

As Qiu Mu-Cheng chatted with Su Yuan-Shan and the others, no one noticed Ye Fan frowning slightly.

Ye Fan looked around somewhat quizzically and with slight surprise. But if Qiu Mu-Cheng made eye contact with Ye Fan now, she would have detected the faint light in his eyes.

After a long time, Ye Fan smiled unexpectedly, "I didn't expect such a use for the Book of Celestial Cloud."

But now that he thought about it, if the Chus treated it as an heirloom for generations to come, it had to be extraordinary.

"Mu-Cheng, look at that...driver of yours. He looks just like a villager who's entered the city for the first time. I guess he hasn't seen anything like this in his life." Su Qian looked at how Ye Fan was looking around and smiling foolishly and found him contemptible.

Fortunately, she was quick-witted enough not to tell her father and older brother that Ye Fan was Qiu Mu-Cheng's husband. Otherwise, his unworldliness would cause

such an embarrassment.

Qiu Mu-Cheng didn't say a word. Su Yuan-Shan glanced at Su Qian instead, "How can you look down on him? Mr Ye came from the countryside and it's only normal for him to react this way since it's his first time at a place like this. Weren't you in shock yourself earlier?"

"How can you compare me to him? I'm appreciating the antiques, ok! He's more like some ugly toad coveting these treasures and just drooling away," said Su Qian in disdain.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was already used to this.

It wasn't the first time Su Qian looked down on Ye Fan, and they seemed like natural enemies. Qiu Mu-Cheng thought it would be wiser not to leave them alone.

"Ye Fan, if you like, you can go take a look around. I'll go look over there with Uncle, and we can meet back here later," Qiu Mu-Cheng told Ye Fan.

Ye Fan nodded and agreed before walking to the front.

“Hey you! Just look but don’t touch anything. These are all antiques, so you can’t afford to pay if you damage them,” came Su Qian’s scornful voice. But Ye Fan turned a deaf ear and ignored her.

“Mu-Cheng, do you think he’d steal something if he finds something good? I’m worried he’ll create trouble for you,” reminded Su Qian.

“He’ll be fine. Let’s go.”

Qiu Mu-Cheng and the others followed Su Yuan-Shan as he looked around in the antique showrooms.

At this very moment, Ye Fan had arrived at the center of the floor and was in the largest showroom.

On the side stood a vertical signboard for ‘Eight Treasure Hall’. Although Ye Fan never heard of it, Eight Treasure Hall must be quite renowned in the antique circles since it occupied so much space here.

It was full of bronze, jade, and porcelain objects from various dynasties.

“Oh? Shen Fei and his friend are here too?”

Ye Fan raised his head to see Shen Fei inside too.

Inside Eight Treasure Hall.

Shen Fei and Han Shao-Jie were looking around inside Eight Treasure Hall. It wasn't time for rock gambling yet, so they decided to go to the nearby antique showcases for a look.

"Shao-Jie, what do you think? Do you think there's anything good in here?"

"Eight Treasure Hall is a reputable name in Yuzhou's antique circles. The Tang Bo-Hu original that my Dad gave as a gift came from this shop." They had been shopping for a long time. The quality of antiques in the other shops was poor and inconsistent, so Han Shao-Jie didn't take a liking to anything.

In the end, Shen Fei brought Han Shao-Jie into Eight Treasure Hall to appraise it.

"Hmm," Han Shao-Jie nodded. "The things in this unit are quite good. Much better quality than those stalls outside."

"Haha, that's great then! I'm counting on

you to strike gold. Hurry up and pick something for me.” Shen Fei was unacquainted with antiques, but Han Shao-Jie was.

In the past, they made quite a killing when he brought Han Shao-Jie along to gamble rocks or look for antiques.

So Shen Fei trusted Han Shao-Jie’s opinion a lot.

“Oh, this blue and white porcelain piece isn’t too bad. You can buy this,” Han Shao-Jie stopped at a blue and white porcelain piece and recommended it to Shen Fei after studying it carefully.

“Hoho, this gentleman has a keen eye,” said the shop owner, Yang He, with a bright smile on his face as he happened to walk over.

“This blue and white porcelain piece comes from the Yuan Dynasty in the Tang-Song era. Blue and white porcelain produced in Jingdezhen back in the Yuan Dynasty were especially famous! This particular piece you like was produced in that era. It’s the best antique we have in Eight Treasure Hall. In fact, we just

obtained it from a Mongolian a few days ago. It originally belonged to a big local family whose ancestors were Yuan Dynasty royalty.”

“Before Ming Chengzu invaded the capital back in the day and destroyed the Yuan Dynasty, their ancestors fled with their family and wealth. They sold their jewelry and used their wealth to survive. Although their family fell many times over the years, they kept the blue and white porcelain from the Yuan Dynasty all this time. As a royal relic, it’s truly the best of its kind. On top of that, its origins are clear and well-documented and was handed down through their generations, so it must be authentic,” Yang He blatantly praised the blue and white porcelain nonstop.

