

## Genius 441

### Chapter 441 Old Acquaintance\_1

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Both Qin Fang and Cai Qing fully understood the implication behind Luo Xi's words; both managed to restrain their laughter, but Ding Song was clueless and even straightened his posture when Luo Xi mentioned the title 'One of the Four Tiansouthern Showmen,' as if he was expecting admiration and worship to be cast his way by Qin Fang.

Alas, he was bound to be disappointed.

Qin Fang's expression remained quite natural, as if he had no knowledge whatsoever concerning the prestige associated with the name 'One of the Four Tiansouthern Showmen,' and he simply continued to focus on his meal.

At most, he casually dropped a statement, "Miss Luo, as you know, I'm not a member of the Martial World, so my knowledge is quite limited! That person... Mr. Ding, hello!"

Ding Song's face couldn't help but heat up, and a quick flash of red could be seen across it, signaling that he had lost some face.

However, if it was as Qin Fang said, that he wasn't a person from the Martial World, then it would be completely normal for him not to have heard of such a prestigious title, so even if he felt dissatisfied with Qin Fang, he couldn't show it, lest he really lose too much face.

"Hello, hello..."

Apart from mechanically responding to Qin Fang, he really had nothing else to say.

"Senior Brother Ding, as you see, we're eating, so if there's nothing pressing, we won't keep you from your time!"

Luo Xi also knew when to advance and retreat; seeing that Qin Fang had no interest in entertaining Ding Song, she wasn't going to actively cause trouble for Qin Fang. Having successfully completed her role as a human shield, she promptly showed Ding Song out.

"Heh! I actually have some friends over there, so I'll head over now. You guys continue..."

Ding Song, having lost some face, and in front of two beautiful women at that, didn't have the nerve to stay any longer. He immediately went to the table he had reserved, where indeed a few friends were waiting for him.

"Say, beautiful, can you not cause trouble for me when it's not necessary? I'm just here to watch the excitement; I don't want to invite trouble!"

Only after Ding Song had left did Qin Fang speak with a hint of displeasure.

Although he was with these two beauties and needed to look after them to an extent, he was not keen on being used as a shield against pursuers, because doing so would definitely bring him a considerable amount of trouble.

The Martial World these days wasn't very large, and there were significantly few women who practiced martial arts, with even fewer beauties among them.

There were only a few beauties of note in the Southern Martial Arts World, and the two sitting beside Qin Fang were both among them.

"Hmph, having you as a shield is giving you face..."

Unfortunately, the two beauties glanced at each other, with Cai Qing still cold as ice, and Luo Xi refuted firmly, not taking Qin Fang's words to heart.

This response was something Qin Fang anticipated, so he didn't bother to entangle with them further and decided to continue with his meal.

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"Fourth Senior Brother, why did it take you so long to come? We've been waiting for quite a while... come on, come on, forget the chit-chat, down three cups as a penalty!"

Ding Song walked away from Qin Fang's table with a rather embarrassed, losing face manner and made his way to a deeper part of the restaurant. As soon as he reached his table, someone immediately started shouting.

"Ah, don't mention it! Let's just drink, drink..."

His companions, either senior brothers from his sect or close friends, couldn't help but ask when they saw Ding Song's demeanor. Prompted by their questioning, Ding Song downed three cups of wine in quick succession and couldn't help but grunt in resignation.

"What happened?"

His brothers usually just joked around, but seeing Ding Song's unhappy face, they couldn't help but ask.

"Look over there..."

Ding Song sat near the edge, where he could clearly see Qin Fang's table, and with a gesture of his mouth, he subtly signaled toward it.

The others craned their necks for a look, some not sure what they were looking for, while others lit up in recognition of either Cai Qing or Luo Xi.

"Isn't that Luo Xi and Cai Qing? I didn't expect to see them staying here too; what a coincidence..."

Someone recognized the two beauties and immediately perked up, since beauties in the Martial World were so scarce, each one highly valued, and they were eager like hungry wolves, wishing they could pounce for a bite.

"Hey, who's that guy? Eating with the two beauties..."

However, they soon noticed the young man Qin Fang as well, but it was clear they didn't recognize him, which they found rather odd.

There were so few noteworthy young heroes in the Martial World that it would be rare for them not to recognize at least one, but none of them recognizing him was quite strange.

Naturally, all eyes focused on Ding Song, the only one who had had any contact.

"Just an ordinary person, probably a relative of the two beauties!"

Ding Song said nonchalantly, but recalling the humiliation he had suffered, there was still a fire burning in his heart.

"Damn, an ordinary guy dares to hit on Brother Ding's girls? That's suicidal!"

As one of the Tian Nan Four Showmen, Ding Song enjoyed a high prestige among the younger generation in the Southern Martial Arts World. Those who could hang out with him naturally looked up to him. Among them were some who were adept at flattering, and one of the more astute ones immediately slapped the table in annoyance and blurted out.

"That's right, this kid is asking for it..."

Once one person spoke up, naturally others joined in. However, as the voices grew, Ding Song felt that he was losing face. He was already dissatisfied with Qin Fang and now, no matter how he looked at him, Qin Fang displeased him even more.

"Brother Ding, I think that kid is just a pushover. How about a few of us find some time to scare him off, so he disappears on his own? Then you could..."

Butt-kissing was a skill too, and quickly, someone noticed the shift in Ding Song's mood and could not help but give him advice.

Those present were all martial practitioners, and none were weak. Even the least among them possessed Level 3 strength, the kind nobody could get close to. Dealing with just an ordinary man was indeed too easy.

However, it was generally against the rules of any sect to allow its disciples to arbitrarily bully ordinary folk—it really wasn't okay, akin to an adult picking on a child, and would be embarrassing to mention.

Because of this, although Ding Song was irritated, he couldn't vent his anger on Qin Fang and could only watch resentfully. But with his sect brothers helping to scare the man away, that would make things much easier for him.

"This... he's just an ordinary person, what if he gets hurt..."

Ding Song really wasn't that compassionate; while he mouthed words of concern, he hinted at intimidation, and mentioning the word "hit" changed the implication entirely.

"Don't worry, Brother Ding, leave this to us. There will be absolutely no problems!"

Though inside, some were cursing Ding Song for being unscrupulous, they couldn't focus on that now. During the Martial World meet, there were at least thousands of experts from the Northern and Southern Martial Arts Worlds present.

If someone was beaten up, there would be nowhere to appeal, and at most, one would need to put on stockings over their head to cover their face. Finding the assailant would be hopeless.

Thus, while Qin Fang was unaware, some were already setting their sights on him.

Qin Fang and his two companions had come to the restaurant simply to eat and fill their stomachs, not to chat and drink like the others, so they ate quickly. Soon, their meal was almost finished, and Qin Fang called the waiter over to pay the bill.

But when Qin Fang looked up, he saw a figure surrounded by several people leaving the restaurant, and that silhouette seemed all too familiar, causing Qin Fang's gaze to linger.

"What's wrong?"

Luo Xi noticed the strange expression on Qin Fang's face and couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing, I just thought I saw someone I know..."

Qin Fang shook his head. The silhouette did look quite familiar, as if he had seen it somewhere before, but thinking of who that person might be, it seemed unlikely, as that person's status would not have him appearing in a small place like Jian Ge at such a time.

"Oh!"

Luo Xi simply hummed in response; she had just asked casually and wasn't overly concerned with the issue.

Actually, Qin Fang wasn't too concerned either. There were many people with similar silhouettes; it wasn't necessarily the same person. Distracted by paying the bill, he didn't think much about it.

But soon after, Qin Fang and his companions also got up to leave. Just as they stepped out of the restaurant, Qin Fang saw two people talking not far away, with several others lingered around, though none approached them.

"Brother Fei, is it really you?"

Upon recognizing the newcomer, Qin Fang exclaimed in surprise, "I thought I was mistaken..."

It was only then that Qin Fang realized he hadn't been mistaken; the person had actually come to a small place like Jian Ge, which was quite unexpected.

Who was this person?

It was none other than Qiao Zhenfei, one of the top young masters of Capital City and someone Qin Fang had a good relationship with.

"Qin Fang!"

Qiao Zhenfei was also surprised, then overjoyed. He stopped talking and immediately ran over to share a very warm and proactive embrace with Qin Fang. "I really didn't expect to find you here in Jian Ge, what a surprise..."

In such a vast country, without any prior notice, in a small county like Jian Ge, it was indeed a curious twist of fate for two friends to encounter each other by sheer coincidence. This was the second time such an unexpected meeting had occurred.

As for the first time, of course, it was that encounter in Shenzhou, although it hadn't been too harmonious, it had brought Qin Fang and Qiao Zhenfei much closer. They would occasionally catch up with a simple phone call, but meetings were rare.

Chapter 442 Black Market\_1

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"It's indeed a surprise..."

Qin Fang nodded, knowing that Qiao Zhenfei was always running around outside all year round, and didn't spend much time actually in Capital City. If Qin Fang really wanted to find Qiao Zhenfei, it seemed he certainly had to go to Capital City to wait, since the chances of running into him elsewhere were too slim.

"Brother Fei, did you come to Jian Ge for..."

However, precisely because of this, Qin Fang was intrigued.

Jian Ge was not any major city, and it didn't host any prominent businesses. However, the place had become somewhat lively recently due to the upcoming Martial World Convention, which didn't seem to have any direct connection with Qiao Zhenfei.

"The Martial World Convention, huh..."

