

## Middle Age 95

Chapter 95: Does It Feel Good to Touch?

"Is this Zhang Ruitu's 'Five-character Poem in Running Script'?" Wang Fei's gaze landed on the calligraphy on the table, her tone inadvertently revealing a hint of surprise.

Qi Yun nodded, his lips slightly curved: "How about it? Will this piece catch the eye of Mr. Li?"

"This is more than eye-catching, my dad will definitely be thrilled beyond measure if he sees it."

Wang Fei only glanced at it briefly before quickly putting it away, smiling as she praised, "I've been searching for Zhang Ruitu's works recently but couldn't find any. Qi Yun, you're amazing."

Qi Yun waved his hand: "No, I was just lucky. If Mr. Li likes it, then my efforts weren't in vain."

Wang Fei placed the painting tube aside and then picked up the teapot to pour Qi Yun a cup of tea, her eyes full of delight: "What's the price for this piece of calligraphy, Qi Yun?"

Qi Yun took a sip from his teacup, responding leisurely: "Considering we're friends, forty thousand should do."

Wang Fei was slightly taken aback, then relaxed and smiled: "Forty thousand, you won't be losing money, right?"

"Though I'm not well-versed in calligraphy, I do know how rare Zhang Ruitu's works are. If put up for auction, this piece would fetch at least fifty or sixty thousand, right?"

Qi Yun put down his teacup, his expression composed: "Consider it a favor returned."

Unexpectedly, Wang Fei puckered her lips slightly at his words, pretending to be annoyed: "You just said we're friends, and now you're talking about returning favors."

"Alright, alright, we're friends. Forty thousand it is." Qi Yun smiled helplessly.

"Alright then." Wang Fei didn't insist further, pursed her lips, and quickly transferred forty thousand to Qi Yun's account via her phone.

After putting away her phone, she rested her chin in her hand, her bright eyes fixating on him: "I've asked you to treat me to a meal several times, but you never budge. Today, can I treat you instead?"

Qi Yun appeared a bit embarrassed. He had indeed been rather busy lately. After pondering for a moment, he realized he had nothing urgent in the afternoon, so he nodded: "Alright, let's go!"

Wang Fei saw him agree, and her face instantly lit up with a smile, her eyes forming crescents.

"I'll take you to a great place; the food there is authentic. I guarantee you'll want to go back for more." As she spoke, she quickly packed up her belongings.

Simultaneously, Qi Yun called for the waiter, taking out his phone to settle the bill.

Two thousand yuan, well, two thousand, especially since he had just made forty thousand.

Unexpectedly, when the waiter arrived, he explained with a smile: "Miss Wang is a platinum member of our store, sir, you don't need to settle the bill separately."

Qi Yun was caught off guard, turning to Wang Fei, his eyes filled with confusion: "Then why did you ask me to settle the bill last time?"

Wang Fei stuck out her tongue, a playful smile on her face: "Oh, I forgot to tell them last time, silly me."

She blinked, walked over to Qi Yun, gently tugged his arm, her tone carrying a hint of coyness: "Come on, Qi Yun, don't sweat the small stuff. Let's hurry and eat."

Qi Yun gave her a somewhat annoyed glance.

When they arrived at the parking lot, Wang Fei didn't drive her own car but instead sat in the passenger seat of Qi Yun's car.

Qi Yun raised an eyebrow: "Why not drive your own car?"

Wang Fei buckled her seatbelt, then turned to give Qi Yun a charming smile, her eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief: "I'm here to guide you, am I not?"

One moment she's the strong and independent woman, the next, she's cute and playful like a little girl, making her truly unpredictable for Qi Yun.

He shook his head helplessly, started the car, and set off.

Along the way, Wang Fei excitedly chattered about how delicious the private kitchen's dishes were, leaving Qi Yun involuntarily swallowing his saliva.

After more than half an hour, the car stopped at the entrance of a quaint alley, the cobblestone path winding forward.

Surrounding the area were not skyscrapers but rather old-style buildings, emitting an ancient city vibe.

"Here we are, Qi Yun. Inside is the private kitchen I told you about." Wang Fei pointed to the alley.

They walked along the cobblestones, soon spotting a courtyard full of character ahead. The word "Weiyun Pavilion" was written in traditional script on the wooden sign at the entrance, with two statues of antique stone lions on either side.

Wang Fei was evidently a regular here. As soon as they entered the courtyard, someone led them to a private room.

The private room was decorated simply, with elegant wooden tables and chairs. Several ink paintings adorned the walls, adding a touch of antiquity.

Just as they sat down, the waiter smilingly handed them the menu.

Wang Fei pushed the menu toward Qi Yun: "Qi Yun, have a look first at what you want to eat. I'm familiar with the signature dishes here and can recommend them to you."

Qi Yun casually waved his hand: "I'm easy, not picky."

Wang Fei smiled, took the menu, and expertly ordered several dishes.

Then she stood up and softly said to Qi Yun: "Excuse me, I'm going to the restroom."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, paying no mind.

He took out his phone from his pocket, discovering that the bank card had an influx of 118,000, likely the net income from those two Bitcoins.

Adding on the 40,000 that Wang Fei had just transferred, his card balance was now 168,000.

He immediately transferred another 50,000 to Old Feng.

After putting away his phone, he idly poured a cup of tea, about to sip it, when he suddenly heard Wang Fei's angry voice coming from outside the room.

Qi Yun's brows furrowed; without thinking, he swiftly got up and went outside the room.

Outside, Wang Fei stood in the corridor, her brows furrowed, looking disgustedly at a man in a business suit in front of her.

