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The Invisible Rich Man CHAPTER 2496-2500

Chapter 2496

One of the elders wore a black robe, while the other had a white one on. Oddly enough, though they had white hair, they still looked rather young.

Whatever the case was, the second the two appeared, Gerald could immediately feel an immense pressure being emitted from them!

Ever since Gerald entered the Domiensch Realm, nobody had been able to make him feel this way aside from Finnley and Sanchez.

With that in mind, it was obvious that these two men had already entered the Deitus Realm!

“Oh? The Blancetnoir Double Lords who entered the Deitus Realm about a thousand years ago? How interesting...! Why are such well known cultivators like you two standing guard over this child?” asked Sanchez as he laughed aloud.

Ignoring his question, the white-robed old man simply retorted, “Your true self has been destroyed, Sanchez! With that said, I don’t think I need to tell you how a battle with both of us is going to end!

“True enough, now that I’m only half of what I used to be, it’ll definitely be difficult for me to take on you two at the same time. However, hear me out. The secrets of the headless

general are about to be revealed. Aren’t you curious in the least?” replied Sanchez, his arms still against his back.

Upon hearing that, the two men were prompted to look at each other, clearly feeling a bit more hesitant now.

“Don’t listen to him, Grandpa Blanc and Noir! Allow me to remind you that he sacrificed the lives of countless cultivators simply because he wanted to unlock the secrets of the

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headless general! He's a sinister and cunning man who won't share anything he finds with you!" yelled Yusra who was currently pressing her wound.

Seeing that, Sanchez simply waved his hand and a black light momentarily engulfed Yusra's body!

However, the second the light dissipated, her wounds were shown to have completely healed.

"About that I didn't really want to kill you, Miss Quarrington. That aside, I've now removed the curse on her. Now then... You two simply wish to protect Miss Quarrington, correct? Since those within the formation have already shed their blood, the secrets of the general's tomb will soon be revealed."

"Do you truly not wish to see what lies beyond that puzzle?" asked Sanchez with a sinister chuckle.

"Please don't fall for it, Seniors Blancetnoir! Save us instead! I'm the current leader of the Mount Taivas Sect, and I'm sure you know my ancestor!" yelled Hauk. Realizing that the black-robed man looked rather undecided, Hauk quickly began pleading, "You can't just watch the cultivation realm fall like this, right...?!"

"There's no need to hesitate any further, Second Brother! Though we've already ascended from the cultivation realm, we mustn't allow this demon to kill everyone! Now let's finish this!" added the white-robed man.

"Eldest Brother! Our mission is simply to protect Miss Quarrington! Now that she's fine, we can make this trip more fruitful by witnessing the secrets of the general's tomb!" replied the black-robed man after a brief pause.

"You..." retorted the white-robed man with a frown.

Chuckling, Sanchez then said, "It appears that Lord Noir is the more sensible one here! That aside, do you really think you can kill me just because I'm a split self? Let's face it, we'll only end up seriously wounding each other! Regardless, now that so much blood has been drained out of these juniors, the secrets of the tomb will soon be revealed! If we fight now, we

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may not be able to take on the headless general once that happens! So what do you say we sit this fight out?" After a long pause, the white-robed man slowly lowered his hand, prompting Yusra to anxiously say, "G-Grandpa Blanc..?"

"While I'm relieved that you're now fine, Sanchez has a point. If we fight, not only will we waste our energy, but we'll also be unable to save the lives of these juniors! What's more, if we're all battered, we may not be able to win against the headless general or even escape. That'd be a major risk to all of us!" replied the white-robed man.

"Glad to hear that both of you are using your heads! With your aid, the chances of success are now higher than ever..!" declared Sanchez with a loud laugh before continuing to chant the spell Though Gerald still looked relatively fine, Hauk had gone fully pale by now. As he spat out a

mouthful of blood, cracks began appearing on the Golden Dragon Formation.

It was clear that it was about to collapse.

As more and more blood streamed out of the cultivators, the cracks beneath the headless general who was still emitting a deadly aura kept getting deeper and deeper! Eventually, the entire chamber began quivering, and the cracks on the ground expanded even faster than ever.

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Almost immediately after, all the blood began glowing in a golden light as they seeped down the cracks!

Though pretty much everyone was surprised by the earthquake, Sanchez quickly snapped out of it before laughing hideously as he yelled, "I... I've succeeded, haven't I?! As I predicted, the fresh blood of those cultivators was the key all along..!"

