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Chapter 190 190: Flood Dragon Scale Armor

The realization sparked a renewed sense of hope and inspiration among the onlookers. They began to see the potential for individuals to rise above their circumstances, to forge their own paths in the cultivation world. The notion that one person could possess the strength and determination to rival the established forces instilled a newfound belief in their own abilities.

Whispers of admiration and respect reverberated through the crowd, as cultivators contemplated their own journeys and the heights they could reach in the tower. The cultivator's demonstration of power had not only shattered the preconceived notions of the first-grade forces but also ignited a flame of ambition within each observer.

As the auctioneer prepared to unveil the final item, an air of anticipation swept through the chamber. The attendees leaned forward, their eyes fixed on the stage, unaware of what awaited them. Elara, Thorn, and The Grand Elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect exchanged curious glances, their interest piqued by the unexpected turn of events.

Suddenly, the curtains slowly parted, revealing a magnificent armor crafted from flood dragon scales. Gasps of awe and disbelief erupted from the crowd as their eyes fell upon the extraordinary creation. The armor shimmered with an ethereal glow, reflecting the light in mesmerizing patterns. It exuded a formidable aura that sent shivers down the spines of those who beheld it.

Elara's heart skipped a beat as she recognized the significance of the armor. She had heard tales of the flood dragon that once roamed the world, wreaking havoc and instilling fear in the hearts of all. Although their Azure Continent was but a small corner of the vast world, the legends of the flood dragon had reached their shores.

Thorn's eyes widened, his breath catching in his throat. The flood dragon scale armor was a treasure beyond compare, a symbol of power and dominance. Its mere presence in the auction hall stirred the deepest desires within him, igniting a yearning to possess its untamed might.

The Grand Elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect, a venerable figure with centuries of experience, could hardly conceal his astonishment. The flood dragon scale armor was a relic of a bygone era, a remnant of a creature that had reshaped the world in its wake. Its appearance at the auction was nothing short of extraordinary.

Silence enveloped the chamber as the crowd absorbed the sight before them. The allure of the flood dragon scale armor was palpable, captivating the hearts and minds of all who laid eyes upon it. Elara, Thorn, and The Grand Elder were not the only ones salivating over the magnificent creation; the desire to possess its power coursed through the veins of every cultivator present.

Breaking the silence, the auctioneer's voice rang out, commanding attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, the starting price for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor is set at 100,000 soul coins!"

A collective gasp echoed through the chamber, reverberating with astonishment. The bid far exceeded any previous expectations, leaving many cultivators stunned. The price tag was astronomical, surpassing the financial capabilities of most attendees. One by one, the factions of the first-grade forces realized they could no longer participate in the bidding, their resources stretched to the limit.

The realization that only these formidable figures could contend for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor heightened the tension in the room. The auction had become a battle among the most influential and powerful factions, each vying to claim the legendary armor for their own purposes.

Elara, her eyes filled with determination, recognized the weight of the moment. She knew that acquiring the Flood Dragon Scale Armor could elevate the Radiant Holy Lands to unprecedented heights, securing their position among the cultivators of the world. With a resolute expression, she prepared herself for the upcoming bidding war, ready to assert the might of her sect.

The Grand Elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect, a paragon of wisdom, contemplated the significance of the armor. He understood the potential it held to protect and strengthen his sect, fortifying their position in the cultivation world. His aged eyes gleamed with a spark of determination as he steeled himself for the battle ahead, his experience guiding his every move.

Thorn, representative of the Dark Moon Clan, harbored darker ambitions. The Flood Dragon Scale Armor promised unparalleled power and dominance, aligning perfectly with the clan's shadowy and enigmatic nature. He saw an opportunity to tip the scales of power in his favor, shrouding the world in darkness under his command.

The stage was set for an intense showdown, where the fate of the Flood Dragon Scale Armor hung in the balance. Elara, the Grand Elder, and Thorn locked eyes, each understanding the formidable opponents they faced. The stakes had never been higher, and their resolve burned with a fierce determination to claim the armor.

The auctioneer's voice resonated through the chamber once more, breaking the suspense. "The bidding for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor starts at 100,000 soul coins. Who will make the first bid?"

Elara's voice cut through the silence with unwavering confidence. "105,000 soul coins," she declared, her gaze fixed on Thorn.

