

## Middle Age 114

### Chapter 114: Mendelejev Takes the Rap

In a tea house in the New District, Yu Baoshan carefully examined the brown-yellow bezoar in his hand, gently rubbing it from time to time, a hint of surprise on his face.

"Qi Yun, may I ask where you got this bezoar from?" Yu Baoshan finally looked up, facing Qi Yun across the table with a smile, "Three hundred grams of natural bezoar, you don't see much of that on the market."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, "Haha, I was just lucky. I came across someone slaughtering a cow at the market today and they found this bezoar, so I bought it."

Upon hearing this, Yu Baoshan squinted slightly, his face still smiling, "I see, so how much do you intend to sell this bezoar for?"

Qi Yun had already thought about this, but he replied, "Dean Yu, I don't really know the exact price of this thing. You're the expert. I'll need your advice to set a fair price. I trust you won't cheat me."

"Hahaha, you sly one." Yu Baoshan laughed heartily, pointing at him, "Alright, we're old friends, so I'll be honest with you."

"If our hospital were to purchase this bezoar, we could only offer you three hundred thousand at most."

Qi Yun nodded after hearing this, waiting for him to continue.

"However, I'm willing to buy it personally, and I can give you an extra one hundred and fifty thousand, forty-five thousand in total. How does that price sound to you?"

This price had already met Qi Yun's expectations. He was secretly delighted but maintained his composure, "Haha, no problem, whatever you say goes."

Seeing Qi Yun agree so readily, Yu Baoshan showed a satisfied smile, "Good, you're straightforward, someone who gets things done!"

"Haha, you flatter me, Dean Yu."

After leaving the tea house, Qi Yun glanced at the message on his phone showing a transfer of 450,000, with a slight smile at the corner of his mouth, driving his BMW 5 series towards Peng Fei's neighborhood.

Downstairs, Peng Fei and Old Feng had been waiting for a long time.

"Where did you run off to in the desert?" Old Feng came up to ask.

"Went treasure hunting." Qi Yun laughed, "Shall we head up?"

The two glanced at Peng Fei who was squatting and smoking on the ground, his face full of exhaustion. He exhaled a smoke ring and nodded, "Let's go."

The three of them went upstairs and knocked on the door.

Song Xiaojing opened the door, and upon seeing Peng Fei standing there, immediately tried to close it. Fortunately, Qi Yun was quick-eyed and grabbed the door.

"Hey, sister-in-law, it's me!"

Upon hearing Qi Yun's voice, Song Xiaojing paused her actions and her expression softened a bit, but she still showed a bit of displeasure, saying, "Qi Yun, why are you here?"

Qi Yun smiled, "What? Not even going to let me in now?"

Song Xiaojing glanced at him and Old Feng, "You two can come in, he can't." Saying this, her gaze fixed on Peng Fei, full of resentment.

Peng Fei lowered his head, showing a trace of helplessness, pursing his lips but saying nothing.

Seeing her determined attitude, Qi Yun could only agree, "Alright, the two of us will go in, he'll stay outside."

Saying this, the two of them gestured to Peng Fei and then went inside, leaving the door slightly open.

The two sat down on the sofa, seeing that Song Xiaojing was the only one home, Qi Yun asked, "Where's the kid?"

Song Xiaojing picked up the kettle and poured them a cup of water, "Sent to grandma's place."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun clicked his tongue, exchanging a glance with Old Feng.

It seemed she was serious about this.

Old Feng coughed lightly and spoke first, "Cough~ Sister-in-law, Peng Fei talked to us about it, and I actually think there's been a misunderstanding here."

Upon hearing Old Feng's words, Song Xiaojing stopped pouring tea, a mocking smile appearing on her face, "Misunderstanding? What kind of misunderstanding could there be?"

"I'm here working hard every day serving the whole family, and he runs off messing around, is that fair to me?"

Old Feng quickly waved his hand, "Sister-in-law, it's not like you think. Peng Fei went to discuss business."

"Hmph." Song Xiaojing coldly snorted again, "Discussing business ended up in another woman's bed?"

Old Feng showed a trace of awkwardness on his face, about to explain again, when Qi Yun gave him a look, and he swallowed his words.

Qi Yun put on a sincere smile, "Sister-in-law, I know you feel wronged. Anyone would be angry in this situation."

"But I still want to clearly explain the whole situation to you. Peng Fei was really set up this time, he's also a victim."

Song Xiaojing frowned, full of doubt in her eyes, "Set up? That's easy to say. Do you have any evidence? Don't think you can fool me with some excuse."

Qi Yun shook his head repeatedly, "You know me, I never lie."

"Here's what happened..."

A moment later, after Song Xiaojing listened, she fixed her gaze on Qi Yun, "Are you saying that the businessman named Mendeleyev deliberately got Peng Fei drunk, then set a trap to steal your order?"

Qi Yun nodded affirmatively, "That's right, we had already negotiated the order with the textile factory, and it was taken by Mendeleyev. If you don't believe me, you can ask the textile factory."

"This is partly my fault. It was supposed to be business between me and Peng Fei, but I had to go out of town a few days ago, so I left it to Peng Fei alone, and then this happened."

Old Feng was stunned for a moment before reacting and nodding, "Yes, that's exactly how it is."

Song Xiaojing listened to them, looked at them again, and the suspicion on her face slightly faded.

"I'll ask at the textile factory about this. If I find out you two are in cahoots with him to trick me, then don't ever come here again."

Qi Yun quickly said, "Rest assured, sister-in-law, go and ask. We're absolutely not lying to you, Peng Fei has been feeling terrible about this. Just look at how worn out he looks standing outside."

Old Feng also chimed in, "Yes, sister-in-law, Peng Fei has been blaming himself since he came back, feeling sorry for you and the kid. He really knows he was wrong this time."

Song Xiaojing sighed slightly, a trace of heartache in her eyes, but she forced herself to remain calm, "Fine, for your sake, I'll believe him this time."

Seeing her finally relent, Qi Yun and Old Feng both breathed a sigh of relief.

"Alright, it's getting late, we won't disturb you any longer." Saying this, they stood up, gesturing to Peng Fei outside the door.

Bright light appeared in Peng Fei's eyes as he nodded to them and walked into the house.

Qi Yun returned home by eleven o'clock.

Seeing Zhao Qing and their daughter already asleep, he reheated some leftovers and ate quickly.

After finishing his meal, he picked up the meteorite on the table and examined it closely, but couldn't make anything of it.

Suddenly, a name popped into his mind, "Wei Xueming," a professor he'd met at a meeting organized by President Bi last time. Perhaps he might know something about it.