

Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System #Chapter 41: Domestic Section - Read Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System Chapter 41: Domestic Section

Chapter 41: Chapter 41: Domestic Section

Picked up my daughter and came home, it was already past ten o'clock at night.

The little girl's biological clock is quite regular; every day at this time, she immediately gets sleepy. She doesn't need anyone to coax her and just goes to sleep on her own.

Qi Yun gently took two bottles of beer from the fridge, sat down by the balcony, looked at the bright lights outside the window, and his gaze gradually became vacant.

During this period, his life underwent earth-shaking changes; not only has most of his debt been paid off, but he also found a place to settle.

What made him feel happiest was that his daughter finally returned to him. This feeling of regaining what was lost made him treasure it dearly.

The cool beer went down his throat and into his stomach. Qi Yun's emotions were about to rise as he prepared to reminisce about the past.

Then suddenly, there came a loud "thump, thump, thump" sound of footsteps from upstairs, as if someone was deliberately stomping on the floor, and judging by the sound, there seemed to be quite a few people.

Wave after wave, it was extremely annoying.

Qi Yun frowned; it was the same last night, disturbing until after midnight before it quieted down.

At the time, he thought it was too late to bother them, but he didn't expect it to be the same tonight; he couldn't bear it any longer.

He instantly put on his coat and strode upstairs.

Arriving at the door of 401, even in the hallway, he could faintly hear the noise inside.

Qi Yun suppressed his anger and raised his hand to ring the doorbell.

After a while, the door slowly opened, revealing a big, burly man. Surprisingly, in the middle of winter, he was wearing a tank top, exposing large muscles.

"What's the matter!?" He sized up Qi Yun outside the door, his eyes full of impatience.

Seeing the hostile attitude from the other party, Qi Yun's face darkened, and he said in a deep voice, "I'm a resident downstairs in 301. Keep it down at night and stop jumping around in the house; it's affecting my rest."

The muscular man let out a disdainful smile, "I'm doing whatever I want in my own home, what business of yours is it? Mind your own business and stop interfering!"

Before he finished speaking, laughter from two men inside came through.

Qi Yun turned slightly and saw a lot of empty beer bottles scattered at the entrance, with two similarly muscular men nearby.

One was lying on the ground doing sit-ups, while the other was sitting on his feet, holding his waist.

The intimate posture made Qi Yun feel disgusted.

He looked back at the muscular man at the door and said coldly, "I don't care what you do, but don't disturb me."

Surprised by Qi Yun's sudden tough attitude, the muscular man quickly showed disdain again.

"Oh, coming on strong? I'm disturbing you, what can you do about it?"

Seeing the other party's shameless attitude, Qi Yun was too lazy to say more. Talking with such people is the most meaningless.

A toad squatting on the foot, not biting but irritating.

The smartest approach is to retaliate in kind!

Qi Yun gave him a cold glance, said nothing more, and turned to head downstairs.

Back at home, he picked up the phone on the couch and began searching online for a device to shake the floor. Since reasoning couldn't work with them, he could only use some special means to let them experience being harassed by noise.

He immediately chose a floor shaker with high sales and ordered it; the logistics showed same-city delivery, and it'd arrive the next morning.

After doing all this, he turned on the TV and watched variety shows leisurely until the news updated at midnight.

[Today's News (Red): The family camera in Vanke Mansion, Building 2, 401, has been hacked. Some inappropriate videos have been uploaded to **.com, domestic section.]

Looking at the news on the screen, Qi Yun suddenly widened his eyes.

"Did I really guess it right?"

Thinking about having just touched the door of 401, he forced down his nausea, quickly got up, and washed his hands several times in the bathroom with soap.

...

The next day, Qi Yun woke up very early, as if after turning thirty, his sleep quality deteriorated, and even his drowsiness lessened.

After getting up and washing, he cooked a bowl of fermented rice and small dumplings for his daughter, and only then pulled her out of bed.

"Dad, when are we going to Peng Sixin's house?" The little girl asked while rubbing her eyes and pouting.

For some reason, kids seem to particularly like playing at other people's houses.

Qi Yun dressed her in the new clothes bought by Wei Yong's wife and answered with a smile, "Once you finish your meal, Dad will style your hair nicely, and then we'll head out!"

Upon hearing this, the little girl got excited, stood on the little stool in the bathroom to brush her teeth, and then obediently sat at the dining table, starting to eat the fermented rice and small dumplings.

Qi Yun stood behind her, clumsily styling her hair, and then followed a tutorial video to braid a relatively neat little braid for her.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Upon opening the door, it turned out the floor-shaking device ordered last night had arrived.

He eagerly brought it inside, quickly assembled it, then connected it via Bluetooth to try it out.

As soon as it started, the strong vibrating sensation and accompanying dynamic sound effects made the entire ceiling start shaking.

Qi Yun nodded in satisfaction, quite ideal effect, but to avoid disturbing other residents, he turned down the volume a bit.

Then he dressed his daughter warmly, took her little hand, and went out.

The time that followed was for those three louts to enjoy thoroughly.

...

Peng's house was particularly lively today; three kids were giggling and playing in the living room, and his wife was busy in the kitchen preparing food.

Qi Yun didn't bring any expensive gifts, just some fruits that women and children love to eat.

Peng enthusiastically welcomed him in, jokingly said, "The fridge can't fit any more fruits, and still you bought such a big bag."

Qi Yun smiled, crouched down, and took off Nuannuan's coat.

Then, he took out three red envelopes, each with only two hundred yuan, prepared in advance for Peng's three children.

Peng's three children are all girls; the eldest is eight years old, the middle one is almost five, and the youngest is under half a year old and still sitting in a baby stroller.

The couple has always wanted a son but has never succeeded.

"Thank you, Uncle Qi!" The two kids, with sweet voices, thanked him and gleefully pulled Nuannuan to play with them.

Peng's wife came out from the kitchen, saw this scene, and jokingly scolded, "Even without gifts, just come alone, you'll spoil them all."

"Haha, their mouths are so sweet, as their uncle I have to show my appreciation," Qi Yun said with a smile.

"Come sit, have some tea first." Peng invited Qi Yun to sit on the sofa and poured him a cup of hot tea, "Old Feng should be here soon as well."

Right after he spoke, the door was knocked again, and Old Feng came in carrying a box of cherries, smiling broadly...

Chapter 42: Chapter 42: The Explanation You Want

Old Feng's situation is quite special; his wife unfortunately passed away in a car accident over ten years ago.

That night, he was drinking with clients while his wife couldn't stop worrying, and decided to drive with her big belly to pick him up, then...

Since then, Old Feng has lived alone, and his personality has become somewhat dull.

Except for occasionally opening up to a few brothers, most of the time he wears a forced smile.

Soon, a sumptuous meal was placed on the dining table, with everyone sitting around it.

"Your sister-in-law started cooking from eight in the morning for this spread, dig in and try it."

"Yes, indeed, Nuannuan, here's this big drumstick for you."

The couple warmly welcomed. Peng's wife smilingly picked up a large drumstick and put it in Nuannuan's bowl.

Nuannuan turned her little face up, politely responding, "Thank you, Auntie."

"No thanks required, Nuannuan is so well-behaved!"

People began to eat, and the atmosphere at the table was joyful as they chatted about family matters.

"By the way, Qi Yun, a new English teacher joined our school. He's 28 this year and single, seems quite a match for you. How about I introduce him to you?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun hurriedly waved his hand, "Sister-in-law, I don't have the mind to consider this now. Let me take care of Nuannuan first."

