

Middle Age 65

Chapter 65: Moutai for My Godfather

"Hello~" The woman's voice on the other end of the phone sounded weak, as if she was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Qi Yun cleared his throat and began, "Hello, I heard from a friend that you're looking to purchase two bottles of vintage Maotai whiskey, right?"

"Hmm? Yes, do you have some?"

"That's correct, I have two bottles from the 1980s. I was wondering if you're interested."

On the other end of the line, Xu Qian, who was enjoying a spa treatment with a face mask, perked up at the mention of 1980s Maotai.

Soon it would be her godfather's 70th birthday, and she needed to pick a gift that would truly touch his heart.

She knew her godfather loved to drink, so she had been trying to find two good bottles of whiskey.

If she could make him happy this time, she might just outperform those young female college students and move into that villa...

"I'm interested! What should I call you?"

"My last name is Qi."

"Mr. Qi, why don't you bring the liquor, and we can discuss it in person. What do you think?"

"No problem, you choose the place." Qi Yun agreed readily.

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After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun immediately went into the kitchen and soon prepared a sumptuous breakfast for the little girl.

Just after breakfast, Brother Peng and his wife showed up right on time.

Today, they planned to take the kids to the amusement park, so they offered to take Nuannuan along, to help look after her. Once Qi Yun wrapped up his business, he could join them.

After settling his daughter, Qi Yun grabbed a cloth bag, carefully packed the two bottles of Maotai whiskey, put on his jacket, and headed to the café as per Xu Qian's suggestion.

The meeting place was not too far, just a short taxi ride away.

Perhaps because it was morning, the café was quite empty.

Qi Yun pushed open the glass door and scanned the room, soon spotting the young woman sitting in the corner.

She was dressed in a mink coat, her skin was fair, and she appeared to be about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, exuding an air of wealth.

Her long, beautiful legs were elegantly crossed, and the stockings on her legs looked high-class, with letters on them, seemingly expensive.

Qi Yun approached calmly and politely inquired, "Excuse me, are you Miss Xu?"

Xu Qian looked up, her gaze passed over Qi Yun, and a hint of surprise flashed in her eyes.

She had thought that anyone who owned such whiskey and was willing to sell it must be a dealer.

But unexpectedly, this man didn't look like one, and his gaze was pure, with a composed elegance about him.

"Hello, Mr. Qi." Xu Qian stood up and offered her hand, smiling appropriately.

They shook hands lightly and then took their seats.

"Since I don't know much about whiskey, I've invited an expert to help me check it out, I hope you don't mind." Xu Qian said with a slight apology, indicating an elderly gentleman at the neighboring table.

Qi Yun nodded slightly, placed the bag with the liquor on the table, and said blandly, "I understand, please go ahead."

Seeing that Qi Yun didn't mind, Xu Qian nodded to the elderly man to begin checking.

The old man slowly got up, came over to the table, took out the two bottles of Maotai from the bag, and then pulled a small flashlight from his pocket, starting a careful inspection.

His gaze swept over the labels, cap, and other details, not missing a single detail.

The 1980s Maotai bottles have a sealing film, initially transparent plastic, later red film.

Genuine sealing film has an even texture, with a flat seal, natural wrinkles, and shrink marks.

Fake film may have a rough texture, uneven sealing, and unnatural wrinkles.

After finding no issues in his round of inspection, he carefully compared the production dates and batch information against the bottle.

After a while, the elder put down the bottles and nodded slightly to Xu Qian, "These two bottles should be genuine and are very well-preserved; the vintage matches."

Hearing the elder's words, a satisfied smile appeared on Xu Qian's face as she felt a weight lifted from her heart.

She turned to Qi Yun and said, "Mr. Qi, what price are you looking to sell these two bottles at?"

Qi Yun pondered briefly before slowly speaking, "Miss Xu, Maotai of this vintage and quality is rare on the market. I won't beat around the bush, it's a flat ten thousand, what do you say?"

Xu Qian didn't respond immediately, instead looking toward the elderly man.

The elder frowned slightly, thought for a moment, and nodded gently.

The price was a bit high, but there was no choice since this item is a hot commodity in the market, three to four thousand per bottle is just the lower limit, as for the upper limit, it all depends on how much the buyer desires it.

Receiving her answer, Xu Qian didn't bother to haggle, taking out her phone, she said to Qi Yun, "No problem, Mr. Qi, please give me your bank account number, and I'll transfer the money now."

Qi Yun promptly gave her his bank account number, and Xu Qian adeptly handled the transfer on her phone.

In no time, Qi Yun's phone received a notification of incoming funds 'from the Construction Bank account 9231, totalling 100,000 RMB.'

"Miss Xu, pleasure doing business. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving first." Qi Yun pocketed his phone and stood up to leave.

Xu Qian's eyes twinkled with a slight smile, "Alright! I hope there are opportunities to cooperate with Mr. Qi again in the future!"

After leaving the café, Qi Yun hailed a taxi and headed straight for the stone market.

Today was the last day of the official Spring Festival holiday, but most people had already returned to work early.

Although the stone market was not as lively as usual, many shops were still open for business.

Not many shops here sold rough jade stones, Qi Yun quickly gathered intel about the newly opened stall.

The stall owner was a Uighur middle-aged man, with the typical facial hair, and a small felt hat was naturally part of his attire.

Seeing Qi Yun stop at the stall, he eagerly greeted him in accented Mandarin, "Friend, come take a look, all these rough stones here just came from Yunnan, the quality is excellent!"

Qi Yun smiled politely and quickly scanned the array of large and small stones on display.

Moments later, his gaze fixed on a rough stone about the size of a fist.

Qi Yun picked up the stone, took out the flashlight he had previously bought at the market entrance, turned it on, and pretended to examine it carefully.

The light penetrated the stone's surface, revealing a faint green hue inside. Rough stones like these that show a hint of green often command higher prices.

"Friend, is it good? This is a genuine rough jade stone from Myanmar; just the other day someone cut a jade piece worth over thirty thousand from here!"

"Haven't had a sale today, boss, if you want it, I'll give you a good deal." The stall owner babbled on, worried about missing out on this customer.