

## A Trash 99

### [Chapter 99 - 99 Zhang Daqian's 4-Word Piece! A 100 MillionYuan Bid! \(2\)](#)

99 Zhang Daqian's 4-Word Piece! A 100 MillionYuan Bid! (2)

Qin Rubing looked expectantly at Luo Feng. Her big, beautiful eyes blinked like a curious baby's as she did so.

If Luo Feng were to delay the process any longer, Qin Rubing would do the honors herself!

"Alright alright, I'll do it, I'll do it!"

Luo Feng nodded and accepted the Xuan paper<sup>1</sup> roll. To his surprise, it was much heavier than he had expected.

Moreover, it seemed to have quite a bit of depth to it.

In other words, if fully unfurled, it would likely take up a large amount of space.

By Luo Feng's estimates, he reckoned that it was around a meter in height, and was at least 3 meters in width.

He had no clue what could have been drawn on such a huge canvas.

After all, even the "Along the River During the Qingming Festival<sup>2</sup>" painting was not this long.

Luo Feng sought assistance in finding and putting a few tables together.

Before long, the tables had been gathered and they were quickly covered with a soft cloth.

Protection of the artwork was of utmost importance.

As such, everyone surrounding the antique, be they respected experts or second-generation heirs who was carrying a drink had to set their beverage aside.

Furthermore, they also needed to stand a meter away from the painting.

Although Luo Feng had no idea what drawing was illustrated on the massive sheet of Xuan paper, he was certain that it would be breathtakingly wonderful.

Even if it were calligraphy.

Luo Feng was certain that it would be a masterpiece.

"What..."

Gradually, the 3.5-meter-wide Xuan paper was unfurled.

Wang Yousheng's brow furrowed.

He seemed to be very surprised by what he saw.

At the same time, there was also a hint of confusion on his face.

Regardless, his expression was rather complex.

“Master Wang, what’s wrong?”

Zhang Shunyang noticed his odd expression and questioned him.

“There... There are only 4 words written on it.”

Qin Rubing also stared at the words in dumbfounded silence.

She could not wrap her mind around it.

What the hell is this?

You got such a massive piece of good quality Xuan paper, just to write 4 words?

“Miss Qin, what are the 4 words?”

An Peng dared not get anywhere close to the artwork, and thus, he was asking from a distance.

“The Bank of Communications...”

The f\*ck?!

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A stunned silence fell over the crowd as they were hit by a wave of disbelief.

They were not shocked this time.

Rather, they were utterly dumbfounded, befuddled by the strange turn of events.

What the f\*ck is the meaning of this?

Why the heck is “The Bank of Communications” written there?

“Hey, you long-legged beauty? Are your eyes playing tricks on your mind? How could it only contain 4 words, and why those 4 words in particular? The Bank of Communications? Are you kidding me?”

“Yeah, Rubing the waifu must have seen it wrong! Since it’s a treasure chest from the founding years of the republic, how could it have such modern words?”

“Honey, I’m you must have read it wrong. I forgive you, however.”

Naturally...

In the current social climate, any celebrity or anime character that netizens found beautiful would be designated the title of wife.

And in the case of handsome hunks, they would be crowned as husbands instead.

“Well, my dear viewers, what Miss Qin spoke is indeed the truth. She hasn’t read them wrongly!” Luo Feng stretched his head to take a look at the art piece. Now, he too, was sharing in Qin Rubing and

Wang Yousheng's confusion. Why would the creator use such a huge sheet of paper just to write down these 4 words?

"Also, anyone who claims that such terms couldn't have appeared during the Republic of China's infancy are dead wrong!"

"After all, the Bank of Communication was founded in 1908, during the late Qing Dynasty and during the start of the Republic of China."

"It's one of the 6 biggest banks in our country and one of the oldest banks in China. It's also one of the few note-issuing banks in modern China and is one of the largest state-owned commercial banks in the country."

"On April 1, 1987, the newly restructured Bank of Communications officially opened for business, becoming the first national state-owned joint-stock commercial bank in China, headquartered in Shanghai. And in May 2007, it was successfully listed on the Shanghai Stock Exchange."

Immediately after.

Luo Feng imparted a copious amount of information that sounded as if it was taken directly from Baidu.

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The audience was at a loss for words.

"We know that you know, so why are you dragging the explanation this long for?"

"Are you doing this on purpose to lengthen your stream?"

"Go to hell!"

"You're just like some stupid web novel authors who would write down a whole load of nonsense just to pad their content!"

"Damn, this bank has existed for this long?"

"I thought it was formed during modern times!"

"Idiot, many banks were founded during the republic era!"

"Yup! For example, there's the Imperial Bank of China which was the first ever bank formed in our nation! It was founded even earlier than the Bank of Communications..."

"Still though... Why did the creator waste such a perfectly good piece of Xuan paper just to write those 4 words?"

"Yup! I don't understand. Is this even worth anything?"

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There were many noobs in the livestream who cared not of the history of the bank's founding, only the value of the piece of artwork, if it could still be considered as one.

If it truly was worthless, then shame on the creator for wasting such a huge piece of Xuan paper.

Wang Yousheng also noticed the chat and attempted to defuse the situation. "Let's put aside those 4 words for now and focus on something else, shall we? The quality of this Xuan paper is unquestionable. It should be from the Republic of China era! Paper of this sort of quality was usually used by scholars or military officers who needed to take down anecdotes of great importance! Such Xuan paper would be worth at least 100 foreign dollars per square foot back in the days of the Republic of China!"

"Of course, that was what it was worth in the past. However, now that we're in the modern age, this particular form of Xuan paper is extremely valuable as an antique. Each square foot of Xuan paper is worth at least 100 thousand yuan!"

"A foot is around 30 centimeters, and since this piece is at least 3 meters wide, it's definitely worth at least a million yuan!"

Holy sh\*t!

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The viewers could not believe what they were hearing.

Just the paper alone was already worth a million?

In that case, how much value did those 4 words add to the piece?

Could... Could a situation arise in which the material itself would be worth more than whatever was written on it?

"Hmm... Miss Qin, take a look at the characteristics of this calligraphy. Does it feel like Zhang Daqian's work to you?"

Suddenly, Wang Yousheng's eyes popped out.

"Zhang Daqian?"

Qin Rubing gasped. In the world of calligraphy and painting, Mr. Zhang's works had been very valuable in recent years.

"Holy crap!"

"Awesome!"