"Oh, don't be quick to refuse. This might work out. You're bringing up Nuannuan alone, wouldn't it be nice to have someone supporting you?"

Qi Yun smiled helplessly, "Let's talk about it later; it's not the time yet."

Seeing his resolute attitude, Peng's wife wanted to persuade him further but was stopped by Peng with a look.

Often, men and women have different perspectives when considering issues. A man needs a bulging wallet and a straight back to have the qualification to pursue beauty.

Otherwise, even if he has it temporarily, someday it would turn into an illusory dream.

After a few drinks, the three men lamented the difficulties of recent years, feeling rather emotional.

It seemed the course of life was not developing in the direction everyone expected.

Especially Old Feng; as he spoke, his eyes were somewhat reddened.

Just then, Qi Yun's phone suddenly rang, and he took it out to see it was Manager Li from the property, already guessing what it was about.

"Hello, brother, Happy New Year, are you at home now?" The voice on the other end was quite courteous.

"Happy New Year to you too, Manager Li, I'm not at home now, what's up?"

Manager Li pondered his wording and continued, "It's like this, the tenant upstairs from you..."

Qi Yun raised his teacup and took a sip, listened quietly, and then calmly said, "You tell them, whatever it is, wait till I get back to discuss."

"Alright, I'll convey your message to them, I won't disturb you further."

After hanging up, Peng curiously asked, "What's going on?"

Qi Yun smiled lightly and recounted what had happened last night.

Upon hearing it, Peng's wife immediately expressed her support, "Qi Yun, you did right. Those inconsiderate people should experience not having peace too."

Old Feng also put down his chopsticks and said, "Later, I'll accompany you, I'd like to see just how tough they are."

Qi Yun laughed and shook his head, "No need, I have ways to deal with them."

Seeing him say so, Old Feng and Peng didn't speak further, having been wandering in society for many years, not appreciating a few ruffians.

The meal lasted till six in the afternoon when Qi Yun took his daughter to bid farewell.

As they were leaving, Old Feng and Peng respectively gave Nuannuan a red envelope.

It was New Year's Eve, so there were few cars on the street. Qi Yun hugged his daughter, waiting in the cold wind for over half an hour before finally catching a Didi ride.

Returning home, Qi Yun first put his already asleep daughter to bed, then turned off the floor-shaking device that had been working all day.

Shortly after sitting down, a rapid knocking sounded at the door.

Qi Yun opened the door with a cold smile; standing outside were indeed those three beefcakes from upstairs.

The muscle man from last night had eyes glaring like brass bells, with the flesh on his face trembling slightly.

He leaned in, grabbing the door frame, and viciously said, "You've got guts using a floor-shaker against us. Give an explanation today, or I'll show you!"

Qi Yun reached out, knocked off the hand clinging to his door.

Then he folded his arms, casting a cold gaze over the three at the door, sneering, "Explanation? Didn't I warn you last night? You were banging and clanging upstairs in the middle of the night; did you give me an explanation?"

The muscle man found himself embarrassed and enraged by Qi Yun's retort, loudly shouting, "Stop wasting my time, you affected our rest with the floor-shaker, this can't end here."

Another muscle man standing behind him, half holding a lotus finger, chimed in, "Exactly, you've gone too far! We're neighbors, how can you act like this?"

"Right! Don't you have any fault? You must give us an explanation, or this won't end today!"

The muscle man from last night seemed normal enough; as for the two behind him, they spoke in an effeminate tone.

Creating a stark contrast with their burly muscles.

Qi Yun retreated a couple of steps disdainfully, his gaze full of contempt, "What explanation do you want? You can disturb others, but others can't disturb you?"

"Also, I warn you, speak if you want, don't lay hands on me, or I'll call the police!"

The man half holding the lotus finger shrilled, "Hmph, don't change the subject, how we spend our evenings is our freedom, why use the floor-shaker against us?"

At this moment, the loud conversation attracted Zhao Qing across the hallway to open her door and look in.

Through the crack, she saw the tense scene and frowned slightly.

She glanced up and down at the muscle men, her eyes revealing a hint of caution, then turned to Qi Yun, casting an inquisitive look.

Qi Yun gently shook his head at her, signaling not to worry.

Then he looked towards the muscle man from last night, scoffing, "Are you sure you want an explanation?"

"Indeed! If you can't satisfy us today, forget about celebrating the New Year." The muscle man responded assertively.

Qi Yun listened to the man's words and, instead of anger, laughed, filled with mockery.

"Alright, since it's what you want."

With that, he turned back into the house and returned shortly with his phone.

"Open your WeChat, I'll send you a picture."

The muscle man was confused but did as he said.

After they added each other as friends, Qi Yun sent him a picture.

Then his lips curled into a smile, eyes fixed on the muscle man's changing facial expression.

The next second, as the muscle man saw the picture, the color drained from his face, turning ghostly pale.

He stepped forward suddenly, grabbed Qi Yun by the collar, and shouted fiercely, "Where did you get this photo?"

The other two with an effeminate tone leaned in curiously, and upon seeing it, their eyes widened, faces full of terror.

"No! How is it possible!"

Chapter 43: Chapter 43: I Like Sister Xiaoqing

Qi Yun playfully pushed the muscular man aside, adjusted his collar, then said with a smile, "No need to get so agitated; you wouldn't want this secret to be known by everyone, would you?"

The muscular man, pushed away by Qi Yun, staggered a bit, his face a mix of anger and fear.

He glared viciously at Qi Yun, clenching his fists, his teeth gritting audibly.

Qi Yun showed no fear, calmly meeting his gaze.

After a moment, the muscular man's expression changed, and he instantly deflated like a punctured balloon.

"What... what do you want?" he asked, trembling, with a hint of pleading in his eyes.

He could imagine the discrimination and ridicule he would face if this matter were exposed, leaving him no face to meet anyone again.

Qi Yun looked at his pitiful appearance, feeling a bit disgusted but not holding a deep grudge, and said indifferently, "As long as you all stay quiet in the future, I can pretend this never happened."

"Re... really?" The muscular man's eyes brightened at these words; he thought Qi Yun would use this matter to blackmail him.

He didn't expect the other party to make such a simple request, filling him with relief.

His face immediately plastered with a flattering smile, he hastily patted his chest in assurance, "Don't worry, we promise we won't disturb you again!"

Seeing his goal achieved, Qi Yun nodded and prepared to close the door.

At this moment, the muscular man, as if remembering something, hurriedly took a step forward and asked, "That... that photo, where did you get it from?"

"From the domestic section!"

"Bang!"

After closing the door, Qi Yun didn't give this small episode any further thought and went to the kitchen to prepare some paste for sticking couplets.

Even though it was just father and daughter for the New Year, there should be some festive atmosphere.

At that moment, there was another knock on the door.

Qi Yun opened the door to see Zhao Qing standing at the entrance with a bowl in her hands.

"Brother Qi, I made some fruit yogurt, thinking Nuannuan would surely like it, so I brought some over," Zhao Qing said with a gentle smile, handing over the bowl.

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback, took the bowl, and said with a smile, "Alright, thank you. Would you like to come in and sit for a while?"

Zhao Qing blinked, thought for a moment, and nodded, "Sure."

Qi Yun stepped aside to let her in, placed the bowl on the coffee table, poured a cup of tea for her, and then returned to the kitchen to keep an eye on the paste in the pot.

"Nuannuan is sleeping in the room. The fruits on the table are washed; help yourself."

Zhao Qing softly responded, "Okay," and sat down on the sofa.

She picked up the teacup, sipped a little, and casually glanced around the room.

"By the way, Brother Qi, why haven't I seen Nuannuan's mom around?"

