that, he and Finnley began practicing the Coronal Decem Charm...

It was around eleven that night when Gerald who had still been cultivating suddenly heard the faint sound of beating drums in the distance.

Opening his eyes, the vigilant boy then turned to face the source of the drum beating.

However, when he saw that Finnley remained cultivating with his eyes closed, Gerald couldn't help but mumble to himself, "Could I be hearing wrong...?"

In the end, Gerald decided to walk outside. Looking around, nobody seemed to have left their houses, and all Gerald was greeted to was the occasional gusts of wind... However, it didn't take long for Gerald to notice that Yusra had walked out as well.

Upon noticing him, Yusra walked toward the boy before asking, "Did you hear that as well, Mr. Crawford?"

After nodding in response, Gerald watched as Hauk who had a whisk in hand came out as well before saying, "How strange.. Even if regular ghosts were to notice us, they'd most probably be too afraid to come close... With that said, I wonder who's daring enough to beat those drums."

"It's clearly a sign that our guests aren't ordinary ghosts, then... Regardless, we've been discovered!" muttered Master Greendrake as he and several others began walking out as well.

It was at that moment when one of the cultivators pointed toward the sky while asking, "Hey, what's that over there?"

Hearing that, everyone was prompted to look in the direction he was pointing at.

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Upon looking up, the crowd was greeted by the sight of what appeared to be a green, glowing lantern rising into the air... The scene was unsettling, to say the least.

"What... Is that...?" muttered the curious Yusra.

Gerald himself was frowning. As a literature student, he had previously read that floating lanterns such as these were commonly used as signal lamps during ancient warring times.

Once such lanterns appeared, large troops were sure to come soon...!

With that in mind, Gerald felt his heart momentarily go numb as he declared, "Not only have we been found, but we're going to have company soon as well!"

"But who's the enemy?" asked Yusra, now feeling even more uneasy than before.

"Whoever it is, there's nothing to be afraid of. After all, anyone who even dares to come close will first have to go through me first!" scoffed Hauk before pinching his fingers together and launching an aurablade toward the floating lantern!

"Stop..!" yelled both Gerald and Yusra at the same time. However, they were too late!

Following a minor explosive sound, the destroyed lantern quickly came crumbling to the ground.

Laughing in response, Hauk then replied, "it's just a lantern, Miss Quarrington and Brother Gerald! Why are you two being so cautious?" Feeling helpless, Gerald then muttered in a frigid tone, "I'm afraid that wasn't just a 'simple lantern, Mr. Savik... Honestly, your actions may have just doomed our expedition.

Before Hauk could even reply, everyone suddenly heard rustling noises coming from nearby... And shortly after, marching and neighing could be heard as well! It was as if they had just summoned an ancient, hostile army!

"H-Huh..?" muttered Hauk, finally realizing that he had just put everyone in deep trouble.

"W-what?! What's going on?!" exclaimed the dumbfounded Hauk.

"They're corpse demons! If you want to kill them, you'll first need to locate their demonic sources! It's the only way to kill them since they're technically already dead!" retorted Gerald who was using his Fierce Wind Palm to blow away dozens of nether soldiers who were trying to clamber onto him!

Upon hearing that, Hauk immediately attempted to do as Gerald said... However, after missing his mark a few times, he soon looked horrified as he exclaimed, "F-from the looks of it, their demonic sources are unevenly scattered!"

This prompted Yusra to growl, "You've truly doomed us all, Hauk Savik..! Even if we don't die from their attacks, we'll still die from exhaustion..!"

To add salt to the wound, bats and winged nether soldiers suddenly began swooping down on the cultivators as well! There were now so many enemies that they almost seemed countless.