

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

Chapter 3

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Explore the Antique Market

The man laughed. "I know you are not an expert."

"There are many versions of these coins. This was produced by a famous coin maker.

"So it is available. If the coin was produced in other places, I wouldn't take it."

After the appraisal, the middle-aged man said seriously, "I won't lie to you. I can take this at the price of 150 dollars."

Greyson took the coin at once. Antiques were only valuable when the buyers loved them.

"300 dollars. No bargaining.

"If you want it, you take it.

"200 dollars is the highest price I can accept."

The middle-aged man really wanted the coin, so he gave a good price.

In fact, Greyson had searched online. Such an ancient coin was usually priced between 150 and 200 dollars.

But he paid Piers 36 dollars, which meant that he didn't even earn 200 dollars. It was not a sweet deal for him.

"233 dollars at least!"

The middle-aged man laughed, "233 dollars was not a good idea. How about 230?"

"Done!"

The middle-aged man was an expert in antiques. He paid the money quickly and handed Greyson a business card.

“Young man. If you have any good antiques, you can come to my shop, Treasure Land, on Bruno Street.”

Seeing the money that the middle-aged man transferred to him, Greyson was finally convinced that he had the ability to tell the quality of antiques.

Knowing that he could tell the history of these antiques, he had nothing to worry about.

The door to wealth was opened. He didn't want to waste his time.

He walked around in the antique market. There were few real antiques, but there were still some available things.

Sometimes those businessmen would collect valuable things from the countryside, but they even couldn't tell if they were real. So sometimes buyers could achieve sweet deals.

It depended on one's luck.

There were many things on a stall ahead, including pottery, jade, and jewelry...

So many goods!

Greyson glanced at them, and his eyes lit up. He saw a pot made in 1832.

There were a dozen pots on the stall, but only that one was real.

The other pots were fake and cheap.

Anyway, Greyson was not an expert, and he knew nothing about these pots. He just grabbed one of them.

“Sir, how much is it?”

The stall owner looked at him. “800 dollars!”

He must be kidding!

It was fake and must be very cheap.

Greyson played with the pot in his hand. "Give me a good price. I will just take it for fun."

The owner looked at him. Anyway, he didn't have other customers, so he said casually, "If you want it, you can take it at the price of 150 dollars."

It was not enough to buy a real patient pot like this.

Greyson put it back and pretended to be leaving.

"Hey! Come back!"

"How much?"

It happened all the time in the market.

Greyson said, "They are not treasures. I can take one if you sell it for a dozen dollars."

"Fine! You can take one for 15 dollars!"

The owner shook his head. It was hard to get a sweet deal.

He bought these pots from the countryside.

He just wanted to make money from some newcomers.

Anyway, according to the rules here, the trade was over once the deal was made.

Those who bought fake antiques had to accept the truth.

And people who bought real antiques were lucky.

Greyson paid the money and took a pot.

Treasure Land?

He rode a bike and went to Treasure Land according to the online map.

There were many tea houses and antique stores on Bruno Street.

It was a famous street. People here were laid-back. There was no pressure.

Usually, the shop owners here were rich. They enjoyed a leisurely life.

And they didn't care if they could reach a deal.

Greyson went to Treasure Land and saw the middle-aged man who had just bought his coin.

"Hey, young man. What are you doing here?"

Greyson looked around. There were many antiques.

They were all ancient.

The middle-aged man was an expert. Almost all his collections were real.

Greyson took out the pot he had just bought. "I want to show you this."

"Wow, you do have some good antiques!

'Why didn't you take it out just now?"

Suddenly, the man realized something. "Don't tell me you just bought it!"

Greyson smiled, "Do you want it?"

The man observed it and took out his magnifying glass.

There was a colorful painting of a woman on the pot.

The man checked it out and said, "It is an antique. But it was not for the emperor. It was a normal pot in the royal family. How much is it?"

Greyson said, "Sir, we just met today. But it is nice to meet you.

"I don't know much about antiques. You can just name a price.

“If I can accept it, I will sell it. If you don’t trick me, I can sell more.”

It meant that if the man lied to Greyson, Greyson would never trade with him.

Aston Wallace smiled, “Tell me how you got it.”

“You had the answer.”

Greyson didn’t lie. Aston was shocked. “You bought it just now?”

He gave Greyson a thumbs up.

He didn’t believe that Greyson was a newcomer. Otherwise, he could not buy a real one.

Aston pondered. “Now that you trust me, I’ll give you a good price.

“It can be sold for about 10 thousand dollars. How much can I get?”

He was experienced. Anyway, the pot was valuable. He wanted to make money too.

It depended on how much money they could get.

Greyson didn’t expect him to ask that. He said at once, “You can take it for 8,000 dollars! Then it’s up to you how much you can make!”

“Good. Done.”

Aston liked him because he was resolute.

He transferred the money to Greyson.

“Young man, don’t forget about me once you get good stuff.”

Aston saw him off as Greyson left by bike.

Greyson earned over 8,000 dollars in the afternoon.

It boosted his confidence.

Since there was not much pressure in college, he could make money in the antique market anytime he wanted.

But he decided to invest in stocks too. So he got himself an account from a securities company.

He kept 500 dollars and put the rest of his money into the account.

It would be his seed money.

Maybe he would become a financial predator!