Inside the kitchen, Qi Yun's hand stirring the paste paused for a moment and he slowly said, "Her mom and I divorced."

Zhao Qing was momentarily stunned by this, realizing she'd perhaps asked an inappropriate question, and quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Brother Qi, I didn't know..."

"It's fine, it's all in the past."

Qi Yun forced a small smile, holding a bowl of paste, and joined Zhao Qing on the balcony to start putting up window decorations.

Zhao Qing noticed he seemed to struggle doing it alone and stepped up to help.

"By the way, Brother Qi, were those three guys upstairs from 401?"

"Yes, that's right. Do you know them?"

Zhao Qing quickly shook her head, "No, but I've seen them. Their house is so noisy, no consideration at all."

"Isn't it? But they probably won't be noisy anymore."

Zhao Qing's face showed skepticism, "Huh? Why?"

"They just came to apologize, said they realized their mistakes and would be mindful in the future," Qi Yun said casually as he worked.

Zhao Qing snickered and pursed her lips, "As if they'd admit fault. Even the property management and police came before, and it was useless."

Qi Yun chuckled and shook his head, without further explanation, asking instead, "I noticed you haven't put up couplets at your door either, spending the New Year alone?"

Zhao Qing hesitated briefly, a hint of loneliness flashing across her face, but she quickly recovered her smile, "Yes, alone."

Qi Yun sensed the low spirit in her voice, looked at the extra couplets and window decorations in his hand, and asked, "I bought too many earlier; how about I put them up for you too?"

Zhao Qing's long eyelashes fluttered, just about to reply, when a childish voice came from behind.

"Daddy, I'm awake." The little girl rubbed her sleepy eyes, shuffled in her slippers, and came out of the bedroom, "Huh, is Sister Qing here to play with me?"

Qi Yun's face instantly softened with a tender smile, turned, and said, "Yes, Sister Qing brought you some tasty treats."

On hearing about the treats, the little girl perked up, her eyes shining brightly.

She quickly ran to the coffee table, saw the bowl of fruit yogurt, and jumped with excitement, "Wow, it's my favorite fruit yogurt! Thank you, Sister Qing!"

Zhao Qing, seeing the little girl's joy, couldn't help but laugh, "If Nuannuan likes it, I'll make more for you tomorrow, okay?"

Nuannuan, hearing Zhao Qing's words, squinted her eyes in delight, nodding repeatedly, "Okay, okay, Sister Qing is the best! I like Sister Qing the most."

Watching his daughter's joy, Qi Yun laughed along, "You two play for a while, I'll go put up the doorway couplets for you."

Zhao Qing nodded, not refusing, "Okay, thank you, Brother Qi."

Qi Yun took the paste and couplets and went out, quickly and deftly putting them up.

After returning, they chatted a bit more and Qi Yun learned that Zhao Qing was actually a teacher at Star Kindergarten in the neighborhood, explaining her love for children.

With her looking after his daughter, Qi Yun felt more at ease about her schooling after the New Year.

Seeing how late it was getting, Qi Yun stood up to heat dinner, which had been prepared by Brother Peng's wife in the morning, who had specially set aside a portion for him to take home.

He considered inviting Zhao Qing to join him, but she hesitated and politely declined with a diet excuse.

Qi Yun didn't press, seeing her out with a smile.

"Daddy, I like Sister Qing," Nuannuan said, tugging on Qi Yun's clothes after he closed the door.

Qi Yun squatted down, gently tapped her nose, and softly asked, "Why?"

Nuannuan tilted her head, thought earnestly, and said, "Because Sister Qing makes super delicious fruit yogurt for me, and she's beautiful and speaks softly."

Listening to his daughter's innocent words, Qi Yun couldn't help but laugh; a child's affection is truly simple.

Meanwhile, back home, Zhao Qing took out a yoga mat to exercise.

She had just put on her Bluetooth headphones when she noticed something unusual.

Usually, at this time, there would be noise coming from upstairs, requiring her to wear headphones to block it out, but today it was unexpectedly quiet.

She couldn't help but recall Qi Yun's words earlier; could those guys really have had a change of heart?

Chapter 44: Chapter 44: Bad Luck

[Time remaining until next intelligence refresh: 42 minutes]

After coaxing his daughter to sleep, Qi Yun sat alone on the sofa, idly watching the Spring Festival Gala.

Time flies by; it's been over ten years since he last seriously watched this show.

Most of the glamorous stars on the screen are unknown to him, and he can't help but feel the passing of time.

The clock on the wall ticks slowly, making a faint sound.

On TV, the host enthusiastically counts down as the stroke of midnight approaches.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

As soon as midnight arrives, the deafening sound of firecrackers and fireworks erupts outside.

The colorful lights spill through the window, adding a lively atmosphere to the slightly quiet room.

[Today's intelligence (white): Liu Meng's fishing line was snapped by a safe today; inside the safe is a honeycomb bracelet worth at least 100,000 yuan]

Honeycomb?

Qi Yun frowned slightly, ignoring the fireworks outside and focusing all his attention on the screen in front of him.

He's not very familiar with honeycomb items, but the value assessed by the system is never wrong.

The current issue is how to determine the location of the safe in the river and how to retrieve it.

He opened the door, went to the stairwell, lit a cigarette, and took a few deep drags. After some thinking, he called Liu Meng.

"Meng, happy New Year!"

"Hey, brother, happy New Year! I was going to call you to say happy New Year." The other end of the phone was noisy, with the sound of firecrackers crackling.

Qi Yun chuckled and continued, "Did you catch any fish lately? I'll come find you for a drink tomorrow."

"Sure, come on over." Liu Meng readily agreed, "Come on over! Oh yeah~ Today was tough, almost caught a big fish, but the line didn't hold up and snapped suddenly."

"But if you come, I'll grab a few from my father-in-law's place."

Qi Yun laughed silently to himself; that's hardly bad luck.

"Okay, I'll call you tomorrow before I come over. Where did you fish today?"

"Just the usual spot..."

"..."

The location of the safe is clear; next is how to fish it up...

...

The next day, Qi Yun cooked a pot of fermented glutinous rice ball soup, served a bowl to his little one, and then carried another bowl to Zhao Qing's door.

Before long, Zhao Qing opened the door and saw Qi Yun holding a steaming bowl of glutinous rice balls, looking surprised: "Brother Qi, what's this?"

Qi Yun replied with a smile, "Nuannuan loves these fermented rice balls. I made extra for you to try."

Zhao Qing hesitated slightly, feeling a warmth she hadn't experienced in years, a sense of being cared for in daily life.

"Brother Qi, thank you, please come in and sit."

Qi Yun entered the room, putting the rice balls on the table, "Eat up, they'll be no good when they cool down."

Zhao Qing sat down and scooped some rice balls into her mouth, showing a satisfied smile, "Mm, they're delicious."

Qi Yun also sat down on a nearby chair and continued, "Are you going out today?"

Zhao Qing gently blew on the spoon and shook her head, "I'm planning to stay home and prepare lessons. Anything you need help with?"

"I need to go out later and thought to ask if you could look after Nuannuan. She really enjoys spending time with you."

Upon hearing Qi Yun's request, Zhao Qing smiled warmly and nodded without hesitation, "No problem, I like Nuannuan too."

Brother Qi, don't worry about it. Nuannuan will be fine with me."

Seeing her agree, Qi Yun expressed his gratitude, "Great, I'll bring Nuannuan by later."

...

In Xia Ping Village, Old Wang's life remained as leisurely as ever, reclining in a rocking chair while scrolling through pretty streamers, occasionally smiling deeply.

