

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2331

Feeling something cold against his neck, the man then looked down and realized that there was a dagger against his throat!

“Care explaining why you’re following me?” asked Gerald as he squinted his eyes.

“Y-you’ve got it wrong, brother! I have no reason to follow you around!” replied the young man with a gulp as he smiled awkwardly while raising both his hands.

Upon hearing that, Gerald was slightly taken aback. After all, not only did the young man not choose to resist or threaten him, but he didn’t fluctuate his essential qi at all! Though he wasn’t expecting such a reaction, Gerald simply took a deep breath before replying, “Is this because I trespassed to the forbidden area last night?”

“Forbidden area?” asked the young man, utterly confused. After all, he had no idea that Gerald had headed to Mount Nimbus last night. All he had been told was that the boy possessed the Herculean Primordial Spirit and that he wasn’t allowed to leave the island.

Pointing toward Mount Nimbus’s direction, Gerald then said, “That huge mountain over there.”

When Gerald turned to look at where he was pointing, however, he quickly realized that the mountain had disappeared once more.

Now getting a fuller picture, the young man simply replied, "You'll learn more about it in the future."

While Mount Nimbus was one of his family's secret mountains, upon considering Gerald's identity and the fact that maybe the patriarch or young mistress would eventually explain things to him, the young man chose not to straight out play dumb.

"Elaborate," said Gerald with a slight frown.

"B-before that... Could you move the dagger away from my throat...? A slip of your hand and my life will be over...! Believe me when I say that I have no intentions of stalking or fighting you...!" replied the man as he pointed at the dagger while chuckling nervously.

Knowing that the man really wasn't planning to fight, Gerald then withdrew his dagger before saying, "Tell me the whole story."

"Speaking of which, the name's Yaacob Zeman... What about you?" asked the man as he pretended not to hear Gerald's question.

“Gerald Crawford,” replied Gerald with a slight frown.

“Alright, I admit that I was tailing you, but I honestly don’t wish to fight. While I can’t tell you any more than that, you’ll learn more about it in the future...” muttered Yaacob when he sensed that Gerald wasn’t going to let him off till he knew the truth.

“What do you mean I’ll learn more then? Just tell me already. You’re with the auction’s organizer, no?” replied Gerald, confused as to why the man was so hesitant to elaborate.

“I am...” muttered Yaacob with a nod.

“Regardless, aren’t you being a bit too casual around me? Keep in mind that we’re complete strangers,” replied Gerald with a sigh as he sheathed his dagger.

Grinning sheepishly, Yaacob then scratched the back of his head as he said, “I’m sure that’ll change in the future... Either way, since I’ve been discovered, do allow me to just stay by your side.”

Knowing that he had no right to stop the man since it was his fault for trespassing in the first place, Gerald simply replied, “Do as you want...”

“I’m glad to hear that! Since we’ve gotten acquainted now do let me treat you to dinner! There are plenty of delicacies on our island and I can definitely lead you to the best food!” said Yaacob as he placed his arm around Gerald’s shoulder, showing just how easy going he was.

“I’m full,” replied Gerald with a sigh.

“Then allow me to lead you around the island! In case you weren’t aware, the scenery here isn’t all that bad!” said Yaacob in an enthusiastic tone.

Upon hearing that, Gerald was reminded of what Lucian said the day before. With that, he was prompted to say, “Speaking of which, there’s something I’d like to get clarified.”

“Ask away!” replied Yaacob as he patted his chest

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“I’ve heard rumors that the island can’t be located unless auctions are held here. Is that true?” asked Gerald as he looked at Yaacob.

“I... can’t really answer that since this is the first I’m hearing about the rumor myself! In case you doubt me, know that though we’re in charge of maintaining order here, we

aren't usually allowed to be on the island unless we're ordered to. With that said, we come here about the same time as all of you do." Replied Yaacob as he shook his head.

Sensing that Yaacob wasn't lying, Gerald then sighed as he replied, "Alright. Then tell me what else you know about this place..."

"Well, there's a lot of good food here! Allow me to lead you to them!" exclaimed Yaacob with a glint of excitement in his eyes.

Upon hearing that, Gerald didn't really know whether to feel happy or sad. While it was true that he now knew that the organizer wasn't planning on making a move on him just yet, thus ensuring Aiden and Lucian's safety, he still had no idea what Yaacob meant by 'he'd learn more in time'.

Regardless, even though Yaacob was talking to Gerald in a way that almost suggested that he was family, despite being complete strangers, in the end, the young man was still a disciple of the organizer, and it wasn't easy getting to know one. With that in mind, Gerald made up his mind that he'd get information from him no matter what.

With that, he was prompted to say, "Forget it, I'd rather return to get some rest. Before that, however, do you know of a strong, old woman?"

"Who are you calling an old woman? She's..." replied Yaacob before quickly covering his mouth.

“She’s...?” said Gerald.

“She’s probably just someone who’s here for the auction,” replied Yaacob as he shook his head.

