

Lucky Collision (Evans and Martin Robinson) Chapter 13

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Chapter 13 The Paintings

She did all that just to say that?!

Ha! Zoe is way out of my league?!

I wonder how she'll react when she finds out that Zoe and I are dating!

Ha! I just can't with that snobby beauty queen!

Evans turned around and walked toward Treasure Trove.

As soon as he entered the shop, Evans heard Daniel's voice almost instantly. "Evans, you're here! Come and have a seat!"

"Let me introduce you to the others. I have invited several experts in the field of antique valuation to be here as well."

Evans noticed seven elderly gentlemen who were already seated inside the shop. Each of them had a sagely and unique aura about them.

One of them was wearing a dark expensive suit and fiddling with a walnut in his hand.

Another one sported long, gray hair and had on a pair of peculiar-looking spectacles.

Almost all of them had a puzzled expression upon seeing a young man like Evans joining them.

"Mr. Rodriguez, what's the meaning of this?"

"You're asking a young boy to help us appraise the item?"

"You must be joking with us."

"He probably hasn't been born yet when we've started learning about antique valuation and appraisals."

When most of the elderly men were expressing their dissatisfaction, Daniel tried to calm them down. "Oh, my! You shouldn't judge a book by its cover. This boy has talent!"

"Also, Evans is a student of Olkver University. Even though we might have more experience than him, I assure you that he has exceptional talents in this. Besides, there's no harm in letting him have a look at the item anyway."

"Fine. I don't mind letting the boy join us and learn a thing or two since Mr. Rodriguez approves of him," A man in a long robe who seemed to be in his fifties said flatly.

Daniel pointed toward a crock placed on a nearby table. The crock was at least 1.3 feet

tall.

“Evans, this is the item I’ve told you on the phone. The rest of us had been looking at it before you came, but we couldn’t find anything to suggest that it was fake. Take a close look at it, Evans.”

Evans turned his gaze toward the crock, and a message popped up before his eyes almost instantaneously.

Made in 1996 at a pottery studio.

Daniel said that this was probably produced around the year 300, though.

Evans decided to keep the information to himself for the time being. He walked over to the crock and took a closer look at it.

I don’t actually have any knowledge regarding antique valuation, but this crock does seem like a genuine item with many years of history just by looking at its appearance. However, I have faith in the message I’ve seen regarding the crock just now. The maker of this crock must be very skilled to be able to produce a work that even these experts in antique appraisals had failed to find fault with.

Daniel asked, “What do you think, Evans? Could you tell the authenticity of this crock?”

Evans shook his head. “This crock is a fake. It was made in 1996.”

“Are you kidding me?!”

The elderly man in the long robe rose to his feet. “How could you tell that it was made in 1996? None of us are able to say for sure that this crock is a fake.”

“That’s right. Do you have any proof to support your claims?” Another man asked in a grumpy voice.

“Why should we trust the words of an ignorant young boy? I’m pretty sure he knows nothing about antiques.”

“Putting the issue of authenticity aside, how is the boy so certain that the crock was made in 1996?”

Daniel was rather surprised by Evans’s evaluation as well.

Even an expert would only be able to give a rough estimation of the era or century that a piece of antique was produced. Yet, Evans did not even waver when he declared that the crock was made in 1996.

Evans was at a loss about what to say.

I can’t just tell these people that I have supernatural abilities in my eyes.

Well, I guess my only option left now is to look confident and pretend to be an expert.

Most of the time, it's easier to gain others' trust when you act like you know better than them in this line of work.

Evans wore an expression of indifference. "The only thing I can say about the crock is that it was made in 1996. It's up to you whether you still want to buy it. It's not my money anyway."

The group of elderly gentlemen fell silent upon hearing his words.

"Sigh... Must I try so hard to prove myself every single time?"

Evans walked over to a nearby display cupboard that housed several pieces of antique. Then, he pointed at each piece and described the era in which they were made in an unhurried manner.

The others were in awe as they watched him explain the antique pieces without making even the slightest mistake.

Just then, Daniel's phone rang. He picked up the call. "Mhm. Alright, thanks for the help."

After he hung up, Daniel announced to the group, "I've just received the confirmation. This crock is an imitation work made in recent years."

Previously, Daniel had sent the crock to his friend who was working at an agency specialized in antique valuation and appraisals.

His friend, who was also an expert, relayed the news to Daniel just a while ago.

However, his friend was only able to narrow the production date of the crock down to around the 90s.

The news came as a shock to the other guests.

"He was right?!"

"Young man, you have my approval too now." One of the elderly men flashed him a smile and gave him a thumbs-up.

"You should drop by my shop when you're free, young man." The man in the long robe passed Evans a name card.

Almost everyone warmed up to Evans at that moment as they introduced themselves and gave him their name cards.

A brief moment later, those elderly men left Treasure Trove.

Daniel began excitedly, "Evans, I have another item that I need your help with!"

Daniel went upstairs and came back with a long, rectangular box in his hands.

He placed the ordinary-looking box on the table and opened it. Evans could see that a

huge scroll was stored in it.

Daniel took the scroll out of the box as he explained, "I've spent more than 8000 dollars on this painting, and I think it's the real deal. However, I keep getting this feeling that something's not quite right about it."

Evans looked at the scroll and saw an unexpected message.

Year 1756, Jean Liotard.

Year 1938, George Romney.

Evans wasn't sure who George Romney was, but he was very surprised to see Jean Liotard's name appear in the message.

Daniel gently unrolled the scroll and revealed a piece of oil painting. It was a very beautiful painting of a landscape. George Romney's signature could be seen on a corner of the painting.

Evans remained silent as he pondered about it.

Why am I seeing two very different pieces of information for one painting? This is the first time I've run into such a mind-boggling situation ever since I've got this special ability.

"I need to get a closer look at it!"

Evans leaned down and inspected the painting carefully.