

Middle Age 109

Chapter 109: Meteorite in the Desert

Among these dozen people, two left a deep impression on Qi Yun.

One was named Wei Xueming, an old professor with glasses, reportedly knowledgeable in many areas.

The other was Hong Weize, who had a cheerful appearance and a shiny bald head. He was a professional broker with extensive connections.

These people were very polite to Boss Bi, and their attitude towards Qi Yun was also quite friendly.

Everyone drank tea and chatted, exchanging useful information. Qi Yun just listened on the side, rarely joining in.

Their conversations were not limited to the antique circle and also covered a lot of business information.

When the chatting had almost wrapped up, the highlight of the day began.

One person first took out an item, a bronze jue, an ancient wine cup.

As soon as this item appeared, it attracted a lot of attention.

However, he did not want to sell this item, but wanted to exchange it for a landscape painting.

Subsequently, Boss Bi, Shi Feng, and others successively took out the items they had brought for trading.

After everyone had completed their trades, the bald-headed Hong Weize turned his gaze towards Qi Yun in the corner and asked with a smile, "I wonder if Brother Qi Yun has brought anything good? Why not show it to everyone?"

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback upon hearing this, then smiled politely, "Sorry everyone, I came today mainly to learn and get to know all the seniors, so I didn't bring anything."

"Haha, Brother Qi Yun is too modest, no worries, we have plenty of time in the future," Hong Weize waved his hand and said.

Qi Yun nodded and then said, "Yes, but while I didn't bring anything today, I do have a piece of information to share."

"Oh? What information? Tell us, Brother Qi Yun." Boss Bi asked curiously.

"It's a piece of stock information. Haoyuan Gas's stock should rise significantly soon."

After Qi Yun said this, he didn't speak further. The reason he revealed this news was not to show off or establish a stock market guru image, but simply to prove his value.

After all, in this kind of circle, if you want to be friends with others, you first have to prove your value.

When Haoyuan's stock price rises, they will naturally wonder about the source of his information. Being able to obtain such insider information is a form of competence.

Upon finishing his words, a few people couldn't help but glance at him more.

Even Boss Bi looked doubtful but didn't ask much.

The small networking event ended, and everyone got what they wanted.

Qi Yun couldn't help but marvel inside, "Sure enough, people in this circle all have their ways; the method of exchanging resources is quite unique too."

This time he also managed to make acquaintances, so in the future when seeking help, people would know who he was.

After leaving the club, he was about to drive away, when Hong Weize chased after him.

"Hey, Brother Qi Yun, wait up."

Qi Yun rolled down the window and asked with a smile, "Anything else, Boss Hong?"

Hong Weize, panting, ran up to the car window, his face adorned with a signature smile, "Let's exchange contact info; if you ever need something from this old brother, don't hesitate."

Qi Yun naturally didn't refuse and immediately took out his phone to add him as a friend.

"Sure, then I rely on you to look after me in the future."

Hong Weize patted his arm and laughed heartily, "No need to talk about looking after; we're friends now, let's help each other."

"Haha, alright, feel free to find me if you need anything," Qi Yun also replied with a smile.

After parting ways with Hong Weize, he drove straight home.

In the kitchen, Zhao Qing was preparing lunch, while the little girl followed her around like a shadow.

Upon hearing the door open, Zhao Qing peeked out from the kitchen with a smile, "You're back. Sit for a while, the dishes will be ready soon."

"Okay, need any help?" Qi Yun said as he rolled up his sleeves and walked into the kitchen.

Zhao Qing pushed him away, "No need, you go rest."

Qi Yun smiled helplessly and had to pick up his daughter and sit down on the sofa.

At this moment, his phone suddenly rang in his pocket. He took it out and saw a message from Lin Yao.

"Haoyuan's stock just hit the limit! (Shocked)"

"You guys are amazing! How did you get the info?"

Qi Yun instantly perked up. He searched on several major news platforms and found that news of a large gas field had indeed broken out.

A smile appeared on his lips as he replied, "Dreamt it up last night."

Meanwhile, inside the securities building office, seeing the reply, Lin Yao bit her lip, then turned and called her good friend Wang Fei.

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With nothing much to do today, Qi Yun just spent the afternoon at home with Zhao Qing and his daughter after lunch.

At night, after putting his daughter to sleep, he was about to get intimate with Zhao Qing when Peng called, asking him to come to the hot pot place.

Although Peng didn't say much over the phone, Qi Yun could hear the helplessness in his tone.

In a corner of the hot pot place, Peng and Lao Feng were already drinking, wearing troubled expressions.

Qi Yun sat beside them and asked with a smile, "What's up?"

Peng sighed heavily, took a big gulp of wine, and looked full of worry.

Lao Feng explained the situation on his behalf.

It turns out that last night, Peng took Mendeleyev to a club, and afterwards, Mendeleyev was very satisfied.

Today, after they signed the contract at Nanhua Textile Factory, Mendeleyev wanted to go again, and accidentally left a mark on his neck, which was discovered by his wife at home, leading to calls for divorce.

Qi Yun listened and stifled his laughter, clicking his tongue, "What a mess you've gotten into."

"Sigh," Peng sighed again, looking at Qi Yun, "You can't just leave me hanging, can you?"

Qi Yun picked up his chopsticks, ate a few bites, and replied, "Tell me, what do you want me to do."

"Go explain things to her, will you? I did it all for the business," Peng said, scratching his hair.

Qi Yun couldn't help but smile, "You got caught, how am I supposed to explain that? Say I did it?"

Peng looked embarrassed and stuttered, "I know it's a tough situation, but she won't let me in and won't answer my calls. Only you two can possibly get through to her."

Qi Yun set his chopsticks down and thought for a moment, "She's definitely angry now. Let her cool off tonight. Tomorrow, Lao Feng and I will go talk to her. She's reasonable and won't divorce you."

Lao Feng also chimed in, "Yes, that's what I think too. You can stay at my place tonight, and tomorrow we will handle it."

Peng nodded and continued drinking gloomily.

Qi Yun accompanied him for a while, and by the time he got home, Zhao Qing was already asleep.

He quietly washed up and then lay down on the sofa.

With a thought, a light screen appeared before him.

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Blue): Two hours ago, a small meteorite fell deep in an uninhabited desert. A half-kilogram fragment decomposed in the air and fell near the Kumuta Desert area in Shanshan County. Detailed coordinates are as follows *****]

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): The fake antiques received by Shi Feng a few days ago were actually a setup by his rival, Boss Liao.]