

The Mans Decree Chapter 569

Chapter 569 Raise Our Bets

Samuel blushed at those uncalled-for remarks and cocked his head slightly toward Jared. "You know, Mr. Chance, it's not about the two hundred million. That's not a big deal for the Baileys. It's just that—"

"I'll honor your request if that's really what you want." Jared cut Samuel off before the latter could explain further why he wasn't keen on the challenge. "But I think two hundred million is too little and not at all intriguing. I suggest that we raise our bets to two billion since that's all I have."

Jared then tossed his bank card onto the table and gave Sean an icy stare.

The silence in the room was deafening, and every single soul froze. It was no easy feat for someone of Jared's age to own two billion. Even the heir to the richest of the richest wouldn't be given that amount of pocket money to splurge!

Sean's mind went blank for a moment before he forced a smile on his face. "Wow. Aren't you a guileful little rat? Do you think you can trick me into believing that you actually have that much on that card?"

Sean didn't believe that Jared could pay up two billion. He did a background check on Jared and knew that Horington carried no affluent families. More so, Sean was from an average family. How on earth would he be able to accumulate that amount of wealth?

"Sean, if you don't trust Mr. Chance, you should at least trust the Baileys, right? If Mr. Chance couldn't fork out that two billion at the end of the day, we will!" Samuel hissed.

That astronomical amount was a costly fortune to the Baileys but Samuel was more than willing to place his bet on Jared in order to earn his favor.

“Wonderful!” Sean flashed his widest smile. “I believe that the Baileys are able to provide that two billion since the head of the household himself had given the word. Two billion it is!”

When Sean was done confirming the bet, he looked at Barnabus steadfastly. “Mr. Holt, I shall trouble you for this endeavor. You shall take half of the bet when we win.”

Those were the magic words that launched Barnabus onto cloud nine. He had never seen a billion in his life!

“Mr. Cooper, rest assured that I will give my all.” Barnabus nodded firmly.

At that moment, all eyes were on Barnabus. Everyone was curious about how he managed to see the secret that lay within the Disc of Eight Trigrams. They also wanted to know how he was going to activate the arcane array.

Galen and Boris’ eyes met and exchanged furtive but gleeful glances.

The bet on this disc was two billion, meaning there’s a limit to how low this item could be priced. Their decision to come to Jadeborough was unquestionably fruitful in the monetary sense!

Barnabus started chanting to the disc. Samuel was anxious and would steal glances at Jared every now and then. To his surprise, Jared was as calm as a millpond and didn’t bother to see what show Barnabus was trying to put on as if this whole challenge had nothing to do with him.

“Mr. Chance, have you figured out what that Disc of Eight Trigrams does?” Samuel couldn’t suppress his spirit of inquiry any longer when he saw how Jared remained totally unfazed.

His question drew the attention of many, including Sean, to Jared. They wanted to know if Jared already knew the secrets of this disc. It would be too gutsy of him to bet on something he barely knew, wouldn’t it?

All Jared did was shake his head in silence.

“Hahaha! Mr. Bailey, I told you that he’s nothing but an inexperienced kid.” Sean attempted to bring Samuel down when Jared shook his head. “Does he know what a talisman is? Has he even seen one? It’s outrageous that you took him so seriously.”

The rest of the crowd brouhaha to Sean's mocking, making Samuel absolutely mortified.

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Chapter 570 A Useless Slab Of Wood

While the lot was laughing at Sean's comments, Barnabus suddenly opened his eyes wide, placed the disc on the table, and lightly tapped it with two fingers. In a flash, that once scruffy disc regained its glow. It was so shiny that one could see their reflection in it!

"Whoah!" Muffled exclamations reverberated. "You're really something, Mr. Holt! That's what a mage, who has cultivated for tens of years, is capable of!"

Barnabus was satisfied with his performance. After that, a flick of ruby light exited his palm, and the disc instantly luminesced red. It looked like some magical item was about to be summoned into the room. Slowly, the whole room was encapsulated in red luster, and soon, everyone felt soothing energy flowing through their body.

The rejuvenating luster gradually dissipated in a matter of seconds, and the room was back to its original state. That Disc of Eight Trigrams too reduced to its rough-hewn condition with marks of age.

"Mr. Holt, have you figured out what this disc can do?" Sean was hoping for something explosive.

Barnabus nodded. "This talisman is indeed extraordinaire as it entraps the holy energy. If I'm not wrong, it's a relic of the immortals!"

The greed in everyone's eyes was plain to see after Barnabus declared the disc's stature. Sean's avidity was equally strong as his peers.

The joy Galen experienced when he saw such rapacity was indescribable. That disc could really fetch a handsome payment if he auctioned it now!

“Hey, kid. It’s your turn to unearth the history of this disc. After you’re done with that, shall we let Mr. Yonce from Zaprington be the judge of this match and decide who’s right on the mark?” Sean shouted out to Jared.

All present shifted their eyes to Jared, eager to know how he was going to activate the arcane array.

To their disbelief, Jared left the disc alone. “What history could a useless slab of wood have? I really wonder what expertise you—revered mages—have obtained throughout years of cultivation? All of you were holding this junk with such pleasure!”

All the mages steamed up in a fraction of a second. They might not be able to bring to light the actual function of the disc, but they were certain that it must be something incredible from the way Galen promoted it. Plus, he was associated with Boris. Thus, they surmised that the disc could only be genuine.

They had all judged a book by its cover, and of course, Galen’s deceitful speech reassured them of their thinking. The brutal truth was they weren’t good enough to tell if that disc was a magical item.

It was like the emperor’s new clothes. No one saw neither its beauty nor its uniqueness, but no one dared to be frank about it because if they did, it would mean that they weren’t up to par.

Jared stood his ground and became the “fool” to point out that it was nothing but a piece of wood. Any mage would feel pilloried and agitated, especially Galen and Boris.

They knew it all along that the disc was, like what Jared had claimed, a useless slab of wood. For Jared to say it out loud in front of the public put them in the toughest spot.

“Excuse me, young man? What do you mean? I spent a good fortune on this disc, and it was authenticated by Mr. Yonce! It is a rare talisman that is embedded with an arcane array, and now you’re calling it a piece of junk? You’d better take back your words or you shall bear the consequences.” Galen turned hostile.

“He’s right. Mr. Holt had already activated the arcane array. How could you say that it’s nothing but a piece of wood? Do you know what I think? I think you are incapable of discerning the goodness of this disc.” Sean shot Jared with words of scorn.

“They would know better if the disc was a useless piece of wood. I believe that some things are better left unsaid.” Jared placidly swirled his eyes toward Boris and Galen.

The culpable duo shunned those interrogative eyes.