

Middle Age 98

Chapter 98: Giving Him Something That Looks Impressive

Upon hearing about purchasing three hundred tons of cotton textile, Vice President Liu gave the two a look of surprise. Even for big factories like theirs, orders of this magnitude are not very common nowadays.

However, business is business, and grudges are personal. The scene of being manipulated by them last time still lingers in his mind.

But the issue is, they have a hold on him, and he wants to vent but doesn't dare to.

After a moment of changing expressions, he lit a cigarette and slowly opened his mouth: "Three hundred tons is not a small number. Are you sure you have the capability to take this order on?"

"Don't get to the point where you can't produce the money; that would be troublesome. I'm putting it bluntly now, if you don't have the ability, don't waste my time."

Brother Peng naturally saw through the other party's thoughts, smiled and replied, "Vice President Liu, please rest assured. We came with sincerity, and today we mainly want to understand whether the factory has enough inventory and also to first inquire about the price."

"If suitable, we will sign a contract with your factory as soon as possible."

Vice President Liu exhaled a smoke ring, his eyes full of scrutiny, sizing up Qi Yun and Brother Peng from head to toe before slowly saying, "As for inventory, pulling together three hundred tons is not much of a problem, but the price..."

"With the current situation, the price of raw materials is skyrocketing, and labor costs are also high, so the price is definitely higher than last year."

He paused, inhaled another puff of smoke, and continued: "Since you came with sincerity, I won't go around in circles with you. For the first-grade cotton textile you inquired about, the current market price is at least eighteen thousand per ton."

Qi Yun listened without speaking; he tried to refrain from commenting on things he didn't understand, leaving it to Brother Peng to negotiate.

When it was necessary for him to assert himself, he would then appropriately pressure the other party.

Upon hearing the quoted price, Brother Peng frowned, apparently dissatisfied with the price.

He squeezed out another smile: "Vice President Liu, isn't eighteen thousand a bit high? After all, we plan to purchase three hundred tons, right?"

"Hehe." Vice President Liu flicked the ash off his cigarette, responded with a smile that didn't reach his eyes: "Forget about three hundred tons, even Metersbonwe wanted five hundred tons last week at this price."

Brother Peng knew that the other party was trying to block his argument. Just as he was about to refute, Qi Yun on the side gave him a look, so he remained silent.

"Vice President Liu, how about this, let's find a place to chat in the evening, how do you think?" Qi Yun said with a smile.

Vice President Liu, who had been keeping a long face, finally showed a change in expression upon hearing this, softly grunted, and extinguished his cigarette.

"Alright, find a place tonight and let me know."

"Hehe, okay, then we'll take our leave first, see you tonight." Qi Yun smiled, got up with Brother Peng, and left the office.

Once in the car, Brother Peng lit a cigarette and asked, "How do you plan to handle this? Are you still going to arrange for that guy tonight?"

Qi Yun sneered: "Don't you see he's just trying to take advantage of us but doesn't dare to really piss us off."

"Forget it, give him a way out."

Brother Peng nodded in agreement, knowing that business is about harmony and wealth; if they fall out, it's their own profits that are delayed.

"Since he wants some face, let's give him face. Just park here, I'll take you someplace." With that, Qi Yun started the car and drove away from the factory area.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the entrance of Antique Street's Qiuyue Pavilion.

Brother Peng was puzzled: "What are we doing here?"

"You'll find out later." Qi Yun chuckled, keeping it a mystery.

As they entered the store, Shi Feng immediately welcomed Qi Yun: "Why do you have time to come again? Did Miss Wang buy that piece of calligraphy?"

Qi Yun patted his shoulder, comforting: "Stop thinking about it, she already took it."

"Ah." Shi Feng sighed, looked at Brother Peng next to Qi Yun, and asked: "Who is this?"

"My brother, Peng Fei."

"This is Shi Feng, Boss Shi." Qi Yun introduced them to each other.

Shi Feng warmly extended his hand for a handshake with Brother Peng, a cheerful smile on his face:
"Boss Peng, pleased to meet you! Brother Qi is a valued guest here; I imagine you have a good eye too."

Brother Peng responded politely, still contemplating the purpose of Qi Yun bringing him here.

Qi Yun didn't keep him waiting long, straightforwardly saying to Shi Feng: "Boss Shi, I'm here for your help in finding something."

"Please have a seat, have a seat." Shi Feng gestured for them to sit down, poured tea, and then asked:
"What do you want me to find?"

"I need something that looks impressive, preferably a tea bowl or something similar, with a price not exceeding two thousand yuan." Qi Yun said with a smile at him.

With those words, Shi Feng immediately understood his meaning, raising his eyebrows, smiling broadly:
"Why do you need that kind of stuff?"

"A gift, what else?"

"Got it." Shi Feng nodded, "But you know, my shop only sells genuine goods, none of that kind of thing."

Qi Yun laughed: "No worries, I've come to you for help, go find one elsewhere for me."

Shi Feng heard, touched his chin, pondered, and said: "Alright, sit down, enjoy your tea, I'll be right back."

With that, he clasped his prayer beads and headed out of the shop.

After he left, Brother Peng put down his teacup, chuckled: "You plan to give him a big gift? What if he finds out?"

"Don't worry." Qi Yun patted his arm, "Shi Feng will definitely find us something satisfactory, it's not easy for outsiders to distinguish."

Before long, Shi Feng returned, panting, with an item carefully wrapped in soft cloth in his hand.

He gently placed it on the table, a trace of a proud smile on his face: "Brother Qi, I've found a nice item for you."

Saying that, Shi Feng carefully unwrapped the cloth, revealing a quaint tea bowl.

