

## **BLACK PLAIN 23**

### **Chapter 23: The End of the Auction**

When the auctioneer started talking, all the spaces in the Oceanic Market were silenced. At that moment, one could even hear a needle fall to the ground. Everyone was so focused on this sword that no one dared to say anything before the auctioneer.

In room number 5, the young Darell was smiling from ear to ear. He thought to himself. 'Hehehe, this sword will be mine. Nobody in this place can compete with my Silva family!'

The auctioneer then proceeded with his presentation. "As most people know, grade-2, low-grade, weapon requires a minimum level to use. For this sword, the lowest level you should have is 40. Below that, it would be of no use to you."

"And even if you have the minimum level required, under normal conditions, it is complicated for someone to get their hands on weapons like this in our kingdom."

This was a fact for the northern region of the Central Continent, where the powers were at most at level 59. This was a limiter, as for a blacksmith to develop a grade-2 weapon, they would have to be between levels 40 and 59.

As for the level of the weapon in grade-2, the blacksmith would have to be between levels 40 and 48 to forge one of low-level. For a medium-level, they would have to be between levels 49 and 55. And remaining high-level weapons, which required someone with minimum spiritual energy equivalent to a Spiritual King, from levels 56 to 59.

This uneven differentiation between these classifications was related to the amount of energy that the blacksmith could handle. Therefore, the higher the level of the weapon, the greater the energy that would be needed during the forging.

That was why it was difficult to have many grade-2 weapons being sold around, as in this auction made by the Oceanic Market. The number of grade-2, low-level, blacksmiths was not small, but they sold their weapons to a number of hundreds of times higher than theirs!

And as for those blacksmiths of grade-2, medium-level, they were still fewer numbers. As for the last step... Their number would not exceed 15 in the entire northern region of the Central Continent!

Because of all this, having a grade-2 weapon was something that most cultivators of the General Spiritual stage could only hope for. Even Spiritual Kings had to be content, in many cases, with a grade-2, low-grade, weapons because there weren't many better than that on the market.

As for the big families generally had one or two high-level weapons, while most would be low-level.

The reason why Minos did not inherit any grade-2 weapons from his father, this was because Albert Stuart was a subordinate of the royal family. And as such, when Albert passed away, the Brown family collected his spiritual weapon.

"Well, we're not going to mess around too much. The former owner of this weapon decided to dispose of it for his own reasons. However, we make sure that it is in good condition."

"As for its minimum bid, the previous owner demanded that trading be done with medium-grade crystals. Therefore, the initial price will be 200 crystals, with a minimum increase of 20 crystals." Said the auctioneer, while he had his arms behind his back, with an expressionless face.

Soon after, someone made the initial move. "220."

"240."

"300." The young master of the Silva family shouted loudly.

"320." Minos then made his first move.

"340." Young Darell said while having a nervous expression on his face. He couldn't believe he had someone with as many medium-grade crystals as he did.

However, he only had a total of 400 crystals of that level! Minos then said calmly. "360."

Darell Silva then couldn't take it anymore when he said it. "380! Friend, I am the young master of the Silva family, so give me a face here."

Soon after that, many people started to argue in the common area of ??the hall.

"Wow, I never thought that someone of such status would be here today." Someone said surprisingly.

"Hmph, what a despicable thing, he uses his family's status to get the sword." Said another person, disdainful.

"He is only doing what he can to get such a weapon. If I were in his place, then I would do the same." Said a young man in the middle of the group.

While everyone was discussing the presence of the young master of the Silva family, Minos was as calm as before while he was thinking. 'Oh! The young master of the Silva family, you say... I don't give a damn.'

When many were beginning to think that the auction would end this way, Minos then spoke coolly.

"400!"

Everyone in the hall was silent after that.

"Is he really going to challenge the Silva family?" Someone asked in disbelief.

"Perhaps he is a member of a power as big as the Silva family..."

When Darell heard Minos' bid, he nearly vomited blood. 'Who is this bastard?' He thought to himself.

"It seems that this young master doesn't care about that at all. Can you at least tell me what strength is behind you?" Asked the young master Silva.

'Hmph, if you are a nobody, then I will just kill you and take that sword by force.' He thought with an evil look on his face.

While everyone was thinking about the possible response of the big shot in room 3, not a word was heard. Minos completely ignored this member of the Silva family.

'Tell you where I come from? Do you think I'm stupid?' Minos thought to himself with a smirk on his face.

After a while of such silence, the auctioneer ignored the fact that the young Darell was left in a vacuum and then said. "Any other move higher than that of the gentleman in room 3?"

At this point, Darell Silva was steaming with rage when he said to protector Philip with a grotesque expression. "Find out who that person is as soon as possible!"

"Well, since there are no more offers, the 'item' will be sold for 400 medium-grade crystals to the gentleman in room 3." Said the auctioneer with the same empty expression as before.

After that, a young receptionist at the auction took the sword that was placed in a metal box to Minos' office.

"Okay, that's it for this time. The Ocean Market expects guests to come back whenever possible. In one month, we will have a new round of auctioned items."

He then sighed and said. "The auction is officially over!"

Inside room number 3.

"Young master, disregarding that member of the Silva family can be very problematic for us." He alerted Corporal Pyke with a concerned face.

"Don't worry about this now. Even if he finds out who I am, he is likely to think that I spent all my inheritance from my father on that sword. "

"Therefore, this person should not involve the top echelons of the Silva family. He'll probably want to act on his own and take the sword after he kills me. This must be the most likely course of action for him. "

"But with the protection given by the Oceanic Market and the fact that we are going to the Stone Island at dawn, even if he finds out, it will only happen when we are far away from here," Minos said with a smile on his face.

"And even if he follows us to the Stone Island, I am still confident that we will emerge victoriously."

After hearing this, the soldiers who were with Minos sighed in relief. They were not like their young master. They did not like fights and exciting things.

After that, the sword of grade-2 was finally delivered through a special space that was on each door of the VIP rooms. This was a mechanism to avoid the contact of the low-ranking employees of the Ocean Market with the special customers.

This is because these groups were often more vulnerable to passing on inside information. With measures like this, the Ocean Market would, at least, somewhat hinder the criminal actions that could occur after a valuable 'item' is sold.

After checking the sword for a moment, Minos kept it in his spatial ring and led the group out of the large building where the auction was held.

After leaving the building by an exclusive exit, Minos and his group walked for some time until they reached the hotel where they were staying. They would stay for a few more hours and then begin the maritime part of their journey to Stone Island!

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While the group did this, there were three people in a certain hotel on the other side of the city. There were two protectors and the young master of the Silva family.

'Shit, shit, shit.' Darell was furious at what happened at the auction. He had missed a golden chance of getting an important weapon for his future plans.

"Young master, don't worry too much now. Philip will find out about that person's past soon. When this happens, we can act." Said a strong and tall man, who was dressed in silver armor.