

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2326

“Do you have any idea who he is?” asked the young lady as she looked up, revealing just how pure she looked...

After giving it some serious thought, the man in gray simply replied, “Not a clue.”

In fact, it was exactly because he had no idea who Gerald was that the man ultimately decided to make his move on the boy back then.

“That boy possesses the Herculean Primordial Spirit...” muttered the woman with a sigh.

“What..? He does? Where did you lead him to, young mistress? Just say the word and I’ll bring him over immediately!” exclaimed the old man, his eyes glinting with excitement.

“What’s the point of bringing him over?” replied the young lady.

“Young mistress, the master’s been searching for the one who bears the Herculean Primordial Spirit for over ten years! Now that we’ve finally found him, we can’t just let him escape! He needs to use the primordial spirit to neutralize the cold poison in your body no matter what! Come to think of it, that boy may attempt to escape after I scared him earlier! This won’t do. I’m telling master about this and having him seal up Greendrake Island!” declared the ecstatic man in gray.

“Just forget it,” replied the young lady as she shook her head.

“You can’t be serious, young mistress... Only a single person holds the Herculean Primordial Spirit, so if we don’t capture him now, looking for him again will be like searching for a needle in a haystack! After all, we don’t even know where he’s from!” said the excited old man who would’ve already rushed out had the young girl not stopped him.

“Alright, say you do bring him back. What then?” asked the young lady.

“Well... He’ll have to... you know... He’ll have to use the Herculean Primordial Spirit’s power to cure the cold poison in your body!” muttered the old man rather awkwardly.

“So you’re saying that I should just exchange my virginity for my life?” replied the young lady with a soft sigh.

“Please don’t say that, young mistress... As long as we can confirm that he truly possesses the Herculean Primordial Spirit, then we may not have to resort to that method... Let’s see what master has to say about all this first...” muttered the old man who was getting increasingly embarrassed.

“Just give me some time to get to know him better first, ” replied the young lady as she thought about the boy. Though they had only met briefly, she didn’t really dislike him. In other words, things were off to a considerably good start.

“And... What if he leaves before you’re on good terms with him?” asked the old man.

“Then all I can say is that I have terrible luck,” replied the young lady as she lowered her head.

“Your luck is already astronomically good for you to be able to bump into the person who owns the Herculean Primordial Spirit... Regardless, I’ll follow your orders. If he heads to Mount Nimbus again, I’ll simply drive him away. In return, however, I’ll be posting some of our men to keep watch over the island, just to make sure he doesn’t try to leave. Is that agreeable?” asked the old man.

“Fine,” replied the young lady in a resigned tone.

“I’m glad to hear it. Now do rest early, young mistress. I’ll be taking my leave for now,” replied the man in gray with a bow before closing the door behind him.

Once the door was closed, the girl’s eyes couldn’t help but glint in excitement as she muttered, “Though I know you possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit, I don’t even know your name yet...”

Whatever the case was, Gerald had a restless night after all that had happened.

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After all, not only did he discover that the island was similar to Yearning Island, but he had also come across a large mountain-which was only visible within a certain range that was surrounded by an essential qi barrier. What more, aside from bumping into a man in gray who had attempted to capture him, he also met up with a mysterious old lady who kept giving him advice! To think that just being here for half a day would be this eventful... He didn't even know why all this was happening to him.

Either way, it was near dawn when Gerald finally ended up falling asleep.

The next thing he knew, it was already noon. Frowning slightly, Gerald then washed his face with cold water, planning to head out again. Before he was even able to leave, however, he watched as Aiden pushed the door open with some food in hand.

"Oh? So you're finally awake," said Aiden as he put the food on a table.

"Indeed... Have you been out all morning?" asked Gerald with a nod as he flopped onto a sofa.

"Pretty much. I headed out with uncle Grubb. We ended up splitting up some time ago when he went off to pay for something but didn't return for quite a while. Figuring that he was haggling or something, I simply returned first with the food since I thought you'd be hungry," explained Aiden as he unpacked the food and placed them before Gerald.

Taking a burrito, Gerald then asked, “I see... Any interesting news you heard while you were out there?”

Naturally, Gerald was worried that the organizer was after his head after what he had done last night. If that really was the case, then he definitely had to leave as soon as he could. Nothing good would come to be if he ended up getting captured.

“Not at all... Actually, hold on, I think I heard something about a fight of sorts last night...” muttered Aiden.

“I see... Anything else?” asked Gerald, figuring that the fight was the one among the six individuals whom he had seen last night.

“Not that I’ve heard of,” replied Aiden after giving it some thought.

“Good to hear,” said Gerald who was relieved to hear that. Still, he couldn’t help but find it odd. After all, he had clearly entered a forbidden area of the island last night, and the old man looked determined to kill him back then as well. Why wasn’t the organizer after his head yet? Even if they weren’t planning on capturing him, shouldn’t news about his actions be spread around at the very least...?

