

## Amazing Son-In-Law Chapter 5751 - 5758

### Chapter 5751

No one could have anticipated how straightforward the transaction would be, except for Peter. He possessed unwavering confidence in his judgment and absolute certainty in his pricing.

He firmly believed that as long as someone laid eyes on the actual object and could produce twenty million dollars, they would not pass up this incredible opportunity. After all, making several million dollars in profit right off the bat was a rare occurrence.

The other nine competitors, though slightly disappointed, weren't surprised when the No. 1 Collector made a direct move. They had already made their own bids and knew that the bronze Buddha was undoubtedly worth that price. The only person completely shocked was the vendor who had been investigating the news.

His expression resembled that of a stunned dog, his eyes wide open, fixated on the bronze Buddha, repeatedly asking himself, "Can this piece of junk truly be worth twenty million dollars? How on earth can this piece of junk be worth twenty million dollars?"

While he was still in shock and hadn't fully processed the situation, Peter had already sent his payment information to the No. 1 Collector from Eastcliff. And without hesitation, the No. 1 Collector immediately opened his mobile banking app and transferred twenty million dollars directly into Peter's account.

He then said to Peter, "Mr. Cole, I have transferred the money to you. Please verify..."

At that moment, Peter's phone received a text message. The message confirmed that his bank account had received a cash transfer of twenty million dollars, with the payer's name displayed as Joseph Quirk.

Deliberately, Peter allowed the vendor to see this message. Then, in front of the vendor, he opened his online banking app, revealing the balance of his account, which displayed a total of 20.2 million dollars.

Afterwards, he opened the transaction details, allowing the vendor to see the specific breakdown of the twenty million dollars transfer.

By this time, the vendor had snapped out of his shock. He fully grasped the reality of the situation and understood that Peter had made over nineteen million dollars with the “fake” bronze Buddha he had acquired just the day before!

Jealousy consumed him as he struggled to comprehend how this piece of junk could be worth such an exorbitant amount of money. After toiling away at his stall on Antique Street for so many years, he hadn't even managed to save up twenty thousand dollars, let alone two million. With living expenses deducted, he could barely save up four or five thousand dollars in a year. And now, someone who had just opened a shop on Antique Street had made nearly twenty million dollars in a single transaction.

Comparing the two, he felt a sense of despair.

Driven by this burning jealousy, he completely disregarded the three rules he had agreed upon with Peter.

Looking at the No. 1 Collector, he instinctively blurted out, “Sir, did you truly spend twenty million to buy this thing?”

Peter didn't dignify his attempt to sabotage the situation with a response. Instead, he smiled faintly and handed the bronze Buddha to the No. 1 Collector, saying, “Mr. Quirk, the bronze Buddha is yours...”

Joseph Quirk nodded and ignored the vendor's questioning. He carefully accepted the bronze Buddha, wrapping it in silk cloth and placing it in his bag. The other

collectors, realizing that the opportunity to snag a bargain had slipped away, bid their farewells and departed.

After Joseph had securely stored the bronze Buddha, he turned to Peter and bowed, saying, “Mr. Cole, | must rush back to Eastclif. | shall take my leave now. If you come across any exceptional items in the future, please contact me directly. | am the quickest to offer a price, as long as the item is remarkable and the price is right, | shall pay immediately.”

Peter smiled and replied, “Certainly! | shall inform you promptly if any remarkable Items come my way in the future.”

Joseph nodded, and he and his two companions departed.

The vendor, still in shock, hurriedly caught up and anxiously pleaded, “Mr. Quirk, you can't buy this! It's a fake!”

Joseph furrowed his brow and asked, “Aren't you a friend of Mr. Cole? Why are you attempting to sabotage him now?”

The vendor rushed to explain, “| am not his friend. | was merely here to witness the spectacle. | never expected him to dare cheat you out of twenty million. I couldn't stand Idly by and let you suffer such a significant loss!”

Joseph smiled sarcastically and sneered, ‘I have been collecting bronze artifacts for decades. | can easily determine if something is genuine or fake. Furthermore, the expert by my side is one of the most renowned experts In the field of bronze artifacts in the country. Even he believes this Item is authentic. So why is it suddenly a fake in your eyes?’

Panicked, the vendor stammered, “Oh! Why won't you believe me? How can this be real? He spent 300,000 dollars on it just yesterday! Everyone on Aurous Hill Antique Street knew it cost 300,000 dollars! You've been deceived! This item isn't from the Ming Dynasty at all!

It's a fake!"

Joseph Quirk laughed and said, "Ah! You are correct. This Item is indeed not from the Ming Dynasty but from the Northern Song Dynasty. Since it hails from the Northern Song Dynasty, it is worth that price."

Joseph Quirk continued, "I watched the video you showed me earlier. The person in the video is clearly an amateur. Now it seems that not only is he an amateur, but also everyone who believed in that video is an amateur, unworthy of being involved in the antique business."

The vendor couldn't fathom that the item was genuinely from the Northern Song Dynasty. Seeing that the buyer was resolute in his decision, he ceased contemplating and hastily remarked, "But he only spent 300,000 to acquire it, and he sold it to you for twenty million. Such a dishonest person is hard to find in this world!"

Joseph shook his head and chuckled, "People often say that it's easy to hate others but hard to laugh at them. In you, I truly see the truth of that statement. You feel uncomfortable witnessing Mr. Cole make so much money, but in my eyes, Mr. Cole, is able to achieve such financial success because of his vision and ability. You know the content of that video. The manager in the video had the opportunity to seize this remarkable chance, but he failed to recognize it. Mr. Cole saw it, so he deserves the money."

Joseph Quirk paused for a moment before continuing, "Oh, by the way, you cannot claim that Mr. Cole dishonestly sold this bronze Buddha to me for twenty million. It is evident that Mr. Cole intentionally gave me an opportunity. If this item were to be auctioned in Eastcliff, it could easily fetch twenty-seven or twenty-eight million. Therefore, I do not believe Mr. Cole is being dishonest. Instead, I am grateful to him. If you feel uncomfortable seeing Mr. Cole make money, then I am sorry, but I can only make you feel uncomfortable."

The vendor was left speechless, unable to comprehend what had just transpired. Overwhelmed with despair, he forgot all about the three rules he had agreed upon with Felix.

He stared at the bronze Buddha in disbelief and uttered, “This... This... This... This thing truly be worth twenty million?”

Joseph sighed and said to Peter, “Mr. Cole, it appears that the business environment on Antique Street is not friendly. Please take care in the future...”

Peter nodded and smiled, “Thank you for the warning, Mr. Quirk. In a certain sense, | find the business environment here to be rather welcoming. Otherwise, | wouldn't have been able to seize such a tremendous opportunity as soon as | arrived. As you can see, my shop is the most modest one on the entire street, yet | managed to acquire such a valuable Item. | can only express my gratitude to my fellow traders for their generosity.”

Joseph burst into laughter upon hearing this and said, “Very well! Mr. Cole, with your insight, you are truly extraordinary! If you ever have the chance to visit Eastcliff in the future, please contact me. We can share a few drinks at my place!”

“Absolutely!” Peter nodded and replied, “Definitely!”

Joseph smiled and bid his farewell, “It's getting late, | must take my leave. Goodbye!”

Joseph and his companions turned and departed from Selected Artifacts Pavilion.

The vendor stood there, stunned, watching them walk away. He felt as though his soul had departed, gazing at their receding figures, utterly lost.

Peter, noticing the vendor's dazed state, returned his phone to him and coldly stated, "We agreed upon three rules, yet you not only failed

to abide by them but also attempted to sabotage me. Since you lack integrity, do not expect any further connection between us. Do not even acknowledge me when we cross paths, as if we were complete strangers.”

The vendor, overwhelmed with anger, quickly snatched his phone back and hurriedly made his way out.

As soon as he stepped outside, he immediately called Timothy.

Timothy had just arrived at Vintage Deluxe and hadn't even had a chance to sit down when he received the call.

Upon answering the phone, he inquired urgently, "What's the situation with Felix? Have you discovered any information?"

The vendor, too overwhelmed to speak coherently, burst into tears and sobbed, “Ca... Manager Carey...”

Timothy was taken aback and quickly said, “Can't you speak clearly? Why are you crying? Are you mourning as if | were dead?!”

The vendor cried and said, “Manager Carey... I... | can't control myself... | feel so bad!”

“What's wrong? What's wrong?” Timothy grew frustrated and forcefully extinguished the cigarette he was smoking, poking it a few more times in the ashtray.

Impatiently, he urged, “Get to the point right after this sentence, or get the hell out of here!”

“Get to the point...” The vendor muttered and then cried out, “Alright! I'll get to the point! Listen carefully! Felix just sold the bronze Buddha for exactly twenty million dollars!”

Timothy's body weakened, and he slid down from the sofa, falling on the floor. He didn't even register the pain in his butt as he anxiously asked, “How much?!”

The vendor exclaimed, “Twenty million! Exactly twenty million! The collector from Eastcliff spent twenty million on it without batting an eye.”

“What?!” Timothy leapt three feet into the air, stomping his feet and cursing, “What did you say? Did you say that guy named Cole actually sold that thing for twenty million?!”

The vendor cried out, “I’m not lying to you! It’s really twenty million!”

