

Chapter 7298

Zemer smiled and said,

"Mr. Getty, we want all the crude oil that you won't need for production in the next five days,"

"As well as the crude oil that will arrive at the port by sea."

"Our chairman wants to make a short-term profit."

"If the price rises within five days, we will find a buyer directly,"

"And the transaction will be completed immediately upon the arrival of the tanker."

"If the price falls, it will be the same."

"We will accept the loss and leave the market."

"After five days, we will not occupy any additional tanker or storage space of yours."

David laughed and said,

"Then there's no problem!"

"I'll have someone compile all the information on tankers arriving in the next five days and their carrying capacity for you."

"You can see how much you need,"

"And once you've made your order,"

"We'll sign the agreement directly."

"No problem!"

Zemer nodded in satisfaction and smiled,

"Thank you, Mr. Getty!"

Zemer was full of confidence.

After all, this market dynamic was no longer just a matter of insider information.

The Routhchild family's influence in the American and international crude oil markets was almost absolute.

If other families were still predicting market trends,

The Routhchild family *was* the market.

If this information could be wrong,

Then there would be no reliable insider information in the world.

If tens or hundreds of thousands of tons of crude oil were to rise by ten percent,

After deducting the 5% given to the Getty family,

There would still be a profit of more than thirty US dollars per ton.

A million tons would easily bring in more than thirty million US dollars.

Adding to the inventory he currently controlled,

Youngheart could take away hundreds of millions of US dollars in one go.

After Zemer finalized the details with David,

He got up to say goodbye and left.

The Getty couple saw him off at the dock,

And Zemer bid them farewell before sailing back alone on his yacht.

Zemer, piloting his double-decker yacht back alone,

Was unaware that he had an extra passenger—Charlie,

Who was lurking on the lower deck.

Charlie had been pondering how to deal with Zemer.

He wanted to know more about the Left Army Governor's Mansion,

And the best way was to give Zemer a psychological suggestion.

After all, Zemer's cultivation was far inferior to his own,

Making him easy to control.

However, Charlie also had a nagging worry: the whereabouts of the other two elders of the Warriors Den were currently unknown.

If one of them was at the Left Army Governor's Mansion,

Then if the psychologically manipulated Zemer returned,

He would be exposed.

After weighing the options, Charlie decided to first control Zemer and get all the information he wanted,

Including details about the Warriors Den elders.

If the elders were in America, he would simply kill Zemer and store his body in his spatial storage,

Leaving no trace for anyone to discover.

It would be best if the elders of the Warriors Den weren't present.

That way, Zemer could become their puppet,

And if they wanted to take action against the Left Army Commander's Mansion,

Having him as their support would make things much easier.

So, while Zemer was focused on navigating the yacht,

Charlie silently walked up from the lower deck and said calmly behind Zemer,

"Stop the boat."

Upon hearing Charlie's voice,

Zemer's first instinct was extreme shock and panic.

As a cultivator trained by the Warriors Den,

His sensitivity was naturally far beyond that of ordinary people.

Moreover, as Youngheart's mouthpiece, he was extremely cautious in his comings and goings.

Subconsciously, if even he hadn't noticed someone behind him,

Then this person's strength must be far greater than his own.

Zemer panicked.

While trying to think of a solution,

He used a delaying tactic to first shut off the yacht's engine.

Then, he cautiously turned around and nervously said,

"Master, spare my life..."

Charlie didn't stop Zemer from turning around.

The moment their eyes met, Zemer's eyes widened as if he had seen a ghost,

And he murmured in shock,

"Wade... Changying?!"

"You... you aren't dead?!"