

I Created 239

Chapter 239: Garok's Plan

Garok's jaw tightened slightly, his disappointment evident. The allure of the Celestial Haven's benefits was not lost on him, and he understood the missed opportunity.

Thorn continued, "It seems the information about this auction didn't reach us in time. Otherwise, we would have certainly taken part."

Garok's gaze turned thoughtful, his mind calculating potential future strategies. "Hmph. Unfortunate. We shall keep a closer watch on such matters henceforth."

Grand Elder Lan's eyes twinkled with a glimmer of insight, his voice holding a hint of mystery. "Sect Master, there may still be a way for you to acquire the Celestial Haven. We received word from a reliable source that the item has appeared in the hidden shops of the exchange floor."

Kaelar's surprise was evident as he leaned forward, his curiosity piqued. "A hidden shop? I wasn't aware such a thing existed on the exchange floor."

Garok, who was well-acquainted with the exchange floor due to his frequent visits, raised an eyebrow in disbelief. He turned his gaze towards Thorn, a silent question in his eyes.

Thorn nodded solemnly in confirmation. "Yes, Master. Hidden shops do exist, but they are not openly advertised. They offer rare and unique items, often requiring specific conditions to access."

Garok's expression shifted to a mix of curiosity and frustration. "And you knew about these hidden shops, Thorn?"

Thorn's response was measured, "No, Master. The information about the Celestial Haven's appearance in a hidden shop only recently came to everyone's attention."

Garok's gaze turned cold as he addressed Thorn, his tone biting, "Then why are you here wasting time? Go and find these hidden shops immediately. We cannot afford to miss out on another opportunity."

Thorn's demeanor remained respectful, though a sense of urgency tinged his voice. "Of course, Master. I will investigate this matter at once and ensure that we do not miss any potential chances in the future."

After the exchange of words, the two Grand Elders and Thorn began to take their leave, their steps carrying a sense of purpose. The trio returned to their task, pouring their Qi into the seal with renewed focus, determined to stabilize the intricate patterns etched before them.

Unbeknownst to them, a subtle change was underway. Garok, ever the cunning and conniving figure, had a hidden agenda. With calculated precision, he channeled his malevolent intentions toward the seal. Utilizing a treasure bestowed upon him by his clan, specifically designed to corrode powerful seals, he enacted a gradual erosion of the intricate matrix.

The array masters, skilled as they were, remained oblivious to the subtle corrosion. Not a hint of suspicion crossed their minds as they continued their efforts, believing the seal to be untouched. The energy flowed, the mystical patterns shimmered, and the task seemed to progress as intended.

Garok's attention never wavered from his sinister task. He maintained an air of composure, his true intentions concealed beneath a mask of feigned engagement. His eyes remained fixated on the seal, his focus unyielding as he manipulated the corrosive energy to weaken its bonds.

The secret treasure from his clan proved to be a formidable tool. As Garok continued his calculated corrosion, the seal's integrity gradually diminished, its intricate structure succumbing to the insidious influence.

As the minutes turned into hours, Garok's patience never wavered. He knew that he had to proceed with caution, as any sudden disruption might alert the array masters or the Grand Elders. Slowly but steadily, the corrosive effects of the treasure took their toll, weakening the seal's defenses.

The sinister smile that crept onto Garok's face went unnoticed by the others, hidden behind a mask of focus and determination. He was one step closer to freeing the hand trapped within the seal, an artifact of immense power that his clan coveted for ages.

In the midst of their diligent work, the array masters felt a subtle shift in the energy flow, but they attributed it to the complexities of their tasks. They exchanged knowing glances, silently reassuring each other that their expertise would overcome any challenges.

Garok's heart raced with anticipation as he continued his clandestine efforts. He knew he couldn't rush the process. His needs worked slowly, but its insidious effects were undeniable. He could almost taste the triumph that awaited him once the hand was in his grasp.

The hours turned into a day, and still, the array masters remained unaware of the impending danger. Garok skillfully concealed his malevolent intentions, ensuring that no traces of his tampering were detectable.

The following day, the array masters resumed their work on the seal, their dedication unwavering. Master Wie Lin, although new he become a respected figure among them, suddenly halted the group. His brows furrowed in concentration, and his keen intuition alerted him to an unsettling feeling.

"Wait," Master Wie Lin's voice carried a note of caution, his gaze fixed on the seal. "Something doesn't feel right."

The other array masters paused, exchanging puzzled glances. They had been focused on the intricate patterns, striving to mend and stabilize the seal, but Master Wie Lin's instincts had rarely steered them wrong. Also, they were already convinced that Wei Lin is a real six-star Array Master, even though he never registered in the array guild.

"What do you sense, Master Wie Lin?" Master Zephyr inquired, a hint of concern in his voice.

Master Wie Lin's eyes narrowed as he struggled to put his intuition into words. "I can't quite explain it... It's as if the flow of energy within the seal is... different. Altered in some way."

His words hung in the air, casting a sense of unease over the group. The array masters were well-versed in the manipulation of energy and patterns, and any deviation from the norm was cause for caution.

Garok maintained his facade, a mask of innocence masking his true intentions. He observed Master Wie Lin's assessment with an air of curiosity, concealing his racing heart.

"I don't feel anything unusual," another array master commented, his brow furrowing in concentration.

Master Wie Lin shook his head, his expression unwavering. "It's not a matter of feeling, but rather a subtle shift that I can't quite put my finger on. My intuition has saved me from harm countless times, and I've learned to trust it."

The array masters exchanged a knowing look. They respected Master Wie Lin's intuition, recognizing its value in their line of work.

"I suggest we proceed with caution," Master Wie Lin continued, his voice steady. "Perhaps we should inspect the seal more closely, examining its structure and energy flow."

The array masters nodded in agreement, their concern deepening. They shared Master Wie Lin's dedication to their craft and knew that overlooking even the slightest irregularity could have dire consequences.

As they carefully examined the seal, Garok's heart raced. He knew that Master Wie Lin's intuition was a formidable obstacle, one that he had to navigate with care. His calculated corrosion had to remain undetected, and he hoped that his efforts had been meticulous enough to escape scrutiny.

While the array masters focused their attention on the seal, Garok took a step back, adopting an air of contemplation. He watched their movements closely, gauging their reactions as they delved into the intricate patterns.

With each passing moment, Garok's anxiety grew. He couldn't afford for his deceit to be exposed now, not when his grand scheme was on the verge of fruition.

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"I don't see any overt signs of disturbance," Master Zephyr remarked, his brow furrowed in thought.

"Master Wie Lin," one of the array masters finally spoke up, "I'm not detecting any irregularities in the seal's structure or energy flow. It appears to be stable and intact."

Master Wie Lin's gaze remained fixed on the seal, his intuition still tingling with unease. "I understand your concerns," he responded, his voice measured. "Perhaps it's my own apprehension playing tricks on me."

Hours passed, and the array masters meticulously scrutinized every aspect of the seal. Garok's anxiety intensified with each passing moment. He knew that if his plan were to be exposed, the consequences could be dire.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Master Wie Lin straightened up, his expression a mix of frustration and resignation. "I... I can't find anything wrong. It seems my intuition has led me astray this time."