While it was definitely puzzling, it was still good news. Maybe that old man had simply thought that driving him away was enough. Whatever the case was, the important thing was that he was going to be safe, at least for now.

“Speaking of which, did you find anything last night?” asked Aiden as he bit into his own burrito, completely unaware of Gerald’s worries.

“Nothing, ” replied Gerald as he shook his head.

Sighing in response, Aiden then muttered, “It’s not going to be easy to learn about the island... Should we just find a way to get to know the organizer so that we can ask them directly...?”

“That’s a terrible idea and you know it,” replied Gerald with a helpless smile.

“Well, we can’t just rely on you slowly learning about this place... After all, if you accidentally head somewhere that you shouldn’t, the organizer could come after you!” muttered Aiden as he handed Gerald who had finished his burrito-another one.

Coughing out loud, Gerald then grumbled, “You jinxing me or something...?”

“Sorry, sorry...” replied Aiden with a sheepish grin.

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It was only after the two were done with lunch when Lucian finally returned with some items that he had bought. Looking at the open food packets, Lucian couldn't help but smile as he said, "Enjoyed your lunch?"

"Ah, you're back, uncle Grubb! I'll go get some lunch for you," replied Aiden as he got to his feet.

"I've already eaten. Regardless, come look at the great bargains I got! Had I bought them elsewhere, the price would've easily been twofold!" said Lucian with a wave of his hand.

Upon hearing that, Gerald curiously watched as Lucian opened the boxes he had just brought in. As it turned out, Lucian had bought some herbs, but Gerald wasn't sure what kinds of herbs they were.

Noticing Gerald's confusion, Lucian then pointed at one of the herbs before explaining, "That there, is Polargrass. This fine specimen, on the other hand, is a five-hundred-year-old wild ginseng..."

Once Lucian was done explaining about the herbs, Gerald simply nodded as he said, "It seems that even the street stalls here sell good stuff."

While he wasn't all that proficient in the field, Gerald had heard about most of the herbs-that Lucian had just bought-before from Daryl. With that said, he remembered Daryl stating that Polargrass was near priceless.

"Well, many of the stalls here weren't even meant to be street stalls. The truth is, their items were simply not good enough to be included in the auction, so they were forced to sell their wares out here. That, however, doesn't mean that the items that failed the screening are useless. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to get these herbs!" replied Lucian as he carefully placed the boxes aside. This trip was already proving to be fruitful to him.

"I see... Speaking of which, have there been cases of scams here?" asked Gerald, who hadn't joined such an auction before.

"Of course, there've been. After all, all you need is twenty thousand dollars to get here. While the majority of people are sincere with their businesses, quite a few still try their luck at selling fake goods. In the end, it all boils down to how well you know your stuff, " explained Lucian with a nod.

"Got it," replied Gerald.

"If you're having trouble judging the authenticity of goods, feel free to call me over. While I may not know that much about herbs and treasures, I believe I'm still more knowledgeable about them than you," said Lucian once he was done putting away his boxes.

"I appreciate it, uncle Grubb," replied Gerald with a slight bow.

“Don’t mention it. Speaking of which, did you manage to find anything while you were on your stroll last night?” asked the smiling Lucian.

“Nothing, unfortunately,” replied Gerald as he shook his head.

When he thought about the old woman, however, Gerald quickly got to his feet before walking toward the door while saying, “Either way, I’ll be heading out for a bit.”

Everything that had happened last night was still bugging him, so he may as well try looking for that woman to get some things clarified. Who knows, she could be hiding the exact answers that he needed.

“I’m coming with you!” declared Aiden as he hurriedly jogged after Gerald.

Once the two were downstairs, Gerald quickly turned to look at the area where the old woman had sat last night. Unfortunately, while the stool remained, the old woman was nowhere to be found.

“How odd...” muttered Gerald with a slight frown.

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“What is?” asked Aiden as he stared in the same direction as Gerald was, not knowing what Gerald was looking for.

“It’s nothing. Either way, back to the stroll,” replied Gerald as he shook his head. Until he got a better understanding of the situation, Gerald didn’t really want to tell Aiden about all this, fearing that he would trouble him. That way, if he needed that old woman’s help, Aiden wouldn’t be able to stop him.

Regardless, the second he stepped outside, Gerald saw that the streets were now packed with vendors. With so many people walking about, Gerald would’ve definitely assumed that this noisy place was a market had not known any better.

Leaning against Gerald, Aiden then muttered in an indifferent tone, “You know, despite there being so many stalls, they only extend to a few hundred meters up ahead. It really makes you wonder why they’d just decide to cram themselves in a concentrated area...”

“Maybe that’s as far as they’re allowed to go,” replied Gerald who knew that that was probably the truth though he simply played dumb.

Noticing the dried up blood stains from before, Gerald simply shook his head before placing his arms against his back as he said, "Either way, let's go take a look around."

As the duo walked deeper into the crowd, two men wearing gray uniforms who had been keeping watch over them from a distance turned to look at each other. One of them was the old man who had nearly attacked Gerald the night before.

