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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1277

“Why the mask? Is she pretending to be some big shot?” Jason clenched his jaw in dissatisfaction towards her higher bid.

Fabian felt curious too, but nothing about the woman seemed familiar, so he signaled for Jason to increase their bid.

“Eight million.”

This didn't surprise Lyna, whose goal was to lure him into recklessly spending his money.

Lyna raised a finger and nodded at the skimpily dressed woman.

A gleam flashed in the skimpily woman's eyes as she immediately shouted, “Ten million.”

“Okay, we now have ten million from the lady in the back. Does anyone wish to go higher?” the auctioneer uttered in disbelief as zealous thoughts shot inside her mind. Yes! The pace is finally picking up. Please don't stop bidding now!

“Fifteen million.”

At this point, Jason blew up with rage at the masked woman whose eyes were still pinned onto Fabian. She's not even looking at the screen! It's obvious that she's not bidding for the item; she's here to wreck our plans.

Fabian figured that too, but he was more focused on finding out who that masked woman was. Why is she going against me? Fabian mused.

On the other hand, the Young sisters were oblivious to this. They were more concerned with the risk of bidding more than fifteen million on an unknown item. They advised, “Let's give up. We'll stop pursuing the item if that person raises their bid, alright?”

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A wicked smile crept onto Lyna's face. Things were going accordingly; she wanted Fabian to keep increasing his bid and spend way more than necessary over some petty little item.

The skimpy woman's bright red lips parted in shock. Those guys upped their bid to fifteen million, so are we still increasing our bid or not?

She turned her head and gasped, seeing that Lyna raised two fingers at her.

Pride swelled in her chest as this was the most honorable moment she felt among all of the jobs she had engaged in. With all eyes on her, adrenaline kicked in as she proudly raised her chin and proclaimed, "Twenty-five million!"

At this, the auctioneer felt an exciting thrill crawl down her back. These two are really gunning for it. Moreover, I was informed backstage that the item's market price is twenty-five million, and the current bidding price has soared to exactly that. This means we won't sustain any losses for this item anymore!

"Okay, I've got twenty-five million from the same woman at the back. Are there any more bids?" the auctioneer eagerly raised her gavel and shouted in Fabian's direction.

Jason gritted his teeth. He grabbed the sign and was ready to raise his offer. Screw it. I don't believe you have that much money on you.

Before Jason could lift the sign, an arm reached out to suppress his. His gaze trailed up the arm and saw whom it belonged to—Fabian!

Sensing that Fabian was going to give up the bet, Jason urged, "Fabian, what's going on? Aren't you going to beat her offer?"

"That's all that matters to you, huh? You and your mulishness. What if we end up with massive losses?" Helen snapped with a fire.

Jason glared daggers at Hannah. Disregarding her presence, he turned to look at Fabian and waited for his response.

"Play hesitant. Hold back until the second auction chant before increasing our offer," Fabian instructed whilst casually tapping his fingers against the tabletop.

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Jason instantly understood. He knew Fabian like the back of his hands since they had known each other for quite some years. He could tell Fabian's counter. She's deliberately raising her offer to target us; To retort, we're going to pretend like we've given up on the item, then shock her by making the last winning bid.

However, Jason still felt unresolved anger towards the masked woman. How humiliating! People will assume that we can't afford the item, even though we clearly can. Just any one of our credit cards will have at least ten million credit, so is acting really necessary?

Nevertheless, Jason kept his mouth tightly shut and obeyed Fabian's plan.

Bang!

"Twenty-five million going once. Any higher bids?"

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The auctioneer forcefully struck her gavel against the sound block. It was as if she gave a stern reminder to Fabian, urging that the mystery item would be snatched away if he didn't make another bid now.

Bang!

"Twenty-five million going twice!"

The gavel struck again, sending a loud call to everyone's attention.

