

The Invisible Rich Man – Chapter 2316

“What else can we do? We wait for news to come, of course! Do you really think it’s that easy to expose Maddox? Do you take him as a fool?” replied Gerald as he ruffled Aiden’s hair.

Brushing Gerald’s hand off, Aiden then said, “... So... We really can’t do anything...?”

“Precisely. Look, it’s pretty much confirmed that Maddox has Lindsay with him now, so all that’s left to do is to wait for his news. It probably won’t be a long wait anyway since he wants to kill me so much,” replied Gerald with a chuckle as he took another sip of water.

“Then let’s prepare ourselves in the meantime,” said Aiden as he relaxed slightly.

“There’s nothing to prepare. After all, you won’t be helping out much in the first place,” replied Gerald.

“Huh..? Why would you say that?” asked Aiden, rightfully confused.

“Aiden, you only have a single army dagger. Maddox had twenty snipers and at least a hundred soldiers under his command earlier. Tell me again how you’re planning to help?”

“That...” muttered Aiden as he looked at his only dagger before falling silent...

“Still, I’d rather not expose the fact that I’m a cultivator if possible. With that said, I’ll still be bringing you along. Go ask Lucian tomorrow to see if he can get you better equipment,” replied Gerald with a shrug.

“Expose? Gerald, I’m pretty sure everyone in Yanam already knows you’re a cultivator!” said Aiden with a laugh.

“The fewer people who know, the better. Regardless, now that I think about it, just let me ask Lucian about the equipment. Hopefully I can get some good ones for us,” replied Gerald with a sigh.

“Got it,” said Aiden as he nodded in response.

Fast forward to the next day, Gerald went off to look for Lucian the second he got up.

Upon hearing what Gerald had to say, the surprised Lucian couldn’t help but reply, “You... need equipment...?”

“It’s fine if you don’t have any, though I just thought I’d ask,” said Gerald, who was well aware that guns couldn’t be legally obtained in Yanam, which meant that even families

with high statuses like the Grubbs had trouble getting their hands on them. With that in mind, apart from the guns owned by the military, all other guns in the country were most probably smuggled in.

“Well, I can get some, but I’ll need some time... Regardless, why are you requesting for them out of the blue?” asked Lucian.

“Let’s just say I don’t want too many more people learning that I’m a cultivator while I’m saving Lindsay. With that said, having guns will surely help with keeping that a secret,” replied Gerald.

“I see... How about this? I’ll make some arrangements later to see if I can get some supplies from the war department. It’ll probably still take a few days, though,” said Lucian, who was eager to help as long as it contributed to saving Lindsay.

“I appreciate the help,” replied Gerald.

“Now, now, remember, you’re the one doing a big favor for me! I should be the one thanking you for going all out just to save my niece!” said Lucian in a sheepish tone.

Before Gerald could reply, Lucian’s butler showed up and said, “Oh? So you’re here as well, Mr. Gerald! How convenient!”

“Is something the matter?” asked Lucian as he watched his butler jog over.

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“Well, due to all this heavy rain, it’s honestly best if you leave for the island today. Otherwise, delays may happen and you wouldn’t want to miss the first day of the auction, right?” said the butler.

Hearing that, Lucian turned to look at Gerald before asking, “Are you fine with leaving today?”

“I’m good to go,” replied Gerald with a shrug.

Nodding in response, Lucian was about to leave when he suddenly remembered Gerald’s request. With that, he turned to look at his butler again before saying, “Speaking of which, use our family’s connections to obtain some guns. The more, the better.”

“That’ll be difficult, but I’ll try my best,” replied the butler with a slightly troubled expression.

“I don’t care even if you have to spend extra to get smuggled ones. They’re crucial for the rescue mission,” declared Lucian.

Upon hearing that, the butler had no choice but to reply, "... Understood."

"Now that that's out of the way... Go get Aiden. We'll be leaving as soon as we're done packing up. As Mr. Schmidt said, the rain will probably impede our journey, so the sooner we head out, the better," said Lucian as he looked at Gerald. Fast forward to half an hour later, all three of them were all packed up and ready to go.

After driving for quite a bit, they eventually arrived at the port where they would be transported to the island at around noon. As the trio made their way to the small pier, they saw that at least a dozen small boats had already been moored there. From the looks of it, they had been hired by the auction's organizers to help people get to the island. Regardless, though the boats were pretty small, together, they were still a sight to behold.

Whatever the case was, after approaching a seated man who was wearing a long robe, Lucian asked, "How much to get to the island?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," replied the man without even looking up.

"Here," said Lucian as he handed the man a wooden box, unsurprised by the outrageous price. After all, this wasn't Lucian's first time here, and the pricing had been different every time anyway. Still, it was lucky that he had prepared enough before coming over.

Taking the box, the man then looked inside before closing it again, not even bothering to count the exact amount inside. Following that, he handed it to another man-who was standing nearby-who then tossed the cash into his car.

