

I Created 180

Chapter 180 180: Special Auction (Part 2)

After several hours of meticulous preparations, the momentous time had arrived. The doors of the auction house swung open, revealing a grand spectacle that awaited the eager cultivators. The exchange floor was transformed into a magnificent display of opulence and anticipation.

The cultivators, dressed in their vibrant robes and adorned with various talismans and artifacts, filled the spacious room. Excitement crackled in the air as they murmured among themselves, their eyes scanning the surroundings for glimpses of the treasures that lay ahead.

The auctioneer, a stunningly beautiful and voluptuous woman, stood at the center of the exchange floor, her presence commanding attention. Her flowing gown accentuated her graceful figure, and her confident smile exuded both charm and authority.

"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed cultivators from far and wide," the auctioneer's voice resonated through the hall, capturing the attention of the eager crowd. "Welcome to this special auction, where rare herbs and treasures of unparalleled value await your discerning eyes."

The cultivators leaned forward, their anticipation reaching its peak as the auctioneer continued.

"Today, we have gathered a collection of exquisite items, each meticulously chosen to enhance your cultivation journey," she announced, her voice carrying a melodious tone that enraptured the listeners. "But let us not waste any more time. It is time to unveil the first item up for bidding."

The floating holographic screen at the center of the stage flickered to life, displaying a majestic herb known as the "Phoenix Flame Orchid." Its vibrant red petals shimmered with an otherworldly glow, captivating the cultivators' attention.

"The first item up for bidding is the renowned Phoenix Flame Orchid," the auctioneer declared, her voice filled with excitement. "This rare herb possesses the ability to refine spiritual energy and ignite the flames of cultivation. This thing can help you breakthrough the Qi Gathering Realm."

A hush fell over the crowd as they eagerly awaited the starting bid. The auctioneer raised her hand, and the holographic screen displayed the minimum bid: 500 soul coins.

"I bid 500 soul coins!" a cultivator near the front shouted, breaking the silence.

The auctioneer smiled, acknowledging the bid. "We have an opening bid of 500 soul coins. Do I hear any higher bids?"

The room buzzed with whispers and calculating glances. The cultivators at the normal area, where most of the attendees were positioned, eyed each other competitively, ready to raise the stakes.

"550 soul coins!" a cultivator shouted, raising the bid.

"600 soul coins!" another cultivator countered.

The bidding war had begun, and the cultivators in the normal area engaged in a fierce competition to secure the Phoenix Flame Orchid. The prices climbed rapidly as each bid outdid the previous one.

Meanwhile, in the top area of the exchange floor, where the most influential and powerful cultivators were seated, an air of tranquility prevailed. Though they observed the proceedings with interest, they refrained from active participation in the bidding. Instead, they quietly observed the competition below, waiting for the right moment to make their moves.

As the bidding for the Phoenix Flame Orchid continued, the price surged beyond expectations. The cultivators in the normal area pushed their limits, driven by their desire to possess this extraordinary herb. Bids of 700, 800, and even 900 soul coins echoed through the hall.

In the top area, a renowned sect leader watched the proceedings with a calm expression. Sensing an opportunity, he discreetly raised his hand.

"1,000 soul coins," he stated, his voice carrying an air of authority.

The cultivators in the normal area froze, their gazes shifting towards the top area. The bid from the influential sect leader caused a momentary silence, as if the entire hall held its breath.

The auctioneer, recognizing the bid, smiled and nodded. "We have a bid of 1,000 soul coins from the esteemed sect leader. Are there any higher bids?"

The cultivators in the normal area glanced at each other, their expressions filled with determination. But with the bid from the top area, they hesitated, unsure if they should continue the bidding war.

Seeing their hesitation, the auctioneer's voice filled the hall once again. "Going once... Going twice..."

Finally, a bold cultivator from the normal area raised his hand. "1,100 soul coins!" he declared, breaking the impasse.

The room erupted into a renewed frenzy of bidding, as the cultivators in the normal area, encouraged by this bid, fought fiercely to outbid each other. The price climbed higher, reaching new heights with each passing moment.

In the top area, the influential sect leader observed the escalating bids with a slight smile. He had achieved his objective of driving the price higher while maintaining an air of superiority. Now, he quietly awaited the opportune moment to make his final move.

The auctioneer skillfully navigated the chaotic bidding war, maintaining an atmosphere of excitement and competitiveness. Her voice, rich with persuasion, guided the cultivators through the tempestuous sea of bidding, drawing them closer to the ultimate prize—the Phoenix Flame Orchid.

