

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2321

Once Gerald had left, Lucian couldn't help but mutter, "While it's definitely possible to learn about the island's secrets if he manages to contact the auction's organizer, they're not a person he can just meet all willy-nilly!"

Lucian genuinely wanted to help Gerald out since not only had the boy promised to share the secrets of the Devotion Mirror, once he unlocked its secrets-with him, but Gerald was also willingly risking his life to save Lindsay! Even so, he had no idea how to even help. After all, it wasn't like he could talk to the organizer on Gerald's behalf. Hell, he didn't even know anyone who had met up with the organizer in the past decade!

"Don't worry too much about it. There are just some things that we can't help with," comforted Aiden when he saw how perplexed Lucian looked.

Sighing in response, Lucian replied, "I know... I just want to help him for once..."

Though Lucian was plagued with guilt, Gerald, on the contrary, was as cool as a cucumber in his room. After all, he already knew how difficult this investigation was going to be. Understanding how immensely powerful the organizer was, Gerald had made up his mind that if he still failed to uncover the island's secrets after trying his best, then he would just give up. After all, cracking the code wouldn't do him any good if he ended up dead. Whatever the case was, Gerald figured that he should start by simply wandering around the island in hopes of finding potential clues.

Compared to when they had first arrived, many more food stalls had been set up by the time the trio headed out for dinner. With so many stalls, it was no surprise that many of them sold international cuisines from Weston, Japan, and even Meinberg, one of the smaller countries!

Eventually, however, they settled on a Weston stall and Lucian quickly ordered two Weston dishes. Shortly after, Gerald who had sensed waves of essential qi around him couldn't help but whisper, "There's quite a number of cultivators around us..."

"Indeed... After all, there's a five-year gap between each auction. It only makes sense for all the large families and cultivators from Asia and Southeast Asia to attend. While it may look lively now, things can get chaotic really quickly, and many bad things have happened here before. Some even take the chance to kill others during the event," replied Lucian in a hushed tone as he slurped on his soup.

"Hmm? Doesn't the organizer intervene?" asked Gerald with a slight frown.

"The organizer doesn't bother with most things that happen here. As long as the auction is held and you don't do anything that will affect their interest, they won't make a move. An example would be what happened some twenty years ago... It was my third time attending the auction back then, and I remember someone trying to steal one of the auction items. Unfortunately for him, he was quickly subdued by a group of men in black. He didn't even stand a fighting chance... Either way, nobody's dared to cause any trouble since then, though fights and revenge-seeking is still quite commonplace on this private island. After all, it isn't under the jurisdiction of any country, so murder has no consequences..." explained Lucian.

"I see..." said Gerald with a slight nod.

“With all that said, let’s just try not to get into any trouble here. After all, we can never be too sure how strong one actually is here...” muttered Lucian as he got to his feet when he saw the food stall owner walking toward them with their dishes.

“Don’t worry, I’m just here to look around. It’s not like I look for trouble for fun,” replied Gerald with a smile.

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Just as they were about to dig in, however, a loud ‘thud’ could be heard, followed by a ‘crash’! Naturally, everyone immediately turned to look at the source of the sound... and were quickly greeted by the sight of a bearded young man who looked to be in his thirties lying in a pool of his own blood! His eyes widened in fear, the man could be seen struggling for a while, desperately attempting to ask for help. However, even when his body went fully limp, nobody seemed to care.

They simply continued eating as though the one who had just died was nothing but a rat.

Bringing his bowl of soup to his mouth-but clearly having lost his appetite-, Lucian then lowered the bowl again before saying, “Well, that’s probably a textbook example of what I said earlier. Poor man probably offended someone who waited till now just to murder him without any repercussions...”

“Possibly. This truly is an excellent place to commit murder...” replied Gerald in a nonchalant tone.

Gerald, for one, knew that auctions outside of Weston were never peaceful, and he had heard several tales of how chaotic auctions could get in Southeastern countries like Yanam and Meinberg. Once the auctions began, the participants’ lives bore little meaning, and cultivators—who were used to seeing blood and death, had no issue with murder.

Regardless, though the corpse was sprawled in the middle of the street, everyone who walked past only gave it a brief glance before looking away. Shortly after, a few men donning gray robes walked up to the body and picked it up before quickly moving toward the sea.

With how efficient they were, nobody would’ve been able to guess what had happened there if the puddle of blood didn’t remain.

Either way, once they were done with dinner, Gerald told Aiden and Lucian that he was going to wander around the island after a quick shower. Though Aiden wanted to come along, Gerald firmly refused. After all, if a man could murder out in the open without any repercussions here, then Gerald would rather not have Aiden who was completely powerless against cultivators face the risk of dying out here.

