

The Invisible Rich Man CHAPTER 2506

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Chapter 2506

There were two straightforward purposes of the trip.

The first was to find Phoebe, the descendant of the ancient witches. Only by finding her would Gerald have a chance to locate Daryl's hideout. Hopefully the Yinblood pellet that was now in his hands would aid with that effort.

As for the second goal, he was hoping to retrieve the inheritance according to the Zear's instructions. After all, he'd only stand a fighting chance against Daryl and the Soluna Sect after getting the inheritance.

While it was true that Gerald's cultivation level was currently one of the highest in all of the cultivation realm, the fact remained that Daryl practiced devilish cultivation, and those from the Soluna Deus Sect were already in the Deitus Realm.

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In other words, he was merely an ant to them, which was why he was making sure to fully prepare himself before confronting them. Though he now had Sanchez and the Blancetnoir Double Lords under his command, he still felt that he was underprepared.

Regardless, Gerald and his party soon found themselves within the North Desert. Since the Yin and Yangblood pellets had auras that connected the two, it was able to serve as a compass, leading Gerald in the right direction throughout their journey.

The pull became particularly strong once they arrived in the desert north of Serise Ridge, and it prompted Gerald to say, "From the looks of it, Phoebe should be close!"

With that in mind, the party headed into the nearest town and found a tavern to rest for a bit. In between drinks, Sanchez said, "since she's close by, allow me to use my sound transmission technique to let out a roar that'll be heard for at least a few thousand miles! I'm sure she'll notice us then!"

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"Sanchez, have you considered what'll happen to those within the city if you do that? Are you trying to wipe the locals out?" scoffed Darkwind.

"You do realize that there are at least a thousand people living in the area, right? Are you suggesting that we slowly scan through the town then?" retorted Sanchez.

Sighing in response, Gerald then shook his head before turning to look at Marcel and saying, "Do you have any secret codes between you and her, Mr. Lurvink..? We've already been here for a few days, and she should've sensed your presence by now... With that in mind, why hasn't she appeared.?"

Gerald, for one, was quite worried that she had met with a mishap... After all, she was his final chance of locating Daryl!

Unfortunately, even Marcel seemed to be at a loss as he replied, "Honestly, I'm wondering the same thing. She should've shown herself ages ago!"

As Gerald and the others continued discussing the matter, a group of white robed men suddenly entered the tavern.

Once they sat down, one of the men whispered, "For f*ck's sake.! I can't believe we can't even break into the valley after that long siege.!"

"It's to be expected. That herb lady possesses extremely rare herbs, and anyone who obtains them will surely be able to advance their cultivation! Unfortunately, her formations are far too powerful for us.!"

"We'll just continue staying here then.! Since we've already trapped her here for half a year, I don't mind waiting another year or two..! I'm sure we'll eventually be able to starve her to death.!"

Since they were now way up north, it was freezing, and snow had now piled up pretty high outside the tavern... However, Gerald and his party weren't concerned about the cold. Instead, they were shocked since they were all able to hear what those robed men had whispered.

What's more, their auras were so distinct that even Sanchez and the Blancetnoir Double Lords couldn't help but exchange glances.

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From what Gerald could tell, all of them were devilish cultivators. After all, their auras were way different compared to regular cultivators like Gerald and demonic cultivators like Sanchez.

Though he had read about devilish cultivators before in one of Uncle Zeman's books, this was his first time actually coming across them.

It was a while later when the frowning Sanchez muttered, "So, they want to ambush some herb lady.. Is she the one we're looking for?"

Sanchez, for one, had pretty much been frowning throughout his journey with Gerald. His only hope at the moment was for Gerald to find the person he was looking for as soon as possible.

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Otherwise, who knew how long that boy would continue controlling his life!

Regardless, Marcel was quick to add, "I had the same thought, Mr. Crawford. After all, Phoebe excels not only in pharmacology, but also in all sorts of special techniques and formations!"

Watching as Gerald nodded, the Blancetnoir Double Lords couldn't help but scoff, "Why are we even discussing this? If it were up to me, I'd already have captured those men to get them to tell us all they know!"

After scratching his chin, Gerald ultimately replied, "Alright, let's go with that, then!"

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While it was true that the four were devilish cultivators, their powers were honestly manageable... and after the robed men had finished their alcohol, they got up to leave... Though the outside was covered with snow, none of them left any footsteps behind..

After walking for a bit, one of the elderly men suggested, "Say, since we can't get into the valley, why don't we just burn that whole place down using devilish fire, senior?"

