

Genius Daddy in the City

Chapter 8: The Qing Dynasty Has Fallen

After leaving Second Uncle's house, Ye Chen could not stop recalling the scene where Second Aunt and Ye Wen were annoyed to meet them. He would be lying if he said he did not feel uncomfortable. However, there was nothing that he could say.

Ye Hai seemed to have sensed what he was thinking and comforted him, "Your Second Aunt has always been like that. Don't mind her. Although she's a little mean and snobbish, she has no ill intentions."

Ye Chen nodded since he was not calculative with the two ladies. Moreover, they were Second Uncle's dearest people.

Just as they were chatting, Ye Hai took out some money and passed it to him.

"What's this, Father?" Ye Chen said in doubt.

Ye Hai shoved the money to him in a manner to end the discussion. "I know that you've lived a hard life out there the past few years and you didn't make much. Here's 1,000 yuan. Buy yourself a suit and some other stuff. Get more from me if this isn't enough. Also, you must go to the interview in three days. Don't disappoint your Second Uncle's kindness."

Ye Chen assured his father. When they returned home, he found out that his mother had returned. He asked about his daughter's condition in concern and left after he changed.

He walked around aimlessly along the way. He wanted to look at the living conditions in Tiannan City that he had not seen for a few thousand years, and secondly, he wanted to figure out how to make money.

His parents had passed 50 years of age, but they were still struggling because of the whole family and Mengmeng. Since he had returned, it made sense for him to take over the responsibility. Moreover, he would need money to buy herbs if he wanted to refine pills to treat Mengmeng's illness. Furthermore, he would need money for his cultivation.

He could not rob the bank just because he was a cultivator. After all, all the stealing and killing in the cultivation world would not apply on Earth. Therefore, it was a problem for him to look for ways to make money.

When it was close to noon, Ye Chen realized that he had arrived at the outer ring of Jiulong Antique Street.

In reality, the so-called antique street was more suitable to be called an antique town because antiques had turned into a culture, a label, and even a tourist attraction in Tiannan. To attract foreign tourists, the local government even spent money to modify the original antique street into an antique town.

Meanwhile, the antique markets were usually messy. Only a couple of items were really valuable. Although that was the case, it did not stop Jiulong Antique Street from booming.

Ye Chen decided to go over after some hesitation.

When one looked ahead, both sides of the outer ring of the street were filled with hawker stalls. There were all sorts of items, including ancient jewelry, red onyx, amber, agarwood, ebony, coins, porcelain, calligraphy work, and paintings. They had everything.

Ye Chen scanned through the items one after another, but he shook his head secretly right away. To him, those items were worth nothing. Even the so-called treasures from the stalls were fake.

A voice with a Beijing accent came into his ears just when he walked a few steps away. "Brother, take a look. I have everything you want here. Your satisfaction is guaranteed!"

Ye Chen turned his head to see that the person who had spoken was a skinny middle-aged man with a yellowish pallor. The man had a passionate smile spread all over his face. In fact, he was smiling so hard that his eyes became merely two slits.

Meanwhile, the little hawker stall before him was less than three meters wide. The hawker merely used a red bedsheet to lay out items of various sizes on it.

Noticing that what he said had caught Ye Chen's attention, the middle-aged man was even more excited now. He stretched his arm out and picked up a clay-colored snuff bottle. Then, he began peddling it. "Brother, I can tell that

you have an extraordinary background. You are a master of knowledge. Take a look at this snuff bottle. It's not me, Chen Houzi, boasting, but this was used by the Qianlong Emperor back then."

Ye Chen peered at it and extended his arm to take the snuff bottle. He pointed at the few English words written at the bottom of the bottle and said in an expression so nobody knew if he was joking or not, "Hasn't the Qing Dynasty fallen a long time ago?"

The English words were 'Made in China'.

Chen Houzi patted his head and smiled awkwardly. "Ah, I'm so sorry. I got the wrong one. Let me get you the right one."

Ye Chen scanned through the items at a hawker stall before he smiled and turned around in an attempt to leave. However, the moment he turned around, he turned his head back to look at the stall again.

To be exact, he was looking at an item at the stall. It was a black, irregular, inconspicuous item the size of a walnut. It looked like a black blotch.

Everyone had no idea that Ye Chen possessed a treasure called the Immortal Drift Bottle.

He gained the Immortal Drift Bottle when he sank to the bottom of the river after being thrown in back then. Subsequently, not only did he survive, but he traveled to the cultivation world. With the help of the Immortal Drift Bottle, he spent 3,000 years to become the immortal of the generation.

The Immortal Drift Bottle only had one function. During a full moon, a mysterious green fluid would be produced inexplicably when the moon was shining. The mysterious green fluid could age any herbs and medicines from heaven and earth. For instance, it could age 50-year-old ginseng to become a hundred years, 200 years, and even 500 years old.

Ye Chen then named it the Immortal Drift Bottle and kept it a secret. Even his most trustable disciple, Yu Wenxuan, had no idea about that. Although Ye Wenxuan stole the throne as the Heavenly Emperor, he had no idea that the title was just a foreign object to Ye Chen. The Immortal Drift Bottle was actually his most important possession.

The reason Ye Chen stopped walking was that he sensed the movement in the Immortal Drift Bottle in his body. It was the first time the Immortal Drift Bottle was stirring a commotion ever since he returned to Earth.

Ye Chen bent down and picked up the black item quietly. He held it in his hand and asked expressionlessly, "How much is this?"

"This thing? Whatever price you like..." Chen Houzi said by instinct and stopped talking all of a sudden. His small eyes rolled as he grinned cunningly and gave Ye Chen a thumbs-up. "You're quite the expert yourself. I can't believe that you spotted the real treasure of the stall at once."

"500!" Ye Chen interrupted him.

Chen Houzi coughed and almost choked. "I risked my life to find this during the Mount Tai phenomenon. I suppose you know about the Mount Tai phenomenon, don't you? It was even on the news a few days back. It was a miracle. Something that came out of a miracle can..."

In reality, he was purely bullsh*tting. He found the black item from a recycling bin in his hometown back then. He did not have any idea what it was and even took it to be examined at a few antique appraisals. The only response he got was that it was just trash that was worth nothing.

"200!"

The corner of Chen Houzi's lips twitched as he was cursing secretly. He squeezed a drop of tear out from an eye. "Brother, how is this bargaining? You're killing me. How about you pay me 500 and take this with you? I have an 80-year-old mother and a baby who are waiting to be fed at home."

"I'll make a move then!" Ye Chen put down the item and turned around in an attempt to leave.

"Hey, hey, hey! Don't go just yet, Sir!" Chen Houzi stopped him immediately and pretended to look like he was in agony. "Okay, 200 it is. It's a great loss for me, but I'll just treat it as making a new friend, Brother."

Ye Chen took out 200 yuan and gave it to Chen Houzi who then bent down and picked up the black item. Then, he packed it simply in a plastic bag and passed it to him.

At the moment, an extraordinarily snobbish voice came behind the duo. “Stop it right there! I want that toy too!”