Whatever the case was, once Gerald was done with his shower, he slipped a new packet of cigarettes into his pocket before getting ready to leave. However, before he could even walk out the door, a thin, old woman who looked to be around eighty called out, “Where are you planning on going at this hour?”

Turning to look at the old woman seated by the door who honestly looked like a child with how tiny her hunched back made her look Gerald then lit a cigarette before shrugging as he replied, "It's my first time here so I figured that I may as well head out to have a look around. Besides, I don't like being in such a stuffy room for too long."

"I advise you to stay indoors at night. It's even more dangerous out there now that it's dark. It wouldn't even be a stretch to say that you'd possibly get killed by mistake the second you stepped out. See that dark spot over there? A man was killed about an hour ago, and his body's been tossed into the sea..." said the old woman in a hoarse voice as she pointed at the dried bloodstains.

"Yeah, I was there when it happened," replied Gerald.

"While you're quite capable, you're not the strongest here by any means," said the old woman as she scanned Gerald from head to toe.

"With all due respect, I'm simply heading out for a stroll. I won't be offending anyone, so I should end up fine," replied Gerald as he looked straight into her eyes.

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To his surprise, her eyes were unusually bright, almost as though she was actually a young lady.

“You know, people who don’t listen to advice are prone to getting fed to the sharks...” muttered the old woman as she looked to the side.

“I appreciate your concern, but I’ll be off,” replied Gerald as he bowed toward her before hurrying off.

After Gerald swiftly disappeared around the corner, the old woman slowly straightened her back, revealing that she wasn’t hunch-backed at all! Shaking her head, she then muttered in a much clearer voice, “So that’s the Herculean Primordial Spirit that father told me about... To think that it’d be in a young man’s body! Things will surely get troublesome if he has a powerful background...”

Naturally, Gerald had no idea about any of this, and he simply continued assuming that the old woman had said all that out of kindness. Still, despite her warning and the fact that he was well aware that there were plenty of powerful people on the island, Gerald also knew that he was a master at escaping. With that in mind, he simply took in the faintly salty sea breeze as he walked along the darkened streets.

Shortly after, however, he couldn’t help but stop in his tracks with a slight frown. Gerald was sensing essential qi fluctuating from two people up ahead, and they were both probably as strong as he was. Curious, Gerald then withdrew his essential qi before slowly walking forward. Since he wanted to learn the island’s secrets, he couldn’t just back down upon encountering a problem.

Regardless, after heading forward for a bit, he soon realized that aside from the few ancient-looking buildings that he had walked past, a large chunk of the island remained undeveloped. Still, with how large the place was, he couldn’t even see the other end of the island. Either way, once he got close enough, Gerald hid behind a large tree before squinting his eyes to get a better grasp of the situation.

Standing on the barren land were six men facing each other, with three on each side. Two of them stood before their groups, and they were the ones emanating the essential qi that Gerald had earlier detected. Now surer than ever that both of them were as strong as him, Gerald knew that he probably couldn't win a fight against all six of them.

"What a dangerous place..." muttered Gerald with a frown as he puffed on his cigarette.

The second his thought ended, all six men rushed toward each other, immediately sparking up an intense battle! With how much essential qi was used in between blows, the area became so bright that it almost felt like it was daytime! It was about ten minutes later when the victors of the battle were finally decided...

Only one man remained alive on the losing side, and he was already on his knees, his breath extremely weak. As for the other trio, though they had won, they were all seriously injured as well. With that, they chose not to kill the man, swiftly disappearing into the darkness instead.

After witnessing all that, Gerald couldn't help but click his tongue. While they were strong, all of them had very little combat experience. Now understanding that, Gerald was pretty confident that he would've won even if all six of them came for him.

Shaking his head, he then continued walking forward, completely unnoticed.

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Utilizing the moon's glow to guide him around, Gerald soon came across a massive mountain that stood about a kilometer away from him. Naturally, this puzzled him. After all, he should've been able to see the mountain the second he got on the island! It certainly didn't help that he was positive that the mountain wasn't there up till this point. Concluding that there was definitely a secret to be found on the mountain that could possibly be related to the island's secrets, Gerald excitedly began dashing toward the place.

"How absolutely unusual..." muttered Gerald under his breath as he wondered if he could just skip looking for the island that Seadom tribe had relocated to and finally be able to get to Yearning Island.

Regardless, it was about five minutes later when Gerald stopped at the foot of the mountain. Looking up, Gerald then took a deep breath before attempting to dash forward again, only to feel his face smacking into something!

"What the hell was that...?" muttered Gerald with a frown as he looked at the clearing before him. There weren't even any tree branches hindering his way! Mobilizing his essential qi, Gerald then began touching the area that he had collided into... and sure enough, there was an invisible wall of air there!

