

Amazing Son-In-Law Chapter 5741 - 5742

At this moment, Zachary's actor in the shop was utterly bewildered.

He couldn't help but ponder to himself, "Before coming here, Zachary had already given me the lowdown. I was supposed to dupe people and pass off something from the late Qing Dynasty or early Republic of China as being from the Ming Dynasty. Then I could sell it at an exorbitant price to this person in front of me. But now this guy says it's from the Song Dynasty. What the heck does that mean?"

In his state of confusion, he blurted out, "Boss, if what you said is true and this thing is indeed from the Song Dynasty, how much would it be worth?"

Peter contemplated for a moment before responding, "Bronze artifacts from the Southern Song Dynasty are rather niche items. It's not that there are no buyers or collectors, but mainly because the Southern Song Dynasty was in constant conflict with external foes. Consequently, most of the bronze was used for warfare..."

"Coupled with limited metallurgical capabilities during that era, the production of bronze was very limited. Therefore, the amount of bronze available for civilian use was naturally scarce, and most of it remained in its raw form. High-quality bronze artifacts like this are incredibly rare..."

"High-quality bronze artifacts were typically gilded using a technique called liujin. Even gilded bronze artifacts from the Northern Song Dynasty are considered museum-worthy pieces today and hold considerable value. This bronze Buddha does show signs of damage to its appearance..."

"I estimate that in its lineage, future generations failed to recognize its worth and neglected its proper care, resulting in severe damage to

the patina. Subsequently, the damage was artificially aged.”

Continuing, Peter added, “However, despite the damage, one can still discern the exquisite craftsmanship of this bronze Buddha. It was undoubtedly an extraordinary piece during that era. Moreover, based on its shape and craftsmanship, it must have been entirely gilded back then. It's a shame that all the gliding has faded away...”

“According to my calculations, only the imperial family or large temples would possess this kind of bronze Buddha back then. A similar gilded bronze Buddha was auctioned in the capital more than ten years ago. At that time, the shape of that bronze Buddha was not as refined as this one, yet it still fetched a price of 20 million. Adjusted for inflation, that would be equivalent to over 100 million today...”

“So if we evaluate this bronze Buddha in today’s market, even with the damaged patina, | estimate its market price would not be less than 20 million. If the patina were well-preserved, | conservatively estimate it could sell for over 80 million at an auction.”

In the car, Jacob and Zachary almost simultaneously cursed.

“Fool! Talking utter nonsense!”

“Sly bastard! He's a master at deception!”

After venting their frustration, Jacob angrily exclaimed, “Damn It! I'm clone playing this game! Let's go home! 80 million! This guy should have claimed it's worth 800 million! He's toying with us!”

Zachary was equally furious and snapped, “Damn it! He may seem respectable, but who would have thought he's such a conniving individual! He's treating us like fools!”

Jacob gritted his teeth and declared, “He's got nothing better to do! Just a few days ago, | saw a short video where someone received a scam call. They knew the other person was a scammer, yet deliberately conversed with them for over ten minutes, leading the scammer in

circles. This guy is probably just treating us as a joke!”

At this point, both of them had lost all hope.

In this situation, if someone who buys antiques discovers that the item is much more valuable than described by the seller, they would never reveal the truth.

Isn't this the norm when bargaining?

Who would disclose to the other party, before haggling, that their item is a hidden treasure worth a fortune?

Everyone would keep the truth to themselves and casually downplay the item's worth, claiming that their offer is already the highest in the market.

Thus, they all believed that Peter was playing them, using deceitful tactics to fool them. So, they decided to retaliate by playing along. After all, they had nothing better to do.

As for Jacob, with the issue resolved and the scam fully exposed, what purpose is there in lingering here any longer?

But no one expected Peter's next statement, which only served to confuse them further.

He said to the person, “If you're willing to wait, you can consign the item to me for sale. After it's sold, I'll take a 10% commission, and the rest will be yours. What do you think?”

Jacob was dumbfounded and turned to Zachary, asking, “What does this guy want to do? Is he addicted to acting?”

Zachary shook his head and replied, “I don't know... Could he be trying to trick us into leaving the item with him and then use it as leverage against us?”

Jacob retorted, "Didn't you say that in the antique trade, people are willing to take risks and accept defeat, and the authorities don't really bother with it?"

Zachary said, "Now he wants to consign it, which means he can hold onto the item without spending a penny. What if he doesn't report it to the authorities and instead exposes it to the whole industry? If he sees through the scam, his reputation will be instantly tarnished. What can we do? Do we even want this item? And even if we do, would we dare to ask him for it?"

Jacob anxiously exclaimed, "Then why are we still hesitating? Quickly have someone retrieve the item!"

Zachary gritted his teeth and said to Jacob, "Chairman Wilson, since we've come this far, why not take a gamble and give it a try?" Jacob asked, "How do we gamble?"

Zachary muttered to himself, "Regardless of whether he wants to deceive us or expose evidence within the industry, as long as he pays, we win, right? In the end, it's all about him paying. Even if he doesn't expose us, we will expose him!"

Saying that, he took out another phone and sent a WeChat message to his subordinate.

The subordinate's phone buzzed, he glanced at it, then put it back and said to Peter, "Boss, can't wait any longer. If I wait any longer, this item won't be mine anymore. I don't care whether it's from the Ming Dynasty, Song Dynasty, or Tang Dynasty. Today, I just want to sell it for 500,000. Do you want it or not? If you do, take it. If not, I'll find another buyer!"

Jacob asked Zachary, "Will this work? He already knows the truth, so why would he still spend money to buy it?"

Zachary casually replied, "Let's try everything. Even if this guy genuinely believes it's from the Northern Song Dynasty, won't he be fooled once he buys it? We've come this far, so let's just ask him directly if he wants to buy it or not. If he truly doesn't want to buy it, we'll take the item and leave. We don't have to worry about selling it. Personally, I'll give you 200,000 for it."

Jacob felt a sense of relief but quickly added, "It's not just about the money..."

At that moment, Peter in the shop looked at the subordinate and said, “You need to think this through. This item is worth tens of millions.

Are you truly willing to sell it for 500,000?”

The subordinate nodded firmly and said, “Even if it's worth billions, | don't care. Today, just want 500,000 for it!”

Peter sighed and said, “To be honest, | really want to buy this item from you, but | don't have that much cash on hand. As you can see, my shop is empty, and | haven't even rented a place to live upstairs. | still need to keep 100,000 or 200,000 In my hand. So the most | can offer is 250,000.”

He then earnestly proposed to the person, “Here's a fair proposition. I'll invest 25% of the value into your share. I'll give you 250,000, and then we can draft an agreement where we each own 50% of the item. Once It's sold, regardless of the selling price, you'll receive half of the proceeds!”

Chapter 5742

“Ajoint venture?”

When the man heard this, he was utterly bewildered once again, thinking to himself, “What on earth is this question? It's way beyond my expertise! How did none of the preparations | made come up in the exam? It feels like | went to take the driving license exam and ended up with questions about being a chef. I have no clue how to answer these questions either...”

In that moment, Jacob exclaimed, “I can't fathom what this guy is thinking. Does he genuinely want to pay 250,000?”

Zachary pursed his lips and responded, “Maybe he's just trying to test us. Consider this, if we agree, do we have to give him our contact information?”

“What if he deceives us and claims he sold this item for 10 million, and demands that we come and collect the remaining 5 million? Should we go or not?”

“If we go, what if he actually reports it to the police? We would have taken his 250,000 and he would still possess the evidence of the Buddha statue. We would be walking straight into a trap, wouldn't we?”

Jacob felt uneasy as he listened. His facial features contorted and he pursed his lips. “Didn't you say the police wouldn't care?”

Zachary replied, “Yes, generally they don't care, and according to our industry norms, even if someone gets swindled, nobody goes to the police. We all bear the loss and keep our mouths shut, so as not to ruin our reputation and livelihood. It's embarrassing enough to buy counterfeit antiques, how can we continue in the industry if everyone finds out? Who would go to the police...”

After saying that, he pointed at Peter on the screen and cursed, “But we can't control it when someone doesn't play by the rules!”

At this point, Zachary's emotions became somewhat agitated, and he continued, “Boss, you don't know, there are plenty of dimwits these days. A few days ago, my buddy went to a brothel, explicitly requested extra time but refused to pay the additional fee. The woman wouldn't let him leave and held onto his belt. He actually called the police and accused her of extortion. In the end, both of them got arrested.”

“Last week, a friend of mine who sells counterfeit alcohol got scammed. The guy promised to sell him a batch of genuine liquor in

unopened boxes, but when the goods arrived, most of them were fake. He was furious and reported it to the police...”

“The police didn't catch the person who sold him the counterfeit goods, but they raided his warehouse, and he's still locked up. The lawyer said he can't get out on bail and will probably be sentenced to actual imprisonment...”

“A few years ago, there was an old man who sold alum as methamphetamine online, thinking that drug addicts who bought fake drugs would never report it to the police. But there was that idiot who couldn't bear it and reported it to the police. They caught him, and he went to jail too. When you're playing dirty and you encounter someone like that, what can you do?”

Jacob asked again, “So what should we do? Should we call off the deal?”

Zachary pursed his lips, “If he deliberately wants to mess with us, we shouldn't take the 250,000. It's not worth getting entangled with a stubborn person for the sake of 250,000. But if he genuinely has bad taste and believes that what Ewing made is from the Northern Song Dynasty, then we have an opportunity to toy with him a bit more.” Jacob inquired, “How can we toy with him more?”

Zachary picked up his phone and typed another message.

After a moment, one of the guys in the shop anxiously exclaimed, “Oh no, I can't do this. My older brother sent me a WeChat message asking me to go back and take inventory together. | absolutely can't leave this thing here, and it's impossible for him to know about it...”

“Boss, you don't have to tell me how much it's worth, and don't mention anything about joint ventures. | just want to sell it. How about this? I'll give you another 100,000, you can take 400,000 and leave, deal or no deal?”

Jacob and Zachary's hearts raced at this point.

In their eyes, Peter was either trying to deceive them or he was truly oblivious. It all depended on how he responded.

If Peter insisted on a joint venture, then it was definitely not good news. But if Peter accepted the price reduction and actually bought it, then it meant that it was all a false alarm.

Although the process had deviated slightly, the final result still aligned with their plan. As long as this guy didn't cross paths with Peter in the future, there wouldn't be any trouble.

In that moment, Peter appeared worried and said, "Oh, 400,000, | really can't come up with that much. | just told you earlier, my shop is not fully stocked, and I need to spend a lot of money to fill it up. Plus, | took over this shop with some borrowed rent, and | have to pay the rent soon. If | really come up with 400,000, it will disrupt everything."

The man instinctively said, "Didn't you say this thing is worth millions from the Northern Song Dynasty? Can't you just sell it?"

Peter sighed, "It's not easy to sell something worth millions. With my small shop, no one would believe me if I claimed to be selling something worth millions. Even if! find an auction house, | would have to wait for their next auction to begin, and there are also complex appraisal procedures."

"I only sense the essence of the Northern Song Dynasty in it, but my opinion isn't authoritative. Ultimately, it would have to be appraised by experts or appraisal institutions. It! make a mistake and it turns out to be fake, then | would be left with it..."

