

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2400

PART PROGRESS

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The second the waiter's sentence ended, Yasmin heard footsteps ascending the stairs.

As everyone quickly turned to face the door, a smiling young man who had his hands in his pockets soon entered while saying, "Hmm? Didn't you say this place was closed? The second floor seems quite lively!"

"Who are you? What are you doing here?!" growled the angered Yasmin.

"Me? I'm just here for a drink! Though I'd be lying if I said I wasn't also looking for someone," replied Gerald as he sat at the side before looking pitifully at the trembling Harper who was now barely conscious on the floor.

"Is that so? Well I'm afraid that this drink will be your last!" retorted Yasmin as Wael's men quickly surrounded the boy.

Upon seeing that, the boy simply let out a sneeze that somehow turned into a gale that sent all the men flying and crashing to the ground! All of them were knocked out!

“What the the hell?!” yelled Isaac in utter disbelief as he lifted his foot off Harper’s head. While it was true that he had met extremely strong people before this, none of them could even compare to this boy’s sheer power!

Realizing how bad the situation was, Isaac then took a few steps backward before asking with a gulp, “...U-um. Have we offended you, senior?”

“You have. You’re a Morningstar, correct? The thing is, that surname absolutely annoys me!” retorted the boy who was obviously Gerald!

Though Isaac who had never met the boy before was momentarily confused, Yasmin was quick to realize who he was. With that, the second she snapped out of it, she was prompted to yell, “Be careful, Third Young Master! He’s Gerald!”

‘What? That’s him?!’ Isaac thought to himself as his mind momentarily went blank. It was only a second later when his fight or flight response kicked in and his instincts chose flight!

With that, Isaac immediately turned around and leaped out the window! This prompted Gerald to send out an aura blade while yelling, “Quick to run, aren’t we?”

Unfortunately, since Isaac had used his lightness skill, the aura blade couldn’t quite get to Isaac in time. However, to the terrified Isaac’s dismay, the aura blade wasn’t going away! It kept homing onto him, prompting the frightened man who was able to sense how powerful the attack was to drain all his essential qi, just to make him run faster...!

The second he burst into his home, Isaac didn't even stop to catch his breath! Instead, he began frantically yelling, "F-Father! Save me, Father! Gerald's about to kill me...!"

Naturally, this prompted Jaxen and the six elders to rush out. Upon seeing the swiftly approaching and immensely powerful aurablade, Jaxen was prompted to yell, "Careful, Isaac! Stay behind us!"

Following that, Jaxen and the six elders quickly worked together to form a defensive air shield! To their utter dismay, even before the attack collided against their shield, it was smashed to bits just from the aura blade's tremendous pressure!

Their hair now standing on end, the seven stunned men quickly snapped out of it before dodge rolling away...

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2401

The fact that all seven of them had failed to stop that single aurablade made for a truly soul crushing experience.

Regardless, though the helpless men were able to dodge in time, their action left Isaac completely exposed! Upon being stabbed, Isaac howled in pain before exploding into a cloud of dust barely a second later...!

But that wasn't all!

With how great the collision impact had been, a shockwave was sent out, resulting in all seven of the men spurting out blood even though they had avoided the main attack!

“S-such... Such power...! What a powerful aurablade..!” stuttered the six elders in both horror and shock.

Jaxen, however, was filled with grief as he muttered, “Isaac...”

Not even processing Jaxen's misery, the six elders were already exchanging glances as they said, “Was that attack really from Gerald? How could his cultivation be this high...?!”

After what they had just witnessed, they were glad that they had chosen to invite the elders of the Thunder Sword Sect to handle the situation rather than hastily deal with the boy themselves... Had they gone with the latter, their family would have surely been exterminated by now...!

Their train of thought was cut short when Jaxen who couldn't even find traces of Isaac's clothing left behind began wailing while yelling, "My poor boy...!"

"Control yourself, Jaxen. Gerald could be nearby! Though he's accepted our duel invitation, it's clear that he doesn't intend to spare any of us! With that said, please, calm down!" said one of the elders in a fearful tone.

"Indeed! There's a reason why people say lack of forbearance in small matters ultimately upsets the greater plan! If we start the battle in advance, he'll just have more reasons to exterminate us earlier! By that point, it'll be useless even if those from the Thunder Sword Sect come! You have to endure this...!" added another elder.