Qiao Zhenfei was quite straightforward and didn't hide his reasons. "You see all those people coming and going? Many of them are martial arts experts. The Martial World Convention starts tomorrow, and then there will be even more experts..."

Qiao Zhenfei spoke as if he was quite knowledgeable about the inner workings, but he failed to notice Qin Fang, Cai Qing, Luo Xi, and even the two bodyguards following him were holding back their laughter.

"Cough cough... Brother Fei, speaking seriously, you're not a martial artist, so why would you attend the Martial World Convention?"

Qin Fang couldn't stand it any longer; if he continued like this, he would surely burst into laughter. So he stifled his chuckle with a cough and then asked.

"Just to join in the fun..."

Qiao Zhenfei didn't catch on to the odd atmosphere at all and continued naturally, "Ah, when I was younger, I always hoped I could leap across roofs and vault over walls like those martial arts experts. But later, I realized that was all nonsense and lost some interest. Just a few days ago, while I was in Jincheng, I heard that they were holding a Martial World Convention here, so I decided to come and take a look... By the way, what brings you here?"

After talking for a while, Qiao Zhenfei finally thought to ask this question.

"Same as you, just here to watch the excitement..."

Qin Fang replied with a chuckle. He truly came to enjoy the show, although his reasons differed slightly from Qiao Zhenfei's; he also harbored the intention to learn.

"That's perfect then. We brothers can go together tomorrow. I managed to get us VIP seats, so we'll be able to get much closer..."

Upon hearing this, Qiao Zhenfei immediately became happy. Since they both came to watch the spectacle, it was naturally most convenient for them to stick together. Plus, they could keep each other company while talking.

It didn't surprise Qin Fang in the least that Qiao Zhenfei, a non-martial artist, could secure VIP seats. His status and background were clear; even highly respected seniors in the martial community were under the nation's governance, and Qiao Zhenfei's family head was a major figure with much higher prestige.

"Is that so? Can you add two more people?"

Qin Fang naturally wouldn't refuse such an invitation. Sitting in the VIP area would be more comfortable and closer to the arena, allowing him to watch and learn more easily – an opportunity that couldn't be begged for.

However, he wasn't alone; he had two beautiful ladies trailing behind him, and he promised to take good care of them. He couldn't just leave them behind.

"Oh? These two beauties? No problem at all, absolutely no problem... Just wait a sec!"

Qiao Zhenfei was initially taken aback, only just noticing the two beauties behind Qin Fang. He hadn't paid much attention before, since people were constantly coming and going at the restaurant's entrance. But now he realized, and promptly agreed.

Then, he turned back to the person he had been speaking with before and briefly discussed something. Qin Fang didn't listen intently, but he gathered that the middle-aged man seemed to be one of the organizers, and with such authority, Qin Fang's initial nervousness settled down.

"All set, tomorrow you bring the two beauties and follow me in! Tsk tsk, kid, you've got quite the eye. Every time it's top-notch beauties with you... Why can't I encounter such luck!"

As expected, after a few words, the middle-aged man left to handle matters, and Qiao Zhenfei approached to share the good news with Qin Fang, not missing the chance to tease him a bit.

However, Qin Fang just rolled his eyes at this, and the two beauties behind him also seemed a bit displeased, but since they weren't acquainted with Qiao Zhenfei, they didn't bother to explain anything. There was no need.

"This is my senior sister, Cai Qing, and this one, you could say, is my junior niece, Luo Xi..."

Despite Qiao Zhenfei's misunderstanding, Qin Fang still decided to introduce them, considering they would join him in the VIP seats the following day. It was necessary to get acquainted beforehand.

"I am Qiao Zhenfei. Good evening to you both, beauties!"

Qiao Zhenfei went along with it, shaking hands with both ladies and introducing himself. There was no need to reveal more; they weren't familiar enough yet. Besides, if Qin Fang wanted to say more, he would naturally tell the two ladies himself. There was no point in saying too much.

That being the case, both sides formally met, and the atmosphere remained friendly.

"Qin Fang, and you two ladies, I wonder if you have time this evening. I've arranged an activity on my side, and I'd be honored if you could grace us with your presence and check it out?"

While speaking, Qiao Zhenfei's phone rang. He glanced at it, seemingly reminded by a memo, and then turned to Qin Fang and the two ladies to inquire.

Qin Fang frowned slightly, looking back at Cai Qing and Luo Xi. He didn't particularly care, but still wanted to consider the ladies' opinions.

"Qin Fang, it's getting late. You and Mr. Qiao are old friends, and it'll be good for you to catch up. Luo Xi and I will head back first..."

Cai Qing was still not too keen on interacting too much with men, so she quickly volunteered, and of course, this was after exchanging glances with Luo Xi.

"Oh, that's fine then!"

Qin Fang nodded his head. He knew Cai Qing's personality and preferences, so he didn't insist, and since he had bumped into Qiao Zhenfei, it was a good occasion to celebrate with a drink. Having an arrangement with Qiao Zhenfei was convenient.

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"Brother Ding, it looks like the two ladies went back to their room, and that kid left with someone else. What do you think..."

As Qin Fang and Qiao Zhenfei left together, naturally the two ladies headed back to their own rooms. Their relationship with Qin Fang wasn't particularly close, and they were even less familiar with Qiao Zhenfei, so it was out of the question for them to join. The groups separated and departed.

At that moment, someone who was tailing them and happened to be a lackey of Ding Song, noticed the situation and immediately went back to report to Ding Song. Although the plan had been set in place, they still needed an appropriate opportunity to execute it.

"I'll go check on the two ladies. As for the other matters... handle them as you see fit!"

Upon hearing this, Ding Song's brow rose in delight. He had been wondering how to separate Qin Fang from the ladies, which would make the operation more convenient, but surprisingly, even before they finished their meal, the opportunity presented itself.

So, there was no need to continue the meal. A date with the beauties was more pressing, and maybe he could even...

Soon after, several vehicles took up pursuit behind Qin Fang and Qiao Zhenfei's car, but they weren't particularly conspicuous...

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"Brother Fei, what kind of activity have you arranged? It sounds so secretive! As you know, I'm not into certain activities..."

Qin Fang had not driven his own Audi Q7 but had gotten into Qiao Zhenfei's ordinary-license plate Audi A6, which seemed more low-key, and since Qiao Zhenfei hadn't revealed their destination, Qin Fang asked.

"You'll find out when we get there... Don't worry, bro, I'm certainly not taking you to that kind of place!"

Qiao Zhenfei was all smiles but kept quiet, continuing to be mysterious.

"Come on, Brother Fei, don't play like that... If it's really that kind of place, then I might as well head back now!"

Qin Fang's expression suddenly turned sour. The more Qiao Zhenfei played coy, the more uneasy Qin Fang felt. It wasn't that he was concerned about being betrayed by Qiao Zhenfei, but rather he worried that Qiao Zhenfei would drag him to some seedy venue to indulge in women... which was truly not his cup of tea.

"Okay, okay, I'll give it to you straight, alright? Actually, we're going to the black market..."

Qiao Zhenfei chuckled, also amused by Qin Fang's reaction.

For high-profile young masters like them, the range of their indulgences was vast; there was almost nothing they wouldn't dare to do. However, Qin Fang seemed a bit too straight-laced and couldn't keep up with their pace.

So with no other option, Qiao Zhenfei decided to be honest.

"Black market?"

The term was new to Qin Fang, but it immediately made him feel exasperated.

Hearing the term "black market," Qin Fang's first association was with arms and drugs combined—the black market he was familiar with. On the assassin trading platform he managed, there were also some underground black market contacts. As long as one was willing to pay, one could obtain information, equipment, and other useful items quite conveniently.

Yet, given Qiao Zhenfei's status, he could easily earn more money engaging in legal business than these unlawful activities, which puzzled Qin Fang.

"Don't get the wrong idea. It's an antique black market, not the messy kind..."

Seeing Qin Fang's face turn pale, Qiao Zhenfei knew he had thought off track and quickly clarified, "You should know about Elder Tang's upcoming birthday celebration, right? I'll have to present a gift on behalf of my grandfather. It's just that the pieces I own are too precious for me to part with; there isn't a single one I'd be willing to give away. So I'm looking around, trying my luck, who knows, I might come across something nice!"

"Er... I see! Well, if that's the case, I'll join you!"

Hearing Qiao Zhenfei's explanation, Qin Fang finally felt relieved. As long as they weren't heading to some disreputable place, he was fine with it. Speaking of Elder Tang's birthday, Qin Fang himself had pondered over the matter of gifts. However, considering his uncertain relationship with Tang Feifei and his somewhat insufficient status, he hadn't given it too much thought.

Chapter 443 Dark Auction! Prescription...\_1

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It was now mid-November, and Old Master Tang's birthday celebration was to be held the next month, just before the New Year—a fact Qin Fang had known for a while.

Initially, Qin Fang had accompanied Tang Cheng, Ning Weiqiang, and Ning Yumo in selecting birthday gifts. In particular, the time when the three men attended an auction at the Elite Salon, Qin Fang inadvertently stumbled upon a staggering bargain.

Although Qin Fang played the role of an unsung hero on that occasion, his name had at least made it onto Old Master Tang's list with a slight advantage over the other suitors of Tang Feifei.

Ever since then, Qin Fang had participated in a few more gambling stone events but hadn't really been involved with antiques, mainly due to the extensive specialist knowledge required, which he didn't have the time to learn. At most, he could rely on his Scouting Skill to determine the authenticity and identify antiques. As for the more detailed aspects, he was clueless.

