

Middle Age 102

Chapter 102: Are My Legs Nice to Touch? (Part 2)

He put down his phone and closed his eyes to sleep.

A silent night.

The next day, after breakfast, the two of them took a car to the exhibition hall where the auction items were displayed.

The exhibition hall was located in the city center, and there were quite a few visitors.

Wang Fei's purpose for this trip was a Ming Dynasty vase. As soon as she entered the hall, she shed her usual alluring demeanor and became focused.

Qi Yun parted ways with her temporarily and began looking for his target.

Before long, he discovered the "Ming Dynasty copper enamel snuff bottle" in a glass display case in the corner of the exhibition hall.

This snuff bottle looked identical to the one he had bought earlier, except the pattern on the body was slightly different.

Among the exhibits from the Ming and Song dynasties, the Ming Dynasty snuff bottle didn't attract much attention. This was undoubtedly good news for Qi Yun.

Having confirmed his target, he left the exhibition hall and went outside to light a cigarette.

In fact, he wasn't particularly interested in antiques; he was just doing it to make money.

At that moment, he inadvertently noticed a familiar figure quickly passing by on the street not far ahead.

The person was wearing a baseball cap, occasionally looking around cautiously.

A closer look revealed it was Zhang Liang, the fitness coach from apartment 401 upstairs.

"It's him? What a coincidence."

It seems the message he sent from the public phone yesterday successfully scared him, causing him to flee to Chang'an overnight.

Qi Yun just chuckled, having no intention of greeting him. He had already done all he could by giving a heads-up, not wanting to get involved.

Once he finished his cigarette, Wang Fei gracefully walked out of the exhibition hall.

Qi Yun glanced at her in surprise: "You're done looking so fast?"

"Mm~" Wang Fei proudly raised her head and, without a word, took his arm and walked outside.

"Wait! I have a bit of business to take care of. Why don't we split up for a while?" Qi Yun stopped and said.

Wang Fei furrowed her brow slightly, a hint of displeasure flashing in her eyes: "Where are you going? Why do we have to separate first?" Her tone carried a hint of questioning mixed with curiosity.

"A friend once saw an old watch here, and I thought it was pretty good. I'm planning to buy it," Qi Yun hesitated for a moment and made up an excuse for her.

Wang Fei raised her eyebrows indifferently and said, "I thought it was something important; it's just shopping. Why couldn't you take me with you? I want to go too!"

Seeing her insist on following, Qi Yun couldn't refuse anymore and said helplessly, "If you want to come along, then fine."

Seeing this, Wang Fei smiled smugly and took his arm again.

The two of them went to the parking lot and got into the hotel's business car.

"Driver, to East Street." After getting in the car, Qi Yun said to the driver.

"Alright, sir."

The car drove smoothly on the street, the scenery outside swiftly passing by, even passing the clock tower often seen in TV shows.

Soon, the car arrived at East Street.

After getting out of the vehicle, Qi Yun looked around, sweeping the street's shop signs. After a few steps, he saw No. B-188.

The light inside the grocery store was somewhat dim, filled with an old scent, with shelves displaying miscellaneous items like old books, rusty trinkets, and chipped porcelains.

It had quite the feel of a wizard's shop from a movie.

The shop owner was an old man with grey hair and a wrinkled face.

Wearing reading glasses, he sat behind the counter, engrossed in an old book he held.

Hearing someone enter, he slowly raised his head, his gaze through the lenses sizing up Qi Yun and Wang Fei.

"What do you two want to buy?"

Qi Yun quickly scanned the shelves, then smiled at the old man and replied, "I'm looking for an old pocket watch. Do you have any here?"

The old man closed his book, stood up, and pulled out a small wooden box from beneath the cabinet.

Opening the box, a variety of items lay inside, including pocket watches, old binoculars, and compasses.

"Everything's in here, pick what you want." He pushed the box towards Qi Yun.

Qi Yun bent down, and as his eyes searched the box, he quickly found his target.

This pocket watch had a rounded shape, with the case intricately carved and embedded with several small gems, though perhaps too long had passed, making it look less glossy.

The white enamel dial had a circle of pale gold patterns, and the hands still ticked.

Qi Yun placed the pocket watch in his palm and stretched it out to the old man, asking, "How much is this watch?"

The old man adjusted his reading glasses, narrowed his eyes slightly, and stared at the pocket watch as though recalling its origin.

After a while, he slowly spoke, "This is an old piece, give me three thousand yuan."

Qi Yun nodded, not intending to haggle, and pulled out his phone to pay.

At that moment, Wang Fei picked up a delicate brooch and asked, "How much is this, boss?"

The old man leaned forward slightly, carefully examining the brooch, his wrinkles moving: "This brooch has some years on it, and it's gold-set. It'll be ten thousand yuan."

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei happily nodded, immediately pinning the exquisite brooch on her chest, then took Qi Yun's arm and slyly said, "Brother, pay!"

Qi Yun shuddered all over and glared at her, "Can you speak properly?"

Wang Fei didn't mind at all, lowering her head to admire the jewelry on her chest.

After paying, Qi Yun pocketed the watch and left the grocery shop.

"I have to head to the mall now. Do you still want to come along?" He turned his head to look at Wang Fei.

Wang Fei slightly raised her chin, a sly glint in her eyes, with a smile curving her lips: "What, trying to ditch me again? I'm going with you since I haven't been shopping for a while either."

Saying this, she stepped forward and took his arm again, her face showing a relaxed smile.

Qi Yun looked down at the sophisticated woman before him, bewildered by what was going on in her mind.

They sat in the car and soon arrived at Baisheng Mall on West Spring Street.

The mall was large, bustling with people.

Upon entering, they saw banners everywhere, heavily promoting a shopping prize draw event.

Once shopping expenditure reached a thousand yuan, you could participate in the draw.

Qi Yun initially planned to pick a few items, draw for the prize, then leave, but Wang Fei wouldn't agree, eagerly dragging him around.

"Qi Yun, how do you like this dress?"

In the Chanel store on the second floor, Wang Fei picked up a light blue dress and swayed it in front of him.

What he hadn't noticed was that her way of addressing him had unconsciously changed.

"Um, looks nice," he casually nodded, dismissing.

Wang Fei saw his response and slightly pouted, showing a trace of dissatisfaction. "Can't you be more serious?"

"You look great, it's lovely," Qi Yun rephrased.

"Much better!" Wang Fei snorted lightly and threw her bag over, "I'm going to try it on."

With that, she headed to the fitting room.

The trial took over three hours straight, until all major branded stores in the mall were visited, Wang Fei was finally satisfied and ready to leave.

Qi Yun didn't need to buy anything else; his hands were already holding shopping bags totaling over two hundred thousand's worth of items.

"Why do you have to buy things here? Can't you wait until we're back?"

Wang Fei glanced at Qi Yun, tilted her chin arrogantly, "I want to buy them now."

Qi Yun sighed, saying no more, rich people just have their quirks.

Heading down to the first floor, preparing to go to the prize draw area, Wang Fei spotted a watch-selling counter on the side.