

Powerful 175

Chapter 175: What Is the Purpose of Today's Auction?

"An evil dagger!"

Yang Yan this time simply answered Zhou Hanyun's question through mind communication.

He told Zhou Hanyun that it was one of the ten most evil daggers in the Hidden World, ranking last.

Its appearance somewhat resembles a snake, and it's unknown who forged it, but it was imbued with the wings of an angel when it was made.

However, this dagger has been lost for a long time; who would have thought it would show up here.

In the nineteenth century, many assassination cases in Europe were linked to this dagger, and the murdered were important members of gangs or terrorist organizations.

At that time, people ignorantly called it the Spirit Wings of God.

Funny enough, later some Christian clerics were also killed by this dagger.

It kills demons, and it kills gods as well, which gives it a deep layer of mystery.

Zhou Hanyun, although surprised by this form of mind communication, was already used to the wonders of Yang Yan.

After a brief surprise, she was deeply attracted by the content of his words.

What Yang Yan didn't tell Zhou Hanyun was that although this dagger had a thick air of mystery and was sharp enough, in his eyes, it was just so-so.

Others don't know the secret within, so naturally, they find it mysterious.

But during a mission, Yang Yan accidentally learned the secret of this dagger, which he found somewhat amusing.

Inside, it simply houses a spirit with schizophrenia.

Of course, this spirit is not simple; it possesses extraordinary talents, which is why it endows this dagger with magical power.

"Gentlemen, I believe many of you know this weapon. So I won't waste any words, feel free to start bidding."

Like the previous high imitation of the Holy Grail, the beautiful auctioneer didn't mention a starting price either.

This item isn't meant for ordinary people, so there are still many bewildered faces in the audience.

"Hey! This is too unprofessional; you didn't even mention a starting price. What does this mean? Even if it's bartering, you should introduce the origin of this item!"

A sleekly dressed man in the audience said angrily.

He came from America, a jewel magnate, often attended many auctions.

However, a situation like today's was indeed the first time he encountered it.

"Sir, those who understand will naturally know about this item; it's no use explaining it if you don't."

The beautiful auctioneer said with a smile.

"Do you do things like this? Are you afraid I have no money or what?"

After hearing the beautiful auctioneer's words, the man complained as he stood up unhappily.

"Sir, please don't cause trouble, or else bear the consequences."

This time, the beautiful auctioneer put away her smile and coldly warned him.

Perhaps cowed by her sudden aura, or wary of the auction house's background, the American man's expression turned uncertain, but he finally sat down without further comments.

"Alright, everyone can start now."

Seeing that this American finally sat down quietly, the beautiful auctioneer withdrew her aura, saying with a charming smile.

Whispers spread in the audience, but no one immediately made an offer.

Zheng Feng hadn't noticed at first, but turning his head now, he found the previously empty aisle behind was now packed with people.

Adding those seated earlier, there were at least a thousand people in the venue.

"I'll trade this, is it acceptable?"

A man wrapped entirely in a black robe brought out something, speaking in a very hoarse voice.

Zhou Hanyun, curious after Yang Yan's introduction about these mysterious items, turned her head to see what the person was trading.

But in the next moment, she couldn't help but scream, grabbing Yang Yan's arm, burying her head in his embrace.

Because she saw, in the man's hand was a woman's head.

Whatever the man had done to the head, its facial features were still clearly visible.

Even the terrified expression at the time of death could be seen distinctly.

Hearing Zhou Hanyun's scream, the mysterious man with his face hidden in a black hood glanced over with displeasure.

Seeing this, Yang Yan raised his head and gave the man in the black robe a cold stare.

The black-robed man instinctively took a half-step back upon receiving Yang Yan's glare.

He felt as if he was being watched by a poisonous snake, a chill spreading from his heart.

After a brief surprise, he hurriedly turned his head to the beautiful auctioneer on stage, daring not to look in Yang Yan's direction.

"How about this item?"

The black-robed man asked with some difficulty.

Evidently, he had been truly frightened by Yang Yan's gaze just now.

"So it's the Thousand Black Magic! Didn't expect to see such a thing now. Who is this guy? Isn't he afraid of being slaughtered by the Black Magic Masters from over there?"

Someone whispered softly.

However, the person who spoke seemed to be of unusual background, as although he spoke softly, those around could hear him clearly.

"What is the Thousand Black Magic?"

Zhou Hanyun finally managed to adjust herself, but the innate curiosity of a woman made her pose a question to Yang Yan.

"An evil technique from the Tai Kingdom!" Yang Yan gently patted her shoulder, still using soul communication to explain, "Find a person with a compatible astrological sign, and then cast a thousand Black Magic spells on him, but cannot let him die."

"After a thousand days, cut off his head and use Secret Techniques to brew it, then it becomes a Thousand Black Magic. With this, even ordinary people can perform the spells of a Black Magic Master."

"However, the most crucial function of this thing is to nurture ghosts! If handled well, a Thousand Black Magic is enough to feed a ghost general."

"But due to its extremely cruel production method, which is against the heavenly way and has a very low success rate, the big Black Magic Masters of the Tai Kingdom have issued a strict order banning the creation of the Thousand Black Magic, or they would face persecution by all Tai Kingdom Black Magic Masters."

"It's just, who on earth is this guy? He has the guts to brazenly bring out such a thing here."

Yang Yan, speaking as if he was explaining Hanyun's doubts, seemed to be muttering to himself.

"How cruel!"

Zhou Hanyun gasped silently, patting her chest.

Yang Yan chuckled softly and continued communicating with her through soul communication:

"There are many more cruel things than this; what you're seeing is just the tip of the iceberg. Actually, according to the rules, these should not appear before ordinary people."

"What exactly is today's auction aiming to do? People from both the Hidden World and the current world are participating without avoiding showing anything to the latter. With so many attendees, I don't believe they can wipe everyone's memory."

Upon hearing about memory erasure, Zhou Hanyun visibly flinched.

Yang Yan gently squeezed her arm to reassure her.

Zhou Hanyun nodded slightly and said nothing more.