

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2368

Watching as Walter slowly got to his feet, Gerald was prompted to say, “I see... Either way, just as you said, I believe we shouldn’t delay this any further. Let’s move on!”

Gerald, for one, was now pumped to see the maze for himself.

Regardless, before leaving, Gerald made sure to update Aiden on the situation. Upon hearing what Gerald had to say, the concerned Aiden couldn’t help but say, “You’re leaving so soon?”

“Indeed. While I’m gone, I need you to return to Weston as soon as possible to get some things done. This place isn’t the safest to be in for much longer anyway,” replied Gerald as he began elaborating on his search for the Divine Fruit tree.

Since Gerald possessed a great number of assets in numerous industries within Weston, his resources were near inexhaustible. This gave him a massive advantage in his search for the tree.

Either way, after hearing Gerald’s plan, Aiden thought for a moment before asking, “I can do that but... When will you be back? And where should we meet up again?”

After giving it some thought, Gerald replied, “We’ll rendezvous at Mayberry City. It’s been quite a while since I’ve last returned!”

By doing all this, Gerald was leaving a way open for his future self. If things went according to plan, he could at least spread the news so that fewer people would get deceived by Daryl.

Fast forward to nighttime, Walter had already selected thirty six advanced cultivators from his family to come along for the mission. With that, the thirty eight people inclusive of Walter and Gerald began making their way to Fyre Cave.

It wasn’t long before they arrived at the very center of the island. Surrounded by dense forests, was the entrance of Fyre Cave that honestly looked more like a well than anything.

Clearing his throat, Walter then declared, “Before we descend, let me remind you that underground creatures lurk in the many caverns down there. With that said, please be wary of getting snatched up by them! Also, please refrain from behaving recklessly! Now that that’s out of the way... Let’s descend!”

Since the cave was at least eight hundred meters deep, it took everyone despite having used their lightness skills about ten minutes to get to the bottom. Regardless, once they were all down there, everyone was greeted by the sight of a very long tunnel. A tunnel which they quietly began entering.

All seventy two of Fyre Cave's caverns were interconnected by a hundred and eight burrows. Though each cavern upon entry would still be distinguishable, the second one looked back, they would quickly find themselves unable to differentiate between the caves. With that in mind, Gerald, despite his level of cultivation, soon found himself getting dizzy the further they proceeded into the caverns.

Sensing Gerald's confusion and realizing that he hadn't told the boy about the maze's properties yet, Walter immediately said in a serious tone, "Please refrain from looking around, Brother Gerald! You really don't want to get enchanted by the maze's illusions!"

While the group had journeyed past the first seven caverns without much issue by that point, Gerald had honestly no idea how long they had traveled. It certainly didn't help that he could no longer see the path back whenever he turned to look at where they had passed through. Had it not been for the Zeman family's map, Gerald was pretty sure that even deities would get lost upon entering this place.

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he and the group suddenly heard a loud noise the second they began entering a rather dark cavern that was approximately five hundred square feet wide. Amidst the dim lighting, everyone could then hear what appeared to be something breathing rapidly.

It wasn't long before the vague figure of an old woman who seemed to be trying to light a fire with a flint striker was identified. How peculiar.

"Everyone. Stop," ordered Walter who had his hand raised in a hushed tone as he slowly began retracing his steps.

Under the light of Gerald's torch, the boy was quick to realize that Walter's forehead was now brimming with sweat. What was he so afraid of...?