Before Gerald could investigate any further, he suddenly heard a scowl, stating, "Who goes there?"

The voice sounded old, and as Gerald turned to face the source of the voice, he quickly realized that a figure was rapidly flying toward him! Sensing that this old man was rather strong-and fearing that he would call for reinforcements-, Gerald immediately began bolting away from the scene! If all this resulted in him offending the auction's organizer, then he'd never be able to leave the island!

Either way, though Gerald was fast, the old man was faster, and it only took the senior three seconds to catch up to the boy!

"Snooping around at night, huh? Show me your face and tell me what you're up to!" growled the old man as he attempted to grab Gerald's shoulder.

Upon hearing that, Gerald simply began turning around, preparing himself for battle. If he wasn't going to be able to outrun his opponent, he may as well fight with him. Whether he made it out alive was up to fate.

"Daring enough to stop? Are you courting death or something?!" growled a rather familiar voice. Before Gerald could fully face the old man, he felt a hand grab onto the back of his collar, and within seconds, he was already quite a distance from where he had initially stood!

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Upon seeing Gerald being dragged off, the old man immediately stopped in his tracks. While he was pretty sure that the intruder's savior was an old woman, her aura felt oddly familiar.

“Was that the young mistress...?” muttered the old man to himself. Knowing how quirky the girl was, the man eventually decided to turn back, withdrawing his essential qi in the process.

His thought process was to first contact the young mistress’s family to confirm whether that was truly her. If it wasn’t, then he’d just resume hunting the boy down. While he wasn’t able to get a good look at Gerald’s face, nobody escaped his grasps!

Moving back to Gerald, it wasn’t long before he found himself back at the building he was staying in. Once inside, he quickly straightened his clothes before placing his palm and fist together as he respectfully said, “Thank you for saving me, senior!”

Had she not stepped in at the last moment, Gerald knew that he would’ve entered a world of trouble. Hell, even if he had managed to escape, he was pretty sure that he would’ve somehow ended up offending the auction’s organizer... And with the power they possessed, killing him would probably be as easy as squashing an ant.

“I told you not to wander about, didn’t I? Still, while I had expected you to end up offending a few people, I never would’ve imagined that you’d dare to head to that mountain!” muttered the old woman who had hardly broken a sweat as she sat on her folding stool again.

“I just got a bit curious... After all, I hadn’t been able to see the mountain till I was at least a kilometer from it! I never expected to get into trouble just for that...” muttered Gerald as he quivered slightly.

“Just go back to sleep. I’m pretty sure that old man wasn’t able to see your face, so you’re good. Besides, you’re not the first to wander into that area by mistake, so you don’t have to worry about your safety,” replied the old woman as she waved her hand.

“I will... Still, why did you save me earlier? After all, we’ve only met once and I even went against your advice!” muttered Gerald with a smile as he squatted before the woman. The fact that he wasn’t able to sense any murderous intent from her only served to increase his curiosity.

“I was just free at the time,” replied the old woman, prompting Gerald’s eyes to immediately widen, clearly not expecting that answer.

“Either way, it’s getting late, so go get some rest first And remember not to wander about the island anymore. I’m not saving you a second time,” said the old woman as she lowered her head.

“... Very well. Again, I appreciate your help,” replied Gerald with a bow before heading upstairs, knowing that he wasn’t going to get any more information out of her.

Regardless, it was about ten minutes later when the old woman got to her feet before leaving the building. The place she was headed to was near the coast, and not too far from the huge mountain. Upon arriving, she was greeted by the sight of a row of houses and several young men donning black uniforms similar to what the men at the port and the shore had been wearing standing guard before the doors of each building.

After entering one of the houses and into her room, the old woman slipped her clothes off... revealing a set of modern clothes underneath them. Following that, her hunchback was quickly straightened and her figure turned slender as well. By the time her transformation was done, the fair skinned girl looked like she was merely in her twenties.

The second she slipped into a jacket, a knock could be heard at the door, followed by a hoarse voice asking, "Was that you earlier, young mistress?"

"Please enter, Third elder," replied the woman in an almost ethereal voice.

"Right away," replied the voice as the door to her room opened... Revealing the man who had earlier been chasing Gerald! However, instead of looking sinister, the old man, after taking his hat off had a kind expression on his face.

"Answering your question, yes, that was me. Either way, if he still wanders the island after this, just drive him away. He must not be hurt," ordered the young mistress as she sat cross-legged on a chair, her eyes clear, just like what Gerald had first seen.

"But... This island hides our family's secrets, young mistress! Just so you know, that kid wasn't exactly weak, and I'm certain he would have eventually been able to get past the essential qi barrier and enter Mount Nimbus had I not stopped him earlier!" said the man in gray, a worried expression on his face.