In a moment, he had attracted the attention of many others passing by.

There were even a few wealthy men who were stunned.

“This blue and white porcelain has exuberant and vividly colored flower clusters along with a smooth and bright texture and an especially majestic floral pattern. It’s honestly a rare treasure.”

The people around them were impressed.

Shen Fei didn't say a word and just continued to look at Han Shao-Jie. "Fei, I checked this piece already. It's authentic, for sure. You can go ahead and buy it."

"Alright!" Shen Fei only had the assurance after Han Shao-Jie verified its authenticity again. Then he told the shop owner that he was buying it and got him to pack it.

"Of course, Young Master Shen sure is generous!"

"One moment, please. I'll pack it right away," the shop owner was naturally excited about making such a huge sale. Then he asked for the blue and white porcelain to be wrapped and placed into a sponge-lined wooden box before handing it to Shen Fei.

"Young Master Shen, here you are."

Shen Fei nodded in response and was about to pay when gentle laughter suddenly came from behind.

"If you don't want to waste your money, then I suggest you don't buy that blue and

white porcelain.”

Hmm?

This sudden voice stunned everyone.

In a second, everyone glanced over to see a skinny youth dressed in a simple outfit. He stood there with his hands in his pant pockets as he looked at Shen Fei and spoke mildly.

“Where did this brat come from?”

“You don’t belong here!”

“What’s security up to? How can they let dubious people in?” Yang He berated him right away when he saw how poorly Ye Fan was dressed.

Ye Fan remained silent. Shen Fei was shocked instead, “Mr Ye! What brings you here? Come and have a seat inside quickly.”

When Ye Fan came in, both Yang He and Han Shao-Jie’s expressions darkened at the same time.

“So you’re Young Master Shen’s friend. It

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was a misunderstanding then. I hope you don't take it to heart. But what did you mean by that, young man? Are you saying that Eight Treasure Hall is selling fakes as authentic pieces?" asked Yang He in a deep voice as he looked at Ye Fan with a chilliness in his tone.

Han Shao-Jie looked displeased as well as he looked at Ye Fan coldly.



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He was the one who selected the blue and white porcelain. Ye Fan was not only questioning Eight Treasure Hall's reputation but also Han Shao-Jie's judgment.

So when they heard Ye Fan's words, they were naturally unhappy.

"That's right, Mr Ye. What did you mean by that? Why would I lose all my money by buying this piece?" asked Shen Fei quizzically.

Ye Fan laughed softly, "Why else? Of course, it's because this thing in your hands isn't an authentic piece from the Yuan Dynasty. It's probably worth far less than you paid. In other words, it's a fake."

What?

Everyone was shocked by Ye Fan.

Yang He was even angrier. "That's nonsense!"

"Eight Treasure Hall is reputable in the antique circles and everyone in Yunzhou's antique circles knows how trustworthy Eight Treasure Hall is! The year before,

when a Tang Yin original emerged and shocked all the collectors of Yunzhou, Eight Treasure Hall was the one who sold it. Last year, the copybook that got sold at an astronomical ten million at the Yunzhou auction came from Eight Treasure Hall too. Just last month, Eight Treasure Hall sold a perfectly maintained cloisonne from the Guanxu era.”

“We have proven over the years that Eight Treasure Hall sells only authentic pieces and welcomes its customers to check them. Eight Treasure Hall is a 100-year-old establishment, and our repute is everything to us. Even if we have nothing to sell, we’ll never stoop so low as to sell fakes as genuine pieces and wreck our honor! How can a youngster like you who doesn’t know better say such nonsense! How can you accuse us of passing off counterfeit goods as genuine antiques? If you don’t explain yourself now, I’ll not let this slide even if you’re Young Master Shen’s friend!” Yang He was so livid that his fury shot sky-high.

His angry words were like a tidal wave and clanged as loudly as shocking thunder as he scolded Ye Fan ferociously. His ice-cold furious voice reverberated through the

sixth floor.

The reason Eight Treasure Hall could stand on their own two feet in the antique circles was because of their brand reputation.

Eight Treasure Hall had clear lines between authentic pieces and fakes.

But Ye Fan was eroding the very foundation that Eight Treasure Hall relied on to survive, it was only natural for Yang He to be furious.

Shen Fei also looked at Ye Fan and said, "Mr Ye, are you mistaken? The boss is right about Eight Treasure Hall's reputation. My father bought that Tang Yan original from here too. How can this blue and white porcelain be fake?"

The commotion attracted Su Yuan-Shan and the others to come over.

At first, they were curious about what made the shop owner so mad.

