

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2271

“Of course! Ask away!” replied Lucian with a nod.

“Well... Miss Lindsay... She never returned since she left, correct?” asked Gerald with a slight frown, though after talking twice to Lucian about it, he felt that the man truly didn't know a thing about all this. What more, with how fondly he spoke of Lindsay, it was hard to imagine Lucian to be her kidnapper.

“... What do you mean by 'returned'? Weren't you and Aiden the ones who came with her?” replied Lucian, clearly startled to hear that.

Shaking his head, Gerald then replied, “No, I meant after that...”

“Well... Ever since you left together, she's never returned... Besides, Mr. Lawrence never mentioned anything about sending his niece back...” muttered Lucian in response.

“I see...”

“Though... Where's this coming from? Could something have happened to Lindsay...?” asked Lucian in a serious tone. He, for one, wasn't the head of the family for nothing.

“Unfortunately, yes,” replied Gerald.

“What? Why haven’t I heard about this? Actually, how did she even manage to disappear? After all, not only does she have you, a person who was able to take out the high elders of the three largest families in Yanam, but she also had Aiden a special forces agent on her side!” exclaimed Lucian as he clenched his fists.

“It happened after Aiden sent her back. Apparently, she received a mission from her family and supposedly returned to your manor in Yanam. That was when she went missing,” explained Gerald in an indifferent tone.

“But that’s impossible! Mr. Lawrence never even told me that Lindsay was coming back! I’ll call him right this instant to ask what really happened! How could she have just disappeared on her way here? And why hadn’t he told me about this serious matter!” exclaimed Lucian as he got to his feet before getting his phone.

“Hold it, Mr. Grubb!” replied Gerald as he grabbed Lucian’s arm.

“With all due respect, not only is Mr. Lawrence my lifelong friend, but Lindsay is also my niece! How do you expect me to wait when something could’ve happened to her?!” exclaimed Lucian who was honestly more anxious now compared to when he was talking about Frey.

“If things were really that simple, then the Lawrences would’ve surely notified you the second Lindsay departed. After all, she had only made it back safely back then since Aiden was with her!” replied Gerald as he shook his head.

“Are you saying that the Lawrences don’t want me to know about all this?” asked Lucian after a slight pause.

“While I don’t know what’s happened between you two, I suspect that to be the case. After all, we only learned about her disappearance from Aiden’s superior who was the only one the Lawrences had notified about the incident. With that said, Aiden and I had come here in the first place to investigate whether the Grubbs were involved with Lindsay’s case,” explained Gerald once Lucian calmed down a little.

“What? Why on earth would we do that? It’s not like she has anything particularly valuable that we need...” replied Lucian as he firmly shook his head.

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“Well... that should be the case...” said Gerald as he raised a slight brow.

“Are you hiding anything else from me, mister...?” asked Lucian, curious about Gerald’s response.

“The truth is, Frey had previously attempted to harass Miss Lindsay, though I managed to stop him in time,” replied Gerald as he stared straight into Lucian’s eyes.

“That utter b*stard!” yelled Lucian.

“Hmm? Aren’t you going to at least suspect me of slander...?” replied Gerald who couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Unfortunately, while Frey is good with most things, the one thing he’s bad at is self control... I can’t even count how many girls he’s harmed, and every time it’s my job to compensate them... Still, to think that he’d actually set his eyes on Lindsay this time... That boy really is losing his conscience! If he succeeded, I don’t think I’d ever have the face to meet Mr. Lawrence for the rest of my life!” explained Lucian with a deep sigh.

“I see... Well, since we’re now on the same page, I admit that I had initially suspected the culprits to be Lucian’s men. However, from what I’ve managed to gather here, I believe that they may not be involved this time. Still, since the Lawrences are trying to limit the number of people who know about her disappearance, I have reason to believe that the case isn’t going to be cracked that easily...” replied Gerald. By telling him all this, not only would he be able to curb Lucian’s anxiety, but he could potentially get the Grubbs to also help in the search for Lindsay.

“There’s no reason for her to come over in the first place. Also, as you’ve said, Mr. Lawrence should’ve notified me about all this... What could he be hiding...?” muttered Lucian as he pondered the situation.