"Even if I'm fortunate and this thing is truly from the Northern Song Dynasty, | would still have to wait for the auction house to complete the appraisal, put it up for auction, and successfully complete the transaction before | can receive the money. It would take at least a few months, so there are still many risks involved."

Zachary rubbed his chin and murmured, "Does that guy think he's clever? He really seems to believe this thing is from the Northern Song

Dynasty.”

Jacob, who had been contemplating military strategies for a while, sneered and said, “He thought he was a great general, and I even studied military tactics for him. Who would have thought he's just a fool! Let's just lower the price, sell it for 300,000! Get it done!”

Zachary experienced a roller coaster of emotions and thought that 300,000 was still an ideal price.

After all, the primary goal was to humiliate Peter and help Jacob make some money. He wouldn't even get a penny of the 200,000 profit. If Jacob didn't mind, why should he hesitate?

Furthermore, if this matter didn't work out in the end, he would have to pay Jacob 200,000. That would be an even greater loss. So, he sent another WeChat message to the man.

Upon receiving it, the man seemed even more anxious and said to Peter, “My older brother is pressuring me again. I won't waste any more time with you, boss. We both have our own difficulties. How about this, a final price of 300,000. Even if you sell it for 3 billion in the future, it has nothing to do with me...”

“I only want this 300,000! It's already the maximum I can offer. If you think it's still not enough, then I'll just leave for now and find another opportunity.”

Peter bit his lip and blurted out, “Deal! 300,000 it is!”

After saying that, Peter took out his phone and said, “Give me your bank account, I'll transfer the money to you right now.”

Shortly after, during the live broadcast, Peter finalized the payment.

As soon as the boy received the money, he promptly stood up and declared, “Boss, the payment's in. Pleasure doing business with you!”

With those words, he swiftly turned and dashed out without a second glance, not waiting for Peter's response.

Staring at the screen, Jacob and Zachary couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement. They clapped their hands involuntarily, and Jacob laughed, “It's done! Hahaha! Felix, oh Felix, you're finished! You never would have thought that the insults you hurled at me in the past

would come at such a high cost, would you?” “Hahaha! | want you to know that even though Aurous Hill may not be vast, it's not a place where someone like you can simply come and go. As the saying goes, the pond may be small, but it's teeming with life, and the current may be gentle, but it's full of hidden dangers...” Zachary coughed and quickly interjected, “Boss, this metaphor... Doesn't quite fit...”

Only then did Jacob realize that he had inadvertently cursed himself and hastily amended his words, “Pah, pah, pah! What | meant was that although Aurous Hill may not be vast, there are formidable individuals lurking in its depths. It's not a place that someone like him can casually navigate!”

Chapter 5743

As Charlie sat in the cozy teahouse, savoring his tea, he couldn't help but feel perplexed.

He had immediately recognized the person who had just entered Peter's shop as a fraud. Yet, he couldn't fathom why Peter had still purchased the item from him.

Could it be that the item truly hailed from the illustrious Northern Song Dynasty?

With this thought, Charlie pondered, “Considering Uncle Cole's expertise in the realm of antiques, it's inconceivable that he would simply glance at it in Aurous Hill Antique Street. That bronze Buddha must indeed be from the Northern Song Dynasty.”

Asigh escaped him, “It seems this scheme was concocted by my father-in-law and Zachary. If they were to discover that the item sold to Peter for 300,000 is worth millions, how would they react?”

Meanwhile, Peter meticulously examined the bronze Buddha he had just acquired, watching the person walk away. He firmly believed that this was a gilded bronze Buddha from the Northern Song Dynasty.

In fact, he had been somewhat conservative in his initial assessment. The craftsmanship of this piece was exquisitely refined, even by the standards of the Northern Song Dynasty. It could be deemed the pinnacle of bronze artistry during that era.

Very few bronze pieces from the Northern Song Dynasty had survived, and even fewer possessed such exquisite craftsmanship. Many antique collectors would never come across such a rarity in their lifetime.

However, the outer shell's condition was a lamentable sight. Peter speculated that over the years, this bronze Buddha had fallen into the hands of someone who failed to comprehend its value. The gilding on the surface had not been well- reserved, resulting in its peeling away.

After much peeling, the decision was likely made to remove all the mottled gilding. Unfortunately, during the process, the outer shell also suffered damage. To those without a deep understanding of Northern Song Dynasty bronze pieces, even seasoned antique dealers, most would mistake it for a modern imitation upon seeing it.

Thus, Peter surmised that a specialized antique forger had obtained this bronze Buddha and mistakenly believed it to be a modern item.

They artificially aged it based on this misconception and paired it with a Xuande-year bronze base they had acquired elsewhere, creating a setto deceive others into thinking it was crafted during the Xuande period.

Furthermore, Peter deduced that the person who had come to sell the item specifically targeted him. The person claimed it was an item inherited from their father and wanted to sell it for money. However, their conversation revealed a deep understanding of this bronze

Buddha, its era, and background. They even used professional terms. They could accurately mention a price range for Xuande-year bronze pieces.

Clearly, they possessed some knowledge about antiques. Yet, this person lacked any understanding of the Northern Song Dynasty, displaying a glaring ignorance of basic history. Anyone with even a rudimentary understanding of antiques would possess a relatively clear concept. They would have a rough idea of the time period when a certain emperor reigned, even if they couldn't recall the exact year. It would be impossible for them to lack a basic understanding of the five major dynasties, Tang, Song, Yuan, Ming, and Qing. Hence, through logical deduction, this person couldn't possibly be unaware of the corresponding year for the Northern Song Dynasty in AD. Moreover, this person made crucial decisions after repeatedly glancing at their phone. Peter speculated that this person was merely a pawn in someone else's scheme. The person who orchestrated it must have believed that this item could dupe Peter and make him fall for the ruse. Thus, they dispatched this individual to carry out the scam.

With these thoughts swirling in his mind, Peter began to speculate about the mastermind behind it all.

Within the Antique Street, there were those who made a living by deceiving individual customers, but there were also those who targeted antique dealers. It was not uncommon for people in this industry to deceive antique dealers with counterfeit items.

Despite having just opened his shop and lacking a proper signboard, Peter wondered why someone had targeted him so quickly.

This realization made him suspect that someone had specifically set their sights on him. And the most likely culprit was Zachary.

The reason was simple. Zachary had previously visited his shop and inquired about the investment scale of opening it. Wanting to remain inconspicuous, Peter had lied, stating it was only a few hundred thousand.

However, the person who had come to sell the item had immediately offered 500,000. It seemed they aimed to deceive him and abscond with his entire investment.

Furthermore, in this industry, losing money was not the most fatal blow. The most detrimental consequence was tarnishing one's professional reputation.

Once people knew that one lacked expertise, those seeking to sell valuable items would never approach them. Those who did approach them would only be scammers attempting to deceive them. Hence, the person behind this scheme harbored malicious intentions. They not only sought to swindle Peter out of his money but also desired to cast him out of Aurous Hill's antique industry.

Still, Peter couldn't help but question. He had never offended Zachary before, so why would Zachary specifically target him in this manner?

What was even more ludicrous was that he had fallen into their trap, only to receive a valuable item from the Northern Song Dynasty. Such a turn of events was unheard of.

The reason he had divulged the truth to the person earlier was twofold. First, he believed that no matter what he said, the other party would never believe him. Second, he wanted to leave behind evidence for the future.

When the previous shop owner had departed, they had left the surveillance cameras installed in the four corners of the shop's ceiling.

According to the previous owner, those cameras had only cost a few hundred when purchased, and removing them with a ladder would be troublesome. Besides, even if they were removed, they wouldn't fetch much if sold. After all, they had been purchased years ago and now wouldn't fetch more than 100. So, as a favor, the previous owner had provided Peter with the account and password for the surveillance

software.

During their conversation earlier, Peter had already recorded everything on the surveillance footage. He had explained the significance of this bronze Buddha in detail, including its era and approximate value. He had even proposed splitting the profit with the other party, displaying exceptional generosity compared to the average standards of the antique industry.

He had divulged the truth because he knew the other party would never believe that the item was from the Northern Song Dynasty. Their sole intention was to deceive him, so no matter how sincere he was, the other party insisted on 300,000. Even after learning the true value of the item, they still clung to the 300,000.

With this chain of evidence, even if the other party discovered the truth and sought retribution in the future, Peter had nothing to fear. Even if the lawsuit reached the highest courts, he couldn't possibly lose.

Having been in the antique business for a considerable time, Peter had witnessed all sorts of peculiarities. Thus, he remained ever vigilant, considering every aspect meticulously.

After downloading all the surveillance videos onto his phone, Peter made the decision to swiftly sell this bronze Buddha.

His motivation for doing so wasn't because he needed the money, but rather because he realized that someone didn't want him to establish himself in the Antique Street.

Once he accepted this bronze Buddha today, it wouldn't be long before news spread throughout the Antique Street, exposing him as the victim of deception.

If he wished to turn the tables and make a comeback, simply claiming that the item was from the Northern Song Dynasty wouldn't suffice.

No one would believe him, especially since Peter knew his expertise wasn't top-notch. Thus, the best course of action was to sell this bronze Buddha as soon as possible.

Once he successfully did so, his reputation in Aurous Hill's antique industry would skyrocket.

As for whether gaining a reputation would expose his identity, Peter harbored no worries. Although he had stumbled upon a windfall, this | type of million-dollar-level fortune would only make waves within Aurous Hill's antique circle. On a national scale, it wouldn't be deemed significant, let alone compared to the collection items in the European and American antique circles that easily reached tens or even hundreds of millions of dollars.

At this time, Jacob received the 300,000 from Zachary's subordinate in his car. He had just spent 98,000 to purchase the item earlier that afternoon, and now he was receiving 300,000 in return, making a profit of 202,000. This delighted Jacob, causing him to dance with joy.

For ordinary people, it was rare to find multiple sources of happiness. Making money often came at the cost of physical and mental exhaustion, and pursuing pleasure often led to heartache over the money spent. Most of the time, it felt like toiling for money, with few instances of money being handed to you freely.

Sleeping with someone's spouse and having them spend their partner's money on you was equivalent to this level of good fortune.

In high spirits, Jacob couldn't help but praise Zachary, saying, “Ah, Zachary, you are truly remarkable! You've played Felix like a fiddle. If you continue in the antique business, who could surpass you on the entire Antique Street?”

Zachary, too, breathed a sigh of relief. No longer having to use his own money to support Jacob, he flattered, “As long as President Wilson is satisfied!”

“Satisfied! Very satisfied!” Jacob laughed heartily. “Now that we have the money, shouldn't we expose Felix's deception to the entire Aurous Hill antique industry?”

“Of course,” Zachary confidently replied. “President Wilson, rest assured, | have everything arranged.”

With that, he retrieved his phone and called Timothy Carey. After a brief conversation, he declared, “Felix spent 300,000 to purchase that | bronze Buddha. You can begin spreading the news now!”

Chapter 5744

Timothy had already edited the surveillance video and eagerly awaited good news from Zachary.

He had watched the video multiple times, and with each viewing, his admiration for his own discernment grew. He believed his performance was truly impressive and flawless, with every detail executed to perfection.

When he heard that Felix had indeed noticed the flaw on the bronze Buddha, Timothy's excitement soared even higher.