The man was dressed in Armani, with a sycophantic smile on his face.

"Can you stop bothering me? I told you I already have a boyfriend!" Wang Fei's tone was icy and evidently impatient.

The man paid no heed, seemingly indifferent to Wang Fei's rejection, inching closer as he spoke: "Feifei, don't lie to me. I've inquired and you don't have a boyfriend.

"I really like you. As long as you agree to be with me, I can buy you anything you want."

"Let you buy me things? Am I broke?" Wang Fei sneered, turning her head just in time to see Qi Yun walking out.

So she quickly walked up to Qi Yun, grabbed his arm, tilted up her chin, and said to the man, "See? This is my boyfriend!"

Qi Yun was taken aback for a moment, then instantly understood Wang Fei's intention and cooperatively wrapped his arm around her waist.

The man opposite, seeing their intimate gesture, immediately looked uncertain, snorted coldly, and turned away in frustration.

After the man left, Wang Fei released Qi Yun's arm, only to find his hand still on her waist.

So, she looked up at Qi Yun with a half-smiling, half-teasing look in her eyes.

In a soft tone, she asked, "Does it feel nice to touch?"

"Huh? Oh... sorry." Qi Yun realized then that his hand was still around her and quickly withdrew it, looking a bit embarrassed.

Seeing his awkward look, Wang Fei lightly covered her mouth and let out a peal of bell-like laughter.

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This private kitchen indeed tasted great, but the prices were quite expensive too.

They didn't order many dishes, but the bill cost Qi Yun over six thousand yuan.

Although he had some balance in his card, spending so much money on one meal still pained him a bit.

Once in the car, Wang Fei glanced at him and said, "What? Are you heartbroken over one meal?"

Qi Yun didn't bother to answer, he started the car and asked, "Where to?"

"Take me to my dad's place."

"You're not going to get your car parked at the teahouse?" Qi Yun looked at her in surprise.

Wang Fei casually waved her hand: "Don't worry about it now, I have another car to drive."

Qi Yun chuckled. Being rich really is willful.

The car headed towards the neighborhood where Old Li lived, and Wang Fei, sitting in the passenger seat, was restless, constantly asking Qi Yun questions.

When getting out of the car, she leaned over the window and asked, "Oh right, remember that auction in Chang'an I mentioned to you? It's starting in a couple of days. Are you really not going? We could go together."

Qi Yun shook his head at her: "I can't be sure right now, but probably not."

"Okay, bye-bye." Wang Fei replied with slight disappointment, then turned and walked upstairs.

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By the time he got home, it was already dark.

After a busy day, sleepiness hit Qi Yun, and after greeting his daughter and Zhao Qing, he immediately rushed to Zhao Qing's bedroom next door and fell asleep.

He woke up again the next morning.

[Today's Info 1 (Red): At the New District bazaar, there's a stand selling a Ming Dynasty copper enamel snuff bottle (Zhaojun Crossing the Border) valued at over 100,000 each]

[Today's Info 2 (Red): At the cultural and art auction in Chang'an in three days, one item is a Ming Dynasty copper enamel snuff bottle (Wenji Returns to Han), valued as a pair at over 600,000]

"Hmm? Snuff bottles? And they're a pair?"

Qi Yun rubbed his eyes, looked closely again, and confirmed he hadn't gone wrong, so he immediately prepared to head to the bazaar.

Back at home, Zhao Qing and the little one were still sleeping in the bedroom. After freshening up and preparing breakfast, Qi Yun quietly went out.

The morning bazaar was bustling. He parked his car outside the market and walked through the crowd.

The sides were lined with various stalls selling all sorts of things, the noise of bargaining and hawking continuously in the air.

Qi Yun moved through the throng with difficulty, his eyes sweeping over the stalls like searchlights.

Suddenly, a stall filled with various bottles and jars caught his eye.

The stall owner was an elderly Uighur man selling unique items, colorful silverware, and various handmade woven accessories.

Qi Yun's gaze fell directly on a small, delicate snuff bottle nearby, and he crouched down at the stall to pick it up.

This snuff bottle was egg-shaped, just the right size to hold in one hand, smooth as jade to the touch.

On the bottle was that very Zhaojun Crossing the Border, Zhaojun in luxurious attire, a long cloak fluttering in the wind, her eyes showing a hint of reluctance as if looking back at her homeland, vividly lifelike.

Qi Yun looked up at the vendor and asked, "Adasi, how much is this?"

The elderly man, seeing someone asking the price, immediately put down his bread and stood up, saying in not-so-fluent Chinese, "Boss, this is a good item, just bought it from the countryside a few days ago. Five hundred yuan!"

He seemed afraid Qi Yun wouldn't understand, so he also gestured with an open palm.

As soon as Qi Yun heard the price, he immediately chuckled, five hundred yuan was indeed a steal.

He held the snuff bottle in one hand, looking at the silver jars again, and asked once more, "Which of these is the most expensive?"

The elderly man, somewhat puzzled, nonetheless pointed to the largest one and replied, "Boss, all my things are sold cheaply, this one is eight hundred yuan."

Qi Yun looked at it, the colorful bottle, thinking it might be nice to buy it for Zhao Qing to use as a vase, so he nodded and agreed, "Alright, I'll take them both, a total of one thousand three, right?"

The old man, upon hearing this, immediately beamed and nodded repeatedly, "Yes, yes, thirteen hundred yuan, boss."

Qi Yun pulled out his phone to scan and pay, then pocketed the snuff bottle and carried the jar away.