“The three of you, right? Go on!” said the man as he pointed at the boats.

As they began walking down the dock, Aiden couldn't help but mutter, “... Isn't that pricing a bit outrageous...?”

“Twenty thousand is nothing for those attending the auction. In a way, the pricing also acts as a screening process to differentiate between those who really wish to participate and those who are merely here hoping to get some excitement,” replied Lucian as he displayed proof of his payment upon arriving at one of the small boats.

Following that, the three were handed oars before they got into the boat and began rowing. Looking around, Gerald saw that many others were also rowing in the same direction.

Before he could wonder how long they would need to row, however, a tailwind suddenly began blowing. While the wind itself wasn't all that strong, it allowed their boats to sail forward extremely smoothly.

“You know, I really can't even begin comprehending the power that the auction organizer holds!” muttered Lucian as he stopped rowing and placed his oar to the side.

“Indeed... This really is something else...” said Gerald with a nod. After all, aside from the fact that there were so many boats on the move, the island wasn’t even in sight yet! How strong was the organizer if they were able to conjure winds to move them forward from this range...?

Lighting a cigarette as he enjoyed the cool sea breeze, Lucian then muttered, “I wonder what’s going to be on auction this time... I remember the final auction item being a treasure map the last time the auction was held.”

“I see... speaking of which, do they accept cards?” asked Gerald, remembering that Lucian had paid in cash earlier.

“Of course they do. It’s not like they’re completely isolated from the world. Still, bear in mind that everything here will cost at least a few million dollars...” replied Lucian with a nod.

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“Glad to hear,” said Gerald.

“Is there something you’re hoping to buy?” asked Lucian in a curious tone.

“Nothing in particular, though if I find anything good, I may bid for it,” replied Gerald as he shook his head. While he wasn’t a big fan of auctions, since this one was held once every five years, he had a feeling that there were bound to be items that would catch his fancy. Should he come across one, he would surely bid for it.

After all, what was money to Gerald?

“... Well, alright, but again, I warn that this auction is going to be unlike anything you’ve ever seen in Weston. Once we’re on the island, even random street stall items can cost millions of dollars! With that said, you’ll need millions to purchase even a single auction item...” explained Lucian, hoping that his warnings would help Gerald avoid getting overly disappointed by his lack of purchasing power later.

“I understand,” replied Gerald in an indifferent tone.

After all, he already knew that this was a game for the rich ever since Lucian had told him that the auction was only held once every five years.

“I’m glad. Either way, we’ll probably be on the boat for a few more hours, but rest assured, the organizers have designated places for us to rest once we arrive at the island. While the auction starts the day after tomorrow, the street stalls on the island will begin operating by morning. With that said, maybe we’ll find something nice tomorrow morning,” explained Lucian as he looked at all the other similar boats.

After giving a nod, Gerald simply closed his eyes in response, releasing his essential qi in the process. Since Lucian had mentioned that many cultivators were attending the auction, Gerald

knew he had to be careful. True enough, with the aid of his Herculean Primordial Spirit-which allowed him to sense everything within a ten kilometer radius, Gerald quickly learned that there were cultivators in almost every boat. Some of them were even stronger than him, but only marginally.

Gerald wasn't about to let his guard down before those who didn't appear to be cultivators either. After all, who knew whether they were actually at cultivation levels so high that even he was unable to detect them?

While he wouldn't have been this cautious in the past, after getting to know Jobson and the old man in the ancient ruins, Gerald now knew that there were countless more cultivators out there who were much stronger than him. He just wasn't strong enough to be worthy of meeting them yet!

Regardless, as he looked at the boats around them, Aiden couldn't help but ask, "... Say... Won't commoners find all these boats leaving the port suspicious...?"

"Well, every time there's an auction, the organizers disguise the event as something else. Due to that, commoners tend to just ignore all this. Besides, the island is quite far from shore and there's even a sea fog around it, so there really isn't a chance of the auction getting found out," explained Lucian as he pointed at the fog in the distance.

Fast forward to around five hours later, the outlines of the island could be seen, prompting Gerald to stretch before giving his surroundings a good look. Though this was just an auction, there were countless cultivators attending, so he had to remain vigilant at all times.

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It was half an hour later when the boats were finally anchored at the shore by a few men donning long robes.

Upon disembarking, Lucian immediately displayed their tickets before saying, “The three of us are from the Grubb family in Yanam.”

“Right this way,” replied one of the men after taking a brief glance at the trio.

Nodding in response, Lucian then put their tickets away before gesturing for Gerald and Aiden to keep close as he said, “Alright, let’s have a meal before getting some rest. Since the sky’s going dark soon, I believe that the street stalls won’t open today.”