Timothy cursed, “Is that guy from Eastcliff out of his mind? He spent twenty million to buy it back, and if he finds out he’s been tricked, he’ll damn well kill Felix!”

The vendor blurted out, “What a life! The collector from Eastcliff is over the moon. He claims that the bronze Buddha is not an imitation from the Ming Dynasty at all, but an authentic gilded bronze Buddha from the Northern Song Dynasty! Its name is... Something like Venerable Supintuo... He said that if it were to be auctioned, it could easily fetch twenty-seven or twenty-eight million. Felix sold it to him for twenty million, so he truly struck gold.”

Timothy suddenly leaped up, shouting at the top of his lungs, “What are you saying? That thing is from the Northern Song Dynasty?! Does that mean someone sold me a bronze Buddha worth 20 million for just hundreds of thousands? Not only did I reject it, but I also damaged it, and then Felix bought it and made a profit of 20 million?!”

“That’s right!” The vendor, caught up in the excitement, blurted out, “Manager Carey! What if you hadn’t left that bronze Buddha behind yesterday? Then today, you would have been the one to earn 20 million! You’re missing out on 20 million, Manager Carey!”

Feeling as though a massive boulder had crushed his chest, Timothy almost cried out in pain.

As the thought of missing out on 20 million tormented him, he clenched his teeth and bellowed with fury, “Twenty million... Ah!! Curse you are your grandfather!”

## Chapter 5752

Timothy's involvement in insider trading at Vintage Deluxe revealed his strong inclination towards protecting his own interests, even if it meant pushing out Felix from his position. This clearly demonstrated the high value he placed on his own well-being.

What he was scheming to safeguard was nothing more than a job that paid several hundred thousand yuan a year, with the possibility of ~~ earning a few hundred thousand in extra income. |

However, what he didn't anticipate was that in his pursuit of preserving this job, he ended up losing a staggering 20 million. This an unexpected turn of events hit him like a thunderbolt, causing him more distress than if he had been physically harmed. To make matters worse, he never expected that the 20 million he lost would end up in Felix's possession. This only added to his misery.

In a state of panic, he abruptly ended his conversation with the vendor and dialed Zachary's number.

Knowing that Zachary had set his WeChat status to 'Do Not Disturb', Timothy decided to call him directly.

Zachary was deep in slumber when his phone suddenly buzzed.

Annoyed, he answered the call Impatiently, saying, "Didn't | tell you? If you have something to say, send me a message on WeChat. I'll read it when | wake up. Why are you calling again?"

Timothy was in a state of panic, jumping up and down as he exclaimed, "Zachary! Something terrible has happened! Something huge!"

"What's the matter?" Zachary asked disdainfully. "Did Felix get caught selling fake goods? Or did he discover he was being scammed and went to the police?"

At this point, Timothy had developed a deep resentment towards Zachary's confident attitude. Gone were the flattery and fawning he had previously shown.

Almost hysterically, he shouted at Zachary, "Fake! Fake! Fake! Where did these fake goods come from?! The 'fake goods' you provided were just sold! Felix made 20 million dollars from it! How can it be fake? Can you sell me something similar too? | was deceived by you



and recorded a video. If people find out that the item | kicked out the door is worth 20 million, where can | show my face on the antique street in the future? Zachary! You've ruined me!"

Zachary was taken aback by Timothy's sudden accusations, feeling a tinge of confusion. While he had heard such words before, no one had dared to speak to him like this since he joined Don Albert.

Just as he was about to angrily scold Timothy, he suddenly remembered what Timothy had said earlier and asked in astonishment, "What did you say? Felix sold that item for 20 million?!"

"Yes!" Timothy gritted his teeth and replied, "Another stall owner witnessed the transaction! A collector from Eastcliff handed Felix 20 million dollars on the spot!"

Enraged, Timothy had lost all composure and continued to curse, "And by the way, that 'replica of a Ming Dynasty bronze Buddha' that you so cleverly provided is actually from the Northern Song Dynasty! Do you know anything about gilded bronze ware from the Northern Song Dynasty? That's what it is! Without the gilding, you wouldn't even recognize it! Are you guys just wasting your time here? | always thought | was the biggest scammer on the antique street, but you bunch of idiots are even worse! You've ruined me! if this news gets out, I'm finished!"

Zachary couldn't be bothered with the continuous profanity from the other end. He broke out in a cold sweat. He was much smarter than Timothy. As he recounted the complete details of the incident, he immediately realized the greatest danger he faced, Jacob!

Whether the item was worth 20,000 dollars or 20 million dollars didn't matter to him.

The Item was crafted by Teacher Ewing, and he had introduced Jacob to purchase I. Later, Jacob sold it and pocketed the money. It had

nothing to do with Zachary, he was merely a middleman.

In other words, it was worthless to him. Even If it was worth a billion, he wouldn't eam a penny from it.

But the key question was who Jacob was. Zachary knew him all too well. Among those who truly understood Jacob's way of doing things, Charlie ranked first, Zachary second, with Elaine and Claire falling far behind.

So, Zachary's initial thought was that once this matter reached Jacob's ears, he would be ruined.

Jacob wasn't the type to play by the rules. He didn't care about buying low and selling high. If the item was sold at a high price, even If the heavens themselves came knocking, he wouldn't refund the difference.

The same applied in the opposite situation. If the item was sold at a low price, even if it was In the hands of the heavens, Jacob would still find ways to make them compensate for the difference.

When the house he bought increased In value, he wanted to shout it from the rooftops. When the house he bought decreased in value, he wanted to tear down the sales office and fight for his rights. Jacob was the kind of person who could pull off such stunts.

If someone else sold at a loss and came to him for compensation, he wouldn't bat an eye. But the key was that Jacob wasn't just anyone.

He was Charlie's father-in-law, and Zachary owed his success to Charlie.

If Jacob found out that Zachary had lost 20 million and asked Chariie to help him, what would Zachary do?

Compensate for the difference?

He didn't have that much money!

Although Don Albert had given him a lot of shares, boosting his income expectations, he hadn't earned much money yet. Many business profits were calculated quarterly and distributed annually. He hadn't made much money yet. Moreover, what worried him the most wasn't

the money, but the prospect of Charlie discovering his actions.

What if Charlie objected?

What if he brought him down and left him with nowhere to go?

His future would be completely ruined!

So, nervously, he asked Timothy, "How many people know about this?"

Timothy clenched his teeth and replied, "I just found out. | don't know when others will find out."

With that, Timothy cursed, "If Miss Moore hears about this, I'll definitely be kicked out. If this becomes common knowledge In the antique circle, my livelihood will be ruined! Zachary, you've ruined me!"

Zachary didn't have time for him and sternly said, "I can't help you with anything. You need to find a solution yourself! And let me warn you, don't breathe a word of this to anyone. If | catch wind of you spreading rumors, | won't go easy on you!"

After speaking, he Immediately hung up and dialed Jacob's number.

At that moment, Jacob was seated in the first-class cabin, savoring a glass of champagne. The economy class passengers had already boarded, and the cabin doors had been closed. The chief flight attendant had just announced through the intercom that the plane was preparing for takeoff. Their plane was sixth in line and expected to depart in twenty minutes.

He answered Zachary' call with a smile and warmly said, "Ah, Zachary, why are you calling so early? Do you have good news?"

Zachary, being cautious, said, "Jacob, | remember you're flying to Dubai today. Has your flight taken off?"

Jacob smiled and replied, "Not yet, itll be soon. What's the matter? Do you have something to tell me?"

Zachary breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that Jacob was about to take off.

This matter was indeed very complicated, but with a little more time, he might be able to come up with a solid strategy. Jacob wasn't aware of the situation yet, and he would soon be on a flight to Dubai. Once he arrived, he wouldn't have much energy to focus on the gossip in Aurous Hill. This would buy him some time.

So, he quickly said, "It's nothing, Jacob. I just wanted to ask about your flight. Since you're about to depart, the flight attendants will surely ask you to turn off your phone or switch it to airplane mode. I won't disturb you anymore. Have a pleasant trip with your wife!"

Jacob pondered for a moment and said with a smile, "Zachary, you're considerate. When I return from Dubai, I'll bring you some local souvenirs!"

Grateful, Zachary replied, "Oh, thank you in advance, Jacob!"

Jacob agreed and chuckled, "Alright, I won't keep you any longer. We'll catch up when I get back..."

Zachary immediately said, "Okay, Jacob, have a great time. I'll let you know if there's any news."

Jacob was about to hang up the phone when he suddenly thought of Felix and asked, "By the way, Zachary, how is that Cole guy doing?"

Is everyone talking about his incident? He must be the laughingstock of the whole antique street, right?"

Zachary's heart sank, and he silently cursed, "You think he's the joke, but we've become the real joke..."

Although Zachary didn't dare to reveal the truth, he also couldn't lie. After all, Felix had just made 20 million upon his arrival in Aurous Hill

It would be impossible for him to leave Aurous Hill now, and Jacob would surely find out the truth when he returned. You just can't

fabricate something like that.

So, he responded, "Well, President Wilson, I've been swamped today and haven't had the chance to keep tabs on that. Let's wait until I'm done here, and I'll ask around to see what the situation is."

Jacob smiled and replied, "Okay, let me know the good news as soon as you can. It'll cheer me up."

