

Middle Age 171

Chapter 171: Chinese Academy of Sciences (Part 4)

Qi Yun shook his head with a smile, "No rush, it's just the same if I accompany you to finish eating first."

Zhao Qing gently nodded, didn't push further, just had a faint smile on her face.

Shortly, they arrived at the pizza shop. Qi Yun held the little girl in his arms and walked into the store, choosing a seat by the window.

The waiter enthusiastically handed over the menu, and the little girl skillfully pointed at the fruit pizza and also added an order of chocolate ice cream.

Then, Qi Yun took the menu and ordered a few dishes Zhao Qing liked.

Soon, the waiter brought each of their ordered dishes to the table.

The little girl's eyes were glued to the delicious food in front of her, eagerly reaching out her small hand to pick up a slice of pizza, taking a small bite, and her face instantly blossomed with a brilliant smile.

"Wow, it's so tasty!"

Zhao Qing smiled and wiped the corner of her mouth, "Nuannuan, slow down while eating."

Qi Yun looked at his daughter's happy appearance, and his heart was filled with warmth.

The two of them chatted casually while eating.

At this moment, Zhao Qing suddenly noticed that Nuannuan, who was lively a minute ago, had suddenly quieted down, her little head turned towards the window, staring intently at something.

"Nuannuan, what's wrong?" Zhao Qing asked.

The little girl turned her head, looking somewhat desolate, she said softly, "I saw mom."

Qi Yun was slightly startled, turned to look out the window, and coincidentally saw Shen Wanting getting into a black Passat in the distance.

This was the first time the little girl saw her mom since he brought her back.

Zhao Qing was also stunned, then a complex expression appeared on her face. She patted Nuannuan's little head, wondering how to comfort her.

Just then, the little girl suddenly turned around and hugged her, murmuring, "I have a new mom now." The tone seemed like she was comforting herself.

Zhao Qing's heart twisted sharply at the little girl's words, feeling both heartache for her understanding and a bit at a loss.

She gently patted the little girl's back, speaking softly, "Nuannuan dear, it's normal to miss your mom, but you're right too, now I'll take good care of you and be there as you grow up."

Qi Yun looked at Nuannuan, feeling full of guilt and helplessness.

He didn't expect to encounter Shen Wanting in this situation, and his daughter's reaction made his heart ache.

The child's emotions come quickly and go just as fast. On the way back after finishing the meal, she turned back into that chattering little chatterbox.

Qi Yun sent both of them home first and then hurriedly rushed to the new location.

By this time, the sky was completely dark. Inside the office, Wei Xueming was sitting on the sofa conversing with an elderly man with graying hair.

Seeing Qi Yun come in, the two stopped their conversation. Wei Xueming waved at him and said, "You finally made it, come and sit."

Qi Yun slightly bowed, apologetically saying, "Sorry for making the two of you wait for so long."

Wei Xueming waved his hand and said, "Alright, we know you were delayed because of something, us old guys won't bicker with you young people."

"Let me introduce you, this is Director Yu from the Chinese Academy of Sciences, who is also responsible for the Qingnang Book related affairs this time."

"Director Yu, this is the Qi Yun I mentioned earlier, who donated the meteorite."

Qi Yun cast Wei Xueming a grateful glance, then stepped forward to extend his hand and said, "Hello, Director Yu."

Director Yu stood up with a smile, shook Qi Yun's hand, and warmly said, "Nice, indeed talented and outstanding, finding the Qingnang Book is a great contribution to the country."

Qi Yun smiled modestly and said, "Director Yu, you're too kind, this was something I ought to do."

Wei Xueming laughed heartily and said, "Don't be modest, young man, Director Yu rarely praises anyone."

Chapter 172: A Friend on the City Council

After some pleasantries, the conversation finally got on track.

Director Yu picked up the teacup on the table and slowly opened his mouth, "Qi boy, tell us your thoughts."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun sat up straight and earnestly said, "First of all, I personally am very willing to donate the Qingnang Book to the country. After all, only when the country is strong can we nationals stand tall, including the last time I donated the meteorite..."

He spoke with genuine sincerity, rambling on for four to five minutes with empty words, leaving Director Yu and Wei Xueming with peculiar expressions.

Just as he was about to mention donations to flood relief, Director Yu couldn't hold back anymore.

With a light cough, he interrupted, "Qi Yun, I know you're a person with a great sense of duty, your sincere heart for the country is as clear as day and night. Now let's talk directly about your specific requests."