"Uncle Wang, happy New Year." Qi Yun placed the gifts he had been carrying down and smiled in greeting.

Old Wang sat up from the chair, looking surprised, "Oh, out of luck so soon?"

Qi Yun rolled his eyes helplessly, "Can't you wish me well?"

Old Wang laughed heartily and poured a cup of hot tea, handing it over, "I bet you're not just here to give me New Year's greetings?"

Qi Yun took the tea, sipping lightly, and said with a smile, "I'm here to wish you happy, and also to find Binzi to handle some business."

Old Wang raised his eyebrows, "I knew you weren't here out of goodwill, go ahead."

"Alright, take care, don't visit Sister Xia too often, take care of your health."

"Get out of here, you rascal."

Qi Yun smirked but wasn't offended, calling out for Xiao Huangmao and rode away from Xia Ping Village on their electric bike.

"Brother Qi, are we going to get a foot massage?" Xiao Huangmao asked excitedly from the back seat.

Qi Yun turned to glance at him, exhaled some smoke, and replied, "What massage? The technicians are still off for the holidays. I'll take you there another day; today we're handling serious business."

Xiao Huangmao looked a bit disappointed upon hearing it wasn't a massage, "Alright, you better not be tricking me this time."

"..."

Calling him was naturally to get help retrieving the safe.

As for why not calling Liu Meng, Qi Yun couldn't think of a convincing reason.

If they really fished up a safe, it wouldn't be easy to explain.

Though Liu Meng is honest, he's not stupid; flimsy excuses wouldn't fool him.

But Xiao Huangmao is different...

On the first day of the lunar new year, few shops were open, and after searching for over half an hour, they finally found an open hardware store.

The owner, hearing that they wanted to fish something out of the river, immediately recommended a river retrieval tool—a 15cm-diameter neodymium magnet.

These magnets have strong adhesion, with a nickel coating on the surface. Theoretically, they can provide around one ton of attraction and are often used to retrieve metal objects from water.

Qi Yun checked his phone online, finding the owner's words to be true, and decided to buy two to try.

"Boss, how much?"

The owner slurped his noodles with a smile, "First deal of the New Year, not trying to earn from you. I'll sell you both for six hundred yuan."

Qi Yun nodded, seeing that it matched the online price, he promptly paid.

Only when he reached the door did he remember, he also bought two pairs of nylon gloves and a ten-meter rope.

The owner didn't charge, just gave them for free.

Qi Yun didn't refuse, leaving a cigarette on the counter before saying goodbye: "Alright, thanks! Wish your business booming this year!"

After leaving the hardware store, they braved the cold wind, cycling for over half an hour, finally arriving at Qingshui River.

After walking a distance, Qi Yun stood on the riverbank, cautiously observing, ensuring Liu Meng hadn't come out to fish today, before heading boldly to his previous fishing spot.

If they ran into him, it would be quite awkward, primarily because it wouldn't be easy to explain.

Chapter 45: Chapter 45: Can't Sell It? (Three Parts)

Qi Yun first demonstrated to Little Yellow Hair: "In this area, tie the magnet tightly to the rope, and throw it down along the unfrozen part to latch on."

Little Yellow Hair imitated him and started tying the rope, his face full of doubt, unable to resist asking, "Qi Bro, what are we here to fish for?"

"A safe box." Qi Yun replied briefly, and then assuredly reminded him, "Don't stray too far from me, just fish by the shore, and be very careful underfoot, don't accidentally fall in."

Upon hearing that they were fishing for a safe box, Little Yellow Hair didn't ask further. He mimicked him to tie the magnet properly, slowly placed it into the water, and began pulling it back and forth.

The two followed Liu Meng's previous fishing spot, searching all the way down the river.

Half an hour later, they hauled up quite a few things, but they were all small items such as lighters and keychains, except for the elusive safe box.

Qi Yun crouched down, staring at the pile of miscellaneous items on the ground, frowning his brows.

"Was it washed away by the river?"

But the river wasn't fast flowing, even if it could wash away a safe box, it shouldn't have gone far.

Moreover, they had just passed two eddies...

Considering the six hundred yuan he had already spent, Qi Yun naturally had no reason to give up. Immediately, he led Little Yellow Hair around the river dam on the opposite side and fished again.

Still, they came up empty-handed.

In desperation, Qi Yun took out a cigarette and lit it, inhaling deeply, his heart starting to doubt whether the safe box had truly been swept away by the current?

At that moment, Little Yellow Hair suddenly exclaimed from behind, "Qi Bro, I can't pull it! It seems to have latched onto something heavy!"

Qi Yun's heart tensed, immediately tossing away the cigarette in his hand and quickly stepping over to Little Yellow Hair's side.

Reaching out, he forcefully gripped the rope, feeling that heavy pull.

It's very heavy!

"Steady, let's pull together, slowly lift it up!" Qi Yun ordered loudly while firmly planting his feet on the ground, leaning back to leverage his own weight to steadily draw it out.

Fortunately, the rope was sturdy enough to withstand without breaking.

Five minutes later, both of them lay exhausted on the ground, panting heavily.

Beside them, a mud-covered and weed-laden safe box silently lay on the ground, its surface still attached with some snails and mussels.

The safe box looked rather old, something quite ordinary that costs around one or two hundred yuan, about the size of a microwave, and due to being submerged in the river for a long time, appeared rusty.

After resting for a moment, Qi Yun took a urea bag from his pocket, shoved the safe box inside, and they returned along the river embankment.

In the backyard of Old Wang's shop, Little Yellow Hair found a bunch of tools: screwdrivers, pliers, hammers, and axes.

Qi Yun used all his strength, working hard for half the day, finally prying open this old antique.

He crouched down, his heartbeat involuntarily quickening, eagerly peering inside the safe box.

On a damp cloth that had turned somewhat black from the water lay a sealed bag, inside of which was wrapped a finely crafted yellow brocade box.

Qi Yun opened the sealed bag, feeling around a bit, thankfully it hadn't gotten wet.

As the brocade box lid slowly opened, a Honeycomb Bracelet with a warm hue and unique texture appeared before them.

Under the sunshine, it glowed with a soft luster, clearly valuable.

"Qi Bro, we've been busy all day just for this bracelet?" Little Yellow Hair showed no interest in the item, his face filled with disdain.

Qi Yun glanced at Little Yellow Hair without immediately responding, as all his thoughts were on the Honeycomb Bracelet.

He gently picked up the bracelet, placing it in his palm for closer examination, the more he looked, the more extraordinary it seemed, no wonder it's worth 100,000 yuan.

He immediately took out his phone, snapped a few photos and sent them to Shi Feng, the owner of Qiuyue Pavilion.

While washing his hands, Shi Feng's call came through.

"Bro, where did you get this Honeycomb Bracelet?" Shi Feng's voice carried a hint of surprise.

Qi Yun's lips curved into a slight smile, "Just tell me if you want it."

On the other end, Shi Feng hesitated for a moment before replying, "Of course I want it. From the photos, this bracelet is indeed of excellent quality, should have some years, and holds considerable value.

But I need to see the actual item and assess it properly to give you an exact price."

"Alright, are you at the shop? I'm coming over now to find you."

"I'm heading to the shop now, can be there in ten minutes."

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun patted Little Yellow Hair's shoulder, "Later, we're eating at your Meng Bro's place, are you coming?"

Little Yellow Hair shook his head repeatedly, "I'm not going, if you're going to Xiaoqin's house, I'll consider it."

Qi Yun laughed heartily upon hearing this, "Then I'll let you know next time, I'm heading out now, once the item is sold, I'll share the profit with you."