Covering his eyes with one hand and holding the phone with the other, Zachary bravely said, "Yeah, okay, President Wilson. Enjoy yourself for now. I'll update you as soon as I have any news."

After hanging up, Zachary shouted in frustration while sitting on the bed, "Curse that Carey guy! Why did he have to mess things up! He sold the item for 20 million, but is he still a scammer? He probably hasn't scammed 20 million in his entire life. What an idiot!"

After venting his frustration, he muttered to himself in distress, "If I had known this would happen, I would never have gotten involved with Jacob in the first place..."

"Now I'm screwed... I couldn't get Felix, and I gave him 20 million. Jacob will find out sooner or later. And when he does, he'll definitely come after me!"

"Now that old man is about to leave the country, but he'll eventually find out about this. When that happens, if he doesn't come demanding his money or asking me to retrieve the bronze Buddha, what should I do?"

"I can't just go to Felix and snatch 20 million from him, can I? With such a large sum of money, even if it's not an immediate death sentence, it's at least a two-year suspended death sentence..."

## Chapter 5753

Just as Zachary felt utterly powerless, word of Peter's astonishing 20 million-dollar windfall spread like wildfire throughout Antique Street.

Despite his warning to Timothy not to spread rumors, news of a throng of customers besieging Peter's store at the crack of dawn had

already permeated every nook and cranny of Antique Street.

Curiosity swelled within everyone, eager to discover what magical wares Peter had on offer that had enticed such a fervent following overnight.

Those who had missed out on the opportunity to purchase the bronze Buddha now flocked to Peter, seeking answers about this extraordinary turn of events.

These individuals were not shy about sharing the general details, openly discussing how this group of people had rushed to seize the “counterfeit” antiques that Felix Cole had acquired for 300,000 and sold for a staggering 20 million overnight. The revelation left everyone on Antique Street questioning their life choices.

As the news continued to circulate, envy, jealousy, and bitterness consumed the hearts of the masses. Many took to social media to express their emotions.

Within Jacob's circle of friends, numerous acquaintances involved in the antique business posted about Peter's legendary feat of earning 20 million In Just one night.

Meanwhile, Jacob lounged back, sipping champagne with his legs crossed, casually scrolling through his phone, in search of exciting attractions to visit during his upcoming trip to Dubai. The explosive content on his social media feed didn't even warrant a glance.

On the other hand, Elaine began to attract attention as well. | She ordered a glass of champagne, capturing a selfie within the luxurious confines of the first-class cabin. The caption accompanying her | photo read, “Off to Dubai for a vacation with my hubby. Although | must say, Emirates Airlines’ first-class cabin falls short of my | expectations. The ambiance and conditions are far inferior to those of a private Jet.” |

After posting on social media, Elaine abandoned her Dubai research, engrossed in scrolling through her feed, eagerly awaiting the flood of likes and comments from her followers. However, instead of the anticipated praise, she stumbled upon a shocking post!

The owner of a spa massage parlor had made the post, accompanied by the caption: “I heard that someone across Antique Street spent 300,000 to purchase an antique yesterday. And lo and behold, they sold it for 20 million today! When will Lady Luck smile upon me? I'm ready for some good fortune and a windfall”

The post included a picture of the Five Wealth Gods.

Stunned by the revelation, Elaine couldn't help but exclaim to Jacob, “Oh, honey, someone on my social media just mentioned that you often frequent Antique Street. Apparently, someone bought an antique for 300,000 and sold it for 20 million the next day. You always manage to find great deals, when will you stumble upon such a colossal one?”

Jacob scoffed, his voice tinged with cynicism. “It's all just talk. In this day and age, finding such deals is nothing more than a pipe dream.

It's all a ploy to deceive gullible people like you. Those of us in the industry know it's all a load of nonsense!”

Elaine nodded, a smile playing at her lips. “Yes, it does sound quite unbelievable. From 300,000 to 20 million? Even the most audacious TV dramas wouldn't dare to concoct such a tale.”

Just then, Elaine noticed that the owner of the aforementioned post had added a public comment beneath her own post.

The comment read, “What I said is true, my dear friends. You need not doubt it. Last night, the antique dealer became the laughingstock of Antique Street. Everyone mocked him, claiming he had been duped into buying a fake antique for 300,000. But today, he sold it and made a fortune. I spoke to my friend, who owns a store on Antique Street, and they confirmed its veracity. It appears that someone had disguised this item from the Ming Dynasty as a fake, only for it to turn out to be an authentic piece from the Song Dynasty! In all my forty years of life, I've never encountered such an extraordinary turn of events. Today, my eyes have truly been opened!”

Elaine stared at the added comment, her mouth agape. She couldn't help but relay the shocking news to Jacob. "Oh, honey, it seems this isn't a fabrication. According to them, someone used an item from the Ming Dynasty as a decoy, sold it to the dealer for 300,000, and It turned out to be a genuine artifact from the Song Dynasty. And now, the dealer has sold it early this morning."

When Jacob heard the news, he felt as if he had fallen into a black hole. His consciousness seemed to be wiped out in an instant. The champagne glass slipped from his grasp, unintentionally dousing his crotch. Elaine quickly dabbed at his pants with a hand towel and asked, "Husband, why are your pants wet?"

As she spoke, she noticed Jacob's eyes widen and his mouth gape open as if he were stunned. She quickly shook his shoulders, exclaiming, "Husband, what are you doing standing there so dumbfounded? What's wrong with you? Are you okay?"

Jacob snapped back to reality, his eyes suddenly bloodshot. He stood up abruptly and blurted out with eyes wide open, "Damn it! My 20 million!!! Open the door! | need to get off this plane!"

His sudden outburst startled everyone in the first-class cabin, including the flight attendants. Elaine, confused, quickly asked, "Husband, what do you mean by your 20 million?!"

As Jacob stormed out of his compartment, he said impatiently, "It's too late to explain. Let's get off the plane now and go get back that 20 million!"

At that moment, a flight attendant approached hurriedly and explained, "I'm sorry, sir, but the cabin doors are closed, and the plane is about to taxi. Please return to your seat and fasten your seatbelt."

Jacob, his eyes still red, jumped anxiously. "What are you pushing! Don't push me! | need to get off this plane!"

The flight attendant calmly responded, "Sir, the plane is moving, and we cannot turn back unless it's an emergency. Please take your seat and avoid disrupting the order on the plane!"

Frustrated, Jacob shouted angrily, "Nonsense order! | just lost 20 million! | need to get it back! If you won't open the door, can you afford to



compensate for my loss?" The flight attendant spoke with a serious tone, saying, "Sir, in case of an emergency, you may book the earliest flight back after our arrival

in Dubai, as we strictly adhere to rules and regulations. Once the cabin door is closed, there's no possibility of reopening It for any reason."

Jacob, visibly agitated, cursed, "What ridiculous rules! Why haven't you initiated them yet? Just open the door for me!"

The stewardess, feeling compelled to clarify, responded, "Sir, the door has been sealed, and the jet bridge has been retracted. We cannot reattach the bridge without valid grounds. Please understand."

Angrily, Jacob retorted, "I can't accept this! | demand to disembark immediately! Open the door now!"

Within the cabin, a middle-aged man intervened, saying, "What's the matter with you? Can't you comprehend what the stewardess explained? If the door can't be opened, it can't be opened. It's as simple as that."

Upon seeing someone challenge her husband, Elaine became incensed. She pointed accusatory and spat, "Whose pants zipper is down, exposing yourself? What business is this of yours? Who do you think you are to confront us? Dare to point fingers at my husband? Il scratch your face!"

The middle-aged man, now irate, responded, "I'm also a passenger on this flight! By disrupting the aircraft's order, you're compromising my travel experience and endangering aviation safety! Why shouldn't | address your husband's misbehavior?"

Jacob, his eyes blazing, gritted his teeth and demanded, "If | can't retrieve my 20 million, will you compensate me?"

The man, exasperated, replied, "You're being unreasonable. My point is about maintaining aviation order. Whether it's 20 million or 200 billion, it's Irrelevant to me!"

Jacob continued his tirade, "If you can't reimburse me, then spare me your rhetoric! | have one demand-open the door Immediately and let me off this plane!"

Elaine, now grasping the situation, urgently inquired of Jacob, "Husband, is it the item you sold yesterday, the one circulating among my friends?"

Tears welled up in Jacob's eyes as he nodded resolutely, "Yes! | sold it! And now | must retrieve it at all costs!"

Upon hearing this, Elaine grew frantic.

This amounted to 20 million in losses!

With interest included, it could sustain them for seven or eight years even if they spent 10,000 a day!

How could it vanish so easily?

In her own state of agitation, she also directed her frustration at the flight attendant, "I'm speaking to you! Open the door immediately!"

The stewardess grew slightly impatient for a moment, but fortunately, a young man in a white shirt and black trousers emerged from the economy class. He approached Jacob and Elaine, stating firmly, "I'm the safety officer of this plane. I'm warning both of you to cease causing trouble. The consequences will be severe!"

Elaine, unaware of the security officer's role, immediately retorted, "Who are you? Who do you think you are to speak to distinguished first-class passengers like this?"

The young man maintained his seriousness, explaining, “My responsibility is the flight safety of this aircraft. If you persist in causing disruption, I will contact ground authorities.”

