

A Man Like None Other

Chapter 28, A Man Like None Other

The Horington Antique Street was the largest antique market in Jazona. Many antique collectors would visit it, hoping to score a treasure. Both sides of the street were filled with roadside stalls that displayed all sorts of antiques, including silverware, bronze coins, paintings, etc. One could find everything under the sun there. Nevertheless, one also had to rely on one's eye to tell the genuine goods apart from the fakes.

Even the most experienced antique specialists could be fooled due to the excellent quality of the imitations. As a result, it was very difficult to discern the authenticity of the items sold. One would have to rely on both skill and luck to be able to spot any treasures. Since it was Jared's first time in a place like that, his curiosity was piqued by the smorgasbord of items on display. When they saw the look on Jared's face, many of the stall owners smiled in glee.

To them, he was obviously a fool that could easily be cheated. "Kid, what are you looking for? I have everything here, and I guarantee they're all authentic!" Armed with a welcoming smile, a fat stall owner pulled Jared toward his stall. Then, he whispered in Jared's ear, "Let me tell you, everything I'm selling was excavated from the ground and is at least a thousand years old. If you buy them, you would definitely make a fortune by reselling them!"

Jared swept his gaze toward the fat man's stall that was no more than two meters wide. There were more than a dozen loose items strewn across it, and all of them looked really old. In fact, some of the bronze items were even covered with rust. When he caught Jared looking at his stall, the fat man turned on his charm.

"Kid, why don't you take a look and see if there's anything you like? I'm being forced to sell them because someone in the family is sick, and I need money for the medical bills. Or else, I wouldn't even be doing this." Ignoring the stall owner, Jared knelt down and picked up a piece of iron ore that was covered with rust. Then, he began to examine it in detail. Amongst the pile of inanimate objects, only the unassuming lump of iron ore was emitting a faint hint of spiritual energy.

"Kid, you truly have a good eye. This is an insignia carried by a palace guard in ancient times. Unfortunately, it was soaked in water underground, causing it to rust extensively. If you fancy it, I'm willing to part with it for ten thousand." The fat stall owner gave an enthusiastic description of the item when he noticed how fascinated Jared was with it. "That damn fatty is going to make a tidy profit again by selling that lump of worn-out iron ore for ten thousand."

"Fools like that guy are the easiest to trick. This time, the fatty is definitely going to slaughter him." The owners from the surrounding stalls began gossiping among themselves as they watched on enviously. "Nonetheless, this is still good stuff!" Jared commented with a nod to himself.

Holding the piece of iron ore, he could feel the rush of its spiritual energy getting stronger. In response to Jared's comment, the stall owner smiled cunningly to himself. He added earnestly, "That goes without saying. My wares are the best, and I've never cheated anyone before. If not for a sick family member, I wouldn't be selling it for ten thousand as I consider it one of my treasures." As the stall owner continued his story, his eyes began to redden while tears actually flowed out.

Watching the stall owner's unconvincing act, Jared couldn't help but scoff internally. "I'll take it for ten thousand. I'll transfer it to you right away." Without a moment's hesitation, Jared took out his phone to pay. Elated at the news, the stall owner provided Jared with his account details.

"Kid, you're a real easy-going person. Nonetheless, I have to make it clear that I don't accept returns, so you had better not come back later to do so." "Don't worry, I'm not returning it.

If my judgment is wrong, I'll bear the consequences myself." Chuckling, Jared transferred ten thousand to the stall owner. The moment he heard the notification of incoming funds, the stall owner couldn't hold back his joy.