"I don't want money, just remember to take me for a foot bath." Little Yellow Hair snorted, indifferent.

...

Qi Yun hopped on an electric bike and left Xia Ping Village, heading straight for Shi Feng's antique shop.

After making several trips back and forth, the biting cold wind blew painfully against his face.

"Earn more money, at least get a proper vehicle."

Riding a bike in Jiang Province's winter is truly suffering, especially since this place only has summer and winter, so for half the year, riding is quite unpleasant.

Soon, the electric bike stopped in front of Qiuyue Pavilion, where Shi Feng had already prepared hot tea waiting.

After sitting down, exchanging a few pleasantries, Qi Yun took out the brocade box from his pocket and handed it over.

Shi Feng accepted the brocade box, first putting on a pair of white gloves before gently lifting the lid.

The Honeycomb Bracelet emitted a soft, alluring luster under the lights, making Shi Feng's eyes light up instantly.

He eagerly picked up a magnifying glass, sweeping inch by inch over the Honeycomb Bracelet, from color and texture to craftsmanship, not missing a single detail.

When he reached the third bead, his forefinger suddenly froze.

Inside the bead hole engraved were faintly visible Tibetan characters, naturally embedded in the oxidation layer, not newly carved.

"It's a fine item, has some years." Shi Feng observed and praised as he examined, "I've been in this business for many years, such exquisite Honeycomb Bracelets are truly rare."

Qi Yun calmly sipped tea, did not interrupt, and waited for him to examine thoroughly.

After a long while, Shi Feng put down the magnifying glass, smiled, and spoke, "How much are you planning to sell this for?"

Qi Yun put down the teacup, extended one finger, and said lightly, "100,000 yuan."

Upon hearing the price, the smile on Shi Feng's face gradually faded, his brows knitted slightly, showing a troubled expression.

"We're old acquaintances, I'll be honest with you, this is indeed a premium piece, but this price is rather high, I'm unable to afford it."

Qi Yun quietly watched him, not speaking.

This time, Shi Feng's expression wasn't putting on an act, he looked at the Honeycomb Bracelet again in detail.

After assessing it, he sighed, "And this item, unlike others, has value but no market, I don't have clients for this type, it's hard to sell."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's brows furrowed too, unexpectedly, the item they came for couldn't be sold?

Chapter 46: Chapter 46: Livestreaming Antiques Sales

Shi Feng refilled Qi Yun's cup of tea and said slowly, "This Honeycomb Bracelet is not like other items; it lacks liquidity, and its price is not cheap. If I take it, it might sit in my hands for years."

"This thing, it could be two hundred thousand or sixty or seventy thousand, all the same."

"If you ask me to name a price, to be honest, the most I can offer you is sixty thousand, because I'm not sure when I can sell it. It depends on luck."

Hearing this price, Qi Yun felt a sudden drop in his heart. It was far from his expectation of a hundred thousand.

He picked up the teacup, took a sip, and didn't rush to speak.

"I know this price is a bit low, but there's no other way; that's the current market." Shi Feng said as he took out a cigarette and handed one to Qi Yun.

"However, if you can't accept it, I do have another proposal."

Qi Yun took the cigarette and raised an eyebrow, "Let's hear it."

Shi Feng lit a cigarette for himself too, took a deep inhale, and slowly exhaled a smoke ring before he spoke, "I have a friend who does online live streaming of collectibles. He has a pretty large fan base.

We could give this Honeycomb Bracelet to him, to sell in the live stream room."

"Then, during the live show, we could hold an auction. Maybe it could fetch a good price. After it's sold, we can split the proceeds. What do you think?"

Shi Feng looked at Qi Yun intently, waiting for his response.

Qi Yun held the cigarette, his fingers lightly tapping the table, thinking about Shi Feng's proposal.

He had to admit, the idea sounded quite enticing. If executed well, it might even sell for well over a hundred thousand.

"Your proposal sounds good, but what if no one bids, or if the bids are too low? Wouldn't the plan fall through then?"

Plus, I'm not very familiar with live streaming. Is your friend reliable? I just don't want any legal issues arising." Qi Yun expressed his concerns.

Shi Feng smiled, flicked the ash off his cigarette, and explained, "Don't worry, I've known this friend for many years. He has a good reputation in the collectibles circle, and his credentials are solid, so there's no risk."

As for no bids, I think it's unlikely. Just think, with the quality of this Honeycomb Bracelet and those Tibetan inscriptions, it's so intriguing. As long as the promotion is done right, surely someone will bid."

"Moreover, we can set a reserve price beforehand. If the auction doesn't reach it, we won't sell. That way, we protect our interests while seeing if we can fetch a high price." Shi Feng added.

"How will we split the proceeds?" Qi Yun asked the final question.

"You take eighty-five percent, he takes ten percent, and I just get half a percent as a fee."

Qi Yun nodded after hearing this, willing to try for a chance to earn more money.

"Alright then, you handle it. Let me know when there's news."

Shi Feng smiled broadly and patted his chest, promising, "Don't worry, brother. I've got it covered. I'll give the item to my friend later and confirm the details."

It's a situation where he doesn't have to put in any money and can earn a commission, so he's naturally happy.

Then, Shi Feng packed up the Honeycomb Bracelet and brought over a consignment agreement. Qi Yun glanced over it, found no issues, and signed it.

With the matter settled, Qi Yun didn't go straight to Liu Meng's place. Instead, he bought some fruit and went back to Vanke Mansion first.

He'd been out for several hours and was worried whether his daughter was comfortable at Zhao Qing's place.

Plus, he wasn't sure if the little one had caused any trouble.

"Brother Qi, you're back." The door opened, and Zhao Qing greeted with a gentle smile.

Inside, Nuannuan was lying on the coffee table, drawing, with freshly baked chicken wings beside her.

The little girl didn't even look up upon hearing the sound, just called out, "Daddy."

Seeing this, Qi Yun realized he had worried too much.

He walked in and placed the fruit on the table nearby, smiling, "Sorry to trouble you."

Zhao Qing waved her hand and beamed, "Brother Qi, please don't say that. Nuannuan is so well-behaved, she's no trouble at all. I love having her around."

As she spoke, she placed the chicken wings in front of Qi Yun, "I just made these wings; they're still hot. Try them, Brother Qi."

"Okay, thank you." Qi Yun took a napkin and picked up a wing, taking a gentle bite. It was crispy on the outside and tender on the inside; the aroma spread instantly.

"Mm, it tastes really good. I didn't realize you're quite the cook, Xiao Qing." Qi Yun genuinely praised.

"Is that so? Then have more, Brother Qi. Nuannuan already ate. I can't finish them all by myself."

"Then I won't be polite." Qi Yun quickly finished a few wings, turned to his daughter, and asked, "Nuannuan, is it fun at Miss Qing's place?"

Still focused on her drawing, the little girl replied without looking up, "Yes, it's fun! Miss Qing taught me to draw and made me delicious food."

"Do you want to go out with Daddy?"

Nuannuan shook her head decisively, "I want to draw with Miss Qing."

Qi Yun showed a helpless smile and apologized to Zhao Qing, "Xiao Qing, I need to go out for a bit longer. Could you look after her for a while?"

Zhao Qing bent down, patted the little girl's head, and readily agreed, "No problem. Go ahead, Brother Qi. Nuannuan will be fine with me."

Qi Yun gave Zhao Qing a grateful look and nodded, "Alright, thank you then."

After that, he glanced at his daughter who was focusing on her drawing, "Nuannuan, listen to Miss Qing, okay?" With that, he got up and left.