Though the island appeared small, upon entering, Gerald quickly realized that it was probably even bigger than Gong Island. What more, instead of having a modern look, the island honestly felt like an ancient Weston town. Gerald, for one, felt like he had just time-traveled a thousand years back.

Now feeling a bit more curious about the island, Gerald was prompted to ask, “Do people actually live on this island...?”

“From what I know, the organizer only sends people over a month or two-before the auction takes place-to clean the place up. Following that, they’ll host all the bidders and once the auction ends, the place will be cleaned up again before the island is sealed off. Speaking of which, there’s something that you may find interesting. You see, quite a few people who’ve attended the auction before have claimed that as they were passing through this area-when the auction wasn’t on, the island couldn’t be seen at all! It was almost as though the island only appeared whenever an auction was about to be held! Though many already know about this rumor, nobody’s been able to crack the code of the vanishing island!” explained Lucian as he continued leading the duo to the place they were going to be staying at, at least according to the invitation card.

Regardless, upon hearing that, Gerald instantly frowned as he said, “... Come again?”

“Hmm? Did I say something wrong?” asked Lucian as he stopped walking for a while.

“Well... you mentioned the island only being visible whenever an auction is being held, correct?” asked Gerald as he thought about Yearning Island. After dealing with the Crawford cultivators back then, he had learned of Yearning Island’s mysterious ability to just vanish, something that this very island they were on was apparently capable of doing as well.

“I did, though I assure you it’s only a rumor. Unless you’ve seen this island before?” replied Lucian as he shook his head.

“Negative. I never even knew that this auction existed before you told me,” muttered the frowning Gerald who was already certain that this island was equally as abnormal as Yearning Island.

Knowing Gerald well enough, Aiden—who had thought the same thing as Gerald after hearing Lucian’s explanation—was prompted to ask, “Are you thinking about Yearning Island, Gerald?”

“Indeed... If there truly is a relationship between this island and Yearning Island, then if I learn this place’s secrets, I may finally be able to figure out how to get to Yearning Island!” declared Gerald with a nod.

“... What exactly is this, Yearning Island...?” asked Lucian, feeling utterly confused.

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After looking around to make sure that nobody was listening in, Gerald then whispered, “I’ll tell you about it another time. There are more pressing issues at hand now.”

“Hmm..? Like what? Do share. Maybe I can help!” replied Lucian.

“Let’s talk about this once we’re in a more private area. The walls have ears and I’d rather not have others hear this,” muttered Gerald, prompting Lucian to nod before continuing to lead the way following the path on the invitation card.

It was about twenty minutes later when the trio arrived at a wooden, three-story building that was surrounded by food stalls and even two pawn shops that apparently only accepted gold and silver as currency. The scene naturally puzzled Gerald who couldn't help but wonder how those pawnshops and food stalls had even come here in the first place. Though he was confused, he put the thought aside for now as he headed upstairs.

The organizer had arranged for them to stay in the easternmost room on the third floor, and since the invitation grouped the trio together, they soon found themselves looking at an antique-looking suite with three bedrooms connected by a living room. Though the austere-looking room was well furnished, there wasn't an electrical appliance in sight, not even a lightbulb! As Gerald was wondering how they'd keep the room lit at night, his question was quickly answered when he saw an unopened pack of candles on the table.

Shaking his head, Gerald then put his luggage down before lighting a cigarette and saying in a monotonous tone, "I'd like to learn the island's secrets."

"That's... going to be a bit difficult. After all, no ordinary island would have rumors about it only reappearing every time there was an event..." muttered Lucian as he shook his head. While past attendees had certainly been curious about all this, they had never seriously attempted to crack the code. After all, everyone knew that the organizer-who had never even shown their face before-was not someone they could afford to mess with.

"Even so, I'm giving it a go. Understanding how this island works is extremely important to me," replied Gerald with a sigh, knowing full well how powerful the organizer was. Even after squeezing every ounce of his power, it was still probably going to be impossible for him to use his essential qi to blow boats forward for hours!

"... Is all this related to that Yearning Island you mentioned earlier...?" asked Lucian.

“Indeed. Let’s just say that that island is similar to this one. As for why I’m trying to get there, it’s because my parents and sister are trapped on that island, which explains why uncovering this island’s secrets is so important to me. With any luck, should I manage to learn how this island operates, I may finally get my chance to head to Yearning Island...” muttered Gerald as he looked out the window.

“I see... Still, you should know that the organizer never makes an appearance. With that said, none of us know their true identity!” replied Lucian with a slight nod.

Sensing Lucian’s worry, Gerald simply said, “I believe that that can change. While I won’t do anything too drastic just to crack the code, I’ll still be prying around to see if I can learn anything useful.”

“I’ll help,” replied Lucian as he patted Gerald on the shoulder.

“I appreciate it. Either way, I’ll be getting some rest first. Call me if there’s anything,” said Gerald as he puffed on his cigarette before walking toward one of the bedrooms.