

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2272

“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.