Qi Yun was taken aback, feigning innocence, "Requests? I'm doing this purely out of patriotism, how can I make demands of the country."

Director Yu's face became even more peculiar. If he hadn't already discussed with Wei Xueming and known this guy was quite shrewd, he might have almost believed it.

This slippery fellow clearly wanted him to speak first.

He gave him a meaningful look and pondered, "I know your patriotic heart, but the country won't take your things for free."

"Our Chinese Academy of Sciences is willing to offer five million as a reward for your donation of the Qingnang Book, what do you think?"

Qi Yun quickly shook his head after hearing this, "Director Yu, I'm really not someone who cares much about money..."

Director Yu inwardly cursed at this kid's large appetite, then paused and spoke again, "I can decide to allocate another one million from our Medical Department's budget, totaling six million."

"Director Yu, you really misunderstood me, the last time I donated the meteorite to the museum, all departments were financially tight, I..."

Director Yu's face turned green when he heard this guy start again: "Don't push it too far, kid. Although our Chinese Academy of Sciences has ample funding, all scientific research projects are also expensive, and squeezing out six million has already pushed it to the limit."

Beside them, Wei Xueming also lightly coughed, glanced at Qi Yun, and interjected, "Qi boy, what Director Yu said is true. We know the Qingnang Book is invaluable and can't be measured by money, but this is also a kind of reward from the country for your contribution. You should agree."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun also glanced at him, furrowing his brow with an expression as if he wanted to speak but hesitated.

Wei Xueming smiled and continued, "If you have any other requests you can mention them all at once. As long as it doesn't violate principles, Director Yu will certainly try to meet your demands."

Director Yu was initially stunned upon hearing this, but he quickly caught on, turning to glance at Wei Xueming, thinking, are you two putting on a double act for me?

Wei Xueming pretended not to notice, maintaining an air of composure.

"Since Old Wei has spoken, I won't hide it anymore. I do have a small wish."

Director Yu put down the teacup, crossed his legs, and said in a deep voice, "Go ahead, if it's within a feasible range, we can try to accommodate you."

"I have a friend who's a Municipal Committee member. Every time we dine together, they like to put on airs with me." After Qi Yun finished, he awkwardly laughed and then lowered his head, examining the watch on his wrist.

This was the condition he came up with after much thought, for at least a bit more security.

Director Yu and Wei Xueming were both taken aback upon hearing this, looking at each other in disbelief.

Seeing that Director Yu didn't respond immediately, Wei Xueming picked up his teacup and said, "Old Yu, your department spearheading this shouldn't be too much of an issue, right? You previously praised this kid as a talent, entering the Municipal Committee isn't that much of a stretch."

Director Yu turned to look at him, then glanced at Qi Yun, and said dryly, "No other requests, right?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun felt a surge of joy, realizing it had succeeded, and quickly raised his head, waving his hands, "No, no, thank you for the country's reward."

Director Yu slightly nodded, a hint of helplessness on his face, "Qi boy, in light of your contributions to the country, we'll consider this matter."

"But you must understand, entering the Municipal Committee isn't a simple matter. It requires a series of assessments and reviews. We can only promise to provide some help and support; the final result will still be decided by the relevant departments."

Qi Yun naturally understood these words, nodding eagerly to show his understanding.

"Furthermore, regarding the six million, I'll arrange for someone to contact you tomorrow. If there's nothing else, you can leave now." Director Yu didn't want to see this guy any longer.

"Alright, then I won't disturb you two gentlemen any further." Qi Yun said as he stood up, pulling out his phone from his pocket, "Director Yu, could you leave your contact information? In case I have a chance to visit the Capital, I might pay you a visit."

Director Yu furrowed his brows slightly, showing a hint of hesitation on his face.

He was a bit annoyed by this kid now, but considering the contribution of donating the Qingnang Book, it wouldn't be appropriate to outright refuse. So he reluctantly gave him his private number.

Qi Yun hurriedly saved the number on his phone, his face filled with smiles, "Thank you, Director Yu."

Director Yu waved his hand slightly, saying, "Alright, you go back first. As for the donation matters of the Qingnang Book, I'll have someone notify you afterward; you just need to be prepared."

Qi Yun nodded, cupping his hands towards the two of them, "Farewell, sirs."

