

Upon hearing Gerald's question, Lord Ethern was prompted to reveal a few samples of the herbs they were locating and it wasn't long before Gerald felt his eyes twitch. After all, those samples were herbs inherited by the ancient witches... In other words, they were the ones he was for as well!



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Naturally, Marcel recognized them as well, and he was quick to say, "These..?"

Noticing how the two were looking at the herbs, Darkwind muttered, "I take it that the herbalist they're looking for really is Ms. Phoebe, Mr. Crawford?"

"Well, it's hard to say if she is since Marcel already said that the timing wasn't right... Regardless, this is an important clue. Lord Ethern, was it? Could you elaborate a bit more on your master?" muttered Gerald as he turned to face the man again.

"I really can't say...! Look, Master always appears before us in a shadowy form, so none of us have ever seen his face!" replied Lord Ethern while shaking his head.

"Is that the truth?"

"I swear on my life!" exclaimed Lord Ethern with a gulp.

"Very well, then. Lead us to the valley so that I can meet up with that herbalist!" replied Gerald as he grabbed the three in his arms, prompting them to helplessly point in the direction they needed to go...

Upon arriving at the valley's entrance, however, a voice suddenly yelled, "Halt!"

Following that, the earth began rumbling and all of a sudden, eighteen masked people donning black clothes leaped out of a crack in the ground! Among them, one of them stepped up before declaring, "I can see you aren't malicious people, so why don't you let go of them so that we can properly discuss things?!"

Watching as they surrounded them, Gerald couldn't help but notice that their auras were similar to that of Lord Ethern's... Well, a little stronger than that old man. Shaking his head, he was then prompted to ask, "Who are they?"

Gulping once more, Lord Ethern replied, "T-they're the Eighteen Hellfire Rats... They're capable of merging into one, and their cultivation will amplify after that... Uhm... Since we're both looking for that herbalist, why don't we just... Work together? With your capabilities and our experience, we'll definitely be able to weed her out! There's no need to continue fighting each other, r-right...?"

"W-we agree! Please release us so that we can discuss things peacefully...!" whimpered the other two.

"Apologies, but we both walk different paths. With that said, stop playing a fool and get the other ambushers to reveal themselves!" growled Gerald as he clenched Lord Ethern's neck.

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With how thunderous his voice was, Lord Ethern couldn't help but tremble and it wasn't long before dark clouds began swirling in the sky! As the area plunged into darkness, huge strips of black smoke started dancing around like giant pythons and after a crack on the ground emerged, the eighteen masked men leaped into it!

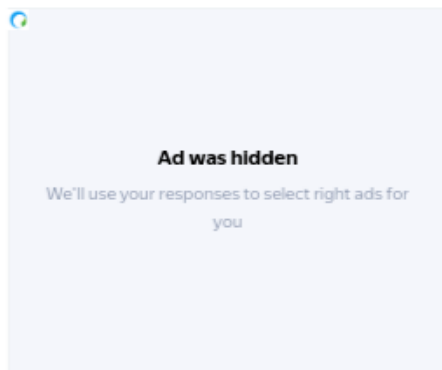
Following that, everyone watched as the snake-like smoke conjoined, sending blue blasts of lightning flying out and suddenly, the earth began trembling like never before!

Placing his hands against his back, Sanchez scoffed, "Looks like we've entered their formation, Gerald!"

“So it would seem. Blancetnoir Double Lords, protect Marcel. Sanchez and I will put their formation to the test!” ordered Gerald, prompting the double lords to swiftly make their move.

The second Marcel was between them, the snake-like smoke began rising again and shortly after, a few figures began forming...

"Hmm... This formation. It feels familiar," muttered Sanchez.



"Same thought here. I think it's the Septelic Perishment Formation of the ancient Black Dragon Sect!" replied Gerald.

"Ah, no wonder it felt so familiar... Though, wasn't this formation lost to time ages ago? How did you learn of it?" asked the surprised Sanchez.