Elaine scoffed, “Then do it quickly! Open the door and let us disembark. If you won't, we'll do it ourselves!”

Firmly, the young man responded, “Madam, threatening aviation safety is no laughing matter. I urge you to calm down.”

Angrily, Elaine pressed, “Did you not hear my husband? Are you responsible for our 20 million loss? Can you afford it? Open the door now!”

Echoing her sentiments, Jacob added, “Exactly! That's 20 million! Can you take responsibility?”

The young man questioned, “If I contact ground authorities, the airport police may detain you for endangering aircraft safety. Do you understand the consequences?”

Dismissing the threat, Jacob retorted, “Bah! Detain me? I boarded this plane with a ticket, and I'll leave because I choose to. Why detain me? If you won't open the door, I'll use the emergency slide myself!”

Unwilling to prolong the confrontation, the young man spoke coldly, “Sir, if you don't return to your seat within 10 seconds and cease this behavior, I'll contact ground authorities immediately. You can leave as you wish, but you'll face more than administrative detention, opening the emergency slide and exiting could lead to criminal charges for damaging transportation and prosecution.”

Jacob, with disdain, shouted defiantly, “If you have the guts, arrest me now! I dare you!”

Concerned, Elaine whispered urgently, “Husband, please, if you keep this up, you'll be detained!”

Jacob sneered, “If he could, he would have already!”

Elaine pleaded softly, “Think about it, clear. You wouldn't bear the conditions there, and neither would I. Remember the last time? Let's go to Dubai first. If you can't get what you need, return quickly. It's just one day. It's better than enduring more than ten days there, right?”

#### Chapter 5754

Jacob isn't usually one to take risks. The only reason he found the courage to confront the security officer on the plane today was because the amount of money involved was staggering, a whopping 20 million. Alcohol can give even the most timid person a boost of bravery, and money works in much the same way. He wouldn't dare confront someone over a mere 30,000 or 50,000, but when it came to 3 million or 5 million, he'd be willing to do just about anything. And now, faced with the realization that he had unwittingly thrown 20 million into the enemy's pocket, he was even more on edge.

But Elaine's words instantly calmed him. What good would come from going to the detention center?

Elaine would end up with broken legs after just a couple of days, and he had no idea what kind of trouble he would face if he were detained for fifteen days. The thought of it made him shudder. He couldn't continue arguing with the security officer. He had no choice but to sink back into his seat, a helpless expression on his face, tears streaming down his cheeks as he tightly gripped Elaine's hand.

He asked her, “Wife, what should we do now... | thought that thing was worthless, and I sold it for 300,000. But I never expected it to be worth 20 million. It's such a loss... | feel terrible!”

Elaine quickly comforted him, patting his hand gently. She asked, “Husband, please tell me exactly what happened.”

Jacob leaned closer to Elaine's ear and explained, "The manager of Vintage Deluxe, Felix, came back. That guy had hit me before, and was quite upset about it. Just then, Zachary told me this news and offered to help me get back at him. We came up with a plan to sell him ~~ a fake Item, making him believe it was valuable, and also getting some compensation. Zachary helped me find an old bronze Buddha, and I bought it for 98,000. Then, | sold it to Felix for 300,000 yesterday. Who could have imagined that it would actually be worth 20 million..."

Elaine shook her head upon hearing this and couldn't help but complain, "Husband, now that we're supposed to be reunited, | shouldn't scold you, but what you did was incredibly foolish. If word gets out, people will ridicule us. Losing twenty million is no trivial matter."

Jacob lamented, "Ah! It's pointless to dwell on this now. The crucial matter at hand is how to retrieve the money. We can't allow someone like Cole to effortlessly pocket all twenty million, can we?"

Elaine pondered for a moment before saying, "Give me the specifics. How exactly did you deceive him? What tales did you spin to trick him?"

Jacob then recounted to Elaine the fabricated story crafted by Zachary.

Upon hearing this, Elaine's eyes lit up, and she immediately said, "I have an Idea. Since Zachary had his little brother pretend to steal the item from his house, why don't we find someone to pretend to be his brother's older sibling and go straight to Felix? We can claim that the item was passed down from his father to his brother, but his brother stole it and sold it. Now we demand that he returns it and refunds the 300,000. If he refuses, we can report it to the police..."

"According to what | read online, if a minor uses their parents' phone to make purchases or play games, the parents can complain and get a refund. Even though Zachary's little brother is an adult, he still can't steal his father's possessions and sell them."

Jacob's eyes sparkled with excitement as he heard this plan. He exclaimed, “Oh, wife, you always come up with the best ideas! This plan could work! I'll call Zachary right away!”

Elaine urged him, “If you're going to call, do it quickly. The plane is already in motion, and once we're In the air, you won't be able to make any phone calls!”

“Alright!” Jacob exclaimed eagerly, “I'll confront him right away. If he doesn't resolve this issue for me, I'll have my dependable son-in-law take care of him! He's Don Albert's younger brother, and Don Albert holds our son-in-law in high regard. Simply put, if I mention our son-in-law, the pressure will surely be enough for Zachary!”

“Alright, alright!” Elaine nodded, her excitement evident as she urged, “Then call him quickly, don't waste time shopping. The person might have left and could be difficult to track down!”

“Okay!” Jacob grabbed his phone and immediately dialed Zachary's number.

At that moment, Zachary thought that Jacob wouldn't find out about the situation until after takeoff, but he didn't expect Jacob to call him now. He felt a twinge of nervousness, but he couldn't ignore the call. He also wanted to know why Jacob was calling and if it was an urgent matter.

With a hint of nonchalance, he answered the call and said, “Oh, President Wilson, aren't you supposed to take off soon? Why are you calling me?”

Jacob blurted out, “Zachary! Have you heard? The bronze Buddha we sold to Felix yesterday is actually an artifact from the Northern Song Dynasty! He sold it this morning for 20 million!”

Zachary's mind went blank, and cold sweat trickled down his forehead. He swallowed hard and pretended to be curious as he replied, "Really? Is that true? | haven't heard anything about it! How can it be an artifact from the Northern Song Dynasty?"

Jacob scolded, "You used to claim to be knowledgeable about antiques on Antique Street. How come you didn't know about this? Quickly contact your little brother and find someone to pretend to be his older sibling. Go to Felix and tell him that the item was passed down to him by his father, but his brother stole it and sold it. Now we demand that he returns it. If he refuses, we'll report it to the police. According to what | read online, it's considered stolen property, and the police should help us retrieve it."

Zachary's forehead was drenched in cold sweat, and he nervously said, "President Wilson, this matter isn't as simple as you think. If we want to use legal means to get the item back, we first have to prove that we weren't lying. If we involve the police, they'll investigate and uncover the truth. We'll only end up in trouble."

He quickly reminded Jacob, "President Wilson, you're currently the executive vice chairman of the Calligraphy and Painting Association and a leading candidate for the next chairman. If it comes to light that you're involved in such a matter, it will tarnish your reputation."

Jacob, without hesitation, said, "You handle this. Don't involve me. The item was sold by your brother, so it's your responsibility to deal | with it. Once it's resolved, I'll give you one million!"

Zachary wiped his brow nervously and replied, "President Wilson, it's risky for me to intervene in the matter you're suggesting... If Don | Albert catches wind of it, he might hold me accountable..."

Jacob retorted angrily, "What's the issue with Don Albert? I've met him with my son-in-law, and he treated me with respect, didn't he? |

Regardless, I'm not concerned about that. If you don't assist me in retrieving the bronze Buddha, I'll seek help elsewhere. I'll have my | capable son-in-law address this with Don Albert and demand an explanation!" |

Zachary was taken aback and hastily responded, “Oh, President Wilson, there's no need to involve Master Wade in such matters...

Master Wade is an honorable man. If he learns that we're involved in deceiving people by selling counterfeit goods, it might lead to complications for both of us...”

Jacob, his face red with anger and embarrassment, retorted, “Who sold the fake item? I'm asking you, who sold the fake item? That item worth 20 million was sold for 300,000. Is that not selling a fake item?”

Zachary let out a distressed sigh, “President Wilson, no matter its value, the essence remains unchanged... We've simply failed to learn from our mistakes, selling authentic items as counterfeits, but that doesn't alter our intention to deceive with fake goods.”

Jacob shamelessly asserted, “I don't care about the details. I'm not interested in whether you possess those items or not. I just want you to retrieve it for me. I'll offer you 300,000 for it. Forget everything else. If you don't resolve this for me, I'll turn to my son-in-law. If you imply any ill intent on my part to my son-in-law, I'll ensure you regret it! Even if you're aware, you can't touch me!”

Zachary was genuinely distraught and pleaded through sobs, “President Wilson, Master Wade won't harm you, but I can't guarantee anything! I, Zachary, owe today to Master Wade's support in front of the Don Albert. If Master Wade discovers our involvement in such deceitful acts, I'll be ruined!”

Jacob erupted in anger, “Who do you think is deceitful here? Why are you pointing fingers? Wasn't it your idea to deceive? If you hadn't confronted me, how would I have known Felix returned? If you hadn't suggested this scheme, how could I have lost twenty million?”

