

## Lucky Collision ( Evans and Martin Robinson ) Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Getting Good Deals On The Antique Street

The old man guffawed, "You're really an outsider to this industry, aren't you?"

"There are various versions of this coin, and yours was made by the National Mint. It is because of this fact that your coin still carries some value. If it was made by the other mints, I won't covet it in the first place."

After his examination, the old man turned serious, "What about this? I won't make a fool of you. Eight hundred dollars would do for me to get this off you."

Evans snatched his coin back and thought that antique coins such as this had subjective value. They said that beauty was in the eyes of the beholder. It would only carry some value if someone revered it highly.

"No room for negotiations. Two thousand dollars. If you don't want it, I will go now."

"One thousand two hundred dollars! That's my final price!"

It seemed that this old man was becoming desperate as he was finally willing to buy the coin at its original market price.

In fact, Evans had come here after doing some research. A coin that was made by the National Mint would fetch a price between a thousand and two thousand dollars.

However, he had paid two hundred and sixteen dollars to Elmer to gain possession of this. If he could not even earn a profit of a thousand dollars, he would not go through with this deal.

"You have to give me at least a thousand four hundred dollars. Take it or leave it!"

The old man laughed, "That's not really an auspicious number. What about one thousand three hundred and eighty dollars?"

"Deal!"

It seemed that the old man knew what he was doing. He immediately paid Evans while shoving his name card into Evans' hand.

"Lad, if you have something valuable in the future, look for me in a place called Treasure Trove that is located on Gem Street."

When Evans checked that he had received the man's transaction, he finally believed that his eyes were seeing valuable information.

If he could see the value of things with his newfound powers, there was no reason for him to be worried about trivial things now.

His door to a life of wealth had opened up right in front of his eyes. He did not want to waste his opportunity.

After circling the antique street for a little bit longer, he found that there were barely any valuable items there. Despite that, he still found some.

Sometimes, collectors would bring with them a plethora of antiques from the countryside, and they could not discern the real value of their items. Sometimes, they would even sell them off for cheap without knowing the true price.

Customers would be able to get a good deal out of this place.

In a stall in front of him, there were many items on sale.

There was pottery, porcelain, china, jade items, jewelry, and many more. It was hard to take everything in at first glance.

Evans swept his gaze across those items and suddenly, a sentence appeared in mid-air:

“Ancient Snuff Bottle, Year 1832, The Capital”.

There were more than a dozen snuff bottles in front of him, but one of them had this sentence hanging above it. It meant that all of them were counterfeits that had no value except one.

Evans did not know much about these, so he casually picked one of the counterfeits up and asked, “Boss, how much is this selling for?”

The seller shot him a look and shouted, “It would cost five thousand dollars!”

Are you kidding me? A counterfeit like this would not cost more than a dozen dollars!

He juggled the bottle around and pressed on, “Tell me the true price. I’m just collecting it for fun.”

The seller shot him another look and thought that since his business was slow today, he should grab this chance to get rid of the bottle, “If you really want it, I can sell you for a thousand dollars!”

A thousand dollars would not be able to buy any authentic antique items because those valuable items would fetch a price way higher than that.

Evans said nothing and put it back in its place. Then, he turned around, looking like he was leaving.

“Hey, hey, come back? How much are you going to offer me?”

It was just like those clothing apparel shop sellers. If the customer pretended to show disinterest and was about to leave, the seller would get desperate.

Evans scoffed, “You really think it’s something precious, huh? If you sell me for two hundred dollars, I would consider picking it up just for fun.”

“Alright, alright! I’ll sell you that! Pick one of them!”

The seller shook his head. It was not easy to do good business nowadays

He had paid ten or twenty dollars for each of these items back in the countryside. He would be able to profit from them if the customers did not know how to differentiate between real and fake antiques.

Anyway, there was an unwritten rule in the antique community. No matter the authenticity of the antiques, once sold, the customer could never return them for a refund.

It was practically the customer’s fault if he or she somehow bought a counterfeit. The customer had no choice but to admit his or her own defeat if that were to happen.

