

A Trash 50

[Chapter 50 - 50 Shock! A Dragon Robe In The Chest? \(4\)](#)

50 Shock! A Dragon Robe In The Chest? (4)

“Mr. Luo, your pile of porcelainware here should be worth around 80 thousand yuan. They are considered the wares of a prominent family within the Ming dynasty! It would be difficult to even earn 20 thousand yuan for the wares of peasant families! They’re usually only worth a few hundred yuan each.” After Wang Yousheng finished speaking, he looked at the surrounding terrain. Suddenly, he thought of something and asked, “By the way, Mr. Luo, do you realize that this area likely contains an ancient building of some sort?”

“Yeah, that was what I thought. After all, I’ve dug up all sorts of household stuff, ranging from the building’s rafters, its rivets, wardrobes, and various other furniture!”

Luo Feng nodded.

“Hmm, just maybe, but I feel like the building here was not a regular house.”

“After all, no affluent family would just build an isolated mansion in the middle of nowhere. It’s more likely that this used to be a temple!”

“But there are so many daily necessities here and no temple supplies!”

“Then it’s definitely not a temple!”

After hearing the other party’s explanation.

Luo Feng’s eyes widened in realization.

He understood what Wang Yousheng was implying.

“Old man, do you mean that there used to be an ancient residential complex below? Or perhaps an ancient village? Or an ancient town?”

Luo Feng was dumbfounded.

What the f*ck?

That would explain the rainbow of dots littered across the bottom of the pond.

What kind of ancient village was this?

How did it get submerged all at once?

Was it because of a massive flood?.

“Indeed. As far as I know, a long time ago, there used to be a river running across this area, and this river was a branch of another major river! However, ever since the water stopped flowing, the water was left with nowhere else to go and it eventually formed a pond!”

Wang Yousheng nodded with a smile. “Of course, this is just my guess. After all, it’s possible that there’s only one big family living here.”

Following this, Wang Yousheng began to appraise each porcelain item.

Many antique collectors also appeared not long after.

With prices ranging from a few hundred yuan to a few thousand yuan, the collectors began to purchase Luo Feng's wares.

Luo Feng did not bother to collect the money and had instead let Huang Tianba deal with them.

He would just get Huang Tianba to summarize the day's earnings once he was done.

The sales would only reach tens of thousands of yuan anyway, so it was not a big deal.

"Dad, can you go back to the village and recruit people to help with my digging efforts?"

"I'll pay 500 yuan a day!"

"There are still many treasures lying in wait here. Once I start feeling bored, I'll get those recruits to join in!"

Luo Feng had been tirelessly digging for a couple days by this point.

Frankly, he was fed up with it.

So, to solve the manpower issue while avoiding the villagers from taking his rightful treasures, he went with the hiring option instead. That way, he could keep whatever treasures that were unearthed whilst allowing his fellow villagers to make a living.

"Get the villagers to dig for you for 500 yuan a day?"

When his father heard this, he was stunned.

The salary he had offered would undoubtedly gain much attraction.

However, he was afraid that some people would succumb to their greed.

"It's okay, dad. Just do it. I know what you're thinking. The villagers aren't that despicable!"

Luo Feng was not an optimist nor was he an idealist.

However, he had the system to back him up.

He could detect the position of the big red dots clearly, so even if the villagers were to attempt at stealing these treasures, Luo Feng would know.

"Alright, I'll go back and inform them!"

Upon hearing this, Luo Fugao did not waste any time. He called his wife over and left for their village.

"Brother Luo, I've found someone who can unlock the wardrobe!"

"He's a locksmith!"

"And he's done a lot of research on ancient cabinets!"

“He said that the lock can be opened without damaging the brass lock.”

Luo Feng’s parents had just left when Huang Tianba suddenly ran over.

Behind him was an old man in his 60s.

Luo Feng greeted them amicably.

Without wasting more time, Luo Feng requested the old man’s help in unlocking the door.

He had to admit that the old man was quite capable. True to his word, the ancient butterfly lock was undamaged in the lockpicking process, and it had only taken mere moments for the lock to be unlocked.

“OOoo! Is it finally time to open the wardrobe!”

“A butterfly lock? It definitely belonged to a woman!”

“Let’s see then, what kind of clothes did this woman used to wear?”

“Hahaha, congratulations, host. I bet you’ll find some interesting things in there!

...

“What I’m most afraid of is that you’ll find a pair of underpants!”

“Why aren’t you worried that he’ll discover a small rod-shape object instead?”

“...”

Women’s clothes.

Regardless of whether it was ancient or modern, the viewers were all equally enthusiastic for the opportunity.

Clack!

Creak!

A wardrobe that had not been opened for hundreds of years was rather difficult to open.

Worrying that excessive force would damage the wardrobe, Luo Feng had to delicately pry open the wardrobe’s doors.

Finally, after more than ten minutes of pulling and tweaking the doors, he managed to open the wardrobe without any damage.

“It’s been well preserved!”

...

“Because the wardrobe isolates it from soil and air! It hasn’t been corroded.”

Immediately, Luofeng took out a white garment with many spots.

[Ding! Ming dynasty Beizi, also known as Peizi!]

[Usually worn as casual wear by Ming dynasty women.]

[Value: 8,000 yuan.]

F*ck.

Only 8 thousand yuan?

Luo Feng was a little speechless.

In Luo Feng's impression, ancient clothes were supposed to be quite valuable.

No matter, let's continue with the next one.

He continued to look at the next item.

[Ding! Ming dynasty Shuitianyi]

[Shuitianyi is a type of clothing made by stitching together various scraps of brocade, resembling the robes worn by monks. It is named after the way the colors of the fabric intertwine like a water-filled rice paddy. It has a special design that no other clothes can replicate, and being simple yet unique, it is therefore popular among Ming and Qing women. It is said that this method of patchwork clothing was used in the Tang dynasty.]

[Value: 12 thousand yuan.]