

Middle Age 105

Chapter 105: The Troublemaker

The auction today drew quite a crowd. Due to some highly attractive items, many buyers were eager to bid, which slowed down the auction process.

By the time it was the turn for the nose snuff bottle that Qi Yun was so eager about, over an hour had passed.

"The next item is lot number 031, a Republic of China period copper-enamel painted nose snuff bottle (Wenji Returns to Han), starting bid at 100,000 yuan, bidding starts now!"

As the auctioneer's voice fell, he scanned the audience eagerly, but people showed little interest in the piece, with not much attention given.

After waiting nearly half a minute, finally, a sparse two or three people raised their paddles, and the price reached 160,000, leaving only one person.

"Is there anyone else bidding? The current price is 160,000, from the gentleman with number 273 at the back."

The auctioneer looked around and seeing no one else raising their paddle, began the countdown.

Wang Fei, sitting beside Qi Yun, glanced at him: "You're not going to bid yet?"

Qi Yun nodded, feeling the timing was about right, and picked up the paddle resting on his leg, ready to raise it.

However, someone beat him to it.

"180,000! The gentleman with number 89 in the front row bids 180,000!"

Qi Yun frowned, sensing something unusual. He had kept track of those who previously bid, and this new bidder was not among them.

His hand, which was about to be raised, paused mid-air, then slowly lowered as he waited quietly.

Given the current situation, incremental bidding might result in a higher cost.

"The current bid is 180,000. Will the gentleman with number 273 bid again?" The auctioneer looked towards the previous bidder.

The man hesitated slightly yet eventually raised his paddle again.

"Alright, 200,000, the bid goes back to the gentleman with number 273, at 200,000."

"Is there anyone else bidding? The current bid is 200,000."

"200,000 going once."

"200,000 going twice."

As the auctioneer was about to raise his hand, Qi Yun finally placed his bid, simultaneously signaling a '5' with his hand.

"250,000! The gentleman with number 78 on the right bids 250,000!"

"Anyone else willing to increase their bid? The current bid is 250,000."

This time, no one else bid, not even the shills, realizing it would be too obvious other than that, they aren't fools, and if nobody followed, it would be stuck with them.

Their only task was to prevent certain items from being sold at relatively low prices and to act as hype when competition was fierce.

"Bang! Congratulations to the gentleman with number 78, successfully acquiring lot number 031 at the price of 250,000."

As the auctioneer's hammer fell, Qi Yun's heart which was suspended was finally released, though the cost was higher than he had anticipated, it was still acceptable.

"Is this item worth 250,000?" Wang Fei asked with curiosity in her voice.

Qi Yun smiled, naturally placing his hand on her leg. Wang Fei glanced at him, her expression thoughtful, but did not object.

"What if I told you I have another one just like it?"

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei looked surprised but nodded.

Soon after, it was finally time for the vase she had her eyes on.

"Next up is lot number 039, the Ming Chongzhen Blue-and-White Porcelain Sacrificial Heaven Vase, starting bid 400,000, bidding begins now."

Evidently, this item attracted many pursuers, as the auctioneer's words were immediately met with paddle raises from the crowd.

"420,000!"

"440,000!"

"480,000!"

"..."

In just two minutes, the price soared to 600,000.

There were still four people competing, one of which was the man with number 89 that Qi Yun had previously suspected.

Seeing the timing was right, Wang Fei elegantly raised her paddle, her bidding as clean as ever.

"700,000! Number 79 lady bids 700,000!"

As the words fell, many turned to look; she was already striking, and at that moment became the focus of the room.

Qi Yun thought of withdrawing the hand he placed on her leg, but unexpectedly, she held it firmly in place.

Wang Fei ignored the stares, turned to Qi Yun, and smiled warmly, "Touched and now you're going to run away?"

"Heh." Qi Yun gave her a sidelong glance and smiled faintly.

"Does anyone want to increase the bid? It's at 700,000 now!"

The auctioneer's eyes swept over the previous bidders' faces.

"720,000! Number 89 gentleman bids 720,000."

"740,000!"

"760,000!"

"850,000! Back to the lady with number 79, now at 850,000!"

Wang Fei raised her paddle again, appearing calm and composed.

The price had exceeded her psychological expectation.

The room fell into silence once more.

"Is there anyone else? The current price is 850,000."

The previous competitors showed some hesitation on their faces.

At this point, number 89 raised his paddle again.

"870,000! From the gentleman with number 89."

As the auctioneer spoke, a hint of anger flashed in Wang Fei's eyes.

Qi Yun noticed and gently patted her hand, whispering, "Let it go, that person is suspicious."

"No need to let emotions rule."

Wang Fei glanced at number 89, calmed herself, and turned with a smile, "I listen to my brother~"

The seductive tone made Qi Yun tremble slightly and he applied a little pressure to his grip on her thigh.

Ultimately, the 'Ming Chongzhen Blue-and-White Porcelain Sacrificial Heaven Vase' was bought by another middle-aged man for 960,000.

Among the subsequent lots, a Song dynasty painting fetched a staggering 1.3 million price.

However, Qi Yun and Wang Fei refrained from participating further, and after the auction ended, they picked up the nose snuff bottle and left.

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At 8 PM, the plane landed smoothly.

After Qi Yun and Wang Fei left the terminal, they headed toward the parking lot.

"It's easy to catch a taxi here, why not take one home?"

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei clenched her jaw, glaring at him, "Do you listen to yourself?"

"I have something to attend to," Qi Yun explained helplessly.

Prior to boarding, he had messaged Peng, and they had arranged to meet that night to discuss the cotton textile order.

"Is your business more important than me?" Wang Fei ignored his reasoning, striding into the passenger seat.

"Alright, alright..."

She was the complete opposite of Zhao Qing.

After driving for more than an hour, the car steadily stopped in front of that familiar villa.

Wang Fei got out and opened the door as Qi Yun took her luggage from the trunk.

Once inside, Wang Fei kicked off her heels, tossed back a "Wait for me, I'm going to take a bath," and headed upstairs.

Qi Yun took a sip of water from the table when his phone buzzed in his pocket. Looking at it, he saw it was Peng calling.

"Hello, Qi, have you landed?"

Peng initially planned to pick him up from the airport but decided against it upon learning he drove himself.

"Yeah, just got here a bit ago." Qi Yun replied.

"Then come over at once, Mendeleyev is also here, it's a good time to discuss the order."

Qi Yun glanced over at the stairs, nodded, "Alright, I'm on my way."

For him, Mendeleyev represented more than just a single deal; establishing a long-term partnership with him would undoubtedly mean a massive boost for his future endeavors.

The headlights of the BMW 5 Series vanished into the night.

Half an hour later, Wang Fei, clad in a seductive lace nightdress, came downstairs, only to find that Qi Yun was already gone.

Fuming, she took out her phone and sent him a message: "You're in trouble with me!"