

Chapter 1106

Wagner followed that sentence with a nod.

Hearing that, Gerald slowly opened the scroll. True to Wagner's words, the opened scroll revealed an extremely vivid and realistic portrait of some sort of general.

The general himself was holding a longsword in hand, and he looked extremely formidable. Even Gerald couldn't help but feel slightly intimidated by the painting.

However, even that wasn't what captured Gerald's attention the most. No, what absolutely caught his interest was the fact that the general in the picture looked exactly like the deity in the eternal coffin which, in turn, meant that both of them looked exactly like him!

Even the sword in the general's hand seemed to be the Lightbane! The longsword that Gerald always carried around with him!

"It's him!" shouted Gerald, his eyelids twitching slightly.

"Do you know him, mister? Regardless, I told you that there was a reason behind all my actions! My family's been waiting all this time for a person who resembled the one in the portrait, and here you finally are!"

Gerald didn't even know how to reply to that.

To think that he would still be able to come across the general after leaving the desert... This was definitely no coincidence. Who exactly was this person...? And how did he have such remarkable capabilities? How could he even predict that Gerald would come here?

"...Who was it who asked you to wait for me? Where is that person?" asked Gerald after giving it some thought.

The other things could wait for now. After all, as long as he was able to find this mysterious person, all the other mysteries could be resolved much easier.

To his surprise, Wagner simply shook his head before replying, "I'm afraid that I'm not quite sure who the person who told us to wait for you was, mister... After all, my ancestors had been told to wait from eight hundred years ago... Thanks to Master Ghost's near-perfect calculations, however, he was able to estimate that I'd be able to meet that person soon. If you truly are the one we've been waiting for, then our eight hundred year mission is now finally complete!"

While Wagner seemed to be filled with excitement, Gerald himself was left bewildered as he muttered, "E-eight hundred years ago...?"

So what Wagner was telling him now was that someone from eight hundred years ago had wanted members of the Yarne family to wait for Gerald and meet up with him?!

Wanting to get to the bottom of this, Gerald told Wagner to detail all that he knew about the person.

Hearing that, Wagner then began elaborating on how the Yarne family had first met the mysterious person. As Wagner had earlier said, the Yarnes were only simple fishermen about eight hundred years ago.

However, all that changed when one of his ancestors bumped into an old beggar on his way home after fishing one evening. The old beggar had requested Wagner's ancestor for some food. His ancestor was so kind that he brought the old man home and served him a grand seafood feast!

Once the old beggar had eaten to his heart's content, however, he refused to leave! Instead, he told Wagner's ancestor that he was going to stay here until he managed to get the Yarnes to become a rich and powerful family.

Upon hearing that, his ancestor's family instantly grew amused, thinking that he was drunk. To their shock, he then stood up with a serious look on his face before saying, "As long as you're willing to fulfill a single promise for me, I'll allow all of you to lead a wealthy life without worries from now on."

Following that, he took out a huge amount of gold from his pocket. Stupefied, Wagner's ancestors immediately asked what the beggar wanted them to do.

Knowing that he had gotten their attention, the old beggar then began drawing a portrait on the spot. Once he was done, he told the Yarnes to wait for the person—who looked similar to the portrait he had drawn—to appear and once he did, they were to hand a wooden box—which the old man handed over to them—to him.

True to his word, he soon helped the Yarnes become a rich and powerful family. Once that was done, the old beggar simply left.

The Yarne family had never expected such an opportunity to come to them. In just less than a year, their family had managed to make a fortune in Halimark City, building several family properties there which still remained today.

“To be quite frank, my father had told me about all this not long before he passed away. I hadn't really cared too much about it back then, thinking it was all just nonsense. After all, it is a tale from eight hundred years ago. Imagine my shock when I bumped into you today!” explained Wagner.

Gerald was equally as shocked after hearing Wagner's entire tale.

“An old beggar? Why is it that old beggar again?! Can such coincidences even exist? He already appeared once in the North Desert! To think that he's making an appearance here as well! There's got to be at least a few thousand years in between his two appearances! Could it perhaps have been some descendant of his who had equally remarkable abilities? Or... Could they actually be the same person...?” muttered Gerald to himself, feeling quite nervous and frightened at the same time.

