

## Middle Age 86

### Chapter 86: A Deposit of Two Hundred Thousand

Two hours later, when Qi Yun was already exhausted, he finally felt a strange sensation through the folding shovel in his hand.

His heart leaped with joy, and his movements became even more cautious.

Slowly digging away the surrounding soil, the outline of a clay pot gradually appeared before his eyes.

Qi Yun suppressed the excitement in his heart and gently excavated the clay pot from the earth.

The surface of the pot was covered in dirt, obscuring its original appearance. Eager to confirm the silver notes inside, he couldn't be bothered to clean off the hardened soil on the pot.

With a soft "snap," the lid was opened, revealing a neat stack of silver notes lying inside.

Qi Yun reached into the pot cautiously, removed the silver notes, checked them over to ensure they were undamaged, and then packed them into a pre-prepared sealed bag.

Then he turned his attention to the clay pot, wondering silently if this could also be an antique.

Might as well take it all together!

He quickly refilled the holes he had dug and then carried the clay pot back to the car in a hurry.

The vehicle started up, speeding towards the city center.

An hour later, Qi Yun arrived at Shi Feng's shop on Antique Street.

Seeing the dirt-covered pot in his hand, Shi Feng asked with a skeptical expression, "Where'd you pick this up from?"

Qi Yun grinned, "Picked it up while collecting scrap. Got some water? Let me wash it a little."

Though puzzled, Shi Feng brought out a bucket of water from the back room.

Once the dirt was completely washed off, Shi Feng pointed at the pot and joked, "Why'd you bring back a pickle jar?"

Feeling awkward, Qi Yun muttered, "To make pickles at home." As he spoke, he flicked the water droplets off his hands and followed Shi Feng into the shop.

Shi Feng poured a cup of hot tea and, with a half-smile, said, "You didn't come all the way here just to wash a pickle jar, did you?"

Qi Yun took a sip of the tea and, without beating around the bush, pulled the stack of silver notes from his coat and placed them on the table.

Shi Feng's gaze was immediately captured by the silver notes. The teasing smile on his face vanished, replaced by sheer astonishment.

He reached out, carefully picked up the silver notes, and, eyes wide open, meticulously examined them, gently rubbing the texture of the notes with his fingers as he looked.

"Where on earth did you get these from?" Shi Feng's voice trembled slightly, betraying his inability to conceal his shock, "These are silver notes from a Republic Era Money Shop in Shanxi, and they're remarkably well preserved, still in set form!"

Qi Yun watched Shi Feng's reaction without a change in demeanor, a mysterious smile playing at his lips: "I told you, picked it up while collecting scrap."

I don't know much about this stuff, just thought you, as an expert, could help take a look."

Rolling his eyes, Shi Feng placed the notes flat on the table and retrieved a high-power magnifying glass from a drawer, scrutinizing every detail without blinking.

After a long moment, he straightened up, took a deep breath, and slowly said, "Chances are these notes are real, given the texture of the paper and the delicacy of the printing, it's not something just anyone could forge.

Besides, a complete set of Republic Era Money Shop silver notes is extremely rare."

Secretly delighted, Qi Yun maintained a composed facade: "Oh? Are you interested?"

"No kidding, this stuff's a treasure, easier to sell than porcelain."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, his expression unchanged: "Name your price then."

Shi Feng frowned in thought, then sipped his tea lightly, his sly merchant's smile returning.

"150,000."

Qi Yun lightly tapped the table: "Too low."

Shi Feng's gaze bore into him: "Then you name a figure."

"As you said, this stuff is in high demand. Considering that bucket of water you just provided, at least 200,000."

At these words, Shi Feng's face instantly twisted into a bitter melon. Just as he was about to speak, Qi Yun cut him off again.

"Don't pretend, even at 200,000, you're making a good profit. Honestly, I paid a hefty price to get these silver notes."

Hearing Qi Yun's words, Shi Feng's bitter melon expression deepened.

He sighed helplessly and said, "Brother, you're really ruthless. 200,000 is not a low price; I still need to connect with buyers, and that's no small hassle."

Qi Yun gave a sneering laugh, "Then I'll find someone else to check them out, save you the trouble."

Shi Feng immediately panicked. Letting this juicy deal slip through his fingers was not an option.

He slapped his thigh in urgency, "Fine, fine, you win. 200,000 it is!"

After leaving Antique Street, an additional 200,000 was credited to Qi Yun's account, bringing the balance to 620,000. If you add Wang Fei's 1,250,000, he was close to hitting two million!

In the past, he could deliver takeouts his whole life and not earn that much money.

Back in the car, Qi Yun took out his phone and dialed the number on his contact information, only to get no answer after three attempts.

On the fourth try, the call was finally answered.

"Hello..." The voice on the other end sounded weak and listless.

Qi Yun hesitated slightly, then asked, "Are you Zhong Rui?"

"Yes, who's this?"

"I heard you're looking for a job? Want to meet up?"

"You can come find me; I don't have money for the bus right now."

Qi Yun was surprised to hear this; was this person really in such dire straits? But he still replied, "Sure, where are you?"

"September Internet Cafe."

"..."

Half an hour later, Qi Yun spotted a scruffy young man in a corner of the internet cafe.

He looked about thirty, his hair messy and eyes lifeless, clearly exhausted.

"Are you Zhong Rui?"

The young man got up from his chair and rubbed his eyes, "Yeah."

Qi Yun sized him up and sighed, "Hungry? Let's get some food."

Zhong Rui eagerly nodded.

The two of them went to a halal restaurant on the street, where the fragrant pilaf had just been served for lunch.

Zhong Rui grabbed roasted meat with one hand and scooped rice into his mouth with the other, clearly starving.

"Do you stay in the internet cafe all day?" Qi Yun asked, frowning.

"I have nowhere to live, can't find a job. I sort packages at night and sleep in the cafe during the day," Zhong Rui replied, mouth full.

As Qi Yun listened, he couldn't help but feel a sense of sympathy; this life was even harsher than his own past.

Watching Zhong Rui devour the food, he ordered a few more skewers of roasted meat for him.

"Eat up first, we'll talk about the job afterward."

Zhong Rui shot him a grateful look and continued to tuck into his meal.

Soon, his stomach was full, and he seemed a bit more energetic.

"Thanks," Zhong Rui said, wiping his mouth.

Qi Yun waved it off, "I'm Qi Yun. I heard you used to do accounting, right? I'm thinking of offering you a job."