The formation had been a legendary one that, as Sanchez had said, had been lost at the end of the ancient era. Just from its name alone, one could imagine that this immensely powerful formation had been used against the people of the Deitus Realm. In the end, however, the allies of the Deitus Realm still managed to destroy the Black Dragon Sect, thus leading to the destruction of all the sect's other

mysterious and bizarre formations...

Naturally, they had made sure to obliterate all of them to ensure that nobody in the future would be able to threaten them like that again in the future... Whatever the case was, Gerald was quick to reply, "I read about it somewhere. However, the book didn't mention how to break the formation. With that said, how should we break it? I feel that brute-forcing it won't work."

Thanks for your feedback.

Ad choices 

"I'm thinking the same thing," replied Sanchez, prompting Gerald to frown. To think that they'd bump into an enemy who had access to such an ancient formation...

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he heard an unfamiliar voice yell, "You two are quite knowledgeable! That aside, how nice of you to come straight to my doorstep, Gerald!"

Following that, a gigantic figure appeared atop the serpent-like smoke that hovered atop the formation..!

With how deafening the voice was, the startled Gerald replied, "You know who I am?"

"Of course, I do! I even know what you're here for! Though you managed to escape from the headless general's tomb, I'll make sure to finally take you down here!" roared the black figure as he hopped off the smoke and landed on the ground!

With every step he took, the earth seemed to tremble, and everyone trapped within the formation couldn't help but gulp. However, they snapped out of it when Lord Ethern suddenly exclaimed, "M-Master! Please! Please, save us...!"



“Hah! What’s the point of saving someone I trained for so many years who can’t even defeat Gerald’s men?!” scoffed the figure as he sent a beam of black light flying toward them!

Shocked by how much power it held, Sanchez immediately yelled, “What an immense devilish aura..! Quick! Dodge it!”

Thankfully, the two darted aside quickly enough, and the Blancetnoir Double Lords were able to drag Marcel to the side in time as well.

Alas, Lord Ethern and the other two weren't as lucky, and the second the black light hit them, they shrieked in pain and within seconds, they were no more.

Furrowing his brows, Gerald was prompted to ask, "So, you're the master of the Nirvadevil Sect?"

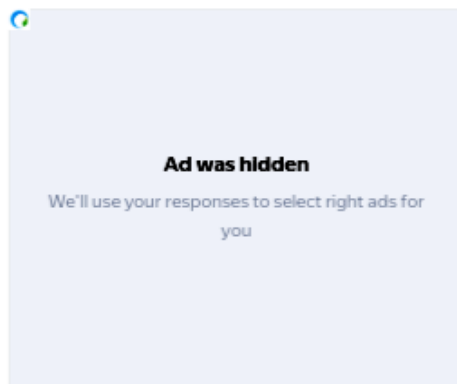
"That title? That's nothing compared to what I'm truly capable of, Gerald. So just give up already, unless you think you can break the Septelic Perishment Formation! Then again, I do admit that you know a lot about formations! Humor me!" scoffed the Nirvadevil Sect master.

Though Gerald was still startled by how much this person knew about him, he knew that this wasn't the time to falter, especially since a snake-like cloud of smoke was now bolting toward them!

Hoping to block it, Gerald activated all of his magic artifacts but to his shock, they simply bounced off the incoming attack! As the attack grew dangerously close, all Gerald could do was use all his energy to form a hemisphere shield of light!

Alas, even that was useless, and the shield was shattered in an instant, resulting in Gerald and the others getting flung in all directions...

His chest felt like it was exploding, and it didn't take long for blood to spurt out of his mouth. What immense devilish power..!



Following a sneer, the Nirvadevil sect's master scoffed, "I know you raised your cultivation level this high because you want to learn more about the Sun League, but you should understand that devilish cultivators will always be stronger! Did you really think that acquiring the angelic inheritance would give you absolute power? How laughable! Your Herculean Primordial Spirit won't save you this time!"

Furrowing his brows, Gerald retorted, "Who on earth are you? How do you know me so well? In fact, how do you know about my Herculean Primordial Spirit?"