He was right to be terrified. After all, such a mysterious and extraordinarily strong person knew him this well and was probably keeping a constant eye on him! Anyone would be worried if they found out that such a person existed!

“Speaking of which, mister, the old beggar also told us to relay two sentences to you!” said Wagner as he looked at Gerald.

“What are they?”

“One is reborn in heaven beside the red spider lily. A defiant dragon will appear near the crossing of blood!”

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Gerald thought carefully about the two sentences. ‘Reborn in heaven beside the red spider lily...’ And then there was some dragon who would appear near the crossing of blood...

...Wait. The crossing of blood? Crawford?!

Gerald was completely astonished at this point. He had honestly been actively refusing to believe that someone actually had the capability of breaking through all the limits and mastering the act of going back and forth between ancient and modern times. However, no matter how much he wanted to continue denying the possibility, everything he had found was simply hinting that all this was real.

“You know, my ancestors deduced that the person in the painting—once he was reborn—would most probably bear the surname of Crawford... While you certainly look like the person in the portrait, I wonder about your surname... If it truly is Crawford, then you’re definitely the one we’ve been waiting for, mister!” said Wagner as he looked at Gerald.

Frowning slightly, Gerald then nodded before replying, “...My full name is Gerald Crawford!”

“...T-then... By god, you truly are the one we’ve been waiting for! What the old beggar had claimed turned out to be true after all!” replied Wagner excitedly.

Gerald, however, only felt his stress building by the second.

If Gerald had to provide a visualization of what he was currently feeling, he felt like there was a pair of large, invisible hands controlling everything. Just like pawns on a chessboard, anyone unfortunate enough to be picked up by the hands would have to go according to where the person wanted them to be. The thought of that alone was enough to cause near suffocating amounts of stress and fear to him.

Who exactly was this person...?

Feeling a shiver run down his spine, Gerald quickly shook the thought away.

Wagner, on the other hand, revealed another secret room—though it was more of a secret compartment—before taking out a simple, but quite ancient-looking wooden box.

Coughing slightly, Wagner then said, “This here is the box that the old beggar told us to hand to you. I’ll step aside for the moment for you to have a private look at its contents.”

“That’s unnecessary. There’s nothing to be ashamed about... After all, nobody in the world would probably be able to keep any secrets from him! Haha!” replied Gerald with a bitter laugh.

Upon opening it, a strange fragrance was immediately released. As the scent continued spreading around the room, Gerald looked at the inch-tall and hard-looking golden amulet inside the box that somewhat resembled a goldfish’s tail. Beside it, lay some sort of black pill that was in the form of a pellet.

“What a pleasant scent!” exclaimed Wagner in surprise.

Evidently deep in thought, Gerald brought the pellet close to his nose and sniffed it, though he didn’t say anything else.

“...After being in there for such a long time, is the pellet still edible, mister...?” asked Wagner.

“It became inedible long ago. It’s an oxyblood pellet, and it’s typically consumed to help one quickly restore their strength and stamina. Should a person take one when they’re in great danger, their chances of finding a way out of their predicament is greatly increased.”

Gerald was able to recognize the pellet so quickly since he remembered the strange memory that the jade pendant had bestowed upon him.

“My word! How very knowledgeable of you, mister!” praised Wagner.

“...Regardless, the condition of the ingredients required to refine such a pellet is very harsh. Speaking of which, when I first entered your house, I was able to catch the fragrance of medicine. In fact, it’s everywhere. What kind of business does the Yarne family currently run?” asked Gerald.

“Well, my family is in the medicinal business. We have a lot of marine medicine products!” replied Wagner.

“I see. I wonder if you possess herbs that go by the name of wigerice... It’s the main ingredient needed to refine this kind of oxyblood pellet...”

“Wigerice...? Alas, I’ve never even heard about it!” replied Wagner with a slightly bitter smile.

“I see... Seems that I won’t be able to get it from you then,” said Gerald as he calmly shook his head.

Since the mysterious man had given him an oxyblood pellet, Gerald was pretty sure that the man was well aware that such pellets typically only had a shelf life of about a month... Did the person intend for Gerald to refine the pellet himself to be used to save himself when it was necessary...?

