

The Invisible Rich Man Chapter 1563-1569

1563

“Very well, then! We’ll end this tomorrow!” agreed Gerald before immediately leaving.

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Seconds after Gerald’s departure, two shadowy figures suddenly bounded over to Daryl’s side...

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“I have to insist that you’re overestimating him, my lord! Using the great dragon extermination spell on him... Don’t you think that you’re treating him a bit too highly?”

“That’s right! After all, even though he’s become the King of the North and is now a Chakra King like you, it’s evident that he’s still far less capable in comparison! I mean, Gerald wasn’t even able to land a single hit on you earlier!”

If it wasn’t evident enough, both of the men—who were at the level of Eighth-rank Masters—were very close to Daryl.

Before they could say anything else, however, Daryl suddenly spurted a fountain of blood out of his mouth, falling to his knees seconds later!

“...W-what? M-my lord!” shouted the shocked duo.

Before they were able to help him up, the shivering Daryl—whose forehead was now overflowing with sweat—shouted, “Don’t touch me! My... Several of my veins have been damaged by Gerald’s essential qi! If we’re not careful I’ll be as good as gone!”

Following that, the injured old man looked at the direction that Gerald had left in, his heart beating wildly and his eyes unable to hide their wariness.

In an almost heartbroken tone, Daryl then muttered, “...He... His power is now far beyond mine... He’s become too powerful...! I’ll undoubtedly end up losing in our battle tomorrow!”

“...T-then... What should we do, my lord?” asked the now panicking duo.

“What else can be done? We only have the great dragon extermination spell left! If that can’t take Gerald down, then nobody on this planet will ever come close to becoming his opponent again... It truly isn’t a stretch to claim that Gerald is now the strongest man on Earth!” replied Daryl, complex emotions reflected in his eyes.

“...Well, what are you still standing there for? Hurry! Return and start preparing the great dragon extermination spell!” bellowed Daryl.

It wasn’t long after before the battle between Daryl and Gerald started spreading around.

Naturally, this instantly caused quite a stir among members of the cultivating realm as well as those from international prestigious families.

A battle between the King of the North and the King of South Asia... This battle was surely going down in history!

With that in mind, numerous skilled men from both the cultivating realm and distinguished families quickly made their way to Yanam throughout the night...

Aside from that, news of the upcoming battle also started an undercurrent in Yanam. Massive events like these required people to eventually pick a side, after all. A wrong or careless choice now would definitely affect any future development of the families involved. In a way, making decisions at this point was not unlike placing heavy bets.

Understanding that it wouldn't be worth the loss, the powers quickly began researching Gerald's background, hoping to pick the right side as soon as possible.

Interestingly enough, though he was thought to be unpopular, many ended up picking the new King of the North's side.

Most of them were from second-class families within Yanam, and among them, was the Jenks, Yosef's family.

Regardless, Gerald couldn't seem to calm his mind at all that night. Despite the fact that he was bathing in a moonlit hot spring without anyone in sight, there were simply too many things bothering Gerald at the moment.

From what Daryl had said, he had done all this just to obtain Gerald's Herculean Primordial Spirit... Aside from that, the old man had apparently built secret connections with some of Jaellatra's forces as well...

Either way, Gerald now knew that Mila truly had been in Jaellatra this entire time, and that she had somehow managed to gain enough recognition to be given the power to travel over to earth and make negotiations on Jaellatra's behalf. In the end, however, she got captured by Daryl who had hoped to use her to threaten him!

With such high stakes at risk, Gerald didn't dare to be careless...

It didn't help that he hadn't gotten in touch with any of the forces in Jaellatra before...

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For all he knew, the King of Judgment Portal could very well know a thing or two about all this...

Whatever the case was, Gerald was sure that most of those forces were going to be very strong. Hell, there could even be a person as strong as he was!

Nevertheless, Gerald knew that he still had to save Mila and his family tomorrow. With that in mind, Gerald then closed his eyes, attempting to rest and meditate. Eventually, he lost track of time...

It was sometime later when a loud voice grumbled, "Humph! How could such a big manor like this be completely devoid of people?"

"Indeed! Isn't this one of Yanam's top manors? I had honestly expected to see a lot of celebrities here!" added another person.

Following that, a few youths—both male and female—and a few other Western young masters could be seen entering the venue in a group. Since this manor's hot springs were rather well-known, those who visited Yanam tended to drop by, which was probably why these people were here in the first place.