Everything was in place, they just needed the perfect opportunity, and now it had arrived.

He immediately called all the trusted staff members to gather before him and exclaimed, "Guys, spread the news far and wide! Felix spotted the flaw! He spent 300,000 on a fake Xuande-era bronze Buddha!"

The staff members were unaware of the intricacies of the situation, but they had heard Timothy mention someone attempting to sell fake bronze Buddhas earlier, only to be exposed and chased away by him.

Now, they heard that Felix Cole had fallen for the scam, so someone asked, "Boss, did Felix Cole buy the fake Buddha that the person tried to sell to you earlier?"

Timothy nodded, a sly grin forming on his face. "Exactly! He bought it for 300,000! It's been a while since someone fell for such a big scam on Antique Street, right?"

"Well..." one of the staff members chuckled, "The antique business has been tough in recent years. People who used to hunt for bargains

are now reluctant to spend money. They used to hope they could trick someone into paying a few hundred thousand for something they believed was worth millions. Nowadays, most people dream of buying something worth millions for just a few hundred dollars. Scammers are having a hard time too.”

After saying that, the person looked puzzled and said, “Based on my impression of Felix, he shouldn't be so foolish, right? 300,000, and he fell for it so easily?”

Timothy chuckled, “Ah, this is what people often say, ‘The hunter becomes the hunted. Felix, just returned to Antique Street and was probably eager to make a quick deal and become famous. If he had such thoughts, it would be even easier for him to fall for a scam.”

One of the staff members asked with a sly smile, “Boss, did you set this up?”

Timothy quickly interjected, "Hey hey hey, | warn you not to talk nonsense. Although | really want him gone, | haven't come up with a plan yet. His falling for this scam has nothing to do with me.”

The staff member realized he had misspoke and quickly apologized, “Yes, yes, | spoke out of turn. Please don't take it to heart, Boss.”

Within the Antique Street community, a complex gossip network had formed through numerous WeChat groups.

Each store had its own WeChat group, where everyone from managers to cleaning staff could communicate and share information. The managers, salespeople, and finance personnel also had their own small groups. There was also a large group for all the industry practitioners in Antique Street, with hundreds of members chatting and gossiping.

The store owners had a dedicated group where they frequently shared information. The workers in the area also had a group specifically for them.

In this kind of environment, as soon as gossip was released, it would quickly be forwarded to multiple groups, spreading like wildfire.

Under the operation of some interested individuals, within a few minutes, the once-quiet Antique Street suddenly buzzed with excitement!

A business owner had been scammed out of 300,000 dollars!

And it was Felix Cole, the former general manager of Vintage Deluxe!

Some people thought to themselves, “When did Felix Cole, come back?”

Others found it amusing, “Even someone like Felix, who used to be the general manager of Vintage Deluxe, can fall for a scam. What a Joke!”

Many people sighed, “Felix lost 300,000 to a scam. How will he survive in Antique Street now? Moreover, it's been a long time since we've had such a high-value fake deal in Antique Street!”

In many WeChat groups, merchants, employees, and vendors began asking one question, “How did Felix, get scammed?”

At this point, Timothy didn't immediately release the video. Instead, he had others spread the message in various groups, claiming that Felix, had bought a replica Xuande-era bronze Buddha, thinking he had found a great deal, only to fall into a trap.

Once this news spread, people in various groups began mocking Felix, thinking that he was too overconfident.

Someone said, “Felix, just returned to Antique Street and thought he could find a million-dollar bargain. How naive! If such a thing really existed, wouldn't we all be rich? Why would he have such grandiose dreams?” Someone else chimed in, “Exactly! If it's a genuine Xuande-era bronze Buddha, it would be worth at least one or two million. How could he get it for only 300,000? Does he think he's a master appraiser?”

Another person said, “In the current antique industry, it's not as easy to make money as it was in the heyday of those appraisers. Even if they were to try now, it would be difficult to find a great deal.”

Someone else immediately added, “That's right, back in their time, information was scarce and resources were limited. Ordinary people had valuable items passed down through generations without realizing it. Those who bought antiques only needed to carry some cash and coupons, and they could easily find priceless Ming and Qing dynasty artifacts, even top-quality blue and white porcelain, by wandering the streets and alleys.”

“I'm not exaggerating when | say that back then, in the villages around the capital, those old ladies who used those porcelain plates to feed their dogs had quite a few blue and white pieces. If you were to bring a large aluminum pot to trade with them, they would hold onto the pot tightly, afraid that you would change your mind. And what you would get in exchange for that pot could easily fetch millions at an auction today! Unfortunately, | wasn't born in that era; otherwise, | would have made a fortune and opened a museum!”

At this point, Timothy Carey spoke up, “Yes! You are right! In our industry, those who have some knowledge know that since the advent of the Information Age, finding a great deal has become extremely difficult.”

“So now, many unscrupulous people have changed their tactics. Since they can't find great deals themselves, they create opportunities for others to find them.”

“As a result, replicas of imperial seals, Qianlong's royal wine, Kangxi's calligraphy, Shunzhi's wooden fish, have all emerged, deceiving those who dream of getting rich quick!”

Many people in the group immediately praised him.

“Manager Carey hit the nail on the head!”

“Manager Carey is truly insightful!”

“It seems that letting Carey take over Vintage Deluxe after Miss Moore drove away Felix was the right choice! Carey's skills are far superior to Felix's!”

Timothy, basking in the praise, became even more interested and said with a smile, “Everyone, in today’s society, | have come to understand that everyone harbors dreams of getting rich quick. While you may be thinking about whether someone else's family has any hidden treasures or hoping to find something valuable for a bargain, they have already turned their ancestors’ graves inside out searching for those treasures...”

“In this situation, not only can you not find a great deal, but you also have to worry about being deceived! There are always people trying to sell accident cars, flooded cars, tampered mileage cars, or cars with a haunted history to car dealers. And there are always people trying to sell us various types of counterfeit goods. Felix .was thinking about making a profit margin of 500%, and he blames others for scamming him!”

Many people immediately agreed.

“Manager Carey is spot on!”

“Manager Carey is truly wise!”

“Please continue to share your wisdom, Manager Carey. We want to learn and be more vigilant!”

Timothy chuckled, “Everyone, in today’s environment, the entire antique industry has become transparent, just like the used car market.

No matter how cunning or deceptive a used car dealer is, it's difficult for them to scam the seller when buying a car. They can only scam the buyer when selling a car.”

“A used car dealer can sell a water-damaged Rolls-Royce for the price of a brand new car, but they can't buy a nearly new Rolls-Royce for the price of a water-damaged one. So, when we open a store on Antique Street, we must be aware that it's very difficult to find great deals in the entire antique industry.”

“Furthermore, we must remember that now, not only can we not find great deals, but we also have to worry about being tricked! There are always people trying to sell us accident cars, flooded cars, tampered mileage cars, or cars with a haunted history. Felix was already thinking about making a profit margin of 500% from the start. It's his own fault for falling into a trap!”

Everyone in the group responded with thumbs-up emojis and praised him.

Recognizing that the moment was nearly opportune, Timothy swiftly interjected in the group chat, "Whoops! Speaking of Felix getting swindled, the individual peddling counterfeit goods initially visited our store. | even managed to acquire the bronze Buddha from them, but they duped the person who bought it. Sensing the deception, | promptly absconded. Little did | anticipate that after departing from me, they headed straight to Manager Cole's establishment.”

With a resigned exhale, Timothy continued, “I never imagined that someone as seasoned as Manager Cole would fall victim to such a fraudster... What a shame...”

This revelation incited numerous inquiries within the group, “Goodness gracious! Is it truly counterfeit?! Manager Carey, have you encountered sellers of fake goods before?”

“Yes,” Timothy affirmed hastily, “I'm going to retrieve the surveillance footage. We were still in the VIP room when this occurred. There should be footage available. I'll procure it and distribute it to everyone. Let's engrain the swindler's face in our memories and exercise greater vigilance in the future!”

Eager anticipation rippled through the group upon hearing this. After all, being privy to surveillance footage was akin to dining at a Michelin-starred restaurant in the realm of gossip!

Consequently, they implored Timothy to expedite the sharing of the video.

Unbeknownst to them, Timothy had already saved the video to his mobile device long ago. Yet, he purposefully delayed its dissemination for a few moments.

As the video commenced its transmission, he cautioned the group, “Everyone, I'm dispatching the video now. You should receive it shortly. However, please remember, this footage is strictly for internal use as a cautionary tale. Let's refrain from circulating it beyond our group!”

Chapter 5745

~ The entire process of Timothy's acting quickly spread throughout the industry group, arousing great anticipation among the onlookers who | eagerly clicked on the video as soon as they received it.

In the video, Timothy's acting skills reached the pinnacle, effortlessly concealing any trace of pretense. Viewers could also witness the bronze Buddha's deceptive resemblance to a valuable artifact. If they had seen it in person, they too might have been fooled. |

Witnessing Timothy's astute ability to see through the tricks of the counterfeiters, admiration swelled within the crowd. As the saying goes, true expertise can be discerned through action, and Timothy vividly exemplified the essence of this adage in the video.

No matter how well the counterfeiters disguised their wares, they were no match for a true expert like Timothy.

With just a glance, he could discern that the item before him was a modern creation masquerading as an ancient relic, with a base from the Xuande Year of the Ming Dynasty to deceive unsuspecting viewers.

This revelation caused many professionals in the industry to reevaluate Timothy's abilities.

Since Timothy took over Vintage Deluxe, the store's performance had been on the decline. Some had attributed this to Timothy's lack of competence. However, it was now clear to everyone that Timothy possessed more than enough skills to excel in his role, and the decline in performance was likely due to the overall downturn in the industry and the scarcity of valuable items. It was not Timothy's fault.

Praises for Timothy flooded the group, elevating his spirits and fueling a sense of pride within him. He believed that after tonight, he would become the most remarkable figure on the antique street. The legend surrounding him would undoubtedly grow more illustrious as it spread, greatly enhancing his standing in the industry.

At that moment, someone in the group suggested, "Manager Carey, | have a short video account with over 10,000 followers. If you give me verbal authorization, | can upload this video to my account. Maybe you'll become a sensation!"

Others chimed in agreement, "Yes, yes! Let's share it on short video platforms! Videos about appraising treasures are trending right now. Manager Carey, if this video is uploaded, you'll definitely gain fame!"

"Great idea! I'll share it too. Although | don't have many followers, | have over 3,000!"

Upon hearing this, Timothy Carey's excitement surged. He pondered, "Could | become an internet celebrity with just this video? It must be quite challenging, right?"

Yet, he quickly dismissed his doubts, thinking, “What's so difficult about it? Just a few days ago, a cute girl became popular for saying a single word in a powerful manner. She even dominated the rankings for several days. I, Timothy Carey, possess the courage, strategy, and discernment to recognize fakes. If I upload this video online, I might become a recognized expert in treasure appraisal!”

With determination in his voice, he spoke to the others, “I don't mind personally, so if you all want to share it, go ahead. But let me remind you, although I don't care about my image rights, it's best to blur the face of the scammer. Otherwise, if he causes trouble for you, you might get banned or even have to pay compensation.”

Assured by his caution, the others agreed, “Don't worry, we'll only show your face, Manager Carey!”