"Eldest Brother, look! No wonder nobody's been able to solve the tomb's secrets! There's a space beneath the main chamber!"

"How horrifying... If this level's headless general has already entered the Domiensch Realm, how powerful would the true owner of the tomb be...?" muttered the white-robed man as he

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placed his hands against his back while looking down at the massive hole that had just formed on the ground.

Meanwhile, Gerald could feel his body slowly sinking, almost as though something from the hole was drawing him in and it was at that moment when he got an idea.

Murmuring a spell, Gerald quickly released the Heavenly Guard Order and following that, he shot the token at the demonic formation that was trapping the others!

An explosive sound could be heard as the Heavenly Guard Order collided against the dome of light! Realizing what Gerald had done, everyone quickly withdrew their power from the Golden Dragon Formation.

Seeing that they were now safe, Gerald leaped right into the hole!

The second Gerald disappeared, a glaring light burst out from the hole, instantly shattering the demonic light dome! Since Sanchez was still casting the spell at the time, the sudden shattering of his dome caused him to stumble against the wall before spurting out blood!

Ignoring him, the Blancetnoir Double Lords' eyes quickly lit up as they simultaneously exclaimed, "The hole..!"

Following that, they both leaped in, instantly causing Sanchez to yell in panic, "N-No.! The dragon internal pellet is mine!"

Watching as Sanchez plunged down the hole as well, Hauk gulped before muttering, "What do we even do from here...?"

"Well, since the secrets of the tomb are right beneath us, we may as well learn them, even if we die!" replied Yusra as she, too, leaped down.

"She's right! Even if I were to lose my life, it's too late to back down!"

Following that declaration, everyone began leaping down as well.

Moving back to Gerald, despite being the first to leap down, he had yet to reach the bottom.

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In fact, it almost seemed like the pit was bottomless, and Gerald only felt himself falling faster and faster by the second.

Even after twenty minutes had passed, there were still no signs of the bottom yet.

It didn't help that Gerald couldn't use any of his powers as he continued falling on..

Eventually, after what felt like forever, Gerald finally reached the bottom and it turned out to be a huge body of water! Following a loud splash, the sinking boy quickly realized that

rather than this being a lake or river, it seemed that he had just been dropped into an ocean.

It was dark all around, and the dumbfounded boy couldn't help but think to himself, 'Why's there an ocean underneath a mountain in Peaceton...?'

His train of thought was cut short when he realized that his essential qi was returning to him.

Not wanting to remain submerged, the boy then quickly shot out of the sea.

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Even after he got out of the water, however, Gerald wasn't able to gauge how deep underground he was now. That aside, the ocean he had fallen into almost seemed boundless! From a rough estimate, he'd say that the body of water covered at least half of the northwest area...

"How strange for this underground ocean to even exist!" muttered Gerald to himself before starting to fly around to see if there were any clues lying around.

It wasn't all that long before Gerald heard something rushing past him beneath the waves! Since Gerald could see perfectly well even in the dark, he was able to catch a glimpse of a massive shadow bolting off underwater.

Once it was out of sight, Gerald was prompted to mutter, "Could secrets lie at the bottom of the ocean?"

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After surveying his surroundings once more and confirming that there was nothing unusual around him, Gerald eventually added, "Well, I guess searching the bottom of the ocean is better than flying aimlessly up here!"

Since there weren't even signs of the hole he had earlier leaped down from, Gerald ultimately dove into the ocean again.

Now that he was more vigilant, Gerald quickly realized that the water quickly got colder and colder the deeper he went.

He also sensed that the water was brimming with demonic spirits... Even so, Gerald simply braved through the frigidness and began looking around.

Unfortunately, even after searching for the longest time, Gerald wasn't able to find anything.

In fact, he hadn't even been able to bump into the rapid shadow from earlier!

This prompted the frowning boy to think, 'Even after using my Golden Blaze Somersault a few times, I've yet to find a border. Does this place

even have one? If this goes on, I'll be stuck here for the next thousand years!"

If this was a regular ocean, Gerald should've definitely found an edge to the ocean by now.

With that in mind, the sharp witted Gerald paused for a moment and shortly after, his eyes lit up!

Could all this be an illusion instead? I wonder if this is the divine ability of the Realm in the Sleeve, the highest realm of formations as written in Saint Amorphous' book of formations'

The way the book had described the divine ability was certainly similar to his current surroundings.

