

# The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2336

“Understood, father...” replied Mia as she closed the door behind her.

Fast forward to early the next morning, Gerald could be seen lying on his bed, his eyes wide open. After all that had happened, he hadn't been able to sleep a wink, and he had pondered about the turn of events throughout the night to no avail.

Gerald's train of thought was cut short when a knock on his door was heard, followed by Aiden saying, “That Yaacob fellow is here...”

Upon hearing that, Gerald couldn't help but sigh. While he didn't like the idea of someone keeping an eye on him, what else could he do? Rolling off his bed, he then pushed his door open before replying, “Let him in...”

By the time Gerald was done washing his face, Yaacob was already seated in the living room.

Seeing Gerald, Yaacob quickly pointed at a few bags of food on the table before saying, “I got up early to get breakfast for everyone! Do try out what I bought! I'm sure you'll love my picks!”

“I appreciate it...” replied Gerald in a slightly helpless tone.

“No problem! Hmm? Ah, you’re awake, uncle! Come have some food before it gets cold!” declared Yaacob who couldn’t read the mood at all as he watched Lucian exit his room.

Naturally, Lucian was slightly confused to see the unfamiliar face, prompting him to ask, “And this is..?”

“A new friend I made...” muttered Gerald.

“I see... Well, I go by Lucian Grubb, but you can just call me Uncle Grubb,” replied Lucian with a nod as he outstretched his hand toward Yaacob.

“Yaacob Zeman! Just call me Yaacob!” declared Yaacob with a cheeky smile as he returned the handshake.

“Pleasure to meet you. Regardless, we only have half an hour left to enter the auction hall. With that said, finish your breakfast quickly or we’ll be barred from entering,” muttered Lucian as he handed Gerald and Aiden an admission ticket each.

Before Gerald and Aiden could take their tickets, Yaacob fished out a gold plated entrance ticket from his pocket before placing it on the table and saying, “You can keep those tickets, Uncle Grubb. I have a ticket to the VIP seats, so just come along with me!”

“You... what? But how?” exclaimed Lucian, clearly flabbergasted by the turn of events. After all, such seats were only reserved for either large Westoner families or the most powerful of cultivators!

The Grubb family was naturally unable to compare to those two groups, so Lucian had never dreamed of getting to sit in the auction’s VIP area. Hell, this was the first time he had ever seen a ticket for the VIP seats!

As for Gerald and Aiden, both of them could only exchange glances. While Aiden looked rightfully confused, Gerald himself was as cool as a cucumber. After all, he knew that Yaacob was a disciple of the organizer’s family. With that said, him having access to such a ticket only made sense.

Regardless, Yaacob-who had anticipated this response simply replied, “Let’s just say I got it by chance. Either way, I had initially thought it would be lonely to head there alone. Thankfully, I bumped into brother Gerald, so we can now chat during the auction!”

“Well, if you’re inviting... Sure, why not,” said Lucian.

Gerald himself simply nodded at Yaacob before adding, “We appreciate it.”

“Oh... This... is nothing, don’t mention it,” replied Yaacob, suddenly feeling embarrassed. After all, he was only doing all this because Third elder had sent him a message last night, asking him to bring Gerald to the VIP seats-on the second floor-so that the patriarch could have a good look at him.

Either way, once breakfast was done, the four of them set out together...

## **The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2337**

The auction itself was being held in a huge, round building in the middle of the island that somewhat resembled a Roman colosseum, mostly because its center was hollow to allow for better lighting. Aside from that, the auction house was two stories high, with the upper floor being a round platform with several well-arranged 'boxes' where the audience could sit.

All the boxes were surrounded by clear, tempered glass that allowed the audience to see the auction table on the first floor. Speaking of the first floor, there were at least three hundred rows of wooden benches down there. Before the benches, stood the auction table, and behind the table, were two wooden doors that gave access to the backstage.

Whatever the case was, people were already swarming into the building at eight in the morning. As for Gerald and his party, since they had Yaacob's ticket with them, they simply ascended the wooden staircase beside the auction house before heading to the upper floor.

