

## Middle Age 115

Chapter 115: Treasure Intel After System Upgrade

[Daily Intelligence System upgraded to Lv3!]

[Host: Qi Yun]

[System Level: Level 3 (Can receive three intelligence updates per day, with a small chance of receiving green intelligence)]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): The son of the boss of Guanghui Group is a fervent meteorite collection enthusiast]

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Green): Jose Echegaray has hidden a set of coordinates in his pocket watch, which mark the location of the 18th-century Spanish shipwreck 'San Jose'. The ship holds unspecified treasures]

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Red): Zhang Dayong, Deputy Director of Shanshan County Public Security Bureau, was commended by higher-ups for capturing a wanted fugitive and will soon be transferred to Niao City]

The next day, Qi Yun, who had been running around all day, only woke up just before noon. He lay on Zhao Qing's bed, staring blankly at the light screen in front of him, his gaze suddenly freezing.

It's upgraded!

Green intelligence!

Shipwreck!

"Oh no! That pocket watch has already been given to Shi Feng to sell!"

Thinking of this, his expression changed suddenly, and he immediately picked up his phone to dial Shi Feng's number.

After a few rings, the call finally connected, and Shi Feng's voice came through the receiver: "Hey, brother, I was just about to call you."

"Did you sell that pocket watch I gave you a few days ago?" Qi Yun's voice betrayed an undeniable urgency.

"Huh?" Shi Feng made a puzzled noise, his tone filled with suspicion, "Could it be that you have the ability to foresee the future?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's heart tightened abruptly, crying out in his mind that this was bad.

He hurriedly asked, "Did you sell it?"

"Yeah, an old man just bought it for fifty thousand, and he didn't even haggle." Shi Feng replied with a cheerful laugh.

Qi Yun's heart sank to the bottom upon hearing this.

"Is he still there? If not, please make sure to hold him there, I'm coming over to find you now!" He almost blurted out.

"Huh? Oh... oh, hey, sir, please wait a moment..." Seeing his urgent tone, Shi Feng didn't have time to ask more questions and quickly went to the door to invite the person back.

Qi Yun hung up the phone, quickly dressed, greeted Zhao Qing opposite the door, and rushed out.

He ran to the parking lot, jumped into his BMW 5 Series, and floored the accelerator, speeding towards Shi Feng's shop.

Twenty minutes later, he finally arrived at the entrance of Qiuyue Pavilion on Antique Street.

Inside the store, aside from Shi Feng, there was also another elderly man with graying hair, wearing a Chinese tunic suit, and both their eyes were firmly fixed on an ancient painting.

Seeing Qi Yun enter, Shi Feng subtly gestured with his eyes, indicating that this was the person who bought the pocket watch.

Qi Yun nodded in understanding, forced a smile, and quickly walked to the old man's side, politely saying, "Hello, sir."

The old man turned his head, looked Qi Yun up and down, and with a slight expression of confusion, asked, "Can I help you with something?"

Qi Yun kept smiling and spoke sincerely, "Sir, to be honest, the pocket watch you bought earlier was consigned by me at Boss Shi's store. Due to some special reasons, I no longer wish to sell it."

"Of course, I know you've completed the transaction with Boss Shi, so the watch is yours now. I won't ask for it back without offering anything. I'm willing to pay sixty thousand to buy it back from you. Does that sound okay?"

The old man's face showed a hint of displeasure as he slightly furrowed his brows and said sternly, "Young man, integrity is important in business. Since the deal is done, there's no reason to go back on it."

Qi Yun's heart tightened, and his smile instantly turned rigid. He hurriedly explained, "You've misunderstood, sir. I'm not trying to go back on my word; it's just that this pocket watch is very important to me, and I wish to buy it back from you."

The old man still shook his head, saying firmly, "I'm sorry, I like this watch, and I have no intention of selling it."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's heart sank. Based on the man's attire and demeanor, it seemed his identity wasn't simple, and he completely ignored the sixty thousand offer. He must be someone for whom money wasn't a concern.

The situation became a bit tricky...

He looked at Shi Feng, who understood and nodded, smiling as he tried to mediate, "Haha, there's no rush, how about we sit down and have some tea, and talk it over slowly?"

"Sir, I'll leave the painting here for you to look at later. To be honest, I have another prized possession that I'll bring out later for you to appraise."

The old man slightly nodded, and his expression softened a little, "Alright, I'll try your tea, but as for the watch, I've already made myself clear, I won't sell it."

Shi Feng quickly said, "I understand, sir, we're just sitting down for a chat, making friends, not discussing the watch."

With that, he invited Qi Yun to sit down and expertly prepared the tea.

He first poured a cup for the old man and said, "Sir, please try this Longjing tea I just acquired."

The old man took a sip, nodded slightly, and said, "Hmm, the tea is rich and fragrant, truly good tea."

Shi Feng smiled and poured a cup for Qi Yun.

Qi Yun picked up the cup, though his mind was still on the watch, it wasn't appropriate to show it, so he joined them in tea and conversation.

Shi Feng chatted with the old man about antiques, from calligraphy to porcelain, from jade to bronze artifacts, and they hit it off quite well.

As it neared lunchtime, Shi Feng invited the old man to join him for lunch.

The old man waved his hand, declining, "No need for lunch; I'll visit your store again when I have time."

"Oh, sir, don't leave in a hurry, it's rare to meet someone as knowledgeable as you, and I still have many questions I'd like to ask."

"I happen to have a bottle of twenty-year-old Daughter's Red, how about we taste it together?"

The old man, initially resolute, hesitated at the mention of good wine, "Twenty-year-old Daughter's Red?"

Shi Feng noticed the change in attitude and quickly seized the opportunity, saying, "Yes, I only had two jars, opened one to entertain a distinguished guest before, and the taste was extraordinary."

"Meeting a knowledgeable elder like you today feels fated, so I wanted to share it with you."

A hint of temptation flashed in the old man's eyes as he gently stroked his beard, "Fine, since you're so warm-hearted, I'll stay for a few drinks, but I must say, my drinking capacity isn't impressive, I can't drink too much."

Shi Feng quickly replied, "No problem, sir, we're just having a few sips, tasting the wine, sharing feelings. If you think it's enough, just say the word."

At this point, Qi Yun, who had been silent, suddenly spoke, "Sir, I wonder if you have any interest in Moutai from the 1980s?"

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