In the courtyard, Liu Meng was squatting, scaling fish, with a latex paint bucket beside him containing several big crucian carp.

He was a man of his word. Upon hearing Qi Yun was coming yesterday, he had his wife bring back the fish and the bucket from his father-in-law's house.

As Liu Meng scaled the fish, he shouted to the house, "Wife, is the mutton stew ready? My brother will be here soon."

A rough female voice responded from inside, "Almost ready, don't worry. It won't be a problem. Just clean those fish properly."

Liu Meng replied and continued his work.

Just then, Qi Yun rode into the courtyard on his electric scooter.

"Hey, cleaning fish." Qi Yun got off the scooter, carrying two cases of Amulsi yogurt and some fruit.

Liu Meng looked up, saw Qi Yun, and his eyes brightened. He quickly got up to greet him, "I just said you'd be here in no time, and you are."

Qi Yun laughed, "I guess I came at the right time. I didn't know what your wife and daughter like to eat, so I bought some random fruit. Hope you don't mind."

Liu Meng saw the stuff he was carrying and frowned slightly, sounding a bit displeased, "You just come, why bring stuff? We have everything here; don't waste money."

Qi Yun knew his temper and explained with a smile, "It's New Year's, no reason to come empty-handed."

Liu Meng shook his head and was about to help Qi Yun with the stuff, but suddenly realized his hands were covered in fish scales, so he turned and shouted to the house, "Wife, my brother is here, come out and take the stuff!"

Liu Meng's wife, Li Cuixia, heard the shout and quickly came out of the house.

While wiping her hands on her apron, she walked quickly towards Qi Yun, with a slightly awkward smile on her face, "You're too polite, just come, but you brought so much stuff."

Saying that, she took the fruit and liquor from Qi Yun, "Come in and have a seat. The mutton stew is almost ready, we can eat soon."

Li Cuixia matched well with Liu Meng, at least in appearance, standing tall at over 1.7 meters and quite robust.

In Qi Yun's view, they were at least 90% compatible.

Chapter 47: Chapter 47: My Daughter Was Held as a Hostage

"Sister-in-law, you've had a hard day." Qi Yun greeted warmly with a gentle smile on his face.

Li Cuixia grinned, revealing a mouthful of big white teeth: "Brother Qi, what are you saying? It's not hard at all. I'm more than happy to have you come over for a meal."

As she spoke, she turned and glared at Liu Meng: "What are you standing there for? Quickly bring Brother Qi into the house. Are you just going to let him stand here?"

Liu Meng scratched his head and chuckled: "I'm so forgetful. Brother, come on in." With that, he led Qi Yun into the house.

The house was the same as last time, just with some added festive red decorations.

The bungalow courtyard didn't have floor heating, so every household burns a stove in winter.

Liu Meng washed his hands in a basin, then pushed the dried fruits on the stove in front of Qi Yun: "Have some first to settle your stomach, the meal will be ready soon."

Qi Yun nodded, took out a cigarette to offer to Liu Meng, and asked while looking around: "Where's your daughter?"

Liu Meng hurriedly took out a lighter to light Qi Yun's cigarette, but Qi Yun raised his hand to refuse.

"I'll do it myself."

Liu Meng didn't insist, lit a cigarette himself, took a puff, and replied: "She's at her grandpa's house, won't be back until tomorrow."

Hearing this, Qi Yun smiled inwardly.

He's gone to his father-in-law's to steal fish, and the daughter was held as a hostage.

Li Cuixia was also a capable woman, in a few swift moves, she cleaned the fish in the yard and soon set them on the stove.

There was also a pot of clear stewed lamb, and the table was filled with chicken, duck, and more.

Looking at these sumptuous dishes, Qi Yun felt somewhat guilty.

During the New Year, he didn't want to disturb them, but he did tell Liu Meng he'd be coming. Not showing up might make this straightforward guy misunderstand.

Just the cost of this table of dishes must be several hundred yuan.

"Sister-in-law, you've made too much; just the three of us can't finish it all."

Li Cuixia continued placing dishes on the table, laughing as she said: "Brother Qi, it's rare for you to visit; I must treat you well."

Liu Meng picked up a bowl, served Qi Yun some lamb soup, and chimed in: "Exactly, exactly. Last time when you sold me goods you said you'd come back for a drink."

Not sure what you like, so I had sister-in-law make some random things. If it doesn't suit your taste, just let us know."

Qi Yun took the lamb soup, feeling somewhat touched. In today's deceptive society, there aren't many genuine folks like Liu Meng and his wife.

He lightly blew on the soup's surface and took a sip, the delicious taste spreading in his mouth.

"Mm! This lamb soup is really fragrant, sister-in-law's cooking is excellent."

Li Cuixia, delighted by the praise, beamed: "Brother Qi, as long as you like it. Eat more, have plenty."

She said while placing more food into Qi Yun's bowl.

Liu Meng stood up, took out a plastic bag from the cupboard containing two bottles of Jian Nan Chun, clearly newly bought judging by the fresh plastic bag.

Qi Yun used to love this wine as well, not cheap at over 400 yuan a bottle.

This made Qi Yun even more embarrassed.

Liu Meng, smiling, put the bottles on the table, patted Qi Yun on the shoulder: "Brother, what do you say we drink this today?"

Qi Yun quickly waved his hand, apologetically explained: "Meng, let's not drink today, let's just eat. The daughter's at the neighbor's house, I'll worry if I'm late in picking her up."

Next time, next time come to mine, and we'll drink well together, alright?"

Liu Meng, hearing Qi Yun's words, showed a brief flash of disappointment but soon smiled again, "Alright, since you're concerned about your daughter, I won't bother you."

Today we won't drink, just eat well. Next time at your place, we won't stop until we're drunk."

Li Cuixia added: "Right, right, the child is important. If you're worried, finish your meal early and go pick up your daughter."

Qi Yun gratefully glanced at the couple: "Okay, thank you for understanding."

Liu Meng laughed, waved: "What are you saying? Between brothers such talk is distant. Come on, eat up." With that, he placed a chicken leg in Qi Yun's bowl.

The three of them ate and chatted about family matters.

Then, the sound of the big iron gate being pushed open came from the yard, followed by a young man with a buzz-cut, looking quite honest, walked in.

"Brother-in-law started eating, not calling me, and there's a guest too?"

Liu Meng glanced at the young man, jokingly scolded: "I didn't call you over, grab your own chopsticks."

Then he turned to Qi Yun and explained: "My brother-in-law."

Once the young man picked up chopsticks and sat down, Liu Meng introduced: "This is your Brother Qi."

The young man immediately flashed a smile and warmly greeted: "Brother Qi, hello, hello, I'm Li Jie."

Qi Yun smiled and nodded in response.

Li Cuixia served her brother a bowl of lamb, asked: "Weren't you on duty today? Why did you come back?"

Li Jie chuckled: "Today there were few people at the agricultural market; everyone packed up early, what duty would I have?"

"Moreover, I specifically came to discuss something with you."

Li Cuixia raised her eyebrows: "What's it about? Couldn't you tell me over the phone?"

Li Jie glanced at Qi Yun, laughed: "Let's eat first, talk later."

Liu Meng noticed his expression, snorted: "Just say what you have to, your Brother Qi is no outsider."

Having made a fool of himself, Li Jie finally placed down his chopsticks, seriously said: "I heard from our manager today, the agricultural market's stalls are about to raise the rents! I thought I'd borrow some money from you to take over a couple of stalls myself, and later sublease them."

Upon hearing this, Li Cuixia's brow furrowed: "How could such a good deal reach your turn?"