The antique black market is actually much more normal than those dealing in arms or drugs. Though still illegal, it is more widely accepted. At least someone with a reputation like Qiao Zhenfei would be in attendance.

Those who attended the antique black market brought cash directly and could bid on any antique they fancied, paying entirely in cash—a true cash-and-carry transaction.

Qin Fang had also wanted to withdraw some money, but it was rather late now and, besides, Jiange wasn't exactly a large city. The few banks combined wouldn't provide him with much cash.

Fortunately, Qiao Zhenfei was prepared with a relatively larger sum of cash—more than two million yuan. Only someone like him would dare to carry that amount in person, as most people would be very worried about being robbed.

Qin Fang managed to get fifty thousand yuan in cash from Qiao Zhenfei to use for the time being. This was the threshold for entering the black market; any less and one wouldn't even be able to reach the venue.

The two men alighted at the agreed-upon location and then, with a bodyguard, boarded a more inconspicuous van, speeding away from Jiange County Town. As for the direction they were headed, it wasn't particularly important—as long as they weren't lost, everything was fine.

About half an hour later, the group finally got out of the vehicle, arriving at a relatively secluded spot in the countryside.

After turning off their cell phones and being checked, the three were allowed to enter the auction site arranged by the black market—a relatively large room temporarily set up with an auction table and displays for antiques, and rows of chairs beneath.

When Qin Fang and his company arrived, many people had already taken their seats, acquaintances clustered together in small groups, with many more strangers, which was a safety consideration.

It wasn't until around nine o'clock that a few people began bringing in boxes of various sizes, presumably containing the antiques up for sale that evening.

Black markets differed from auction houses in that they didn't guarantee the authenticity of the antiques; it was entirely up to the buyers' acumen to spot any bargains.

Of course, the proportion of genuine items was considerably more reliable than those found in regular antique shops. Without sufficient quantity and quality, reputation would not be easily established.

At least the black market that Qiao Zhenfei brought Qin Fang to had a very good reputation within the industry, which was one reason why Qiao Zhenfei felt comfortable coming here so readily.

Once the boxes were in place, a man in his forties with a smile on his face approached. He had an ordinary appearance, the kind that would not be noticed if tossed into a crowd, which made him inconspicuous.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to today's auction. I wish everyone good luck and hope you find some wonderful items today. Now, without further ado, let's begin the auction..."

The middle-aged man's introduction was straightforward, and with the first box brought up, that marked the start of the black market auction.

The first item up for bid was an quaint and small bronze ding, which the presenter claimed was from the Warring States period. Qiao Zhenfei clearly wasn't interested, not even bothering to take a closer look.

For Qin Fang, all he needed to do was to cast his Scouting Skill on it. Indeed, as the presenter described, it was a Warring States bronze ding, albeit a small one with a noticeable chip at the mouth, reducing its value.

Yet, there were still many enthusiasts for such bronze artifacts, and even one with noticeable defects was in demand. The price was quickly bid up, eventually selling for one hundred and twenty thousand yuan. According to Qiao Zhenfei, this was a high price for the ding.

Although Qiao Zhenfei was a top-tier young master adept at leisure and pleasure, his actual competence was extremely strong. Not only did he possess some prowess with gambling stones, but he also had a decent level of expertise with antiques. He regularly engaged with them, experiencing both successful bargains and some losses.

The auction continued, with one item after another being brought forth. Qiao Zhenfei preferred ceramics most, followed by paintings and calligraphy; he cared less for other items, barring the few that genuinely appealed to him.

Chapter 444 Dark Auction! Prescription...\_2

Time slowly trickled by, and Qin Fang was merely a bystander, tossing a Scouting Skill at each item to appraise its authenticity before falling silent as others bid for them.

"This auction item is a... Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup!"

When this particular item was brought up, the host didn't unveil it immediately like before. Instead, he was lifting the cover while still introducing the item, deliberately pausing, and then revealing it all of a sudden.

Wow~~

Almost instantly after the seven words were pronounced, everyone's expression in the room changed, eyes unanimously focusing on the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup.

Qiao Zhenfei was no exception; it was nearly his first time to have such a strong reaction since he came to this black market.

"Brother Fei, what's going on? Is it something good?"

Qin Fang was not very knowledgeable about antiques, and although he could cheat with his Scouting Skill, he only knew the authenticity of antiques, not how good or valuable they might be.

It was only seeing Qiao Zhenfei's intense reaction that he asked.

"You don't understand this business. All I can tell you is, if it really is a Chenghua Doucai, then its value is truly inestimable..."

Qiao Zhenfei whispered an explanation into Qin Fang's ear before he walked over to the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup to take a closer look and appraise it himself.

An undoubtedly great piece, but if it's a fake or even a replica, then it truly holds no interest.

While everyone else went to examine the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, Qin Fang stayed put, casually throwing a Scouting Skill over, and the result quickly displayed.

"Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup (Repaired)"

The result was out, it really was a Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, but noted with the words "Repaired," obviously not intact, making it essentially a flawed item.

Soon, Qiao Zhenfei returned, his face bearing a faint, almost imperceptible smile.

"How's the piece?"

Although Qin Fang had his own appraisal result, he still wanted to hear Qiao Zhenfei's more professional opinion, so that if Qiao Zhenfei missed something, he could intercede.

"It's an old piece, and the quality is quite impressive. The only pity is that it's a repaired shard, which affects its value... but that doesn't matter, as long as it's a good piece, it's worth it!"

Qiao Zhenfei's expertise was not to be underestimated. Qin Fang relied on the Scouting Skill to cheat for his conclusion, while Qiao Zhenfei relied entirely on his own judgement, which was almost identical to Qin Fang's result.

This conclusion was enough for Qiao Zhenfei to decide to bid for this item, even if it meant spending all his money and forgoing other potential treasures.

After all, Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cups are extremely rare, a once-in-a-lifetime exquisite find!

"I believe everyone has had a good look, the item is absolutely wonderful, and now the auction begins, with a starting bid of three hundred thousand!"

After letting everyone view it for about three minutes, the host announced the starting price, and the bidding commenced.

"Five hundred thousand!"

The first bid was extraordinarily aggressive, upping the ante by two hundred thousand straight off.

"Eh... can a repaired one sell for so much?"

Hearing the starting price, Qin Fang was already troubled, but the bidding was even more brutal, prompting him to mutter to himself.

"You know jack! If it were a complete Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, do you think they'd bring it to a black market sale? They'd have figured out how to get it into an auction house long ago. Back in April 1999 at a Hong Kong Sotheby's auction, a Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup sold for a sky-high price of 29.17 million Hong Kong dollars, and it's worth even more now..."

Qiao Zhenfei rolled his eyes but still explained briefly to Qin Fang.

While they were talking, the bidding for the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup had already surpassed one million, with most of the bidders choosing to drop out.

The item was indeed good, but the price exceeded what they were willing to pay, as this black market operated on cash transactions and they had limited cash on hand.

"One million two hundred thousand!"

Qiao Zhenfei made his move, raising the bid by two hundred thousand in one go, showing his strong momentum and determination, immediately causing several more bidders to drop out of the running.

"One million two hundred and fifty thousand!"

"One million two hundred and eighty thousand!"

"One million three hundred thousand..."

Still, the number of participants in the black market wasn't small, and there were quite a few powerful ones, too. Qiao Zhenfei raised the bid by two hundred thousand in one go, but there were still three buyers keeping up with him.

"One million five hundred thousand!"

This time Qiao Zhenfei was even more ruthless; he added another two hundred thousand on top of the one million three hundred thousand. At the same time, this figure was also the entirety of the cash he had on hand.

Of course, Qin Fang also whispered on the side that the five hundred thousand he had borrowed was all given to Qiao Zhenfei to use. Originally, that money was Qiao Zhenfei's; now, it had simply returned to its rightful owner.

"One million six hundred thousand!"

"One million seven hundred thousand!"

However, this price hike only eliminated one bidder; there were still two that were relentlessly following.

"One million eight hundred thousand!"

Qiao Zhenfei continued to bid, but his frown grew deeper and deeper.

"One million nine hundred thousand!"

The other buyer was also relentless, not giving any slack in the increment of their bid, which made Qiao Zhenfei quite uncomfortable.

"Two million!"

Qiao Zhenfei went all out this time; the two million was all the cash he had brought with him. If he still couldn't secure the item with that, then he could only say goodbye to the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup with no small regret.

"Two million one hundred thousand!"

Yet, he still ended up frustrated. Such a fine item as the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, even with a bit of damage affecting its value, was genuinely undervalued at two million.

"Forget it..."

Watching a somewhat dejected Qiao Zhenfei, Qin Fang was also quite helpless and offered a word of consolation. Facing a situation like this was indeed a bit too disheartening.

"I'm fine..."

Fortunately, Qiao Zhenfei was still able to bear it. He just sat quietly there, watching the other bidders outbid each other, his gaze shifting around, and it was unclear what he was thinking.

In the end, the slightly damaged Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup was auctioned off to a rotund Fatty for two million eight hundred thousand. The guy looked every bit like a Shanxi coal baron, the kind who had so much money it burned a hole in their pocket.

The coal baron decisively paid the money and embraced the small, delicate Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup into his bosom, handling it with extreme care and valuing it greatly, eliciting envious glances from the others.

The auction had to continue, and a new item was brought up.