Though they were fearing the worst, Gerald himself wasn't planning on killing any more of them today. After getting rid of Yasmin and Wael, Gerald quickly helped Harper expel the poison before sending him to the hospital to recuperate.

Shaking his head, the boy couldn't help but mutter, "To think that this petty family even dares to go against me I'm sure there's someone helping them out behind the scenes!"

Gerald had finished reading all the books that Walter had given him quite recently, which was why he knew that the cultivation realm was pretty much its own independent world. Though it was still located on earth, those from the realm never partook in anything related to the secular world. It was simply an unwritten rule of the cultivation realm.

Because of that, though there were many cultivating families like the Zemans across the globe, commoners weren't aware of this. Of course, this included cultivating families and sects in Weston.

Speaking of Weston, though several families here trained their bodies to the extreme, they weren't technically 'true' cultivators. With that in mind, though they were mysterious, they were still considered to be part of the secular world, and were allowed to interact with the people there.

The high elders of the three large families in Yanam were good examples of this. Though they thought they were cultivators, they really weren't. Sadly, it wasn't easy to tell unless such people were actually fought with. Either way, Gerald was thinking about all this since he wondered whether the Morningstars actually had support from real cultivators...

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2402

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he heard a knock on his office door. Shortly after, Aiden entered before saying, "Brother Gerald! I've received a call stating that Professor Boyle is back. He's currently at his manor, Fresh Cottage!"

"Oh? Bring me to him!"

It was around noon when the duo arrived at Fresh Cottage. Even from afar, they could already see all sorts of plants and even artificial mountains within the manor's grounds. Each plant seemed to have its own special spot, and if they could see things from an aerial view, the duo would surely be able to tell that everything was arranged to look like an eight diagram...

"As you've probably guessed by now, Professor Boyle is different from the other experts of the topic," said Aiden.

Chuckling in response, Gerald simply replied, "He's definitely one of the more experienced ones, that's for sure."

Though Gerald didn't say it, he had already figured out that Professor Boyle had arranged his garden in the shape of a formation! As for what the formation was for Gerald really didn't want to think too much into it...

It was at that moment when a polite looking young man walked over to the duo and bowed before saying, “Ah, Mr. Baker and Mr. Crawford, I presume? Professor Boyle has been expecting you.”

“Do lead the way,” replied Aiden, prompting the young man to lead them across the garden and into the parlor. Shortly after, they were greeted by the sight of Professor Boyle who had some tea in front of him. Though the man seemed to be in his seventies, Gerald could see that his eyes were still quite energetic. From what Gerald could guess, the man had probably learned some basic breathing techniques. That certainly explained the inner strength in his elixir-of-life field.

Even so, Professor Boyle didn't seem to possess any martial arts. From the looks of it, the old man had simply cultivated his inner strength to nurture his qi and restore his body.

Either way, after exchanging pleasantries, Aiden went straight to the point by saying, “So... Professor Boyle, my brother's here to ask about the Divine Fruit tree. Information on the tree is extremely important to us, so we hope you can lend us a hand!”

“Oh? So that's what you call it? While conducting my research, I called it the Phoenix Spirit tree instead since the structure of its trunk and branches resemble a phoenix! Either way, I first read about the tree in some ancient books. Had it not been for the incident last year, I probably wouldn't have even remembered about the tree when you first came to me asking about it! After all, the tree's gone extinct, and after so long, there's barely any information about it! What more, the tree isn't that worth studying!” explained Professor Boyle.



“An... incident?” asked Gerald.

“Yes, well... It was about a year ago when a woman by the name of Phoebe Willow sent me a letter, asking for help to locate the Phoenix Spirit tree! Within the letter, was an important detail that stated that not only did the ancient tree still exist, but it also bore fruit once every decade for eternity! Unfortunately, the tree’s location is so off radar that not even the clever Phoebe was able to find it, resulting in her asking me for help!”

Sensing that Aiden was rather interested in the topic, Professor Boyle then added, “For context, Miss Willow had been my student for a year when she was much younger. With that in mind, I’m guessing she should be in her forties now... Regardless, she had immense knowledge in the field of botany, arguably even more than I have. After all, she was able to name and tell me the history of several ancient plants that I had never even heard of!”

