

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 1705

When Meilani saw Quaan getting destroyed like that, she couldn't help but smile. To her, he was finally reaping the fruits of his labours, and he deserved everything that had happened to him.

Regardless, she was unconcerned about what happened next to him. Meilani then led Gerald and the others away from there, keeping this in mind...

Quaan, who had fainted from the pain, slowly regained consciousness not long after they had left...

When he crawled to his knees, he immediately placed his hand against his chest because he was in excruciating pain! He appeared to have suffered internal injuries...

He quickly realised that Meilani and Gerald were nowhere to be found when he looked around. Quaan was unable to stay conscious due to another wave of excruciating pain, and he ended up flopping to the ground, completely depleted of energy...

Gerald and his group arrived at the Zorn family's home shortly after, escorted by Meilani.

"Gerald, I can't believe how cruel you were earlier! You could have clearly taken him out much sooner, but you insisted on humiliating him first!" Meilani was teased.

"Excuse me, princess... You're the one who put me in that situation to begin with! I can't just call a duel off in a matter of seconds! Also, while we're on the subject, don't ever use me to get things done..." Gerald grumbled awkwardly.

He made a point of emphasising this so Meilani wouldn't keep doing the same thing. After all, if she kept using him the way she had been, Gerald was confident it wouldn't be long before she landed him in even more troublesome situations.

He now had Quaan as an enemy in addition to the Hulkerioic Union. Gerald was simply confronted with one problem after another...

In any case, when Meilani heard that, she quickly nodded before responding, "Got it!" Don't worry, I was just looking for a way to get rid of him sooner! I promise there won't be another opportunity!"

To be honest, she was already overjoyed that Gerald agreed to assist her in teaching Quaan a lesson.

Regardless, while Gerald and the others were now at the Zorn family's home, Quaan was quickly apprehended by his subordinates. After being carried to the Wroe family's home, it was clear that Quaan's martial arts abilities had been sealed. Quaan was unable to move on his own because his motor functions were in shambles...

Three elderly men dressed in long robes were seen standing around Quaan's bed in the dead of night a few days later...

Since his duel with Gerald had ruined him, Quaan had remained in bed. The fact that he needed assistance from his servants to perform even the most basic of daily tasks, such as drinking, eating, and even going to the bathroom, humiliated him greatly.

Despite this, Quid Wroe was not hesitant to spend a large sum of money to cure his son. With that in mind, he had paid a hefty sum to hire the three old men from Glenpawa Mountain, each of whom possessed exceptional martial arts abilities, in the hopes of aiding his son's recovery...

In any case, one of the elderly men eventually said, "...Hmm... Young Master Wroe's condition is really serious!" after sitting by Quaan's side for a while to check his condition.

Quid, concerned, asked, "How serious are we talking about here, Mr. Quarles?"

As Quid had stated, the old man's name was Lidorn Quarles, and he had already progressed to the Avatar Realm's Third rank.

“Extremely, Master Wroe,” says the narrator. After all, based on the injuries he sustained, I can already tell that whoever did this to him was a formidable opponent. The assailant’s attack was both fierce and decisive, and given the extent of the damage that precise strike caused, I’m afraid it won’t be easy to heal the young master,” Lidorn replied, shaking his head and sighed in resignation.

Quid couldn’t help but frown as rage surged through him when he heard that.

Well, this was absolutely ideal! Quid knew he wouldn’t be able to exact revenge on his son’s behalf now that he knew the assailant was extremely powerful!

The fact that the Zorns were the Wroes’ only true rivals in Dragonblood City didn’t help matters. With his son’s condition, a quarrel with the Zorns was the absolute last thing he needed right now.

Quid, on the other hand, had been paying close attention to Lidorn’s choice of words earlier. “...You said curing him would be difficult...” he asked, hoping for a silver lining. However, does this mean he can still be cured?”

Hearing that, Lidorn shifted his gaze to Quid before slowly nodding...