"This is a set of Song Dynasty calligraphy manuscript, with an unknown provenance. However, the script is bold and forceful with profound skill, likely a work of a master. The starting price is thirty thousand!"

The middle-aged man's tone didn't reveal any excitement from the previously high-selling lot; he introduced this newly brought up item just as blandly as before.

Perhaps due to the previous loss, Qiao Zhenfei was a bit disheartened, hardly even bothering to look at this time's lot.

And Qin Fang...

"A prescription... It's actually a prescription!"

Qin Fang at this moment was incredibly excited. As with before, when a new item was introduced, he used his Scouting Skill, but the result displayed made him almost want to jump up right away.

"Prescription: Heart Nourishing Pill!"

Ever since he killed the Golden Crested Serpent and acquired the Pharmacopeia Skill, Qin Fang had obtained two prescriptions, one for the Detoxification Pill and the other for the Five Poisons Powder. Both prescriptions had come from slaying monsters; hence, Qin Fang naturally assumed that this was the only way to acquire them.

But what he never expected was that a prescription would appear among the auction items, even though, in the eyes of everyone else, it looked merely like a manuscript of calligraphy.

Chapter 445 Prescription in hand!\_1

...

"What? You like it?"

Qin Fang thought he had suppressed his emotions quite well, but Qiao Zhenfei, sitting beside him, still felt that the current Qin Fang was noticeably different from the Qin Fang before and couldn't help asking.

"Yeah, this letter looks very nice!"

After hearing this, Qin Fang also slightly stunned, then followed with a nod as if in agreement.

Although he had practiced calligraphy for some days, the truth was that his large brush-written characters were barely legible, far from a professional standard.

As for appreciation, let's not even go there. If you asked him to point out what was good about the characters on this piece of calligraphy, he really couldn't tell you.

"Oh, now that I think about it, Old Master Tang is quite a fan of calligraphy. Are you planning to appeal to his interests? ...I'll go take a look for you..."

Fortunately, Qiao Zhenfei didn't overthink it. Seeing that Qin Fang seemed to like this piece of calligraphy, maybe thinking it was a birthday present for Old Master Tang, he simply stood up to go and appreciate it himself.

It wasn't long before Qiao Zhenfei came back shaking his head.

"How is it?"

Even though Qin Fang had decided to get this piece of calligraphy, no, this prescription, at all costs, he still couldn't help asking this question.

Only he knew about the prescription, which was hidden within this piece of calligraphy. Ordinary people would just see it as a piece of calligraphy, but for Qin Fang, it was an absolute treasure.

The Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup that Qiao Zhenfei fancied was definitely a top-tier treasure among collectors, but in Qin Fang's view, it wasn't worth one-thousandth of this prescription.

A prescription that needed such a piece of calligraphy as a cover definitely wasn't simple in value.

Named Heart Nourishing Pill, it should be related to the heart. The specifics would have to wait until Qin Fang got his hands on it, learned it, and added it under the Pharmacopeia Skill before the real use of the pill would be revealed.

"The piece of calligraphy should be from the Song Dynasty, but not from a famed artist and it lacks any seals or signatures, so its value is not high..."

Qiao Zhenfei's true love was porcelain, in which he invested a lot of effort. Calligraphy and painting were secondary. While not an expert, he had a pretty keen eye.

But anyone involved in antique collecting knew that the value of a collectible, especially calligraphy or paintings, depended on many factors apart from the piece's own quality: the creator's identity, the provenance, various famous seals and signatures, and the completeness of the item's history.

This particular piece of calligraphy, based on the level of the characters written, should be considered quite good. Although it did not achieve the standard of calligraphy masters like Mi Fu and Huang Tingjian, the skill was nonetheless profound and it was truly a fine piece. Plus it was well preserved, which added to its worth.

However, apart from the characters, there was nothing else—no date, artist's seal, connoisseur's stamp, etc., which reduced its collectible value.

Of course, if one could determine its actual origin, any historical anecdotes associated with it, it could fetch a higher value, but that would require quite a lot of meticulous work.

"Hehe, I'm not into collecting, I don't value that stuff that much..."

Regarding Qiao Zhenfei's assessment, Qin Fang just listened, expressing his indifference. Even if Qiao Zhenfei belittled the piece of calligraphy, Qin Fang would still have to buy it for the sake of the prescription.

"That's also true. Old Master Tang has seen so many fine pieces of calligraphy, acquiring works from famous artists is just gilding the lily. Giving such a fine piece as a birthday gift is more valuable and attractive than those..."

Qiao Zhenfei had his own interpretation of Qin Fang's words, and Qin Fang didn't feel the need to explain further, simply smiling lightly.

"Don't worry, brother, since you've taken a fancy to it, I'll definitely support you all the way!"

Even though Qiao Zhenfei failed to win the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup earlier, Qin Fang had been steadfast in his support during the crucial moment. The 500,000 in cash was originally lent to Qin Fang by Qiao Zhenfei, but Qin Fang immediately indicated that he would transfer it to Qiao Zhenfei's bank account. Qiao Zhenfei, however, didn't care about the money and directly said it was a gift to Qin Fang.

At the crucial moment, Qin Fang didn't hesitate to give back the 500,000 to Qiao Zhenfei, which touched him. Qiao Zhenfei had his principles when it came to dealing with people. He might not care that the 500,000 cash was a gift he gave away, but he valued Qin Fang's decision to lend a hand without hesitation at that time. Qin Fang might not have realized it, but Qiao Zhenfei felt he owed Qin Fang a favor.

For most people, 500,000 in cash would be a substantial amount of money, but for someone like Qiao Zhenfei, a top-notch young master, or Qin Fang, a billionaire, it wasn't a large sum.

"Thanks, Brother Fei..."

Qin Fang immediately expressed his gratitude to Qiao Zhenfei and silently prayed no one would quote an exceptionally high price. Otherwise, he would surely regret not bringing enough cash.

Chapter 446 Prescription in hand!\_2

Even so, Qin Fang was thinking that in the future, he should carry more cash with him. After all, the number of compartments in his Props Box had already doubled, so leaving one compartment empty to store cash shouldn't be a big problem.

"Okay, all have appreciated the items, so let's officially start the auction, starting at 30,000! Bang..."

As the auctioneer's hammer slowly fell, the auction for the manuscript officially began.

Qin Fang was almost the first to want to raise his hand to bid, but before he could move, Qiao Zhenfei stopped him.

"Don't rush, let's see how things go first..."

Qin Fang himself didn't have much experience with auctions. Seeing such a good item, he wished he could buy it instantly with his bid. If the auction worked like those in online games, where there's a "Buy It Now" option, Qin Fang would definitely buy it in a heartbeat, even if it cost ten, or a hundred times the starting price.

Money can be earned again, but such a rare medical prescription was quite scarce. It might be the only one left in the world, and not getting his hands on it would surely be a regret for a very long time for Qin Fang.

Qin Fang had risen from humble beginnings, and it had only been a few short months. He had attended one auction, which was several months ago at the Elite Salon, but at that time he was just a spectator. The real bidders were Tang Cheng and Ning Weiqiang, and of course, Chen Jiangnan could be counted as one too.

So to say, he was a complete outsider when it came to this kind of competitive bidding auction.

It may look like there are many people sitting here, all buyers carrying cash, but that doesn't guarantee that there are no seller-arranged shills in the crowd. As soon as they see someone determined to win, they'd immediately bid up the price. After all, they wouldn't have to pay any fees to buy their own items back. They could just find an opportunity to re-auction it later on.

Such tricks were quite common. Even if the buyers knew there might be shills present, as long as the price wasn't outrageously high, they would generally accept it.

"No one bidding? Although this manuscript is unsigned, it's definitely a fine item. If its origin is identified, its value could increase a hundredfold. A starting price of 30,000 really isn't too high..."

This was arguably the first item in the black market auction where no one had bid yet—perhaps its starting price was set too high. Of course, this also had to do with the buyers not valuing its collectible worth.

Most of these buyers were into personal collecting. The professional task of verifying the provenance of antiques was better left to archaeologists. The buyers mostly weren't short of money, but they didn't have the inclination to engage in such matters.

"Sigh, don't waste time, let's get on with it! I'll offer 30,000..."

At that moment, a brief lull occurred, and Qiao Zhenfei suddenly became noticeably impatient, blurting out a bid that matched the starting price.

From his words and expression, many people thought he wanted to speed up the auction. After all, at this point, only the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup had created a climax at the auction. Considering even such treasures were not the grand finale, it indicated that more valuable items were yet to come.

If every item was delayed like this, the more they would become impatient. It was not uncommon for some wealthy second-generation kids to stir up the scene, speeding up the process, and now Qiao Zhenfei was evidently playing such a role.

Seeing Qiao Zhenfei bid, Qin Fang was momentarily stunned before he couldn't help but reveal a slight smile and quietly gave Qiao Zhenfei a thumbs-up.

This move was truly clever!

He bid without making any noise, and no one else took notice of their group.

Plus, given Qiao Zhenfei's unsuccessful bid for the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup earlier, others thought he was frustrated and intending to bid aggressively on the upcoming treasures. Hence, speeding up the process seemed understandable.

"This gentleman has bid 30,000! 30,000, 30,000, any higher offers?"

With Qiao Zhenfei's bid, the auctioneer also quietly heaved a sigh of relief. While the price was a bit low, it was still better than the item being unsold.

"30,000 for the first time..."

"30,000 for the second time..."

"30,000 for the thir..."