“Well, not necessarily... Remember, I’m only the boss so I’m not really proficient with medicinal herbs myself... Regardless, there may be a way for you to get that herb...”

After hesitating for a brief moment, Wagner looked at Gerald before adding, “I wonder if you’ve heard of the prestigious herb auction before...”

“Are you referring to the underground auction of the Enchanted Feast?” asked Gerald in a rather soft tone.

“That’s right. The auction is considered to be one of the major functions during the Enchanted Feast! One can expect to find many valuable herbs there that have been provided by both medicinal herb farmers and herb gatherers who have gathered their herbs from mountains. Many of the herbs there are well over a hundred years old, and they won’t be distributed to the market. The participants consist of wealthy people and businessmen—related to the field—who are invited to the auction to bid for the

herbs. Understanding their value, many of them choose to pay for the herbs on the spot,” explained Wagner.

The way he described it, it was quite evident that such an auction belonged to a private organization, meaning it wasn't a public event.

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Still, with so many medicinal herb gatherers dying out at sea or high in the mountains every year, several of the herbs sold there were bound to have vague origins.

“As they say, rare things are always more valuable. Since so many wealthy merchants and prestigious people head to the Enchanted Feast just for a chance to get their hands on ancient herbs, maybe you'll be able to find the herb you want there,” added Wagner.

Gerald simply nodded in response.

“...Speaking of which, I heard you mentioning someone called Master Ghost earlier... You said that he had predicted that I would show myself sooner or later, correct? Since he was actually able to calculate that possibility, I wonder what kind of person he is...?” asked Gerald, suddenly recalling what Wagner had earlier said.

It wasn't the first time Gerald had heard that name either. After all, Master Ghost had also helped Alice escape from her predicament back then. As he thought about it, Gerald wondered if Master Ghost could actually be more accurate than the picture of the sun.

“Ah, well, Master Ghost is a mysterious master in Halimark City, known for his extremely accurate calculations. I had personally paid him a visit on the eleventh of last month to ask him when I would finally be able to meet the person in the portrait. After all, my family had already been waiting for well over eight hundred years. In response, he told me to just continue waiting since my family had been told to do so. However, he also said that I would be able to meet said person after a short while. In which case, he was right. Just as he had predicted, you appeared not long after!”

Hearing that, Gerald frowned slightly. If that person truly was that powerful, then Gerald definitely needed to pay him a personal visit as well.

“Where does Master Ghost live?” asked Gerald.

“Is there something you need to ask him about, mister? I’ll arrange for your meeting but he won’t be meeting anyone today!”

“Why is that?”

“Well, let’s just say that Master Ghost has an odd habit. He only tells people their fortunes on odd-numbered days. He simply refuses to meet anyone on days with even numbers! As a result, you’ll have to wait for tomorrow—which will be the twenty-first—if you wish to see him!” explained Wagner.

“I see... Then it can’t be helped. I’ll head to the Enchanted Feast’s medicine auction first to see if I can find the herb I want” replied Gerald with a nod.

With the pledge of the holy water just around the corner, he knew that the pellet could potentially be extremely useful. As a result, he was adamant about collecting wigerice herbs to refine it. Besides, Gerald knew that the mysterious person had definitely left it in the box for a reason.

As Gerald helplessly thought about how little he still knew about the mysterious person, Wagner began coughing rather badly as he said, “I-if that’s the case... allow me to... accompany you...”

“...I’ll tend to your injuries first before anything else... Give me a moment to write a prescription for you... Tell your people to grind the herbs once I’m done...”

Once everything was done, Gerald and Wagner hailed a taxi to head to the Enchanted Feast. Though it had already gotten quite dark, the venue hosting the Enchanted Feast was brightly lit. It was also extremely crowded.

“Apologies, but this is a private event. If you don’t have an invitation card, then kindly leave,” said a security guard rather rudely after walking up to the duo.

“An invitation card? Humph! I’m Wagner Yarne! Are you saying that even I require an invitation card?” replied Wagner rather placidly.