Laughing in response, the master then said, "Oh, you'll know who I am soon! But before that, allow me to snatch your Herculean Primordial Spirit! I need to destroy it so that the sacred Primordial Devilish Internal Pellet can reign supreme..!"

Upon hearing that, Gerald couldn't help but frown even more. There was only one person in the world who'd know all this... And that was...

"Is that you, Daryl?!"

"Hah! Took you long enough to realize! Bet you wish you were this smart back then so that I wouldn't have controlled you like a puppet, huh? Either way, allow me to destroy your elixir-of-life field first before we do some chit chat! Unlike you, I strike while the iron's hot!" roared Daryl as he transformed into a giant and aimed his fist at Gerald!

Even from where he lay, Gerald could tell that the attack was capable of killing a thousand soldiers at once! However, he was too injured to move!

Was he really going to be killed like this..?!

Helplessly grabbing the soil, Gerald was just about to give in, when all of a sudden, a golden light flashed. Following that, an explosion was heard as twelve golden rays of light blocked the incoming attack!

The explosion was so powerful that even the powerful Sanchez and Blancetnoir Double Lords were sent flying!

As Daryl's eyes widened in shock, the rays of light began bolting back toward Gerald and in the end, the twelve pillars of light turned into people! Though eleven of them were women donning white robes, the one standing in the middle... It was Finnley!

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Watching as Gerald's eyes glimmered with hope, Finnley was prompted to say, "Still alive, boy?"

"Yeah, but not for long if this keeps up..!" replied Gerald, whose chest was still bleeding heavily.

"Good enough! Either way, listen carefully! We don't have much time left! It took ages to lure the Supreme Devilish Lord out, so as the twelve of us try our best to hold him back, use the mantra I taught you to ignite your elixir-of-life field!" replied Finnley through his sound transmission technique.

"Ignite my elixir-of-life field? Supreme Devilish Lord? A little context, please! Is that man not Daryl, Finnley?!"

"Daryl's been possessed by the Supreme Devilish Lord for ages, and the lord himself has been using your grandfather's body to attempt his resurrection! This cycle has been repeating for years, and the Supreme Devilish Lord has already captured many people with Yin physiques but thankfully failed! This grew so out of hand that the Soluna Deus Sect, or Sun League as you call them, have actively been trying to force the Supreme Devilish Lord to show himself!"



"In order to further deter the Supreme Devilish Lord's efforts, they've even been kidnapping people with Yin physiques! Do you see the entire picture now, boy?" explained Finnley.

"So that's the truth... Then, how's Mila?" asked Gerald.

"She's fine, but your reunion depends on whether we can destroy him this time!" replied one of the white-robed ladies.



That was relieving to hear... Still, as it turned out, the Sun League weren't villains at all! They had simply been abducting people like his second uncle, Mila, and Leo for the greater good! They had done that all while painstakingly trying to locate Daryl in hopes of thwarting his plans... How noble.

That aside, it seemed that the Supreme Devilish Lord had been planning to destroy his Herculean Primordial Spirit for good reason. It was the only thing powerful enough to take on the Primordial Devilish Internal Pellet! From what Gerald understood, in order to lure Daryl out, Finnley had purposely chosen not to tell him all this. After all, Daryl wouldn't strike unless he was absolutely sure that he'd win!

All that aside, Daryl hadn't been lying idle either.

Currently, he had to possess at least eighty percent of the Supreme Devilish Lord's power..! The Supreme Devilish Lord itself was once a great devil that was killed by deities during the great antiquity a thousand years back. Sadly, the devil had managed to merge his primordial spirit with the Primordial Devilish Internal Pellet, where he remained dormant, waiting for the day he'd be able to resurrect..!

Though the deities back then were able to take down the devil, they were each as strong as the current master of the Soluna Deus Sect, and they had to join forces just to exterminate the beast! With that in mind, nobody here was able to truly take on the fully resurrected Supreme Devilish Lord... Nobody but Gerald and his Herculean Primordial Spirit.

