

The Mans Decree Chapter 567

Chapter 567 The Wise Choice

“Knowledge has nothing to do with age. It’s either you know it or you don’t. In other words, it’s your problem that you need tens of years to cultivate magecraft. I’m not as witless as you.” Jared nonchalantly made his point.

Bam! Barnabus slammed his hand on the table. “You brat, what did you just say?”

Something is going down today! Sean was enlivened to see the drama brewing.

“Take it easy, Mr. Holt.” Samuel briskly got up and tried to calm Barnabus down.

“Mr. Bailey, where is this kid from? Get this arrogant brute out right now, or I’m leaving. There’s only room for one of us!”

Barnabus couldn’t hold his anger any longer and bawled at Samuel.

Samuel jolted to Barnabus’ fit of uncontrolled anger, and his face scrunched.

He couldn’t afford to offend either party, but Barnabus’ threat put him on the spot.

“Mr. Holt, it seems like the Baileys doesn’t respect you as much as you thought. He’s going against your will for that young fellow. Why not be on the Coopers’ side? We will pay as much as the Baileys are willing to offer!”

Sean was adding fuel to the fire and managed to rattle Barnabus further.

“Mr. Bailey, are you intending to offend me for that unruly kid?”

Samuel was on the verge of crying and darted his eyes toward Jared. To his consternation, the latter sat unruffled by the matter as if he wasn’t involved in that quarrel.

"Mr. Holt, Mr. Chance is one of our honorable guest, so—"

"I see. I'll leave then."

Barnabus left in a huff before Samuel could finish his sentence.

"Please, Mr. Holt. Don't go just yet."

Sean quickly stood in Barnabus' way. "Mr. Holt, it's the Baileys lost for not appreciating you, but we do! The Coopers have always admired you, so why not be our authenticator instead?"

Barnabus turned his head toward Samuel and Jared and tilted his head into a nod. "Very well, then. Since it is Mr. Cooper who values my expertise, I shall be at your service."

Sean immediately gestured for his previous geomancer to leave and let Barnabus take that person's seat.

Mortified, Samuel sat back down and looked at Jared.

"Mr. Bailey, you've made a wise choice today. You won't regret it," Jared murmured.

"Mr. Chance, the Baileys shall entrust you fully with our wellbeing from now on." Samuel humbly expressed his certitude.

"Alright. Forty million from the Baileys! Going once, going twice, and—"

"Forty-five million!" It was Sean!

His exorbitant bid muted the room. People were throwing glances at each other, but none raised the price. Samuel loved the mirror, but without Jared's approval, he couldn't do anything but give up the mirror to Sean.

One by one, the magical items were disclosed. However, Jared made sure that Samuel didn't bid for anything. On the contrary, Sean won almost all the bids at sky-high prices, as advised by Mr. Holt.

Samuel was like a cat on a hot tin roof, but he didn't dare to make any remarks, whereas Sean was all cheeky and chirpy, vexing the former further.

“Mr. Bailey, it’s interesting how you would choose a dupable brat over an experienced mage like Mr. Holt. That kid might be talented, but unlike martial arts, magecraft requires much more than just that. I can’t believe that you’re deceived by a sprog. You are a shame to Jadeborough!” Sean grinned at Samuel.

Samuel was lost for words to defend his decision. He could only glare back at Sean.

“Laugh while you still can.” Jared took a sip from the cup of tea in front of him.

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Chapter 568 Laying A Wager

“Hahaha!” Sean guffawed. “Oh really? I’m curious about what you’re gonna do to rain on my parade!”

“Alright, gentlemen. We are left with one last item that I’ve spent almost all my fortune on it. This talisman is truly exceptional. I’m wondering who will be able to activate the arcane array of this talisman? Are there any honorable mage who would like to try their hands on this task?”

Galen opened up the last box while cajoling the experts to unleash the power of the item. It was a Disc of Eight Trigrams made of redwood, covered in scratches and a thick layer of dust due to its extended period of storage.

All eyes were on that disc, but none saw what set it apart from the others. It looked like an unwanted wooden slab. It would be wholly ignored if someone were to throw it onto the streets.

The mages examined the disc thoroughly, but still, they didn’t find anything unique about it. Mr. Holt frowned and shook his head after inspecting it.

And there was Jared, sitting put. He didn't even bother to look at the disc. What he thought was an auction for antiques was apparently a scheming maneuver! His hopes of obtaining at least one worthy item were flushed down the drain.

That Disc of Eight Trigrams was nothing but a piece of regular wood. It was neither a talisman nor was there an arcane array embedded in it. The simple reason why those masters couldn't see its uniqueness was it had none!

"Mr. Holt?" Sean looked at Barnabus.

"What's so special about this Disc of Eight Trigrams?" he whispered.

"This disc looked rather ordinary, but there must be something about it. I can't say what it is for sure as I have yet to fully examine it."

"Will you be able to activate the arcane array in this disc, then?" Sean got peppier.

"I can't be certain. I'd say fifty-fifty."

"Gentlemen, you've seen it now. So what's special about this disc? Is there anyone who could activate the arcane array in it?" Galen threw out the question once more.

Those experts hurled glances at each other again and remained silent. They couldn't see what was particularly different about the disc.

"I'm pretty sure that at least one of you could help me out with this since all of you are the cream of the crop of geomancers." Galen turned sarcastic.

"Let me try."

Perturbed, Barnabus placed the disc on his palm.

"Hmph." Jared wasn't impressed. Such foolish men. What extraordinaire can they possibly detect from that piece of useless junk?

"What are you to imply?" Barnabus gave Jared a side glance. "Are you trying to tell us that you can activate the arcane array?"

"I'm scoffing at your stupidity, people," Jared said plainly.

"How dare you!" Barnabus dug his fingers into his palms and was about to take it out on Jared.

"Calm your horses, Mr. Holt. Picking a fight with an imbecile would only taint your reputation. Since he's a know-it-all, we could just hold a little match. Let's see who can reveal the secret of this disc and activate the arcane array in it. The loser shall pay the winner two hundred million on the spot. How's that?" Sean tried to soothe Barnabus' temper.

He then looked at Samuel. "Mr. Bailey, this young man seems to be highly regarded in your household. Do you dare to accept this challenge?"

"You know, we're here to buy stuff and not to compete. I don't think that won't be necessary."

Samuel stood against the challenge because he assumed that Jared was out of Barnabus' league. Yes, Jared might be a cultivator, but Barnabus had cultivated for tens of years!

"Hahaha! Are you chickening out?" Sean chortled in amusement.

"Mr. Holt will win without a hitch. If none of us could see the uniqueness of the disc, what more a kiddo."

"Exactly. Even a halfwit could guess the result. Why would anyone want to lay a wager on this?"

"Two hundred million isn't a big amount for the Baileys, but to give it away just like that? Even the king would hold back."

The tittle-tattles were all about how Barnabus was way superior to Jared.