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Chapter 189 189: 6-Star Treasure (Part 2)

In a calm yet authoritative voice, he broke the silence. "80,000 soul coins."

Gasps of surprise and admiration echoed throughout the chamber. The bid far exceeded the expectations of the crowd, instantly establishing the cultivator as a force to be reckoned with. The auctioneer, momentarily taken aback, quickly regained her composure and announced the formidable bid.

"The mysterious cultivator has offered a staggering 80,000 soul coins for the Celestial Wing Blades! A bid that surpasses all others. Will anyone dare to challenge this extraordinary offer?"

Whispers spread like wildfire among the attendees, discussing the audacity and determination of the unknown bidder. It was a statement that resonated throughout the hall, signaling his unwavering desire to possess the power contained within the 6-star treasure.

The atmosphere was electric as the other factions weighed their options, contemplating whether to challenge the cultivator's immense bid. They understood that acquiring the Celestial Wing Blades would grant them immeasurable advantages in their respective cultivation paths, but the price had reached staggering heights.

As the auctioneer waited for another bid to be placed, the room held its breath, eagerly anticipating the response from the Moonshadow Pavilion, the Earthbreakers Clan, the Crimson Phoenix Sect, and the Azure Frost Sect. Their decision would shape the fate of this legendary treasure, determining who would wield its unparalleled might.

The representatives of the first-grade forces exchanged bewildered glances, their faces etched with surprise and confusion. They had been under the impression that the mysterious cultivator was limited to a bidding range of 40,000 soul coins. This sudden leap to 80,000 soul coins shattered their preconceived notions and left them reeling.

Zara, the leader of the Azure Frost Sect, message Ivar, the representative of the Crimson Phoenix Sect, and whispered in astonishment, "How is this possible? We were certain the mysterious man would be unable to bid beyond 40,000 soul coins."

Ivar's eyes widened, his brows furrowing in contemplation. "Indeed, it's a shocking turn of events. We may have underestimated his means and resources. But regardless, we must make a decision. Are we willing to challenge his bid and engage in a bidding war that could drain our resources?"

Zara hesitated, her gaze fixed on the Celestial Wing Blades displayed before them. She understood the immense value of the treasure and the potential it held for her sect. "If we want to secure the Celestial Wing Blades, we cannot falter. Let us not back down. We have come this far, and we must prove our strength."

Ivar nodded, his expression determined. "You're right, Zara. The Crimson Phoenix Sect will not shy away from this challenge. We will show the mysterious cultivator that we are worthy competitors."

As the auctioneer's voice echoed through the hall, inviting the forces to place their bids, Zara raised her hand confidently. "85,000 soul coins!"

The room erupted into murmurs and gasps, the tension rising once more. The mysterious cultivator's bid had been challenged, and the stakes grew higher with each passing moment.

However, to the surprise of everyone, the cultivator calmly raised his hand once more. "90,000 soul coins."

Shock swept through the first-grade forces, their eyes widening in disbelief. The mysterious cultivator had not only surpassed their expectations but had the means to outbid them at every turn. It was a revelation that shattered their assumptions and left them reassessing their strategies.

Zara and Ivar exchanged a glance, realizing the magnitude of the situation. The Celestial Wing Blades were slipping further from their grasp, and they had to make a difficult decision.

With a sigh, Zara withdrew her bid, her voice tinged with a mix of admiration and acceptance. "We concede, mysterious cultivator. Your determination and resources surpass our own. May the Celestial Wing Blades aid you in your noble pursuits."

Ivar followed suit, his expression a mix of frustration and respect. "The Crimson Phoenix Sect recognizes your strength and determination. We step back, allowing you to claim the treasure."

In the midst of the tense silence, the Moonshadow Pavilion's representative raised an eyebrow, a hint of admiration shining in their eyes. After a brief pause, they conceded defeat and nodded, acknowledging the cultivator's unyielding determination.

"The Moonshadow Pavilion withdraws. We recognize the valor and foresight of our esteemed competitor. May the Celestial Wing Blades bring you the victory you seek."

The other factions exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the cultivator's dominance in this bidding war. One by one, they followed suit, realizing the futility of continuing the challenge against such a formidable contender.

With a triumphant smile, the auctioneer declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Celestial Wing Blades have found their rightful owner. Sold to the mysterious cultivator for an astounding 80,000 soul coins!"

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Applause erupted in the auction hall, a mixture of respect and curiosity filling the air. The crowd marveled at the cultivator's unwavering determination and pondered how he had acquired such a vast amount of soul coins. Whispers spread like wildfire as attendees speculated on the origins of his wealth, their imaginations running wild with theories and assumptions.

"He must possess unimaginable wealth," muttered one cultivator in awe.

"Perhaps he has uncovered a secret treasure trove," speculated another.

"Or maybe he has amassed a fortune through countless successful ventures in the tower," suggested a third.

The mystique surrounding the cultivator grew, shrouding him in an aura of intrigue and fascination. Speculations and rumors circulated, each more fantastical than the last, as the attendees attempted to unravel the enigma that was the source of his wealth.

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But amidst the fervor of discussion, one thing remained certain—the cultivator's profound display of resources had left an indelible impression on all who witnessed it. It was a testament to the fact that an individual could stand toe-to-toe with the formidable first-grade forces, challenging their dominance and defying expectations.