Then when they saw Ye Fan among them, Qiu Mu-Cheng and Su Qian almost went insane.

“Damn it, it’s him again! What is wrong with this stupid country bumpkin?! Is he deliberately stirring trouble for us?” Su Qian spat angrily.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was both worried and upset. She hurried over to pull Ye Fan back. At the same time, she looked apologetically at Yang He as she apologized profusely, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. He really doesn’t mean to offend you. I’ll take him away now.”

Qiu Mu-Cheng’s little face went pale. After she apologized to Yang He, she dragged Ye Fan out.

“Why aren’t you moving? Can’t you even stay out of trouble for a moment? Do you even know anything about antiques? If you don’t know anything, then are you embarrassing yourself on purpose?”

Qiu Mu-Cheng was genuinely infuriated too.

She couldn’t believe there was a man like this who went around making trouble and acted like he knew everything.

Women got married in the hope of finding

refuge from wind and rain. Not so that her husband could go around and cause trouble.

But Ye Fan had no intention of leaving. He only looked at Qiu Mu-Cheng and said calmly, "Do you think I am saying nonsense too?"

"If not?! Don't tell me you're a master appraiser?" shouted Qiu Mu-Cheng with her eyes red.

She didn't expect Ye Fan to continue saying such things at this point in time. He made Qiu Mu-Cheng even angrier now.

At first, Ye Fan remained expressionless, then he laughed bitterly at himself. "Then again, in your eyes, I'm just a driver from the countryside. But Qiu Mu-Cheng, I'm going to prove who's really lying."

"Someone like you? A pauper from the countryside? Have you ever seen an antique before? I bet you've never even touched one before. How dare you pretend to know anything? You're just asking to be humiliated now! Are you trying to embarrass Mu-Cheng? Hurry up and leave with us!" When Su Qian heard Ye Fan's

words, she found it so hilarious that she started railing at him too.

“Don’t leave just yet. This friend of ours looks like he knows a lot and must be an expert appraiser. Since he wants to prove himself, why don’t you let him do it? I’m curious about why he’s so confident. Maybe this Yuan Dynasty blue and white porcelain is genuinely a fake?” Han Shao-Jie suddenly chuckled.

But the tone in his voice sounded terribly sarcastic no matter what he said.

“What would a country bumpkin like you know about appraisal?” Su Qian gnashed her teeth angrily.

But all eyes were on Ye Fan now. They were waiting for him to present his argument and prove his judgment.

But Ye Fan merely smiled calmly and said, “I don’t know anything about the valuation of antiques. But I do know that this piece here is a forgery.”

What?

The entire crowd exploded when they

heard these words.

“Damn you!”

“Are you an idiot?”

“How dare you claim his blue and white porcelain is a fake when you don’t even know how to appraise precious objects?”

“I think this brat is just here to cause trouble!”

Everyone started talking as they looked at Ye Fan as though he were an idiot.

“Damn it! After all that, he turned out to be an idiot! Where are the security guards? Hurry up and throw this trouble making retard out!” Yang He was going wild with fury.

At first, he thought that the youth honestly detected something amiss. Judging from his confidence, he seemed to know a thing or two. But now it was clear that he was nothing but an idiot.

He didn’t know anything about appraising antiques?

If he didn't, then why was he so confident that this piece was a fake?

Han Shao-Jie shook his head as he laughed and whispered, "Fei, it looks like your so-called big shot isn't worthy of his name."

Han Shao-Jie spoke and sneered as he looked at the farce in front of him calmly.

Shen Fei was starting to look upset himself. He didn't expect Mr Chu to disregard the occasion and bluff heedlessly.

Appraisal was a highly professional skill after all. If he knew nothing, then why did he make such irresponsible comments?

In a matter of moments, Ye Fan's image plummeted in Shen Fei's heart. He now looked at Ye Fan less reverently than before.

After all, no one liked unreasonable people who went around bragging.

So Shen Fei did nothing to stop the security guards when they surrounded them. He only watched on in silence.

Su Yuan-Shan and Su Nan kept shaking their heads too. They looked at Ye Fan with slightly more contempt in their eyes.

No wonder his daughter detested and despised this peasant so much. There was certainly a good reason for her to.

“Damn, Mu-Cheng. Is this peasant a dimwit? Did a mule kick him in the head? Doesn’t he know where he is? Isn’t he stirring trouble on purpose? If I had known things would turn out like that, I wouldn’t have brought him along. He’s going to be the death of us one day!” Su Qian gnashed her teeth angrily.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was equally furious, and her eyes red. She yelled at Ye Fan, “That’s enough!”

“Ye Fan, haven’t you caused enough trouble yet? Are you purposely trying to make me angry? I brought you here to widen your horizons and not for you to cause trouble!”

Chapter 203 How Can Your Husband Do This?



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