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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1275

“Jason, you and Helen should stay out of it for now since this bet is between Hannah and me,” Fabian advised.

Helen then grumbled unwillingly, “Okay.”

Then an idea flashed in Jason’s eyes. “Wanna make a bet with me?”

Helen instantly perked up at this suggestion. She cautiously leaned closer to Jason and asked, “I’m down, but what are we betting on? Do you intend to play the same guessing game?”

“Pfft, I’m not as skilled a guesser as Fabian. Let’s bet on who will win instead—Fabian or Hannah, what do you say?” Jason proposed.

His beady-eyed gaze locked on Helen, who responded with, “Sound’s good.”

At this moment, Fabian dialed a number on his phone and instructed in a low voice, “Tell the auctioneer to put the event on hold. I’m at table 15, come over. I have something to discuss.”

The auctioneer waved to command the audience’s attention. Right when she was about to reveal what the mystery item was, Bluebird’s general manager approached the stage and muttered, “The boss wants to see you backstage.”

“My apologies, everyone please give us a moment.” The auctioneer bowed politely before turning to leave.

“What the devil is going on? Why did she leave?”

“Yeah! Even if they’re trying to pique our curiosity, there’s no need to leave us high and dry like that.”

“They’re really going all out in building suspense.”

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The room was in a state of chaos as the audience complained from every corner of the room.

In the meantime, the boss of Bluebird's establishment stood before Fabian's table and bowed. "What can I do for you, Mr. Norton?"

The boss was not typically such a lily-livered man. However, it was only natural for him to tread cautiously around a powerful man like Fabian.

His blood ran cold just from looking at Fabian. Being the nightclub's boss, it was needless to say that he knew all about the influential figures in Baykeep city. Apart from the two women at Fabian's table, everyone in the room came from notable and distinguished backgrounds.

Fabian briefly stated his request in a lowered voice, and the boss immediately understood.

Although the boss didn't fully understand Fabian's motive for making that request, he still hurriedly obeyed.

Of course, Fabian was not one to abuse his superiority. So he slid out a card from his wallet and gave it to the Bluebird's boss.

The boss gaped at the sleek sheen of the premium black card, knowing all too well that the card held at least a million.

Fabian spoke up after seeing the boss' hesitation, "Take it. Consider it as compensation for troubling you."

The boss thanked him graciously before accepting the black card and scurrying backstage.

Hannah instantly regretted betting against Fabian. She assumed that they would wait for the auctioneer to reveal the mystery item, but Fabian had unexpectedly spent a million and took their bet to a whole other level.

Not long after, the auctioneer returned to the stage once more. She blushed profusely at the outraged audience. "I'm sorry to keep everyone waiting."

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Truth be told, she didn't know how to proceed. Normally, it would be acceptable for her to interrupt auctions as her fluent improvisation skills could easily reignite the audience's enthusiasm. However, this time...

Her boss informed her that the mystery item would undergo a special auction procedure. The item would remain unrevealed until it is handed over to the highest bidder. She had worked in the auctioneering industry for quite some time, but this special procedure was a first for her.

At the same time, she couldn't help but brim with curiosity. This item's market value is extremely high, and he's just going to auction it without showing the audience what it is? Isn't he afraid of sustaining losses if no one bids for it?

Little did the auctioneer know, Fabian had promised to purchase the item for a hundred and five percent of its market price, should his bid not meet the market price.

The boss considered that he would profit regardless of whoever bids for the item, so he decided it was better to sell the item to Fabian as a favor.

Meanwhile, the auctioneer hesitated for some time before sheepishly announcing, "Because of the item's special significance, we've decided to do a blind bidding."

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"What? What's a blind bidding?"

"Special significance? What the hell does that mean?"

"Blind auction? Does that mean the item is illegal?"

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Tumultuous questions broke out from the displeased audience.

The auctioneer nervously clarified, "This means that the item will not be revealed throughout the bidding process up until it arrives in the hands of the highest bidder. The starting price will be determined by you, bidders. Whether you gain or lose from this item will entirely be in your hands."

This was the best excuse that she came up with at backstage earlier. She didn't know how else to explain to the audience, except by marketing the item as a gamble of fate.

"The hell is this? Who carries out such auction procedures?"

"I think the Bluebird's staff came up with this scheme to trick us into bidding high prices."

"Yeah, I think so too. Only an idiot would fall for their scheme."

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The auctioneer avoided looking directly at anyone from the turbulent audience. She just wanted to get this over and done with immediately, even if it meant causing the item to be passed. "Okay, let's not waste each other's precious time. This item is officially open for bidding. The bidding price starts at five million, so if anyone is interested, please raise your sign. Every increasing bid hereafter must be at a minimum of two hundred thousand."

"Pfft, pass the item already! Clearly, this is a scam by the nightclub. No one's dumb enough to fall for it!" someone from the front tables shouted at the auctioneer.

Pity swelled in the auctioneer's chest after seeing that no one made a move. What a waste! At this rate, I don't even know how much my commission will amount to. Honestly! What the hell is the boss thinking?

Just as the auctioneer's shoulders slumped in disappointment, Fabian made his move.

At Fabian's signal, Jason raised his sign and offered, "Six million."

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Oh my god. I'm saved! Even though it's nowhere near market value, at least someone's still willing to participate in this blind bidding. The auctioneer let out a huge breath and smiled with relief at Fabian.

"Okay, six million from the sir in the middle. Does anyone wish to go higher?"

The auctioneer cast a grateful look at Jason, who held up his sign. Because if it weren't for him, she wouldn't have earned even a dime's worth of commission from this item.

Everyone's gazes followed after the auctioneer's, wanting to know which idiot had fallen into the nightclub's trap. When they realized that it was Fabian, everyone's lips pursed as they silently eyed him.

No one was bold enough to criticize Fabian for doing what he did. After all, Fabian was favored by lady Fortune herself; he was so wealthy and powerful that they couldn't risk crossing him.

Yet, there were also people in the room who didn't know that Fabian was the president of Phoenix Group. One of them scorned, "Why'd he bid? That guy doesn't look dumb enough to do fall for a scam— did no one from his table stop him?"

The people around shifted their seats away from this person. They couldn't care less if their actions seemed humiliating because it was better than being associated with that imprudent person.

"Are there no more bids?" the auctioneer asked again.

However, the room's pin-drop silence made it clear that her question was painfully unnecessary. She then raised her gavel to resume with the bidding.

"Six million going once."

Bang!

"Six million going twice."

Bang!

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Right as she raised her gravel to make the final call, a woman spoke confidently.

“Seven million.”

The auctioneer couldn't help but beam with joy at the sound of this. Unbelievable! People are still bidding under the crazy circumstance—that's great! This is going greatly!

Everyone's heads flung towards the source of the woman's voice, wanting to know what was happening.

Fabian did as well; he turned his head slightly and looked across the room.

The voice came from an inconspicuously placed table in the auction hall.

Two people sat at that table; the first was a woman drenched in smoky makeup and a skimpy dress. She was the one who had made the bid. Next to her was an enigmatic woman in a mask whose eyes looked directly at Fabian.

The masked woman was, in fact, Lyna. She had found some random woman to raise her sign and shout out the bid on her behalf. All of this was to ensure that her identity would remain securely hidden.

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