Li Jie, seeing Li Cuixia say this, looked anxious and quickly explained: "Sister, I've thoroughly checked, this rent increase is due to infrastructure renovations in the market, hence the higher rent.

By then, the market environment will improve, and stalls will be more desirable. Moreover, I have a good relationship with the manager, he told me in advance before the news was released, said if I act quickly, I'll have the chance to secure a stall."

Upon hearing this, Liu Meng also furrowed his brows: "He passed this information to you? Did he himself take a stall?"

Li Jie, hearing the question, showed a slight hint of awkwardness: "I didn't ask, but with such a great opportunity, surely he's also taken one."

Li Cuixia looked at her brother, her face turning serious: "You should thoroughly check this matter, we're just ordinary folks, can't afford risks.

Your brother-in-law and I haven't made much money from working all these years, just enough to cover family expenses, and your niece is about to enter high school, needing even more money; the family cannot bear any mishap."

Li Jie's eyes showed a brief hesitation, lowered his head in contemplation, then raised his head and sincerely said: "Sister, I understand your and brother-in-law's difficulties, I'm not trying to make things hard for you.

But this is really a rare opportunity, I don't want to miss it. Plus, I've transferred 40,000 yuan I saved from working over the past two years to him, but I still need another 60,000."

Liu Meng looked at Li Jie, sighed, and said: "Kid, it's not that your brother-in-law doesn't support you, but this deal sounds too easy.

I always feel like such easy money wouldn't come to us ordinary folks."

Seeing his wife's expression, he continued: "But since it's your first time asking your brother-in-law, if you're resolved, go find out more details. Your brother-in-law can lend you 60,000."

Qi Yun had been quietly listening from the side, already having a clear understanding of the situation.

Chapter 48: Chapter 48: 180,000

Although Liu Meng and his wife are honest and straightforward people, they've lived long enough to understand a simple truth: if something looks like easy money, it's often a trap.

And Li Jie, being a young man, is apparently still a bit naive and doesn't grasp this principle.

After the meal, while putting on his coat, Qi Yun discreetly placed a red envelope on the cabinet, which contained New Year's money for the child.

As they were leaving, he handed Liu Meng a cigarette, patted his shoulder and advised, "You should be cautious about your brother-in-law's affairs."

He couldn't speak up at the dinner table earlier, but now that it was just the two of them, he felt obliged to remind him as a friend.

Liu Meng didn't say much, just nodded heavily, indicating he understood.

Back at Zhao Qing's house, Qi Yun looked at his daughter who was reluctant to leave, half amused, half exasperated, "Nuannuan, we should be going home now, let's not disturb your sister Xiao Qing's rest."

The little girl pouted, full of reluctance, "Dad, I still want to play a bit more with sister Xiao Qing, she told me lots of fun stories."

Zhao Qing, smiling, chimed in, "It's okay, Brother Qi, if Nuannuan wants to play here, let her stay a bit longer."

But Qi Yun shook his head; they had already been bothering her for a day, it wouldn't be polite to continue imposing.

He immediately put on a stern face, pretending to be angry, "Even if you're not tired, sister Xiao Qing is. If you don't listen, she won't play with you next time."

Upon hearing this, the little girl deflated instantly, and reluctantly put on her coat to leave with Qi Yun.

Back home, Qi Yun was about to give her a bath; however, she turned her face away angrily, deliberately refusing to cooperate.

She muttered under her breath, "Daddy is a big meanie, doesn't understand me at all."

Qi Yun chuckled helplessly, gently coaxing her, "Nuannuan, look, it's late, and sister Xiao Qing needs to rest too. Daddy promises you, in a few days, we'll invite sister Xiao Qing to the amusement park, okay?"

The little girl's eyes lit up at these words, but she still huffed with an air of pride, "You better not lie to me, pinky swear!" she said, extending her little finger.

Qi Yun, smiling, extended his own little finger and made a pinky swear with her, which made the little girl finally willing to cooperate.

After washing his daughter and blow-drying her hair, the little girl, tired from a day of play, soon fell asleep leaning against Qi Yun.

Qi Yun checked the time; it was already past ten o'clock and he was about to watch some TV when the phone suddenly rang.

He took out his phone and saw that it was Shi Feng calling.

"Hey, bro, that Honeycomb Bracelet of yours just sold in the live stream!"

"So quickly?" Qi Yun was slightly stunned by the news, selling it in just half a day?

"That's right, the buyer is an old customer of a friend of mine, also from this city. We've arranged to meet for the transaction tomorrow." On the other end, Shi Feng sounded excited, teasingly keeping him guessing, "Guess how much it sold for!"

"How much?"

"180,000!"

Hearing the number 180,000, Qi Yun couldn't help but draw a sharp breath.

His shock wasn't about the amount, but rather the markup in the antique trade.

Shi Feng was only willing to pay 60,000, the system's pricing was no less than 100,000, and now it sold for 180,000.

Things indeed depend on finding the right match; when you meet someone with money who's taken a liking to it, the selling price can exceed the item's market value several times over.

At a price of 180,000, Qi Yun could get 153,000 based on the previously agreed profit-sharing ratio, over 50,000 more than expected.

And Shi Feng could earn a commission of 9,000.

"I'll call you after the transaction tomorrow and transfer the money to the account you used last time."

"Alright."

After hanging up, Qi Yun also took a hot shower, feeling a bit chilled after cycling to several places today.

Once he finished bathing, he lay on the sofa and soon drifted off into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Qi Yun woke up groggily, feeling a bit foggy-headed.

The little girl lay on his chest, calling softly, "Daddy, I'm hungry!"

Qi Yun managed a slight smile, gently patting the little girl's head, "Alright, Daddy will make something for Nuannuan to eat."

The little girl had a good trait of not being picky about food from a young age, eating whatever was made, which took a lot of pressure off Qi Yun, who wasn't a great cook.

Soon enough, a pot of steaming hot poached egg noodles was ready.

Qi Yun made sure to add extra lettuce, and the little girl ate with relish.

After eating, he cleaned the dishes, quickly taking a cold medicine, not worried much about his cold but concerned about passing it to his daughter, which would be a problem.

"Daddy, are you sick?" Seeing her daddy taking medicine, the little girl approached, tugging his clothes, her face full of concern.

Qi Yun put down the water cup, smiling as he patted her little head, "Daddy's fine, just a cold, it'll get better after taking medicine."

Only then did the little girl feel slightly relieved, sitting him down on the sofa and saying sweetly, "Daddy, you need to rest more, okay."

Qi Yun nodded, his eyes inexplicably moist.

In the past two years, he had borne the burden of illness, big or small, alone, without anyone to care for him. Now, having his little one by his side, this concern filled him with warmth.

After lying down for a while and feeling more awake, he finally summoned the system panel.

[Today's Info (White): Last night, Qiu Jiahao found a mid-Qing Dynasty porcelain item while sorting his father Qiu Yuanshan's belongings, valued at no less than 60,000. His friend offered him 20,000, and they will complete the transaction this afternoon]

Seeing this information, Qi Yun couldn't help but snort internally; as he expected, Qiu Jiahao was indeed a spendthrift.

This friend too is really heartless, offering 20,000 for an item worth 60,000.

Looking at the time, which was already 10:30, if he wanted to snag a deal, he'd have to act quickly.

But when he turned to look at his daughter, he was temporarily at a loss, feeling a bit embarrassed to bother Zhao Qing again...

After thinking it over, he called Little Yellow Hair to come and help watch Nuannuan.

Little Yellow Hair seized the opportunity to demand that Qi Yun take him for a meal at Wei Xiaoqin's house.