Timothy breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't want to expose Zachary's underling just for the sake of his own fame. By requesting that these individuals blur the face of Zachary's underling, he could rest easy. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he hastily added, “Oh, whoever shares it, don't forget to send me the link.”

Seeing the main person's agreement, everyone had no reason to hesitate. They downloaded the video onto their phones and uploaded it to the short video platforms.

Within moments, multiple short video links were sent.

Timothy quickly reviewed each one, assessing the number of followers each person had. Determined, he gritted his teeth and secretly gave the person with the most followers 5,000 dollars for promotion.

In his mind, although 5,000 dollars was a significant sum, it was a worthwhile investment in promoting himself.

Timothy was a shrewd individual. He targeted the local users in Aurous Hill during his promotion. He understood that 5,000 wouldn't garner much attention if he didn't limit the promotion to a specific area. By focusing on Aurous Hill's antique circle, he aimed to establish himself as a local authority on antiques.

From there, he planned to expand his reputation gradually, encompassing the entire province, the eastern region of China, and eventually the entire country.

His goal was to ensure that as many Aurous Hill locals as possible would see him. It would be ideal if Jasmine, the chairman of the Moore Group, came across the video. If he could capture her attention, success would be within his grasp!

Soon, aided by the 5,000 dollar boost, the video began to gain popularity in Aurous Hill.

The video quickly surpassed 10,000 views and within minutes, it exceeded 50,000 views.

Comments flooded in, with many praising Timothy's extraordinary professionalism. Even a cunning scammer was effortlessly exposed by him at first glance.

Timothy sent the video link to Zachary, who opened it and played it in front of Jacob.

Curious, Jacob asked, "Zachary, what's this?"

Zachary smiled and replied, "Chairman Wilson, since we couldn't post a video of Felix being fooled, I've prepared a comparison video that will make him look even more foolish!"

He handed his phone to Jacob and continued, "Take a look, Chairman Wilson. Once this video is released, Felix will undoubtedly lose

face.”

Jacob watched the video, recognizing the person in it, and exclaimed, “Isn't that Timothy Carey, the manager of Vintage Deluxe?”

Zachary nodded, “Indeed, it is him. Originally, his skills were inferior to Felix’s, but this operation will make people think Felix, is far worse.

He won't be able to continue running his store. Finding a job at an antique shop in Aurous Hill will become impossible for him!”

Jacob, not the sharpest tool in the shed, failed to grasp Zachary’s dual intentions. Nonetheless, he acknowledged Zachary's cunning and thought to himself, “Zachary, you've done it again!”

Zachary smirked and said, “Chairman Wilson, tonight, Felix's reputation will be utterly destroyed. If he doesn't leave tonight, he won't have a chance to save face!”

“Alright, alright!” Jacob nodded proudly, a smile playing on his lips. “I'll pay Peter a visit. If he can't endure the night and leaves, then he'll miss his chance!”

Zachary interjected hastily, “President Wilson, do consider. If he suspects your involvement in this, won't it make him angry?”

Jacob arched an eyebrow, a hint of disdain coloring his tone. “Me afraid of him? He's no longer the big shot at Vintage Deluxe. Should I cower before him? He's just suffered a setback and lost his dignity. Fear him? I, Jacob Wilson, am a skilled calligrapher and painter. That association's vice-president is merely an old relic clinging to his last breath. Fear him?”

With a determined adjustment of his collar, Jacob snorted derisively. “I'll pay him a visit, just to put him in his place! Thinks he's untouchable? Let's see if he still feels Invincible after this!”

Zachary chuckled in agreement, "Absolutely right, sir! People like him need to be taken down a peg or two!”

Zachary quickly added, “But Chairman Wilson, I'll quietly follow you. If he tries anything, I'll rush in to help. If he doesn't dare to do anything, you can deal with him as you please.”

“Alright!” Jacob, wary of a physical confrontation, nodded in agreement. “Let's go, I'll go first, and you can follow me and take appropriate action!”

In the teahouse, Charlie, realizing that Felix had discovered the trap, felt a sense of relief.

His father-in-law had attempted to deceive him but ended up sabotaging himself. Although Charlie suspected that his father-in-law had made some money, he hadn't suffered any actual losses. However, knowing his father-in-law's temperament, Charlie anticipated several days of discomfort and loss of appetite once he discovered that he had handed over millions in profits.

Yet, Charlie viewed this as a positive development.

His father-in-law needed a reality check, even if it meant facing a harsh truth. He'd rather sabotage opportunities than let Peter succeed.

This ordeal would surely haunt him for a while, like a nagging nightmare.

And Zachary?

Charlie made a mental note to set him straight too. He had brains, sure, but they needed to be employed wisely. Otherwise, a lesson or two might be in order.

Just as Charlie was about to leave the teahouse and head home, a familiar figure sauntered into view at the street corner below.

It was none other than his father-in-law, Jacob, sporting a smug grin.

And sneaking behind him?

Zachary, of course!

Charlie couldn't help but think, “Is this a setup?”

So, he settled back into his seat, ready for the show.

Meanwhile, Peter busied himself photographing a Bronze Buddha in the shop. He knew of certain online platforms where antique aficionados congregated. He intended to list the Buddha at a price slightly lower than market value to entice potential buyers.

These websites operated discreetly, much like exclusive clubs, relying on word-of-mouth among elite collectors. Membership was reserved for those with clout. Thus, anonymity was guaranteed.

Peter registered a new account, paying a hefty fee for the privilege.

Feeling secure in the anonymity, he confidently posted images and details of the Buddha, pricing it at a cool 20 million. To him, it seemed reasonable given the Buddha's historical significance. And with scarcity in mind, he expected a quick sale.

But just as he began crafting the listing, a knock interrupted him.

He glanced up to see Jacob peering through the window.

Peter recognized him immediately. He had been cozying up to Jacob in hopes of luring Charlie to Vintage Deluxe. Seeing him now, Peter realized today's events were no coincidence.

In that instant, he found himself unable to stifle a laugh, realizing inwardly, "So, that individual was acting on Jacob's orders..."

Amused, he opened the door, meeting Jacob's smug gaze.

"Ah, Mr. Wilson, a surprise to see you," Peter greeted with a hint of sarcasm.

Jacob chuckled. "Back already. Cole? Why no heads up on WeChat? You've got my contact."

Peter feigned innocence. "Sorry, Mr. Wilson. Keeping things low-key this time."

Jacob said with a smile, “You're quite the modest one, aiming to amass wealth quietly, aren't you?”

Peter smiled in return and replied, “Oh, | wouldn't dare. My aspirations are modest, | simply wish to return to Aurous Hill and engage in some small-scale ventures. | wouldn't dream of striking it rich...”

“Exactly!” Jacob sneered, jabbing his finger at Peter. “Old Cole, Old Cole, you're a sly one! You stumble upon a goldmine, yet you play coy about it. Who'd buy into that?”

Peter hesitated for a moment, then replied with a smile, “Ah, Mr. Wilson, your sources are truly impeccable. Yes, I've just acquired an item, and the word's already out.”

With a touch of humility, he added, “It's true, I got lucky with this find. Honestly, it caught me off guard. | never anticipated such a windfall.”

Jacob's tone dripped with disdain. “You're still living in a dreamworld, aren't you?”

“Me?” Peter asked, taken aback. “What do you mean, Mr. Wilson?”

Jacob retorted sarcastically, “Take a look at the short video site; you're already a legend in the Aurous Hill antique scene! They've clubbed you ‘The Antique Street Old Moneybags’. Quite the achievement, Manager Cole!”

Chapter 5746

“Antique Street Old Moneybags?”

Upon hearing this nickname, Peter chuckled and self-deprecatingly said, “I'm just in my prime, it seems | don't quite live up to the title of ‘old...’”

Curious, he asked, "Mr. Wilson, | wonder how I got this nickname?"

Seeing that he was still clueless, Jacob sneered and sarcastically said, "Didn't you just acquire a Ming Dynasty bronze Buddha?"

Peter nodded, "Yes, | acquired one, but strictly speaking, it's not a Ming Dynasty bronze Buddha, it's a Northern Song bronze Buddha with a Ming Dynasty base."

Jacob burst into laughter, "Northern Song... Hahaha... You... You almost killed me with laughter, Manager Cole!"

Peter spoke earnestly, "Mr. Wilson, that bronze Buddha indeed hails from the Northern Song Dynasty. If you're skeptical, why not come inside and have a closer look?"

"I have no interest in seeing it..." Jacob's lips curled in disdain. "Word has it that someone attempted to pass off a fake Ming Dynasty Bronze Buddha in the antique street. They first approached Vintage Deluxe, but Manager Carey noticed something amiss and declined the purchase. Then the item found its way to you, and you acquired it, correct?"

Peter suddenly realized and thought to himself, "It seems that it's not just Jacob and Zachary targeting me in this matter. Timothy from Vintage Deluxe must have been involved as well..."

However, he smiled and said, "Everyone says that the bronze Buddha is fake, but I don't think it looks fake at all. If I find the right buyer, it | can still be sold for a high price."

He continued seriously, "If the owner of this item knows its true value, he will regret selling it at such a low price for the rest of his life. But dealing with antiques is all about buying and selling. Even if he regrets it, it's too late now."

"Regret?" Jacob laughed as if he had heard the funniest joke, "Oh, Felix, | didn't expect you to become more amateurish after all this time. |

Look at you now, do you look like those idiots on antique appraisal shows who mistake dog poop for treasure? Ten thousand experts have said that the worthless thing is only worth one dollar, and he thinks it's worth a billion. He's completely delusional.”

Peter smiled, “Mr. Wilson, the antique industry tests one's eyesight. Some things may be worth 100,000 to me, but others may see it as worth 10 million. Just because others see more doesn't mean they're right. Only the person who sees it correctly is the true winner.”

“Right, right, right!” Jacob nodded repeatedly, pointing his finger like someone with Parkinson's disease, his body swaying along with it.

He impatiently said, “Since you're delusional, you're no longer part of the professional circle. I can't talk to you. It's like talking to a wall.

How about this, don't you think that thing is from the Northern Song dynasty? Try selling it and see if there are any fools who want to buy it”

Peter laughed, “Actually, I was looking for a buyer just now. If things go fast, estimate it will be sold overnight. If it's slow, it won't take more than three days...”

Jacob couldn't hide his mockery, his tone full of disdain, “Felix, after today, you've become famous for nothing but losing money. Now everyone in the market knows that what you have is a fake. Even a fool wouldn't buy your worthless thing. Do you really expect to sell it? Let me tell you, you won't even be able to sell it for fifty thousand.”

He glanced at the empty Selected Artifacts Pavilion and sneered, “I guess you put all your capital into opening this shop, right? After falling into this pit, you should learn your lesson and be more low-key. If someone breaks your vase, you shouldn't go chasing after them and do those bad things. They will all come back to haunt you.”

Peter knew that Jacob must still hold a grudge against him for offending him in the past. But it wasn't intentional, he did it to help Charlie obtain the ‘Apocalyptic Book’. So, he respectfully clasped his hands towards Jacob and sincerely said, “Mr. Wilson, I have offended you in

the past, but the situation was special back then. i was also working for someone else and there were many things that forced me to do it.

I apologize to you here.”