"Regardless, to think that the security guard at the door actually claimed that someone had booked this entire place! He's probably the reason why nobody else has been able to enter!" said a feminine voice.

"Forget about him! Honestly, had he said another word earlier, I would've definitely knocked him out! Regardless, since we're already here, let's make sure to enjoy ourselves tonight!" replied one of the young masters.

With how loud they were being, Gerald—who was still trying to relax in the hot springs—found himself frowning slightly. This hot spring manor had been specifically booked by a few families for the sole usage

of those from the Sacrasolis Palace. With that in mind, these unsatisfied people were definitely considered to be trespassers.

Had it been anytime else, Gerald would've definitely ordered for these people to be kicked out. However, he really couldn't be bothered with them at the moment... So be it.

They could have all the fun they wanted as long as they didn't disturb him!

His mind now made up, Gerald simply continued meditating with his eyes closed...

Due to how unwilling he was to pay any further attention to that group, Gerald failed to notice that at that moment, a pretty girl—who was part of the group—who had been twirling her hair this entire time momentarily appeared astonished when she glanced in his general direction...

After staring his way for a brief moment, she eventually shook her head, figuring that she had seen wrong.

Noticing a change in her expression, one of the guys in the group—who had been standing beside her—then asked, "Is something the matter, Leila?"

"...It's nothing. I just... thought I saw someone very familiar for a moment there... An old friend from Serene County... Though that couldn't be, right...?" replied Leila Jung rather uncertainly.

Despite all the girls in the group—inclusive of the few Western women among them—looking extremely attractive, Leila's mature charm and intellectual beauty still allowed her to outshine the others.

"Hahaha! As if anyone from Serene County would be prestigious enough to travel to this place! Do you even know how much one has to pay just to stay a night in this manor?" replied a bespectacled man who had been listening in to the conversation.

“Again, I most probably saw wrong... Also, not everyone in Serene County is poor, you know? I once had a friend there who came from an extremely rich family... His father had connections with the Jungs, you see... Regardless, while it’s true that he’s rich, he shouldn’t have any reason to be in Yanam... Even if the King of the North is going to enter battle soon, I doubt that the news would’ve even reached his ears! After all, in the end, he’s just a regular rich heir! That event has nothing to do with him!” muttered Leila to herself, recalling that the last Gerald and her had met was at least four years ago...

The present-day Leila had already completed her Ph.D. in Foreign Languages a year prior, and she was now a famous translator in a major company overseas. Due to that, she now mostly came across international celebrities in her daily life. In fact, she had even met higher-ups who were similarly ranked with Presidents before!

With all that in mind, it was evident that Leila no longer saw things the way her younger self did.

Truth be told, she felt like laughing just from reminiscing about him...

To think that all this had started with her utterly looking down on Gerald... Upon later realizing that he was actually a rich heir who was simply keeping a low profile, the young Leila ended up being so regretful that she even felt like dying!

Though she kept trying her best to get Gerald’s heart to be hers after that, he never had his eyes on her... Not even once. That, of course, made her feel dejected, and she fell into a slump for the longest time...

At the time, she figured that as long as she was able to get married to a man who loved her, her life would be complete. Of course, fate worked in mysterious ways, and it eventually granted Leila her wish while she was doing a part-time job as a tour guide... During one of her many shifts, she had come across a gentlemanly foreigner by the name of John...

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After meeting John, things went rather smoothly and Leila was able to widen her horizons quite a bit.

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To put it into perspective, it was similar to a situation where a tiny-winged butterfly—who had previously only flown around local vegetable fields—suddenly grew massive wings that allowed it to fly much higher into the sky... The foreign sights, scents, and sounds... It was paradise to Leila who hadn't anticipated there to be so much more to the world.

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With that in mind, Leila no longer had any trouble moving on from Gerald.

While she had to admit that Gerald truly was the most exceptional person among the rest within the vegetable fields she frequented—which explained why so many butterflies fell for him—back then, now that she had experienced the paradise beyond, her desperation back then honestly felt a little funny to her.

“Still, it truly is a shame that we don't know where the dragon tower is... Even if we do, we can't really go inside either! A great battle between the King of the North and the King of South Asia... Ahh... I really want to watch it! It'll surely be the battle of the century!” grumbled a young man as a few others agreed with his sentiment.

While all of them had been able to enter this manor through the use of connections, those connections would do little to grant them access into the dragon tower.