“There’s no point in brooding over it. Either way, I’d like to meet up with Frey’s men so that I can completely rule your family out. Once I confirm that they’re not involved, I can head off and start investigating elsewhere. Are you alright with that?” asked Gerald as he lit a cigarette.

“I have no problem with that,” replied Lucian before fishing his phone out and giving his butler a call. Once his message got across, Lucian placed his hands on the table as he racked his brains, wondering what the hell was going on.

Minutes later, the duo saw the butler running in with his umbrella, though the heavy rain still managed to completely drench his pants. Regardless, after walking over and giving Gerald a nod, the butler was prompted to ask, “You called, master?”

“Indeed. How’s the investigation on Frey’s disappearance going?” asked Lucian with a sigh.

“Unfortunately, we’ve made no progress even after using all the family’s connections... With that said, please mentally prepare yourself, master...” replied the butler as he shook his head.

“Indeed. Well, I’m already expecting the worst. Either way, go call Frey’s men over. I have some things to ask them about,” ordered Lucian with a wave of his hand.

“But master, we’ve already questioned them over ten times now... Adding that to the fact that you’ve promised them a million dollar prize if they managed to provide any

clues, I'm sure they would've told you anything they knew by now..." muttered the butler.

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"This isn't about Frey... It's about Lindsay. She's apparently gone missing on her way here! Also, since Frey's harassed her before, Gerald's asking for his men to come over to see if they're involved!" replied Lucian with a sigh.

"W-what? She's disappeared?!" exclaimed the butler, clearly shocked by the news.

"Indeed... Also, if any of his men refuse to come, call the police to conduct a search on them! We have to ensure that Lindsay's disappearance has nothing to do with our family!" ordered Lucian.

Nodding in response, the butler then quickly rang all of them up, telling them to gather there. Once he was done, however, the butler couldn't help but ask, "Um... Why haven't I heard that Miss Lindsay was coming over, master...?"

"I was just made aware of this myself," replied Lucian.

“If that’s the case, then why would the other family members know about this? Could one of the Grubbs know someone from the Lawrence family...?” muttered the butler as he scratched the back of his head.

“You make a fair point! How on earth had they known about this before us?” exclaimed Lucian.

“Mr. Grubb, as I’ve said, Lindsay’s disappearance may have nothing to do with your family. With that said, I’m merely asking for Frey’s men to come over to confirm that,” replied Gerald.

“If I may, could you detail all that’s been happening? I’m just curious as to how Miss Lindsay suddenly disappeared. After all, not only were we notified in advance of her arrival back then, but I also remember Miss Lindsay getting escorted by a special forces agent from Weston the last time she came over,” asked the butler, wondering what changed that led to her disappearance.

“Well, the Lawrences apparently notified Aiden’s superiors about Lindsay’s disappearance while she was on her way to your manor. With that said, we in turn only found out about all this through Aiden’s superiors. Either way, aside from that, the Lawrences apparently gave no further details...” explained Gerald.

“How absolutely strange...” replied the butler as he continued scratching the back of his head.

“Whatever the case is, Lindsay’s gone missing within Yanam, so we have to find her!” growled Lucian as he clenched his fists.

Shortly after, Frey’s men came running in, completely drenched in rain. Not knowing why they were called over, they simply stood at the door, waiting for Lucian to say something. However, Lucian simply stared at them without saying a word, immediately causing all of them to gulp. Had they messed up? But that couldn’t be! After all, ever since Frey went missing, they hadn’t left the manor at all...!

Eventually, the butler who realized that Lucian wasn’t going to say anything soon was prompted to say, “So... Do all of you realize why you’ve been called over?”

“We don’t...” replied a few of the men as they shook their heads.

“I’d like you to consider everything you’ve done in the past few days. If you admit to doing something wrong, then you won’t be held responsible. However, if you continue trying to keep it a secret, then I’m afraid the consequences will be dire,” said the butler.

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“B-but we haven’t done anything!”

“Yeah! We’ve been staying in the manor this entire time! If you don’t believe us, you can check the surveillance footage!”

