

Middle Age 112

Chapter 112: Bezoar Worth Four to Five Hundred Thousand

After a brief rest, Qi Yun and the others continued their search with the metal detector. This task was really no different from finding a needle in a haystack.

However, in order to make money, he was full of patience.

It was then that a large patch of needle grass appeared in front of them.

Qi Yun's heart stirred, and he searched in that direction.

When he got close to the needle grass, the metal detector suddenly beeped rapidly, and his heartbeat quickened.

He squatted down and indeed found a black stone on the other side of the grass pile.

Qi Yun raised his hand to pick up the stone. It was the size of a baby's fist, with an uneven surface full of potholes, and it had a thin layer of fusion crust.

Most importantly, in his gaze, this black stone was emitting a gentle glow.

"Finally found you!"

He excitedly took a sealed bag from his pocket and placed the meteorite inside.

Although he didn't know how much this thing was worth, since it was blue intelligence, it couldn't be bad.

"Zhong Rui, come back, I found it!"

"Found it? Okay, boss."

Back at the parking spot, Zhong Rui curiously stared at the sealed bag in his hand. Seeing this, Qi Yun simply handed it to him to let him take a closer look.

Mamati also got out of the car and asked, "Boss Qi, did you find what you were looking for?"

Qi Yun smiled and nodded at him, "Yes, let's head back."

"Okay." Mamati responded, not showing much interest in the meteorite. His job was to ensure the client's safety, asking and seeing less about other things.

The two SUVs started up, turned around, and began to head back along the original route.

On the way back, the Jeep Wrangler in front got stuck once, but fortunately, Mamati was experienced. He had prepared planks and other rescue tools in advance, and they easily got out.

When the three of them returned to the county town, it was already four o'clock in the afternoon.

Qi Yun paid Mamati five thousand yuan for guiding them, and he left first.

He then took Zhong Rui to the bazaar mentioned in the intelligence.

This bazaar was not large, equivalent to a small market, but it was now afternoon, so there were few people.

After some inquiries, Qi Yun successfully found the place where they sold cattle in the corner.

The owner was a middle-aged Uighur man with dark skin and a beard. Beside him, some wooden poles surrounded a simple cattle pen.

In the pen, there were three cows; an old yellow cow looked quite large, probably seven to eight hundred pounds.

In Qi Yun's sight, there was a faint glimmer on the belly of the old yellow cow, and there were also two calves next to it.

He stepped forward, took out a cigarette, handed it to the owner, and asked with a smile, "Boss, how much for the cows?"

The owner smiled, took the cigarette, stood up, and replied, "Nine thousand for the big one, four thousand for the calves."

Qi Yun thought the price was quite reasonable and had no mind to haggle, especially since there was a natural bezoar in that cow's belly.

He had heard the term bezoar before but hadn't understood it much. After checking online, he realized it was even more valuable than gold.

Natural bezoars form under very specific conditions: the cow must have gallbladder dysfunction, be under long-term stress, or suffer from certain diseases for the bezoar to form in the gallbladder.

Usually, only one in several thousand cows may produce a bezoar, and even when formed, their size and quality vary widely.

In terms of value, it is an extremely valuable medicinal material. The two An Gong Niu Huang Wan pills he had previously obtained contained natural bezoar ingredients.

This is why the price is so exorbitant; a kilogram of natural bezoar is worth at least seven figures.

And inside this old yellow cow, there is a 300-gram bezoar, worth probably four to five hundred thousand yuan.

Qi Yun nodded immediately in agreement, "Nine thousand, right? That's fine."

"I don't have cash. Can I pay you via WeChat?"

The owner was a bit stunned at his straightforwardness but quickly said, "Yes, yes." As he spoke, he took out his phone and showed the payment code.

After Qi Yun paid, he showed the owner, then smiled and said, "Then this cow is mine now, okay?"

The owner checked his phone to confirm receipt of the payment and nodded quickly, "Alright, it's yours. I'll get it for you."

Qi Yun nodded and turned to Zhong Rui, instructing, "There are trucks outside. Go find one to transport this cow."

"Okay, boss." Although he didn't understand why Qi Yun bought a cow, Zhong Rui didn't ask, leaving quickly.

Soon, Zhong Rui found a high-sided truck, and a few men worked together to herd the cow into the truck bed.

As the truck left the bazaar, the driver turned to Qi Yun, "Boss, where should I take the cow?" Zhong Rui only told the driver to transport the cow, not the destination.

"Besides this bazaar, do you know any place nearby that slaughters cattle?" Qi Yun asked.

The driver nodded, "Yes, there is a place up ahead in the countryside where they sell beef and lamb. They can slaughter cattle in their yard."

"Alright, take it there."

After confirmation, the driver sped off, and Zhong Rui followed in the Prado behind them.

Actually, the bazaar did have a place for slaughtering livestock, but to avoid unnecessary trouble, Qi Yun chose not to slaughter it on the spot.

After all, people's hearts are unpredictable. If the cattle owner learned about the bezoar and caused trouble, it would be quite a hassle.

Twenty minutes later, the truck stopped in front of a courtyard.

The front of the courtyard had stalls selling beef and lamb, and there were a few sheep in the backyard.

The driver clearly knew the vendor as they greeted each other warmly.

Qi Yun took out a cigarette and handed it to the vendor, then pointed to the cow in the truck bed, "Help me slaughter that cow."

The vendor accepted the cigarette, looking puzzled, clearly not understanding what Qi Yun said.

The driver then acted as a translator, explained a bunch, and then looked back at Qi Yun, "Boss, he said it's okay, but the slaughter fee is five hundred yuan."

Qi Yun readily nodded and used his phone to transfer the vendor five hundred yuan.

"Tell him to do it now."

The driver turned to the vendor and explained again.

The vendor got the message and immediately went to the backyard, returning shortly with two young assistants.

They skillfully brought the cow down from the truck. In the backyard, there was a slightly sunken area, evidently for slaughtering livestock.

Qi Yun then told the driver, "Tell him to be careful during the slaughter and to single out the gallbladder for me."

The driver nodded and communicated once more.

The vendor and the two assistants worked in harmony, securing the old yellow cow before efficiently carrying out the task.

The scene afterward was a bit too gory, causing Zhong Rui to look away directly.

Qi Yun, however, held down his discomfort and kept his gaze on them.