Hearing that, the security guard's eyes widened as he coldly said, "And who the hell is Mr. Yarne? I've never heard of such a name! Look, if you don't have an invitation card, then get lost! Also, you there! What are you looking at? Do you think that just about any random person can attend the Enchanted Feast?"

"...Hmm? Say, Yasmeen! Look there! Isn't that your university junior? He's here too!" said a feminine voice from behind Gerald.

Turning around, Gerald saw that it truly was Yasmeen and her friends. To think that they would bump into each other again for the second time tonight.

"Hah! It seems that he wants to attend the Enchanted Feast to have some fun! Sadly, it looks like he was rejected from entering!"

"What a foolish person! Did he go mad from being poor for so long? How could a random person like him even think about participating in the Enchanted Feast all willy-nilly?"

As Yasmeen's female friends continued laughing and talking among themselves, Yasmeen herself had her mouth gaping so widely that an entire egg could probably fit in it.

When she finally recovered from her shock, Yasmeen asked in a surprised tone, "...Gerald? Why did you come here...?"

"What other reason could there be? You know what they say, the poorer one is, the more they want to show off! He must have come over to have a look around and take some pictures! I wouldn't be surprised if he posted the photos as 'proof' that he had attended the event!" whispered the women among themselves.

Though it was quite evident that Yasmeen's friends were disgusted with Gerald, Gerald himself said nothing.

It wasn't long before Yasmeen and her friends decided not to linger around Gerald any longer. After all, several people were now looking at them.

Taking the initiative to get them away from Gerald, a man standing beside Yasmeen said, "That's quite enough. Let's just head in already. After all, the event is about to begin."

Hearing that, Wagner was filled with deep shame.

Giving the guard an indignant look, he then said, "Are you sure you don't want to let us in? While the medicine auction is organized under the name of the Enchanted Feast, last I checked, it doesn't belong to the Minshall family! Don't you think you're crossing the line a little?"

"As I've said, you're prohibited from entering unless you have an invitation card!" replied the guard coldly.

"What's wrong?" said a loud and clear female voice out of the blue.

The voice was so striking that several people immediately turned to look at the voice's owner. Wagner—who seemed to recognize the voice—on the other hand, instantly grew gloomy.

Turning around, both he and Gerald were greeted by the sight of a group of people walking toward them. With the person leading the people being a tall, slim, and seemingly multiracial woman whose face was sharply contoured—almost like a marble—it wasn't hard to guess that she was the one who had shouted out earlier.

Her chin was raised high and hints of disdain could be seen in her eyes as she continued walking on while looking at Wagner.

All the present security guards, on the other hand, shouted in unison, "A pleasure to have you, young lady!"

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"If it isn't Zoey Minshall..." said Wagner rather casually as he looked at Gerald.

"It's best that you don't get fooled by her pretty looks, Mr. Crawford... Zoey is the young lady of the Minshall family and she's known for being both cruel and vicious when dealing with things... You know, I

heard that the Minshall family's old master's health has been deteriorating in recent years... It's no secret among those in Halimark City that she's hired people to refine some sort of eternal pellet. I guess that's why the Minshalls organized the Enchanted Feast and invited the organizers of the valuable herb auction here in advance. She probably already has her eyes set on a few herbs!" added Wagner.

"Sounds to me like you're not on friendly terms with the Minshalls. Are they the most powerful family in Halimark City?" asked Gerald as he looked back at Wagner before laughing wryly.

Nodding slightly awkwardly, Wagner then replied, "Well, the Yarnes were still the largest family here up till a few hundred years ago... Now, however, my family has unfortunately fallen to second place in terms of power... Today, the city's economic flow is controlled entirely by the Minshall family... Since we're not being granted access into the event despite the fact that my family runs a medicine-based business, it's clear that the Minshalls are deliberately targeting me! I sincerely apologize for that, Mr. Crawford... I'll get someone to acquire and send two invitation cards to us right this instant!"

Gerald simply remained silent after hearing that.

Zoey herself soon walked close enough to stare coldly at both Gerald and Wagner. Though her expression was frigid, she didn't say a word to the duo. Instead, led by several security guards, she continued walking into the venue with several others following behind her. Also notable, was an imposing-looking middle-aged man who walked beside her the entire time.