Whatever the case was, I already had a feeling back then that she didn’t intend to focus on studying. True enough, it wasn’t long after when she and her boyfriend violated several severe university rules before leaving college together! Following that, I lost contact with her till the day she sent me that letter...”

“I see. And what was in the letter?” asked Gerald in a slightly anxious tone. He, for one, had a feeling that Phoebe was probably related to the mysterious ancient witches. After all, why else would she be so familiar with ancient plants? Being so knowledgeable in botany was a clear sign that she was a descendant of the witches!

Once he found the Divine Fruit tree, he’d surely be able to get her to help him locate the formation of the witches!



# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2403

“Also, where is Miss Phoebe now?” asked Aiden.

“Unfortunately, I have no idea... I don't even have her phone number! Regardless, the letter stated that the Divine Fruit tree should be where Heavenly Fire descends... However, even after thinking hard about this for a year, I can't seem to understand what it means! I've thoroughly looked into it, and throughout earth's history, not once has heavenly fire descended!” muttered Professor Boyle with a sigh as he shook his head.

“While I can't think of a place that matches that description either, I know for a fact that the Divine Fruit tree is in the North Desert,” replied Gerald.

“Hmm? Why is that?” asked the surprised Professor Boyle.

“I have my reasons. Regardless, I'm planning to use all my resources to scour the North Desert for the Divine Fruit tree. I must find it at all costs! Regardless, since things have come to this, I'm suggesting a proposal. Essentially, I'll work together with you to locate the tree, but in return, you help find Miss Willow for me. Call it a hunch, but I just have a feeling that she's from a mysterious family...” replied Gerald.

Though Gerald was well aware that locating the tree was still going to be like finding a needle in a haystack, he didn't really have any other choice. It was his final chance to get to Yearning Island.

Regardless, the professor nodded in response before saying, “Deal. While I don’t know her exact location, I do know that she’s from the north. I’ll ask my ex-students to see if I can locate her hometown...”

Before the professor could finish his sentence, his face suddenly paled and he started coughing badly! Realizing that he was even coughing out blood now, the shocked Aiden exclaimed, “P-professor Boyle!”

“I’m... Fine... It’s just a relapse of an old issue... Truth be told, I’ve only been able to survive till this day because of the ancient books I’ve read... For context, I discovered that ancient people prolonged their lives by using a combination of specific breathing techniques and special formations... With that said, by helping you, I’m also helping myself. After all, if I manage to see this presumably extinct plant with my own eyes, I’ll surely be able to die in peace!” replied the professor as he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth.

It was at that moment when a middle-aged man came running into the parlor while shouting, “Father...!”

Following closely behind him, was a young woman who looked to be in her twenties. Upon seeing all the blood the professor had coughed out, the woman ran toward him before asking in a concerned tone, “A... Are you alright, grandfather...?!”

“I’ll live,” replied Professor Boyle as he waved his hand in reassurance.

Naturally, the middle-aged man wasn't about to believe that. With that, he glared at Aiden before scowling, "Inconsiderate, much?! My father's been ill for quite a while now, and he isn't allowed to strain his mind! Yet here you are, disturbing him! Please leave at once!"

"Mind your manners, Fayve! We have important business to attend to!" retorted the professor.

Now smiling bitterly, Gerald took the chance to say, "To clarify, Mr. Boyle, we aren't expecting help for free. I'm aware that Professor Boyle's illness stems from a heart and lung injury from about ten years ago. At the time, you may have thought that it was merely a minor injury that would heal after the operation. However, I can assure you that if Professor Boyle hadn't learned the breathing techniques in his forties to build up his inner strength, there's a good chance he'd be dead by now!"

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2404

“What?” replied the astonished Professor Boyle as he stared wide eyed at Gerald.

“What cr\*p are you even spewing? My grandfather simply has tuberculosis! It only relapses when he’s tired, so stop trying to scare us! Just leave already!” retorted the annoyed woman.

“Stop it, Harmoni!” growled Professor Boyle as he slowly got to his feet before looking at Gerald with genuine surprise.

“To think you’d be able to see through my condition that easily, Mr. Crawford... In such detail too...! You must be a hidden master!” declared the professor, leaving Harmoni completely dumbfounded.