“I see,” said Gerald with a shrug, knowing full well that the old woman had connections with the organizer’s family. Why else would the old man in gray choose not to pursue him even though this was his territory? After all, Gerald believed that the old man was capable enough to easily sense his presence with his essential qi.

Either way, Yaacob then added, “So... are you heading back to rest now?”

“If I am, are you going to continue following me?” asked Gerald with a slightly helpless sigh.

“But of course! It’s my mission to do so, after all. Don’t worry, I won’t harm you!” replied Yaacob in an honest tone.

“Then can you at least tell me why you’re doing all this...?” muttered Gerald, thinking that everything that had happened on this island was equally as baffling.

“I can’t tell you yet, but...”

“I’ll find out later. I get it... Whatever the case is, even if you do follow me around, just make sure not to get in my way,” said Gerald, already knowing what Yaacob was going to say.

“I definitely won’t!” declared Yaacob as he shook his head, prompting Gerald who already knew that the street stalls had nothing that he needed to begin heading back to rest.

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Though Yaacob didn’t appear too suspicious and mostly felt trustworthy to Gerald, the man was still part of the organizer’s family. Since Gerald knew little about that family, he remained rightfully vigilant around Yaacob.

Regardless, since Yaacob followed Gerald all the way back to his room, Aiden who had been lying on the couch instantly got up before asking, “Who is this, then?”

“He’s just a friend I got to know. Regardless, ‘friend’, you won’t be staying with us, correct? After all, there are only three rooms and three beds here,” replied Gerald who clearly didn’t want Aiden to know the whole story yet as he turned to look at Yaacob.

“Oh, don’t worry about me. I’ll just go get another room!” said Yaacob as he shook his head, knowing that his mission was merely to keep a close eye on Gerald, not to be at his side at all times.

Either way, once Yaacob left, Gerald could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Pouring himself a glass of water, Gerald then asked, "Speaking of which, where's uncle Grubb?"

"He's headed out to register our seats for tomorrow's auction," replied Aiden as he sat by Gerald's side.

"I see..." said Gerald as he sipped on his water.

"Who exactly was that, brother Gerald...? Uncle Grubb's already told us how chaotic this place is, so we need to be clear about his identity if we're allowing him to approach us..." muttered Aiden as he pointed at the door that Yaacob had just left with.

"Don't worry, he's safe to be around," replied Gerald in a slightly helpless tone, knowing better than to go against someone from the organizer's family, especially after being targeted by the old man. Thinking back, maybe the old man ordered Yaacob to stay close to him so that he wouldn't attempt to trespass that huge mountain again. If that was the case, then Yaacob's appearance would surely make a lot more sense.

Moving back to Yaacob, being the disciple of the organizer's family, he naturally didn't have to book a room to stay there. With that in mind, he simply found a vacant room before walking in and closing the door behind him. Following that, he made a call to the old man, and once it connected, Yaacob immediately said, "Third elder? There's something I need to report!"

"You'd better not have lost him..." growled the old man.

“O-of course I haven’t! I called to tell you that I’ve already met him and I’m currently staying close to his room,” replied Yaacob.

“You didn’t say a word about the young mistress, did you?” asked the old man as he eased up a little.

“Negative. I only admitted that I was stalking him, but I didn’t say anything else,” explained Yaacob.

“Good to know. Regardless of how you do it, just make sure you don’t lose him. Also, the patriarch is arriving very soon, and I’m about to head out to greet him. With that said, continue keeping an eye on him, understand?” replied the old man with a nod.

“Got it!” said Yaacob before hanging up...

It was around half an hour later when a plain-looking boat was anchored on the other side of the island where the old man and about a dozen more disciples could be seen waiting onshore.

Shortly after, a well-dressed and stern-looking middle aged man stepped out, and two of the disciples quickly stepped forward to help him out. Once he was ashore, the old man bowed before saying, “Welcome, patriarch...”

Aside from being the auction's organizer, the man who went by Walter Zeman was also the patriarch of the Zemans, a cultivating family from Weston. With how high his cultivation was, Walter was one of the top ten cultivators across the globe.

"Where is he, Third elder? You said the boy possessed the Herculean Primordial Spirit, correct? Bring me to him," replied Walter in an urgent tone.

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Despite his status, Walter looked less like a majestic family head and more like a father worried for his daughter's life.

Regardless, upon hearing that, Third elder immediately bowed slightly before saying, "Indeed. His name is Gerald Crawford, and he's still on the island. Yaacob is keeping an eye on him just in case he tries to leave..."

"What of his family's background?" asked Walter.

"He appears to be a solitary cultivator. Strangely enough, I've yet to find out anything about his family's background," muttered Third elder, seemingly unconvinced with his own results.

"Are you absolutely sure? You know how impossible that sounds, right?" replied Walter with a sigh.

“...Well... Young mistress was the first to sense his Herculean Primordial Spirit... Even I was able to sense it when the boy for some odd reason attempted to enter Mount Nimbus last night...” explained Third elder as he shook his head.