Zachary responded with a tone of grievance, “It was indeed my flawed idea, but you haven't suffered any loss. You spent 98,000 to gain 300,000, resulting in a net profit of 200,000. How can you claim you lost twenty million? Furthermore, you mentioned losses from the sale of your items, but if I hadn't proposed this scheme, you wouldn't have obtained this item at all. How can you assert you lost twenty million?”



Jacob realized his irrationality but remained undeterred. He disregarded any sense of shame and declared bluntly, “Zachary, I won't entertain any further debate. Whether you perceive my demands as fair is irrelevant. What matters is you must retrieve that Item for me. don't care how you do It, I'll demand It from you one way or another! If you fail, don't blame me for cutting ties with you!”

At that moment, a flight attendant approached Jacob, stating, “Sir, we're conducting a safety inspection. Please refrain from making phone calls, turn off your device, or switch it to airplane mode.” impatiently, Jacob replied, “Fine, fine, I understand! It'll be done shortly!” He then hurriedly instructed Zachary, “Zachary, I'll be landing in Dubai in approximately nine hours. You'd better retrieve my item within that timeframe. Otherwise, don't blame me for being harsh!” Zachary felt hopeless. He wouldn't dare confront Felix.

It wasn't fear of Felix but rather the substantial repercussions of this ordeal. If he intervened, he'd undoubtedly tarnish his reputation irreparably.

His fervent wish now was for Jacob to accept the situation and cease his pursuit of the item from Felix.

However, seeing Jacob's relentless insistence, Zachary could only choke out a plea, “President Wilson, you can't do this! Even if you doubt my willingness to aid you in earning profit this time, even if you believe I've acted alone in the past, purchasing fake goods from you for five hundred thousand, you can't force me like this...”

Jacob raised an eyebrow, “What do you mean? Weren't you the one who previously lauded me for stumbling upon a significant find?” Zachary tearfully responded, “What are you seeking? President Wilson, I, Zachary, genuinely admit that you aren't an individual versed in antique dealings. Everything you've bought previously has been counterfeit. It's all worthless. I intended to reciprocate for Master Wade's

sake, hence | spent half a million on a counterfeit item from you. It's still showcased in my home. If you doubt it, I'll show It to you upon your return! Look, verify if it's the item you sold me.”

Jacob flushed with embarrassment and frustration, “You say this now, yet you also claim it's false. How can | discern the truth from your words? And don't divert the topic. | stand by my previous statement, you must retrieve my item before | land! Otherwise, I'll take action against you!”

With that, he hung up the phone and angrily switched his device to airplane mode. Beside him, Elaine inquired curiously, “What did Zachary say?”

Jacob replied furiously, "He's hesitant to comply. | i don't care. I've conveyed my terms clearly. If he fails to recover the item after we touch down In Dubai, I'll contact my son-in-law directly for assistance!”

Elaine nodded vigorously, “Regardless, we must retrieve that Item. It's worth twenty million!”

## Chapter 5755

In that moment, Zachary, recently hung up on by Jacob, felt as though the world was crumbling around him.

Regret consumed him, regret for ever getting involved with Jacob. Despite knowing that Jacob was a braggart with limited abilities, he had tried to please him, solely because he was Charlie's father-in-law. But now, he realized the futility of his efforts.

He had expected that a normal person would at least acknowledge the wagging tail of a dog trying to please them, even if they didn't offer It any food. But he had never anticipated that Jacob would shamelessly snatch away the food from the dog's mouth and then kick It aside. Now, consumed by remorse, Zachary knew that there was no turning back. The most pressing matter at hand was to find a solution that would appease Jacob before his arrival.

Feeling helpless, he resorted to desperate measures. He immediately contacted his henchman and instructed him, "Find someone who appears fierce and older to pose as your brother and confront Felix. Tell him that you have stolen the item and demand its return. If he refuses, threaten to report him to the police. And if reporting him doesn't yield results, take him to court. Let him face the consequences!" The henchman dared not disobey and promptly found a man who exuded an intimidating aura and appeared older to go to Peter's shop and demand an explanation.

Meanwhile, Peter's shop was teeming with people. Amongst them were colleagues who had tried to curry favor with him, aware of the fortune he had amassed. There were also collectors who had come to have their items appraised and paid for. As soon as the man entered the shop, he bellowed angrily, "Where's the boss? Show yourself!"

Peter glanced at the man and inquired, "I am the boss. How can I assist you?"

Through gritted teeth, the man cursed, "My brother sold you something that belonged to my father. And let me tell you, he stole it from my father's possessions. If you don't return the item, I will report you to the police!"

Peter smiled and replied, "If it was indeed your brother who stole it, then you should report him to the police. Why come to me?" "Nonsense!" the man retorted, "You received the item, didn't you? You received stolen goods, do you understand the gravity of that? Receiving stolen goods is a crime!"

Peter smiled and calmly stated, "I'm sorry, but whether the item is stolen or not is not for you to decide. The nature of stolen goods must be determined by law enforcement agencies, if you possess any legal awareness. Otherwise, anyone could sell me something and then someone else could claim it was stolen and demand its return. Can I conduct business under such circumstances?"

The man felt a twinge of guilt, but he clenched his teeth and spoke sternly, “I’m cautioning you against playing games with words here.

That item is rightfully mine, and my brother was unaware of its true worth when he sold it! Taking something of such high value from him at such a low price borders on deceit! Moreover, the Item itself has dubious origins, and you are obligated to return it to me! Otherwise, I’ll have no choice but to close down your store!”

All eyes in the store turned towards Peter.

Unaware of the underlying truth, the onlookers couldn't help but speculate.

Upon hearing the man's accusations, they assumed that Peter must have seized an extraordinary opportunity at a bargain, perhaps withholding crucial information. While not explicitly wrong, such behavior seemed somewhat unethical.

“It’s preposterous,” Peter replied calmly, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

“It’s plain as day. Are you suggesting that my store's closure hinges on this?”

“Furthermore, when your brother sold me the item, I explicitly informed him of Its origins in the Northern Song Dynasty. | made it abundantly clear that it could fetch tens of millions, but he disregarded my advice... even proposed a consignment arrangement, offering to charge a mere 10% commission. But he turned a deaf ear.”

“Finally, as a compromise, | suggested a 50-50 partnership, where he'd retain half the shares. Yet again, he declined, insisting on a fiat | rate of 300,000 for both the item and his services. | have surveillance footage to substantiate my claims. How does this footage suggest fraudulent activity?”

With that said, Peter saw so many people present and said, “If you prefer an audience, | wil let everyone witness this. Since we are all here, let me display the surveillance video and allow them to judge whether deceived your so-called brother!”

Upon hearing this, the hostile man felt a twinge of unease, but he couldn't afford to relent. He hardened his resolve and retorted icily,

“What are you staring at! There's nothing to see! You've taken possession of the items, so return them to me now! I'll refund the three hundred thousand!”

Peter remained composed, “If you're unwilling to watch, I can display it for everyone. Should you persist in causing trouble, I'm fully prepared to involve the authorities and present the footage to the police!” With that, Peter retrieved his phone and played the recorded video for everyone to see.

The video depicted the entire transaction process from the previous evening, capturing every minute detail.

In truth, many people had suspected that Peter had swindled the seller by purchasing such a valuable item for a mere 300,000. While it may not have been entirely unjustified, it did seem morally ambiguous. However, after watching the video, everyone fell into silence.

The video clearly illustrated that Peter had informed the seller about the item's true age, value, and even the auction results of similar items. He had been completely transparent, concealing nothing.

What was even more astonishing was that even after knowing all the information, the seller had still insisted on selling the item for 300,000. Peter had even attempted to persuade him to keep a larger share of the profit. Now, with the video as evidence, everyone comprehended that Peter had acted with integrity throughout the entire acquisition process.

Nevertheless, one glaring issue remained.

The video revealed that the seller had indeed confessed to the item being stolen from his recently deceased father.

The person who had come to demand the item, just like the individual who had sold it the previous day, wore a hidden camera and was clandestinely watching the live broadcast in the background. Zachary, who monitored everything, immediately noticed this fatal flaw and sent a message to the person.

After reading the message, the person raised their head, regained their confidence, and through clenched teeth said, “So, you admit that

the item was stolen by my brother, right? Since it was stolen, you must return it to me. It would be wise for you to call the buyer right now and request the item's return. Otherwise, | wil report you to the police!”

Peter remained unperturbed. He smiled faintly and remarked, “As the individual who sold the item mentioned, it was indeed stolen by him, taken from his father who had recently passed away due to illness.”

The man interjected immediately, “My father had already drafted a will before his passing. All the possessions belong to me, making those items rightfully mine as well! It's only fair that | demand their return!”

Peter nodded, his gaze piercing, his voice forceful as he responded, “If, as the seller claims, the Item was indeed stolen by his brother from their recently deceased father, you must first present your father's will. And it must be a legally valid wil...”

“To establish the validity of the will, it should be notarized, preferably with the will itself being notarized. Otherwise, your words hold no weight without evidence. If you cannot provide evidence, then the Item does not belong to you, but to your father...”

“Considering your father's passing and your inability to produce a legally valid will, both you and your brother share equal inheritance rights to the item. If you have other siblings or if your mother is still alive, your inheritance rights will be further diluted...”

