

## Chapter 557 Bidding On The Ring

The host continued the introduction. "The starting price of this ring is sixty million. Each bid is an additional million!"

Sixty million was nothing to the richest people in Hosworth.

Finally, someone raised their paddle both out of respect for the gemstone's history and out of a desire to possess it.

"Sixty-one million."

"Sixty-two million."

"Sixty-five million."

Celia's heart fluttered with each new bid. The higher the price went, the harder it would be for her to get the ring back.

She didn't even know how long it would take her to afford the sixty million starting price.

Tyson sat beside her and watched her every reaction.

He held her hand. As she focused on the host, he turned to secretly signal Briar, who was sitting in a corner waiting to bid.

Immediately, Briar held up his paddle and bid a far higher price. "Eighty million."

Celia couldn't help but shudder at the massive price jump.

In the blink of an eye, the price had risen to eighty million!

Tyson noted her reaction and pretended to be concerned.  
"What's wrong, my love?"

Celia was so anxious that her chest constricted and she almost let out a sob. "The price is eighty million now. I'm scared we'll never be able to afford that."

Tyson was amused. If Celia knew that he was the one who made the bid, she would probably be furious.

He pulled Celia into his arms and smiled gently as he said, "Silly girl, don't be afraid. You don't have to save up alone. Just put your trust in yourself and in your husband."

Tyson was interrupted by someone shouting a truly astronomical price.

"One hundred million! Mr. Wright bids 100 million. Do I hear any other bids?"

The host repeating the bid was a shock to Celia's system all over again.

Briar had received extensive instructions from Tyson, so he raised his paddle to say, "One hundred and ten million."

He raised the price again. By this point, almost everyone had given up the bidding.

A few women complained about that, but they only received sighs and impatient, hurried arguments from the men they were with.

Even though there were fewer bidders, the price kept rising. When the price hit one hundred and fifty million, only Briar and the mysterious stranger were still bidding.



The stranger had his assistant take over bidding long enough for him to take a picture of Briar. He sent it to his secretary with an instruction. "I want all the information you can find on him."

Less than fifteen minutes later, he got his reply.

"His name is Briar Powell, and here's what I could find on him. He works for the masked man in the front row."

The secretary also sent information about Tyson, and a picture of him in his mask.

The man flipped through the information of the two, then put his phone down and glanced around to try to find Tyson.

He'd just found Tyson when Celia turned her head. The man caught a glimpse of her as well.

The moment he saw her, his shock and grief gripped him tightly.

He'd never imagined he would see a woman who looked so much like Jenifer.

If it wasn't for her clothes and her clear youth, he'd truly have believed that was Jenifer sitting there.


Countless thoughts raced through his mind.

There was a part of him that wanted to stride up to the young woman, auction be damned, and ask her if she knew Jenifer.

But he didn't do that. He had no idea what had happened over the years. He couldn't dare act rashly.

The mysterious man kept his gaze on the back of Celia's

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 +120 Points at most

head, but he did signal his assistant to stop bidding.

"Now the price of the sapphire ring has reached three hundred million. Do I hear any other bids?"

the host asked. No one spoke up.

"Three hundred, going once."

He struck the gavel hard.

"Three hundred million, going twice."

Another strike.

He paused for a long time before he closed the bidding. However, when he realized no one else intended to bid, he finalized it by calling, "Three hundred million, sold! Congratulations, Mr. Powell!"