Once inside, the security guard from earlier walked over to Zoey before respectfully saying, "Since I didn't allow Wagner to enter earlier, he seemed to be particularly angry, miss."

"You did a very good job, then. I just want him to know that though the Minshalls are a foreign family, we've already established our dominance here in Halimark City. Local rascals like him need to pay attention to their own status. He of all people should know not to step into the Minshall family's territory as he wishes. Then again, it's not like he can. Besides, my family had previously told him to collect herbs that my grandpa needs within a year's time. To think that he didn't even pay much attention to the request! I've already given him enough respect for not personally teaching him a lesson for that!" replied Zoey calmly.

Lowering her voice slightly, she then added, "Speaking of which... Have you done the thing I told you to?"

“Worry not, miss. Under no circumstances will it fail. We’ll definitely obtain the elixir that we’ve set our eyes on!” replied the guard coldly.

After a few more people entered the venue, Wagner finally got hold of the invitation cards. It had taken a short while, but both Gerald and Wagner could now enter.

Inside, Gerald soon found out that all the herbs being auctioned there truly were both ancient and valuable. He also came to realize that he needed some of them for himself.

Though many others were already making bids for a herb when Gerald and Wagner arrived at the bidding area, Gerald didn’t take it upon himself to be cordial.

“Seven million dollars!” shouted Gerald.

Naturally, his insane proposal instantly changed the atmosphere in the venue slightly.

As several people took turns staring at the sitting youth who had made that massive bid, one of the seated women in the room quickly exclaimed in surprise, “...Hmm? Yasmeen, look there! I-isn’t the one who shouted, your junior?!”

“H-huh? You’re right! Also, did he say seven million dollars earlier? He must’ve just yelled that amount for the heck of it, right? He can’t truly be that rich, right...?”

“I’m guessing that’s the case! Regardless, how did he even sneak into this place...? From the looks of it, I wonder if he’s even participated in an auction before... Once you offer a price, you can’t retract it, you know? If nobody offers a higher price he’s bound to be ruined!”

The ones who had spoken were obviously Yasmeen’s friends, and they were all feeling equally surprised and helpless by both Gerald’s presence there and also his bidding amount.

After all, the highest price offered up till this point was only around a million dollars. At the rate things were going, they had assumed that bidding for the current herb would stop once someone offered two million dollars. To think that Gerald had actually offered seven million dollars!

As the girls continued discussing among themselves, the plump man who had made the two million dollar bid sat down sensibly. Immediately after doing so, however, he shot a glance at Zoey.

Noticing his gaze, Zoey herself—who was sitting in the front row of the VIP seats—slightly narrowed her beautiful eyes before gesturing at a security guard who was standing at the side.

Seeing that, the guard—who was none other than the one who had blocked Gerald and Wagner’s path at the door earlier—immediately headed to where Gerald was seated before coldly saying, “Good evening, gentlemen! Our sincerest apologies, but we need to check your invitation cards!”

“You’re telling me that among all the people here, you’re only going to check ours? That kind of bullsh*t, don’t you think, mister?” replied Wagner as he took in a deep breath, now so angry that he was already trembling all over.

“Since you offered such a high bid, I’m just afraid that someone snuck in here to cause trouble! As a result, please give me your cooperation, gentlemen!”

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After hearing the security guard’s dumb reasoning, Gerald simply frowned slightly before replying, “Let him have a look!”

Following Gerald’s order, Wagner presented their invitation cards to the security guard who—once he received them—immediately began checking the cards thoroughly.

Gerald, however, was no longer the naïve person he used to be. He already had an idea of what the security guard and Zoey were up to.

Noticing that the guard was wearing an earphone, Gerald used his heightened perceptive hearing to listen in on their plan. Instantly recognizing Zoey’s voice, he heard her order, “Drive them away, and be sure to investigate that youth’s background. If he truly is rich, then we may as well arrange for someone to blackmail them.”

Hearing that, Gerald couldn’t help but smile bitterly.

Wagner had already mentioned that the Minshalls were only rich due to them relying on both thefts and robberies. After all, the Minshall family's ancestors were all pirates.

After hearing Zoey's plans, Gerald really had to try his hardest not to burst out laughing.