"Think he's the one?" asked the old man as he straightened his neck, his eyes still on the duo.

"He should be. After all, young mistress said she met him here, and we haven't seen anyone else that fits her description of him leaving the building all day," replied the other man as he pointed at the wooden building that Gerald had just left from.

"Fair enough. Either way, we mustn't allow him to leave our sights. Still, to think that after ten whole years of searching for the Herculean Primordial Spirit, the boy carrying it would come to us instead!" muttered the old man as he continued keeping an eye on Gerald.

"It's because of the young mistress's extreme luck," replied the other man.

"Indeed... Speaking of which, does master know about all this?" asked the old man as he began tailing Gerald.

“He does. After telling him about it this morning, he said that he’d return to the island immediately,” said the man.

“I see. If you told him this morning, then he should be arriving soon... You know what, I’m leaving the young man to you. I need to prepare for the master’s return. However, make sure to always keep him safe and don’t lose sight of him, understand?” replied the old man, prompting the other man to nod.

Seeing that, the old man then headed off, prompting the other man to continue tailing Gerald. Since the man maintained a constant ten meters away from Gerald, the boy never realized that he was being followed.

While Gerald would’ve certainly been able to detect him if he activated his essential qi, he made sure not to release any after what had happened last night. That way, the odds of that old man recognizing him would be greatly lowered.

Either way, as they walked on, Aiden who had been by Gerald’s side this entire time couldn’t help but widen his eyes as he muttered, “Guns? Here?”

Turning to look at the stall Aiden was looking at, Gerald was greeted by the sight of a man wearing a mercenary uniform selling a few of the Western Union’s newest rifle models together with their appropriate bullets.

“Anything goes here I guess,” replied Gerald as he continued walking forward. Aide from the guns in that stall, most of the other vendors were simply selling herbs that they couldn’t even name.

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Either way, Gerald wasn’t interested in those things at all. In fact, he wasn’t even planning to shop anytime soon. His priority was to investigate a bit more on what had taken place last night. Thankfully, nobody seemed to be talking about his encounter with that old man. Though that was relieving to hear, Gerald knew that he still needed to look for that old woman. He, for one, believed that she wasn’t as simple as she appeared, and that he’d probably uncover most of the island’s secrets the second he got her to talk.

Regardless, upon reaching the area where stalls were becoming increasingly sparse, Gerald turned to look at Aiden before saying, “Let’s head back”

“Yeah... Honestly, this isn’t as lively as I imagined it to be...” muttered Aiden in a slightly disappointed tone.

“You’re getting auctions and parties mixed up... Speaking of the auction, I wonder if there’ll be any good stuff there tomorrow...” replied Gerald with a chuckle as he turned around only to notice a young man in gray staring at him from within the crowd.

Upon realizing that Gerald was looking in his direction, the man instantly lowered his gaze.

Gerald himself knew that the garments the person was wearing were similar to what the old man had worn last night. While he knew for a fact that this wasn't the same person who had attacked him, it still meant that the auction's organizer had already been keeping an eye on him. With that in mind, Gerald frowned slightly as he said, "Aiden, you head back first. There's something I need to take care of..."

Hearing the change in Gerald's tone, Aiden was prompted to ask, "Is something the matter?"

"I'll tell you later, just head back first," ordered Gerald, simply worried that the man in gray had been instructed by the old man to assassinate him. With that in mind, he didn't want Aiden accidentally getting hurt if he stayed behind. Gerald was already prepared to settle things alone anyway.

"Alright. Be careful out there," replied Aiden who knew for a fact since he had already been following Gerald around for so long that Gerald must have sensed danger and was only telling him to leave to avoid getting harmed.

"Definitely," replied Gerald with a slight nod, prompting Aiden to disappear into the crowd.

Seeing that, Gerald took a deep breath before turning around and walking away from the crowded area. If there was going to be a fight, he wasn't about to do it here.

Either way, upon seeing Gerald suddenly split up with his friend and change directions, the man in gray couldn't help but scratch the back of his head before mumbling, "Is he misunderstanding something...?"

While he didn't know what was up, he still continued following Gerald, knowing that if he lost the boy, then Third elder would surely scold him later. After all, all this concerned the young mistress's life.

Moving back to Gerald, he made sure not to walk too quickly since he still needed time to figure out how he was going to deal with the situation. While he knew that he could probably handle the man in the back, this wasn't his territory. In other words, Gerald was worried that stronger people could appear at any time. Still, at the very least, he was leading the trouble away from Aiden and Lucian. Knowing that, if he ended up getting caught, so be it.

Regardless, Gerald successfully made it out of the street stall area shortly after. Upon seeing Gerald suddenly dashing forward, the man in gray swiftly made his way toward the youth. However, he was too late. Gerald had vanished!

"D*mn it!" grumbled the young man as he scanned the area, hoping to catch a glimpse of the boy. When all of a sudden, he was struck by a sudden gust of wind!