Apart from Qiao Zhenfei's offer, no one else joined in the bidding. The auctioneer seemed eager to accommodate Qiao Zhenfei's desire to speed up the auction and quickly reached the third call.

"I'll bid 50,000!"

But before Qin Fang's heart could settle down, suddenly someone shouted out an even higher price, instantly stiffening Qin Fang's expression.

At the last moment, a Cheng Yaojin burst forth out of nowhere, which was bound to frustrate anyone.

Looking in the direction of the voice, he saw that the bidder was the Fatty coal boss who had previously snatched the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup from Qiao Zhenfei, now looking provocatively at Qiao Zhenfei, as if eager to challenge him again.

Qiao Zhenfei's complexion also changed, as he hadn't expected the Fatty coal boss to throw a wrench into the works at this moment, the anger in his heart immediately flaring.

He had been pondering how to get his hands on that Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, but this Fatty had recklessly bumped into his, Qiao Zhenfei's, path.

"Good, good... gutsy!"

Qiao Zhenfei glared at the Fatty across from him, his voice cold as he spat out these few words, indicating just how furious he was at that moment.

A top-tier Young Master like him, who mingled in Capital City's most elite circles, didn't lack money, women, or power. What he valued was his respect, and he would dare hang and flay anyone who dared to slap his face.

With no other option, Qin Fang grasped Qiao Zhenfei's arm, exerting a slight force. With a strength of +25, Qiao Zhenfei immediately felt the pain, which brought him back from his rage, preventing him from losing his temper right there.

"I bid 100,000!"

Seeing that Qiao Zhenfei had calmed down a bit, Qin Fang then spoke up.

Qin Fang was also puzzled, wondering why the Fatty coal boss was targeting Qiao Zhenfei, so he couldn't help but ask, "Brother Fei, do you know that Fatty?"

"No recollection..."

Qiao Zhenfei shook his head, still feeling the anger inside him, but now he was much more comfortable, "You sure are strong, kid... It really hurt..."

This was within Qin Fang's expectations. If you knew Qiao Zhenfei, then you would certainly know his identity; but knowing his identity and still daring to directly oppose him meant you must have had your head kicked by a donkey.

However, the real reason could only be known by the Fatty coal boss himself. In any case, it had little to do with Qin Fang. All he needed to do was to get the prescription in his hands, no matter if he had to pay a higher price.

"120,000!"

Seeing that Qiao Zhenfei had fallen silent and Qin Fang was taking the lead, the Fatty's expression changed somewhat, but he quickly raised the offer again.

"150,000! That's our highest bid. Anything more and it's yours..."

Seeing the Fatty still bidding, Qin Fang, without changing his expression, immediately offered an even higher price, making his intentions clear.

Bidding for the item, which started at a base price of 30,000, all the way up to 150,000, definitely made the seller's day, always happy for a higher price, of course.

"150,000! The gentleman here has bid 150,000. Is there a higher offer?"

The auctioneer couldn't help but shout, all the while his gaze fixed on the coal boss, who was the only one likely to bid higher now.

"I give up..."

But for some reason, the Fatty seemed to lose interest once Qiao Zhenfei fell silent, and did not continue to compete with Qin Fang.

"150,000! 150,000! Congratulations to this gentleman for winning this Song Dynasty Calligraphy Manuscript for 150,000 yuan!"

As the auctioneer's gavel fell with a decisive thud, the manuscript, or rather the prescription, finally fell into Qin Fang's hands.

Chapter 447 Dragon Extra Robber\_1

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When the auctioneer's hammer finally fell, Qin Fang's heart, which had been lodged in his throat, truly settled down.

The prescription hidden within the calligraphy script had finally fallen into his hands; as for the money he spent, he didn't care at all, as any amount was worth it.

Because this wasn't an official auction, all transactions were completed on the spot, with immediate exchange of cash for goods.

Qin Fang took out 150,000 in cash and settled the account directly with the seller, who was quite meticulous in their work, even crafting a wooden box specifically for this item.

Such a box wasn't worth much, but this gesture of care was sure to leave the buyer satisfied, creating return customers, which was vital for their black market business, wasn't it?

If they dealt with strangers every time, even with many items in hand, they wouldn't dare to auction them off for fear of getting caught by the police, as their deals were not exactly legal.

These matters were of no concern to Qin Fang, who, after making the payment, returned to his seat with the box containing the calligraphy script.

Qiao Zhenfei had no objections to Qin Fang spending 150,000, an extravagant sum for a piece that would have struggled to fetch even 30,000. That's how collectors were—when they encountered

something they liked, they would bid without hesitation, even knowing the price was well beyond the item's actual value.

Qiao Zhenfei himself had done this several times, much like with the previous Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup; if his cash on hand had been sufficient, he wouldn't have batted an eyelid at the price, even if it were 5 million.

After sitting down, Qin Fang still felt as if he were in a dream and couldn't help but lift the lid of the box again to gaze at the calligraphy script lying quietly inside, a knowing smile spreading across his face.

"Prescription: Heart Nourishing Pill!"

Having secured the prescription, Qin Fang placed it on his lap and pressed down tightly with both hands, as if he were afraid of losing this treasure.

He was eager to learn the prescription right away, but he wasn't sure if choosing to learn it would cause the calligraphy script in his hand to disappear.

If that were the case, it would be quite troublesome in public, too shocking and awe-inspiring, so he had to suppress his excitement and continue to sit there.

The auction continued, but Qin Fang's mind had already flown off somewhere, and he had no interest in following along, simply whiling away the time.

Qiao Zhenfei was his usual self, scrutinizing every piece of porcelain before him. If an item was worth bidding on, he would do so without hesitation; otherwise, he would rather sit and daydream.

Even so, Qiao Zhenfei still managed to purchase a rather fine Ming dynasty official kiln porcelain. It wasn't an exquisite piece, but it still cost him 800,000, thanks in no small part to the meddling of Fatty, the coal magnate, who made Qiao Zhenfei spend quite a bit more.

The final highlight was a superior Duan inkstone, with flawless material, condition, and integrity—almost beyond reproach and capable of fetching a high price at auction. Unfortunately, much like the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, its provenance was problematic, and it couldn't enter an auction house, so it had to be sold on the black market instead.

Qiao Zhenfei wasn't particularly interested, and considering he only had a little over a million in cash, the likelihood of winning such an item was slim, so he gave up from the start.

And the Fatty coal magnate, seemingly having spent too much on the Chenghua Doucai Chicken Cup, failed to clinch this item and had to watch as this fine piece slipped away.

"Let's go, let's head back..."

The auction had ended, and there was naturally no reason to stay. The sellers had made all the arrangements, and they were sent back to their respective parking spots in the same vans that had brought them.

Each buyer had a predetermined address, a separate drop-off point to prevent any accidents and to avoid any instance of buyers getting robbed after purchasing items. Reputation mattered to black market sellers; without proper security measures, they wouldn't be able to do business.

Soon, Qin Fang, Qiao Zhenfei, and the bodyguard were dropped off at the parking area. A black Audi was quietly parked at the roadside, and the seller's van let them off a dozen meters away, then zoomed off into the darkness.

After getting out of the van, they headed towards the Audi. Qin Fang held the wooden box in his arms, and Qiao Zhenfei's bodyguard carried an even larger wooden crate containing the porcelain piece, while Qiao Zhenfei himself walked with empty hands, much to Qin Fang's envy.

"Damn, I need to get myself an attendant in the future! A hulking shadow isn't reliable; maybe a beautiful secretary... That's not a bad idea!" Qin Fang thought.

But as he looked up towards the Audi, he couldn't help but exclaim in surprise, "Eh..." as if startled by something.

"What's wrong?"

Qiao Zhenfei was clueless, as there was no commotion around—they were all in good order.

"Third Young Master..."

It was actually a bodyguard who was carrying the boxes that sensed something was amiss and wanted to speak up.

"Don't speak yet, just watch and wait!"

However, Qin Fang suddenly spoke up to stop him. He had already noticed something was wrong and his face immediately showed a slight, almost imperceptible, smile.

"Listen to my brother..."

The bodyguard wanted to say something else, but seeing that Qin Fang had spoken, Qiao Zhenfei immediately agreed.

This bodyguard was a skilled fighter specially recruited from Shenzhou to Capital City after a previous incident. He didn't know Qin Fang personally, as the few guards who did know him had been fired for failing to protect Qiao Zhenfei after Qin Fang had beaten them severely.

Other people might not know Qin Fang's skills, but could Qiao Zhenfei be unaware?

Since Qin Fang had noticed something but didn't seem concerned, it meant he was confident about the situation. There was naturally no need to be afraid.

The three continued walking toward the Audi, at a pace that was neither hurried nor slow, as if they had not noticed the trap in front of them. In fact, even Qiao Zhenfei noticed that his driver remained motionless inside the car, and it seemed a head was peeking from behind the car, clearly indicating someone was there.

"Don't move!"

Just as Qin Fang and his companions reached the Audi, two brawny men burst out from behind the car. They were muscular, bulging with strength, but their heads were covered with black stockings, each with three holes cut out for the eyes and mouth, hiding their noses too—as if not to suffocate.

Of course, that was impossible—the stockings were made of a breathable fabric.

However, the stockings seemed too long and covered the faces of the two men, with some extra length not tucked in, swinging in the breeze like rocketing braids, giving them a comical appearance.

The two men's hands were empty; they didn't carry any weapons. Other than their strong bodies, they didn't seem to pose much of a threat.

