

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.