“Since your brother possesses inheritance rights as well, there is no issue with him selling the item to me. If you believe there is a problem, you can take him to court, and the court will assist you in recovering your losses from him.”

At this point, Peter continued with a cold tone, “So, what you need to do now is to sue your brother in court for breaching his duty in

handling your father's possessions, rather than coming here to demand the item from me."

The person was momentarily speechless, and Zachary, too, was stunned, unable to find the appropriate words to counter Peter.

Observing the person's hesitation and their persistent gaze fixed on their phone, Peter surmised that they were awaiting instructions from the mastermind behind the scenes. Thus, he taunted and inquired, "Do you not understand? Would you like me to explain it again?"

Zachary, in agonizing pain, finally devised a plan and sent a message to the person.

After looking at it, the man lifted his head, a renewed determination evident in his eyes. He gritted his teeth and declared, "You've unjustly profited from this. If you refuse to return the items, I'll take action. Firstly, I'll call the police and file a report. Secondly, I'll report this to the

Department of Industry and Commerce. Lastly, I'll take you to court!"

Peter nodded, his gaze suddenly piercing, his tone turning assertive as he retorted coldly, "Fine by me. How about we involve the police now? I have the video evidence here. The individual in the footage was also captured. Let's have him confirm your identity and see if you two are truly brothers... Furthermore, if you are indeed siblings, then we need to verify whether your father has indeed recently passed away..."

"If your father is alive, it indicates deceit on your part. If your father has been deceased for some time, it also suggests deception..."

Moreover, if your father did pass away recently, we need concrete evidence proving your father owned this collection during his lifetime..."

"With today's technology, even a child can capture photos on a smartphone. Your father has possessed this collection for decades. Surely, there must be several photos of him with this item at home, correct?"

"Even if there are no group photos, there must be video evidence of this collection in your household, right? Lack of such evidence implies

falsehood on your part.”

With a sharper tone, Peter continued with a hint of reprimand, “If indeed you're lying, | have reason to suspect your intentions were to deceive me from the start! When | acquired this Item, it bore signs of artificial aging. Why would someone distress a Northern Song Dynasty antique to resemble a Ming Dynasty artifact? It leads me to believe you intended to defraud me of hundreds of thousands! But you've miscalculated. Since this incident has garnered local attention, | might involve the media. Let's uncover the truth behind this!"

“Who has hidden agendas? Who is pulling the strings behind you? In the end, we must ascertain the true owner of this item! Determine if the other party is part of a criminal organization with expertise in fraud!” Peter's words left the man pale with fear, drenched in sweat, and trembling uncontrollably.

As Zachary secretly monitored the unfolding events, fear gripped him. He hadn't anticipated Peter's rigorous logical reasoning, which swiftly exposed fatal flaws in the entire situation.

To prove the item was stolen, the individual claiming it today must truly be the younger brother's sibling. However, the current claimant has no blood relation to the younger brother. Even more damning, the younger brother doesn't have a half-brother, he only has two older sisters. Additionally, the younger brother's father is still alive.

If the matter were reported to the police, they would easily uncover the younger brother's lies. Their investigation into the younger brother's household registration would reveal the fabrication of his claims when selling the item the previous night.

Zachary pondered a desperate solution, convincing the younger brother to confess to stealing the Item from a stranger's house and finding an unrelated Individual to pose as the owner. Yet, this would result in severe consequences for the younger brother, including charges of theft or fraud.



Moreover, finding someone to pose as the owner wouldn't guarantee the item's return. As Felix pointed out, evidence such as photos and videos proving ownership would be required.

Continuing down this path would likely lead to the younger brother's arrest and imprisonment. However, the younger brother's allegiance ultimately lay with Don Albert. Imprisoning one of Don Albert's associates would undoubtedly provoke resistance.

In this moment of realization, Zachary understood Felix's superior control of the situation. Everything had unfolded according to Felix's design since the younger brother entered Selected Artifacts Pavilion with the bronze Buddha. Acknowledging Felix's strategic prowess, Zachary resolved to never again entangle himself in this matter with Felix Cole.

He swiftly messaged the younger brother.

Upon receiving the message, the younger brother's expression flickered with surprise and hesitation. Yet, after weighing his options, he gritted his teeth and addressed Peter, "Forget it! | don't want the item! Consider it your win this time!"

With that declaration, he turned on his heels and dashed out, quickly disappearing from sight.

## Chapter 5756

Zachary had reached a point of surrender deep within his heart. He knew that he couldn't match Peter's level. If he continued to engage with him in this matter, it would only bring him more trouble. Thus, he understood that the only way to resolve this issue was through Jacob.

He had to find a way to make Jacob accept the reality. There was no other option. Therefore, he could only wait for Jacob to arrive in Dubai and then call him to plead his case. If that didn't work, he would give him all the cash he could gather, considering it a way to turn his luck around and learn a costly lesson.

Meanwhile, news of Peter's actions in Antique Street spread once again.

Initially, many people thought that Peter must have concealed something from the original blogger when he acquired the Northern Song bronze Buddha. However, once the video was released, everyone could see his exceptional character and ethical business practices. Based on his performance in the video, there was no one in Antique Street who could compare to him.

It's worth noting that Peter had presented the other party with several different offers, with his most generous concession being to keep only 10% of the profit for himself.

With such a strong commitment to honesty and integrity, it was nearly impossible to find anyone in the entire country who could surpass him. He could be considered a moral exemplar in the deceitful world of antiques. As a result, all the rumors about Peter in the Aurous Hill antique industry transformed into purely positive assessments. Whether it was fellow traders, collectors, or sellers looking to sell their antiques, they all held him in high regard.

This helped Peter establish a strong reputation. Consequently, customers seeking appraisal services at Selected Artifacts Pavilion flooded in from the afternoon onwards.

When it came to paid appraisal services, everyone naturally preferred to find a professional with exceptional expertise and high moral standards.

After all, the antique industry was no stranger to stories of appraisers deceiving and swindling. There were always those cunning individuals with great expertise who, upon spotting valuable items, deliberately concealed the truth, described the items as poor, used manipulative tactics to brainwash customers, and ultimately purchased those items with significant potential at very low prices to make enormous profits.

In comparison, Peter had a clear advantage.

While Peter's reputation soared in Antique Street, another individual's fame rose as well. This individual was Timothy Carey, the current manager of Vintage Deluxe. However, Timothy's newfound fame was entirely negative.

He had become the laughingstock of the entire Aurous Hill antique circle.

To reject a Northern Song bronze Buddha, not only did he fail to recognize its true age and value, but he also mistook it for a modern imitation from the Ming Dynasty. He confidently spewed incorrect information. Such incompetence from the manager of the largest store in Antique Street was truly embarrassing.

Consequently, the comments under the online video underwent a complete reversal.

Previously, everyone had praised Timothy for his sharp eyes and criticized Peter for being fooled. But now, everyone flocked to the | comments section to mercilessly mock Timothy. |

One comment, posted in the morning, quickly became the most liked comment. It read, "Felix has already sold the bronze Buddha from | the video for a whopping 20 million. Now, watching this video again, this Manager Carey is truly the biggest joke in the Aurous Hill antique | circle! Mistaking a Northern Song item for a modern imitation, confidently spewing incorrect information, and driving away 20 million with | such arrogance, Timothy will be a source of laughter for me for years to come!" |

Many people replied to the comment, all mocking Timothy mercilessly. One person said, "I laughed so hard when | watched the video last time. It's the same as feigning weakness to conquer strength!"

Another person added, "Timothy Carey could make a name for himself in the entertainment industry. He could be the comedy representative of the Aurous Hill antique world!"

Someone else chimed in, "Timothy is truly unbelievable. His professional level is abysmal, yet he has the audacity to be the general manager of Vintage Deluxe. Can't Vintage Deluxe find someone else? If not, I'll be the general manager!"

Another person sighed, "If | were Mr. Carey, I'd rather find a brick and hit my head until I can't bear it anymore. How can I still show my face in the antique circle after this?"

In the midst of it all, Timothy, aware of the embarrassment he had brought upon himself, hid in the manager's office of Vintage Deluxe and refused to see anyone. He paced back and forth, wearing out the soles of his shoes.

Lost and unsure of what to do, he felt not only ashamed but also incredibly anxious and angry.

The shame was undeniable. He felt more embarrassed than if he were squatting in the middle of a busy street. The anxiety stemmed from his worries about his future.

If Jasmine Moore found out about this, he would surely lose his job. And the anger, of course, was directed towards Zachary.

He believed that he was in this situation because of Zachary's terrible idea. If it weren't for Zachary, he wouldn't be in such a dire situation. However, considering Zachary's current Influence, he didn't dare to confront him. He could only hope that this matter would blow over quickly and pray that Jasmine wouldn't pay attention to it. This way, he could avoid the spotlight and salvage his reputation.

At that moment, Jasmine indeed diverted her attention away from the news circulating on Antique Street. However, by chance, the news reached the ears of Lord Moore, who had retired to his home, spending his days immersed in writing.

Though Lord Moore himself favored collecting calligraphy, paintings, and porcelain, paying little heed to bronzes, he maintained a wide network within Aurous Hill's antique circles. Thus, he learned of the developments from his own inner circle after lunch.

Upon hearing that the former manager of Vintage Deluxe had returned and purportedly eamed 20 million overnight, the old man's interest was piqued, prompting him to delve into the unfolding saga.