Before she could say another word, the professor added, “True enough, I began learning breathing techniques when I was forty, and my stamina greatly increased soon after. On one of my following explorations, I headed into a primitive forest in search of exotic plants... However, I ended up getting seriously injured by a huge python! Despite having broken four ribs at the time, a colleague of mine risked his life to save me. Thankfully, we both made it out alive, and he immediately sent me for an operation. To my dismay, even after several check-ups-and the fact that the doctor told me that I had completely healed, I’d still relapse and cough up blood every time I felt too tired... With all that said, could you elaborate on my condition?”

Professor Boyle was rightfully surprised. After all, he hadn't even told his son or granddaughter about this before!

"Of course. Basically, aside from hurting you physically, the python also damaged your heart and lung meridians. With that in mind, it's no exaggeration that the breathing techniques and nurturing formation are what kept you alive till today. Even so, I believe that the relapses have been getting more frequent in recent years, and it gets worse every time too. Am I correct?" replied Gerald with a smile.

"You absolutely are! Why is this happening? Is this age related?" asked Professor Boyle in an extremely respectful tone.

"While it's true that the condition worsens as you get older, age isn't really a major factor. After all, since you've been practicing breathing techniques for so long, not only is your body much better at handling injuries, but you'll live far longer than regular people. With that said, the key to fixing your condition lies in the formation!" replied Gerald with a chuckle.

"The nurturing formation?" asked the professor who sounded like a student now.

"Bingo. When I already noticed your formation the second I got here. However, it didn't take long for me to realize that your formation wasn't complete. Due to that, it's only been able to partially help with your condition. To better explain that, imagine a child getting full after eating half a bowl of rice. Now imagine that same child in his thirties. Do you still think half a bowl of rice is still enough for him?" replied Gerald.

“I get what you’re trying to say. The truth is, while the diagram of the formation I read about was quite detailed, I wasn’t able to understand some parts at the start. Because of that, some areas of the formation were completed through guesswork! However, it was some time ago when I noticed that over the years, the formation seemed to be giving less and less energy to me. Understanding that, I then studied the book once more and soon enough, I learned that the formation required a ‘holy stone’ as a power source!” explained Professor Boyle.

“Indeed. In fact, it was a few years ago when my father told us to locate a holy stone. Unfortunately, we weren’t able to get any news about it for years... That is, until I found out that the Morningstars had a lot of holy stones hidden. Sadly, no matter how much I was willing to pay, they refused to give any to us! ” added Fayvel as he shook his head. By this point, even he was behaving respectfully toward Gerald.

“I’m honestly glad they didn’t. After all, while it’s true that the formation’s effect would double with the aid of holy stones, using a holy stone on an incomplete formation would kill you in seconds!” replied Gerald.



# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2405

“That...” muttered the shocked Professor Boyle.

Shaking his head with a smile, Gerald simply replied, “Lead me to your garden so I can get a proper look at your formation, professor...”

Once everyone was in the backyard, Aiden took a deep breath. Instantly feeling refreshed, he was prompted to exclaim, “My word! I bet cultivating in such an environment will double its effects!”

“I agree. I’d like to clarify, however, that there are many kinds of formations, and those who cultivate can either use them to enhance their cultivation or to nourish their bodies. For a more specific example, if you wish to double the results of cultivating inner strength, then you just need to cultivate within a condensation formation,” replied Gerald.

“I never imagined that you’d be this knowledgeable about these arcane formations, Mr. Crawford!” said the impressed professor.

Harmoni, however, angrily retorted, “Don’t buy into his nonsense, grandfather! Your garden’s structure is already perfect! What cultivation and formations? What utter cr\*p!”

It was clear that Harmoni didn't believe a word Gerald said. After all, why was he acting like an old man when he was probably around the same age as she was? For those who didn't know any better, they'd probably think Gerald was a professor!

Harmoni was also dissatisfied that her grandfather seemed more like a student now before Gerald. Her grandfather was usually the one doing the explaining, and that shouldn't change in this situation!

Either way, upon hearing how doubtful Harmoni was, Gerald simply shook his head with a bitter smile. Following that, he flicked his finger and what happened next caused everyone's jaws to drop. With that simple gesture, Gerald had somehow made one of the artificial hills move a few inches!