He took a step back and bowed slightly to Jacob, saying, *I hope you can be magnanimous and not target me after this. | may have to stay in Aurous Hill for a long time to make a living. | hope we can put aside our past grievances and become friends.”

Jacob smiled, “Putting aside past grievances is not a problem, but becoming friends is impossible. You are so unlucky now, | can't bear to hold any more grudges against you. But listen, Aurous Hill is not a place you can stay as you please. After this incident, you probably won't survive in this industry. If | were you, | would quickly leave Aurous Hill, even leave this province and go to a place a thousand kilometers away where no one knows you, and start over. Maybe you can still make a living.”

Peter smiled, “Mr. Wilson, you don't have to worry about how I make a living in Aurous Hill. | just hope that after you leave here, you won't target me anymore. Thank you in advance!”

Jacob sneered, “I have a big heart and don't want to bother with you. Good luck to you!”

With that, Jacob looked at Peter with a face full of hatred, clicked his tongue, and said, “Tsk tsk... | thought you were a master, but I didn't expect you to be so mediocre. It's really disappointing. Well, I'm going home. Bye!” |

With that, he turned around, hands behind his back and walked away with a leisurely and triumphant stride, leaving the Selected Artifacts ~~ Pavilion. |

Peter looked at his departing figure and sighed softly, thinking to himself, “It seems that he's satisfied now and won't bother me anymore.

But if he knew how much this thing sold for, he would probably hate me even more than before...”

Seeing Jacob leave, Charlie also came down from the teahouse and left the antique street.

When Charlie returned home, Jacob had just parked the car. He looked radiant, even in the late evening, his face was shiny and rosy, looking very well-nourished.

Seeing Charlie, Jacob smiled and said, “Oh, good son-in-law, you're back too. Have you eaten?”

Charlie casually replied, “Yes, I've eaten. And you, Dad?”

Jacob patted his stomach and smacked his lips, “I've been busy making money, haven't had dinner yet.”

Knowing the answer, Charlie asked knowingly, “Hey Dad, did you go do business today? Judging by your energetic state, the business must have gone well.”

Jacob proudly laughed, “That's right, | haven't made a move in a long time, but whenever I do, | never leave empty-handed.”

Saying that, he pushed open the door and said to Charlie, “Come In, son-in-law, let's have a good talk in front of your mom and Claire!”

Charlie nodded and followed Jacob into the house.

As soon as they entered, Elaine warmly greeted them, “Honey, you're back!”

Then she saw Charlie behind him and said, “Oh, good son-in-law is back too. Did you two go out together for something?”

“No...” Jacob smiled and said, “We each did our own business, just happened to come back one after the other.”

Saying that, he excitedly said, “Wife, | made two hundred thousand in this deal today! And it's all net profit!”

“Really?!” Elaine's eyes widened and she blurted out, "You made two hundred thousand in just half a night's work? Honey, you're too amazing. How did you make the money?”

Claire, seated in the living room, also appeared somewhat surprised.

Approaching her father, she inquired, “Dad, what business are you involved in now?”

Jacob replied with a smile, “Nothing too significant. | simply relied on my discerning eye to spot an antique and after selling it, | made a profit.”

With a tinge of regret in his tone, he continued, “However, the buyer's financial capacity wasn't as robust as | anticipated. | had hoped to make a profit of 400,000 dollars for him, but he couldn't manage that amount. Hence, | settled for a bit less.”

Elaine interjected quickly, “Oh my god, a net profit of 200,000 dollars is substantial! Many people toil for a year and still don't earn such an amount. Honey, the plan for tomorrow morning's flight hasn't changed, right?”

Jacob replied, “No changes, don't worry. We're taking the ten-thirty flight to Dubai tomorrow, first-class! The tickets are already bought!”

“Awesome!” Elaine clapped her hands happily, “We haven't traveled in so many years! This time we must have a great time!”

Charlie took over the conversation and said, “Dad, Morn, the flight is at ten-thirty tomorrow and international flights have more procedures, so we should get to the airport around eight-thirty, right?”

“Yes.” Jacob said, “We should arrive by eight-thirty at the latest, and board the plane by nine-fifty.”

Charlie nodded, “Then tomorrow morning, Claire and | will go together to send you off.”

Claire also said quickly, “Yes, we will take you to the airport together.”

Jacob smiled, “Sure! That's great!”

As he spoke, he couldn't help but suggest, “Dubai doesn't require a visa. If you two have nothing to do, why not join us? It would be wonderful for us to travel together as a family.”

Upon hearing this, Elaine found the idea quite appealing. The crucial factor was bringing Charlie along; with his financial means, Charlie and his daughter could potentially cover their own expenses, saving money for themselves and Jacob.

At that moment, Claire instinctively responded, “Dad, I've recently returned from the United States and haven't delved much into the company's affairs. I'm the boss and the employees have been somewhat aimless. If I don't step in to oversee and get them back on track, the company might face operational challenges. Moreover, aren't you and Mom going on your honeymoon? It wouldn't be as enjoyable with us, so why don't you go ahead this time and we'll plan a family trip together next time when we all have the opportunity.”

Upon hearing this, Jacob ceased pressing the matter and replied with a smile, “Alright! You youngsters should prioritize your careers. Rest and relaxation can come later when you've achieved certain milestones.”

With a contented tone, he continued, “I've had a stroke of luck today and I'm in high spirits. I'm sure we'll have a fantastic time on this trip! Everything seems to be falling into place perfectly!”

Chapter 5747

When Jacob was feeling proud and self-satisfied, Peter also successfully uploaded the information about the Northern Song Gilded Bronze Buddha.

He chose to use the largest and most prestigious website for collectors' communication and transactions in the country.

On this site, individuals could customize their focus on specific types and eras of collectibles they were interested in. For example, some people had a particular fascination with Tang Dynasty calligraphy and painting, so they simply needed to add this category to their special focus. Whenever a collector uploaded Tang Dynasty works for sale, it would be sent to users who were specifically interested in that category through push notifications and text messages.

Bronze artifacts from the Northern Song Dynasty were already quite rare, and some collectors who were interested in this type of antique had already set their sights on it. Therefore, as soon as Peter finished uploading the information, many collectors who were interested in Northern Song bronze artifacts received the notification.

When these collectors saw the specific details about the item, they couldn't contain their excitement. After all, the Northern Song Gilded Bronze Buddha came with a hefty price tag, making it unaffordable for ordinary collectors.

The seller was transparent about the significant flaws in its appearance, which justified the price of only 20 million dollars.

This price was considered exceptionally low.

Every item had its own value measurement system. Even damaged or salvaged cars were not considered worthless. According to the price measurement standard for gilded bronze artifacts, although gilding damage was a significant flaw, it did not necessarily reduce the value by half.

Therefore, in the eyes of professional collectors, this price had a disparity of 8 to 10 million dollars compared to the market price for

regular transactions. Even if they wanted to sell it quickly, they could still lower the price slightly, but there would still be a profit margin of at least 5 million dollars.

Moreover, based on the recent market trend for Northern Song gilded bronze artifacts, there was undoubtedly great potential for appreciation if they were to acquire it.

In essence, it was like buying a Rolls-Royce Phantom for 10 million dollars and then selling it after an accident for around 3 million dollars, which would still be recognized by the industry as its value. But the seller was only asking for 2 million dollars.

Such a profitable price made many people question whether the item might be fake. After all, the seller himself had uploaded the item, and the platform did not conduct online appraisals of the items posted by sellers.

Private transactions were the responsibility of the buyer and seller, and if assistance was needed from the platform, they could contact relevant experts at a cost to help with the appraisal.

Now, through the picture information released by Peter, people could get a rough idea, but they couldn't be 100% certain of its authenticity just by looking at the photos.

As a result, buyers contacted Peter, expressing their satisfaction with the price but hoping that he could provide a related appraisal report or bring the item to Eastcliff for a transaction under the appraisal of a third-party institution. Moreover, these buyers all knew that this price was already a great bargain, so they almost all expressed their willingness to bear Peter's travel expenses and all the costs required for the appraisal.

There were even people offering conditions that if Peter could cooperate with the appraisal, they would increase the final price by one

million dollars.

Peter's family had been in the antique industry for many years and did not lack the 20-30 million dollars. He knew the importance of seizing the opportunity. The most crucial thing now was to sell the item as soon as possible, preferably with news of it being sold already spreading tomorrow morning.

Moreover, the people on Aurous Hill Antique Street had low professional and ethical standards. They now believed that this item was fake. If the transaction took place outside of Aurous Hil, they would definitely not believe it and would only think that Peter had made up a lie to save face.

Therefore, the best solution was to have someone come to Aurous Hill, to his own store, and buy the bronze Buddha in person.

So Peter informed these buyers that the transaction could only take place in Aurous Hill, and the price of 20 million dollars was only valid within the next 24 hours. As long as they met his two requirements, he would accept any form of appraisal.

They could bring their own experts to the scene in Aurous Hil to appraise the item and complete the transaction only when its authenticity was confirmed. And Peter also made it clear that the price of 20 million dollars was non-negotiable in any form, and no additional price would be accepted.

In short, the item was in Aurous Hill, and the first person to arrive would get it. As a result, many collectors immediately started contacting relevant experts overnight. Some even already booked the earliest flight to Aurous Hill for the next morning. And the most determined one was a collector who specialized in collecting bronze artifacts in Eastcliff. After a brief online communication with Peter, he immediately contacted his trusted experts and asked if they had time to accompany him

to Aurous Hill immediately. To prevent the item from being taken by someone else, the best course of action was to leave tonight. Even if they took the earliest flight the next morning, which departed around six o'clock and arrived in Aurous Hill at around eight o'clock, it would still take some time to get to the antique street after leaving the airport, estimated to be around nine o'clock.

Therefore, the best option was to leave tonight and drive straight to Aurous Hill. With the fastest speed, they could cover the one thousand kilometers within ten hours and arrive in Aurous Hill by six or seven o'clock the next morning.

And there were more people with the same determination, not just one person. So when Jacob was happily packing his luggage, several influential collectors had already set off from different parts of the country, ready ~~ to go to Aurous Hill and seize the treasure. There were also many people who had booked the earliest flight for the next day and wanted to try their luck in Aurous Hill.

The next day, Jacob and Elaine woke up at six o'clock.

They changed into their finest clothes, tidied themselves up, and then brought their suitcases to the first floor, ready to have breakfast and head straight to the airport. Charlie and Claire also woke up early, ready to share a meal and see the two off.

At this time, it was still early for the opening of Aurous Hill Antique Street. Peter had not stayed at the store last night but had returned to his hotel. Before leaving, he posted a notice at the entrance of his store.

The notice read, "Open at 9 o'clock, please queue up and wait for your number." Under this notice, the paper was cut into ten pieces, and each piece was labeled with the numbers "1" to "10" in uppercase.

'The merchant who had informed Timothy about it in the first place saw this notice and even recorded a video, sending it to the group that of Antique Street to mock, "Look at this! Does Peter think he's famous now, expecting many people to visit his store today? He even posted a notice asking people to take a number and queue up. Isn't that ridiculous?" Someone chimed in, "Seems like he knows that there will definitely be many people coming to his store this morning to see this big loser, so he posted this notice."The merchant continued, "I really want to ask him face to face what it feels like to be scammed out of 300,000 dollars."

