

I Created 191

Chapter 191 191: The End Of Auction

Thorn's expression shifted, a mix of surprise and realization crossing his face. He understood the consequences of making false bids, and the severe punishment it entailed. The auctioneer's words resonated, dispelling his doubts about Alix's ability to meet his bid.

The auctioneer, sensing Thorn's change in demeanor, added a final remark with a knowing smile. "Furthermore, should anyone attempt to interrupt the auction or disrupt the proceedings, they will be subject to the same treatment. We value a smooth and orderly process here."

Thorn nodded, acknowledging the auctioneer's warning. His skepticism replaced by a begrudging acceptance, he returned his attention to the bidding war that continued to unfold before him. The auctioneer, satisfied with Thorn's understanding, proceeded to carry on with the bidding.

"The bid stands at 155,000 soul coins," the auctioneer announced, her voice resounding through the chamber. "Who will make the next bid?"

Elara, Thorn, and the Grand Elder exchanged a brief glance, silently acknowledging the unspoken challenge they faced. The stakes had grown higher, and the competition intensified. With Alix's surprising entry into the bidding, the battle for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor had taken an unexpected turn, leaving everyone eager to secure the legendary artifact for their own purposes.

As the auctioneer's voice lingered in the air, the bidding war resumed, each participant determined to claim victory. The tension in the room mounted, rivaling the profound aura emanating from the Flood Dragon Scale Armor itself.

The bidding war escalated with fervor, each bid pushing the price higher and higher. The crowd watched in awe as the numbers climbed, dumbfounded by the sheer intensity of the competition. The three lost factions could only look on helplessly as their soul coins fell short, unable to participate in the bidding any longer.

"160,000 soul coins," Elara declared, her voice steady and unwavering.

Thorn's eyes narrowed, his competitive spirit ignited. "165,000 soul coins," he countered, his tone filled with determination.

The Grand Elder, his presence commanding, raised his bid once again. "170,000 soul coins," he announced, his voice resonating with authority.

Alix, observing the bidding war unfold, wore a thoughtful expression. He knew he had to act strategically to secure the armor. After a moment of contemplation, he made his move. "175,000 soul coins," he stated, his voice calm yet resolute.

The auction hall erupted into whispers and murmurs. The surprise of Alix's continued involvement in the bidding was palpable. The three lost their composure for a moment, their faces mirroring the astonishment shared by the rest of the room.

Elara, the Grand Elder, Thorn, and Alix engaged in a fierce battle of wills, their determination unyielding. The bids soared past 180,000, 185,000, and even reached 190,000 soul coins. The room crackled with anticipation, each bid met with gasps and murmurs of astonishment.

The Grand Elder, a symbol of unwavering resolve, remained undeterred. "190,000 soul coins," he proclaimed, his voice carrying the weight of his sect's legacy.

Alix, sensing the final moments of the bidding war approaching, took a deep breath. He knew this was his moment to make a decisive move. "195,000 soul coins," he stated firmly, his voice resounding with determination.

The room fell into stunned silence. The bid had reached an unimaginable height, pushing the limits of what anyone thought was possible. The auctioneer's voice cut through the air, breaking the spell. "195,000 soul coins going once, going twice..."

Elara and the Grand Elder faces changed, realizing that they had been outbid. The realization hit them hard, their hopes of acquiring the Flood Dragon Scale Armor slipping away.

The auctioneer's voice resounded with finality. "Sold! The Flood Dragon Scale Armor goes to Alix for 195,000 soul coins!"

Silence engulfed the chamber, broken only by the astonished whispers and wide-eyed stares of the onlookers. The bid had reached an unprecedented height, surpassing even the expectations of the auctioneer. Alix had outbid them all, claiming victory over the Flood Dragon Scale Armor.

The room erupted into a mix of awe, disbelief, and admiration. Cultivators from all corners of the chamber turned their gaze towards Alix, their minds racing with questions. How had a small group like the Phoenix Blades amassed such wealth? It defied logic and left everyone dumbfounded.

Alix, surrounded by the astonished crowd, accepted the victory with grace. He knew that his unexpected triumph had raised more questions than answers, but he was content to keep his secrets hidden for now.

As the crowd slowly regained their composure, whispers filled the air, speculating about Alix's mysterious connections and hidden resources. The small group had proven themselves to be a force to be reckoned with, surpassing the expectations of even the most powerful factions.