When the clansman saw Yaacob, he immediately gestured toward the door without even bothering to see the ticket before saying, "Please, come in."

Nodding in response, Yaacob then began leading the group to their viewing box as he said, "You know, I heard they serve tons of food and drinks in every box."

Upon getting to their viewing area, they found that aside from a sofa that could fit up to five people there was also a long table that was filled with all sorts of food as well as a few bottles of mineral water.

“While this isn’t my first time attending this auction, it truly is a first for me to be able to enter the VIP seating area...” muttered Lucian as he sat on the couch, a complicated emotion on his face as he stared at the noisy crowd at the bottom.

“Since you’re friends with brother Gerald, you can sit in the VIP viewing boxes in any future auctions!” declared Yaacob as he patted his chest reassuringly.

“I’ll take your word for it, then!” replied Lucian.

Though he knew that Gerald was going to leave his family soon, he had a feeling that Gerald would return for the next auction now that he knew about all this.

As people continued entering the auction house, nobody including Gerald and his party noticed that there was actually a hidden second-floor viewing box behind the auction table.

Though nothing looked out of the ordinary from outside that viewing box, from the inside, everything outside could be seen clearly. Naturally, this was the viewing area that Walter and his daughter were sitting in. Standing by their sides were Third elder and at least a dozen clansmen from their family.

Upon getting to their viewing area, they found that aside from a sofa that could fit up to five people there was also a long table that was filled with all sorts of food as well as a few bottles of mineral water.

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After looking around for a bit, Walter was prompted to ask, “So... where’s the boy? Has Yaacob brought them over?”

“Yaacob’s an excellent disciple who’s never messed up before. With that said, I believe that they should already be here...” muttered Third elder who was also looking around.

“He’s already here...” said Mia who hadn’t had any trouble locating Gerald.

“Where?” asked Walter as he and Third elder quickly looked at where Mia was pointing at.

Upon seeing Lucian and the rest of Gerald’s party in the viewing box opposite of theirs, Walter couldn’t help but sigh before muttering disappointedly, “I didn’t think he’d be this old...”

He, for one, had previously assumed that the owner of the Herculean Primordial Spirit would be in his forties, not fifties!

“Old?” muttered Third elder who hadn’t even paid Lucian any attention, clearly forgetting that Walter didn’t know which one of them was Gerald.

“Indeed... While it’s definitely still a feat to be able to possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit in one’s fifties, it’s going to be a bit awkward to have him be with Mia... He’s probably as old as I am!” said Walter as he shook his head.

“Patriarch, you’re looking at the wrong person... The one you’re looking for is the young man on his left!” explained Third elder.

“What..? That can’t be right. He barely looks thirty!” exclaimed Walter as he gave Gerald a good look

## **The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2338**

“It’s him, alright,” replied Third elder as he double checked his claim.

“That... to be able to possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit at that age... How powerful are his guardians or family...? Could he be from some large cultivation sect? But when I asked around before, nobody seemed to possess the primordial spirit! There’s no way that kid could’ve gotten that power without being in a sect, so none of this is making any sense!” exclaimed Walter as he tried to keep his cool.

“We did wonder if he was a solitary cultivator...” muttered Third elder with a lowered voice.

“If that’s the case, then boy is truly terrifying...” replied Walter as he shook his head. Walter, for one, had never heard of such a young cultivator obtaining such an immense power that countless people were after. If news about the boy owning the Herculean Primordial Spirit spread around, Walter was honestly worried that he would have to forcibly stop this year’s auction.

“What should we do then, Patriarch...?” asked Third elder as he turned to look at Walter.

“Before that, what do you think of that young man, Mia?” asked Walter as he turned to look at his daughter.

“I... don’t know...” muttered Mia as she shook her head.

“I see... Well, let’s just continue observing him first for now, ” replied Walter with a wave of his hand, his gaze never leaving Gerald. Naturally, Gerald himself had no idea that this conversation was even taking place...