“Wait, doesn't your family's business expand across the Middle East, young master Lynn? I've even heard that your family has connections with the Arabic royal family! Since it's been rumored that even people who are President-level are watching the battle tomorrow, have you been granted permission to

watch, Frederick?” asked one of the westerners as he turned to look at Frederick Lynn—the one walking in front of the group—with respectful eyes.

“About that... I’ll have to look at my father’s arrangements first... Though I remember him telling me that it shouldn’t be a problem to enter the area surrounding the dragon tower!” replied Frederick with a slightly bitter chuckle.

Upon hearing that, everyone instantly threw envious glances at him.

Even Leila couldn’t help but steal a few glances at him... To have connections even on an international level... Now this was a true young master...

“Then... Could you bring us with you, young master Lynn?” squealed a few of the girls who were already starting to get excited.

“Hahaha! I specified ‘the area surrounding the Dragon Tower’ for a reason! Look, while I may be able to get all of us into a wide variety of places, I really can’t do a thing in this situation... After all, I’m sure all of you are aware of the kind of bigshots one has to be in order to witness the battle for themselves!” replied Frederick as he shook his head helplessly.

As it turned out, being able to enter the dragon tower in the first place was already a big issue for Frederick too.

Hearing that, Leila then said, “You know, I don’t think we should swarm the dragon tower tomorrow... Just so you know, I was translating for a European country’s leader this morning, and I overheard that only Seventh-rank masters are allowed to be part of the escort team. With that said, even if we do manage to enter, we don’t have any special protection! Our lives could be at risk every second we’re in there!”

“Of course, the same can’t be said with young master Lynn! I’m sure he has special people who keep him safe at all times!” added Leila as she turned to look at Frederick.

Naturally pleased to hear that, Frederick then nodded with a smile before replying, “Ms. Leila, correct? If an opportunity arises, we should really get to know each other a bit more... After all, it seems that you have a way with words... Speaking of which, I heard that a few of you, advanced translators, are entering tomorrow aside alongside some distinguished authorities. Is that true?”

“It is, though even upon entering, we’re only allowed to remain within the outer ring. Since the new King of the North is said to have extraordinary capabilities—to the point where Yanam had previously been forced to apply restricted means on him—many leaders aren’t allowed to be within the core area either!” explained Leila.

While the duo was still sharing the conversation between themselves, one of the guys in their group suddenly pointed in a certain direction before exclaiming, “...Hey. Is that who I think it is?!”

Upon hearing that, everyone—including Leila—turned to look at where he was pointing at...

They were greeted by the sight of a tall, long-haired woman—who only had a white bathrobe on—who was slowly approaching the hot springs.

With how delicate her facial features were, all the men in the group couldn’t even pull their eyes away from her, completely stunned.

It didn’t take long, however, for one of them to snap out of it before exclaiming, “It... It really is her! It’s the international artist, Yelena Song! The top beauty queen of Asia...!”

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While some of the men were still recovering from their initial shock, others were already looking at her with lustful gazes as they said, “What the hell is she doing here in Yanam? And why’s she dressed so erotically tonight?”

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Yelena hadn't been given the title of the most beautiful woman in Asia for no reason. With that said, to men like them, she was pretty much on the level of an unattainable goddess.

Regardless, due to her beauty, countless rich men had pursued her from the moment she rose to fame. While that naturally meant that several strong forces were supporting her, none of her pursuers ever really succeeded.

Looking at her, Frederick had to admit that she was extraordinarily beautiful. Leila herself cast a jealous glance at the beauty.

By this point, Yelena had realized that she was being stared at. Turning to look at the group of people gawking at her, she instantly began blushing, much to the awe of her spectators.

Yelena was only here since the main force supporting here had told her to accompany the King of the North tonight, hopefully garnering his heart in the process.

Naturally, had it been anyone else, Yelena wouldn't have agreed with this in the least. Gerald, however, was not just a random nobody. He was the King of the North, one of the strongest people on the planet! With that said, who wouldn't want such a hero to be their lover?

Regardless, she hadn't expected for there to be so many people here, which explained why she was feeling so surprised.

Whatever the case was, Yelena watched as a few of the men in the group excitedly rushed forward and greeted, "I-it's a pleasure to meet you, Goddess Yelena!"

Though they were enthusiastic, she simply turned to look at the young man resting in the hot springs again... She had seen him in a photo before, and she had to admit that he was charismatic. Now that the

real deal was before her, however, Yelena felt that the photo didn't do him justice. With nothing but Gerald in her heart and soul, it was pretty much impossible for any other men to get her attention.