"H-huh...?!" exclaimed the stupefied Harmoni as Professor Boyle stumbled backward in his shock. Disregarding their surprise, Gerald simply continued moving a few more artificial hills. He also made sure to change the direction of the flowing water beside them.

Soon enough, the formation looked quite different from how it had originally been.

By this point, Harmoni had gone fully silent, not daring to say anything else.

Either way, now that he was done, Gerald was prompted to say, "The fundamental purpose of a formation is to borrow force. We rely on regular changes of the five

elements of heaven and earth to borrow such force. Regardless, everything on this planet can be nourished with that force!”

Following that, Gerald began chanting something under his breath. All the while he did that, he ‘wrote’ complex symbols in the air with the tip of his finger, aimed at the center of the formation. Each symbol of the spell was placed at different spots of the formation and once he got the final symbol down, Gerald said, “Well, the formation is now complete!”

The second his sentence ended, a soothing spring breeze began blowing in the backyard...! As everyone breathed in, they felt instantly refreshed. As for Professor Boyle, it didn’t take long before he felt his heart and lung injuries rapidly curing!

As if that wasn’t stunning enough, herbs and flowers were now rapidly growing around them! By the time they stopped growing, every inch of the area was filled with vivid and colorful plants!

Understandably flabbergasted by all this, Harmoni squealed in fear before hiding behind her father. Unbeknownst to her, her father’s legs had been trembling this entire time!

Paying the duo no attention, Gerald eventually added, “Now that the formation is complete, using holy stones will surely double its effect! With them, I believe that you’ll be able to make a full recovery in less than ten days as long as you keep using that breathing technique of yours!”

“How wonderful!” exclaimed the excited professor...

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2406

“But... the holy stones are still with the Morningstars... In fact, I believe they're hoarding all the holy stones within the nation! Come to think of it, I remember members of their family using a more advanced breathing technique compared to my father... Is that why they need all those stones?” asked Fayvel.

“Doubt it. They wouldn't need that many just to cultivate. Now that I know the scale of their hoarding, however, I believe they may be preparing them for another party that's been backing them up! That aside, you don't need to worry. All you'll need to do after this is follow Aiden to their manor and show them what I'm about to give you. They'll surely be more compliant to hand you some holy stones by that point. Aiden will be needing some of the stones for his cultivation as well,” replied Gerald.

“Sounds like a plan! Though... What exactly are we bringing with us...?” asked Aiden.

Looking at how curious they all were, Gerald simply walked toward the hall and took out a piece of paper as well as a pen. Following that, he wrote down, 'Gerald Crawford' on the paper...

To Gerald, this was all he needed to get the Morningstars to hand them at least a hundred holy stones. Though this left Fayvel utterly confused, Aiden simply nodded confidently...

Moving back to Jaxen, he was still immersed in grief back at his manor. To think that he had already lost two of his sons when Gerald had barely been back for two days... It was truly heart-wrenching...

“The elders of the Thunder Sword Sect had better come soon... Otherwise, we may have to postpone the birthday banquet to the day after tomorrow!” grumbled the angered Jaxen.

In response, the six elders simply nodded hesitantly. From all that had happened, Gerald didn't seem interested in sparing their family...

After a brief pause, Third Elder was prompted to say in a frigid tone, “If all else fails, remember that aside from collecting holy stones for the Thunder Sword Sect, the Morningstars have another important mission...!”

“You can't mean... the one we have locked up...? Third Brother, have you gone mad? Simply talking about it is already a taboo, yet you dare suggest we let him free?!” retorted Second Elder whose face had gone stiff.

“Second Brother's right. He's arguably stronger than those from the Thunder Sword Sect, and besides, we're responsible for keeping an eye on him! If we release him, he'll potentially become even more terrifying than Gerald!” added the Grand Elder as he shook his head.

“What’s there to be afraid of? He’ll only be after Gerald once he’s free, not us. Besides, Thunder Sword Sect probably has their sinister reasons for making us keep watch of that lunatic instead of doing it themselves. My theory is that they’re afraid that he’ll have his revenge on them if he breaks free, which is why they’re using us as an alarm signal! That way, they’ll have time to react as the maniac focuses on killing us!” replied Third Elder.

“Cease this conversation! I won’t allow it!” declared Jaxen as he got to his feet while shaking his head.

Immediately after he said that, a butler came running toward them while anxiously exclaiming, “B-bad news, Master...!”

