

## Middle Age 60

### Chapter 60: Angong Bezoar Pills

Qi Yun gently placed the rosewood jewelry box on the table, then picked up a flashlight with his right hand, casting a bright beam over the box's surface.

This jewelry box was a neat square shape, about half the size of a palm. Its edges were meticulously polished, smooth and round, with a touch of gentle warmth to the touch.

The main body was crafted from deep, ancient rosewood. The color was warm, the texture extremely delicate, with a subtle yet indistinct change, resembling a naturally formed painting.

The sides and top of the box were cleverly inlaid with mother-of-pearl that shimmered with colorful glints under the flashlight's beam.

The junction between the lid and body was flawlessly tight, with a slender copper hinge that looked very ancient, intricately carved with cloud patterns, matching the overall style.

Indeed, this rosewood jewelry box appeared quite extraordinary, no wonder the system valued it at 48,000.

Qi Yun carefully opened the lid. The internal space wasn't very large, probably holding just a few necklaces, currently empty inside.

He shone the light inside repeatedly to inspect but found no suspicious spots, so he closed the lid again to check elsewhere.

According to his guess, if it could hide a Jadeite Ring, there must also be another hollow area.

After fiddling for almost two hours, he found no traces at all, marveling at the craftsman's exquisite skill.

Exhausted, Qi Yun carefully stored the box and lay on the sofa, sleeping deeply.

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): Zhong Rui went to prison five years ago for making false accounts for his boss and was released today. Contact number: 177xxxx]

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): The private children's welfare institution on the outskirts planned to sell old wooden furniture to raise some operating funds. Within these, there was a late Republic of China medicine chest, hiding two Angong Bezoar Boluses within its compartment]

The next morning, Qi Yun woke up and first checked today's intelligence.

When he saw the words Angong Bezoar Bolus, his pupils suddenly enlarged.

Although he didn't know much about these, he had heard them mentioned at wine tables.

Reportedly, the Angong Bezoar Bolus produced after '93 was mainly a health product, while those before were precious life-saving medicine.

The reason involved some special prohibitive regulations.

According to the intelligence, these two Angong Bezoar Boluses were products of at least the Republic of China's era, calling them rare treasures wouldn't be an exaggeration.

Thinking of this, Qi Yun couldn't help but get excited; this must be obtained!

As for the other piece of intelligence mentioning that someone just released from prison for making false accounts, how did it relate to him?

Suppressing his excitement, Qi Yun quickly got up to dress, prepared breakfast for his daughter before waking the little girl up.

Nuannan rubbed her sleepy eyes, spoke in a soft, childish voice: "Dad, can I go play at Sister Qing's today?"

Qi Yun shook his head: "No, if you keep going to Sister Qing, she won't have time for herself; she'll start disliking you."

The little girl heard this, her lips pouting, her face full of grievance.

"I don't want Sister Qing to dislike me, but I really love playing with her." She grabbed Qi Yun's clothes, said pitifully.

Qi Yun crouched down, gently stroked his daughter's head, softly said: "In a few days, Nuannuan can start kindergarten, and you'll be able to play with Sister Qing every day."

Nuannuan raised her head, eyes shining with anticipation, asked clearly: "Really, Dad? I can really play with Sister Qing every day?"

Qi Yun smiled, nodding: "Of course, Sister Qing is a teacher at the kindergarten; you'll meet her there."

The little girl jumped up happily, her grievance disappearing: "Great, I'll go to kindergarten and play with Sister Qing!"

After preparing his daughter, having breakfast, the father and daughter went out.

Considering it wasn't appropriate to bother Zhao Qing again, Qi Yun decided to take his daughter along.

Fortunately, the temperature had slightly warmed, and it wasn't too cold outdoors during the day.

The father and daughter bundled up, took a cab straight to Antique Street.

Before setting off, Qi Yun had already contacted Shi Feng, asking him to find an expert to examine the rosewood jewelry box.

Shi Feng agreed readily, telling Qi Yun to bring the item to the shop.

Antique Street was still cold and deserted today, everyone absorbed by the TV program recording.

Qi Yun got out of the car with his daughter, went to Shi Feng's Qiuyue Pavilion.

In the shop, Shi Feng looked surprised seeing Qi Yun with the child: "Oh, who's this little girl?"

"My daughter, I don't feel safe leaving her alone at home, so I brought her along." Qi Yun smiled, explained, "Nuannuan, call Uncle Shi."

The little girl wasn't shy, poked her head from Qi Yun's arms, batted her large eyes, sweetly greeted: "Hello, Uncle Shi."

"Eh, nice, nice." Shi Feng smiled broadly, stretched out his finger to gently touch the little girl's cheek, then turned to look around the shop.

Moments later, he retrieved an exquisite ceramic doll from the shelf, its cute and intricately carved appearance very charming.

Shi Feng handed the doll to the little girl, smiled: "Nuannuan, this is a gift from Uncle Shi, do you like it?"

Nuannuan's eyes instantly sparkled like stars, turned to Qi Yun.

Upon getting a confirmed nod from Dad, she extended her tiny hand, carefully accepted the ceramic doll, delightedly said: "Thank you, Uncle Shi, I love it."

Shi Feng laughed heartily, poured two cups of tea, then turned his gaze to Qi Yun: "The old craftsman is on the way, should arrive soon. The item, let me see first."

Qi Yun took out the rosewood jewelry box from his pocket and gently pushed it in front of Shi Feng:  
"Here it is, take a look."

Shi Feng's eyes lit up, eagerly reached out his hands, carefully held the rosewood jewelry box.

He first placed the box in his view, meticulously examining the body's grain, feeling the unique warm texture of rosewood.

"Tsk tsk, this material, this color, definitely top-quality rosewood." Shi Feng praised, gently rotating the box, inspecting the mother-of-pearl inlay.

"The inlay of this mother-of-pearl is exquisite, flowers and birds vividly alive, this craftsmanship couldn't be achieved without decades of skill." Shi Feng's eyes filled with admiration, "Just this box alone is worth forty to fifty thousand."

He then gently opened the lid, looked inside, found it empty.

He took up a magnifying glass, meticulously examined the joint gaps.