

A Trash 213

[Chapter 213 - 213 Shocking! The Undisputed Number One Cultural Relic in History! \(1\)](#)

213 Shocking! The Undisputed Number One Cultural Relic in History! (1)

F*ck!

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Luo Feng exclaimed.

“Damn, hand-copied manuscripts by the emperor? Are you sure, Old Luo? You aren’t feverish, are you?”

“How is this possible? These are Taoist scriptures, not imperial edicts. Why would the emperor copy them himself? Did he have nothing better to do?”

Luo Feng’s speculation was too bold, and everyone found it hard to believe.

“Isn’t it clearly written here? ‘Nurture the mysterious and embrace the authentic, guard...’” The name was too long, so Luo Feng did not bother to continue reading.

“What is this? It’s so long!”

“It sounds like a Taoist title, right?”

“Whose Taoist title is this long?”

“I looked it up, and this is Emperor Jiajing’s Taoist title...”

“Ha, that’s right!” Luo Feng nodded in agreement.

“Feixuan Zhenjun was Jiajing’s first Taoist instructor! In ancient times, the more Taoist titles you had, the more prestigious you were. Later on, Jiajing changed his title three more times, and this jade plaque has his third title written on it.”

“You should all know that this emperor was a strange character back in the Ming dynasty. He spent decades without attending court and devoted himself to cultivating immortality instead, haha!”

Luo Feng shook his head and said, “No wonder he was able to collect such a complete set of Taoist scriptures. After all, he was the emperor!”

“I just want to ask, are these things valuable? They are Taoist scriptures, after all.”

“I don’t care if they’re valuable or not, as long as they’re classics!”

“It’s not surprising if this non-serious emperor is Jiajing. It’s not surprising at all!”

As for their value, Luo Feng was unsure, but they were certainly quite precious. In his eyes, such hand-copied manuscripts by emperors were very rare.

The value of these items would depend on the buyer. Some people might like blue-and-white porcelain, while others might prefer paintings by famous artists. These items would likely be highly sought after by wealthy Taoist enthusiasts.

After carefully storing these items, Luo Feng became anxious as he approached the last two chests.

What on earth was the rebel king thinking, stealing the emperor's hand-copied manuscripts and hiding them in a cave? Did he wish to follow Jiajing's footsteps and pursue immortality as well?

It was not impossible. Which emperor throughout history did not desire eternal life? Most emperors pursued immortality because they had already reached the pinnacle of power and had no other ambitions.

If that was the case, it would not be surprising.

The fourth chest was longer, measuring at about 2 meters wide, much larger than the previous ones.

Upon opening it, Luo Feng found a layer of oil paper covering it. After carefully removing it, he discovered a collection of bamboo tubes wrapped in cowhide beneath.

"Uh..."

Seeing the contents, Luo Feng could not help but grin.

"Rebel king, I am truly grateful to your entire lineage."

Of course, Luo Feng was expressing happiness, not resentment.

As for the purpose of the cowhide-wrapped bamboo tubes, they might not be valuable in themselves, but their contents could be priceless.

Each tube was about 1.7 meters long, making for an enormous artifact.

So, what could be stored inside?

Paintings and calligraphy? Such items were the darlings of auctions.

If that were the case, would Qin Rubing, the long-legged beauty, not jump for joy and give him a kiss? Perhaps she would even wrap her legs around him as she jumped.

Cough, cough...

Regardless, since they were items that the rebel king had painstakingly hidden here, if they were indeed paintings and calligraphy, they must be extraordinary.

To single-handedly select such a high mountain peak and store so many paintings and calligraphy works, it could only mean they were of immense value.

"Are these cowhide-wrapped bamboo tubes?"

"Do they contain paintings and calligraphy?"

"Damn! Take a heart-calming pill first, then open it quickly, host!"

“I can’t stand it anymore! Just put me out of my misery!”

The viewers were not fools. Seeing these objects, they were almost certain that paintings and calligraphy were inside.

Luo Feng glanced at the tubes, which only filled half of the wooden box. There were 14 tubes in total.

With a sense of anticipation akin to opening a mystery box, Luo Feng carefully took out the contents from one of the tubes, revealing a corner wrapped in silk.

He pinched the corner, finding it well-preserved, and then brought out the entire piece. It measured around 45 centimeters in width.

Upon unfolding it, he found it to be about 1.8 meters long.

Instead of placing it on the ground, Luo Feng joined the previous two chests to serve as a makeshift table.

With a radiant smile, Luo Feng explained, “This is the ‘Snowy Lu Ting’ painting from the Northern Song Dynasty, created by the painter Liang Shimin. As you can see, it’s painted on silk. This is a color painting on silk.”

“Isn’t this painting in a museum on Taiwan?”

“So, is this a fake?”

Luo Feng laughed and said, “There are two parts to this painting! The one that ended up on Taiwan is the lower part. What I have here is the upper part!”

“Moreover, you can see the inscription by Emperor Song Huizong, the artist’s signature, and the original mounting style. In terms of rarity, it is far more valuable than the one on Taiwan, which has changed hands and been remounted many times.”

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“Chuang Wang indeed had a discerning eye!”

“Yes! This painting has been highly praised on Taiwan!”

“What a pity! Such a valuable upper part is in the hands of the host?”