In the midst of the commotion, Elara, the Grand Elder exchanged glances, a mixture of awe and curiosity in their eyes. They realized that they had underestimated Alix and the Phoenix Blades. As for Thorn, you can only see anger in his eyes, and he vowed to uncover the secrets behind their astonishing wealth and influence.

In the VIP sit.

Thorn's eyes blazed with fury as he turned towards his minions, his voice seething with anger. "I want everything about the Phoenix Blades," he commanded, his tone laced with venom. "Find out every detail about their members, their connections, and most importantly, dig deep into Alix's family. I want to know how they managed to amass such wealth and power. No matter what it takes, I will get my hands on that armor!"

His minions, understanding the gravity of their leader's orders, nodded in silent obedience. With a newfound determination, they dispersed, ready to delve into the shadows and unearth the secrets of the enigmatic Phoenix Blades.

Thorn's mind raced with thoughts of revenge and conquest. He couldn't accept being outbid by a seemingly insignificant group. The revelation of Alix's resources had ignited a fire within him, intensifying his desire to possess the Flood Dragon Scale Armor.

As the whispers of the crowd filled the air, Thorn's anger grew, fueling his determination. He vowed to uncover the truth behind the Phoenix Blades, to expose their hidden machinations and seize the armor that had slipped through his grasp.

The battle for the Flood Dragon Scale Armor might have been lost, but Thorn's thirst for power and vengeance had only just begun. The cultivation world would tremble before him as he unraveled the secrets of the Phoenix Blades, no matter the cost.

As the auctioneer observed the intense bidding and the astonishing final bid, she raised her hand, signaling for everyone's attention. The crowd gradually quieted down, their eyes still filled with awe and anticipation. The auctioneer's voice resonated through the chamber, carrying an air of authority.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the cultivation world," she began, her voice clear and commanding, "we have reached the conclusion of today's remarkable auction. I must commend each and every one of you for your spirited participation. The bids we witnessed today were nothing short of extraordinary, showcasing everyone's wealth and power."

"The items on display today were truly top-tier, befitting the discerning tastes and ambitions of our distinguished attendees. The Flood Dragon Scale Armor, in particular, stands as a testament to the legendary artifacts that grace our cultivation world. Its allure and power have captivated us all."

The crowd responded with a chorus of agreement, their voices filled with reverence for the legendary armor. The auctioneer smiled, acknowledging the shared sentiment.

"As the auction comes to a close, I must remind everyone to exit the premises in an orderly manner. We value the safety and satisfaction of our esteemed patrons. We thank you for your presence and support, and we hope to see you again in our future endeavors."

With those final words, the auctioneer signaled for the event to conclude. The crowd began to disperse, albeit reluctantly, their minds still buzzing with the excitement of the auction and the mysteries surrounding the Phoenix Blades and Alix.

As cultivators made their way toward the exit, snippets of conversation filled the room, reflecting on the intensity of the day's events.

"Damn, the bidding war? It was unlike anything I've ever witnessed!"

"I couldn't believe the final bid. 195,000 soul coins! That's unheard of!"

"Who are these Phoenix Blades? How did they come to possess such wealth and influence?"

"They certainly made a statement today. I'll be keeping a close eye on them."

"The Flood Dragon Scale Armor... it's a true treasure. Its power is said to be unmatched."

Amidst the bustling chatter, the cultivation world stood united in acknowledging the extraordinary nature of the auction they had just witnessed. The Phoenix Blades had risen to prominence, their unexpected triumph forever etched in the minds of those who bore witness. And as the doors closed behind them, the anticipation for the next extraordinary event in the cultivation world began to grow.

Thorn stood alone for a moment, his mind consumed by thoughts of vengeance and the desire to obtain the Flood Dragon Scale Armor at any cost. The armor represented not only power and dominance but also a personal affront to Thorn's ambitions. He would not rest until he had unraveled the mysteries behind the Phoenix Blades and ensured they paid for their audacity.

With renewed determination burning in his eyes, Thorn rejoined the crowd, his every step infused with purpose. The bidding war might have slipped through his fingers, but Thorn vowed to turn the tables on the Phoenix Blades and reclaim what he believed was rightfully his.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Thorn, Alix moved through the crowd with a calm confidence, the weight of the Flood Dragon Scale Armor resting on his shoulders. He sensed the anger and resentment directed towards him, but he remained unfazed, his focus unwavering.