“Is this about young master Frey? Is there any news about him?” asked the frightened men as they tried to remember whether they had accidentally violated any of the family’s rules.

“How many days ago, Gerald?” asked Lucian.

“About a week ago,” replied Gerald.

“Send someone to go through all the surveillance footage from the past week! Conduct thorough investigations on anyone who’s left the manor for personal matters in the past week! ” ordered Lucian, prompting the butler to begin calling someone to review the footage.

Either way, after hearing all that, Frey’s men couldn’t help but feel dumbfounded. After all, aside from how serious Lucian and his butler looked, Frey’s men were well aware

that Lucian barely ever requested for the surveillance footage to be checked. With that in mind, they knew that something major was definitely happening.

Once the butler was done with his call, he turned to look at Frey's men before asking, "So... What have all of you been doing in the past few days?"

"As we've said, we really haven't done anything! The footage will prove our innocence!"

"That's right! Still, what's all this about...? Did something big happen...?" asked one of the men with a gulp.

"You don't need to know. However, note that till this matter is properly investigated, none of you are allowed to leave the manor. Know that all your movements within the manor will be monitored as well," replied the butler with a frown.

"Understood!" declared the men in unison. Whatever was happening within the family, they were apparently involved.

Regardless, upon hearing that, the butler simply waved his hand before saying, "Now leave..."

Nodding in response, the men then left the scene, disappearing once more in the pouring rain.

Once they were gone, the butler closed the door behind them before walking up to Lucian and saying, "I don't think they're involved with her disappearance."

"Let's check the footage first before jumping to conclusions. Even if they didn't leave the manor, there's always a chance that they sent someone else to do the deed! With that said, I'm sure traces of the crime will be left behind! Either way, if they truly are the culprits, I won't be letting them off lightly...!" growled Lucian.

"I'll make sure to run a thorough investigation," replied the butler.

"While I'd like to contribute, I only know as much as you do know," said Gerald with a sigh. Since he didn't even know where Lindsay had first gone missing, locating her was near impossible at this point in time.

Still, since this was for Aiden, Gerald was going to do his best. He, for one, had already experienced the pain of losing Mila, and he didn't want Aiden to go through the same agony.

"Still, Mr. Lawrence is quite the character. After all, his daughter's gone missing yet he refuses to notify us about it! Even if he has his reasons, he can't just disregard Lindsay's safety...!"

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Knowing that looking for her this way was no different from looking for a needle in a haystack, Lucian couldn't help but feel slightly helpless. It certainly didn't help that the longer they took to locate her, the higher the chances of her being in danger.

"Then... should we just call Mr. Lawrence for an explanation...?" asked the butler.

"I attempted to, but Gerald stopped me earlier, stating that if the Lawrences were already refusing to elaborate to the Weston special forces, there was little chance that they'd give us any more details. With that said, however, I believe that Mr. Lawrence must be in quite a pickle. Since he probably won't provide us with any necessary information, let's just try our best to save Lindsay. Even if we fail to do so, at the very least, we can say we tried our best. That way, it won't be too embarrassing for me to meet him in the future," replied Lucian as he shook his head.

"Speaking of which, the organizers for the big auction sent us three admission tickets for the auction last night, master. With that said, not counting the both of us, we're going to have one extra ticket due to young master Frey's absence..." muttered the butler as he fished three golden tickets out from his breast pocket before placing them on the table.

Hearing that, Lucian then looked at Gerald before asking, "Well... Are you interested in going...?"

"I'd be glad to. After all, you said it only takes place every five years, correct?" replied Gerald with a nod.

While he hadn't been interested in it at the start, after being told that it wasn't an ordinary auction, he figured that he may as well try his luck there.

Besides, while it was true that his priority was still to learn the secrets of the Seadom tribe in the ancient ruins in order to get to the island and save his family, getting stronger was equally as important. After all, though he had the power of the Herculean Primordial Spirit on his side, he still wasn't that confident that he would be able to take on Daryl. Hell, he wasn't even sure if he could take on Will or the other Crawfords that he had yet to meet.