Someone in the group teased, “Then you should hurry up and get a number! Didn't you see that there are only ten numbers from one to ten? | guess these ten numbers are for people who want to visit the big loser.”

The merchant shrugged and said, “I'm not interested in visiting the big loser. | need to quickly set up my stall. If any of you are interested, remember to come and get a number quickly, hahaha!”

As soon as the message was sent out, three people hurriedly arrived at Peter's store and saw that the store was not open yet.

They approached the merchant and asked, “Excuse me, can we ask you something? Is this the Selected Artifacts Pavilion? Is the owner surnamed Cole?”

The merchant was surprised and asked, "Are you looking for Felix?"

One of the people replied, “We don't know the owner's name, we only know his surname is Cole, and his online name is Selected Artifacts Expert Cole.”

The merchant smiled and said, “Then it should be him. This is his store. Can't you see that the sign is still handwritten?”

After speaking, he curiously asked, “Are you here to see the loser?”

Although the three people were curious, they didn't want to reveal the purpose of their visit. After all, they were here to take advantage, and everyone wanted to be as low-key as possible. So one of them replied ambiguously, “We are here to talk to the owner about something.” |

“Oh...” The merchant glanced at the door of Selected Artifacts Pavilion and saw that the door was locked from the outside, so he knew | that Peter was definitely not in the store.

He asked the three people, “Are you here to buy something or sell something? If you're here to buy, I advise you to be cautious. This owner has poor taste, and the things he sells are definitely not good.”

These three people had driven overnight from Eastcliff. One of them was a collector with a net worth of nearly a billion, and the other was his driver and a specialist he had specifically brought from Eastcliff. They had come to Aurous Hill overnight just to be the first to take away Peter's Northern Song Gilded Bronze Buddha. On the way, the specialist had carefully studied the information Peter sent and tentatively concluded that there should be no problem with the item. It should not have any significant discrepancies from the seller's description. However, just to be safe, it would be best to personally touch and feel the item. If there were no problems, acquiring it for 20 million dollars would definitely be a great bargain. Therefore, this collector also feared that news would leak out.

When he heard the merchant criticizing Peter, he didn't inquire further. He just smiled and said politely, “Thank you for your reminder. We will be more cautious.”

After speaking, he quickly approached and tore off the paper with the number “1” written on it.

At this time, two more people rushed over, and one of them, with a southern accent, exclaimed, “Looks like we're late! Quick, get a number!”

The two people hurriedly tore off the paper with the number “2” written on it. Then they looked at the three people and the person holding the number “1” in their hands, feeling a bit disappointed.

They exclaimed, “Friend, why did you come so early?”

The collector, who had taken the number “1”, smiled politely and said, “We drove overnight to get here.”

The other person lamented, "I told you to drive faster, didn't I? You kept saying safety first, safety first. What the heck about safety!"

The person beside him defended himself, "Mr. Hardwick, | was already driving fast. We were going at a speed of 150 kilometers per hour the whole way. I'll probably lose at least 30-40 points..."

Mr. Hardwick cursed, "What the heck is 30 points? 30 points are worth nothing! If we can get the item, who cares about the car!"

The merchant watched in astonishment and quickly walked away, sending a voice message to the group chat, "What the heck, everyone, this is unbelievable. Two groups of people came to find Felix so early in the morning. It seems like they all drove overnight to get here. What are these two groups of people doing coming all the way here to find him?"

Chapter 5748

The crowd gathered together, their faces filled with confusion as they watched the video.

One person pondered aloud, "Could it be that people from far and wide have heard of Felix's misfortune and come all this way to pay him a visit?"

Someone quickly retorted, "Surely Felix's situation isn't so dire that people would go to such lengths just to see him, right?"

Another person chimed in, "Maybe they know that Felix, has become a big victim, so they've come here to sell him counterfeit goods?"

This suggestion resonated with many in the group, and they nodded in agreement, saying, "That could make sense! It's not easy to find someone like Felix, to deceive!"

“Yes, knowing that Aurous Hill has such a victim, those who peddle fake goods must be tempted to take advantage.”

Meanwhile, Timothy had just woken up and decided to send a voice message in response to the conversation. He spoke into his phone, “These scammers are like flies, drawn to the stench. They know there's trouble here, so they all come swarming.”

He added with a hint of sarcasm, “Oh, but unfortunately for them, they don't know that Felix, is broke! | heard he only had a few hundred thousand dollars to open his shop. By now, he's probably spent most of it. These people drove here overnight to deceive him, but I doubt they'll even make back the cost of their trip!”

The vendor made his way back to his stall, mulling over the conversation he had just heard. He quickly typed a message in the group, saying, “Hey everyone, | think | remember something now. There was this guy with a southern accent, and he didn't sound quite right. I think he said they came here to collect something, not sell something.”

“Collecting something?” someone asked, puzzled. “What could Felix, have in his shop besides the fake goods he received last night? What would they want to collect from him?”

Another person questioned, “Damn, could it be that Felix, found a source and wants to sell these fake goods?”

Someone else Interjected, “But it's obvious that they're fakes! He already admitted it. Who would want to collect them?”

The person replied, “Just because others can deceive him, doesn't mean he can't deceive others, right? Maybe he fooled them again and found a new buyer?”

Someone asked incredulously, “Isn't Felix infamous for being deceived? Who would buy things from him?”

The person chuckled, “He's only infamous in Aurous Hill, not nationally. Both groups of people came here overnight, and it's clear they're from out of town. They don't know about the local situation, so maybe he fooled them?”

Upon hearing this, Timothy quickly sent a private message to the vendor, urging him to go back and ask those two people if they came to collect the fake bronze Buddha. He instructed the vendor to show them the video he had posted online, determined not to let them fall victim to Felix's deceit. He even promised to reward the vendor if he succeeded. Timothy couldn't bear the thought of Felix, turning the tables on them. Despite being deceived out of 300,000 dollars and becoming the laughingstock of everyone, if he could sell this item today for more than 300,000 dollars, it would prove that the buyers were not deceived and that they had the confidence to make a profit.

In the world of antiques, if you lacked money, people looked down on you. If you were deceived, people looked down on you. If you dealt with nothing but junk, people looked down on you. But as long as you made money, people respected you no matter what.

Take the master counterfeiter, for example. As long as the fakes he produced could fetch high prices, even if his methods were questionable, people still admired him and called him a master.

Although everyone mocked Felix, for being deceived and having poor judgment, as long as he made money today, he would be considered a success in the world of antiques. If he bought something for 300,000 dollars and sold it for 350,000 dollars, he would make an overnight profit of 50,000 dollars.

Who would care about his judgment then?

Therefore, Timothy's sole focus was to disrupt Felix's deal, no matter what it took.

The vendor, eager to assist Timothy and establish a closer relationship, quickly replied, "Manager Carey, don't worry, I'll take care of it"

With that, he turned back and approached the two individuals. He asked the person from Eastcliff, "Hey, buddy, are you here to buy Cole's bronze Buddha?"

The Eastcliff buyer responded cautiously, "How do you know about that bronze Buddha?"

"I know!" the vendor replied with a smile. "I know that bronze Buddha very well. It's become quite famous here in Aurous Hill."

He swiftly opened a TikTok on his phone and played the video that Timothy had paid 5,000 dollars to promote. He said, "Take a look at this video!"

The buyer took the phone and watched the video intently. The buyer from the south also joined in, showing great interest.

The video played, showing Don Albert's henchman presenting something.

Timothy examined it and began his supposedly professional and detailed commentary.

The Eastcliff buyer exclaimed, "Oh, it really is that bronze Buddha."

The southern buyer couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, who is this Manager Carey?"

The vendor quickly responded, "You don't know? Manager Carey is the general manager of Vintage Deluxe Antique Shop, the largest antique shop in Aurous Hill. He's highly skilled and knowledgeable!"

"Knowledgeable?" The southern buyer, already disgruntled for not getting the top spot, couldn't hide the disdain on his face as he

sarcastically remarked, “This fool doesn't know anything, yet he calls himself a general manager. He's just full of nonsense!”

The more reserved buyer from the north turned to the expert next to him and asked, “Master Latham, what do you think of this video?”

Master Latham shook his head and sighed, “The manager in the video clearly lacks knowledge. While this artifact may resemble those from the Ming Dynasty, there are distinct differences. The Ming Dynasty artifacts themselves were imitations of earlier styles. Technically speaking, if you were to browse the market now and randomly select a bronze Buddha, as long as it's a genuine work, it would certainly have elements of imitation. Moreover, he didn't even notice the true condition of the damaged outer shell. Overall, he's quite amateurish.”

He couldn't help but sigh, “Although the antique industry in Aurous Hill may be considered second-tier in the country, | expected there to be some experts. It's surprising to see such mediocrity rise to become the general manager of the largest antique shop in Aurous Hill.”

The vendor's confusion was palpable as he addressed the group. “Wait a minute, everyone. Are we all agreeing that this thing is for real?”

Atense silence followed as each person weighed their words carefully. The expert among them, a hint of amusement playing on his lips, offered, “I'll reserve my judgment until I've had a chance to inspect it myself.”

Tuning to the outspoken one from the south, the vendor asked. “You were quick to challenge Manager Carey earlier. What's your take? Do you think this is genuine?”

Even the southern collector hesitated, his response veiled with uncertainty. “It's hard to say without laying eyes on it, isn't it? | can't claim to understand that without seeing it firsthand. How does one pretend to comprehend something he doesn't know?”

The vendor listened to this and grew even more perplexed. He quickly moved to the side and sent a voice message to Timothy, “Manager Carey, | just spoke to them, and it seems like they really came for that bronze Buddha.” |

Timothy anxiously asked, "Did you tell them that the item is fake? Did they watch the video?"

The vendor replied, "They watched the video, but it seems like they're not fully convinced by what you said in the video."

Timothy asked, his anxiety rising, "What do you mean they're not convinced? What were their exact words?"

The vendor, wary of upsetting Timothy, hesitated and then vaguely responded, "It seems like they're stubborn and won't make a conclusion until they see the item."

Timothy sat up in bed, his eyes fixed on his phone, muttering to himself, "This is ridiculous! One fool got deceived, and now another fool wants to take over? If they actually manage to sell it, it would all be for nothing, and they would even make a profit!"

With that thought weighing heavily on his mind, he quickly dialed Zachary's number.

Zachary was still in bed, not yet awake. Since partnering with Don Albert, his daily routine had shifted. He no longer adhered to the early-to-bed, early-to-rise schedule of a vendor. Instead, he stayed up late, patrolling Don Albert's nightclubs and holding meetings with his subordinates to discuss business operations. He typically slept around 2 or 3 in the morning and woke up close to noon.

Being awakened by an early morning phone call, especially from Timothy whom he disliked, Zachary couldn't help but feel annoyed. He grumbled, "What's so urgent that you had to call me? Don't you know I'm trying to rest?"

Timothy quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Zachary. I didn't mean to disturb your rest. There's a new development in the antique street, and wanted to update you."

Zachary asked, still groggy, "What's happening now?"

Timothy explained, "A few people from out of town drove all night to find Felix. It seems like they want to collect something from him, specifically the bronze Buddha you sold him. Felix even left a note at the door for them to take a number. It's outrageous, so I thought you should know."

