

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

Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 Come Across Rebecca

Greyson's classmates would hang out together tonight. But Greyson didn't chip in. So he didn't need to go out with them.

He planned to go to the antique market to see if he could find any valuable antiques.

There were couples everywhere on campus. Greyson, as a single man, decided to go back to his dorm.

Pearce called him and said that Chelsea wanted to set a date for him.

His date would be one of her roommates. She was pretty.

But Greyson was not interested in it and said no.

He didn't think it was a good idea to date a girl when he was poor.

He didn't want the girl to pay the bill when they dated. It was embarrassing!

The next morning, he went to the antique market by bike.

Lately, he had been learning about antiques so that he wouldn't be tricked.

There were few people here.

Greyson wandered. He had his strength.

He didn't need to observe these items because he could tell if they were real antiques by a glance.

In fact, it was easy to find real antiques in treasure stores on Bruno Street.

But the prices were high!

Of course, sometimes, these shop owners would get tricked too.

Yet, Greyson was not a collector. He didn't want to collect them.

Most importantly, he was poor. He could only make hundreds of dollars every day.

The only thing he could do was to take his chance in the antique market. If he was lucky, he could buy some real antiques.

“Oh?”

When he passed by a stall, he noticed an antique.

It was an ancient jar with a picture of a general on it.

Greyson walked over casually.

There were many items on the stall.

But many of them were fake.

Greyson picked up a plate casually. The stall owner said, “Sir, do you want to take it?”

“How much?”

The stall owner looked at him. “Name a price. You are my first customer today.”

Greyson thought, “If I name a price, I'm afraid you will be very mad.”

He put down the plate and picked up the jar.

The jar was a real antique.

He just wanted to make sure it was not broken.

It was well-preserved. Greyson said, “I don't know much about it.

“My grandma asked me to buy a jar for her to put the peanuts in.”

The stall owner said with disdain, "Come on. Drop the act. I've met many people like you.

"You all say that. But you just want to take a chance, right?"

"Last time, a young man said he was a noob, but he bought a pot that was sold for over 20 thousand dollars!"

"Shit!"

Greyson wondered who leaked the news.

In fact, the pot was not sold for such a high price.

He wiped the sweat off his face.

He didn't bother to waste his time. "How about 80 dollars for this?"

"No less than 1,500 dollars!"

The stall owner was tough.

He always gave a high price.

Greyson put down the jar and said, "Then you keep it for peanuts!"

"Young man, raise the price a bit!"

The stall owner probably didn't know that he had a valuable antique.

"It was a fake ancient jar."

Greyson almost laughed out.

It turned out that the owner took it as a fake jar.

But it was reasonable. After all, it was hard to appraise antiques. Normal people couldn't make correct appraisals easily.

Therefore, he came back and picked up the jar. "It's just for decoration. Experts can tell that at a glance.

"Will you sell it for 130 dollars or not?"

The owner said, "How about 160 dollars?"

"To be honest with you, this is the best fake jar."

He was very serious. If Greyson hadn't had the superpower, he would have fallen for that.

"OK!

"150 dollars!"

He paid and left with the jar.

The owner looked at his back and thought that he had met an idiot.

He earned 130 dollars.

The jar cost him 3 dollars.

The owner sighed!

He thought, "These rich men are foolish."

Although Greyson dressed plainly, the owner believed that he was rich.

On Bruno Street.

Greyson carried the jar and found a man in his thirties at the gate of Treasure Land.

He had the same jar in his hand.

Greyson was shocked.

He wondered, "Is this really a fake jar? I made a mistake?"

Aston smiled at that man. "Sorry, we don't need this!

"You are the fourth guy who took the same jar to us."

Suddenly, Greyson felt that he was cheated, hesitant to take his jar out.

But Aston saw him. "Oh, young man, here you are!"

"Sit down!"

Greyson was awkward. He bit the bullet and got in.

The man looked at the jar in Greyson's hand in embarrassment.

He believed that Greyson got tricked too.

"Why do you have the same jar?" Aston shook his head. "Recently, some fake jars have been released. They did a good job. People keep coming with the same jar."

Greyson said, "Mine is not fake."

Besides, as he looked at Aston's face, he could tell that something good had happened to Aston.

Just then, a girl with a backpack came in. "Dad!"

It puzzled Greyson.

Who was it?

He looked back.

He saw a pair of beautiful eyes.

He was shocked.

The girl looked at him in shock too.

“Rebecca, you are back!”

Aston stood up with a smile and walked to his daughter.

Rebecca looked at Greyson in confusion. “Why are you here?”

“This is your home?”

“Yeah!”

Rebecca moved her legs and drank a glass of water.

Greyson had a bad feeling.

He thought, “Looks like people will know how rich I am soon!”

As expected, Rebecca asked curiously, “What are you doing here?”

Aston was puzzled. “You know each other?”

“Yeah, I guess! Greyson scratched his hair.

Before he could explain, Rebecca said, “We are in the same college. I met him twice.”

Then she kicked Greyson under the table.

Greyson knew that she didn’t want her father to know about her relationship.

Aston nodded and didn’t think much.

He observed Greyson’s jar.

But he was not sure if it was real. After all, there were so many fake jars that were hard to distinguish.

“Young man, how about this? If you trust me, you can put it here.

“I will have it appraised.”

“OK!” Greyson was far-sighted. They friended each other on Line before he left.

Rebecca watched Greyson leave. "Dad, why is he here?"

Aston smiled, "He is our money tree!"

"Oh, didn't you say you went to the same college? Do me a favor. Try to find out more about him."