

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, Fayvel! 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!"