After he walked out and closed the door, Director Yu turned to look at Wei Xueming, saying with annoyance, "You old fox, so you weren't on my side."

Chapter 173: A Friend on the City Council

Wei Xueming wasn't surprised and took a sip of tea, saying plainly, "Don't be ungrateful. You're not the only ones from the Chinese Academy of Sciences interested in this treasure, remember you owe me a favor."

Hearing this, Director Yu gritted his teeth, knowing that what the other party said was true. Although the Chinese Academy of Sciences is influential, there are others just as strong.

Once news of the Qingnang Book leaks, it's uncertain whether it'll end up in their hands.

"Alright, alright, consider it that I owe you a favor," Director Yu said helplessly. "But Qi Yun, that brat, is really slippery, almost got fooled by him."

Wei Xueming laughed and said, "That kid is indeed a bit crafty, but he can be counted on."

"Look at how he donated a meteorite before and now has handed over the Qingnang Book, it shows he still has patriotic sentiments. It's normal for ordinary people to have their own ideas and requests."

Director Yu nodded, not saying anything further.

...

After leaving Wei Xueming's office, Qi Yun drove straight home.

The little girl was already asleep, and only Zhao Qing was waiting for him on the sofa.

"So, how did it go? Was everything smooth?" Zhao Qing asked as she brought him a bowl of freshly brewed chicken soup from the kitchen.

Qi Yun took the chicken soup, looked at Zhao Qing gratefully, gently blew on it, took a sip, and then slowly said, "It went quite smoothly."

"Sorry, I promised to go with you to the renovation company today, but got held up again."

Zhao Qing gently shook her head, saying softly, "It's okay, you can go when you have time."

Qi Yun put down the bowl, pulled Zhao Qing's hand, hugged her, and whispered, "I may need to go to Hong Kong in a couple of days, leaving you to take care of Nuannuan alone at home again."

Zhao Qing was slightly taken aback, looked up at Qi Yun with a pout, a bit unhappy, "You just got back two days ago, and now you have to leave again."

Seeing her slightly aggrieved look, Qi Yun felt a pang of guilt in his heart, lightly kissed her forehead, and said softly, "I need to take care of some things, but it will only be for one or two days at most. Is there anything you want, I'll bring it back for you when I return."

Hearing this, Zhao Qing finally nodded obediently, "Alright, I don't need anything, just come back as soon as you're done."

Qi Yun hugged her tighter, "Don't worry, I'll take care of things quickly and hurry back."

...

The next day, while eating breakfast, Qi Yun checked the intelligence updates for the day.

[Current Intelligence Points: 9]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): The mistress of Boss Bi, Jiang Yue, and his cousin are colluding secretly, planning to embezzle 80 million from the company and take a flight to London tomorrow morning.

They are currently staying at room 1801 of the Hong Kong Central Hilton Hotel]

"Tsk, tsk~ still calling herself an assistant..."

"This Jiang Yue is quite shrewd, managing to handle both brothers at once."

Qi Yun frowned and pondered, he knew there was no reason not to help since he owed them a favor for that small villa last time.

"Tomorrow morning's flight... looks like I'll have to head to Hong Kong early."

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): Japanese Fukui Sakaeda was found cheating in a big boss's venue in Shenshui Bu and is currently detained at the "Major Tom" bar at 14 Nanchang Street, Shenshui Bu]

The second piece of intelligence puzzled Qi Yun, as he had no relation to the Japanese man, right? Is he supposed to rescue him?

"Getting involved with a big boss, how to save him, I don't have that kind of leverage..."

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Red): A newly opened Jade Stall at Hualing Jade Market A-201, in a pile of waste there is a soil-yellow rough stone priced at two thousand yuan, containing a small glass-type jade worth more than 60,000 yuan]

Seeing this intelligence, he suddenly remembered he had promised Shi Feng to help find a raw stone, and the opportunity had arrived.

So he immediately edited a message and sent it to Shi Feng, telling him to buy it himself at the market.

After sending the message, Qi Yun checked flights to Hong Kong, noting the earliest was at 2 PM, and it was just 10 AM now, so he should have time.

He quickly finished breakfast and began packing his luggage.

Just then, his phone rang, a call from an unknown number from the Capital came in.

"Hello, Mr. Qi, I'm Director Yu's assistant. Do you have time now to come to Xin Da to sign a donation agreement?"

Qi Yun was slightly surprised, not expecting Director Yu to act so quickly. After thinking for a moment, he replied on the phone, "Alright, I'll head over now."