Regardless, upon hearing that, Lucian couldn't help but smile as he said, "It's a deal, then. The auction's a week away. If it's not a problem, let's head there together."

Nodding in response, Gerald then left Lucian's room before returning to his room to update Aiden on all that had happened. Once that was done, Gerald then left the manor in his car.

Gerald, for one, estimated that reviewing all that footage would take at least three days. Since the auction wasn't taking place any time soon anyway, he may as well use the time to check the ruins out. After all, the sooner he learned the secrets of the Seadom tribe, the sooner he could plan things out.

Still, the rainstorm wasn't making things any easier for him... In the end, he managed to arrive at the forest through memory in the late afternoon. Due to the continuous rain, however, the second he stepped out, he immediately realized that he was going to be trudging through a muddy path the entire way. Completely drenched in a matter of seconds, all Gerald could do

was wipe some of the rainwater off his face before making his way into the forest. Though the canopy blocked quite a bit of rain, Gerald still had to occasionally wipe the water off his face to even be able to see the path before him.

It was about half an hour later when Gerald finally made it to the mountain cave. Upon entering, he saw bones littered all over the ground just like last time, though he was less cautious now. After all, the old man guarding the cave had previously told him that everything in here was his.

With that in mind, the second he entered the cave, the old man's voice could be heard saying, "You're back."

"I am, senior," replied Gerald with a bow, his palm and fist meeting each other.

"I expected you to return in a few years, not in two months. With that said, have you returned to find something?" asked the old man in a much kinder tone than before.

"You guessed correctly," replied Gerald as walked further into the cave.

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After stepping on several mounds of bones, Gerald soon arrived at the innermost part of the cave.

Walking out the stone chamber, the old man momentarily looked at the drenched boy before shaking his head as he said, “A rare heavy rain...”

“Indeed... Regardless, I’m here because-”

“Stop. Come over here and warm up first. I’ll go get some dry clothes for you,” interrupted the man as he placed a finger over his lips before heading further down the stone chamber.

While Gerald honestly wasn’t even bothered about his current condition, since the old man insisted, he simply shook his head before following him. As he walked down the chamber, he couldn’t help but note that the chamber had barely changed from the last time he was here.

Regardless, he soon saw the old man rummaging through a stone cabinet. Poking his head out, the old man then tossed a bag at Gerald while saying, “Try these on.”

By the time Gerald caught the bag, the old man was already tossing some firewood into a basin next to his bed. With just a snap of his finger, flames flared out the dry wood, instantaneously warming the entire stone chamber.

Naturally, this surprised Gerald, and he was momentarily speechless. While he remembered Jobson performing something similar back at the Yamashita manor, it was clear as day that this old man was even more powerful than Jobson.

Noticing how stunned Gerald was, the old man couldn't help but laugh before saying, "Summoning a flame like that is nothing!"

"The fact that you can say that means I have a long way to go..." replied Gerald with a sigh. After all, if an old man tasked with guarding some ruins was already this strong, then Gerald's current cultivation was just the tip of the iceberg.

"So what if I'm strong? There's no place for me to use my powers! Though I guess being able to summon fire whenever I want is convenient... Either way, enough talk, go change already before you fall sick," said the old man as he sat cross legged by the fire while extending his palms out.

"But... this..." muttered Gerald in a slightly embarrassed tone as he looked at the bag the old man had thrown at him. Gerald figured that all the old man's clothes were hemp robes since he had only ever seen the old man wearing them, and while it definitely suited Gerald's temperament as a cultivator, they were now in the secular world! If he wore this out, then he would surely draw unnecessary attention, thus inconveniencing him to do things.

"What? You don't like my clothes?" asked the old man as he glared at the boy.

"Of course, not..." muttered the flustered Gerald as he unwillingly undressed before opening the bag only to find himself surprised since it contained a set of rather modern and casual clothes! In fact, there was even modern underwear and socks! Gerald, for one, wasn't going to complain, and he quickly got himself changed.

Upon hearing the buckling of a belt, the old man was prompted to ask, “Well? Does it fit?”

“It fits perfectly, honestly. Still, to think that you’d foresee my drenched arrival and even get me this fitting outfit...” muttered Gerald, feeling slightly touched.