“What did you say?” Zachary's sleepiness vanished instantly, and he blurted out, “Someone wants to collect the bronze Buddha that Felix, acknowledged as genuine?”

Timothy recounted, “Initially, there was just one individual, but now there are two factions. It seems they all traveled through the night.”

Zachary, equally bewildered, inquired skeptically, “What sort of illness do these people have?”

“I'm uncertain about myself, Brother Zachary...” Timothy paused before continuing cautiously, “Brother Zachary, do you think that the bronze Buddha you sold him might not be counterfeit?”

Zachary Inquired, “Do you know the name Bishop Ewing?”

Timothy exclaimed, “The master counterfeiter, Bishop Ewing?”

“Yes, him,” Zachary acknowledged. “Do you think anything that comes from his hands could be genuine?”

Timothy quickly replied, “That's impossible! Absolutely impossible!”

He let out a sigh of relief and said with a smile, “Zachary, now that you mention it, | feel reassured. | think these people still haven't seen the item and are holding onto some false hope. Once they see it, they'll probably leave cursing.”

Zachary laughed, “After driving all this way, if they see a fake item and have short tempers, they might even beat him up. Keep an eye on the situation and let me know if there are any interesting developments on WeChat. I'm going back to sleep.”

Timothy hastily agreed, “Okay, Zachary, | won't bother you with WeChat messages, alright?”

“Its fine,” Zachary replied nonchalantly, “I've already set you as ‘do not disturb.’”

With that, Zachary yawned and said, “Alright, no more talking. | need to get some more sleep.”

Chapter 5749

When Peter had not yet made an appearance on Antique Street, an Increasing number of collectors flocked to the shop, all inquiring about the Northern Song bronze Buddha.

In a short span of time, a crowd of more than ten collectors had gathered outside the shop.

Since Peter had only left ten numbers, the remaining few who couldn't secure a number gradually gave up and left. The ten lucky individuals who obtained the numbers, except for Number One, were also growing anxious.

The seller had posted an online message stating that the price was 20 million dollars and non-negotiable. It was first come, first served. If the first person bought it, the other nine would have come in vain. However, if the seller held a small auction on the spot, the other nine would still have a chance. But in that case, the profit would diminish due to continuous bidding.

Initially, they were confident in making a profit of 8 million dollars if they sold it for 20 million dollars. However, if they started bidding, they could easily raise the price to 27 million dollars. Yet, if they raised it further, the item would become less desirable.

Without a purchase, their trip would be in vain. If they bought it, they wouldn't gain much profit from the venture.

Moreover, there was uncertainty in when they could cash in. After all, it was a capital of over 20 million dollars. If they held onto it for too long, it would be a disguised loss.

Curiosity spread throughout Antique Street as people wondered about the situation. Many couldn't fathom why there was such a large crowd waiting outside Peter's shop. The vendor who had informed Timothy couldn't focus on his stall at the moment. All his attention was fixed on Selected Artifacts Pavilion.

Seeing the growing crowd at the door, he began to sense that something was amiss. He reported the situation to Timothy, who simply instructed him to continue monitoring and pay attention to the events unfolding between Peter and these people.

Meanwhile, Charlie and Claire had already dropped off Jacob and Elaine at the airport.

After bidding farewell at the security checkpoint, Charlie drove Claire to the company.

Jacob and Elaine went through security and customs, arriving at the first-class lounge to await their boarding announcement, comfortably

settled on the plush sofas.

Sitting there, Jacob couldn't resist pulling out his phone and watching the video where Timothy exposed the scammer from the previous day.

His main focus was on the comment section, as he had left a comment himself, recounting how Felix had been deceived. He also warned local antique enthusiasts in Aurous Hill not to purchase anything from Felix, due to his lack of taste and expertise.

His comment garnered numerous likes and replies. Many people thanked him for sharing the Information, while others made sarcastic remark about felix Every time he saw someone mocking Felix, Jacob couldn't help but smile. It brought him both relief and excitement.

At the same time, Jasmine left home early, taking her private car to the Moore Group. On the way, she casually watched a few short videos and happened upon the video promoted by Timothy.

When she discovered that the video from Vintage Deluxe had become popular, she couldn't resist watching the entire video. Afterward, her opinion of Timothy improved significantly.

Jasmine was well aware that Vintage Deluxe's performance had been declining, and it had much to do with Timothy's abilities.

However, she now had to oversee the Moore Group, which had a market value of over 100 billion dollars, and she didn't have the spare energy to intervene in Vintage Deluxe's operations. As long as Vintage Deluxe didn't suffer excessive losses or tarnish Its hard-earned reputation, she didn't want to make significant changes to its current management.

This mentality was similar to Angela Lombardo's plea to her father to maintain the food street on Hong Kong Island. It was mainly driven by sentimental reasons.

Now that she saw that Timothy indeed possessed some skills, she felt somewhat reassured.

After watching the video, she couldn't help but click on the comments section, where she discovered that most people were praising the professionalism of the Vintage Deluxe manager and the reputation of Vintage Deluxe, which was unparalleled in Aurous Hill. Then, she stumbled upon Jacob's video comment.

When she saw the name Felix Cole mentioned in the comment, she was somewhat surprised. She hadn't anticipated that Felix, who had previously offended Charlie and her father-in-law, had returned to Aurous Hill.

Instinctively, she sent a message to Charlie, saying, “Master Wade, | just watched a short video and discovered that the former manager of Vintage Deluxe, Felix Cole, has returned to Aurous Hill. He previously offended you and your father-in-law. Should | do something about it?”

For Jasmine, she owed her current position and everything she had to Charlie. Although she didn't want to engage in petty conflicts, she couldn't help but consider that Charlie might still hold some resentment towards Felix. So, without hesitation, she made a decision. If Charlie didn't want to see Felix, she would ensure that he left Aurous Hill.

Charlie received Jasmine's message and promptly replied, “I am not a petty person, and | have never stated that he can't return to Aurous Hill. If he wants to come back, let him come back. No one needs to intervene.”

Jasmine read his response and quickly realized that she had underestimated Charlie. She swiftly replied, “Im sorry, Master Wade. It was narrow-minded of me. How could | compare you to him? You can rest assured that | won't interfere with him in any way.”

Charlie replied, “No need to apologize. After all, you were simply concerned for my well-being.”

As Charlie instructed Jasmine not to interfere with Peter in any way, Peter, carrying a shoulder bag, emerged from the hotel and made his way to Antique Street, ready to open Selected Artifacts Pavilion. About two to three hundred meters away from Selected Artifacts Pavilion, he was halted by the vendor. “Hey, Manager Cole, why are you arriving so late?”

Peter smiled and replied, “Late? Don't all the shops on Antique Street open late?”

The vendor retorted, “The main issue is that there have been people waiting at your shop's door for quite some time now, and their numbers keep growing.”

As he spoke, he subtly edged closer and inquired conspiratorially, “Manager Cole, are all these people here to make purchases from you?”

Sensing that the vendor seemed overly interested, Peter didn't bother hiding anything and honestly admitted, “That's right, I acquired something yesterday and wanted to sell it quickly, so I posted the information online. They must be here to see the item.”

After that he waved his hand and said, “Let's not chat now. I'll go and see. Don't keep them waiting too long.”

The vendor quickly interjected, “Manager Cole, wait a moment. I have something to ask of you. Can you do me a favor?”

Peter inquired, “What do you want to ask?”

The vendor explained, “You see, I don't get much business here. How about you let me come to your shop and observe how you handle ~~

the transactions? I'm very interested in this line of work and want to learn more.”

After speaking, he realized that Peter might not agree, so he hastily added, “Don't worry, I'll just observe from the sidelines.”

Peter deduced that the vendor must be attempting to gather information for Zachary, Jacob, or Timothy Carey. However, it no longer

mattered to him because these three individuals were undoubtedly connected. Once the information reached one of them, it would be as if all three were aware.

Furthermore, the vendor seemed naturally nosy, so if Peter could use him to change the tide of public opinion from the previous night, it would be a perfect opportunity. And now, the vendor was practically offering himself up to Peter.

Having made up his mind, Peter smiled and said, "Since you're interested, why don't you come and see? There's nothing to hide, after all."

With that said, Peter reminded him, "But if you want to come to my shop, we need to agree on a few rules, and you must follow my instructions." The vendor readily agreed, saying, "No problem, Manager Cole. Whatever you say, I'll do."

Peter continued, "Firstly, when you come to my shop, you must hand over your phone to me for safekeeping. Because the people who come to my shop are significant clients from all over the country, you absolutely cannot film them and invade their privacy."

The vendor immediately agreed without hesitation, saying, "Okay, okay, no problem. I'll give you my phone!"

With that, he took out his phone and handed it to Peter. He also realized that Timothy had tasked him with gathering information, not filming videos. If he could witness the situation firsthand, he would undoubtedly obtain the most accurate and timely information.

And since his phone was in Peter's possession, what harm could it do?

Peter also understood that the vendor desired insider information about his sales. He could use this vendor to shift the tide of public opinion. The only thing to be cautious about was preventing him from filming and disseminating videos. Because if he made nearly 20 million dollars in profit tonight, it would be equivalent to earning nearly 19.7 million dollars in a single day.

Such news would easily become a hot topic if it spread. Since short videos had gained popularity on the internet, videos were necessary for something to go viral. Without videos, simply stating that someone made almost 20 million dollars overnight would not be believed by people.

Taking the vendor's phone would eliminate the risk of the video being shared.

Accepting the mobile phone from the vendor, he instructed, “Aside from refraining from recording videos, once | start attending to customers today, you must not leave without permission until | conclude the meetings or the items are sold.”

“Understood! No problem at all!” The vendor agreed readily, inwardly thinking, *I feared you might tell me to leave. Since | pledged to help Manager Carey, | must ensure | remain vigilant until the end.”

Peter nodded, adding, “One final note.... You can investigate once you leave, but maintain absolute silence. Refrain from speaking until the conclusion.”

“Absolutely!” the vendor affirmed promptly, “Rest assured, | won't utter a word upon entering your establishment. I'll await your signal to speak.”

Peter nodded in satisfaction and said, “Alright, let's go.”

“Okay, okay!” The vendor, full of enthusiasm, followed closely behind Peter.

At this moment, a crowd of twenty or thirty people had been patiently waiting outside Selected Artifacts Pavilion, as nearly all the ten Tibetan friends who had received their numbers arrived together in small groups.

In truth, before Peter departed the hotel, he had already glimpsed the faces of these people outside the door through the store's surveillance camera.

He breathed a sigh of relief upon discovering no familiar faces among them.

Having dedicated years to dealing in Chinese antiques abroad, Peter had engaged with some of China's foremost collectors. Yet, he was acutely aware of their discerning tastes. Most preferred items nearing perfection, unlike his own Northern Song Dynasty Bronze Buddha, whose outer shell had been entirely damaged-unlikely to pique their interest.

However, a nagging worry lingered, what if one of these esteemed collectors experienced a downturn in fortune and began to scale back their acquisitions, coincidentally taking a liking to his Bronze Buddha?

Such a scenario would undoubtedly complicate matters today.

Thankfully, reality aligned with his expectations. The Northern Song Dynasty Bronze Buddha effectively filtered out the prominent collectors he knew. To Peter, its presence was akin to a bespoke suit, perfectly tailored to his requirements. If not for today's events, he'd owe a debt of gratitude to Jacob for this opportunity.