"Apologies, gentlemen, but after looking through your admission tickets, they seem to be fake! Due to that, please leave!" grunted the guard.

"Fake? How the hell are they fake? You'd better give me a proper explanation, right this instant!" shouted Wagner as he immediately stood up, now fuming in anger.

"We can prove that they're fake!" shouted Yasmeen's friends out of the blue as they, too, stood up from their seats.

Following that, the middle-aged man from Yasmeen's group—who was the same person who had told the girls to enter the venue earlier—added, "We're acquainted with that young man! He goes by Gerald Crawford and he's from Mayberry! However, the most important thing to note is that he's a poor student!"

"Yeah! Both he and that man were stopped at the door earlier, you know? I saw them on the phone earlier when I was heading to the washroom too! They must have purchased the fake tickets then!" shouted another female friend of Yasmeen's.

It was honestly quite obvious why they were doing all this. After all, anyone sensible would be able to tell that the security guard was one who belonged to the Minshall family. By stepping forward now and cooperating with the Minshalls, there existed a chance that that family would have a deeper impression on them. With any luck, the Minshalls could, in turn, potentially aid them in future as well.

What more, this was also an opportunity for them to get to know more rich merchants!

"A poor student? How did he even manage to sneak into this place?"

As the others in the venue began discussing the situation, Yasmeen herself looked at Gerald before saying, "You know, you were quite an honest person in the past... To think that you'd end up like this... Look, if you really came here to gain more insight, then you should focus on earning money properly! If you have the energy to do such unnecessary things, then you may as well use that energy to do part-time jobs! You can't just step into an event with this level of social class all willy-nilly!"

Watching as Yasmeen shook her head, Wagner immediately began looking around to find anyone who knew him. To his surprise, nobody within the spacious auction house seemed to be locals aside from those from the Minshall family!

"Well, regardless, of whether the tickets are real or not, the main focus is still whether we have the money to buy the herbs here, no?" said Gerald at that moment as he shook his head, a bitter smile on his face.

Following that, he turned to look at the organizers before adding, "I'm sure the organizers don't intend on missing out on a chance to earn money, correct?"

"If you're truly able to fork out enough money to buy the herbs here, then you're definitely a distinguished guest to us, sir!" replied one of the organizers.

After all, what Gerald had said was true. They just wanted to earn more and they couldn't care less about whether Gerald and Wagner had tickets or not.

Upon hearing that, the guard didn't even know what else to say. As a result, he simply took in a deep breath before turning to leave.

"...How annoying!" grumbled Wagner angrily.

Of course, Gerald felt the same, and he wasn't about to allow such an incident to pass without any consequences. Long before the guard had turned to leave, Gerald had already secretly plucked a strand of hair off the guard.

It was now time to make use of it.

After taking only a few steps away from them, the security guard suddenly began trembling all over... The next thing everyone knew, he suddenly let out a terrifying howl!

Chapter 1111

His howl was so disturbing that the function had to be momentarily paused as everyone stared at the loud man.

As that continued to happen, the middle-aged man sitting beside Yasmeen—who went by the name of David Stubbs—attempted to break the awkwardness by declaring, “You know, I’m extremely sure he won’t be able to retrieve the money he claims he has! After all, we’re in the presence of the Minshall family! The Minshall family’s honor and reputation definitely won’t be affected by someone like him!”

Upon hearing his flattery, many of the present Minshall family members instantly looked at David with admiration in their eyes.

However, nobody could have expected what was to come just seconds later.

A loud slapping sound could soon be heard and almost everyone went silent.

The security guard from before had just slapped David directly on his left cheek!

Cupping his swollen cheek, David spat out a few of his broken teeth as he miserably said, “Y-you... Why did you slap me?!”

Stupefied, the guard simply replied, “I-I don’t know either!”

Before David could even make a retort, he was instantly slapped again on the other cheek!

“M-Mr. Stubbs!” shouted Yasmeen, sounding extremely worried as she looked at how swollen most of his face already was.

“What on earth are you doing, Wolfie?!” demanded Zoey in a frigid tone as she stood up from her VIP seat.

