

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 227

There was a small commotion in the hall.

Everyone turned toward Tang Hao and looked at him like how they would look at an idiot.

'That kid spends eighty thousand yuan to buy a jade annulus but wants to spend a hundred thousand yuan to have it appraised. Is he an idiot?'

If he were someone else, they might believe that there must be something interesting about that jade annulus. However, in their eyes, a young person would not be an antique expert.

"Stupid f*cker!" Fatty Diao mumbled, then yelled at Qin Gang, "Hey, Qin Gang! Are you stupid too? Shouldn't you advise your friend?"

Qin Gang furrowed his brows and looked at Tang Hao. He was not sure what his younger brother-in-law was trying to do!

All he knew was that his younger brother-in-law was not stupid. Rather, the extent of his abilities was unfathomable.

"You're the stupid f*cker!" Qin Gang cursed at Fatty Diao.

Fatty Diao chuckled coldly. "You're an idiot indeed. Two stupid f*ckers together! That's not how you should waste your money!"

Two people came into the hall.

The one in front was a bookish-looking man in his forties. He wore a classic Chinese suit and was in good spirits. He was none other than the storekeeper of Spirit Atelier.

The worker followed behind him.

“Boss Mo!” Everyone cupped their fists and greeted the man.

Boss Mo returned the greeting by cupping his fists. Then, he looked around and his gaze fell onto Tang Hao.

“You must be Young Master Tang!”

Boss Mo cupped his fists at Tang Hao, then walked over.

“Boss Mo!” Tang Hao returned the greeting.

“This must be the jade annulus!” Boss Mo took the item and carefully inspected it.

A while later, he said, “Alright, Young Master Tang, since you have doubts about the origins of this annulus and you’re willing to pay a hundred thousand yuan for a master appraiser, then I shall grant your wish and invite a master appraiser.

“There are several master appraisers on this street. The one who is most proficient with jade antiques would be Old Mr. Lin. I’ll send someone to fetch him over. Please wait for a moment.”

“Thank you, Boss!” Tang Hao said.

“Eh, don’t mention it. You’re our esteemed guest, and we shall do our best to fulfill your wishes,” Boss Mo said with a smile.

Then, he turned around to speak to the worker. “Get Old Mr. Lin here!”

“Yes, Boss!” The worker replied, then jogged out of the hall.

Everyone had curious expressions on their faces. They did not expect Boss Mo to comply with Tang Hao’s wishes for a master appraiser.

“This is a total joke!” Fatty Diao said mockingly. “I don’t believe that there’s something wrong with this piece of jade. He’ll only be wasting his money!”

He stood there with his arms crossed, waiting to see Tang Hao make a fool of himself.

About seven or eight minutes later, the worker returned with an old man in tow.

Old Mr. Lin was in his sixties. Even though his hair was half-white and his body thin and bony, he was in good spirits and his face was full of color.

“Where’s the jade?” Old Mr. Lin said.

“Here it is, Old Mr. Lin!” Boss Mo carried the jade annulus over.

Old Mr. Lin took the jade annulus, then he put on his glasses and retrieved a magnifying glass from his backpack. He meticulously inspected the antique under the light.

Everyone crowded around Old Mr. Lin and waited for his verdict.

About four minutes later, Old Mr. Lin lifted his head and asked Boss Mo, "What's the original verdict?"

"It's Song dynasty jade!" Boss Mo said.

Old Mr. Lin lifted a curious eyebrow.

Fatty Diao spoke up. "There's no mistake, Old Mr. Lin! Isn't that just Song dynasty jade? I've seen several similar pieces."

Everyone also thought the same thing.

They knew that Spirit Atelier was the biggest antique store of East Pavilion Street. The appraisers hired by the store were all very experienced and seldom misjudged an antique.

Old Mr. Lin chuckled and said, "Who says that this is Song dynasty jade? All of you are mistaken. This piece is from the Han dynasty!"

Old Mr. Lin's proclamation was confident.

Everyone was immediately dumbstruck.

"What? Han dynasty jade? How can that be?" Many people exclaimed in surprise.

Han dynasty jade was much older than Song dynasty jade. The price difference was tens of times.

Even Boss Mo's jaw dropped. His face displayed an incredulous expression.

Fatty Diao's eyes glazed over. He could not believe what he heard.

"This is indeed from the Han dynasty. Han jade and Song jade are very similar, and that's because the latter mimics the former's carving techniques. It's not unusual to mistake the two," Old Mr. Lin said.

Everyone's expressions changed. Their gaze toward the jade annulus became excited.

A jade annulus from the Han dynasty was worth millions. More importantly, it had great collector value and was sought after by many collectors.

Fatty Diao's eyes were sparkling.

"Sell that to me, kid! I offer two million!" He shouted urgently.

Tang Hao glanced at him, then ignored him. "This piece of jade is for you!" He said to Qin Gang.

Qin Gang was shocked, then he became ecstatic.

"You're a good person, Younger Brother-in-law! Haha! I've always wanted to collect a piece of Han jade!" Qin Gang could not stop smiling as he held the jade annulus in his hands.

Meanwhile, Fatty Diao was green with envy.

He was regretting that he did not snatch the item from under the kid's nose. He had lost his chance to obtain such a rare antique at a bargain price.

“This kid seems quite capable!”

“I thought so. Otherwise, why would he spend the money to hire a master appraiser?”

Everyone whispered among themselves as they looked at Tang Hao. Their gaze had changed from condescension to admiration.

“So, you’re the young man who hired me!” Old Mr. Lin turned to speak to Tang Hao.

“Old Mr. Lin!” Tang Hao greeted the master appraiser.

“You’re a capable young man!” Old Mr. Lin praised Tang Hao as he examined him from head to toe.

“You flatter me, Old Mr. Lin! My grandfather is an avid antique collector and I’ve learned a bit from him,” Tang Hao said humbly. He did not seem uneasy when he told the lie.

“Is that so!” Old Mr. Lin said with a smile.

Meanwhile, Qin Gang had a curious expression on his face. He knew that Tang Hao was born in a family of peasant farmers. They would not have the money to collect antiques.

Then, he immediately understood. He was setting a trap for Fatty Diao!

He immediately swallowed the words that were on the tip of his tongue, then pretended to look serious.

Old Mr. Lin chatted with Tang Hao for a while before leaving. His appraisal fee was transferred into his account through Boss Mo.

Tang Hao crossed his hands behind him, then casually walked around the hall.

Many eyes were looking at him.

In their eyes, the young kid had become an antique expert.

Tang Hao went around the hall a few times, then exclaimed curiously. He walked straight toward a bronze cauldron.

He inspected it carefully, then exclaimed in pretended surprise.

“Hey! I want this cauldron!” He said urgently.

Everyone’s eyes turned to look at him.