"I considered that before, but if we set everything ablaze, we ultimately lose! After all, all that herb lady's exotic herbs will surely be burned in the process! Still, now that you mention it again... If we're careful enough with the devilish fire, we may just be able to force her out without causing substantial damage!" replied the leader with a nod.

The four went by Lord Ethern, Lord Terron, Lord Ebon, and Lord Flaxen. Though they now had a new plan, it didn't take long for them to stop in their tracks. A familiar face was now standing before them..

Didn't we see him in the tavern earlier? muttered Lord Ethern as he glared at Sanchez.

Earlier, he was pretty sure that Gerald and his party were harmless... But at the moment, he could feel a surge of mighty pressure coming from the old man. To think that the one standing before them had such a high cultivation level..!

It was that moment when Sanchez said, "Hey there, juniors. I'd like to ask you--"

"J-Juniors...?! How imprudent!" interrupted Lord Ethern. How humiliating!

"Since when have you grown to be this polite, Sanchez? Just force it out of them already!" grumbled two voices... and shortly after, the Blancetnoir Double Lords appeared in two beams of light! Sneering in response, Sanchez retorted, "I'm the strongest being in the world. Bullying these juniors would only make me look bad!"

"Oh, cut the crap! Mr. Crawford is still waiting for us, you know?"

By this point, the four hooded men were already in defensive stances. How the hell were these three so powerful..?! Lord Faxen was feeling particularly vigilant, so he quickly casted a technique before yelling, "Hang in there, brothers...! I'll return with reinforcements..!" Following that, the old man escaped!

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"Flaxen, you bloody traitor..." roared the three other lords who grew so angry that their faces went red!

However, they had no time to remain angry since the Blancetnoir Double Lords and Sanchez had already made their move! As one would expect, it only took a single round for all three of the lords to crumble to the ground.

With his eyes wide open, Lord Ethern stuttered, "Who... Who the hell are you people...?"

"You don't need to know that information. That aside, tell us what you four are planning to do already," scoffed Gerald as he slowly approached the three defeated men.

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Who the hell do you think you are? What makes you think I'll comply so easily?" growled Lord Ethren Upon hearing that, Gerald raised his hand and within a split second, the Blancetnoir Double Lords had just snapped both of the poor man's arms!

"If you want your other limbs intact, don't make me repeat the question," growled Gerald.

Now terrified, the agonized man replied, "I'll talk! I'll talk! Look, we're the four guardians of the Nirvadevil Sect, and we're here to attempt to get a herbalist to

hand over her exotic herbs! However, she's been hiding in an enchanted valley this entire time, and we haven't been able to get to her..!"

"Who exactly is this herbalist?"

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"I-I'm not sure...! All I know is that she's a disfigured old lady who's mastered the arts of herbalism and formations! She's been staying in that valley for decades, or so I've been told..!"

Upon hearing that, Gerald couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed. For one, Phoebe wasn't old, and she had only been here for a decade at most... Was this lead another dead end...?

His train of thought was cut short when Lord Noir shook his head before saying, "She doesn't seem to be the one we're looking for, so we may as well leave these people alone and resume our search for the two."

"Not so fast. You three. Why haven't I heard of the Nirvadevil Sect before, hmm? Do you belong to the devilish cultivation realm?" asked Gerald as he walked closer to the trio.

Sanchez himself couldn't help but add, "Indeed. I've lived for a thousand years and I've yet to learn of such a sect!"

"T-The Nirvadevil Sect was only established around twenty-seven years ago, so I'm not surprised that you haven't heard of us... What's more, our master always reminds us not to meddle with the secular world or the cultivation realm." muttered Lord Terren.

"Who is your master anyway?" asked the Blancetnoir Double Lords.

"We... aren't exactly sure... We rarely get to meet him, and his whereabouts are always a secret... The only thing I can say for sure is that he's a very strong and old cultivator.." replied Lord Ebon.

"I suppose your master gave you your cultivation, then?" said Gerald, prompting all three of the lords to nod.

"I see... It seems that devilish cultivators have always been around... Just hiding in the shadows!" added Gerald with an understanding nod.

From the books he had read, he had learned that devilish cultivators were extremely mysterious people who had disappeared along with the Deitus Realm ages ago.

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Hell, the only information that he knew regarding the devilish cultivation realm was that Daryl was possibly a great devil by now... Everything else was pretty much in uncertain territory...

It took him a while, but Gerald eventually raised a brow as he said, "Hold on. You said your master didn't allow you to meddle with the secular world... So why are you four trying to besiege the valley?"

"B-because our master told us to capture all the herb masters who were proficient with a specific set of exotic herbs.. This herbalist is simply one of them!" explained Lord Ethern.

"Which herbs did he specify?"