“P-please listen to my explanation first, miss!” replied Wolfie in resignation as he felt his body turn around to face Zoey before walking toward her.

“That’s quite enough! I don’t want to hear- ...Hold on... What do you intend to do?” said Zoey as she watched Wolfie raise both his hands upon getting steps away from her.

Without warning, Wolfie then grabbed Zoey by her bosom!

Instantly screaming in response, Zoey then shouted, “G-get your hands off me, you b*stard!”

Following that, the other guards immediately ran over to drag Wolfie away.

Seeing that, the terrified Wolfie immediately knelt down as he cried out, “M-miss! I didn’t do it voluntarily...!”

He wasn’t lying about that either. For some mystifying reason, he truly had no control over his body earlier!

Zoey, however, wasn’t having any of that. Blushing deeply, she was adamant about teaching him a lesson!

It was at that moment when Wolfie’s body suddenly began moving on its own again... And everyone’s eyes immediately widened as the kneeling man grabbed onto Zoey’s dress before pulling it straight off!

With the dress shredded in the middle, the beauty’s lower half was completely revealed, save for the part her undergarments covered!

As Zoey screamed in fear for the second time tonight, several of the men in the room found themselves hollering!

‘D*mn! What a sight...!’

“B-b*stard! You utter, b*stard! Beat him to death if it’s the last thing you do!” ordered Zoey as several bodyguards dragged him out of the venue to do just that while a few others instantly handed her a set of clothes they found lying around.

Everyone went silent for a while after Zoey left the scene rather awkwardly. Gerald, however, had a faint smile on his face the entire time.

Once things calmed down a bit more, the auction simply resumed, pretending as if nothing had happened.

After clearing his throat, the host then said, “...Alright, regarding the next herb, your insight will surely be tested! We present to you, the wigerice herb!”

“...Oh? So they truly have that herb here as well?” muttered Gerald to himself in surprise as he shook any other thoughts away.

“I told you, didn’t I, Mr. Crawford? All sorts of extraordinary herbs can be found at the medicine auction! Just say the name and they’ll have it!” replied Wagner with a smile. He was clearly in a good mood after witnessing all that had just happened.

“Since this herb is so special, the starting bidding price is three million dollars!” added the host.

Upon hearing that, the remaining Minshall family members looked at each other in dismay. Eventually, one of them shouted, “Three million dollars!”

After saying that, they immediately looked around to see if anyone would offer a higher price than that. From their reactions alone, it was evident that the Minshalls were interested in the wigerice herb as well.

‘Could they also be aware of the magical effect of the wigerice herb...?’ Gerald thought to himself, rather doubtfully.

With that, Gerald then shouted, “Five million dollars!”

After giving him a warning gaze, the Minshalls retorted by shouting, “Seven million dollars!”

“Holy! It’s at seven million dollars again!” shouted someone from among the crowd as an uproar began brewing again.

Chapter 1112

Yasmeen herself simply looked at Gerald before shaking her head.

‘I don’t think you realize how terribly you’re going to suffer later... If you aren’t able to cough out the massive amount of money you’ve stated, then not only will the organizers go after you, but also the Minshalls!’

“A million and five hundred thousand dollars!” shouted Gerald in return.

“Hah! Has that young man already gone mad? He’s probably too far gone to offer a lower price!”

Hearing that, several of the people present began roaring in laughter. Yasmeen herself had become speechless.

“...Mister, you can’t just offer prices this high...!” reminded Wagner with kindness in mind.

“Oh? But I’m not even close to being done! I’ll say it now that regardless of the amount the others bid for, I’ll add another million and five hundred dollars to my next bid!”

“H-hot d*mn!” shouted many of the people present, feeling completely stupefied.

Even Yasmeen gasped out loud.

The Minshalls themselves didn’t dare to shout an even higher amount. After all, while they could easily offer a bid worth a billion and five hundred million dollars, they were well aware that Gerald could just

refuse to admit to what he had just said. Should that scenario play out, they would certainly suffer a massive loss!

As the Minshalls continued considering their options, a guard walked over to them and whispered something into their ears.

Following that, the Minshall family members took turns glaring coldly at Gerald before continuing to increase the bid.

