

FURY IMMORTAL DOCTOR

Chapter 23 - 23 Pink Glow

The old goods market is quite different from a regular antique market.

It sells everything, such as old household appliances, old furniture, old books, old office supplies, old equipment, cultural artifacts, antiques, and additionally, this place still retains the old market customs. Besides professional merchants, individuals can also set up stalls on the open ground to sell goods.

Shen Qiang had been here once before when a classmate saw a news story about someone who spent a couple hundred thousand on a pair of walnut toys and thought about making easy money gambling on green walnut husks.

Convinced they could make a fortune with little effort.

In the end, he bought ten pairs of green walnut husks at two hundred per pair, but after opening them, each one looked worse than the last; not even worth ten bucks a pair, Shen Qiang ended up helping him smash them to eat.

So Shen Qiang had a particularly deep impression of this old goods market.

If you don't know much about this place, you're just throwing your money away without hearing it splash.

But for those with an "Observing the Micro" skill, this is heaven.

In the antique market, you will find real antique dealers, and as the saying goes, the buyer is never as savvy as the seller. If they cannot determine the value of an item, they would rather let it rot in their hands than sell it indiscriminately.

So, finding a bargain from them is harder than reaching heaven.

But the old goods market is different.

Aside from some fixed merchants, there are people who collect old items from the streets and alleys, as well as people from neighboring towns, or even all over the province, bringing their treasures to sell here.

If your "Eye Power" is strong enough and you act quickly, it's not a fantasy to find a treasure here.

So whether they are players who like antiques and cultural artifacts, or merchants from the antique market, everyone would come here to wander around from as early as four or five in the morning until about eleven before noon, whenever they have the time.

It wasn't even five in the morning yet, and the market was already bustling with noise.

After buying a hand-grabbed pancake, Shen Qiang was eating it while casually watching the excitement of the bustling market.

He had barely reached the scattered stalls when he saw two people dressed like construction workers selling a bronze tripod, claiming they found it while working on a construction site, with two "experts" alongside them, analyzing how good this tripod was and how high its collection value could be.

The two workers asked for thirty thousand, and the two "experts" expressed their desire to buy it but didn't have enough cash on them. They asked the

workers to come with them, claiming they would buy it, but the workers, concerned about being robbed, refused to go.

At this time, a man who looked wealthy, adorned with a thick gold chain and accompanied by a lovely young woman, bulldozed through the crowd and offered twenty thousand in cash. After failing to bargain, the two people dressed as workers sold the so-called "Warring States period" bronze tripod to the ostentatious man.

The man was smug, believing he had snagged an incredible deal.

Shen Qiang nearly died laughing.

Where was this place?

An old goods trading market behind the antique market, with countless shrewd antique merchants strolling around. If it were indeed a highly valuable bronze tripod, and with "experts" analyzing it so ostentatiously, wouldn't those professional antique merchants know to buy it? Wouldn't they know to look on?

Without a second thought, it was clear that the large bronze tripod was a fake; the two supposed workers and the "experts" were definitely in cahoots, probably laughing while splitting the money right now.

He continued walking around.

In front of a small, assorted stall, about twenty people gathered, all dressed ordinarily. They didn't talk much, only whispering to each other occasionally.

Shen Qiang squeezed in for a closer look.

The stall owner was selling a deep red old scale beam.

A fat man was rubbing the scale beam with alcohol-soaked cotton balls. After just a couple of rubs, the cotton balls were stained red. The fat man, still slightly unsure, gently scraped some wood shavings from the head of the scale beam with a small knife, then placed the shavings in a cup of water.

As soon as the wood shavings touched the water, red streaks spread through it.

The fat man laughed, clutching the scale beam and not letting go: "Hand over the money. Eight thousand, just eight thousand."

Shen Qiang sighed helplessly.

The discoloration of the alcohol ball and the wood shavings in water all but confirmed that the old scale beam was made of red sandalwood. In good condition and of substantial size, even if turned into beads for bracelets, this old scale beam could fetch at least a few tens of thousands.

