

## A Trash 169

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169 Shock! There's an Armory Here (3)

"Is this how the wealthy live? Do they wear 10 pairs of shoes a day?"

"It seems that even in a refuge like this, the owner still wishes to flaunt their clothing and shoes!"

Although it was not a sight of gold and silver, the room filled with hundreds of pairs of shoes was quite a spectacle. They lingered in the room for some time before Luo Feng moved to the second room, which was devoted to clothing. There were all sorts of down jackets, mountain-climbing gear, yoga outfits, sportswear, and suits—a truly dazzling array. Many of the items were high-end, with some even still bearing their tags.

Moving on to another room, they found outdoor equipment and tools such as telescopes, fire starters, tents, and sleds. The next room contained a plethora of kitchen utensils and a variety of seasonings. In another room, they found a bathroom with a marble bathtub, which made Luo Feng want to take a bath. Of course, it would be much more enjoyable if he could share a bath with someone like Qin Rubing.

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Coughing and putting the thought aside, they moved on to the last room, which contained a gym with a treadmill and yoga mats.

"Damn! This room must be at least 150 square meters!"

"It's practically a professional gym!"

"Hey, hurry up and do a giveaway!"

"You can give away all these inexpensive items and we'll cover the shipping ourselves."

Everyone was quite envious of the countless items—shoes, clothing, outdoor equipment, lighters, cigarettes, and various other collectibles. However, Luo Feng suddenly noticed Qin Ru Bing looking at something on the wall and asked, "Little Qin, what are you looking at?"

"Luo Feng, this item is quite valuable; you've struck it rich!" Qin Rubing pointed to the boxing gloves hanging on the wall.

Luo Feng looked at her, speechless. Was she underestimating his ability to recognize valuable items? He wondered if the gloves were really worth as much as she claimed.

"These are gloves used by Holyfield!"

"And how do you know that, young lady?" Luo Feng playfully asked.

"Of course, it has his signature on it!" Qin Rubing pointed to the English writing on the gloves.

[ Ding! Boxing gloves! Value: 150,000!]

Seeing the systems high appraisal of the item, it seemed that the signature was indeed genuine. Luo Feng looked around and noticed that there were many other pairs of signed boxing gloves on display. Right as he was wondering who this Holyfield person was, someone in his chat mentioned , “He was a boxing champion!”

“Ha! You guys don’t know him? He’s the one who had his ear bitten by Tyson!”

“What a shame that these aren’t the gloves Holyfield wore during that match with Tyson!”

“Forget it, that pair already appeared at an auction and was sold for 830,000!”

Zhang Shunyong, a boxing enthusiast, walked over and exclaimed, “There are even gloves from Tyson and Lewis!”

The sight of the gloves excited Zhang Shunyong. Luo Feng warned him to calm down, reminding him that oxygen was not free and wasting it was unwise.

Zhang Shun Yong simply laughed it off and pretended to be calm, but he was unable to truly contain his excitement. The gloves hanging on the wall were all signed editions from the most famous boxers of the last century.

Lewis goes without saying, a WBC heavyweight boxing champion with three golden belts.

Tyson? Even people outside the boxing world must have heard of his fame, right? Of course, the most valuable among all the gloves was undoubtedly those that belonged to the boxing king, Tyson.

These gloves, if sold on the market, would undoubtedly fetch a value of around half a million. Naturally, this is all due to the celebrity effect, having little to do with the quality of the gloves themselves. Although the quality is indeed quite good, the gloves would only be worth a few thousand dollars if sold based solely on quality.

Ignoring Zhang Shunyong’s excitement, Luo Feng took another walk around the room. On another wall, there hung a rectangular box. “A golden belt! Is this not a golden belt?” Zhang Shunyong exclaimed as he saw Luo Feng open up a box. He immediately squatted down and started examining it inch by inch.

“What the hell? Someone actually collected a golden belt?”

“Um, why is the golden belt green? Would anyone really be willing to collect something in this color?”

“Give it to me! I don’t have a girlfriend anyway, so I’m not afraid of bad luck!”

“Singles life is the best!”

The golden belt was predominantly green but had a large gold plate in the middle. There was an icon of a boxer throwing a punch on it, along with the WBC logo. Below that was Adidas’ trademark, indicating that the match may have been sponsored by this sports company.

Judging by the color of the belt, it seemed to be 34 years old. Although it was from a distant era, it was well-preserved and had no noticeable defects.

“Quick, Little Wang, help me look this up! Which match is this golden belt from?” Zhang Shunyong immediately pulled out his phone and made a call.

“Luo Feng, this golden belt is not bad. I wish to auction it off, is that okay with you?”

Qin Rubing had given it some thought.

Usually, her auctions would only attract antique-loving elders. As such, if she could somehow draw in some young and wealthy individuals, it would provide fresh blood to their client base.

“Of course, there’s no problem, but I’ll first have to see if there’s someone who is willing to pay a sky-high price for the goods! If no one is willing to pay that much, I am more than happy to hand it for you to auction off!” Luo Feng said with a smile, quite generously.

This was his principle.

You are not my girlfriend, and we have not been intimate. So why should I give you special treatment? Friends are friends and can be genuine with each other. However, if you are not my girlfriend, there is no need to be overly considerate.

On the other hand, there is no need to be too stingy either, since you’re a real good person, Qin Rubing...