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Chapter 184 184: Elemental Amulet

Elara leaned closer to Lyra, her voice low but determined. "Lyra, this elemental amulet is crucial for my growth. With my current understanding of the elements still in its basic stage, acquiring this artifact would accelerate my progress significantly. We can't afford to let it slip away."

Lyra nodded in agreement, her eyes focused on the amulet's radiant glow. "You're right, Elara. Your cultivation journey has been accelerated by the monsters you encountered in the tomb, but we must not underestimate the importance of solidifying our elemental control. We have to give it everything we've got."

As the bidding began, Elara watched as the offers escalated rapidly. Cultivators from various factions raised their paddles with unwavering determination. The intensity in the room surpassed even the previous bidding war for the Celestial Soul Pendant.

Elara could feel the pressure mounting. She knew that her basic understanding of the elements put her at a disadvantage against cultivators of the same realm. However, she refused to let that deter her.

With each increasing bid, Elara's heart raced. The numbers climbed swiftly, reaching heights that seemed unimaginable. The competition was fierce, with factions from all corners of the cultivation world vying for the elemental amulet's power.

Elara took a deep breath, steadying herself. She raised her paddle, her voice steady but resolute. "Forty thousand soul coins!"

The room fell into a momentary silence as Elara's bid echoed through the hall. Cultivators turned their attention towards her, surprise evident on their faces. They couldn't believe that Elara, who had just spent a substantial amount on the Celestial Soul Pendant, still had such a formidable amount of soul coins to offer.

They had witnessed her previous victory, but it seemed that her resources and determination knew no bounds.

A hushed silence settled over the room, broken only by the auctioneer's incredulous voice. "Forty thousand soul coins from the esteemed Elara of the Radiant Holy Land! Do we have any higher bids?"

A brief moment of hesitation hung in the air before a voice rang out from a corner of the room. It was a representative from the Frostpeak Sect, one of the first-grade forces in the Azure Continent. "Fifty thousand soul coins!"

The crowd erupted into murmurs, recognizing the rivalry between the Radiant Holy Land and the Frostpeak Sect. The bidding war had reached a new level of intensity, fueled by the pride and competition between these influential factions.

Elara's eyes narrowed with determination as she locked gazes with the Frostpeak Sect representative. She wasn't about to back down. She raised her paddle once again, her voice filled with unwavering resolve. "Sixty thousand soul coins!"

The bidding continued to escalate, with each bid surpassing the previous one in a display of wealth and power. The cultivators in the room were drawn into the electrifying atmosphere, witnessing a clash of titans.

As the numbers climbed, Elara's heart pounded in her chest. She knew that her sect's soul coins were being stretched to the limit, but she also understood the significance of this elemental amulet for her cultivation path. She couldn't afford to let it slip away, not when it held the potential to enhance her elemental control and unlock new possibilities.

Amidst the intense bidding war, just as Elara's bid of sixty thousand soul coins hung in the air, a chilling voice cut through the tension. It sent shivers down the spines of everyone present in the hall.

"Sixty-one thousand soul coins," the voice declared, reverberating with an eerie confidence that demanded attention.

All eyes turned toward the source of the voice, and a collective hush fell over the room. It was Thorn, the renowned right-hand man of Garok, the Clan Master of the Dark Moon Clan, one of the top three forces in the Azure Continent. Thorn's reputation preceded him—he was feared by many and known for his ruthlessness and insatiable desire for blood.

Elara's heart skipped a beat as she faced this unexpected challenge. The bid from the Dark Moon Clan sent shockwaves through the auction hall. The atmosphere grew heavier, and the pressure on Elara mounted. She realized that competing against the Dark Moon Clan would be an entirely different level of difficulty.

Lyra's grip tightened around Elara's hand, silently conveying her support and resolve. They exchanged a brief but determined glance, their eyes filled with unwavering determination. Elara knew that backing down now would mean losing a crucial opportunity for her growth and the honor of her sect.

Elara took a moment to gather her composure, her voice firm and steady. "Sixty-five thousand soul coins," she announced, refusing to show any signs of intimidation.