After hanging up, he messaged Zhao Qing about the change in plans, saying he had to head to Hong Kong today.

Then, he quickly left, suitcase in hand, heading towards Xin Da.

Back in Wei Xueming's office, besides him and Director Yu, sat a young woman, around 25 or 26, exuding a scholarly air. She was likely the assistant who called earlier.

"Qi Yun, you're here, have a seat," Wei Xueming pointed to the nearby sofa with a smile, "Afraid you'd be in a hurry, Director Yu had the donation agreement faxed over first thing in the morning."

Qi Yun chuckled inwardly, knowing it wasn't about him being in a hurry but their worry over potential complications.

The young woman opened her briefcase, took out a few documents, and handed them over with both hands.

Qi Yun thanked her, took the documents, and skimmed them, noting the six million yuan compensation for his donation to the Chinese Academy of Sciences, while the political matter wasn't mentioned — naturally, such things aren't put into writing.

He wasn't overly concerned as he trusted the others' integrity, especially with Wei Xueming mediating.

"Qi, regarding the Qingnang Book, the Chinese Academy of Sciences won't disclose it for now. But when necessary, there might be a TV interview," Director Yu said calmly.

"A TV interview?" Qi Yun was taken aback, "Is that necessary? I prefer to stay low-key."

Director Yu was silent, while the young assistant explained with a smile, "Mr. Qi, your donation of the Qingnang Book is a significant patriotic act. Proper publicity would encourage others to contribute to the nation,

and help the public understand the Qingnang Book's importance for medical research, also recognizing and respecting your contribution."

With her words, Qi Yun couldn't refuse and sighed, "Alright then."

"Many people would strive for such an opportunity, and you're still so reluctant," Wei Xueming teased him.

Director Yu also sighed, "I see now, this kid truly likes to make a fortune quietly."

Qi Yun didn't mind, as long as he got the benefits, checking the time before smiling and saying, "If there are no further instructions, I should be going."

"Go, go," they replied.

...

Leaving Xin Da, Qi Yun headed straight to the immigration office, needing to get documentation for travel to Hong Kong.

Having never done this before, he assumed it could be issued on the spot, only to be told by staff it would take up to ten working days.

Disappointed, he stepped outside, lit a cigarette, deliberating whether to call Zhang Dayong for help.

But it seemed inappropriate to trouble him over such a small matter.

Then, a chubby image came to his mind.

"It's me, Qi Yun." He called.

"Haha, I have an urgent matter, planning to head to Hong Kong today, but the long wait for this pass is a bit of a problem..."

"Okay, thanks for your help, let's grab a drink when I'm back."

"..."

A few minutes later, an unknown call came in, Qi Yun answered and headed back into the hall.

Afterwards, he went straight to the airport.

...

Chapter 174: System Upgraded to Lv4!

At night, in the Hilton Hotel lobby.

After booking a room, Qi Yun lit a cigarette, took out his phone, and dialed President Bi's number.

"Hello, Brother Qi, what's up?" On the other end, President Bi's voice sounded a bit tired.

Qi Yun replied with a laugh, "Hehe, did President Bi come to Hong Kong too? I just saw your female assistant in the hotel lobby."

"What?" President Bi's voice suddenly rose, confirming again, "You saw Jiang Yue!?"

"Yeah, that's why I called to ask if you're in Hong Kong too. Why do you sound a bit off?" Qi Yun asked.

A heavy breathing sound came from the other end, as if the person was trying hard to control their emotions.

"Something happened, it's hard to explain in a few words. Which hotel are you at?"

"Ah?" Qi Yun feigned surprise and responded, "I'm at the Hilton in Central."

"Alright, I got it." President Bi didn't pursue the topic further and after a pause continued, "Brother, you've done me a big favor."

"I'll take the earliest flight over tomorrow and thank you in person then."

"Alright, see you tomorrow."

After hanging up, Qi Yun's lips curled into a faint smile. He stubbed out the cigarette and walked towards the elevator.

He knew well that President Bi was probably very anxious; eighty million in funds is a huge sum for any company, not to mention it's tied to betrayals in love and family.

Back in the room, Qi Yun changed clothes, put on a hat, and then left the hotel, heading to the Central MTR Station.

His purpose here, besides finding a suitable reason to alert President Bi, was also to help Vice President Liu retrieve the embezzled ill-gotten gains.

