

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2393

Many years had passed since they last met, though Gerald could still remember hiring Harper into the Mayberry Organization the last time they crossed paths. Regardless, it was understandably flabbergasting for Gerald to see the current Harper in such a pitiful state...

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when he heard Ian yell, "Are you deaf? I told you to get the items up, didn't I?!"

Watching as Ian continued mercilessly punching and kicking Harper, the frightened audience couldn't help but fall silent.

After beating Harper up for a while, Ian stopped before laughing as he said, "Hah! It seems I've made a fool out of myself! Regardless, don't let my slave ruin the auctioning mood! Just to remind all of you, my family is massive, so we have everything you could possibly imagine! In fact, we have many other things that you've probably never heard of! With that said, as long as you're willing to pay, you can buy anything you want!"

"Then, can I bid for the head of a Morningstar?" asked a loud voice that echoed throughout the hall, prompting everyone to fall silent for a while.

Shortly after, those within the crowd began whispering to each other, saying things like, "Who the hell said that? Has he gone mad...?!"

“Did I hear that right? He wants the head of a Morningstar...?!”

“Who’s the culprit...?!”

As everyone began looking around to find the perpetrator, the furious Ian who had finally snapped out of it could be heard roaring, “Who said that?! Show yourself at once!”

Following that, a group of Morningstar bodyguards led by a butler rushed into the scene. After scanning the room for a while, the butler’s keen eyes locked onto a youth seated in the hall’s corner. Walking toward the boy with a few of the guards, the butler then asked in a frigid tone, “Were you the one who said that?”

Nodding casually in response, Gerald then took a sip of his wine before taking a cigarette out. Upon realizing that he didn’t have a lighter, he was prompted to look at the butler and ask, “Have a lighter on you?”

“That...! You’re courting death!” yelled the enraged butler as he tossed a fist at the disrespectful boy! In response, Gerald quickly grabbed a few forks before piercing them through the butler’s cheek, effectively nailing him to the table! Since the forks had penetrated both the butler’s cheeks, all the agonized man could do was holler in pain...!

Naturally, this chain of events startled the bodyguards, and some of them even began subconsciously feeling their cheeks...! Gerald, however, paid them no attention, and

simply began looking around for a lighter on the butler's body... When he finally found one, he lit his cigarette...

Even from the faint and momentary glow of the lighter, everyone found their eyes widening when they saw the perpetrator's face.

"T-that... That's... Young Master Crawford, right...?!"

"What? That's Gerald?!" exclaimed Ian, his gaze turning frigid when he overheard that. After investigating the Crawfords for so long, it was impossible for Ian not to have heard about Gerald. Regardless, one of the stunned businessmen quickly replied,

"H-he is! But... from what we've heard, he died ages ago...!"

Upon hearing that, Gerald couldn't help but smile bitterly as he said, "To think that people would still recognize me after all these years..."

Ian himself simply leaped off the stage, a sinister smile on his face as he declared, "So, instead of remaining hidden, you decided to walk straight through the gates of hell! Just so you know, we were already planning to obtain the rest of the Crawfords' assets, though Zack hasn't made it easy. Now that you're here, however, I'm sure everything will go smoothly!"

In response, Gerald tosses his cigarette butt to the ground before stepping on it as he replied, "I'm afraid you don't quite understand something, young master of the Morningstars."

"Elaborate," growled Ian with a frown.

"If you recall what I earlier said, I wish to bid for the head of a Morningstar! Actually, hold on. You have three brothers, correct? Well, I'll bid all four of you for a dollar each, then! Though I say that, I don't really have any cash on me today, so I hope you'll allow me to leave an IOU receipt. Oh, but before that, I'm sure nobody else will try to outbid me, correct?" asked Gerald as he turned to face the crowd.

"N-never...!" exclaimed several of the businessmen as they stumbled backward in shock.