

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2439

Whatever the case was, Gerald quickly began devising a plan. From what he could tell, neither Freyr nor Elain were going to be easy to deal with. That left only Fae.

Smirking as he came up with a plan, Gerald then muttered, “With how much of a brat you’ve been, I was already planning to teach you a lesson... Unfortunately for you, I’m going to have to go all...!”

Fast forward to later that night, Gerald headed to Freyr’s room to eavesdrop on the old man’s conversation with his daughters and senior family members.

Freyr himself coughed loudly before asking, “Why isn’t your sister here yet...?”

“She’s in her room throwing a tantrum for no reason...” replied Elain.

“Well, I suppose it’s better for her not to know about such things... Either way, what did you master say, Elain? Was he mad because of my recklessness?” asked Freyr.

“Very. After all, not only did you nearly die in the general’s tomb, but you almost ruined his plans as well!” replied Elain as she shook her head.

Sighing in response, Freyr shook his head as well as he said, “I only have myself to blame... Thinking back, had I simply done as Master Trilight ordered, I wouldn’t have ended up getting injured so badly! I’m such a fool!”

Upon hearing that, Gerald couldn’t help but frown as he thought, ‘Things are only becoming more complicated Though I now know that the Zandts are working for Master Trilight, who exactly is that person...?’

Seeing that they weren’t talking about anything useful, Gerald decided to head to Fae’s room instead.

Fae herself was currently whipping seven men who were all knelt on the floor while yelling, “Rubbish! All seven of you! I can’t believe you even dare to call yourselves the most famous vets in Peaceton when you can’t even cure Ginger! Beat it!”

“W-we’re sorry, Second Young Mistress, but there’s really nothing we can do...!” whimpered one of the men as all seven of them quickly got up to leave.

However, before they could even get to the door, Fae snapped her fingers while yelling, “Hold it! I’m not letting you off that easily this time! Servants! Break a leg and an arm of each of those men!”

“Right away!” declared the guards.

“P-please spare us, Second Young Mistress...! Young Master Ginger is suffering from an incurable disease, so not even god can save him now...!” wailed another vet as all seven of the terrified men quickly began kowtowing toward her.

Since Ginger had grown up with Fae, it somehow became normalized for the dog to be addressed as a young master.

Either way, upon hearing that, Fae immediately retorted, “Oh please, you’re all just useless! My poor, poor Ginger...! Not to worry, I’ve already made it public that I’d give a million dollars to the person who cures your disease... !”

Gerald had been watching all this play out for quite a while now, and he couldn’t help but frown at the ruthless girl.

As for the seven men, the guards quickly dragged them out of the manor. From how easy they made it look, it was almost as though the guards were used to doing things like this... Regardless, with batons in hand, the guards were ready to beat the crap out of the men!

However, when the baton struck one of the vets’ legs, instead of the vet yelling in pain, it was the guard who was holding onto the man who wailed in agony! In fact, several other guards began yelling in pain as well! They had all felt the sensation of being struck by something hard on their bellies!

“W-what the f*ck... ?!” exclaimed several of the aching guards.

“It couldn’t be... Is it happening again... ?! Should we continue doing this... ?” whimpered a few of the guards as they gulped.