The bodyguard following Qiao Zhenfei felt that he could take down these two "robbers" on his own, yet his boss Qin Fang didn't say anything, and the "robbers" made no move against Qiao Zhenfei.

Qiao Zhenfei seemed to be following Qin Fang's lead, and since he had not yet made his decision, the bodyguard didn't take action either, though his eyes were filled with caution.

However, after closely inspecting the faces of Qin Fang's group, the "robbers" finally fixed their gaze on Qin Fang's face.

It was not surprising—Qiao Zhenfei was already thirty years old, and the bodyguard was around twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Only Qin Fang was a young man who looked exceptionally young, making it difficult not to distinguish him from the others.

"Are you here to rob us?"

Qin Fang, appearing quite calm, stepped in front of Qiao Zhenfei, shielding him with his body, and spoke with a tone as if he was "very scared."

But Qiao Zhenfei, standing behind Qin Fang, noticed that Qin Fang had taken out his cell phone, which was already set to record mode. Qiao Zhenfei realized that Qin Fang was setting a trap for the men in front of them.

The two "robbers" were taken aback, exchanged glances, and communicated quickly with their eyes before one of them began to speak.

"Good to know! Hand over anything valuable quickly, or else... I'll let you taste blood!"

With those words, the two unfortunate individuals had completely trapped themselves. Qin Fang secretly stopped the recording and, without any noticeable movement, the phone stealthily returned to his pocket, as if it had never appeared at all.

"Please, don't hurt me... I'll give money, I'll give money!"

Qin Fang pretended convincingly and actively set the box he was carrying on the ground, and the bodyguard behind Qiao Zhenfei did likewise.

Almost simultaneously, as the box and the suitcase were placed down, Qin Fang and the bodyguard sprang into action.

Bang~~

Bang~~

In the blink of an eye, Qin Fang's Tiger's Rush fiercely struck, the most powerful attack he possessed. Although it wasn't meant to be lethal, it was bound to severely injure muscles and bones. With one move, he sent the "robber" he targeted flying with an elbow strike.

Compared to Qin Fang, the bodyguard fared worse. He wanted to attack; he was once a very strong special forces soldier, but the problem is when a Level 4 special forces soldier encounters a Level 5 martial arts expert...

Thus, this poor fellow met his misfortune. His kick was easily pinned by the other's arm, and then the formidable "robber" brought down a karate chop. If it had hit, the bodyguard's leg would definitely have been wasted...

## Chapter 448 Prescription: Heart Nourishing Pill\_1

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At that time, Qiao Zhenfei was safe, but he absolutely did not expect his adept bodyguard to be subdued by the opponent so quickly, even about to lose a leg.

He wasn't a brainless fool either and suddenly felt that the two "robbers" who had popped up were not simple. Even a bodyguard with special forces training could be easily captured; their strength was definitely ridiculously strong.

"Be careful..."

Naturally, Qiao Zhenfei did not want his bodyguard to come to harm. Losing a leg would greatly reduce his combat effectiveness, and then he would have to face this formidable robber himself, obviously unable to protect himself.

But the bodyguard was suffering silently. He was desperately struggling with his leg, but the opponent's strength was so great, tightly clamping his leg motionless, making escape impossible.

Meanwhile, the robber's other hand turned into a knife-hand strike, swiftly slicing towards the bodyguard's leg joint. This strike was delivered with fierce power and speed, almost beyond the point of rescue.

However, just as the hand chop was about to land on the bodyguard's leg, it abruptly stopped, causing quite a surprise.

Or rather, the robber had halted the attack at the very moment of success. The hand knife was less than five centimeters from the bodyguard's leg joint when it forcefully stopped.

This abrupt stop was quite uncomfortable for the robber, with his blood churning, even bringing a mouthful of blood to Qin Fang's lips, ready to spew out at any moment.

A cold gun barrel was pressed against the temple of the robber, the chilly sensation quite unbearable. Even someone as strong as him had to stop the attack and quietly wait for the opponent's decision.

If he continued to bring his arm down, the bodyguard's leg might not be spared, but the cold gun barrel could blow his brains out, leaving him disabled, if not dead.

With no other choice, he had to release his grip, letting the bodyguard escape from his hands without daring to obstruct, fearful that a twitch from Qin Fang could burst his head like a watermelon, splattering it instantly.

Bang~~~

Almost at the same moment the bodyguard's leg was released, the deeply frustrated bodyguard couldn't hold back and threw a sharp elbow strike into the robber's abdomen.

Ugh~~

The attack came out of nowhere with considerable force, and since the robber was caught off guard, his stomach cramped painfully.

While there is a clear gap between Level 4 and Level 5, it does not mean a Level 4 person cannot hurt a Level 5. Especially when the opponent is defenseless, this blow was genuinely solid.

Bang~~

But that was not the end of the attacks.

The elite special forces retired bodyguard was humiliated by a mere robber, and if not for Qin Fang's timely intervention, he would have already lost a leg and be lying powerless on the ground, while his boss Qiao Zhenfei could have ended up as a hostage...

Qin Fang, holding the gun, quietly stepped back a few paces, watching as the bodyguard ferociously beat the defenseless robber into a swollen mess within a short time.

Qiao Zhenfei also couldn't help but take a deep breath, finally getting through it. As for the other robber, he was utterly ineffective and now laid on the ground like an epilepsy patient, foaming at the mouth, the result of a heavy hit from Qin Fang's Tiger's Rush.

"How should they be dealt with?"

Subduing these two powerful robbers was entirely Qin Fang's achievement. If not for him, even Qiao Zhenfei himself couldn't guarantee that he could be standing here instead of being beaten up and restrained like the two robbers.

Because of this, Qiao Zhenfei didn't act on his own authority and deferred to Qin Fang's opinion.

"These two are very strong, obviously not ordinary people. I think this matter needs a very thorough investigation; we can't have any oversights..."

Qin Fang, of course, wasn't going to be polite about it. Having the strength of Level 5, yet still serving as someone's lackey and even stooping to the role of a robber, it indicated premeditation, but they underestimated Qin Fang, which is why the situation had turned out this way.

However, Qin Fang had many enemies, yet there were few with such strength. After pondering, the only person Qin Fang could think of was Ding Song, one of the Tian Nan Four Shows, a talent who Qin Fang had mocked before and who remained a stranger to him.

"Leave this to me, I surely won't let you down..."

Qiao Zhenfei nodded upon hearing this. Qin Fang's invitation wasn't anything out of the ordinary; even if Qin Fang hadn't mentioned it, he would have inquired into the truth of the matter himself.

He was one of the top young masters of Capital City, and it just so happened that he encountered such an incident while traveling abroad. It left him feeling particularly dissatisfied, especially since he wasn't in the best mood tonight. Those two brothers had been unlucky, rushing headfirst into the barrel of Qiao Zhenfei's gun.

With Qiao Zhenfei's assurance, the situation became much simpler. Although it was already midnight, a phone call from Qiao Zhenfei set people scurrying about immediately.

Qiao Zhenfei wasn't an official, but his status was even more powerful than many high-ranking officials. This was particularly true in a small county like Jian Ge; he was an extraordinary presence, and no one dared to offend him.

Before long, the police arrived and took away the two men, whom Qin Fang and Qiao Zhenfei had rendered virtually unrecognizable, from their hands. However, it wouldn't be easy for them to get out of their situation. Even someone as strong as Ding Song would likely have to pay a considerable price to get the two brothers out—and that could only happen after the dust had settled on this incident.

Release them now?

Unless someone's head was more screwed up than these two in front of them, able to endure that kind of beating!

...

Qin Fang wasn't interested in continuing to investigate the truth of the situation. This was something the diligent police comrades could easily find out, and Qin Fang only needed to wait for the results.

Now, he was anxious to return to his place and study the prescription; that was the truly important matter. Everything else could temporarily be put aside.

Naturally, Qiao Zhenfei didn't say anything and immediately went back to the resort with Qin Fang. Luckily, they stayed together and weren't too far apart, which reduced some of the trouble.

The corridor lights were still bright, but the lights in the room had long been extinguished; Luo Xi and Cai Qing had clearly gone to bed early.

Qin Fang wasn't in the mood to bother with them and carefully sneaked back into his room. After locking the door, he then took out his precious box.

"Whew... Please don't let me down!" he exclaimed.

Qin Fang opened the box, took out the prescription inside, and cast a Scouting Skill on it. It immediately displayed the identified result, which was the prescription known as the Heart Nourishing Pill.

"Prescription: Heart Nourishing Pill, would you like to learn?"

As expected, as soon as Qin Fang expressed his intention to learn the prescription, the System's prompt appeared immediately.

"Learn!"

Without hesitation, Qin Fang chose to learn it.

The ancient-looking prescription in front of him underwent a significant change; it seemed as though the entire document had transformed. Some characters remained while others vanished without a trace, appearing as if it had been completely replaced.

However, Qin Fang wasn't overly concerned with the prescription's physical changes. He was more interested in the new prescription he had just learned—the Heart Nourishing Pill.

"Prescription: Heart Nourishing Pill, a Three-Star Rare Prescription, required materials: Purple Dragon Grass, Plastic Heart Flower, Dragon Tongue Moss..."

Almost as soon as he learned the prescription, Qin Fang opened his skill panel and quickly found the option for Pharmacopeia. Information about his newly acquired prescription appeared before him.

"A Three-Star Rare Prescription?"