“Oh please, I didn’t get them for you. I simply bought them to look at whenever I felt bored! As for the perfect fit, I guess you just happen to share the same measurements as my son!” replied the old man with a cackle. ‘

“H-huh?” said Gerald as he awkwardly took a sniff at his clothes.

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“Don’t worry, they haven’t been worn before,” replied the old man in an indifferent tone.

Sheepishly nodding in response, Gerald then hung his clothes by the fire before sitting in front of the old man as he asked, “So... Do you know why I’m here, senior?”

“Do you think I know divination techniques or something?” replied the old man as he rolled his eyes.

“Well... I’m here to uncover the secrets of Yearning Island. From what the descendants of the Seadom tribe told me, all the important records of their tribe were kept here...” muttered Gerald with a sigh.

“Yearning Island? Seadom tribe?” replied the old man, looking slightly confused.

Seeing that, Gerald was prompted to ask, “Perhaps... I could look around myself...?”

“By all means. As I’ve said, everything in here is yours since you have the Herculean Primordial Spirit within you. I’m just here to guard your belongings,” replied the old man as he continued warming himself by the fire.

Nodding with a sigh, Gerald then got to his feet before walking toward the bookshelves in the stone chamber while saying, “For context, my parents and sister have been imprisoned on that island. With the help of the sea map that I previously obtained here, we managed to find the descendants of the Seadom tribe who then told us that the secrets to getting to Yearning Island were within these ancient ruins...”

“Then go ahead and start searching,” replied the old man without even lifting his head.

Hearing that, Gerald then nodded before starting to browse through the many books there.

Shortly after, the old man yawned before waving his hand slightly prompting the fire to move a bit closer to Gerald's wet clothes and saying, "While I may be prying, with your power, you should 've easily been able to protect your family. Unless, of course, you've offended some powerful people in the cultivation realm."

"In a way. My grandfather's the culprit," replied Gerald as he momentarily stopped flipping through a book.

"Oh? How interesting... Are you telling me that your family fell out with your grandfather, resulting in him kidnapping them? If that's the case, why didn't he kidnap you as well?" asked the old man with a slightly raised brow.

"Beats me," replied Gerald as he shook his head.

Waving his hand fan for a while, the old man then laid on his bed before saying, "What a queer turn of events... Regardless, I hope you're aware that you've just learned the basics of the Herculean Primordial Spirit. With that said, if your grandfather is really strong, you may not be his opponent."

"Even so, I still have to try," replied Gerald as he gritted his teeth, knowing how true the old man's words were.

"Good luck finding information on whatever that island's name is then," said the old man as he closed his eyes.

“Yearning Island,” replied Gerald in a calm tone.

Upon hearing snoring, Gerald couldn't help but turn around with a slightly raised brow. Realizing that the man had fallen asleep, Gerald went silent, not wanting to accidentally wake him up.

Following that, aside from the occasional sound of Gerald's footsteps, pages flipping, and the crackling of burning wood, all else was silent. Even the old man stopped snoring after a while. Regardless, throughout that period, Gerald made sure to carefully read through every page he came across, fearing that the record on Yearning Island would end up being just a simple and easily miss-able footnote.

Unfortunately for him, there were bookshelves against all four of the walls. From what he could tell, there were at least a hundred books on each bookshelf, and it was honestly way more than Gerald had anticipated.

Truth be told, he had expected the old man to just get him the book that he needed the second he mentioned Yearning Island. Sadly, that simply wasn't the case, and he was pretty much forced to slowly flip through all the books there. While it was certainly annoying, this was the only way to get the information he needed.

After quite some time, Gerald found his eyesight getting blurrier and blurrier. However, he didn't dare stop since he had barely even finished reading a fifth of the books there. How frustrating.

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Just as he was starting to smoke and rest his eyes for a bit , Gerald heard the old man say, “Found what you were looking for?”

“Not yet,” replied Gerald with a sigh.

“I see. You should know that there are at least a thousand books in here, with most of them about cultivation skills and the others being historical records. With that said, if you really want information on that island, I’m afraid you’ll need a minimum of half a month,” said the old man while rolling off his bed.

