

## Middle Age 57

### Chapter 57: Treasure in Hand

After chatting with Liu Meng for a while, Qi Yun still had that jewelry box and jadeite ring on his mind, so he didn't stay long.

He asked Liu Meng to come to his place after work, then pushed his bike and headed down the rural road.

The road conditions here were decent, but it was still bumpy in places.

Riding a bike was out of the question; if the liquor got jostled and broke, he'd really have to cry.

He hadn't gotten two kilometers before spotting Wei Yong driving that familiar small truck coming to meet him from a distance.

The small truck came to a steady stop in front of him, and Wei Yong jumped down and asked with a smile, "E-bike broke down?"

Qi Yun shook his head with a smile, "Nope, got a few bottles of treasure, worried about bumping them around while riding."

Upon hearing this, Wei Yong's curiosity was instantly piqued, his eyes gleaming, "What treasure? Let me see?"

Qi Yun glanced around to make sure no one was nearby, then carefully lifted the pillowcase covering the bike basket.

Wei Yong saw what was inside the basket and his eyes widened, his mouth gaping in surprise, his face full of excitement, "This... this is old Maotai?"

He also loved drinking and recognized what was in the basket at a glance.

"Where did you get this stuff? Must've been expensive, right?"

"Hehe, not too bad," Qi Yun replied dismissively, then placed the bottles in Wei Yong's small truck.

Next, the two of them lifted the e-bike and placed it in the truck's bed.

"Where are we headed?" Wei Yong asked as he put the truck in gear and turned to Qi Yun.

Qi Yun thought for a moment and replied, "To Antique Street."

Delays could mean changes, so he decided to secure that jewelry box and jadeite ring as soon as possible.

Wei Yong nodded silently, not asking further, and skillfully turned the truck towards Antique Street.

Half an hour later, the small truck parked at a temporary spot by the roadside.

"Wei, wait for me in the truck for a bit."

"Hmm, go handle your business."

After instructing Wei Yong, Qi Yun jumped down from the truck and stepped towards Antique Street.

He kept his eyes scanning the street sides, looking for the minority old man mentioned in the intel.

But from one end of the street to the other, not to mention the old man, he barely saw anyone.

This left Qi Yun puzzled, wondering what was going on.

After pondering, he decided to ask Shi Feng about it, so he headed to Qiuyue Pavilion.

Shi Feng, seeing Qi Yun, thought he was bringing some good stuff again, a smile immediately spreading across his face.

"Haven't been out collecting junk these days, nothing to sell you," Qi Yun joked.

Upon hearing this, Shi Feng didn't mind and warmly invited him to sit and have some tea.

While drinking tea and chatting, Qi Yun shifted the topic, asking, "By the way, where are all those people who used to set up stalls here? Haven't seen any."

Shi Feng shook his head and sighed, "Oh~ that treasure appraisal show on TV, isn't it filming in our area? All those folks heard about it this morning and rushed to the filming site to set up stalls."

Qi Yun, hearing this, suddenly realized, then curiously asked, "Why didn't you go?"

Shi Feng combed the few defiant strands of hair on his head, and replied faintly, "That show is too deep for me, I can't handle it."

Qi Yun caught the undertone and shook his head with a light chuckle.

"Where are they? Happen to be free today, might as well go join the fun."

"Over at Satellite Square, go join the fun, but let me give you a brotherly advice, looking is fine, best not to buy anything!" Shi Feng added a word of caution.

"Hmm, I know." Qi Yun responded, then stood up and took his leave.

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When he arrived at Satellite Square, he saw it was bustling with people, lively and noisy, many carrying backpacks and speaking in foreign accents.

Various antique stalls were lined up neatly, vendors loudly hawking, trying to attract customers' attention.

Seeing the over a hundred densely packed stalls ahead, Qi Yun couldn't help but frown.

Earlier at Antique Street, he didn't see the old man; now here, there were dozens of minority old men at a glance.

And they all had similar attire, a black leather jacket, a wool cap, and a full beard.

Trying to discern the old man mentioned in the intel by appearance was clearly impossible.

So Qi Yun focused his eyes on the items placed on the stalls, searching for that Republic of China period Zitan Inlaid Shell Jewelry Box.

"Hey, Adasi, take a look, good stuff!"

"Boss, good stuff here! Take a look!"

"Brother, Qingming River Painting, want to take a look? Just got it!"

"..."

Qi Yun ignored the noise around him, concentrating on the dense stalls, searching for his target.

Finally, after wandering for nearly two hours, a delicate box on a stall in front of him emitted a faint glow.

Qi Yun's gaze was immediately drawn to the box, and he squatted down for a closer look.

Although the box's surface was a bit dusty, its exquisite craftsmanship and intricate patterns subtly emanated an ancient aura, exactly the Zitan Inlaid Shell Jewelry Box he'd been persistently hunting for.

He carefully picked up the box, inspected it, then subtly shook it a little, not feeling any jadeite ring hidden inside.

"Boss, take a look, it's really good stuff." The stall owner, unsurprisingly, was an old man with a full beard, speaking Mandarin with a magical accent.

Qi Yun placed the jewelry box back in its spot, smiled at the old man, and asked, "How much?"

"Boss, this is a good item! Made of Zitan wood." The old man rubbed his hands together, a sly smile on his face, "Earlier someone asked, I quoted them 120,000, but I see you know your stuff, 100,000 for you!"

Qi Yun stood up from the stall, glanced at him, and said calmly, "Don't shout random prices, give a proper price."

His stance was clear; if you keep shouting nonsense prices, I'm leaving.

The old man, seeing this, wasn't embarrassed, still smiling as he quoted, "How about 80,000? Adasi."

Qi Yun shook his head, holding up three fingers, "30,000."

The old man made an exaggerated expression, as if the offer took his breath away.

"Oh, no way, no way, I'll lose money."

"I'm speaking from the heart, if you want it, boss, 60,000 for you!"

The system had evaluated the box to be worth approximately 48,000, so his quoted price was somewhat steep.

Qi Yun waved his hand, adjusted his facial expression, and seriously stated, "Final offer, 40,000! If not, forget it."

The old man's face showed a conflicted expression, his eyes glued to Qi Yun, seemingly trying to discern something.

Seeing Qi Yun's firm stance, the old man's facial muscles twitched slightly, his gaze returned to the jewelry box, calculating the profit.

After a long while, he reluctantly sighed, "Fine! For your sake!"

Qi Yun didn't drag it out, immediately securing the jewelry box and then transferring 40,000 to the old man.