

The Mans Decree Chapter 571

Chapter 571 Convince You

Galen knew that the Disc of Eight Trigrams had been carved out of a rotten piece of wood and that the so-called “array” before was Barnabus’ own doing rather than the activation of the disc. Though Barnabus himself was perplexed, he had the crowd fooled.

“Hey, kid. Do you not believe me even though I said I saw it?” Boris finally spoke up after a long silence.

As the top mage of Zaprington, Boris’ words carried weight—even Barnabus revered him!

“I only believe my own eyes!” Jared declared with a smirk.

“Well then, I have no choice but to convince you! See for yourself if this is just rotted wood.”

As he spoke, Boris held the Disc of Eight Trigrams in one hand, and with the other, he made a swift gesture to activate the disc. Under the spectator’s curious gazes, something peculiar happened. The Array of Eight Trigrams materialized above the disc, glinting and spinning in midair.

With a loud bellow from Boris, the array exploded into pieces, and the rays of light converged to form a charm.

The brilliant light cast a sheen of gold in the room, causing the occupants to squint from the unexpected brightness.

Soon, the golden light dimmed, and the Disc of Eight Trigrams reverted to its original state.

The crowd was still reeling back from shock. They gaped at the disc, their eyes bulging out of their sockets in disbelief.

“Mr. Yonce truly deserves the title of the best mage in Zaprington! I’m humbled to be in your presence,” Barnabus praised. His voice oozed envy and admiration for Boris.

“This talisman is awesome! If not for Mr. Yonce, this treasure would have been buried and forgotten!”

“I’ve never seen a talisman so powerful in my life!”

“Now that I know what it’s capable of, I’ll spend my life’s fortune to purchase it!”

The discussion rose to a clamor as everyone vowed to get their hands on the Disc of Eight Trigrams, no matter the cost.

Samuel had the foresight to call and instruct his family to prepare a hefty sum of money. He knew that competition would be stiff, and he was determined to emerge the victor.

Inspired by his clever idea, everyone else quickly followed suit and made calls to gather funds. Judging by their agitated state, they would be lucky if the auction later did not end in a bloodbath.

Galen and Boris exchanged glances as they fought to suppress their glee.

“Do you still insist that the Disc of Eight Trigrams is useless, kid?” Boris goaded.

The crowd whipped around to look at Jared, their faces filled with distaste.

“What would he know? He’s just a kid! The Baileys must be blind to let him attend this auction. “

“He’s insane, messing around in the presence of so many masters. He even had the gall to challenge Mr. Yonce! I guess it’s true that with ignorance comes undue gallantry.”

“If I were Mr. Yonce, I would have slapped him!”

“Where did he even come from? Why is a nobody like him making a spectacle of himself in Jadeborough?”

The crowd jeered at Jared and even brought the Baileys into the mix. Samuel’s face twisted into a grimace.

Jared, on the other hand, appeared unfazed.

“Kid, Mr. Yonce asked you a question. Why did you become mute all of a sudden? If you just admit defeat and pay us two billion, we’ll let this slide,” Sean said with a smug smile.

“A rotten piece of wood is a rotten piece of wood. No skill nor expertise can change that,” Jared responded indifferently.

Jared’s blatant remark shocked everyone. The color drained from Samuel’s face as he cautioned in a soft voice, “Mr. Chance, please stop provoking them...”

Although Samuel knew that Jared was a cultivator, he had never seen Jared in action. The power that Boris had demonstrated was practically divine martial art; there was no way Jared could surpass that!

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Chapter 572 Proof

Samuel doubted that Jared could beat Barnabus, let alone Boris. After all, Jared was still young. Be it a martial artist, a mage, or a cultivator, these roles took practice to make perfect, and practice took time—something that Jared clearly had less of compared to the others.

“Kid, are you blind? Didn’t you see me activate the Disc of Eight Trigrams? Yet, you’re still dead set on it being useless?”

Boris’ glacial stare bore into Jared.

As the top mage of Zaprington, Boris could not tolerate the taunts of a youngster.

Galen, too, was glowering at Jared. Had it not been for Jared, the Disc of Eight Trigrams would have been sold for a high price by now. This kid keeps messing everything up for us!

“Kid, I can’t believe your audacity to question Mr. Yonce. Do you even know how powerful he is?”

Snickering, Barnabus leveled a stare at Jared.

He was using Jared as a scapegoat to kiss up to Boris. With abilities like that, Boris was worthy of worship by other masters!

Jared scoffed, “It’s precisely because I’m not blind that I’m not deceived by you lot. Both the arcane arrays that you summoned just now were products of your magecraft to beguile everyone. It didn’t originate from the Disc of Eight Trigrams! Did you really think that no one would notice?”

His accusations hit the nail on the head. Both Boris and Barnabus had indeed used their magecraft instead of activating the disc. The only difference was that Boris’ magecraft was polished enough to escape everyone’s attention.

As for Barnabus, the ones who had seen through his ruse did not expose him. At the very least, Boris knew that Barnabus was lying, but he did not call out Barnabus’ lies as it benefited him as well.

“What nonsense are you spouting, kid? Are you implying that the array was formed by my magecraft and that everyone here but you are stupid?” Boris spluttered in anger.

Being the cunning man he was, Boris chose his words intentionally to incite rage toward Jared.

His plan worked beautifully. The moment the words left his mouth, the crowd started to volley insults at Jared.

“You f*cking b*stard! How dare you call us stupid? Everyone saw the arcane array!”

“Samuel, where did you find this insolent kid? What’s wrong with him?”

“I’ve been dabbling in magecraft for ten years. Do you think I’d be tricked so easily?”

"I've never met such an egocentric person! He must have not experienced the real world!"

Most of the occupants were members of the most prominent families in Jadeborough, and their statuses were equal to the Baileys, if not higher. Hence, Samuel could only hold his tongue and listen to the verbal abuse with a sullen expression.

I can't possibly make enemies of the entire Jadeborough elite circle! My family is not influential enough to dominate the whole city!

Boris' stiff muscles began to relax as angry shouts filled the room. His frown melted away and was replaced by a relief smile. Sean, too, could not contain the grin that spread across his face.

"Hey, kid! Since you claim that the array Mr. Yonce summoned was not of the Disc of Eight Trigrams, prove it to us! You can't just pull that story out of thin air and expect us to believe you. If you can't prove it, not only will you lose two billion, but you also won't be able to leave Jadeborough alive!"

Murderous intent burned in Sean's eyes.

"Are you sure you want evidence?" Jared asked as he regarded Sean with amusement.

"Of course! If you can't prove that the Disc of Eight Trigrams is just a piece of rotten wood, that means that you've lost and that you're just fabricating stories!" Sean huffed.

"And do you also want the evidence?" Jared directed his question to Boris.

Just as Boris parted his lips to reply, Jared added, "Think carefully. You of all people should know what this Disc of Eight Trigrams really is."