Though it was already evening, the station was still bustling with people.

Qi Yun made his way to the storage lockers in the station, looked around, and suddenly noticed a surveillance camera overhead.

To be safe, he didn't act rashly but instead went to the nearby restroom and then returned the way he came.

He thought, even if Vice President Liu found the gold bars missing, he'd probably be too afraid to call the police, but who knows if he'd suddenly act irrationally.

Risking it for a million-plus didn't seem worth it.

"Need to think of a more secure method." Qi Yun muttered to himself, thinking as he walked out of the metro station.

Just as he passed a dark and secluded alley, a small figure suddenly jumped out, blocking his way.

"Uncle, please give some money."

Qi Yun looked closely and saw a shabby little boy with unkempt hair and a face full of dirt, staring eagerly at him.

He was momentarily stunned, as this unexpected scene disrupted his thoughts.

He instinctively reached into his pocket, pulled out a few banknotes, and handed them to the boy.

"Thank you, Uncle!" The little boy took the money, eyes gleaming with joy, and turned to run away.

"Wait." Qi Yun stopped him, a thought suddenly coming to his mind.

The little boy halted, looking back at Qi Yun with confusion.

Qi Yun crouched down to meet the boy's gaze and gently asked, "Hey kid, aren't you not allowed to beg on the streets? Aren't you afraid the police will catch you?"

The boy's expression turned anxious at his words, instinctively stepping back, a hint of fear flashing in his eyes.

"I... I know, but my mom is sick and needs money for treatment; I have no choice."

"Sometimes the officers chase me away, but I'm fast, and they can't catch me." The boy said while wiping his nose with his dirty hand.

"What about your dad?" Qi Yun asked.

"He's dead."

Hearing this answer, Qi Yun felt a tightness in his chest.

Looking at the boy's eyes, filled with fear and a touch of stubbornness, his heart was a jumble of emotions.

He initially intended to use the boy to achieve his aim, but upon hearing this, he felt a pang of guilt.

"What's your mom sick with? Public hospitals are supposed to be inexpensive, right?"

The boy sniffed and quietly replied, "Cancer. The line at the public hospital is too long. The doctor said she can't wait that long and must go to a private hospital, but the costs there are too high; I can't gather enough money."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun stood up, took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep drag.

"How much more do you need?"

The boy lowered his head, scuffing the ground with his toe, hesitating for a long while before quietly saying, "The doctor said it costs 350,000; I'm still short 320,000."

Qi Yun took another puff, looked around to ensure no cameras, and made a decision.

He took 20,000 Hong Kong dollars from his wallet and handed it to the boy, asking, "Now I give you two choices."

"First, take this 20,000 and leave."

"Second, help me with something, and when you're done, I'll give you 300,000."

The boy widened his eyes upon hearing this, staring intently at the 20,000 Hong Kong dollars in Qi Yun's hand, his breathing growing rapid.

He agreed without hesitation, "Sure, I'll do anything you ask!"

Qi Yun nodded, noticing the boy's nervousness, so he gently patted his shoulder and said, "Don't be scared, I just need you to fetch something for me."

"The storage locker at the Central MTR Station, number A386, password 9203, take the item without opening it and bring it to me. Can you do that?"

The boy looked up, eyes full of determination, nodding emphatically, "I can do it!"

"Alright, wear this." Qi Yun took a mask from his pocket and handed it to the boy.

Chapter 175: System Upgraded to Lv4!

The small boy didn't ask any more questions. He took the mask and quickly put it on his face, then clutched the twenty thousand Hong Kong dollars tightly and turned around, sprinting towards the subway station.

Qi Yun lit another cigarette, watching as the frail figure gradually disappeared from view.

He could feel that everything the small boy said was probably true, but it still wasn't enough to make him believe that the boy would return after getting the package.

However, even if the other party ran off with those gold bars, it didn't matter. At least it was for his mother's medical treatment, better than benefiting that bastard Vice President Liu.

After finishing three cigarettes, the familiar figure appeared at the end of the alley.

The small boy's footsteps were hurried; it was clear he had run all the way.

He came up to Qi Yun, took off his mask, and said breathlessly, "The... the thing is in my hands." With that, he handed over a not-too-large package.

Qi Yun took the package and weighed it slightly in his hand; it was about two kilograms.

"Did you open it?"

The small boy quickly shook his head, a hint of tension in his eyes, worried that Qi Yun would get angry if he had opened the package.