By this point, the auctioning had already started, and countless roars could be heard as people in the auction house bid for the items on the auction table. From where he was, Gerald and his party could see everything happening in the auction house.

Watching as Gerald folded his arms, Lucian smiled before asking, “See anything you fancy?”

“Not at all,” replied Gerald with a shrug.

“Don’t worry, the good stuff will come later on. These items are just appetizers,” explained Yaacob while eating a banana.

Upon hearing that, Aiden turned to face Yaacob who was about the same age as he was before curiously asking, “Honestly, are you really a cultivator, brother...?”

“But of course!” replied Yaacob.

“I see. You know, ever since I met you in Yanam, brother Gerald, I’ve come across more and more cultivators my age... I really wonder when I’ll be able to be one myself,” muttered Aiden in a slightly envious tone.

“It’s a bit hard for regular people, but since you have brother Gerald on your side, I believe that he’ll be able to help raise your cultivation level in no time,” replied Yaacob as he glanced at Gerald.

“Speaking of cultivators, I forgot to tell you something rather important,” said Gerald as he scratched the back of his head.

“Oh? What is it?” asked Aiden as his expression turned serious.

“Here, read this book whenever you have the time. It could help you,” replied Gerald as he took out a palm-sized and ancient-looking book from his jacket pocket before handing it to Aiden. He had obtained it back when he was still at the ancient ruins.

“Pure... Yang technique...? Is this some kind of novel...?” asked Aiden with a slight frown as he read the book’s faded title...

## **The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2339**

“What..? This book contains a cultivator technique.

You said you wanted to be a cultivator, didn’t you?” replied Gerald as he laughed out loud.

“Huh? This book contains a technique...?” muttered Aiden in slight disbelief as he looked at the tattered book in his hand. Aiden, for one, had assumed that books that taught such precious information would be kept in the finest conditions. In other words, the complete opposite of what he was holding! Had Aiden not been told what the book contained, he would’ve simply assumed that Gerald used it to pad table legs!

“Do I have to repeat myself?” replied Gerald as he rolled his eyes.

“Well, no... but... really, I thought you were handing me some kind of ancient novel!” exclaimed Aiden with a sheepish chuckle before carefully sliding the book into his pocket, not wanting to accidentally damage the already tattered book

“Either way, do read it when you can. Feel free to ask me if there’s anything you don’t get,” replied Gerald as he watched Aiden put the book away.

Though he said that, Gerald honestly didn’t want Aiden becoming a cultivator. After all, Aiden already had it pretty good as an ace special forces agent in Weston. Once the boy set foot into the cultivation realm, then danger would truly lie everywhere for him. The cultivation realm was nothing like the secular world.

Even so, Gerald wasn’t completely against the idea. After all, Aiden seemed serious about learning. With that in mind, Gerald told himself that he would support Aiden the best he could.

Regardless, after hearing that interaction, Yaacob draped his arm around Aiden’s shoulders before saying, “You can ask me for help too, you know? Don’t worry, I won’t hold any information back!”

“I barely even know you, though...” muttered Aiden before shrugging.

“Well, you’ll surely get to know more about me in time. Not at the moment, though...” replied Yaacob as he cleared his throat, his eyes monetarily glancing in the direction of the hidden viewing box where Mia was in.

Not wanting to dwell on Yaacob's identity at the moment, Gerald simply said, "Either way, let's just focus on the auction..."

Just as Yaacob had earlier said, all the auction items at the start weren't anything too special. Sure, the auctioned herbs were still considerably rare, but there were quite a handful of them on this island. Regardless, most of the people who bid for these items were from smaller families like the Grubbs.

Naturally, Lucian didn't bid for anything else. After all, he was already satisfied with the bargains he had gotten from the street stalls the other day. What more, he had spent almost all his money, and he wanted to make sure that he had enough to be able to help Gerald out if the boy wanted any of the auction items.

Either way, as the auction progressed, the quality of the auction items gradually increased. With that in mind, the prices that initially began in the hundred thousand shot up to a whopping few million dollars. This was when the more powerful families and forces began making their move. Despite that, Gerald simply continued watching, his arms still crossed.