As he watched Timothy's video from the previous night, a surge of anger overcame him. In the old man's estimation, Timothy's actions had brought shame upon Vintage Deluxe.

With word spreading throughout Aurous Hill of the general manager's involvement in dubious dealings, Vintage Deluxe's reputation hung in jeopardy.

Determined to rectify the situation, he promptly dialed Jasmine's number.

Meanwhile, Jasmine sat in her office, meticulously reviewing progress reports for several key projects within the group. When the call from her grandfather came through, she answered respectfully, "Grandpa, is there something you need?"

Lord Moore got straight to the point and asked, "What are you planning to do about Timothy Carey from Vintage Deluxe?"

"Timothy Carey?" Jasmine recalled the video she had seen earlier that morning on her way to the office and smiled. I used to think he | might not have what it takes, but this moming | stumbled upon a video that made me think he might actually have some talent. Given more time, he might be able to turn Vintage Deluxe around."

Lord Moore asked, "You didn't follow up on the developments, did you?"

"No, | didn't. There's been so much happening in the company today that | haven't had a chance to pay attention. Why? Has there been "any new progress?"

Lord Moore said angrily, “Don’t mention it. That kid spoke so confidently in the video, as if he knew what he was talking about. But this morning, the former manager of Vintage Deluxe, Felix Cole, sold the bronze Buddha from the video for 20 million! That bronze Buddha wasn't the modern imitation from the Ming Dynasty that Timothy Carey claimed it to be. It was an authentic gilded Northern Song Buddha! Now Vintage Deluxe’s reputation has been completely ruined by him!”

“What?” Jasmine exclaimed, “The bronze Buddha in the video is from the Northern Song Dynasty?”

“Yes!” Lord Moore indignantly replied, “To mistake a Northern Song item for a modern imitation, how blind do you have to be? And he’s the general manager of Vintage Deluxe, where the antique industry values professional expertise the most. Vintage Deluxe actually allowed such an incompetent person to be the general manager. People outside will surely think that Vintage Deluxe's standards are lacking!”

As he spoke, Lord Moore's anger grew, and he continued, “And that kid's video comments are gaining popularity online. | saw that the number of likes has already exceeded ten thousand. The view count might have reached millions by now! This is a true embarrassment!”

Jasmine also realized the severity of the situation and quickly said, “Grandfather, please wait a moment. | will have the Human Resources department investigate the situation, and once it's confirmed, they will begin the process of dismissing this Timothy Carey. We won't let him stay at Vintage Deluxe any longer!”

## Chapter 5757

Jasmine can tolerate Timothy's incompetence, but she cannot stand him tarnishing the reputation of Vintage Deluxe. |

Timothy's incompetence has already had a significant negative impact on Vintage Deluxe, so he must be fired. |

To dismiss him, the group needs to verify the entire situation as stated in the contract signed between the group and its employees. If an |

employee's major negligence causes significant losses or adverse effects to the group, the group can unilaterally terminate the contract without compensation.

As the general manager of Vintage Deluxe, Timothy is fully responsible for all business matters.

Yesterday, someone brought a Northern Song bronze Buddha worth 20 million dollars and offered to sell it to Vintage Deluxe for only a few hundred thousand dollars. But he turned the person away, missing out on a 20 million dollars opportunity.

This can be considered a major negligence. Furthermore, Timothy Carey is to blame for his own downfall.

He recorded the video himself and even shared it, confirming his mistake beyond any doubt.

As much as Timothy hoped that this matter wouldn't reach Jasmine's ears, the personnel manager of the Moore Group had already arrived at Vintage Deluxe.

Accompanying the personnel manager was the legal affairs representative of the group.

At this moment, Vintage Deluxe, devoid of customers, only had a few staff members maintaining appearances. Many people had come to witness Timothy's embarrassment, but he hid in his office, refusing to see anyone, causing the crowd to disperse slowly.

Seeing the personnel manager and the legal affairs representative from the group entering, a few staff members thought customers had arrived and greeted them half-heartedly before returning to their work.

The personnel manager looked at them and asked, "Is your manager here?"

One of the staff members replied, "Our manager isn't seeing any customers today. If you have any business, you can tell me directly."

The personnel manager's tone turned cold. "I am the head of the Moore Group's personnel department. I have an important matter to discuss with your manager."

"From the Moore Group?" The staff member looked surprised at the personnel manager's face.

The personnel manager showed his work badge and handed it to the staff member.

"Please inform your manager. I have a very important

matter to discuss with him in person.”

The staff member didn't dare defy and quickly said, “Please wait a moment. I'll go check if our manager is busy.”

He hurriedly ran to Timothy's office door and pushed it open without bothering to knock.

At that moment, Timothy was privately chatting, asking his colleagues in the antique industry to help delete the video. But the more he saw the increasing views and the unwillingness of others to delete it, the more frustrated he became. Some didn't even reply to his requests to remove the video's comments.

He discovered that the other party was still responding to comments from people below the video, even mocking him as worthless.

Timothy, who was furious, saw the door being pushed open by the waiter. He immediately lost his temper and yelled, “Didn't I tell you not to let anyone come in and bother me? Don't you understand?!”

The waiter quickly replied, “Manager, there are two people outside. One of them claims to be the HR manager of the Moore Group and is waiting to see you.”

“Timothy exclaimed, “What? The HR manager of the group?”

“Yes,” the waiter nodded. “That's what he said. I'm not sure if it's true...”

Timothy felt a surge of panic. If the HR manager was here to see him at this time, it surely meant trouble.

With this in mind, his anger towards Zachary intensified. He quickly instructed the waiter, “Go out first, put them in the VIP room, and tell them I'll be there shortly.”

The waiter nodded, “Okay, manager.”

Then, he turned around and walked out.

Timothy immediately called Zachary.



As soon as the call went through, he angrily said, “Zachary, you've really screwed me over. Now the personnel manager from the group is here at Vintage Deluxe to see me. | suspect they might terminate my employment on the spot. If you ruin my job and let everyone know It was your lousy idea, | will expose this matter!”

Upon hearing this, Zachary exploded in anger. He said, “Timothy, you should have some decency in the way you speak and act. My original intention was to help you push Felix out of Antique Street. | didn't take a single penny from you or even have a meal with you. didn't expect you to turn around and bite me. You really have no sense of loyalty!” ‘Timothy, in a fit of anger, retorted, “To hell with your loyalty! If you can't handle this kind of situation, then don't take on this task. You chose the items and wrote the scripts for me. Originally, it was your reputation that was at stake, but now | have become a laughingstock in the industry! Remember my words, Zachary. | don't care if you're Don Albert's man or someone else's. I rely on this job to support my family and livelihood. If you dare to cut off my source of income, I will fight you!”

Speaking fiercely, Timothy threatened, “Don't think I'm afraid of you just because | called you Brother Zachary before. | know your background very well. You're just a lackey for Don Albert, right? If Don Albert finds out how incompetent you are, he might kick you out tool”

Zachary, hearing Timothy's scolding, couldn't dare to argue back and Instead felt a chill down his spine!

He never expected that his series of decisions, which were originally meant to benefit both of them, would result in backlashes one after another. Jacob wanted to turn against him, and now Timothy also wanted to turn against him!

As a fellow worker, Timothy's words struck at Zachary's weak point.

If this matter reached Don Albert's ears, leaving aside everything else, just Timothy, the person who set up the trap, exposing his own actions would be enough to disappoint Don Albert. And if Timothy Carey really exposed this matter, his reputation would be ruined as well.

Thinking of this, Zachary quickly apologized, "Timothy, don't be in a hurry. Let's see what the personnel manager has to say after you meet with him. Don't worry, if they really want to fire you, I'll help you figure something out."

Timothy retorted, "What can you do to help me? Can you go and plead with Miss Moore on my behalf?"

Zachary was momentarily speechless.

Jasmine was the chairman of the Moore Group. No matter how clever Zachary was, he couldn't have a say in front of Miss Moore, let alone plead for Timothy.

Zachary, who had always been intelligent, found himself on the brink of collapse. With each passing moment, he regretted his string of poor decisions more and more, to the point where he couldn't resist raising his hand and delivering several sharp slaps to his own face.

At that moment, the staff member nervously pushed the door open again and said, "Manager, the personnel manager from the group said you must meet him in person within three minutes!"

Timothy was extremely annoyed and impatiently said, "Okay, okay, I know! You go out first, I'll be there soon!"

After the staff member left, Timothy turned back to his phone and in an angry tone, he threatened, "Zachary, I'm about to meet with the personnel manager from the group. If they really come to fire me, I will reveal the truth on the spot. I will drag you down with me!"

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In this moment, Zachary was in a state of panic, his mind ablaze with worry. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that his well-meaning act of giving a gift to Timothy would lead to a situation where Timothy would turn against him.

However, having endured the struggles of the lower class for many years, Zachary possessed a profound understanding of human nature. He recognized that it was only natural for Timothy to harbor resentment towards him.

It was akin to offering someone a ride in your car, but due to your poor driving skills, an accident occurs, leaving the other person paralyzed and bedridden for the rest of their life. In such a scenario, it would be reasonable for the other person to seek compensation. One could not simply point fingers and accuse them of ingratitude from their hospital bed.

