

100 Million 1162

Chapter 1162: To be Honest, The Other Zhan Lu Sword Is In My Hands.

After listening to Ye Feng's explanation, Lu Daoquan looked at the Zhan Lu Sword in his hand in shock. "Tsk, tsk, so this sword has such a powerful background? That's really a priceless treasure."

Lu Xianzong immediately came out to take credit. "Dad, I didn't spend money in vain this time, right?"

Lu Daoquan glared at him. "What are you shoning off for? Wasn't it just a blind cat meeting a dead rat? What's there to be proud of?"

Lu Xianzong chuckled and did not argue with him.

Lu Daoquan turned to look at Ye Feng. "Mr. Ye, since you know so much about this sword, do you think it's worth it to spend 500 million Japanese dollars?"

Lu Xianzong also looked at Ye Feng nervously. If he said that it was not worth it, then he would probably suffer another round of pain.

Ye Feng glanced at the 'Zhan Lu Sword': "An ancient masterpiece like the Zhan Lu Sword cannot be measured with money."

"Some time ago, I met a seller of the Zhan Lu Sword in South Guangdong.

Someone offered a price of 1 billion Chinese dollars, but he refused to sell it...”

When Lu Daoquan and his son heard this, they were instantly overjoyed.

1 billion was equivalent to 20 billion USD!

In that case, this deal was a huge profit?

“Hahaha, I told you. I definitely didn’t spend money in vain this time. Let’s see who dares to call me a prodigal in the future?”

“Good son, you’ve finally done something that has impressed me. Even if I die now, I can go see my ancestors.”

“Hahaha, 20 billion? How much is that? Is Mr. Ye joking?”

“How could that be? Mr. Ye is one of the top figures in South Guangdong Province. He is very knowledgeable.”

“Since he said that he saw someone selling the Zhan Lu Sword last time, then there must be such a thing, haha.”

“Someone sold it last time? Wait a minute... Dad, how many Zhan Lu Swords are there?”

“Nonsense. Since it’s a divine artifact, there must be only one.”

“Since there’s only one, where did he see it last time?”

“Uh...”

The father and son were so pleased with themselves that their smiles froze on their faces.

“That’s right, Mr. Ye. The Zhan Lu Sword is in my hands now. Where did you see it last time?” Lu Daoquan immediately looked at Ye Feng.

Ye Feng could not help but raise his eyebrows. These two finally understood.

“Cough, cough, to be honest, the other Zhan Lu Sword is in my hands.”

Lu Daoquan was dumbfounded. “Nir. Ye, how many Zhan Lu Swords are there in total?”

“Only one,” Ye Feng answered with certainty.

“Since there’s only one, why do you have the other?” Lu Xianzong also hurriedly chimed in.

Ye Feng could not be bothered to beat around the bush with this weird father-and-son pair. “I’ll tell you the truth. Your Zhan Lu Sword is fake.”

“Impossible! That’s impossible!” Lu Xianzong berated sternly. He could not accept this fact.

Although Lu Daoquan was not as excited as his son, he looked at Ye Feng doubtfully. “You said that this is a fake. Do you have any evidence?” Ye Feng smiled at him. “Can I take a look at this sword?”

Lu Daoquan hesitated for a moment, but still handed the sword to him.

After Ye Feng received it, he flipped it over and looked at it, then he flicked the sword twice. The smile on his face grew wider. “The forging technique of this sword is indeed not bad. If I had not seen the real Zhan Lu Sword, I would have been deceived.’

Lu Daoquan was not satisfied with this answer. “Tell me, on what basis do you

say this sword is fake?"

Ye Feng could only explain to him: "Because the Zhan Lu Sword is a bronze sword, while this sword is made of steel."

Lu Xianzong hurriedly retorted, "How do you know that the Zhan Lu Sword is a bronze sword?"

Cheng Fei'er held back her laughter. "Because the weapons of the Spring and Autumn Period were basically made of bronze. Iron weapons only gradually became popular after the Han Dynasty. This is common knowledge in primary school history."

Lu Xianzong still couldn't accept the truth and continued to refute, "This was forged by Master Ou Yezi. Perhaps Master Ou Yezi had already started to make iron swords?"

Ye Feng was speechless toward this illiterate person, but he still explained patiently: "Although Master Ou Yezi is very powerful, he cannot surpass the era by a few thousand years."

"You can take a look at the forging process of this sword. It's obvious that it was forged by modern machinery. It's impossible for it to be handmade."

The few people present had not noticed it at first, but after his reminder, they looked at the sword again.

This sword did not look like it was made by hand because many of the edges and corners were too neat. It was obvious that it was cut out by a machine tool.

However, Lu Xianzong still objected, "You've said so much, but it's all empty talk. I think you're trying to trick us into selling it to you at a low price so that you can take advantage of it, right?"

Ye Feng was defeated by his magical thinking. He did not want to talk to him anymore.

When Lu Xianzong saw that he did not answer, he felt that he had guessed correctly. "Haha, I was right, right? I don't think you're a good person. How dare you trick us into coming to our house?"

Although Lu Daoquan was not as harsh as his son, his eyes were filled with suspicion. He did not completely believe Ye Feng's words.

Cheng Fei'er tugged at Ye Feng's arm. "Ye Feng, just prove it to them."

Ye Feng looked around and saw a samurai sword hanging on the wall of the office. He immediately walked over and took it off. "President Lu's samurai sword is not bad. It should be very sharp, right?"

Lu Daoquan waved his hand. "It's just an ornament. It's not a treasured saber."

Ye Feng nodded. "That's good. Since this Zhan Lu Sword is an ancient masterpiece, it must be extremely sharp."

"I'll use this decorative knife to cut it now. If I cut it off, will I be able to prove that this sword is fake?"

Lu Xianzong hurriedly protected the sword. "What if you can't cut it?"

Ye Feng could not help but smile. "If I can't cut it, doesn't that prove that this sword is real? Then I'll congratulate you for picking up a huge loophole."

Lu Xianzong shook his head. "It's not enough."

Ye Feng looked at him helplessly. "Then what else do you want?"

Lu Xianzong revealed a sly smile. "If you can't cut it, it proves that this sword is real."

"You just said that the real Zhan Lu Sword is worth 1 billion HCD, so I'll sell it to you for 1 billion."

He then stared at Ye Feng, waiting for his reply.

Ye Feng could not help but laugh.

“Alright, I agree.”

“Then it’s settled. You can’t go back on your word, can you?”

When Lu Xianzong heard Ye Feng agree, he was afraid that he would go back on his word. He immediately provoked him.

In fact, he was 80% convinced of Ye Fengs words. He felt that there was something wrong nith this sword.

However, he had spent nearly 30 million Chinese dollars on this sword. If it turned out to be fake, his father would probably skin him alive.

Now that Ye Feng was taking over, he was extremely happy.

His plan was actually very simple. Even if this sword was fake, it was forged from steel and would not be so easy to break.

And Ye Feng was only holding a decorative knife, it was impossible for him to break a steel knife.

As long as he couldn't cut it, he would have to spend money to buy his sword.

He had spent 30 million Chinese dollars to buy it, but he could sell it for 1 billion yuan. He could earn more than 30 times, which was enough to make his father look at him in a new light.

Hahaha, he was a genius!

He had already begun to look forward to the taste of holding 1 billion yuan in his hands..