

BLACK PLAIN 206

Chapter 206: Spring of Life

After the lot Peter was on was sold, the auctioneer immediately continued with the remaining two lots. The second was sold for 240,000 low-grade crystals, while the third was auctioned for 220,000.

The young Kevin had not participated in the bidding of these last two lots, as he had already gotten one, and it was really too expensive for him to buy more.

After all, even a noble family with great power, as was the case with the Chambers family, couldn't afford so many expenses at once.

Not all powers had a revenue as significant as the Black Plain. Therefore, it could be considered quite impressive for just one of the descendants to spend so many crystals in one night!

Peter had also already spent a good amount of money buying slaves from Lot 1, which his father had ordered him and his bodyguard to do.

And not only that, the auction would still have more items to be auctioned off, and there might be something that catches Kevin's eye.

Kevin wasn't dumb, he knew Vivian was in the Black Market building right now, and he knew this wasn't by coincidence.

As a descendant of the Hayes family, Vivian had a powerful sense of justice and would not be involved in slavery. Hell, her agreeing to stay in a place like the Black Market should already be very against her principles.

But even though she didn't like the business done in this place, she was still here, patiently waiting.

Because of that, Kevin was sure there would be something important to be auctioned off. Even if it was valueless to him, he could still cause an inconvenience to the young woman, who had angered him earlier that day.

Anyway, after a few minutes since the last bid was placed, the stage was darkened while the auction organizers removed the cells there and began to bring in the new items that would be auctioned.

And then the lights came back on amidst the arguments that had been going on during the short break that had taken place. At that moment, chest and shoulder armor could be seen on a mannequin, in that place that had been lit up.

It was red, appearing to be made of some metallic alloy, while a relief could be seen if someone looked closely at it.

But this armor didn't look new. It had some scratches on its surface. But that was to be expected. After all, this auction was held by an organization that worked mainly with 'recovered' resources...

And most of these items came from warriors killed in fights, not from a blacksmith's workshop.

At that moment, the auctioneer then clapped his hands twice as the audience calmed down from their conversations. "Well, as the first item in this second part of the auction, we have a grade-2, low-level spiritual armor."

"This is armor that, despite having some fight marks, is in perfect condition and can provide a defense strong enough for its wearer to defend against cultivators up to level 46 safely!"

"With that, the starting bid for this armor is 400 medium-grade crystals, with a minimum increase of 20 crystals of the same rank."

And as soon as the auctioneer finished talking, bids for that item started, with many people showing up to try and purchase that item.

"480"

"500"

"520"

...

"680!"

After a while, that armor was finally sold for 680 medium-grade crystals to one of the representatives of the noble families of the Cromwell Kingdom.

But neither the young Kevin nor Vivian had tried to buy that armor. Not because they didn't want to, but because, personally, they didn't have that many medium-grade crystals...

It was difficult for young people who were still in the Spiritual General stage to walk around with so many medium-grade crystals. Even though these youths were the children of patriarchs of great noble families, they still couldn't do much about it.

There were no zones of high spiritual concentration in the north of the Central Continent, just a few with medium concentrations. Thus, the production of this type of crystal was not high, being only in the range of a few million in the entire region.

In contrast, many Spiritual Kings needed these resources to cultivate and buy grade-2 items, such as weapons, pills, arrays, etc.

Consequently, there weren't many medium-grade crystals left for young people who haven't even reached the 6th stage of cultivation, as was the case with these two who were here participating in this auction.

They even had the equivalent amount in low-grade crystals. Still, people who sold grade-2 items generally didn't accept payment in low-grade crystals!

So, Vivian and Kevin could only accept this situation, as they weren't lucky enough to have medium-grade crystals sufficient to bid.

As for the person who bought it, he was a representative of a noble family from the Farmland region, someone who, despite not being in stage 6 of cultivation, had been collecting medium-grade crystals for many years...

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Time passed, and a few more items had been auctioned.

After that armor, other spiritual items produced by blacksmiths appeared, but they were all grade-1, high-level items.

It wasn't easy to find grade-2 spiritual weapons at auction! After all, there wasn't much supply for these things, and those that had grade-2 items were usually pretty strong and were hardly killed.

That armor from before could already be considered lucky for people who had had the opportunity to buy it earlier.

Anyway, the grade-1, high-level items were all sold to ordinary people in the stands at that place.

It was not interesting for any of those representatives and nobles who were here in the Black Market to bid on these items. They all already had at least one grade-2, low-level item in their spatial rings.

After all, all of these people were at least halfway through the 5th stage of cultivation and could no longer continue using grade-1, high-level items that could even be damaged by their own power!

The strength of a spiritual item was usually a few levels higher than the professional who produced it. This, of course, had to do with the quality of the materials as well. Still, if an expert didn't have a certain level of mastery, spiritual weapons wouldn't be strong enough in combat.

A grade-1, high-level blacksmith, could produce objects that supported power up to about level 44. Above that, the item would not withstand counterattacks from stronger cultivators, not even its wearer's own attacks!

If a Spiritual King tried to use a grade-1, high-level weapon to attack, the armament would break immediately, as soon as he activated his own attack technique!

And even if a level 45 cultivator, for example, couldn't break such a weapon in just one blow, it wouldn't be long before it became useless.

As for the young Kevin and Vivian, this type of item was no longer valuable for both of them, as they were already at level 46.

With such strength, even if they couldn't destroy a grade-1, high-level weapon in just one attack, these items could not withstand without being damaged continually if they were used by them.

And not only that, as noble members of large families, the two already had several grade-1, high-level items in their possessions. With that, there was no need for them to lose their crystals with such resources.

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Anyway, the auction was almost over when it was finally time for the last item to be presented.

At that moment, everyone present was already seated in their chairs, in complete silence, as they watched the stage lighting gradually change.

In the middle of the stage, red, green, white, blue lights illuminated a black box that was on top of a high table, with space only for that box.

The auctioneer then approached that item and then positioned himself behind it as he began to make his presentation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next item, or rather, the last item auctioned tonight, will certainly attract everyone's attention here, hehehe."

"In fact, it's only being sold because it has a short shelf life, and we, the Black Market, don't need this item right now. Otherwise, we would never sell such a thing."

He then pulled a strand of string, causing the four walls of that box to decay as the item was gradually exposed to the thousands of people who had come to this edition of the biweekly auction.

What was being hidden inside that box was what appeared to be a drink contained in a transparent pitcher. It glowed green, while tiny diamond-like bubbles seemed to float in various points of that liquid, like a suspension.

The auctioneer then looked in the direction of the 20 VIP rooms in that building, with a curious look on his face. He almost seemed to be amused to see each of them react.

"Hehehe, as you can see, this is the Spring of Life, a gem that only exists on the Elves Island!"