If the customer was able to get his or her hands on something truly authentic, Lady Luck must be present at the scene.

Evans paid two hundred dollars and took that snuff bottle.

That fellow just now mentioned a Treasure Trove, no?

Evans rode his bike and followed the GPS to Gem Street.

There were many restaurants here, and there were antique shops as well.

This street was a famous hangout spot in Olkver, and the vibe and atmosphere in this place were relaxed and more slow-paced. This was really different compared to the hustle and bustle of city life.

Those who opened their businesses here did not need to worry about money. They were simply killing time, sipping tea, and rearing some birds as their hobbies. They were not too worried about the business in their respective shops anyway.

Evans came to Treasure Trove and found that the man who had just bought his coin was there.

“Hey, you’re here now?”

Evans checked out this shop. It was full of antiques that caught his eye.

Multiple sentences were springing up into his field of vision, and he was able to know the origin of these items at one glance.

This old man here really was an expert in this field. There was some sort of history and credibility to his collection.

Evans took out the snuff bottle that he had just bought, "I want to show you this."

"Oh! You really have quite the collection. Why didn't you show me this just now?"

Suddenly, something occurred to him, "Did you get this for a good deal at the antique street?"

Evans did not answer him. Instead, he smiled, "So you want it or not?"

The old man fidgeted with the bottle and examined it using a magnifying glass.

There was a maiden picture depicted in the design of the bottle.

After checking it, he said, "Although this is an antique in its own right, it's not an item of royalty.

It's just a normal snuff bottle. How much are you willing to let this go for?"

Evans replied, "Mr. Rodriguez, although we only know each other today, this must be fate at work. I am not that well-versed in these things so you should just offer me. If the price is right for me, I would sell it. If you give me a satisfactory price, I will consider coming to you in the future if I get my hands on elusive items."

He was implying that this was his chance to set the tone of their business relationship. If Mr. Rodriguez here decided to offer him a ludicrous price that was below market value, Evans would never visit him again in the future.

Daniel Rodriguez smiled, "Tell me, where did you get this?"

"Didn't you hit the nail on the head just now?"

Evans did not want to hide things. Daniel gasped, "You really got it from that street?"

He then put up his thumb as a sign of compliment.

This young lad here must be faking that he did not know anything about antiques because he was afraid of getting scammed. If he really was as he claimed, there was no way he was able to frequently get his hands on such treasures.

He mulled over this for a while, "Since you trust me so much, I will give you the real market price. This snuff bottle can fetch a price into the sixty or seventy thousand dollars on the market, to be honest with you. How much profit do you intend to let me make?"

He was honest because the item really carried its own value. Evans wanted to make a profit off it, and so did Daniel. He was betting on Evans' appetite and the tone of their business relationship.

Evans did not expect Daniel to throw the ball in his court. He immediately replied, "What about fifty thousand? It will depend on your ability to make as high a margin as possible from this point on."

"That's quick! Deal!"

Daniel found that he was beginning to admire this young lad here. He was precise and decisive. Daniel immediately transferred fifty thousand dollars to him.

"Young lad, if you have good stuff like this again, remember to come to me."

Daniel walked with him all the way to the door and watched as Evans rode off on his bike.

He was able to sell off two items and he had earned 50964 dollars just like this.

Evans grew more and more confident with his abilities.

After all, he was just a student. He could not come to the antique street every day just to get a good deal. That would arouse some suspicion.

Furthermore, he was still pretty much a novice when it came to recognizing real antiques.

Although he could see the origin of these items, he could not discern their value immediately.

He could not miss the chance to make money off the stock market as well. He went to the securities agency to open an account.

He kept 3064 to himself and poured the remaining amount into his account as the starting

capital.

After downloading a stock trading application on his phone, he saw this: "The Eastwind Pharmaceutical stock has risen by 10.02%".

Now, it dipped slightly by 1.32%. Evans had no hesitation as he went all in for this company's stocks!