This was the first time Qin Fang had seen a prescription with a grade requirement. Or perhaps he was just unacquainted with such things; he had too few prescriptions on hand to make a comprehensive comparison.

"Heart Nourishing Pill, a miraculous remedy for treating heart-related diseases, allegedly created by the great lifesaving Emperor Wu Tao. Its healing effects are exceedingly miraculous."

"Heart Nourishing Pill, a Three-Star Rare medication, the difficulty of refining, quality, and success rate are related to the Proficiency of Pharmacopeia!"

Besides the required materials for the prescription, there were some detailed annotations below about its origin and effects. Qin Fang's eyes immediately lit up upon reading these annotations.

Although Qin Fang didn't know much about Medical Arts, he had heard of the great lifesaving Emperor Wu Tao. He was a revered divine healer in the southern Min region, extremely skilled in medicine, and even deified; the legends surrounding him were quite mysterious, almost placing Wu Tao at the same level as ancient peerless divine healers like Bian Que, Hua Tuo, Sun Simiao, and Li Shizhen.

And this Heart Nourishing Pill prescription had been handed down from such a legendary healer. The System's annotations made it quite clear; there was no doubt about it. Qin Fang didn't know if Emperor Wu Tao's medical skills were as high as the legends said, but the credibility of this prescription was absolute.

Chapter 449: Picking Up a Bargain!\_1

...

The medicinal recipe was finally learned, and a brilliant smile immediately spread across Qin Fang's face.

A Three-Star Rare Prescription, this was undoubtedly an extremely rare and superior recipe, not to mention its mythical origin. Even if Qin Fang wanted to, it wasn't possible for him not to take it seriously.

Looking at the System's annotations, the Heart Nourishing Pill was a miraculous medicine for treating heart diseases, which made Qin Fang pay it considerable attention.

In the history of human diseases, heart-related illnesses have always been a complex and variable challenge. Perhaps they hadn't reached the level of the world's top five difficult diseases, but they posed a great threat to human life.

If Qin Fang could concoct the Heart Nourishing Pill, then he would essentially have an elixir that could conquer all heart diseases. With systematic research and production, heart disease could very likely become another mountain of human disease history that was surmounted.

Of course, as the owner of the recipe, such an achievement would not only bring him a great deal of wealth and immense fame but might also directly lead to a Nobel Prize in Medicine.

If it hadn't been for the System's validation, Qin Fang would never have believed it to be true. But, as it stood, the recipe was approved, so there was no doubt about its correctness.

And with his Pharmacopeia Skill akin to a bug, Qin Fang only needed the various raw materials for the Heart Nourishing Pill, and he could refine it directly.

A Three-Star Rare Medicine was undoubtedly a high-difficulty challenge. Given his current Skill Level and Proficiency, the success rate of pill refinement would definitely be unusually low.

But as long as he had enough raw materials, Qin Fang believed he would be able to concoct the Heart Nourishing Pill. Once the pill was concocted and with specialized researchers to analyze the components and find a way to mass-produce it, there would undoubtedly be the rise of a juggernaut in the pharmaceutical industry.

"These medicinal herbs..."

However, as happy as Qin Fang was, problems arose as well, which were the medicinal herbs that gave him a headache. Almost none of the herbs' names were familiar to him, and they resembled the names of herbs in online games. But the problem was, how could he find corresponding materials in real society?

As he pondered over this, Qin Fang immediately felt an intense frustration. It was so hard to come across such a superior medicinal recipe, but it was useless without the materials—truly a devastating setback, as if all his efforts had been in vain.

"No, it can't be like this..."

Though Qin Fang was frustrated, he vaguely felt that the situation might not be hopeless. The recipe was passed down by the great medical emperor Wu Tao, whose medical skills and reputation wouldn't allow him to do something so trivial. What's more, the recipe was verified by the System, which meant the herbs did exist in reality, and there was still hope of gathering them.

However, Qin Fang estimated that he first had to correlate each name of the herbs on the prescription with their real-life counterparts...

This wasn't urgent; finding the herbs was going to take a considerable amount of time. Qin Fang even considered whether he should take a trip to the primitive forest, the only place that still retained its primordial aspects and where these herbs might still be found in significant quantities.

But that would need a well-thought-out plan, and Qin Fang had plenty on his plate at the moment, leaving him with no time to focus on this issue yet.

"Eh, this piece of calligraphy..."

Having secured the medicinal recipe, Qin Fang wasn't overly concerned about this piece of calligraphy and intended to deal with it quickly. However, when he actually took the calligraphy, which had entirely changed in appearance, into his hands, his eyes instantly widened.

The calligraphy remained the same, but the characters on it had undergone a significant change. Qin Fang remembered the original font very clearly—it was written in a regular script, appearing very dignified. Now it had transformed into running script, acquiring a touch of softness. The contrast between the before and after was extraordinarily striking.

Moreover, Qin Fang discovered that the original calligraphy had not carried any seals or collectors' marks, which could have indicated the origin of the work. But now, he noticed a colophon in the corner of the piece.

"Cai Junmo? Who is that?"

He could barely make out the name from the style of the seal. Although Qin Fang knew only a few famous calligraphers from history.

Wang Xizhi's Preface to the Orchid Pavilion was well-known, and his son Wang Xianzhi was naturally remarkable. The Yan 'Muscles and Liu's Bone' need no mention, alongside the wild cursive of Zhang Xu and Huai Su, followed by Su Shi, Mi Fu, among others...

Beyond that, Qin Fang really didn't know who else held such a high level of calligraphy skill. Perhaps if someone mentioned a name, he might remember, but this Cai Junmo clearly wasn't among them.

Despite this, Qin Fang didn't underestimate this piece of calligraphy; if anything, he found it quite impressive. It managed to hide a top-tier medicinal recipe in such a way, and after removing the recipe, the style had completely changed.

Qin Fang carefully examined the piece of calligraphy, using his Scouting Skill repeatedly for detection, finally noticing some irregularities.

"There's something wrong with this paper..."

The key turned out to be in the use of paper, which actually consisted of multiple layers superimposed upon each other. The topmost was a sheet of paper, the very same calligraphy scroll that Qin Fang had initially seen, but beneath it lay a separate prescription that, once Qin Fang had studied and learned it, really disappeared, revealing the paper beneath the prescription.

Whether there were more layers below was uncertain, but the simple effect of these three sheets produced two completely different calligraphic works. Such a technically ingenious method was definitely powerful beyond imagination, yet it was indeed a fact.

Three pieces of calligraphy had been cleverly integrated together, without appearing the least bit incongruous, nearly flawlessly impeccable, making it hard to believe that they were not one but three separate works.

Now that one was gone, the remaining two showed such a display effect, also revealing a signature that Qin Fang planned to have Qiao Zhenfei take a look at when he had the time tomorrow.

Qin Fang's detection skills were only mediocre, far less reliable than the professional knowledge of Qiao Zhenfei.

"I'm close to leveling up..."

Thinking about his detection skill, Qin Fang couldn't help but check his proficiency, which had reached 97%, just a step away from leveling up. It wouldn't be long before he could advance to an advanced detective skill, and Qin Fang was somewhat looking forward to it in his heart.

Intermediate detection skill was far more powerful than beginner level, so an advanced detective skill would certainly be even stronger than intermediate detection, yielding clearer and more accurate results. This would undoubtedly be very beneficial to Qin Fang.

There was no way around it, given the abnormal ultimate mission Qin Fang carried with him. Having an advanced detective skill would make it easier when it came time to complete the mission.

"Hey, Brother Fei?"

While Qin Fang was contemplating his detection skill, his phone suddenly rang. Picking it up, he was surprised to see it was a call from Qiao Zhenfei.

"Nothing major! Just wanted to tell you, those two guys were targeting you, and it seems like there's someone behind them. Be very careful!"

Qiao Zhenfei calling meant there had been some results in the interrogation of the two "robbers."

But what Qiao Zhenfei didn't realize was that Qin Fang already knew this; as soon as these two showed up, they were marked with a distinct red glow, and how could Qin Fang not have known they were coming for him?

"Thanks for your concern, Brother Fei, I understand!"

Although the news wasn't of great significance, Qiao Zhenfei was nonetheless expressing his concern, and Qin Fang naturally wanted to show his gratitude.

"Oh, by the way, Brother Fei, I wanted to ask you something..."

After a few exchanges of pleasantries and just as they were about to hang up and go to sleep, Qin Fang suddenly remembered the calligraphy scroll and couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, what is it? Just tell me," Qiao Zhenfei said, not feeling there was an issue, as their relationship had grown closer, especially after the events of today.

"Well... do you happen to know if there was a calligrapher from our ancient times named Cai Junmo?"

The name Qin Fang wanted to ask about was naturally this one. The scroll was quite extraordinary, not merely for containing a hidden prescription, but also for the skillful merging and transformation of the three pieces of calligraphy. It seemed unlikely that they would use the work of an unknown; hence Qin Fang wondered if it might be a work by some famous artist.

"Cai Junmo..."

Hearing this name, Qiao Zhenfei also hesitated for a moment, "Don't hang up. Let me check. I seem to have some impression of it!"

His deepest research was still in porcelain, and his knowledge of paintings and calligraphy wasn't as thorough, so he couldn't remember at once. However, a simple "I have some impression" gave Qin Fang the feeling there could be a breakthrough.

"Qin Fang, tell me the truth, is it about that calligraphy scroll you bought?"

Before long, Qiao Zhenfei spoke again, but instead of telling who Cai Junmo was, he first asked this question.

