

BloodLine 142

Chapter 142 - Agreed?

Mr. Jonathan's explanation was heard. I'm having trouble making a decision. If those two sections contain any precious treasure. I won't think twice about ignoring the painting. Painting, on the other hand, has always piqued my interest. It's possible that my instincts are incorrect. But I'd like to rely on my instincts. "Mr. Jonathan, I have made my decision," I said. Please consider purchasing the picture." I stated it with a smile on my face.

Mr. Jonathan, taken aback by the news, sighed helplessly and responded, "It's okay, Mr. Zack." "Is there anything else you require?"

"It's enough," I answered with a shake of my head in response. Then, after a few conversations, I hung up on the phone. I don't want to think about it any longer. Maybe I'll alter my mind. If I keep conversing with him.

Then I went back to doing my cultivation.

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At the same time, in the Jensen family's home.

"Did you find anything about Daniel's death, Grandpa?" Philip Jensen inquired solemnly. His grandfather, Jensen, sits next to him. Since then, Daniel has died. He doubts his own ability. He, too, possessed Daniel's strength. If he and Daniel got into a fight. He was unsure how the outcome would turn out.

He knows Daniel isn't a pushover; Daniel has more combat experience than he does. He looked at his grandfather with a grimace on his face.

Jensen, the elderly gentleman, sips his tea peacefully. He was completely absorbed in his own thoughts. He was unconcerned about his grandson's squabbles. But, all of a sudden, he felt his eyes becoming more focused. He observed his grandson's dissatisfaction.

He put down his cup of tea. And he remembered what his grandson had said. "Please accept my apologies, Philip. I couldn't get near Daniel's body." With a solemn tone, he replied.

His face darkened as he remembered the earlier event at Hansen Training Centre. "Thornton..." grumbled the elder Jensen. While mumbling his name, he is burning with rage inside.

Being able to hear his grandfather's response. Philip is dissatisfied. "What happened, Grandfather?" he inquired. You're preoccupied with something else."

Hearing that, Elder Jensen grinned. "Philip, you're as sharp as ever," he said. Then he went on to say, "It's difficult to openly support you. Because that brat piqued the interest of one of our elders."

Philip responded by saying, "What exactly do you mean, Grandfather? Are you referring to Zack?" Elder Jensen gave him a friendly nod. Philip's face had darkened. He hadn't anticipated Zack's support. He was having problems accessing Zack's combat strength earlier. Now he has the support of an elder.

"What would happen if the battle ended?" He pondered his thoughts. He is certain that whichever party wins, he will be victorious. The losing party will then cause havoc. "Which of the elders is it, Grandpa?" The words of his grandfather are difficult for him to comprehend.

Elder Jensen didn't keep it a secret. "Elder Thornton," he replied, his words resonating in Philip's ears like thunder. He sprung from his seat, startled. He looked to his Grandpa for clarification. He's completely taken aback right now.

Elder Thornton was well-known to him. That is why, among all the seniors, old man Thornton is the most powerful warrior. Now he realises what he's done. "It's no surprise Grandpa couldn't assist behind the scenes." In his head, he made a remark. Observing his Grandson's actions. Inside, Elder Jensen was even more mortified. He yelled at him, "Sit down!"

Philip sucked in a mouthful of saliva. He took his seat without hesitation. For a brief while, the room fell silent. No one said anything. Elder Jensen, on the other hand, is concentrating on his tea. Philip, on the other hand, has a statue-like posture. Elder Jensen emptied his tea cup a few minutes later. He studied his Grandson's jittery expression.

"I already assisted you by changing the match fixture," Elder Jensen said. The other elders were irritated by this." "Now, we have known that, brat Zack is not simple," he said. In a duel, He killed Daniel. That is to say, he is capable of harming you."

"Don't worry, Grandpa," Philip said in answer. He tightened his hand and said, "I will win the life or death duel." "What about Elder Thornton, won't he interfere?" he wondered as he stared at his Grandpa. Elder Thornton scares him more than Zack.

He is afraid that old man Thornton may harm him. Hearing his Grandson's remarks brought further frustration.