Realizing that Yelena was ignoring his friend, Frederick—being the leader of the group—instantly felt humiliated. After all, nobody had ever dared not to give him face.

“Yelena, don't you think you're being a bit too arrogant? How could you just ignore my brothers when they rushed over to greet you?” scoffed Frederick as he walked over to her, annoyance in his tone.

In response, Yelena—who was already standing behind Gerald, her eyes reflecting how enticed she was—didn't even bother to turn back to look at Frederick as she replied, “I'm only here tonight to accompany Mr. Crawford. With that said, no one else is worthy of my attention!”

“You...! How dare you look down on me, you b*tch?! I'm the one and only Frederick Lynn! Don't tell me you don't know who I am! Are you saying I'm less worthy than this sh*tty Mr. Crawford of yours? Bullsh*t!” roared the infuriated Frederick as he gnashed his teeth.

Hearing that, Yelena turned to look at the rude man with a frigid gaze as she said, “I've heard of you before, Young Master Lynn. However, do restrain yourself today if you don't want to get into any trouble!”

From the looks of it, Yelena felt that these people didn't even realize who the person in the hot springs was, which was why she was going an extra step to advise them.

Frederick, however, was having none of that.

Glaring at Gerald, Frederick reminded himself that there hadn't been a man whom he didn't dare offend up till this point. Adding that to Yelena's sickening attitude toward him, Frederick decided to project all his anger onto Gerald!

'So, you value him more than me, huh? Good! I'll make you eat your words! Let's see who the person with real power is now!' Frederick thought to himself as he instantly grabbed a nearby bottle of wine...

Before pouring all of its contents into the hot springs!

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Once the bottle was empty, he scoffed before tossing the bottle onto the ground!

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With glass shards now scattered around his feet, Frederick glared at Gerald, wanting to see what he would say to that.

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Yelena, on the other hand, had a mortified expression on her face. After all, she knew very well who this person was!

"...Foolish!" shouted Gerald.

After placing a white towel on his face, Gerald had finally begun enjoying himself in the hot springs. Now that this buffoon had interrupted him, he was less than pleased.

"You... What the hell did you just say?! I bet you don't know who I am yet, right?! Just so you know, my father has connections with the Saudi royal family!" roared the angered Frederick.

Silence was Gerald's only response. After all, he could already hear the many footsteps that were swiftly approaching... and within seconds, over ten men had surrounded the area!

Looking at the person who seemed to be the group's leader, the lavishly-dressed middle-aged man had a terrified expression on his face as he shouted, "How the hell have so many people managed to barge in?!"

Quiver slightly in his immense fear, the one who had spoken was none other than the old boss of the manor.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but this should've been a quiet place for my master to rest in, right, Chairman Chac? What are all these random people doing here? Could it be that you don't value your life?" asked Carlos—who was among the men who had run in—as he glowered at the middle-aged man.

"I-I would've definitely stopped them if I knew...!" whimpered Chairman Chac as he instantly began bowing repeatedly before Carlos.

Following that, he angrily turned to look at Frederick and his friends before roaring, "Who the hell let all of you in?!"

Upon hearing that, Frederick and the others suffered yet another humiliating blow... What the hell was wrong with everyone today?

First, that celebrity had ignored Frederick, and now, they were being scolded just because they wanted to enjoy a leisurely trip here!

Thankfully, Frederick had met Chairman Chac several times with his father a few years back. With that in mind, Frederick simply assumed that it was too dark for Chairman Chac to properly see his face.

While there was also a possibility that the man had forgotten about him, Frederick simply replied, "Chairman Chac, correct? I feel like you've forgotten who I am, but just as a refresher, my name is Frederick Lynn, and Joe Lynn is my father!"

Seeing how confidently he said that, Leila couldn't help but look at him in admiration as he walked toward Chairman Chac, intent on shaking the middle-aged man's hand.

In response, however, all he received was a tight slap from Chairman Chac!

"Lynn? The hell is Lynn?! Again, who the f*ck allowed all of you in?!" growled Chairman Chac.

Staring in disbelief at the middle-aged man who had just slapped him, Frederick then replied, "Chairman Chac! I remind you that Joe Lynn is my father!"

Following another slap to his other cheek, Chairman Chac then yelled, "Lynn this, Lynn that! Just get the hell out of my sight already!"

