

AS A TRASH COLLECTOR, I COLLECTED A IMPERIAL JADE SEAL

Chapter 3

Buy the Sick Cow! There is Actually Bezoar Worth 6 Million in its Body?

“Since we’ve only agreed on the price, we haven’t officially made the deal, right? I’m sorry, I’ll sell this bull for 5,000 yuan!”

Luo Feng?didn’t say much.

‘I’m rich.’

Five thousand dollars for something worth more than a million dollars was definitely a huge profit.

However, Luo Feng?didn’t know what the system was up to. It had marked the bull with a red dot, but he still chose to have faith.

And even if the butcher managed to buy it, he could buy it back at a high price.

“Five...five thousand yuan? Little brother? Are you for real?”

However, Luo Feng?didn’t want this kind of conniving butcher to make money. What was he buying sick beef for? Wasn’t it just to pass it off to sell as good beef?

“Five...five thousand yuan? Little brother? Are you for real? It’s a sick cow!”

The elderly farmer was stunned.

Butcher Zhang had only paid 2,500 yuan. How had it doubled all of a sudden?

“6,000 yuan! Old Man Sun, you must sell this bull to me!”

The tough butcher gritted his teeth. How f*cking unlucky. Why did he meet a stupid rich second generation who came to cause trouble?

‘A Hummer? And you’re buying sick beef? Are you crazy?’

“10,000!”

Luo Feng?was too lazy to waste his breath. ‘What was that? 6,000 yuan for a sick cow? And the profit? Just now, you bid 2,500 yuan for it. How unscrupulous are you?’

There was no other way out.

10,000 yuan was paid.

How could the sick cow not end up being Luo Feng’s?

“F*ck! Host, are you really buying it?”

“10,000 for a sick cow?”

“It’s poisonous, right? Have you taken a fancy to that pair of bull horns?”

“The bull’s horns are only 100 yuan for every 500 grams, right? Besides, no one wants a dead bull’s horn.”

“Dumbass streamer!”

“Dumbass streamer +1!”

“Dumbass streamer +1,008,611!”

“Is there a possibility that the host saw that it wasn’t easy for the farmer, so he’s doing charity?”

“Hahaha! A kind-hearted streamer, not bad! Another 10,000 yuan has been donated!”

“But, host, you have to remember that you’re pretending to be a treasure hunter collecting junk. You’re not really collecting junk!”

“Right, you’re even less of a philanthropist!”

He saw Luo Feng transfer the money to the farmer.

The people in the live-stream room were even more dumbfounded. However, they were not shocked. This was because shock was an entirely different emotion.

For example, they would be shocked if they bought a machete and identified it as a bronze sword from the Western Zhou Dynasty.

[Ding! Congratulations, host, you’ve accepted the cow that died of illness, specifically gallstones. There are two catties of high-grade bezoar in its body, which are worth three million yuan!]