At that moment, a frown of worry crossed Lyna's face. Why isn't Fabian bidding anymore? Has he run out of money? That's not possible! How could the largest consortium in the country run out of money? If he doesn't have money, then we'd all be broke and penniless.

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Unless... he gave up the bid because he no longer thinks the item is worth it?

Hannah. It must be Hannah's doing.

Given Fabian's character, Lyna felt it was impossible that he would give up so easily. Her temper sparked, thinking that Hannah must have persuaded him to stop bidding.

"That Hannah... ugh! She repulses me!" Lyna vented.

Her lips trembled with panicked rage as she had just spent twenty-five million on a worthless item.

"Miss, it looks like they've surrendered," the skimpy woman rejoiced. She assumed that Lyna really wanted the mystery item and boasted proudly, "We're going to win the bid soon."

"I..." Lyna faltered.

Lyna's fists coiled tightly as she glowered at the skimpy woman. You unknowing wretch, how could you be so pleased that I spent all my money on a wrong cause?

The auctioneer gave a long exhale before announcing loudly, "Great! So that's twenty-five million to..."

"Thirty million," Jason's voice rumbled once more.

"Someone else has offered a higher bid at thirty million," the auctioneer said to Lyna. "Miss, would you like to bid up?"

The auctioneer got a tad more excited at how she managed to sell the mystery item for thirty million despite how chaotic the situation was. To top it all off, the item was sold for five million more than its market price.

Our boss is a genius for devising this whole blind bidding procedure! We might not have sold it for this much if we revealed what the mystery item was.

"Hah! Jason, Jason," Lyna tutted. "Some friend you are for shoving Fabian right into my trap. Oh, my! This is great!"

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Lyna threw her head back and let out a burst of loud, triumphant laughter.

She believed that Jason had made the bid out of impulsive arrogance; nevertheless, his impulsiveness had saved her from tragedy. She would have gotten into a pickle if she really won the bid and had to cough up twenty-five million because she didn't have that kind of wealth.

Blackwood Group was technically still Leo's; plus, Lyna had previously spent a large expense on orchestrating that car accident, so there was no way she had thirty million to spend on some silly bidding.

Lyna sighed gratefully that Leo hadn't attended with her. If he did, things would surely be catastrophic; not only would her identity be known, but Leo might lecture her for her behavior, and she might end up getting lesser shares to Blackwood Group as a result.

Thanks to Jason's impulsive bidding, all of that was averted, so it pleased Lyna greatly.

"Miss? Miss, should we raise our bid?" the skimpy woman asked.

The skimpy woman couldn't tell whether Lyna's smile was one of confident laughter or dumbfounded anger.

Lyna's lips curved at the skimpy woman, then she turned and left without so much as a word.

To this, the skimpy woman assumed that Lyna probably stormed off in a foul mood because she ran out of money for the bidding.

An unbothered chuckle escaped the skimpy woman's lips as she dropped the bidding sign and skipped out of the hall. Her heart raced with gratification, knowing that the spotlight was on her while she stole the show at today's auction. It didn't bother her that they failed to bid for the mystery item. After all, that had nothing to do with her; it's not like the item was hers to keep if they have won the bid anyway.

"Fabian, those two have left!" Jason informed with his eyes still glued onto the faraway Lyna.

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Fabian nodded silently. He knew that his plan had succeeded, and the mystery item was finally in his grasp.

Bang!

“Thirty thousand going once!”

Bang!

“Thirty thousand going twice!”

The auctioneer scanned the room, confirming that no more bids would be made. Then she struck her gavel again and shouted, “Last chance! And... sold to the gentleman over there. Congratulations, sir!”

“Hmph! Who were those women? I’ll give them a piece of my mind once I track them down...”

Jason fumed lividly. He was upset that he and Fabian relied on a strategy to win the bid when they could have easily bid a large sum at once and obtain the item instantly. The whole thing wounded his pride greatly. Needless to say, he wanted nothing more than to bite the women’s heads off for messing with their bid.

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