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## Chapter 2425

Suddenly, the loud blaring of trumpets could be heard all over the place.

Thousands of people showed up on the streets soon after.

They were grouped up in fours, and were carrying bright red coffins. Some were in charge of mourning, as if they were crying for their family.

Aside from that, there were rows of white wreaths set outside the property of the first phase.

The same people were headed in the same direction.

With all these coffins wreaths and the loud trumpets...

It looked to be a massive funeral!

The grandiose district turned eerie and ghostly in an instant.

The elderly who had brought cash were on the verge of blacking out upon the ghastly sight.

Out of everything, they were most terrified of bad luck.

Upon seeing so many coffins and the eerie, loud trumpets

Even if they were in a sales office...

People who didn't know would probably think of this place as a large cemetery!

"I'll turn every single one of those houses into graves!" 1

"And because this is such a great place..."

"Ordinary people have no right to be buried here!"

"I'm only burying my noble Indian friends who have high status!"

"This place will surely become the best resting place for the wealthy of the southwest!"

Harvey waved his hand as he advertised his plans.

"Everyone!"

“The cemetery is now half full.”

“If you think your ancestors are sleeping in a bad spot, you can buy one from me!”

“Think about it! My houses are the best out of the entire district.”

“With the Holy Mountain at the back and the Holy Lake in front, the entire place is surrounded by good luck.”

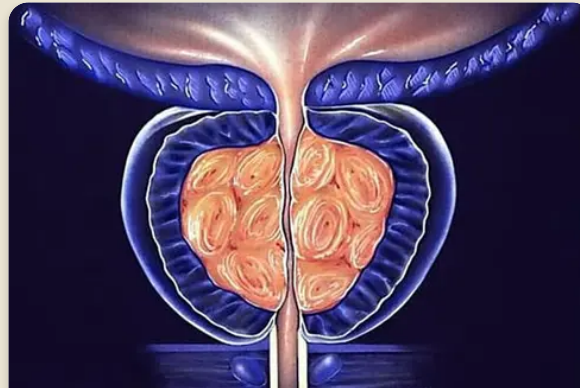
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“You’ll enjoy riches for generations if your ancestors live here!”

“It’s much cheaper than buying houses! It doesn’t matter if this place turns into a ghost town, either.”

“Cemeteries are usually quite unpopulated anyway, aren’t they?”

“Time’s ticking, everyone!”

Xynthia immediately gave everyone business cards that had been prepared beforehand as Harvey spoke.

The people had odd looks on their faces as they held onto the cards.

Harvey’s advertisement was clearly much better than Joseph’s...

After all, many from the wealthy cared a lot about

geomancy.

Basking in the crowd’s mystified gazes, Harvey turned around and smiled at Joseph.

“I’m sorry, Young Master Bauer.”

“You see, I’m a little tight on funds recently.”

“If you won’t let me return my houses, then I’ll have to

stick with Plan B.”

“All the buildings are under my name anyway. I’ll do whatever I want with them.”

“Right! I won’t sell the ones that my Indian friends are living in, though. That’s a line I won’t cross.”

“As for the rest, I’ll sell them for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per ten square feet.”

“Would you like to buy one?”

“I can give you a twenty percent discount. I’ll even furnish the house for you!”

“I’m sure there’s space for your entire family.”

The crowd remained bewildered upon hearing Harvey’s words.

Other than several who were seriously considering

buying, everyone else immediately gave up on the idea.

Who would actually buy houses in this place if Harvey actually pulled off such a thing?

Sleeping with the dead?

What a sick joke!