"Right, it's about that calligraphy scroll. After I came back and took a closer look, I noticed some things, and the name Cai Junmo appeared on it. I wanted to ask you about it."

Qin Fang couldn't mention the prescription, but he had to show the scroll to someone sooner or later, so he started from there.

"You're serious? I'm coming over right now... Oh, right, Cai Junmo is Cai Xiang, one of the four great calligraphers of the Song Dynasty, along with Su Shi, Mi Fu, and Huang Tingjian!"

After saying that, Qin Fang heard a click as the phone on the other end hung up; it seemed Qiao Zhenfei was truly on his way.

Chapter 450: Precious Treasure\_1

...

Such a change indeed caught Qin Fang by surprise, but things had already developed to this point, and even if he wanted to regret it, it was no longer possible.

"Cai Xiang, one of the Four Great Families of the Song Dynasty?"

In Qin Fang's hand, he still held the Song Dynasty Calligraphy Manuscript, gazing at the seal on it with a disbelief that was hard to conceal.

He had originally thought that this manuscript might have been written by a master, but had not expected the master to be so famous—even though he was really quite unfamiliar with the name Cai Xiang.

Qiao Zhenfei's favorite was porcelain, followed by calligraphy and paintings, but Qin Fang had not anticipated that a piece by Cai Xiang would provoke such a fevered response from him, which was utterly beyond his expectations. He figured that sort of thing really shouldn't have happened.

But the fact of the matter was that it had happened, and the only explanation was...

Qin Fang immediately took great care to secure the manuscript, and then he examined the painting closely for any changes, and indeed, he managed to spot some unusual details.

This Song Dynasty Calligraphy Manuscript was made by stacking three pieces of paper, with three sets of characters perfectly blended together—the top layer of characters successfully obscured the two beneath.

Qin Fang removed the prescription, and one layer of characters was missing, but the remaining two layers were still perfectly integrated, as if the middle layer didn't exist at all.

To Qin Fang's surprise, when he placed the manuscript under a light, he could clearly see a layer of substance similar to grease on the surface of the characters, a very thin layer that was colorless and transparent, only visible under such light—otherwise invisible to the naked eye.

Yet, that wasn't the only surprising thing. When Qin Fang tilted the whole manuscript under the light to observe the characters, the characters on the remaining two layers of paper seemed to move, shifting bit by bit until the two sets of characters merged once more, altering the content of the manuscript again, different from either of the two original sets, revealing a new set of characters...

"It's... it's... it's incredible!"

This was about the only coherent comment Qin Fang could muster after a long struggle, and it wasn't even a proper assessment.

That was just the transformation with two layers of the manuscript. Qin Fang pondered that if he hadn't taken the prescription, the change might have been even more bizarre and unpredictable.

A pity it was, but it was simply a magical scene he had no chance to witness.

On the other hand, if Qin Fang hadn't taken the prescription, this manuscript would have seemed to have no change at all, merely a passable Song Dynasty Calligraphy Manuscript without any particular value, certainly not a treasure worth a fortune. Now... calling it a national treasure might be an exaggeration, but its value was definitely no less than those of national treasure-level artifacts.

It was hard to imagine how our ancestors, in an ancient era where technology levels were nothing to boast about, managed to produce such mysterious and unpredictable craftsmanship.

Even with today's level of technology, it was definitely impossible to replicate such a masterpiece unless it was produced with special effects, but that would be meaningless.

Knock knock knock~~~

Qin Fang wondered whether Qiao Zhenfei was really that anxious, for while he was contemplating the manuscript, a series of loud knocks resounded from the door.

It was more appropriate to call it pounding on the door than knocking.

Sweat broke out on Qin Fang's forehead; in his memory, Qiao Zhenfei wasn't like this, but now he seemed to be in such a hurry that it appeared this manuscript might indeed have some history to it.

With that thought, Qin Fang quickly stood up, planning to open the door to avoid frightening anyone in the middle of the night—his room wasn't just occupied by him, a man, but also by two women with rather unfriendly temperaments. If he upset them, even Qin Fang wouldn't be able to calm them down.

"Who is it? Who's not sleeping in the middle of the night and making this racket..."

Somehow, what shouldn't work does, and before Qin Fang could reach the door, he saw Luo Xi, clothed in a silver silk nightgown, opening the door of her room, visibly groggy and indignantly complaining.

Most women don't like to sleep with their bras on—it's uncomfortable. Luo Xi was no exception. Her graceful figure was veiled under the thin nightgown, with two points prominently visible at her chest.

But Qin Fang was too embarrassed to look any longer, fearful that the beauty would notice his inquiring gaze and lash out suddenly—it was definitely something Luo Xi was capable of.

"That... my friend! The one I met at dinner tonight..."

Qin Fang's face turned somewhat red as he saw through the peephole that the person outside was indeed Qiao Zhenfei, and he somewhat guiltily said so, for their actions had disturbed the lady's rest.

"What time is it, and he's come to our rooms? Never mind, never mind, just make sure you both behave. No funny business, or else... snip!"

Luo Xi didn't seem too judgmental, apparently not realizing that her clothing was somewhat revealing at the moment. She playfully looked over Qin Fang, whose clothes were in order, gave him a warning, and then closed the door to her room.

Then Qin Fang was able to finally open the door, and with a wry smile, he opened it to find Qiao Zhenfei standing outside. As for his bodyguard, he stayed a short distance away, not coming over, evidently following Qiao Zhenfei's instructions.

"Brother, sorry about this, I just got a bit too excited, and I disturbed your rest..."

Qiao Zhenfei said apologetically. However, when he heard what Qin Fang had said, he couldn't help but rush over immediately, which seemed a bit too eager.

"It's no issue..."

Qin Fang gestured to his fully clothed self to show he hadn't been resting yet, and just as they were talking, they saw Cai Qing and Luo Xi's door open, with the two beauties, dressed in somewhat thicker loungewear, leaning in the doorway and looking at them.

"Er... this, sorry... Should I come back tomorrow?"

Qiao Zhenfei hadn't expected that Cai Qing and Luo Xi were actually living with Qin Fang. He had been too hasty in coming over and had completely forgotten about this. The knock had been so loud that it had woken the two beauties, and he immediately felt quite embarrassed.

Qin Fang couldn't help but roll his eyes. Saying this now, wasn't it a little too late?

"Come in... It's not what you think!"

But the man was already here, and it wasn't like he could actually send Qiao Zhenfei back now, so he immediately let Qiao Zhenfei in.

Of course, if it wasn't for the beauties' prior permission, he really wouldn't have been comfortable making this decision.

With Qin Fang's words, Qiao Zhenfei, though still a bit embarrassed, gave a nod to the beauties and then followed Qin Fang inside.

"Where's the thing, let me have a look quickly..."

As soon as he entered, he immediately remembered the real purpose of his visit and asked anxiously.

"In the living room... I just made a bit of a different discovery!"

Qin Fang pointed to the living room inside and mentioned his recent discovery.

"Quick, show me..."

Qiao Zhenfei seemed a bit impatient and rushed into the living room, where he noticed the manuscript placed on the table and immediately went over.

He didn't touch it with his hands, but observed it very carefully.

"It's really changed a lot from before, almost completely..."

He muttered as he looked. He had appraised the Song Dynasty Calligraphy Manuscript for Qin Fang before, and although he couldn't remember the content very clearly, he vaguely remembered some, as it hadn't been that long ago.

But now, the content on the manuscript had undergone a radical change. If it hadn't been for Qin Fang's prior words, he would have never believed that this was the same manuscript they had purchased together.

"Brother Fei, if you hold the manuscript up to the light, the content changes significantly..."

Qin Fang didn't approach but, upon seeing Qiao Zhenfei's enraptured look, he immediately reminded him. He had just discovered this, and it could also explain how he had found the anomalies in the manuscript.

Upon hearing this, Qiao Zhenfei paused for a moment, then took out a pair of rubber gloves from his bag and carefully picked up the manuscript to admire its magical properties under the light.

"Optical Concealment Technique, it must be the Optical Concealment Technique..."

Seeing such changes, Qiao Zhenfei became even more excited, then continued to change the angle of the manuscript, letting the light fall on it from different directions, revealing slight variations in its content, albeit not dramatically. Yet, the changes managed to be fairly clear even when they were subtle and elusive.

Especially from an almost twisted angle, Qin Fang saw all the tiny characters on the manuscript disappear, replaced by four large characters—"Ci Zhen Ji An."

With each change, the only constant was the seal at the lower left corner, which never varied in the slightest, though the overall transformation of the manuscript was significant. Qin Fang didn't understand calligraphy, but Qiao Zhenfei did. He saw that each style of the characters was completely different—regular, cursive, running, and even Cai Xiang's preferred styles—they were all there.

"What's going on?"

The two beauties were left utterly confused by the baffling actions of Qin Fang and Qiao Zhenfei, and while Cai Qing ignored Qin Fang, Luo Xi had no such reservations.

"It's about what happened tonight. I went with Brother Fei to..."

Qin Fang briefly explained their trip to the black market that evening. He didn't mean to show off, but he really had stumbled upon a jackpot, and it was no small one either.

Besides a highly valuable prescription, this manuscript had also turned out to be a rare treasure, a find that was nothing less than the previous time he had been an unsung hero.

Last time, he had discovered a national treasure along with Tang Cheng, and unfortunately, they had been forced to hand it over, but this time it was genuinely Qin Fang's own find.