

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2347

Watching as Walter then sat on the opposite end though Third elder and Yaacob remained standing silently behind him, Gerald simply shook his head before saying, “I haven’t. Yaacob led me here immediately after the auction ended.”

“What? Why didn’t you let Gerald eat something first before bringing him over?” asked Walter as he raised a slight brow while looking at Yaacob.

“I... I apologize, brother Gerald...!” whimpered Yaacob.

“Either way, go serve us some food, and make sure to bring a bottle of good wine out as well! I wish to have a drink with Gerald later!” ordered Walter with a wave of his hand, prompting Yaacob to rush out of the room...

Of course, this left Gerald utterly confused. Unsure what was even happening, Gerald was prompted to say, “There’s... No need for that... Regardless, if I’ve offended you, then just tell me what I did and I’ll bear responsibility for my actions...”

“Just forget about that incident and relax. Also, I expect you to have your meal. After all, chatting with an empty stomach is the absolute worst,” replied Walter with a smile. Though his words were kind, they honestly felt more akin to an order.

Either way, after hearing that, Gerald fell silent. Thinking back, he was already deep in Walter's clutches anyway. He may as well take up the meal offer so that he would have more strength to fight back later if needed.

Sensing Gerald's resignation, Walter then rubbed his palms together before asking, "So... Which part of Weston are you from, young man?"

"The south," replied Gerald truthfully.

"I see... and how many people are there in your family? What are their jobs? And is the man with you your father or uncle?" asked Walter after a slight pause.

"He's not blood related. I just met him by chance. Also, I'm the only one left in my family," replied Gerald, his expression now noticeably darker as Walter asked on. Till he figured out what Walter's true goal was, Gerald wasn't about to say a thing about Mila or his parents for fear that he would cause unnecessary troubles for them.

Regardless, Walter simply nodded as he muttered, "I see, I see... This is fine..."

It was no easy task for a solitary cultivator without a family, no less to obtain the Herculean Primordial Spirit through sheer effort and talent alone. While a certain amount of luck was definitely involved, Walter believed that Gerald was still much more outstanding than most of the youths his age. In fact, there were probably only three disciples in his family that shared Gerald's level of strength!

However, those disciples were only able to get to their current level of cultivation due to the help of the best pellet supplements that the cultivation realm had to offer, as well as his guidance to help them master the family's top techniques. With that in mind, had they started their journeys the way Gerald had, none of them would've been able to come even close to how strong Gerald currently was. Hell, nobody in his family would've been able to get to how strong they currently were!

Walter's train of thought was cut short when the puzzled Gerald asked, "Fine...?"

"It's nothing. We'll talk more once you're all full," replied Walter, not wanting Gerald to know what he was thinking. Either way, Walter knew he had to take this matter more seriously. After all, his daughter's life was at stake here!

Before Gerald could reply, Third elder passed some freshly brewed tea, that one of the clansmen had handed him, to Gerald while saying, "Do have some tea, junior Gerald."

"Thank you. Um... Have we... met before, senior...?" asked Gerald as he took the tea while looking at the familiar looking old man.