For someone like Timothy, whose skills were limited and who toiled as a laborer, finding a decent, well-paying job in the antique industry, where he could rise to a position of power and be left undisturbed, was a rarity. The chances of him becoming the general manager of Vintage Deluxe with his abilities were even lower than winning the lottery.

Now that his hard-earned comfortable job was jeopardized because of Zachary's actions, Timothy would surely bear a deep grudge. Zachary realized that not only would Timothy lose his job, but he would also blame him for everything.

Timothy would expose the truth, dragging Zachary into the mess, just as he believed Zachary was responsible for his misfortune. In that case, Zachary would be unable to protect his job, and finding another position in the antique industry would prove to be a formidable challenge. After all, his actions had caused him to lose face in a most disastrous manner.

The current situation was abundantly clear. Timothy would undoubtedly be fired, and he would seek retribution by exposing Zachary. Once this happened, Zachary's reputation in the antique industry would be utterly ruined. If influential figures like Don Albert or even Master Wade were to cast blame upon him, he might end up like Timothy, stripped of

everything. Furthermore, in a matter of hours, Jacob would arrive in Dubai, and Zachary would have to provide him with a satisfactory answer.

But how could he possibly retrieve the bronze Buddha for him?

As these thoughts overwhelmed him, Zachary felt as if he were plunging into an abyss. His once bright future had been irrevocably shattered by his own foolish actions.

Just as he was lost in despair, his phone suddenly rang. It was Ewing, the professional forger, on the other end.

Zachary's anger surged, and he answered the call, cursing, "Ewing, how dare you call me? Do you realize the trouble you've caused me?"

Ewing, in a state of panic, pleaded, "Zachary, | made a mistake selling that bronze Buddha to Mr. Murong. | beg you to help me persuade him to return it. I'll buy it back from him at ten times the price!" |

Zachary exploded with rage, cursing, "Ewing, | don't care about you! I didn't come looking for trouble, yet you have the audacity to call me ~~ and ask for something? Can't you even tell the difference between the Northern Song Dynasty and the late Qing Dynasty with your own eyes? You might as well pluck out your eyes and let me stomp on them to make a sound!"

Upon hearing this, Ewing realized that Zachary was aware of the situation and quickly said, "Zachary, now that you know, | won't beat around the bush. That item is worth 20 million dollars! Mr. Murong only paid me 98,000 dollars, which is clearly unfair, right?"

Zachary trembled with anger and scolded, "Fine, Ewing! | admit that you're damn good at what you do! Let me tell you this, the item was sold to Felix Cole for 300,000 dollars, and now both you and Mr. Murong want it. If you have the guts, go ask Felix for it. But let me remind you, Timothy Carey, the manager of Vintage Deluxe, has been humiliated because of your shoddy work. He's about to expose the truth

and blame it all on me. Coincidentally, | also believe it's your fault, so if he exposes me, I'll expose you too. We'll all be screwed!"

With that, Zachary continued, "I can still track you down, but if the police get involved, I'll lead them straight to your doorstep. Don't blame me, Zachary, for lacking honor. It's mainly because you're a fool who doesn't know how to appreciate things. If your professional skills were up to par, you could have kept the Northern Song bronze Buddha and made a fortune. Instead, you pretended to be something you're not, passing off genuine items as fakes. You've turned antiques into this godforsaken mess, a sight I've never seen before!"

Upon hearing this, Ewing's voice quivered with fear, and he quickly said, "Zachary, please calm down. | meant no harm. | just heard that the item was sold for 20 million dollars today, and it upset me. You know how costly my business is, and after working for so many years, | haven't saved up 20 million dollars. Losing that much money really hurts..."

Sighing, he hurriedly added, "Zachary, | didn't anticipate the magnitude of the consequences. | beg you, please spare me and refrain from exposing me. I've poured so much effort into this venture, and if | lose it, I'll be ruined..."

Zachary exclaimed angrily, "i can't fathom why you guys can't stick to the rules of this business. Whether you sell high or low, you seem clueless about the basic principles of buying and selling."

His anger intensified as he thought of Jacob. "You're a damn fraud! If you ever get caught, you might rot in prison for a decade. Yet, here you are, groveling for my help after pocketing twenty million!"

Embarrassed, Teacher Ewing coughed awkwardly. "I... | heard about the twenty million, and I got worried..."

Zachary's scolding intensified, "Worried? Why are you worried? Don't you understand the basic workings of this industry? Do you really think Cole would hand back what he sold for twenty million? Would you give back twenty million earned through your own cunning? Or are ~~

you just throwing away your brains when the profits are high? Imagine if you had sold it yourself, would you give it back? Giving away twenty million to others, is that what you think?"

With hesitation, Teacher Ewing responded, "You..C\*You've prospered with the Don Albert... | thought with your influence, going to someone like Cole to reclaim something wouldn't be a problem..."

Zachary's fury peaked. "Have you pinned all your hopes on me? Do you think you can manipulate me into retrieving items for you over and over? | could help you retrieve the item, but you weren't even aware it was worth twenty million, were you? You're so blinded by greed that you've forgotten simple arithmetic."

Cowed by Zachary's tirade, Teacher Ewing could only apologize frantically, "I'm sorry, Brother Zachary, I'm sorry! It was just a flight of | fancy. Please forgive me. Let's just drop this matter. I'll accept the loss of the twenty million. Please don't betray me. I've invested so much here. Losing the item is one thing, losing this place would be my undoing..."

"Get lost!" Zachary gritted his teeth and said, "Let me tell you, Ewing, |, Zachary, have been in the antique circle for many years, and while | I haven't made a fortune, I still abide by the rules. if you hadn't called me, | wouldn't have exposed you. But since you made that call, | eroding the last remnants of my sanity, I'll make it clear to you today. Timothy exposes me, I'll immediately expose you. I'll post your name, phone number, and address on social media for everyone to see. You'll have to fend for yourself!"

With that, Zachary hung up the phone, paying no mind to Teacher Ewing's continuous pleas of "Zachary, Zachary..." |

Once the call ended, Zachary felt a profound sense of despair.

Though he had grown accustomed to the harsh realities and the erosion of human decency, he never imagined that when faced with 20 million dollars, everyone would abandon their moral compass. He also realized that the situation had spiraled out of control, leaving him akin to a snowball hurtling down a mountainside, utterly powerless to change its course.

Thus, Zachary harbored no hope or illusions. He picked up his phone and dialed Charlie's number.

that moment, Charlie was at the Hot Springs Resort in Elys Champ. When he saw Zachary's name on the screen, he was initially surprised but quickly surmised the purpose of the call.

He answered the phone with a smile and asked, "Zachary, what can I do for you?"

Zachary's voice quivered with unease, regret, and self-reproach as he said, "Master Wade, I'm calling to confess my mistakes to you..."

Charlie knowingly inquired, "What mistakes are you confessing to me?"

Zachary sighed and choked back his emotions, "Master Wade, it was my foolishness that led me to believe that since Manager Cole had returned, you must have harbored grievances against him due to what he did to you in the past. So | devised a clever plan to help him seek revenge. But | never expected things to go awry..."

He proceeded to recount the entire story to Charlie, leaving no detail hidden, from beginning to end.

After listening, Charlie asked Zachary, "Zachary, when you were planning this, you didn't inform me. When you were executing it, you didn't inform me. Even after it succeeded, you still didn't inform me. And now that things have spiraled out of control, you're telling me.

What is your intention? Do you want me to help you? Or do you want me to persuade my father-in-law not to demand the 20 million dollars bronze Buddha from you?"

Zachary quickly replied, "Master Wade, I'm calling to confess voluntarily. | don't expect you to help me with anything. | simply feel guilty for your and Don Albert's support, and | wanted to confess everything to you and Don Albert before this matter is exposed. However you and Don Albert choose to punish me, | won't complain. As for President Wilson, | will find a way to compensate for his loss and spare you any trouble"

Charlie coldly snorted and said, "You led him to deceive others and helped him earn 200,000 dollars. What loss does he have?"

Zachary instinctively responded, "But... But that item was sold for 20 million dollars by Felix..."

Charlie remarked, "Zachary, I endorsed your employment under Don Albert primarily because of your intelligence, but your cleverness must be applied judiciously. What's the practical value of your deliberate attempts to ingratiate yourself with my father-in-law? Do you truly believe he can speak a few kind words about you in my presence and I'll suddenly hold you in high regard?"

Charlie continued, "Zachary, I understand my father-in-law's capabilities far better than you do. If he were to speak highly of you to me, I wouldn't hold you in high regard. On the contrary, I would doubt your abilities. On the other hand, it was your quick thinking and eloquence when you sold the painting 'Mona Lisa' that impressed me. If you want me to have a high opinion of you, you need to do something that truly impresses me, not try to win favor with my father-in-law. Do you understand?"

Charlie's words jolted Zachary from his reverie. He finally comprehended the gravity of his mistake.

He also understood that Charlie didn't seem inclined to bring him down because of this matter. So he quickly asked, "Master Wade, what should I do now? Please guide me..."

Charlie calmly replied, "It's simple. A man of true character takes responsibility for his mistakes. Instead of waiting for Timothy to expose you, publicly confess everything you've done and personally apologize to Felix Cole."