At long last, the final bid for the herb landed at seven million dollars! Adding that to the price of the other herbs Gerald had purchased that day, the grand total amounted to a whopping twenty-three million dollars!

Though that amount sounded outrageous, it was honestly somewhat close to what his sister received for pocket money on a daily basis.

Gerald himself had long lost the concept of what expensive meant. Money was just a bunch of boring numbers for him now.

As Yasmeen continued staring at him, she thought, 'I'd like to see how you're going to end all this, Gerald!'

Seeing the staff take his now nicely-wrapped herbs out, Gerald walked over to them—with his card in hand—before keying in his password at the payment terminal.

A brief moment later, the staff nodded before replying, "Thank you, sir! Here are your herbs!"

"...What?" muttered Yasmeen to herself.

Eyes widened, the girl was so stunned that she was almost convinced that all this was just a bad dream.

As Gerald walked back to his seat, Wagner laughed loudly before saying, “It seems that you’ve acquired all the herbs you needed, mister! Congratulations! I’ve already ordered my men to prepare a dinner feast for you. Think of it as a welcome party of sorts!”

Following that, Wagner began leading Gerald out of the venue. When his and Yasmeen’s gazes met, Gerald simply nodded at her as a greeting before leaving the area for good with his herbs in hand.

“After you, mister!” said Wagner the moment they arrived before his car.

The moment he said that, however, a group of about twenty bodyguards came running over, all of them glaring at Gerald!

“What do all of you intend to do?” shouted Wagner coldly as he stared back at the bodyguards gathered in front of them.

“It’s quite obvious, isn’t it? I’m afraid I won’t be able to enjoy that dinner with you tonight!” replied Gerald with a placid smile.

Seconds later, the bodyguards made way for Zoey—who already had a new set of clothes on—as she walked over while saying, “I’m glad you understand that! Now leave the herbs you bid earlier behind and maybe I’ll let you live!”

“Oh? I bought it with my own valuable money, you know? Even if I were to give them to you, don’t you think I ought to receive some compensation?” replied Gerald who still needed the Minshall family’s map that led to the king of the ocean’s tomb.

“Compensation? Boy, it’s compensation enough that she’s allowing you to actually leave alive! Also, aside from handing the herbs over, you’ll need to tell your family that you’re currently being held captive! The price of your ‘ransom’ is three hundred million dollars!” declared one of Zoey’s bodyguards.

“How completely unreasonable... Then again, I do enjoy dealing with characters like yourself...” replied Gerald with a smile.

“Quite frankly, I came all the way out here to strike a deal with the Minshall family, you know? How about this? I’ll hand you three hundred million dollars as well as the herbs in exchange for something from the Minshalls... If there aren’t any further objections, then we can make the deal now...” added Gerald, still smiling.

“Agreed! Once we get the herbs and the money, you’ll be allowed to take whatever you want!” replied Zoey, laughing as she crossed her arms.

“Oh? You aren’t even going to ask what I intend to take?” asked Gerald.

“As I’ve said, as long as you hand the money and the herbs over, you can take anything you want!”

“Grab me a pen and paper, will you Wagner? After all, a mere verbal statement can’t be taken as proof!” said Gerald.

While Wagner wanted to stop Gerald, he didn’t really have a say in any of this. Knowing that, he unwillingly handed him a pen and a sheet of paper.

Once Gerald wrote the terms down, Zoey immediately signed it without even looking at what Gerald wrote.

Smiling, Gerald then said, “Very well, then! I’ll hand the herbs and money to you first for now. I’ll come and get what was agreed upon a bit later!”

“How tactful of you!”

Once Zoey and her men were gone, Wagner was already so angry that he instantly began stomping his foot! Looking at Gerald, he then said, “How could you be this careless, mister?! Now that the herbs and money are in their hands, you’ll never be able to get them back! I know how strong you are, but there are several exceptional people within the Minshall family as well! Just so you know, the Minshalls once told me to collect some herbs for them, stating that once I was done, I could just state a random price and they’d pay me the exact amount for my services! However, when the day of payment came, they refused to admit to ever making such a statement!”

Patting Wagner's shoulder, Gerald replied, "You're worrying too much. Everything's fine!"

— To be Continued... —