

The Mans Decree Chapter 565

Chapter 565 The Highest Bidder Wins

Galen, who was seated on the head seat, sauntered his eyes through everyone present. “Gentlemen, we have been in alliance for a good number of years, and I suppose I can be as frank as the day. I’ve brought along a few talismans with me this time around, and one of them was crafted by Mr. Yonce himself. It can effectively protect you from harm and even extend your age.”

After the brief introduction, a few wooden boxes were placed on the table. Any average joe would’ve figured out that they contained the talismans that Galen just spoke about.

Everyone’s attention was firmly drawn to them, and they were eager to know what magical items were lying in those boxes. They were dying to see for themselves what the mage of all times had created.

Seeing those zealous stares, Galen smiled faintly. “We’re going to abide by the old rules—the highest bidder wins. If none of you are interested, I shall put it on public auction. I really appreciate our strong fellowship, and that’s why I’m presenting these precious items to you before anybody else.”

“Mr. Zane, we know about the rules. Show us the items.”

One of the gentlemen expressed his keenness.

Galen nodded and opened the first box. The moment the wooden box was open, a chilly gust forced its way out of its captivity. The temperature of the room suddenly dropped by a few degrees, and that shook everyone high into alert!

When they took a closer look, they saw a black spherical bead. It looked nothing extraordinary and didn’t have the slightest sheen on its surface. No one would imagine it to be a talisman if it weren’t for the sensation that hit them a moment ago.

"Gentlemen, this used to be one of Master Genzo's prayer beads and had been blessed by his persistent cultivation and chants. It's effective in cooling one's body and clearing one's mind. Well, that's not all. Mr. Yonce had also configured it to utilize geomancy for improving businesses!"

Galen's tone portrayed his confidence in that black bead.

The rest of the crowd turned to the geomancers they've brought along with them, asking if that bead was the real deal.

"Mr. Holt, is this bead authentic?" Samuel whispered.

Barnabus remained skeptical about the object. He hadn't bothered to look at it further after the first glance. "It's just an ordinary bead that looked good."

"But, Mr. Holt, Mr. Zane said that this was one of Master Genzo's beads and that nippy gush of air? We all obviously felt it when the box was opened, didn't we?" Samuel looked at Barnabus, confused.

Samuel was convinced that the bead was not like any other beads.

"I don't mind leaving anytime if that's the amount of trust you have in me." Barnabus sounded displeased.

"No, no, no! Of course, I believe you. That's why I invited you, right?" Samuel apologized frantically.

Jared was impressed by Barnabus's prowess and was convinced that the latter wasn't a mere charlatan, who was only after fame and fortune.

That black bead in the box was indeed a regular wooden bead. The cold air that encapsulated the room was a planned deception that had nothing to do with it.

Verbal tussles that took over the room came to silence after some time. It seemed that people had made up their minds.

"So, gentlemen, shall we start bidding for the bead? Remember, the highest bidder wins. We're going to start with three million, and the minimum bid increment will be ten thousand."

Galen made the announcement with a smile after everyone had finished their discussions.

Funnily, people were exchanging glances, but no one was shouting prices. Probably they had figured out that the bead was spurious.

Galen was stupefied and froze for a brief second at the cold response. "Gentlemen, this bead is definitely worth the price. If none of you are interested, I shall put it up on auction elsewhere."

His pitch created an awkward situation, and silence pursued. Galen sneaked looks at Boris with every chance he got.

The Mans Decree Chapter 566

Chapter 566 Desired By Many

"Mr. Zane, I'm sure you're very well informed about our statures. We have all hired reputable mages concerning the veracity of your items. They might not be as good as Mr. Yonce from Zaprington, but I'm sure that they could still tell if it's fake. What a disgraceful act of you to trick us with a regular wooden bead!" Sean was disgusted by what Galen did.

"M-M-Mr. Cooper, n-n-no, no! It's not a fake!" Galen's face turned as pale as a ghost. "Well, if you doubt its authenticity, I'll just auction it off somewhere else. Why would I want to jeopardize our solid relationship that had been flourishing throughout the years?"

Galen then gestured his man to remove that particular bead from the table and quickly opened the second casket.

There was a bronze mirror dotted with rust. It looked as if it was dug out fresh from the ground.

When he took the mirror out of the box, there were intermittent low hums ringing, and not long after, a blinding ray of light shot out of it.

“Gentlemen, this bronze mirror has a history of more than a thousand years! It was said that Cleopatra was the first owner of this amazing piece, and it will shield you from harm.”

Galen then lifted the mirror high and swiveled himself slowly to make sure that everyone saw their reflection on it. They all looked painstakingly ill, and dark clouds formed above their heads!

Shocked to the core, everyone looked up and then around them, but nothing was amiss.

“Gentlemen, all you have to do is look into this mirror every day, and unfortunate events would be at bay!” Galen put the mirror down as he tried to persuade the lot.

“Oh my, it is something extraordinary.” Barnabus, who wasn’t at all convinced at first, suddenly popped his eyes wide open and quivered in awe.

“Mr. Holt, are you saying that this bronze mirror is real?” Samuel was elated.

Barnabus nodded. “This bronze mirror is a talisman. Incredibly, it has the power to repel danger!”

Samuel was screaming joy inside when he heard that and was going to pay for the bronze mirror.

On the other hand, a geomancer was murmuring something into Sean’s ear. It was inaudible to the rest, but Sean’s face glowed with excitement after that.

Galen was gratified with their reactions and started asking for bids. “Gentlemen, this bronze mirror starts at twenty million. The minimum bid increment will be one mil—”

“Twenty million!” Samuel shouted his offer out loud before Galen could utter the last syllable.

“Twenty one million!”

“Twenty two million!”

Bidders were relentless in pushing the price higher and higher!

“Thirty million!”

Without notice, Sean pegged the price at thirty million.

“Forty million!” Samuel upped the bid by ten million with no hesitation. He was fixed on bagging the bronze mirror.

“Mr. Baileys, this mirror doesn’t have the power to ward off danger. It’s just an antique. Besides that, it has also entrapped a good deal of negative energy. I can guarantee that you will have trouble sleeping if you put it in your bedroom.”

Jared tried to lead Samuel out of fascination.

“I didn’t know you are well-versed at talismans too, Mr. Chance.” Samuel was taken aback.

“Just the basics, actually,” Jared replied indifferently.

“Hmph! It is very daring of you to utter such nonsense, young man. Do you know that it takes tens of years for one to cultivate magecraft? One will also need years of experience to be able to authenticate talismans. How much could a kid like you know about talismans?”

Barnabus was seething in fury as he reprimanded Jared.

That was inevitable because if what Jared said was true, then what he said was definitely wrong. On top of that, to be corrected by a lad, who was in his early twenties, was a blow to Barnabus’ pride.

“Mr. Holt, don’t mind Mr. Chance. It’s just a random opinion.” Samuel quickly put a stop to the argument. Who knows if this old man will be offended and walk away?