"You don't have to be concerned about Elder Thornton." So long as you follow the rules. After the life-or-death combat, he won't do anything to you." He explained to his grandson, whose eyes lit up with delight at the news.

Seeing his Grandson's upbeat demeanour. "Even Elder Thornton felt discontent," Elder Jensen chose to urge his Grandson further. He added, "He's not going to do anything. He may be powerful, but he lacks the support of the board's other seniors." "I already had a chat with Elder Alicia and a few other Elders on the board," he said.

Elder Jensen continued, "Their support has a price tag. It's great that they finally came to an agreement. They will stand up to Elder Thornton when the time comes."

Philip eventually grinned when he heard that. "Grandfather," he asked, looking into his Grandpa's crafty eyes. "Are you planning on succeeding Elder Thornton as leader?" Elder Thornton cracks a big grin when he hears that. "I want you to win that representative post," he said, looking at his grandson.

Hearing this, Philip obediently nodded at him.

"Leave now," Elder Jensen says as he motions him to leave. Philip took a bow and exited the room in response.

The sight of his Grandson's return. "If he is elected to the role of representative. He thought to himself, "It won't be long before I grab that leadership seat from Thornton."

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The following day, at the Winter Pavilion.

Mr. Patrick enters the room of his friend.

"Have you made up your mind?" Mr. Jonathan was the one who requested him.

"I need that River Painting from the unknown section," Mr. Jonathan stated with a nod.

Mr. Patrick was taken aback when he heard that. He did not respond. He did, however, use his sci-fi watch to check the list. He initially skipped through the previous sections and arrived at an unknown portion.

After a few pages of browsing, He came across a painting of a river. His eyes quickly caught the description. He thought to himself, "There is no description." Seeing that piece of art. He was aware of the fact that it was not valued. He recalls a time a few decades back.

It was discovered from the ruins. Several appraisers told me it was a forgery. But, seeing a nice artwork, he didn't have the courage to call it a fake. As a result, he did not make any adjustments to the empty description. He left it as if it were empty.

"Are you sure about it?" Mr. Patrick inquired of his acquaintance. Mr. Jonathan grinned helplessly in his heart as he heard that. He didn't show it in his face, though. Mr. Jonathan responded: "Yes, I'd like it. What do you know about this work of art?" Mr. Jonathan is interested in learning more about the painting. If Zack has any questions regarding the river painting, He doesn't want to be caught off guard.

Mr. Patrick remembers the region when he recalls that. What they discovered. "Ruins of VLERIMIK CIVILIZATION," he said, looking at his friend.

You're referring to the barbarian kingdom." Mr. Jonathan was taken aback. He had previously assumed that this painting was a forgery. But now he's taken aback. "If it's from the time of the barbarian kingdom. Why doesn't it say something about that in the description?" He made a mental statement.

"Hmm, we found it in that ruin," Mr. Patrick said when he heard it.

"Why don't you mention it in the description?" Mr. Jonathan was perplexed.

With a long sigh, Mr. Patrick said, "You may not realise it, but many appraisers have discovered that it is a false artwork. They explained that this river picture lacks a painter's signature for a reason. It's also discovered in the ruins of a barbarian empire."

He continued, "Which barbarian is an artist? Perhaps this river painting belonged to a nearby civilised society at the time. It's likely that the Barbarians looted it."

As he listened to his friend's explanation. Mr. Jonathan comes to an epiphany. Those are words he can't say no to. These paintings, at the very least, are from a previous era. "Many notable paintings from the past can be found in wealthy homes. As if it were a royal mansion. It's possible that it'll be looted from commoners, if it's looted." Mr. Jonathan was dejected when he realised this.

Mr. Jonathan smiled as he said, "At least it's from older civilization."

"Wait here, I'll bring it here," Mr. Patrick stated with a nod. He said that as he walked out of the room. On his way back to his house. Mr. Patrick was perplexed. "I assumed he'd select some high-priced goods. However, he chose that particular painting. "It wasn't that expensive, even if it looked lovely," he reasoned.

He felt a smidgeon of remorse for preparing the treasure list. He even put his family's private collection on the back burner.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to him. He reasoned to himself, "Why don't I give him infected monster core together with that river painting?"