As the bidding war for the first item at the auction came to an end, the hall remained filled with energy and anticipation. The cultivators, driven by their aspirations and the allure of rare treasures, engaged in a relentless pursuit, their eyes set on acquiring the objects of their desires.

In the VVIP room overlooking the auction house, Argon, the mastermind behind the auction, watched the intense bidding unfold with a satisfied smile on his face. This was just the beginning, and yet the competition was already fierce. The enthusiasm and eagerness of the cultivators only fueled his anticipation for the treasures yet to come.

"This is just the first item, and they're bidding with such fervor," Argon mused to himself. "They have no idea what awaits them. Bid to your heart's content, everyone. I still have 29 items left for the auction."

Argon's mind teemed with excitement as he envisioned the soul coins pouring into his system. Each successful bid meant a step closer to achieving his ambitions. With his vast collection of rare items, he had meticulously curated an auction that would entice cultivators from all corners of the realm.

From the tranquility of the VVIP room, Argon could observe the chaos and determination of the cultivators on the exchange floor. He relished in the sight, knowing that they were merely scratching the surface of the treasures he had amassed. This auction would be a testament to his wealth and influence, cementing his status as a formidable figure in the cultivation world.

As the second item being delivered in the stage, Argon's gaze turned to the future. He knew that the items he had carefully chosen would elicit even more excitement and competition. The thought of the forthcoming auctions stirred a glimmer of anticipation within him, fueling his ambition to amass an even greater fortune.

With a confident smile, Argon leaned back in his plush seat, savoring the exhilaration of the auction's success so far. The cultivators had yet to comprehend the magnitude of treasures that awaited them, and Argon reveled in the power and control he wielded over their desires.

"One down, many more to go," Argon whispered to himself, his eyes sparkling with a mixture of anticipation and satisfaction. The auction had only just begun, and he was determined to make it an unforgettable event.

The auctioneer's voice resounded once again, cutting through the lingering excitement in the hall. "Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed cultivators, the time has come to unveil the next item up for bidding," she announced, her tone filled with anticipation.

The holographic screen flickered to life once more, revealing an exquisite 4-star sword. Its blade gleamed with a radiant aura, seemingly infused with the essence of cultivation itself. The cultivators in the normal area leaned forward, their eyes fixed upon the majestic weapon.

"The next item is a 4-star sword," the auctioneer declared, her voice carrying a hint of reverence. "Forged by a legendary master, this sword possesses extraordinary power and precision, capable of cutting through the strongest defenses. It is a weapon fit for a true cultivator."

As the cultivators in the normal area absorbed the awe-inspiring presence of the sword, the auctioneer continued, "We will start the bidding at 5000 soul coins. Who among you is worthy of wielding this magnificent weapon?"

A murmur of excitement rippled through the crowd as they assessed the value and potential of the 4-star sword. The cultivators in the normal area, fully aware that only they were vying for this item, exchanged determined glances, ready to engage in a spirited competition.

"5100 soul coins!" a bold cultivator declared, immediately setting the starting bid.

The auctioneer acknowledged the bid with a nod, her eyes scanning the room for any counteroffers. The silence from the top area was palpable, as the influential cultivators observed the bidding from their vantage point, choosing not to intervene.

"5200 soul coins!" another cultivator promptly raised the bid, igniting a spark of rivalry.

The bidding war for the 4-star sword ensued, with cultivators in the normal area fiercely raising their offers, each vying for the chance to possess this formidable weapon. The price climbed steadily, surpassing 6500, 7600, and even 8700 soul coins, as the cultivators displayed their determination and willingness to invest in their cultivation journeys.

The auctioneer skillfully guided the escalating bids, her voice commanding attention and stirring anticipation. The cultivators in the normal area, caught up in the thrill of the auction, pushed their limits to secure the 4-star sword, recognizing its potential to elevate their cultivation prowess.

As the bidding approached 9000 soul coins, a cultivator, his eyes filled with determination, shouted, "9,100 soul coins!"

"We have a bid of 9,200 soul coins," the auctioneer proclaimed, her voice ringing with excitement. "Do we have any higher bids?"

The cultivators in the normal area exchanged glances, their expressions revealing a mixture of hesitation and resolve. The bid from the determined cultivator had raised the stakes significantly, and they had to weigh their options carefully.

The auctioneer's voice filled the hall once again, "Going once... Going twice..."

Then, a young cultivator, his eyes shining with determination, raised his hand, "10,000 soul coins!"