The room erupted into whispers and murmurs, the tension reaching a palpable peak. The bidding war had escalated beyond anyone's expectations, and the clash between the Radiant Holy Land and the Dark Moon Clan had become the center of attention.

Thorn's chilling laughter cut through the air, sending a chill down the spines of those present. "A spirited bid indeed, Elara of the Radiant Holy Land. But are you prepared to pay the price? Seventy thousand soul coins."

Elara's eyes narrowed, her resolve hardening. She could not let herself be intimidated by Thorn's reputation or the Dark Moon Clan's influence. This was a battle for her growth, her sect's honor, and her determination to prove herself as a future sect leader.

With her heart pounding, Elara raised her paddle once more, her voice echoing with unwavering determination. "Seventy-one thousand soul coins!"

The room fell into an eerie silence, the weight of Elara's bid hanging in the air. The cultivators held their breath, their gazes shifting between Elara and Thorn, waiting for his response.

A sinister smile played on Thorn's lips as he leaned forward, his voice dripping with menace. "Impressive, Elara. But let me remind you that the Dark Moon Clan does not back down easily. Seventy-three thousand soul coins."

Elara's mind raced, considering the resources she had at her disposal and the consequences of her actions. She knew that her sect's teachers and students had contributed, and even the sect master give her a significant number of her soul coins, since the sect master have something to do, she is the one got picked to represent his sect in this auction, furthermore, she still needs to win the last item, but she never expected the bid to reach this level. However, she refused to let the Dark Moon Clan outmatch her determination and resolve.

Taking a deep breath, Elara steadied her voice, her eyes locking with Thorn's, unwavering and unyielding. "Seventy-Four thousand soul coins."

The hall exploded into a mixture of shock and awe. The bidding war had escalated beyond imagination, surpassing even the most extravagant expectations. The cultivators present were witnessing a historic moment, a clash between two formidable forces.

Elara still had a reserve of soul coins to continue bidding, but she knew that she had to allocate a portion of her remaining resources for the final item she intended to bid on. The limit for this particular bid was set at a maximum of 70,000 soul coins.

With this in mind, Elara weighed her options carefully. She understood the importance of securing the elemental amulet, but she also had to consider the long-term strategy of her sect. Acquiring both the amulet and the final item would require a delicate balance of resource management.

As the bidding war escalated, Elara's determination burned brightly. She knew that she had to make each bid count, using her remaining soul coins strategically. The pressure intensified as the numbers climbed, but she remained focused on her goal.

Just as Elara was about to make her next bid, a sudden message pierced through her mind with a familiar presence, it was Alix.

In her mind, Elara heard Alix's voice through spiritual thought, "Elara, I've been watching the fierce bidding war. I can see that you're struggling. If you need additional soul coins, I'm here to help. Though it may not be much, I hope it can aid you in securing the amulet."

Surprised by Alix's unexpected offer, Elara hesitated for a moment. She was touched by his willingness to support her, knowing that every soul coin could make a difference in this crucial moment. Before she could respond, Alix had already sent the soul coins to her, a gesture of trust and gratitude for her previous assistance.

Overwhelmed with gratitude, Elara felt a surge of determination. She knew she couldn't let Alix's generosity go to waste. With renewed energy and a newfound sense of support, she took a deep breath and made her bid.

"Seventy-seven thousand soul coins!" Elara's voice rang out with a newfound confidence, her gaze unwavering as she locked eyes with Thorn. She was no longer alone in this bidding war; she had the backing of a friend and ally.

Thorn's eyebrows furrowed, a hint of surprise crossing his face. He couldn't understand how Elara managed to raise her bid so significantly, given the apparent strain she had displayed earlier. The other cultivators in the room also exchanged puzzled glances, curious about the sudden shift in Elara's bidding power.

Elara felt a surge of gratitude toward Alix as she continued to participate in the bidding war. With each subsequent bid, she held her head high, fueled by the belief that she wasn't alone in this fight. She was determined to secure the elemental amulet not just for herself but also for the support she had received.

As the numbers climbed higher and higher, Elara's heart pounded with a mix of anticipation and nervousness. The auction hall was consumed by an electric atmosphere, witnessing the clash between Elara and Thorn, fueled by the unexpected twist brought by Alix's assistance.