“Come now, how could a solitary cultivator be the one to possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit! Have you scanned his power thoroughly enough to be absolutely sure that he owns it?” replied Walter with a wry laugh.

“We’re definitely planning to, though maybe that boy really is that lucky...?” said Third elder with a nod.

“Whatever the case is, bring him to me so that I can check for myself! The sooner we cure the cold poison in Mia’s body, the better!” replied Walter as he waved his hand, clearly only caring about his daughter’s recovery.

“About that... Young mistress has disallowed us from doing so...” said Third elder in an embarrassed tone.

“What..? What is that girl even thinking?” grumbled Walter.

“It’s best if you meet her yourself...” muttered Third elder in a slightly hesitantly.

“Where is she...” asked Walter with a sigh.

“She’s on the island...” replied Third elder.

“Bring her to me, and tell her to have an answer prepared for her reasoning. Seriously... I’ve searched for over ten years for the Herculean Primordial Spirit and now that it’s finally appeared, she says she doesn’t want to meet the boy? Does she really want to die in a year...?” grumbled Walter as he left the scene.

Third elder himself gave no reply, and simply followed Walter with the other clansmen.

It was about half an hour later when the young lady entered her father’s room.

Watching as Walter-who was seated on a long teak bench-stared at her, the surprised Mia couldn’t help but say, “Father..? What are you doing here so early...?”

She, for one, clearly remembered that her father had told her that he wouldn’t come over till the auctioning began since he had a more important meeting to attend to.

“If I didn’t come, all my hard work over the past ten years would’ve been for naught! ” replied Walter.

Momentarily freezing in place, Mia quickly said, “What could you be talking about, father?”

“Enough games, Mia. You’ve located the one who possesses the Herculean Primordial Spirit, correct?” replied Walter in a commanding tone.

“Third elder, did you...?” muttered Mia as she turned to look at the old man in gray who was standing close by.

“Indeed... You should know how critical this information is to the patriarch, so please don’t be mad at me...” replied Third elder as he looked to the side, embarrassed.

Knowing that there was no point hiding it any longer, Mia then took a deep breath before saying, “Yes, I’ve located him.”

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“Then what are you waiting for, Mia? You have less than a year left! If we don’t act quick, the boy may leave and we may not be able to locate him again!” replied Walter in an urgent tone. After all, his daughter’s life was on the line!

Upon hearing that, Mia couldn’t help but blush as she muttered, “Please leave me and my father be for a moment...”

Nodding in response, Third Elder and the others quickly left the room...

Once they were gone, Mia clenched her sleeves before adding in a tiny voice, "... Father, I'm sure you're aware of what I have to do with that boy in order to cure the cold poison in my body..."

After a brief pause, Walter then replied, "I'm well aware..."

"Then can I at least get to know this person first...? I need to at least be able to accept him before allowing him to treat my cold poison, right...?" said Mia, feeling extremely embarrassed.

"You're being too picky! While I know that it'd be best if you could be together with that boy, beggars can't be choosers. If you're really that self-conscious about it, I can just kill him after your condition is cured!" declared Walter, his gaze frigid.

"You... You're planning to kill my savior...?" muttered Mia, her eyes focused on her father.

Suddenly feeling immensely awkward, Walter averted his gaze before saying, "It's all for your own good..."

“Since you’re saying that, just let me get to know him a bit... If he doesn’t meet my requirements at all, I’d rather die from the cold poison!” replied Mia in a firm tone.

“Bullsh*t! You can’t joke about your life like that! My daughter, I’ve let you have your way with everything ever since you were born... However, I’m doing things my way this time. Stay here and I’ll go capture that cultivator right this instant! I’ll let you decide what to do with him once he cures the cold poison!” growled Walter as he got up before striding toward the door.

Grabbing onto her father’s arm, Mia then pleaded, “Father, wait! I... I promise I’ll make him remove the cold poison in my body... Just... give me some time... Please...?”

“Do you promise?” growled Walter as he actively suppressed his anger.

“I swear!” declared Mia with a firm nod.

“You have until the day the auction is over. If he leaves, it’ll be like trying to find a needle in a haystack! You only have ten months left, so if you don’t act quick, I’m intervening whether you like it or not,” replied Walter who couldn’t help but give in when he saw his daughter’s eyes begin to water.

“Understood...” muttered Mia with a nod, knowing that her father only wanted what was best for her.

“Alright... Now go get some rest. I wish to see the young man at the auction tomorrow. Even if he doesn’t have a family, as long as he looks alright and has a good personality, I’m willing to accept him as my son-in-law. Of course, that’s only if my previous daughter thinks the same,” said Walter as he softened his tone.

After searching for the person possessing the Herculean Primordial Spirit for over ten years, who could blame him for feeling so overwhelmed?

“I... Yes father, I’ll be taking my leave first...” muttered Mia, feeling slightly embarrassed again.

Watching as his daughter left, Walter then added, “You’ll be following me to the auction tomorrow, alright? After all, I still don’t know what Gerald looks like, so you’ll have to point him out to me...”