

## Middle Age 101

### Chapter 101: Do My Legs Feel Good to Touch?

After Qi Yun had eaten to his heart's content, he finally put down his chopsticks, looked up at Wang Fei and said, "The auction isn't until the day after tomorrow, so why are we rushing over today?"

Wang Fei downed the wine in her glass in one go, a charming blush appearing on her cheeks. She rested her chin on her hands, pondering, seemingly searching for a suitable excuse.

After a long while, she finally replied, "Tomorrow morning is the last exhibition of the auction items. I need to go see them in advance."

Qi Yun nodded, acknowledging the reason she gave.

After finishing the last bit of wine in the bottle, the two got up and left their seats.

Wang Fei walked ahead on her own, not even considering settling the bill. Qi Yun took out his phone to pay, with the total coming to only 169 yuan.

He couldn't help but marvel to himself at how much cheaper the prices in Chang'an were compared to those in Jiang Province.

Leaving the restaurant, the woman showed no intention of returning. She grabbed Qi Yun's arm and enthusiastically suggested they take a walk by the river.

It was late at night, and Qi Yun was somewhat uneasy about her being alone outside, reluctantly allowing her to pull him along.

The two strolled slowly along the riverside path, as the night breeze gently swept by, carrying a slightly moist fragrance.

The street lamps by the river emitted a gentle glow, elongating and shortening their shadows.

Wang Fei still held Qi Yun's arm, her steps brisk, seemingly in a good mood.

Qi Yun, however, felt somewhat uncomfortable, lightly trying to free his hand.

Wang Fei noticed his discomfort and pretended to be annoyed, glaring at him. "What's wrong? Does being held by me make you lose face?"

"No, just not used to it." Qi Yun shrugged helplessly with a smile.

Wang Fei's lips curled into a sly smile. "Not used to what? I think you're just hiding something," she said, deliberately tightening her hold on Qi Yun's arm, leaning slightly closer to him.

It must be said, Wang Fei's outfit tonight was exceptionally charming. Her form-fitting black dress perfectly outlined her shapely figure, paired with her elegant demeanor, causing many passersby to cast envious glances at Qi Yun.

Walking along, Wang Fei suddenly stopped.

She tilted her head, quietly gazing at the river, letting out a soft sigh. "You know, how great would it be if people had no worries and could live a carefree life."

Qi Yun looked down at her, instinctively blurting out, "A woman like you would have worries?"

In his view, with her family background, looks, figure, and wealth, she seemed to be adored by all, how could she have worries?

Upon hearing him, Wang Fei abruptly let go of his arm, pinching him hard on the chest in annoyance, demanding, "What do you mean by 'a woman like me'? Explain clearly, what kind of woman am I?"

Qi Yun winced from the unexpected pinch, grimacing in pain, quickly raising his hands to explain, "It's a slip of tongue, just a slip of tongue."

With her arms crossed, Wang Fei stared at him angrily, her eyes full of discontent.

"Calm down, how about pinching me again?" Qi Yun was somewhat uneasy under her gaze, lightly coughing, half-jokingly said.

"Who wants to pinch you," Wang Fei lightly punched him again, then circled behind him, placing her hands on his shoulders, "I'm too tired to walk, carry me!"

Qi Yun froze for a moment, turning his head to ask, "Isn't that inappropriate?"

"There's enough people who want to carry me to form a football team, yet you're still hesitating," Wang Fei was angered by yet another refusal, gritting her teeth, "Anyway, I'm too tired to walk, if you don't want to carry me, then you can just go back by yourself."

"Fine, fine," Qi Yun responded helplessly, squatting down and lifting her onto his back.

His hands naturally wrapped around her thighs, and even through her stockings, the smooth and soft sensation was distinctly transmitted to his palms.

Wang Fei leaned close to his ear, gently exhaling a fragrant breath, asked in a seductive voice, "Do my legs feel good? Comfortable?"

The alluring words immediately aroused Qi Yun, he honestly nodded, "Comfortable."

Upon hearing his words, Wang Fei giggled, with a proud look on her face, gently patting his shoulder, teasing, "You're honest."

With Wang Fei on his back, Qi Yun headed towards the hotel, strands of hair occasionally brushing against his neck, tickling him, causing much distraction.

Finally, they arrived at the hotel entrance, Qi Yun put her down, relieved at last.

After Wang Fei's feet touched the ground, she adjusted her skirt, then patted Qi Yun's chest again, jokingly said, "Not bad performance."

This gesture made Qi Yun feel deeply offended, as if a rich woman was praising a male model.

He glanced sideways at Wang Fei, somewhat displeased, saying, "Show some respect."

"Hee hee~" Wang Fei covered her mouth with a laugh, stepping into the hotel in her high heels, leaving Qi Yun only an enchanting back to view.

Qi Yun didn't follow her upstairs but went to the lobby bar and got a bottle of ice water.

He took a few gulps, finally suppressing the heat in his heart.

Returning to the guest room, Qi Yun took a shower, then laid on the bed, playing on his phone, waiting for the intel update the next day.

[Today's intel 1 (white): In the B-188 miscellaneous shop on Chang'an East Street, there's a gold-plated pocket watch, custom-made by Spanish Jose Echegaray in 1883, with an actual value exceeding 40,000 yuan]

[Today's intel 2 (white): There's a shopping lottery event at Baisheng Mall on Chang'an West Spring Street, with a 50,000 yuan shopping card as the first prize]

Both pieces of intel were white, Qi Yun couldn't help but feel a bit uninterested, but even a tiny mosquito is still meat after all.