Stepping to the door, Peter bowed to the awaiting crowd and greeted them with a smile, "Apologies for the lengthy wait. I am the proprietor of Selected Artifacts Pavilion. Please, come inside for a discussion."

Upon seeing their host, the assembled guests reciprocated with polite bows and greetings.

The collector with Number One spoke up, asking, "Boss, since I have Number One, I want to inquire whether we will be entering one by one according to our order, or if we will all go in together now?"

This collector with Number One thought quite simply. Since he possessed Number One, it would be best for him to enter first and examine the item. If the item proved satisfactory, he would immediately complete the 20 million dollars transaction with Peter.

In this manner, the others wouldn't need to enter. He wasn't concerned about them seeing the item, but rather, he feared they would

compete with him on the spot.

Although the owner had already stated a fixed price of 20 million dollars online, such matters were not legally binding and could change at any moment.

If someone offered him 25 million dollars, he might be tempted to break the fixed price promise. He had no means to stop them.

Peter arrived at the door and greeted everyone with a bow and a smile. * apologize for keeping you all waiting. | am the owner of Selected Artifacts Pavilion. Please come in, and let's have a discussion.”

Peter smiled warmly and addressed the gathering, “Since you've all been waiting outside for quite some time, there's no need for further delay out here.”

“Once everyone's inside later, you'll each have the chance to look at the bronze Buddhas one by one in the order of your assigned numbers. After everyone's had their turn, I won't be hiking up the prices temporarily. They'll remain fixed as I've advertised online. Then it's a fair game for choosing your Buddha according to your number.”

“If the first in line is keen on making a purchase, they'll have the first shot. My apologies to the others. However, if the first person decides against it or can't make the payment to the account within five minutes, then the right to purchase will pass on to the next in line.”

Upon hearing this, Collector No. 1 felt relieved, but the others didn't lose hope right away. After all, they could still go inside and lay eyes on the treasure. Plus, if those ahead didn't fancy it or couldn't come up with the cash quickly, they'd still have a chance.

The vendors trailing behind Peter couldn't help but wonder, “What's Felix up to this time? This bunch seems pretty sharp, but they're all

eyes on his stuff. Are any of them really going to fall for it today?"

Chapter 7550

At this moment, Peter had already informed everyone of the rules and proceeded to swing open the shop door, extending an invitation to one and all.

Although Selected Artifacts Pavilion had a modest single-floor space, it didn't feel cramped with only twenty to thirty people inside.

After securing the door from within, Peter addressed the crowd, "As astute collectors, I trust you all are well acquainted with the protocols when it comes to examining items. I kindly request that no one takes photographs or videos during the process. Thank you..."

Among collectors, there are many traditions to be respected, particularly concerning the personal wishes and privacy of the owner.

Upon hearing this, everyone understood that Peter preferred to keep his personal information concealed. They nodded in agreement and stowed away their phones, if they had brought them.

Then, Peter unveiled the bronze Buddha he had acquired.

The nearby vendor, who had been observing the situation, became somewhat taken aback upon seeing the bronze Buddha. He had never witnessed its true appearance, but he had watched the surveillance footage from Vintage Deluxe and knew that it was an artificially aged bronze Buddha. However, the bronze Buddha in Peter's hands had been meticulously cleaned, devoid of any trace of artificial aging. What he didn't know was that Peter had already made certain adjustments to the bronze Buddha, carefully erasing the forgery marks made by Master Ewing and others. He wanted it to present its original state when it was first crafted during the Northern Song Dynasty,

before being gilded.

Peter cradled the bronze Buddha in his hand and addressed the crowd, “In my humble opinion, this bronze Buddha is the gilded statue from the time of Emperor Taizong of the Northern Song Dynasty. It's a shame that the gilding no longer exists, otherwise, the price | displayed would not be the same...”

The crowd nodded in agreement, except for the vendor who looked perplexed. He pondered, “What is this? Northern Song Dynasty? Isn't this a replica of a Ming Dynasty bronze Buddha? How did it become from the Northern Song Dynasty? Is Felix attempting to deceive people by presenting this item as something from the Northern Song Dynasty?”

While he was still bewildered, Peter had already handed the bronze Buddha to the first collector in line. He grinned and said, “Since you're the first, you'll have the honor of examining the bronze Buddha. | have a small request for everyone, during the examination, please refrain from discussing your conclusions or directly expressing your interest. Let's keep our thoughts to ourselves until everyone has had a chance to examine it.”

The collector from Eastcliff nodded and understood this rule, which was customary in high-end transactions. It was crucial not to reveal one's thoughts or make an immediate offer while others were still assessing the item. After all, those who came to acquire this bronze Buddha were seasoned collectors who not only desired to possess the item but also wished to test their own discernment.

After acquiring the bronze Buddha, the collector from Eastcliff examined it meticulously. Invited experts joined him, scrutinizing every detail.

Later, the collector handed the bronze Buddha to one of the experts.

After a thorough examination, the expert returned it. Then, exchanging glances, they passed the bronze Buddha to No. 2.

Meanwhile, Selected Artifacts Pavilion buzzed with activity as twenty or thirty people crowded inside, yet an eerie silence pervaded the air.

Not a word was spoken, only the soft sounds of breathing and fabric rustling as items were passed around.

As these exchanges took place, Jacob and Elaine had already begun boarding their plane.

Given their first-class status, they proceeded directly through the first-class gate, bypassing the majority of passengers.

The Boeing 777, with its substantial capacity, utilized a double-corridor bridge for wide-body aircraft. Separate boarding channels were designated for first class, business class, and economy class passengers. The first and business class passages led directly to the front of the aircraft, while the economy class passage connected to the rear. Thus, as the couple boarded via the VIP passage, the economy class passengers were already queuing at the gate, over two hundred strong.

As they made their way, Elaine glanced back and sighed to Jacob, “Money sure makes a difference! In the past, we'd be just like them, stuck waiting in long lines no matter how many people there were. Sometimes, we'd queue for half an hour or more just to board. But now, with money to fly first class, it's a whole different story. Even though we're on the same plane, we're in a world of our own. Boarding earlier, disembarking sooner, and even getting our luggage ahead of them. Looking back at our days at the Wilson's place, it feels like a distant memory, almost like living in ruins!”

Jacob grinned, “Come on, Elaine, we've flown business class before. Remember our trip to Singapore a few years back?”

Elaine shrugged, “Sure, but that was just a discounted business class ticket. What's the big deal about business class on a small plane? It's like the difference between first and second class seats on a high-speed train. To truly experience first class, you need a big plane on | an international route.”

Jacob nodded, his smile unwavering, “Fair point. But don't worry, when we get back from Dubai this time, 1, Jacob Wilson, will be ready to |

venture abroad officially. And if things go well, I'll have more time to dive into the world of antiques. Who knows? Maybe I'll rake in a few million a year. And then, I'll whisk you off to the Maldives and Australia in style, first class all the way!"

Elaine beamed, "Sounds perfect! I've always dreamt of visiting the Maldives. If it weren't for the risk of bumping into Matilda and her crew, I'd skip Dubai altogether."

The mention of Matilda dampened Elaine's mood once again. She waved her hand dismissively, "Let's not dwell on that vixen, dear. Focus on your second career when you get back."

Jacob nodded earnestly, "You bet. Just watch me."

With their conversation winding down, the couple made their way onto the plane.

The first-class cabin of this aircraft boasts a 1-2-1 layout, with each seat enclosed within its own private space. The two middle seats are adjacent, allowing the central divider to be opened to create a larger double unit.

Upon check-in, Jacob selected the two middle seats.

As they settled in, a friendly Chinese flight attendant from Emirates Airlines approached them, offering drinks, towels, steam eye masks, and disposable slippers with utmost respect.

It was Jacob's first experience flying first class on an international flight, and he couldn't help but feel a bit flattered by the attentive service.

However, Elaine remained unfazed. After all, she was one of the fortunate few who had flown to the United States on a private jet. That experience had graduated her from the school of flying.

Seated comfortably, Elaine couldn't resist commenting to the respectful stewardess beside her, "They say Emirates is the world's best airline. Yet, today seems rather ordinary. The seats on your plane are comfy, sure, but they're no match for the Gulfstream G650..."

The flight attendant knelt beside her with a solemn apology, “I’m truly sorry, Ms. Wilson, for any disappointment you may feel. Emirates Airlines consistently ranks among the top 5 airlines globally, offering top-notch hardware among public airlines. However, the Gulfstream G650 you mentioned is a private jet, with no limit to its interior modifications. It’s not quite comparable to public airlines like us. Nevertheless, please rest assured, we’re committed to providing you with the finest in-flight service.”

~ Intruth, Elaine was quite content with the surroundings. Her mention of the Gulfstream G650 was more about flaunting her wealth than genuine dissatisfaction.

Satisfied with the flight attendant’s response, Elaine arrogantly remarked, “Pass on a suggestion to your superiors. Let’s upgrade this first-class cabin to something truly luxurious. It’s not as if we can’t afford it.”

The stewardess quickly assured her, “I’ll certainly relay your suggestion to the company...”

Elaine nodded in approval, waving her hand dismissively, “Alright, get back to your duties.”

Relieved, the flight attendant added respectfully, “Feel free to call on me anytime if you need assistance.”

Once the stewardess had left, Jacob asked Elaine curiously, “Is a private jet really that luxurious?”

Elaine rolled her eyes, “Didn’t you see the photos | posted on WeChat Moments?”

Jacob admitted, “I must’ve missed them.”

Elaine had initially intended to scold him for not paying attention to her, but then thought better of it. They had reconciled, so she opted against provoking him further. Instead, she said, “From now on, you’ll need to like and comment on every post | make on WeChat

Moments. Otherwise, you’ll be in hot water with me!”

Jacob quickly agreed, “No problem!”

As Elaine busily snapped photos of various details in the first-class cabin, she turned to Jacob and inquired, “How long until we take off?”

Glancing at the time, Jacob replied, “We should be closing the cabin door in about 20 minutes, and then we’ll be airborne in another half

hour.”

Elaine nodded, her lips curling into a slight smirk as she remarked, “Those economy class people are really holding things up. I think I'll catch some shut-eye. It's been a long day.”

With that, she removed a steam eye mask from her bag, placed it over her eyes, and settled in for some rest.

Meanwhile, back at Selected Artifacts Pavilion, the bronze Buddha had made its rounds among ten collectors and was now back in Peter's possession.

The vendor kept a close eye on the collectors, hoping one of them would spot a flaw in the items and confront Peter on the spot. To his surprise, each collector inspected the items silently, leaving him perplexed as to whether the quality was too high or the items too authentic.

Peter stowed away the bronze Buddha and addressed the group, “Since you've all had a good look and likely have an idea of the item's value, let's not waste any more time. We'll start with No. 1. Will you be making a decision?”

The others anxiously awaited No. 1's response. If he decided to purchase and transferred the money within five minutes, the bronze Buddha would be off the table for anyone else.

No. 1 was already restless.

Upon hearing Peter's words, he immediately declared in a resolute tone, “I want it! I'll take it! Boss, please provide your account details.

I'm transferring 20 million right away!”