“Is there no better way to do this...?” muttered Gerald as he watched the old man walk toward him.

“Of course, not! Though the ancient ruins have existed for over a thousand years, I’ve only been here for the past sixty of them. Even then, I’ve yet to touch a single book in here!” replied the old man as he sat beside Gerald before looking up.

Stubbing his cigarette out, Gerald then got to his feet before reaching for a book as he said, “How troublesome...”

Despite how time consuming all this was, Gerald knew better than to give up. After all, this was his best shot of learning the secrets of Yearning Island.

Regardless, seeing that Gerald had resumed reading, the old man went silent before eventually deciding to head back to bed to take another nap.

Waking up again sometime later, he stared at Gerald for a while before leaving the cave, his hands against his back. Around half an hour later, the old man returned with a few bags.

Moving a stone table up to Gerald's back, the old man then placed the bags on it before saying, "Alright, time to eat. You'll need the energy if you want to keep searching."

Realizing that the senior had brought food back, Gerald then straightened his stiff neck before replying, "I appreciate it, Senior."

Watching as Gerald loosened his muscles, the old man then sat before tearing off a chicken drumstick and asking, "So, do you only plan on leaving after you've found the information you need?"

"Most probably," replied Gerald in a casual tone.

“Then be prepared to sleep outside. There’s only one bed here,” said the old man as he pointed at his stone bed.

“You’re being a bit too much, don’t you think...?” muttered Gerald, feeling slightly speechless.

“Were you thinking of sleeping on my bed then?” replied the old man as he raised a slight brow.

“...No, of course not...” said Gerald with a sigh. Truth be told, he didn’t mind sleeping on the floor, but at the very least, he wanted to sleep someplace away from the wind and rain.

“Speaking of which, where’s the general area of that island?” asked the old man who had nearly finished eating the entire chicken on his own.

“Northbay,” replied Gerald.

“Finally, a familiar name. If I’m not mistaken, there’s an ancient book about the islands in Northbay on that bookshelf, though I’m not sure which book it is,” said the old man as he licked his fingers clean before pointing at one of the shelves.

“Oh?” replied Gerald, his eyes momentarily glinting with excitement.

“Relax, kid, get some rest after eating. You can continue once you wake up. From what I can tell, the rain should last for at least three more days, so it’s not like you can leave anytime soon,” said the old man as he took another roasted chicken out of another bag.

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Watching as the old man then pushed the chicken toward him with a grin, Gerald simply nodded before saying, “I appreciate it, senior.”

Biting into a drumstick, Gerald couldn’t help but feel that it was a special treat to be able to enjoy a piece of hot and crispy fried chicken in such cold weather. Regardless, once he had his fill, Gerald sat by the fire to rest. Seeing that, the old man then got up to start looking for the book that contained information about the Northbay Sea.

After a while, Gerald couldn’t help but feel bored. Staring at the fire before him, he was suddenly reminded of the old man’s ability to conjure fire out of thin air. Since Jobson could do the same, Gerald was prompted to ask, “Say, senior? Do you know anything about ninjas?”

“No idea what they are,” replied the old man as he picked another dusty book up before starting to flip through it.

“I see... Well, back when I was in Japan, I met an elder who was capable of summoning fire out of thin air, just like you,” said Gerald.

Pausing for a moment, the old man then replied, “He’s pretty strong, then.”

“Indeed... I wonder when I’ll get to that level,” said Gerald as he looked at his palm, trying to figure out how it was done. After all, creating fire out of thin air was almost magical in nature.

“You’ll find out once you better understand the Herculean Primordial Spirit or Devotion Mirror,” replied the old man as he pointed at Gerald’s chest.

Looking at where the old man was pointing at, Gerald realized that he was pointing directly at his supposedly well hidden mirror! From the moment he had left the Grubb manor, Gerald had kept the mirror close to him at all times, fearing that he might accidentally lose it.

However, though he hadn’t mentioned it from the moment he entered the cave, the old man had apparently known about it from the very start! Fully aware that he had also been particularly careful to conceal it while changing earlier, the surprised Gerald couldn’t help but mutter, “Senior, you...”