As the group of youths grew frightened when they saw the security guards inching closer to them, a voice suddenly shouted, "I'm afraid they won't be leaving that easily!"

Turning to face the source of the voice, everyone was astonished to see that Gerald had already gotten himself dressed, and was now looking at Frederick with a faint smile.

"...G-Gerald...? You... How could this be...?" muttered the shocked Leila as she stared at the youth who had his arms against his back.

Hearing that familiar voice, the slightly taken aback Gerald then turned to face the surprised girl before replying, "...Leila? What are you doing here...?"

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The two hadn't met each other in years...

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"...Gerald... You... You know all these people...?" asked the befuddled Leila.

How was any of this possible? All these people were international dignitaries! There was no way Gerald could be acquainted with them, right?

"Them? Well, in a way..." replied Gerald rather indifferently as he turned to look at Chairman Chac.

"W-worry not, Mr. Crawford! I definitely won't let him off that easily! I'll teach him a good lesson for even daring to disturb your peace!" stuttered the middle-aged man—whose forehead was already drenched in sweat—while pointing at Frederick.

"C-come on! I dare you!" retorted Frederick who was honestly getting a little scared when he realized just how many guards were present.

Turning to look at Leila once more, Gerald then said, "...Since she's an old friend of mine, I'll let tonight's little incident slide. However! There won't be a next time! Now leave before I change my mind!"

After saying that, Gerald cleared his throat before adjusting his clothes a little, signifying that the night was cold and he wanted to be left alone already.

"...You... The hell do you think you are?! Do you think I'm someone you can just give orders all willy-nilly?!" shouted the devastated Frederick.

He just couldn't believe that something like this was happening, especially when the one in power was someone close to his age! None of this felt convincing at all!

"Oh? You're not planning to go even though I've allowed you to leave in one piece?" asked Gerald as he stared at Frederick with a slight frown.

"Crawford, this may be your territory, but if you're daring enough, why don't you come along with me to Saudi Arabia? I'll make sure your life ends without even knowing what killed you! Mark my words!" growled Frederick whose eyes were now reddened in rage.

Seeing that things weren't getting any better and understanding that Frederick was only going to continue getting more and more enraged, Leila simply looked helplessly at Gerald, shaking her head before saying, "That's quite enough, Gerald. Don't you think you've acted tough enough already? Do you really not know how truly powerful the Lynn family is? While I know you're rich, the world is enormous, you know? How much of it have you even seen? I hope you realize that there are many others who are more powerful than you. Do you truly think you'll be able to live peacefully after offending Young Master Lynn tonight?"

"Look, before I change my mind, you'd better drag your friends and that young master of yours out of here. I'll say it right now that Yanam is no longer a peaceful place, so you better not stay here any longer!" replied Gerald who really couldn't be bothered with them anymore.

Watching as he turned around and left, Leila's anger instantly spiked, prompting the humiliated girl to growl, "Just who do you think you are, Gerald? Do you even know what position I have now? You have no idea who I'm acquainted with!"

Before the enraged girl could scowl any further, a young errand boy came running over to Carlos before politely saying, "There are several major dignitaries waiting at the door, master! They said that they wished to meet with a man here, and they've even brought along many precious gifts!"

"Major dignitaries? Who exactly are they?" asked Carlos with a frown.

“Most of them are royalties from the Middle East! As for the rest, they’re apparently nobles from South Asia!” replied the errand boy.

“...That... What?” said the shocked Leila to herself.

After the errand boy read out the names of all the dignitaries, Leila and Frederick found themselves momentarily stunned speechless.

Her face twitching from all the shock, Leila eventually managed to find her voice again as she muttered, “...Who... Who exactly is Gerald...? Why are all these bigwigs even coming over to see him...?”

Frederick himself was finally realizing what kind of person he had been messing around with earlier...

Now completely engulfed in fear, all of them instantly tried to leave.

However, before anyone could even make it past a few steps, Carlos placed his hand over Frederick’s shoulder before sneering, “Hey now, little kid. You didn’t leave when we allowed you to. What’s the rush now?”

“W-what do you want...?” stuttered Frederick with a gulp.

“Well, since it’s against the rules of the Sacrasolis Palace to kill you, I won’t do so... However...” replied Carlos as he turned to look at the hot springs where Frederick had poured the wine in earlier.