The tea bowl had an elegant shape, a light brown color throughout, with some natural pores on the bowl's body, and an engraved 'official' character on the bottom, looking quite extraordinary.

"How about it? A fine piece from the Ming Dynasty official kiln! Impressive, isn't it?"

Qi Yun leaned forward for a closer look, failing to find any flaw: "How much did you get it for?"

Shi Feng shook his few stray hairs, proudly said: "Fifteen hundred, a good deal, right?"

Qi Yun nodded in satisfaction and immediately took out his phone to scan the QR code on the counter, paying fifteen hundred.

Peng Ge looked at it for a while and joked, "This thing won't lose color when it gets wet, right?"

"Hahaha, don't worry." Shi Feng waved his hand and explained, "They've been in this business for many years, the craftsmanship is very mature."

"Alright, thanks! We'll be heading off now." Qi Yun repacked the item and prepared to leave.

Shi Feng knew they had other things to do, so he didn't try to keep them. "Alright, take care. Come by for tea sometime."

After leaving Qiuyue Pavilion, Qi Yun saw it was still early, so he drove to his newly rented place, where a stack of banknotes awaited him.

The cement area in front of the little two-story building was just enough for one car. After parking steadily, he turned to Peng Ge and said, "Wait for a bit, I'll go upstairs to find something."

Peng Ge nodded and took out a cigarette from his pocket, lighting it up.

Qi Yun entered the house and saw Zhong Rui wasn't there, probably off handling the business license, so he went straight to the second floor.

Seeing the pile of clutter in front of him, he took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and started working.

In Jiang Province, where the winds and sands are strong, the upstairs hadn't been tidied up for who knows how many years; a gentle touch yielded a spray of dust.

After a bit of tidying, Qi Yun was so choked he couldn't stand it, so he quickly ran to a nearby pharmacy to buy two masks, which made things slightly better.

After another round of searching, he finally found the stack of newspapers amidst some torn bedding.

Feeling delighted, Qi Yun crouched down and cautiously pulled the stack of newspapers out from the old bedding.

He gently dusted off the newspapers, seeing them tightly wrapped, suggesting the contents should be well preserved.

Upon peeling back each sheet, a few brand-new, light green one-cent bills appeared.

"This thing can be worth fifty thousand?" Qi Yun muttered to himself, counting twelve bills, no more, no less.

Not understanding their value and too lazy to research, he wrapped them back in the newspaper and tossed them into the car's trunk once downstairs.

Back in the car, Peng Ge saw him covered in dust and teased, "Did you go digging for gold? How'd you end up like this?"

Qi Yun looked in the mirror and couldn't help but smile bitterly, his appearance now akin to someone fresh off a construction site.

He immediately ran to a nearby store to buy a basin and towel, went back inside to wash up, and finally felt somewhat clean.

Sitting back in the car, Qi Yun lit a cigarette and laughed, "You really guessed right, I was digging for gold."

Peng Ge took it as a joke, turning to look at the little two-story building, "Whose house is this?"

"I just rented it, planning to open a shop and do some small business in a couple of days."

"Hmm?" Peng Ge looked puzzled, "What kind of business do you plan to do?"

"Haven't decided yet." Qi Yun shook his head lightly, for now, he just needed an account to legally receive money...

He picked up his phone to check the time; it was mealtime, so he asked, "Wanna grab a bite at the usual place?"

Peng Ge nodded, fastening his seatbelt, "Sure, we haven't been there in ages anyway."

The usual place was actually a Sichuan restaurant.

In the early days of their careers, they often had small gatherings there.

The shop wasn't big, with only two small private rooms and about seven or eight tables.

When the two entered the restaurant, the owner recognized them immediately, greeting them with a smile, "Oh, such rare guests! Did you plan to come together?"

Qi Yun thought the boss lady was referring to him and Peng Ge, and smiled back, "Yeah, haven't come by in a while, how's business?"

The boss lady slung the cloth over her shoulder and said, "The same as usual, thanks to regular customers like you, we manage to get by."

"They've ordered already, go ahead inside."

"Hmm?" Qi Yun was slightly baffled, "Who ordered the dishes?"

The boss lady seemed puzzled too, taking a moment before realizing, "Aren't you with Boss Xu and them?"

Qi Yun heard this and exchanged a look with Peng Ge, already understanding whom the boss lady meant by Boss Xu.

Peng Ge waved his hand, "We're not with them, we'll just sit outside, a couple of dishes will do."

Since the last time they drank at Peng Ge's place, Old Xu had basically stopped contacting them, but Qiang Zi would occasionally eat hotpot at Old Feng's shop.

So even though they ran into him now, neither Peng Ge nor Qi Yun intended to greet him.

The boss lady noticed their expressions were off and didn't press further, quickly heading into the kitchen to cook.

Before long, three dishes were served.

Both had been starving, their stomachs growling, and Peng Ge tasted a bite, then smiled at the boss lady, "Hmm, still the same flavor, your skills haven't waned at all."

"Haha, right? You should definitely come more often when you have the time." The boss lady chuckled in response.

Peng Ge was about to say more when he saw three middle-aged men emerge from the adjacent private room, one of whom was indeed Old Xu.

The restaurant wasn't big, so upon glancing up, he saw Qi Yun and Peng Ge and paused, clearly surprised to see them here.

But in the next moment, he lowered his head, pretending not to notice, and went straight to the counter to settle the bill.

Qi Yun and Peng Ge heard the commotion and glanced over but only took a brief look before returning to their meal.

Once the others left, Peng Ge finally spoke up, "I heard he went to Macau last month and lost quite a bit."

"Macau? Wasn't he always careful? Why would he go to a place like that?"

"Ah, when people get successful, it's hard to keep their original intentions intact." Peng Ge chuckled and shook his head.