Thorn's lips curled into a sly smile as he matched Elara's bid. "110,000 soul coins," he countered, his voice carrying a hint of confidence.

The Grand Elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect, his expression serene yet determined, joined the bidding war. "115,000 soul coins," he announced, his voice carrying the weight of his experience.

Elara's eyes narrowed as she raised her bid once more. "120,000 soul coins," she proclaimed, her voice laced with determination.

Thorn's gaze flickered with a mix of amusement and ambition. "125,000 soul coins," he retorted, his voice filled with a hint of challenge.

The Grand Elder, unyielding, continued to raise the stakes. "130,000 soul coins," he declared, his unwavering voice commanding attention.

The tension in the room intensified as each bid added 5,000 soul coins, escalating the bidding war. Cultivators on the sidelines watched with bated breath, their hearts pounding with anticipation.

Elara's hand trembled slightly, but her resolve remained unshaken. "135,000 soul coins," she stated firmly, her eyes locked with Thorn's, a silent battle of wills unfolding between them.

Thorn's smirk grew wider, a glint of determination gleaming in his eyes. "140,000 soul coins," he countered, his voice laced with undeniable confidence.

The Grand Elder, his gaze unwavering, raised his bid once more. "145,000 soul coins," he announced, his voice carrying the weight of his sect's legacy.

The crowd held its breath, aware that the climax of the bidding war was approaching. The fate of the Flood Dragon Scale Armor hung in the balance, waiting to be claimed by the highest bidder.

Elara's voice resonated with unyielding determination as she made her final bid. "150,000 soul coins," she proclaimed, her voice filled with conviction.

Just as the crowd braced for the conclusion of the bidding war, a voice suddenly cut through the air, catching everyone by surprise. "155,000 soul coins," Alix's voice resounded with unwavering confidence, echoing through the auction hall.

All eyes turned towards Alix, astonishment etched on their faces. The cultivators from the three kingdoms and the first-grade forces exchanged bewildered glances. They had not expected the leader of the Phoenix Blades, a renowned group of martial artists specializing in fist techniques, to enter the bidding for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor.

Elara's brows furrowed, a mix of surprise and curiosity flickering in her eyes. "Alix?" she uttered, her voice tinged with a hint of admiration.

Alix met Elara's gaze, a small smile playing on his lips. "Surprised to see me bid, Elara?" he replied, his voice carrying a hint of amusement. "I couldn't resist the allure of such a legendary artifact."

Elara's eyes widened. "Not really," she said, a touch of warmth in her voice. "But Alix, how did the leader of a small group like the Phoenix Blades amass such wealth to bid for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor? This price is beyond what most cultivators from our three kingdoms can afford."

Alix's smile widened, his voice lowering to a conspiratorial tone. "Elara, there is more to the Phoenix Blades than meets the eye," he whispered. "We might be a small group, but we have our ways of acquiring resources and cultivating hidden connections. It seems that today, our secrets have surprised even the mighty factions present here."

Elara's curiosity deepened, her eyes shimmering with intrigue. "I see," she murmured. "Well, it seems you've caught everyone off guard, including Thorn and the Grand Elder. The bidding war just became even more interesting."

Alix chuckled softly. "Indeed, Elara. The competition has escalated, but I am determined to acquire the Flood Dragon Scale Armor. It holds a special significance for me, and I believe it can help me advance my cultivation and protect those who matter to me."

Thorn, who had been silently observing the exchange, couldn't help but feel a pang of doubt. The amount of soul coins Alix bid seemed extravagant, raising suspicions in Thorn's mind. Unable to contain his skepticism any longer, Thorn turned to the auctioneer, a woman with a commanding presence, and voiced his concern.

"Excuse me, Auctioneer," Thorn interjected, his voice laced with skepticism. "I find it hard to believe that someone from a small group like Alix's Phoenix Blades possesses the amount of soul coins he bid. Are you certain he has the means to back up his bid?"

The auctioneer, unperturbed by Thorn's doubt, fixed him with a steely gaze. "Sir, rest assured that the Exchange Floor takes such matters seriously," she replied with authority. "If anyone attempts to bid without sufficient soul coins to back it up, they will face a lifetime ban from participating in auctions. We maintain a strict code of conduct to ensure fairness and integrity."