

Middle Age 72

Chapter 72: Forced to Give Up

"Next up is item number 008, Zhang Boju's painting 'Chu Ze Liu Fang', with a starting bid of 50,000 yuan."

No sooner had the auctioneer finished speaking than someone in the audience immediately raised a bid card.

"Mr. 189 bids 55,000 yuan."

"Mr. 211 bids 60,000 yuan."

"..."

In no time, the bidding had already exceeded 120,000 yuan, but Shi Feng remained calm, never raising his card.

Qi Yun couldn't help but turn his head and ask, "Given up?"

Shi Feng, with a solemn expression, shook his head slightly, without speaking.

A moment later, the current price had already risen to 190,000 yuan.

At this point, Shi Feng finally moved, slowly raising his bid card.

"Mr. 158 bids 200,000 yuan!"

However, just as the auctioneer's voice fell, it rang out again.

"Mr. 189 bids 220,000 yuan!"

Shi Feng heard this and frowned slightly.

His psychological price for this painting was around 250,000 yuan, and if the price went higher, there wouldn't be any profit margin for him.

After a brief thought, Shi Feng tightened his grip on his bid card and raised it again with gritted teeth.

"Mr. 158 bids 240,000 yuan!"

After waiting for a while, fortunately, no one else raised the bid again this time.

"240,000 yuan first call!"

"240,000 yuan second call!"

"Mr. 189, would you like to bid one more time? Last chance."

"240,000 yuan third call!"

"Bang!"

The sound of the gavel echoed, and the auctioneer announced with a smile, "Congratulations to Mr. 158 for winning item number 008!"

Only then did Shi Feng let out a long sigh of relief.

Qi Yun turned around with a smile to congratulate, "Congratulations, Boss Shi."

Shi Feng chuckled bitterly and shook his head, "Ah, this price is already a bit painful."

Time flew by, and several rounds of bidding passed again.

During this time, not all items successfully sold; a significant portion failed to attract any bids and were passed over.

"Next, we have item number 037, a Qing Dynasty imitation—Sweet White Glaze Engraved Dragon Pattern Bowl, with a starting price of 30,000 yuan."

Qi Yun's spirit lifted; finally, it was here!

"Mr. 176 bids 35,000 yuan!" A middle-aged man sitting in the front row raised his bid card first.

Qi Yun did not rush to bid, planning to imitate Shi Feng's earlier strategy and strike later.

However, perhaps due to the word 'imitation', others showed limited interest in this item, and after the middle-aged man bid, no one else raised their cards for a long while.

Qi Yun secretly rejoiced, took Shi Feng's bid card, and decisively raised it.

"Mr. 158 bids 40,000 yuan!"

"Mr. 176 bids 50,000 yuan!"

"Mr. 158 bids 55,000 yuan!"

"Mr. 176 bids 65,000 yuan!"

Gradually, Qi Yun frowned.

Although only the middle-aged man was competing with him, the opponent seemed determined to win.

Yet Qi Yun couldn't just give up easily, so he gritted his teeth and continued to raise his card.

Gradually, the price had already reached 100,000 yuan, roughly Shi Feng's estimated value for this 'imitation'.

But the middle-aged man still showed no signs of giving up, directly raising it to 120,000, an action that drew many curious glances from others towards him.

Qi Yun couldn't help but feel puzzled inside; did the other party also think that this Sweet White Glaze Engraved Dragon Pattern Bowl wasn't a Qing Dynasty imitation but an authentic Ming Dynasty imperial kiln piece?

But after thinking carefully, it seemed unlikely.

Most people still trust the auction house's appraisal, and since the auction house determined it's an imitation, it's probably not wrong.

Moreover, if it were that easy to determine it as a genuine Ming Dynasty imperial kiln piece, surely they wouldn't be the only two bidding; after all, there were quite a few experts present.

After much thought and no conclusion, but obviously Qi Yun couldn't give up, he was about to raise his card again.

At this moment, Shi Feng patted his hand gently and whispered, "Don't get carried away, this price has already exceeded its worth."

Qi Yun nodded slightly and replied, "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing." After saying that, he raised his card again.

Seeing his certainty, Shi Feng, though puzzled, did not persuade further.

"Mr. 158 bids 140,000 yuan!"

As soon as the auctioneer's words fell, everyone's gaze turned to Qi Yun, even Wang Fei glanced over with a face full of doubt.

Although Qi Yun was anxious inside, he still kept a calm and composed demeanor, showing no emotional fluctuations.

However, just as the auctioneer finished speaking, the middle-aged man not far away smiled at Qi Yun and once again raised his card without hesitation!

"Mr. 176 bids 160,000 yuan!"

This time, even the usually expressionless Mr. Chen furrowed his brows slightly, originally paying little attention to this "imitation," he now squinted his eyes, carefully staring at the Sweet White Glaze Engraved Dragon Pattern Bowl on the screen.

"Mr. 158 bids 180,000 yuan!" Qi Yun raised his card again.

"Mr. 176 bids 200,000 yuan!"

"Mr. 158 bids 220,000 yuan!"

"..."

In just a few minutes, the price of this porcelain bowl soared from the initial 30,000 yuan to now 300,000 yuan!

Qi Yun at this moment also felt a bit unsettled.

With the 98,000 yuan he received in the morning for the jade purchase from Manager Bi, his bank account had a total of 360,000 yuan; if the other party continued to raise, he really couldn't keep up.

He gritted his teeth and prepared to raise his card again.

At this moment, Mr. Chen beside him suddenly held down his hand, which was about to be raised, gently shook his head, and sighed, "Don't shout, this thing doesn't belong to you."

Qi Yun was stunned upon hearing this.

Although Mr. Chen's words were subtle, given the circumstances earlier, he quickly understood the meaning.

No matter how much he felt unwilling inside, he could only slowly put down his bid card.

The answer was obvious, either that middle-aged man was backed by the auction house, or...

Shi Feng seemed to have understood Mr. Chen's words, patted Qi Yun's shoulder to comfort him, "Forget it, there's nothing to be done in such situations, we don't lack this chance, there will be more opportunities in the future."

Qi Yun naturally understood this reasoning and nodded helplessly.

This was his first setback after gaining the system...and it was against the most precious blue intelligence.

"Now it's 300,000 yuan, does anyone want to raise?"

The auctioneer's originally sweet voice now sounded extremely irritable.

She looked intently at Qi Yun, "Mr. 158, would you like to bid again?"

Qi Yun turned his head away, not wanting to look at her, but happened to meet Wang Fei's gaze.

Wang Fei raised her eyebrows and gestured towards Qi Yun with her phone.

Qi Yun took out his phone and soon received a message from Wang Fei.

"Brother Qi, isn't this Sweet White Glaze Engraved Dragon Pattern Bowl a Qing Dynasty imitation?"

Qi Yun hesitated briefly, then replied, "It's an authentic Ming Dynasty imperial kiln piece."

Wang Fei said nothing more, just as the auctioneer began the final countdown.

"300,000 yuan first call!"

"300,000 yuan second call!"

"Now it's 300,000 yuan, last chance!"

"300,000 yuan third..."

"400,000." Wang Fei raised her bid card, her voice not loud, yet it clearly reached everyone's ears in the room.

The auctioneer's hand, about to bring down the gavel, hovered in mid-air, a gleam flashed in her eye, she quickly announced, "Lady number 28 bids 400,000 yuan! Now it's 400,000!"