“Go on, ” grumbled Jaxen as his eyes fell on the paper in the butler’s trembling hand.

After a gulp, the butler then muttered, “G-Gerald’s men are outside... They told me to show you this... and in exchange, they’re asking for a hundred holy stones!”

“They... They what...?!” exclaimed Jaxen who was already quivering in rage. Even the six elders were pissed when they saw Gerald’s full name on the paper.

Actively holding back his anger, Second Elder was prompted to growl, “A hundred pieces...?! If he had just asked for ten, we could ’ve given him that even though that’s against our agreement with the Thunder Sword Sect! Has that boy no idea that we’ve

only managed to gather a hundred and nine holy stones after searching tirelessly for three years...?!"

"Remember, the Thunder Sword Sect gave us five years to collect a hundred and twenty of them! With how difficult they are to obtain, I've lost count of how many disciples got injured or even killed just to get the stones we currently have! With that said, Gerald is clearly crossing the line here!" yelled Grand Elder.

"While we'll be temporarily safe if we hand Gerald the holy stones, the Thunder Sword Sect will then have our heads! Is this god's way of saying that we should end our family already?! It's no longer a matter of if we die, but when!" wailed the remaining elders as Jaxen who had flopped back onto his seat-stared at the paper, completely at a loss for words...

"We aren't dying anytime soon! We still have that triumph card!" declared Third Elder as he slammed his hand onto the table.



# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2407

“Are you... suggesting we follow your earlier plan...?” asked Grand Elder as everyone exchanged worried glances.

“I am. It’s Gerald or us! Let’s release him!” replied Third Elder.

After a brief pause, Jaxen eventually slammed his hands against the table before yelling, “Fine! If anything goes wrong, we’ll just bear the consequences! Let us proceed with the plan!”

“I agree! ” added Grand Elder with a nod. This was a matter of life and death.

After a lengthy discussion, the group of men got a key and headed to the Morningstar manor’s dungeon. There were eighteen doors leading into the dungeon, each sufficiently booby-trapped and some even sealed with formations. This was to prevent unauthorized entry and also to make it incredibly difficult for escape attempts. Either way, after passing through those doors, the group found themselves in a cavern. They were now close to where the lunatic was being confined. It only took a short while before the group arrived at a hemispherical cave that was surrounded by formations that exerted immense murderous intent as well as a legendary holy spirit.

The inside of the cave itself resembled a temple square, and at the very center of that square was a square altar that had a ring-shaped lake surrounding it..

Atop the altar, knelt a gray-haired elder whose clavicles had been pierced by thirty-six iron chains. With how thick his beard was, they honestly resembled overgrown weeds.

Regardless, upon noticing the group's presence, the old man coldly yelled, "And here I thought who it was. So, it's just you mortals. Why are you here? Did those rascals from the Thunder Sword Sect order you to take my life? If so, I don't wish to be mean, but your tiny group won't even be able to lay a scratch on me! If they want me dead so much, get the Thunder Sword Sect to end me themselves!"

Following that, the old man laughed maniacally, prompting all seven of them to shudder. Eventually, however, Jaxen gulped before saying, "Please don't be mad, Senior Moldell... We'd never dare to take your life! Keeping an eye on you is just part of our orders! With that in mind, please forgive us...!"

"Indeed, Senior Moldell! We already know that your cultivation is unmatched, so we'd never do anything rude to you...!" added Grand Elder with a bow.

"Cut the cr\*p and get to the point! What do you seven little mortals want?!" roared the old man, prompting all seven of them to kneel!

Now shaking in fear, Grand Elder cried out, "W-we're sorry, but we hope you'll be willing to help us take on an enemy of ours...!"

"What? You want me to help you defeat an enemy? Are my ears deceiving me after being locked down here for thirty years? Those Thunder Sword b\*stards are your

masters, no? Why the hell aren't you asking for their help instead?" retorted the old man as he laughed mockingly.

"B-believe us when we say that you're our only hope...! If you refuse to help, we'll probably die by tonight...!" replied Jaxen.

"If you choose to help, we'll be willing to offer you a short period of freedom...!" whimpered the others as they continuously exchanged glances.

"Oh?" replied the old man as his eyes glinted. Naturally, he wasn't just interested in the momentary freedom they promised.