Essentially, upon being cast, the spell's caster would be able to create a borderless illusionary world with just their sleeve.

As for those trapped within such illusions, Gerald had read that they'd never be able to free themselves no matter how powerful they were.

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All that awaited them was eventual death.

With that in mind, this was pretty much less of a realm and more of a universe of its own and no matter how powerful one was, they'd never be able to fly out of a universe!

They'd ultimately only be moving about in a tiny area within the universe's vastness! Regardless, the more Gerald thought about it, the more certain he was that all this was just an illusion.

As he continued pondering the situation, he wondered how many of the others had leaped down as well.

If they were down here, they should be nearby.

Well, under normal circumstances. Within this realm created through divine abilities, being just a millimeter apart could feel like there was a universe between them.

With that in mind, he wouldn't be able to see or even touch the others.

'Still, all this simply confirms that this should be it. After all, since he was previously a powerful Zearl, it only makes sense that he has access to such a divine ability.

Regardless, there's no way I'd willingly remain trapped here forever!' Gerald thought to himself with a frown..

Following that thought, Gerald was prompted to think of the only divine ability that he had truly mastered.

And that was the transformation technique! Back then, the ability had allowed him to pass through the Red River.

Since that was the case, Gerald wondered if it'd work in this situation as well.

In the end, the boy decided to give it a go

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After initiating his transformation technique, Gerald then turned himself into a faint beam of light that dove deep into the borderless ocean!

When he finally spread out his divine sense again, Gerald realized that he had managed to break free from the illusion.

Currently, he found himself in what appeared to be a mansion's storage space. As for how he made that guess, it was because there were several boxes of varying sizes lying all around him.

Though Gerald was left slightly confused, he was more relieved than anything as he thought, 'Thank god I knew how to transform...

Otherwise, I would've been trapped in there forever!

Shivering slightly to the thought of that outcome, Gerald quickly shook his head before starting to look around... Apart from the boxes, the only other thing within the room was a landscape painting scroll hanging on the wall.

The painting portrayed a huge, open space within a peach forest that was surrounded by high mountains and waterfalls.

There was even a picturesque river, and the pleasantries of the painting reminded Gerald of a fairyland there were also several cranes in it.

However, what caught his attention most was the amount of detail on the pavilion in the open space.

From the looks of it, there was an old man sitting there, and he seemed rather in tune with all the beauty surrounding him... Just above the pavilion, hovered a dragon and phoenix, both painted extremely lifelike.

While the painting was certainly breathtaking, Gerald quickly realized that there was nothing too special about it. With that, his attention turned to the boxes.

After a quick scan across the room, Gerald saw that there were eight small boxes, and a single huge one.

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Unsure what to expect, he then walked over to a random box to open it and shortly after, he was greeted by the sight of a dark, red bead that was exuding a thick, feminine aura!

“The Yinblood pellet!” exclaimed the overjoyed boy.

After going through so much trouble to get it, he had finally found the pellet! Once he had safely stored the pellet on him, Gerald then began opening another box.

Realizing that this box also contained a few pellets, Gerald cautiously gave the pellets a sniff and shortly after, he deduced that they were angelic pellets. While he had no idea what they were used for, he was certain that they were useful, so he simply took them along.

It was when he finally opened the last box that he hesitated for a moment.

Compared to the previous boxes, this box didn't contain angelic pellets or elixirs.

Instead, there were gold beads inside that were clearly made of metal.

What were these even used for? Grabbing a handful of the beads, Gerald then began weighing them in his hand.

However, it didn't take long for the beads to suddenly begin glowing! Before Gerald could even react, the beads had flown out of his hand and dropped to the floor.

After bouncing on the floor for a bit, the beads flashed again and all of a sudden, there were eighteen vicious looking men in the room!

Each of them was clad in gold armor, and they had golden swords in their hands as well.

Understandably taken aback, Gerald eventually brought himself to mutter, “Um... Who are you, seniors...?”

Upon hearing that, the leader of the group instantly roared, “Trespasser! Finish him...!”

Following, the leader struck a lightblade toward Gerald!

Upon seeing that, Gerald quickly used his Cosmo-Amorphous Sword Technique to intercept the attack..

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However, his aurablade ended up shattering to pieces. What's more, the excess power was so great that Gerald ended up slamming against the wall.

Though a single of them was clearly capable enough of taking on Gerald, the boy instantly began panicking when he saw all eighteen of them charging toward him.