In resignation, Qi Yun agreed, with Wei Yong also urging him to visit these past few days.

The deal struck, Little Yellow Hair arrived swiftly, knocking on the door in less than half an hour.

Once his daughter was settled, Qi Yun put on his coat and left.

Since he had a slight cold today, instead of riding his bike, he took a cab.

He knew the location of where Qiu Jiahao lived, a high-end community where he had previously picked up Nuannuan.

Upon arrival, he didn't go directly to the door but inquired at the property office for the other's phone number.

As for why not to go up directly, naturally, it's because he didn't want to see Shen Wanting again.

Though she and Qiu Jiahao had officially divorced, there's no telling who resides in the house now. With his daughter's custody already reclaimed, Qi Yun wanted nothing more to do with her.

Chapter 49: Chapter 49: Qiu Jiahao Yields to Reality

After getting Qiu Jiahao's phone number, Qi Yun went to the café at the entrance of the community and sat down, then dialed the number.

After a few rings, the call was finally connected, and Qiu Jiahao's voice came from the other end: "Hello, who is this?"

"Qi Yun."

Upon hearing that it was Qi Yun calling, Qiu Jiahao was stunned for a moment, then asked in confusion after a long pause, "Why are you calling me?"

"I'm at the café at the entrance of your community. Bring your ceramic piece out, and let's have a chat." Qi Yun was straightforward about his purpose.

This made Qiu Jiahao even more puzzled: "How do you know I have a ceramic piece?"

"Don't worry about how I know. I'll offer a price definitely higher than your friend's. If you want to sell, come; if not, forget it. I'll wait for you here for twenty minutes."

After Qi Yun finished speaking, he hung up without giving the other party a chance to say more.

Listening to Qi Yun's slightly forceful tone, Qiu Jiahao felt a bit annoyed.

He was very short of money now. After negotiating a divorce agreement with Shen Wanting, although he kept this apartment, he gave over a hundred thousand in savings to her.

Moreover, after his mother took his grandson away, she directly cut off his financial support and told him to support himself in the future.

So, after finding this ceramic piece, he couldn't wait to photograph it and send it to a 'bosom friend' who had been deeply involved in the antique circle for many years.

The friend told him that this was a Republic of China replica, but the craftsmanship was good. As a favor, he was willing to buy it for twenty thousand to add to his collection, and they had already agreed to trade in the afternoon.

But when he heard Qi Yun say he could offer a higher price than his friend, he was somewhat tempted again.

After all, his situation is different now. If it were before his old man Qiu Yuanshan's unfortunate incident, no matter how much Qi Yun offered, he wouldn't have considered it. Once Young Master Qiu promises a friend something, how could he easily go back on his word...

After a quick calculation, Qiu Jiahao put on his jacket, grabbed the 'Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate,' and went out.

He hurried to the café at the community entrance and immediately saw Qi Yun sitting in the corner.

Then he walked over briskly, heavily placed the box containing the Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate on the table, and sat down, his face showing clear displeasure.

"You better offer a price that satisfies me."

Qi Yun glanced up at him without making a sound and first opened the box to inspect it.

This fool doesn't even know how to set things down lightly, not worried about breaking the ceramic inside.

Inside the box was a Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate with a lustrous glaze, steady blue and white color, intricately painted lotus pattern, and naturally curling leaves.

The exposed clay at the bottom showed a red stone hue, with a six-character seal mark reading "Made in the Qianlong Period of the Great Qing."

After carefully checking and ensuring it was intact, Qi Yun put it back into the box.

"I'll give you twenty-five thousand. Take it or leave it."

Upon hearing this price, Qiu Jiahao frowned and put on a disdainful posture: "Twenty-five thousand? You must be dreaming."

After saying this, he reached for the box on the table, pretending to get up and leave.

In his mind, since Qi Yun wanted to buy his item, if he started to leave, Qi Yun would surely stop him for further discussion.

But what he didn't know was that his exaggerated performance had long been seen through by the cunning Qi Yun.

Qi Yun just picked up his coffee and took a sip, then turned his gaze out the window, showing no intention of stopping or retaining him.

Qiu Jiahao had just stood up when his movements halted, feeling a bit agitated, and his eyes flickered.

In the past, he would certainly have left, thinking, "How dare you disregard me? Why should I talk to you any further?"

But now... that's an extra five thousand after all.

After an internal struggle, he eventually succumbed to reality.

"Sigh... Show me the money." Qiu Jiahao sighed, pushing the box back towards Qi Yun, then took out his phone and displayed the payment code.

Qi Yun didn't mock him, expressionlessly taking out his phone and transferring twenty-five thousand to him.

Once Qiu Jiahao received the money, he didn't want to stay another moment and left without a word.

Qi Yun watched his departing figure and shook his head lightly.

He carefully placed the box containing the Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate into his bag and then left the table.

Half an hour later, his figure appeared at the entrance of the Qiuyue Pavilion on Antique Street.

Inside the shop, Shi Feng was leisurely sipping tea. Seeing Qi Yun enter, he looked surprised.

"Hey, what brings you here?"

Qi Yun sat down in a chair with a smile, jokingly saying, "You still haven't wired me the money, so I came to see if you've run off."

Shi Feng could naturally tell it was a joke, poured him a cup of hot tea, and laughed heartily: "Don't rush; the buyer hasn't arrived yet."

Saying this, he glanced at the pocket watch on his chest and added, "But they should be here soon."

Qi Yun took a sip of tea, and as he pulled out the box containing the ceramic piece from his pocket, he said, "No rush, let's first see how this item is."

Shi Feng's gaze landed on the box Qi Yun took out, showing curiosity as he put down his tea cup and leaned over: "Hmm? What treasure do you have this time?"

"See for yourself." Qi Yun pushed the box in front of him.

Shi Feng took the box, opened it gently, and revealed the Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate.

His eyes immediately lit up, carefully picking up the plate to examine it closely.

"Good heavens, this is a mid-Qing Dynasty Blue and White Lotus Pattern Plate." Shi Feng said as he took a magnifying glass to observe some details, "These patterns, this glaze, remarkable."

After a while, Shi Feng put down the magnifying glass, his face full of amazement: "Brother, where do you keep getting these treasures from every day?"

"Didn't I tell you last time? I'm a junk collector, so it's only reasonable to stumble upon a few treasures." Qi Yun laughed.

Shi Feng thought he was just kidding, rolled his eyes, and retorted in mock annoyance: "Next time you collect junk, can you take a brother along? I want to pick up something like this too."

As the two were talking, two more people, a man and a woman, entered the shop.

The man wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, looking gentle, with a string of beads around his neck that Qi Yun didn't recognize and a bracelet in his hand.

The woman, in her thirties, had exquisite makeup and walked elegantly.

Although wearing a loose, long trench coat, you could vaguely see the graceful figure it covered.

When Shi Feng saw the visitors, he immediately stood up with a smile to welcome them: "Mr. Dai, I was just thinking about you. Please come in, come inside."

The middle-aged man called Mr. Dai waved his hand with a smile: "Don't tease me. Let me introduce you. This is Miss Wang, who bought the Honeycomb Bracelet last night."

"Miss Wang is an expert in the antiques world, with deep knowledge and unique insights into various collectible items."

Shi Feng understood that this meant the lady didn't lack money and was interested in all kinds of treasures, as long as they caught her eye.

He hurriedly smiled and extended his hand: "Hello, Miss Wang, welcome..."

"Oh, it's you, big brother!"

Shi Feng's words were interrupted by Miss Wang's voice of surprise.