

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2344

“There’s no peace on Greendrake Island... The only way to ensure your safety here is by being strong. Once you’re powerful enough, nobody will dare to touch you...” muttered Yaacob with a sigh.

The truth was, he had earlier run off after receiving an urgent notice from Third elder about this case.

Basically, Third elder didn’t want Gerald getting into any unnecessary danger, so he ended up sending a small team of Zeman cultivators to protect the boy. While it was true that Gerald had the Herculean Primordial Spirit inside him, most of the people here weren’t exactly average Joes, so there was still a fair chance that Gerald could end up getting defeated.

Regardless, Yaacob himself was tasked with keeping a vigilant eye out on his surroundings. The second he sensed any danger, he was told to immediately report it so that the Zemans could get to action protecting Gerald Nodding in response, Lucian then replied, “I suppose you’re right...”

“Still... I wonder why the organizer isn’t doing anything to intervene with these murders... Are they just content with sitting back and watching the chaos unfold...?” muttered Gerald.

“Honestly, while they’d definitely prefer keeping casualties to a minimum, the organizer can’t just step in. If they did, they’d technically be helping one party and offending the

other, and that just won't do," explained Yaacob as he shook his head. All the Zemans knew this.

"And how exactly do you know this...?" asked Aiden.

Clearing his throat slightly awkwardly and reminding himself to think before speaking next time, Yaacob then said, "I... It's just a guess of mine..."

"You're not working for the island's organizer, are you...?" asked Aiden as he stared intently at Yaacob.

"Of course, I'm not! If I were, why would I be sitting here with you?" exclaimed Yaacob.

Before Aiden could continue his interrogation, the auction was officially resumed. Everyone now had their eyes on the auction table, wondering what item would be presented next

After all, the beast-shaped cauldron from the Marshall family had already caused quite a stir that morning. To clarify as to why that was, pellets and tonics were indispensable assets for cultivators, not only to improve their strength, but also to increase injury healing rates.

What more, most people were unable to make such pellets and tonics since they didn't have the right tools.

With the beast-shaped cauldron and the right prescription, however, that would surely change. Even if you didn't take the pellets and tonics for yourself, you could still sell your products and obtain a steady stream of income.

Either way, though everyone else was looking at the auction table, Walter and his party were staring at Gerald instead.

His legs crossed and a smile on his face, Walter couldn't help but say, "You know, the more I look at him, the more I see how fine this young lad is. Regardless, have you made the arrangements, Third elder?"

"Not yet. After all, it would be too sudden to make a move now... Let's just wait till the auction is over. He'll get the message by tonight," replied Third elder as he shook his head.

"Fine by me," said Walter with a nod.

"What are you two talking about...?" asked Mia who had a feeling that their conversation was regarding her and Gerald.

“It’s about the cultivators who were murdered today. I told Third brother to take care of their corpses once today’s auction was over,” explained Walter who lied as naturally as he breathed.

“Really...?” muttered Mia, clearly unconvinced. After all, her father was always present during such auctions, yet he had never talked about the casualties before.

Why would he start caring now? Besides, handling such cases was usually left to the disciples. Why was he sending Third elder to personally handle it this time? Knowing how sharp his daughter was, Walter simply replied, “Have I ever lied to you?”

Upon hearing that, Mia went silent. After all, her father had truly never lied to her ever since she was a child...