“You’re wondering why I know you have the mirror, correct?” replied the old man with a smirk as he casually tossed the book in his hand to the top of the shelf.

Watching as Gerald nodded in response, the old man then added in a rather disdainful tone, “If I was able to detect your Herculean Primordial Spirit, what makes you think that you can hide the Devotion Mirror from me? It’s nothing special!”

The way he said it made it sound like the Grubb family’s ancestral treasure was nothing more than a common cabbage.

After pondering for a moment, Gerald then asked, “Then... Do you and the old senior I mentioned possess powers stronger than the Herculean Primordial Spirit?”

“Negative. In case you haven’t noticed, the Herculean Primordial Spirit is something all cultivators yearn for. If I had it, I’d certainly not remain stagnant at my current cultivating level. In fact, I’d probably have advanced to another legendary realm! Regardless, there’s no point talking about all this to a newbie like you,” replied the old man with a frown, making it evident that he believed that Gerald wouldn’t understand him even if he tried to explain things.

“Then... Why do I have to fully understand the power of the Herculean Primordial Spirit before I can attain a cultivation level like yours...?” asked Gerald who had constantly been fumbling throughout his path of becoming a better cultivator. With that said, since it wasn’t easy to come across someone who knew their stuff in terms of cultivation, there was no way he was going to miss this chance to learn from the old man.

Upon hearing that, the old man tossed his book away before sitting before Gerald and saying, “Alright, listen up.”

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“To create fire out of thin air, you first need to create a resonance between your own power and the power of heaven and earth. With that said, you can use your essential qi to mobilize the natural elements. Know, however, that creating fire is one of the simplest things. From what I’ve heard, the great masters in ancient times were capable of overturning mountains and even making the sun and moon vanish with a simple gesture!” explained the old man with a longing gaze, knowing that that was the true limit of cultivation.

Unfortunately, a cultivator capable of that hadn’t appeared in over a thousand years. After all, not only did one need to be extremely talented, but they also needed to have great skill and luck before they could even remotely succeed in achieving such greatness.

Up on hearing that, Gerald couldn’t help but mutter, “But... isn’t making the sun and moon vanish impossible...?”

Gerald, for one, had received enough education to know that it was literally impossible to control the sun or moon. Such an action simply violated the most basic of natural laws!

Hitting Gerald on the head with a karate chop, the old man simply snapped, “Did you seriously just take me as a fool? Haven’t you heard of figurative language before?!”

Watching as Gerald who was now holding onto the bump on his head groaned in pain, the old man then added, “Regardless, once you reach a certain level of cultivation, you’ll be able to form a connection with the surrounding natural energy. It’s been raining cats and dogs for a few days now, right?”

“Indeed...” muttered Gerald as he checked on his clothes that were now fully dried.

“Look at my palm,” replied the old man as he extended his dry hand, prompting Gerald to keep a close eye on it. Watching as the old man frowned before moving his palm slightly, Gerald was soon able to feel moisture around him. As he stared on, Gerald was surprised to see more and more water droplets forming on the old man’s palm. Soon enough, there was enough to form a small puddle.

As water began dripping from the old man’s hand and onto the concrete floor, the stunned Gerald who hadn’t witnessed such a technique before couldn’t help but ask, “Is... this natural energy as well...?”

“But of course! This is merely an example of how my cultivation resonates with the surrounding natural energy. With how heavily it’s been raining these past few days, I could flood this cave in a matter of seconds if I wanted! Would you like to see that?” asked the old man with a grin as he clapped his hands together.

“Please don’t!” yelled Gerald, knowing that this cave was filled with his possessions. If the old man really decided to flood this place, then forget the treasures stored in here, he’d probably lose his once chance of locating Yearning Island!

“Heh. Either way, since you have the Herculean Primordial Spirit in your body, once your cultivation gets to my level, you’ll be way stronger than me. Since I can mobilize the natural energy within ten kilometers at my level, you’d probably be able to mobilize at least a hundred kilometers by then,” replied the old man as he outstretched his hand toward the bookshelf and a split second later, a single book was launched from the shelf toward him!