It was just a pity that Shen Qiang was one step too late.

Moreover, even if Shen Qiang hadn't been a step too late, he couldn't afford such a missed opportunity now.

After all, he was still just an intern, and the living allowance given to him by his family for the month had dwindled to just a few hundred yuan.

So the urgent matter at hand was to find cheap items suitable for resale, ones he could turn around quickly for a profit, even if that profit was small—it was better than watching others pick up bargains.

He continued to wander through the scattered stalls.

As he strolled along, Shen Qiang didn't look at the goods on the small stalls.

Instead, he watched the people.

After all, Shen Qiang didn't understand antiques or curios, but there were many in the market who did, so all he needed to do was to observe where people were gathering discreetly. Generally, these were merchants looking to buy goods and more professional hobbyists.

So Shen Qiang walked and watched.

Antique clocks, calligraphy and paintings, coins, decorative scholar's objects—wandering down the line, Shen Qiang felt increasingly that having no money really made things difficult every step of the way.

Because those stalls that might have items of value, items worth unleashing the "Observation Skill" on, had everything priced in the thousands.

This left Shen Qiang, with only a few hundred yuan in his pocket, growing more and more disappointed.

Moreover, with the idle wandering, the sun had risen high, and the time had already reached seven in the morning. Without any finds, Shen Qiang would have to return to work empty-handed.

Just then, as he had almost reached the end of the scattered stalls, Shen Qiang suddenly saw a group of about twenty people quietly surrounding a small stall, each of them looking quite distinguished.

Realizing instantly that there must be something good at the stall, Shen Qiang quickly made his way over, but even before he got close,

he immediately noticed that those surrounding the small stall cast extremely unfriendly glances his way.

Feigning ignorance of their hostility,

Shen Qiang peeked and saw that the small stall had only a white cloth spread on the ground, displaying six antiques, as well as a Jade Ring as big as a rice bowl, which was being held by a portly middle-aged man.

"I'm offering six hundred thousand for this Jade Ring, which is very fair," the man said just then.

The Stall Owner's voice was cold, "I won't sell it separately. These items as a set, eight hundred thousand, not a penny less, or you won't get anything."

Hearing this, Shen Qiang, who had completely lost his patience, directly used his "Observation Skill."

"Anyway, I don't have enough money to buy any one item, so I might as well regard today as a chance to learn about the market and broaden my horizons," he thought.

Using the "Observation Skill," the six items on the small stall, along with the Jade Ring in the middle-aged man's hands, flashed through Shen Qiang's mind like a movie.

In the hands of the portly middle-aged man, the Jade Ring, composed of Qingshan Jade, had been in existence for 1,856 years.

Nose Snuff Bottle, made of ceramic, three years in existence.

Comb, made of ox horn, three years in existence.

Mirror, cast from bronze, four months in existence.

Seal, made of agate stone, six years in existence.

Bronze sword, cast from bronze, three months in existence.

This discovery almost made Shen Qiang spit blood—apart from the Jade Ring in the hands of the portly middle-aged man, the other items on the stall were all fakes. No wonder the stall owner insisted on selling everything as a set.

Just as Shen Qiang was examining it, in a flash where the last item on the stall magnified in his eyes, faint pink rays of light suddenly appeared amid the faint grey mist.

Ceramic pot, made of clay, 118 years in existence, with unknown contents, surrounded by faint pink light, dated between 2,000 to 3,000 years.

Shen Qiang was stunned.

At that moment, the portly middle-aged man said, "Except for this Jade Ring, everything on your stall is trash that I wouldn't take even if it was free. I'll add another fifty thousand just for the Jade Ring."

The Stall Owner laughed, "Whether it's trash or not, I'm not concerned. If you want the Jade Ring, you'll have to buy everything. Because this Jade Ring is an item that I'll only sell after all the other items have been sold."

The portly middle-aged man frowned.

That's when Shen Qiang, having a sudden thought, urgently said, "Um, boss, can I buy that ceramic pot?"