'Am I really going to die by the hands of these gold beads of all things...?!' Gerald thought to himself as he quickly began performing the Thordifussion Method!

Within seconds, the roar of thunder could be heard, and terrifying bolts of lightning even began striking about!

To Gerald's dismay, when a lightning bolt struck one of the golden-clad warriors, the man looked completely unfazed! There wasn't even a scratch on him.

"What tarrying levels of cultivation!" exclaimed the shocked boy...

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This wasn't the time to be hesitating..!

Watching as the golden-clad warrior slashed his blade at him, Gerald dodged with all his might and was only able to avoid the attack by a hair's breadth...! That was naturally not the end of things, and Gerald soon found himself bolting about as he avoided the onslaught of slashes from the other golden-clad warriors.

He really was no match for this group of warriors at all.

As he continued dodging the attacks, one of the warriors' blades of light collided against a scroll painting behind Gerald and to the boy's amazement, the blade's energy was

completely absorbed by it!

"W-what on earth..?!" muttered the stunned Gerald as he turned to give the painting a good look only to end up feeling chills run down his spine.

While he was sure that there had only been a single person within the scroll's pavilion before this there were now two! In fact, they seemed

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to be enjoying some tea together.

To make matters even more shocking, Gerald suddenly heard Finnley's voice in his mind, saying, 'Stop staring at the scroll and get in already. If you don't come quick, I won't be able to save you!'

Realizing that the golden-clad warriors were now charging toward him again, this time in formation, Gerald ultimately exclaimed, "F*ck it, there's no time to waste! Fine, I'll take a risk...!"

Following that, he transformed into a faint beam of light before diving right into the painting.

It didn't take long for the boy to appear in the painting and shortly after, he felt like he was falling rapidly!

Before Gerald could even reposition himself, he had already crashed onto the ground! This startled the nearby cranes, and they quickly flew off in all directions.

Oddly enough, Gerald felt no pain from the fall...

Slowly getting up, Gerald looked around and he was greeted by an almost paradisiacal scene.

Before him, was that pavilion again, and sitting in it was Finnley and a white-haired old man, both enjoying some tea...

Upon seeing Gerald, the white-haired old man nodded at him with a grin before saying, "Not

bad.. It truly appears that your disciple possesses the Herculean Primordial Spirit, Brother Quick! To think that he was able to not only penetrate my Realm in the Sleeve, but also enter my mansion!"

"Quite the flatterer you are, Zearl!" replied Finnley with a laugh.

"Who is he, Finnley...?" asked Gerald once he had collected his thoughts.

Anyone outside the painting had a pretty slim chance of survival, and even Gerald had nearly been trapped in the Realm of the Sleeve before this... With that in mind, Gerald couldn't help

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but wonder how high Finnley's cultivation actually was to not only be able to go through all that, but also wait for him within the painting.

The white-haired old man was another mystery.

For one, Finnley had called that man a Zearl, and Gerald had to admit that the elderly man certainly looked godly.

Regardless, Finnley simply shook his head before replying, "Seriously? Didn't you come over to look for Mr. Zedd Burns, Gerald?"

"W-what?! You're telling me that he's the headless general?!" exclaimed Gerald, understandably flabbergasted by this turn of events.

The headless general looked completely different from what he had imagined.

"That was my title a long time ago.. Back then, I was truly obsessed with my cultivation, to the point where I chose to be reborn just to have it enhanced! Alas, that greed landed me in my current state! Regardless, if you're confused by this form, know that I'm the last thought of my soul... I no longer have a body, you see, and I can only make this angelic artifact of a painting my home!" explained the smiling old man.

Naturally, Gerald was shocked to hear that. So he really was the legendary Zearl...!

Seeing how flabbergasted Gerald still seemed, the old man then added, "The only way my thought of soul has survived this long is due to the help of this angelic artifact... If I were to leave, then my cultivation would truly be lost forever! Either way, since I had decided to live

in this place, I naturally had to ensure that those with bad intentions would never be able to locate me! It's the reason why there are corpse formations above ground, and the

Realm in the Sleeve underground"

"Even if someone bad managed to find their way into this room, they'd still have to defeat my Beadation Warriors first, and that's impossible no matter how high one's cultivation level is!" explained the old man, prompting Gerald to nod firmly.

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True enough, had Finnley not told him to leap in, Gerald was pretty sure that the warriors would've ended him by now.

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