“Well, while you’re spared of the death penalty, it isn’t that easy for you to escape punishment... With that said, all of you have to drink up all the water in this pool! Otherwise, I’ll make sure I toss all of you out in completely mangled states!” added Carlos in a stern voice, a cold smile on his face.

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Not wanting to die, Frederick and the others could only obey. As they helplessly began drinking up the water in the hot springs, a sinister smile could be seen on Carlos's face...

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Fast forward to early the next morning, several people could already be seen gathered near Yanam's thousand-year-old dragon tower.

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Atop the sturdy, three-hundred-meter-tall building that touched the sky, several people could be seen tied up there... As to be expected, they were Gerald's family members...

Aside from them, Mila was also there, though she had been tied to a stone pillar instead.

Throughout her time in captivity, Daryl had told Mila everything.

Despite having lost her memories, Mila knew for a fact that someone had been painstakingly searching for her in the past few years... With that in mind, she was eager to see whether Daryl's opponent truly was the person whom her heart had so desperately been trying to remember this entire time...

As for Dylan, though he was a very dignified man, he was now looking at Daryl as he begged, "You've set so many traps for Gerald... Gerald doesn't even have any grudges against you...! Why must this end with Gerald dying?!"

“It’s useless to try persuading me out of it... It’s just his luck that destiny chose him to have such great value! If you’re going to be blaming anyone for his death then blame it on fate!” replied Daryl as he shook his head with a bitter smile on his face.

Hearing that, Mila angrily retorted, “I hope you haven’t forgotten that there are many other more powerful people keeping an eye on you, Daryl! Though I may not remember what happened between Gerald and I, nor do I know what you truly want from him, I can say for certain that you aren’t going to be getting anything out of all this!”

“I’m afraid you’re all wrong! After eliminating Gerald today, do you think I’ll still need to fear Jaellatra?” replied Daryl as he let out a booming laugh.

At that moment, his gaze suddenly turned frigid as he looked down...

Scorn reflected in his eyes, the old man then sneered, “Speak of the devil... Looks like he’s here!”

Daryl already knew how ungodly Gerald’s strength truly was from their last encounter, and he would honestly be much more fearful without the presence of the now fully-prepared great dragon extermination spell...

A brief moment later, Gerald arrived at the top. Staring at Daryl who was sitting cross-legged on the floor, Gerald couldn’t help but sneer, “You’re on time!”

He was finally going to fight to the death against this once respectable old man... Truth be told, Gerald was still finding all this slightly strange.

Slowly opening his eyes, Daryl then looked at Gerald before replying, “I’ve already lost a great deal of my qi after our momentary battle yesterday, Gerald! With that said, I’m going to be fighting with a handicap! Even so, I believe that today’s battle will still be a great one!”

Though his eyes looked completely soulless, they somehow still managed to glint frigidly as the old man added in a spine-tingling voice, “However, don’t think you’ll be able to do as you please just because you’re a little stronger than me now! As I’ve said before, the world is a huge place, and there will always be things that you haven’t seen! Regardless, I’m going to be making a bet with you now. Essentially, if I manage to kill you today, not only will I be taking the lives of all your family members, but I’ll also be killing the rest of the people from the Sacrasolis Palace! However, I’m also leaving you the option of killing yourself before me now! With that, I’ll at least spare the lives of the people from the Sacrasolis Palace!”

“Oh? A bet you say? Before that, allow me to remind you that we’re having this battle in the first place to resolve our grudges. Also, I’m sure you’re much better prepared today since you weren’t able to obtain a thing from me yesterday. Moving back to the bet, are you saying you want me to bet the lives of my family members and all those from the Sacrasolis Place when you clearly have tricks planned up your sleeves? I believe that it’s only fair if you suffer an equivalent loss should I win instead, no? With that said, once I end your life, I’ll be ending the lives of all the cultivating Crawfords as well. Deal?”

Upon hearing that, a hint of unease was momentarily reflected in Daryl’s eyes. However, the old man quickly recovered before coldly shouting, “I agree! With that out of the way, show me how truly powerful you are today!”

The second his sentence ended, Daryl appeared to concentrate hard for a second... and the next thing anyone knew, a bright flash could be seen! Recovering from the sudden brightness, everyone stared wide-eyed at the long, black staff that was now in Daryl’s right hand...

Pointing the staff at Gerald—as though it was a magic wand—everyone watched as it momentarily became a blur... and extended to about twenty meters away from Daryl!

With the elongated staff now rapidly rushing toward Gerald, everyone knew that the great battle was finally commencing!