

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 37

At the same time, in private room B01.

Following the bids closely, Yuan Yongqin asked Qiao Nian, "Someone bid four million yuan. Do we go ahead?"

Qiao Nian narrowed her eyes as she looked at the precious item on the tray. "Yes! I want this, whatever it takes!"

Yuan Yongqin nodded, then her gaze hardened. She walked to the balcony area and looked downwards at the platform, then held up the placard.

"B01, 4.3 million yuan."

There were others on the lower platform watching the auction take place.

"C09, 4.4 million yuan."

"B01, 5 million yuan."

"F08, 5.1 million yuan."

Qiao Nian was using her phone while keeping track of the bids, not looking pressurized at all.

Yuan Yongqin followed eight bids as the number of bidders waned. Only the people in the private room beside theirs called out increasingly high prices, and each time, they took it up a whole notch!

“B02, seven million yuan.”

Fu Sinian called out for 10 consecutive rounds. He broke out in sweat as he saw the bid approach 10 million yuan.

It was just a Chinese medicine that was said to be good. There wasn't even actual proof of it working magic. Was it really worth this much money?

But Ye Wangchuan did not tell him to stop, so he continued to raise the price.

“B01, 7.3 million yuan.”

“B02, 7.8 million yuan.”

“B01, eight million yuan.”

The auctioneer echoed their bids continuously. There were many bidders at first, but eventually, it became a two-way fight in the B zone. B01 and B02 were against each other while everyone watched on.

“Who are those people in B01 and B02? It's just a meat ganoderma, do they have to go to this extent?”

“Tsk, it's almost eight million yuan.”

In private room B02, Fu Sinian went pale as sweat gathered on his forehead. His brows were knitted together as he paced up and down the room with his eyes on the other man.

“Wangchuan, it’s eight million yuan now, are we going ahead?”

Ye Wangchuan’s lips were pursed into a straight line.

He hadn’t expected anyone to still be holding it out.

Fu Sinian tried to persuade him. “I know you want to get this for Chen Chen and see if it could cure him of his illness. But honestly, nobody actually knows whether this would be effective. Medical technology is so advanced now, Chen Chen will get well one day. You don’t have to spend this money.”

Ye Wangchuan looked extremely serious as he tossed the vaping device onto the table. He then looked up and instructed Gu San, “Find out who’s in the room beside ours.”

“Yes, Master Wang.”

Gu San hurried out the door.

“Wangchuan, you...” Fu Sinian stopped mid-sentence.

Ye Wangchuan squinted slily. “One more.”

Fu Sinian had no choice but to raise the placard again.

“B02, 8.9 million yuan!”

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Qiao Nian was playing on her cell phone in the private room when Wei Lou's message came in.

[Wei Lou Hundred Feet Tall: Qiao Nian, you've really summoned the devil. I see that neither of you is giving up, and it's already at 8.9 million yuan. Tsk~ you're going to go bankrupt!]

Yuan Yongqin hadn't expected it to turn out like this too. She turned around to discuss with Qiao Nian, "The other party is bidding 8.9 million yuan. If we go higher, the other party will follow. What do we do?"

Qiao Nian looked up, and her eyes appeared wilder than ever. "Go straight to 10 million yuan. Let them follow up if they want to!"

She had some money.

10 million yuan wouldn't bankrupt her.

She wanted to see how far the people in the next room would go!