By chanting Finnley's mantra, he'd be able to draw the full power of the Herculean Primordial Spirit but in return, his primordial spirit would leave his body, resulting in all his power being drained.

His train of thought was cut short when he heard the blackened giant roar, "You've brought over a few disciples from the Soluna Deus Sect, huh? Adorable effort! Fine, then! Allow me to kill all of you first before I go for the Herculean Primordial Spirit!"

After saying that, the giant quickly began shrinking... And once it was done, Daryl glared at them with a smirk! Before anyone could react, he had already waved his hand, sending a massive air blade flying toward them!

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“Aviating Formation!” roared Finnley as he and the others immediately formed a huge barrier.

With blue veins already bulging from Finnley’s forehead, the old man yelled, “Hurry, Gerald..!”

Snapping out of it, Gerald forced himself into a sitting position and after taking a deep breath, he frantically began chanting the mantra... And shortly after, rays of golden light began radiating out of his elixir-of-life field... It was the Nebula Mantra!

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Nearing the end, Gerald used his final divine thought, and just like that, his elixir-of-life field burst out like an overfilled dam!

A golden Herculean Primordial Spirit now floated before him, exuding immense power!

Watching in fury as his black air blade dissipated, Daryl roared, "W-what power..!"



As Daryl was too shocked to move, Gerald took the chance to yell, "Attack..!"

And just like that, a blazing light momentarily lit the entire sky! As surges of energy shot out in all directions, Daryl's devilish formation was reduced to dust in a matter of seconds!

"No..!" howled the anguished Daryl as the earth beneath him cracked and clouds of dust flew everywhere! It was chaos incarnate... Yet moments later, everything fell deathly silent.

Gerald himself had already vomited a pool of blood by now, and as he fell unconscious, he could feel his body freezing up...

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Fast forward to three years later, Mayberry Commercial Street was as lively as ever...

"Darling, it's your brother's wedding day today... Shouldn't we head over earlier? You've been dolling yourself up for ages!"

"Fine, dad... Though, isn't Second Uncle already there to help set things up? That aside, my brother's gone through so many hardships, so it's only right that I look my absolute finest at his wedding!" replied Jessica.

"Just let her do her makeup, Dylan. We can head on over to the hotel first!"

"I suppose... May as well check on Peter and see how the arrangements are going!"

Today was Gerald's wedding day, and being the young master of Mayberry, the entire commercial street was expectedly livelier than ever. The boy was getting married to Mila, and countless people had come over to congratulate them...

"Take better care of our son, would you, Marcel? What are you being so anxious about? Stop squeezing in!" grumbled a middle-aged woman.



"But how couldn't I be excited about Mr. Crawford's wedding? Had he not taken us to the North Dessert, we would've never..."

"I swear to God, didn't we already agree to not talk about the past anymore? He's already given up the chance to obtain the angelic inheritance, and Finnley and the rest have all returned to their own places! It's his wedding day today, and he's made it clear that he only wishes to live an ordinary life with Mila from now on! With that said, no more mentioning those things again, got that?"

"Fine, fine...! Still, it's such a pity since he was qualified for the role!"

Smacking the back of his head, the woman grumbled, "What did I just say..?!"

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It was then when a laugh was heard, followed by a woman's voice saying, "Hey, it's Marcel and his wife, Gerald!"

Turning to face the laugh, it turned out that it was an amused Mila! She was holding onto Gerald's arm, and Gerald himself couldn't help but smile while shaking his head as he replied, "Normal couples would be all lovey-dovey after reuniting, but these two kept on quarreling during their return trip! Seems that nothing's changed since then!"

"Still smiling while shaking your head? A bad habit you ought to change one of these days! That aside, who was it who said that the past shouldn't be brought up anymore?" grumbled Mila as she pinched Gerald's waist.

"Fine, fine, I won't say anymore! Now that we're finally together, it's time to say goodbye to the past... And from now on, we shall never be separated again! Now on to our wedding!"

Following that, Gerald put his arm around Mila and as the wedding bells rang, so too ended this grand saga.