

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2443

It didn't take long for Gerald to arrive at the Zandt family's home and locate the secret chamber. Even from the outside of the chamber, Gerald could already sense a plethora of traps inside. From all sorts of formations, to cutting-edge infrared monitoring equipment, this place had it all.

If he didn't have the key, Gerald would've surely had to go through a lot of trouble just to enter the secret chamber. Thankfully, he had it now, so he easily entered the chamber.

The chamber itself was built in an underground tunnel, and it hosted a single room that contained all of the Zandt family's valuables. There were even magic artifacts down here, though Gerald wasn't interested in them. After all, he was here for the 'holy medicine', and eventually, he found them. As it turned out, the 'holy medicine' was nothing more than demonic pellets!

Knowing that such pellets could only be made by condensing the masculine auras of humans and demonic spirits, Gerald couldn't help but wonder who Master Trilight, the backer of the Zandt family, really was.

"He couldn't be a big demon, right...?" muttered Gerald with a bitter smile as he shook his head.

Quickly moving on to the section where the records and books were kept, Gerald then began rummaging around and shortly after, an old goat-skin scroll plopped off the shelf. Upon unrolling it, he discovered that its contents were about the cultivation technique of black magic! After reading a bit more,

Gerald found that this cultivation technique was similar to the one used by Elain. In other words, the essential qi produced was demonic.

Due to that, it was not only harmful to others, but also to the cultivator. Since Elain was just a commoner, Gerald predicted that she'd probably go crazy and turn into a half-demon by the end of her cultivation. Shaking his head, Gerald then plopped the scroll back where it fell from and resumed his search.

After quite a while, Gerald couldn't help but feel disappointed. The information about the ancient general's tomb was nowhere to be found! Just as he was feeling stumped, however, he suddenly heard a voice call out, "You're not Eldest Young Mistress!"

Upon hearing that, Gerald immediately looked around. But there was no one there. Eventually, his gaze fell upon one of the magic artifacts. It was a bronze mirror.

Walking toward the mirror, Gerald then asked, "Are you the one who spoke?"

After his question, the mirror began to glow and shortly after a little girl who looked to be around eight with pigtails wearing a floral-patterned jacket appeared!

"That's right!" replied the child.

"Hmm? And here I thought you were a magic artifact. As it turned out, you're just a mirror made from spirits! How long have you been trapped in there?" asked Gerald in a cheery tone after carefully examining it.

“That’s right! And I’ve been trapped in here for about five hundred years...”  
replied the mirror.

“Quite a long time... Then you must know about a lot of the Zandt family’s secrets then, right?” asked Gerald.

“You could say that,” replied the child with a nod.

“Could you specify which tomb the Zandts keep trying to enter, then? And do they have a map of the tomb?” asked Gerald.

“I do know the answers to those, but my lips are sealed! After all, I belong to the Zandts, and my only owner is the Eldest Young Mistress! If I share the information with anyone aside from her, she’ll surely destroy me!” exclaimed the child as she violently shook her head.

Nodding in response, Gerald then said, “I see, I see... Though... What makes you so sure that I can’t destroy you as well?”

Following that, Gerald summoned a mighty aurablade that was filled with the righteousness of heaven and earth. With how powerful it was, it could easily kill demons, devils, and even spirits!