Soon enough, a bronze, beast-shaped cauldron was placed on the auction table. According to the auctioneer, the cauldron was only made in the past hundred years, so it was relatively new. Even so, its auction price quickly skyrocketed to fifty million

dollars!

Raising a slight brow as he looked at the cauldron, Aiden was prompted to ask, “Why is that thing getting so expensive, Uncle Grubb...?”

As the ace special forces agent of Weston, Aiden had participated in several missions that involved retrieving national treasures. The antiques he usually dealt with were thousands of years old, yet at most, they would only sell for a hundred million dollars. With that in mind, Aiden was curious how such a new cauldron was selling for such a high price. To Aiden who had previously studied how to price relic items, the cauldron was probably worth a million dollars at most!

Upon hearing Aiden’s question, Lucian simply replied, “Do you know who made the cauldron?”

“Not a clue,” replied Aiden as he shook his head...

## **The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2340**

“It was made by the Marshall family,” explained Lucian.

“What kind of family are they?” asked Gerald and Aiden simultaneously.

“Well, they’re a cultivating family well known for the tools they forge. Just so you know, most weapons and magic artifacts that cultivators use are made by this family. Do either

of you recall the sword hanging in the middle of my parlor?” replied Lucian as he stroked his beard.

“I do,” replied Gerald with a nod as he recalled the longsword hung on the parlor’s wall. While he had known about it for a while now, he simply never bothered about the sword.

“I’m glad. See, that longsword was made by the Marshalls, and I managed to get my hands on it some ten years ago. While the sword itself is pretty common within the Marshall household, it’s all that a family like mine can afford. I honestly see it as a family treasure, even though it’s something that the Marshalls wouldn’t even take a second glance at...” muttered Lucian with a sigh.

“I see... But the cauldron isn’t exactly a weapon... Why the immense price? ” asked Gerald. After all, aside from its intricate details, the cauldron didn’t seem to be all that special.

“To brew medicine, of course. It’s a medical cauldron,” replied Lucian.

“So that’s what it’s used for...” muttered Gerald as he narrowed his eyes at the cauldron. Now the pricing made much more sense...

It was at that moment when the cauldron was finally sold to a white-haired old man for a whopping hundred million dollars! The old man himself was dressed in plain clothes, and honestly looked just like a regular person. Even so, the fact that he could spend so much was enough to prove that his family was well off.

As Gerald watched the old man return to his seat, his attention fell on a young man sitting beside him. From the way he dressed, the youth didn't seem related to him. Even so, Gerald couldn't shake the feeling that the youth felt rather familiar. While he was pretty sure he didn't know the young man, Gerald simply had a feeling that he had seen the youth's back before.

"How odd..." muttered Gerald to himself, unsure what to make of this feeling.

Regardless, the auction's morning session soon ended, and those who had bought things were the first to leave. They were mostly from small families, and knowing that they wouldn't be able to buy anything else anyway, they had the right idea to leave Greendrake Island as soon as they could.

After all, they didn't want to end up getting targeted by those who failed to get their items. Not only were their items on the line, but also their lives! Such vile incidents simply weren't uncommon here...

Either way, Gerald and his party soon began leaving as well. Unbeknownst to them, Walter and Third elder were sneakily tailing them, intent on finding out more about Gerald.

Shortly after, Gerald sensed someone spying on him, so he turned around only to see nobody.

While Gerald hadn't been able to spot him, Walter couldn't help but smile as he muttered, "That kid's quite alert..."

From what Walter had gathered, Gerald looked pretty fit and handsome. He was also the appropriate age for Mia to be with. What more, the fact that the boy was able to possess the Herculean Primordial Spirit at his age was enough to prove that his cultivation talent was far beyond most cultivators. With all that said, Walter wasn't against having such a son-in-law.

Walter believed that with his family's power and resources, he could definitely raise Gerald's strength up another notch. Who knows, if things truly went that way, he could probably become the top cultivator in the world.