

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2428

“Understood, Eldest Young Mistress!” declared the bodyguards with a nod. Following that, they swiftly left the house together with Dr. Xenos.

Unbeknownst to them, Gerald and Darkwind had been spying on them this entire time.

“Seems that she really is a demonic cultivator, Darkwind,” muttered Gerald as the duo entered the house.

“Indeed. All humans have three strands of masculine aura, and the masculine aura of children are always the purest... That aside, that Eldest Young Mistress is surprisingly a person of principle. She only took a single strand without even considering harming his life!” replied Saint Darkwind who had just checked on the boy.

“I agree. I’m tempted to investigate who’s teaching her these evil methods, but we simply have too much on our plates at the moment... I, for one, believe that she doesn’t know what she’s really getting into!” said Gerald who was relieved that the siblings were still doing fine.

“I’m curious to learn who’s teaching her all this as well. To think that there are cultivators who are reluctant to leave the secular world just because it’s more convenient for them to cultivate demonic essential qi here... We truly live in a big world where anything could happen...! That aside, I agree that we should prioritize finding Marcel, Mr. Crawford.”

“Agreed,” replied Gerald, prompting the two to begin returning to the cafe.

While they were gone, Professor Boyle had been busy, back at the cafe calling every student of his that he could think of. Thankfully, after making several calls, he finally got Marcel’s current address.

With that in mind, once Gerald and Darkwind returned, he immediately told them his discovery, and the four then made their way to Peaceton’s Sleeping Dragon Villa, the place where Marcel and his many girlfriends lived.

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Meanwhile in the manor itself, a dozen katana wielding samurai could be seen standing around Marcel's subdued family members, which included his seven girlfriends, four old maids, and a gardener in his sixties...!

“Hand Marcel over! Don't make me repeat myself...!” growled one of the samurai.

“W-we really have no idea where he is, Mr. Chiba...! He hasn't returned in two months, and we haven't been able to reach him at all...! We aren't even sure if he's still alive... !” wailed one of the terrified women.

“It seems that I won't get the truth till blood is involved!” roared Mr. Chiba as he slashed his katana toward the woman's neck...!

However, before the blade could slice through, a flash bolted past Mr. Chiba's eyes and the next thing he knew, his perlicue was bleeding and his katana had been flung out of his grasp!

Watching as the katana that was now embedded in the wall quivered in place, Mr. Chiba growled in a poor Weston accent, “Who the hell did that?!”

“Your worst nightmare!” yelled an unfamiliar voice, and shortly after, an old man appeared out of thin air! Before Mr. Chiba could even react, the new person had already slapped him at least a dozen times!

As Mr. Chiba-whose cheeks were now bleeding badly fell to the floor, his men quickly realized that three other people were slowly approaching them...!

Now terrified out of his mind, Mr. Chiba quickly stumbled to his feet making sure to grab his katana as well before yelling, “R-run...!”

Once Mr. Chiba and his men were gone, Lyndon quickly untied the frightened victims. The women themselves who had been particularly terrified couldn't help but wail, "T-thank you, old man...! Thank you very much...!"

Gerald, on the other hand, walked up to the victims before saying, "Alright, settle down... There's something I'd like to ask. Earlier, I heard you mention that Marcel had disappeared for two months now... Is that true?"