"No, I grabbed it and ran over here right away."

Qi Yun exhaled a ring of smoke and continued to ask, "Do you trust me?"

The small boy hesitated for a moment, then quickly nodded, "I trust you!"

"Then turn around and close your eyes."

Although the small boy felt a bit puzzled, he obediently turned around and tightly closed his eyes.

His body was somewhat tense, and his fists involuntarily clenched, as if he was afraid that when he reopened his eyes, no one would be behind him.

Qi Yun unzipped the bag. Twenty 100-gram gold bars appeared before him. Even in the dim light of the alley, the golden glow was still visible.

He took out four gold bars from the bag and then zipped it up.

According to the recent gold price of 760 per gram, it was just about 300,000.

"Alright, turn back."

The small boy slowly turned around, his eyes slightly opening a crack. Seeing Qi Yun still standing there, the tension in his heart eased a bit.

His gaze instinctively swept over to the bag in Qi Yun's hand, a hint of curiosity flashing in his eyes, but he quickly looked away.

"What's your name?"

"Yang Zhihao."

Qi Yun nodded, his expression turning serious, "Yang Zhihao, what I'm about to tell you, you need to remember carefully."

Yang Zhihao instinctively straightened his body, looked up at Qi Yun, and nodded firmly.

"If anyone asks you in the future, remember you didn't see me tonight. You just helped a stranger get a bag from a locker, and you don't know what was in it."

"Understood?"

Yang Zhihao nodded hard again, his voice clear as he responded, "Understood, I've remembered. If anyone asks, I will say I didn't see you, just helped a stranger get a bag. I didn't see what he looked like, nor do I know what was in the bag."

Qi Yun satisfactorily patted his shoulder, "Good, you're smart. Take these gold bars back to your mother; they're enough for her medical treatment."

Yang Zhihao took the gold bars with both hands, froze for a moment, and then his eyes turned red.

Although he was very hopeful that the other party would give him 300,000, when he actually held those few gold bars in his hands, it still felt a bit unbelievable.

The next second, he directly knelt on the ground, kowtowing repeatedly.

"Thank you!"

"Thank you!"

Qi Yun quickly helped him up from the ground, tightly gripping his shoulders, speaking in a deep voice, "Don't thank me, this is something you earned yourself."

Yang Zhihao used his dirty sleeve to wipe his tears, looking dazedly at the few gold bars in his hands. Then, he took out a plastic bag full of loose change from his pocket, put the gold bars in, tied it up, and stuffed it back into his pocket, covering it tightly with one hand.

"Where do you live? Can you go back by yourself?" Qi Yun asked again, a bit worried about the safety of the other party carrying these gold bars.

"I live in Shenshui Bu." Yang Zhihao replied truthfully, "I can go back by myself, it'll be fine."

Qi Yun nodded, "Then hurry home, and don't come back to this area in the future."

Yang Zhihao glanced deeply at Qi Yun again, his eyes full of gratitude, said nothing more, and turned to run out of the alley.

Qi Yun watched the other's departing figure until it completely disappeared into the darkness, then retracted his gaze.

He lit another cigarette, walked deeper into the alley, circled around inside, and then left through another entrance without surveillance.

Back at the hotel, Qi Yun first gave Zhao Qing a call to report that he was safe, then went to the bathroom to take a shower before comfortably lying on the bed.

Before long, he fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, the sunlight poured into the room through the large floor-to-ceiling window. Qi Yun slowly opened his eyes, looking at the scenery outside the window, feeling a bit bewildered for a moment before remembering he was in Hong Kong.

A thought crossed his mind, and a familiar screen appeared before him.

[The current level of the Daily Intelligence System is level three, detecting that the host's account funds have reached ten million. Do you want to consume ten million to upgrade to level four]

"Ten million to upgrade to level four?"

"I have ten million?"

Qi Yun was slightly stunned, picked up the phone beside him, opened the bank account, and indeed it showed 14.35 million; the six million from the Chinese Academy of Sciences had already been transferred.

After thinking for a moment, he made a decision. Since there was no urgent need for money now, having over four million as a backup was enough.

Moreover, based on past experience, an upgraded system definitely increases the efficiency of making money.

Upgrade!

[Daily Intelligence System upgraded to Lv4!]

[Host: Qi Yun]

[System Level: Level four (Can receive three intelligence push notifications daily, with a chance to receive green intelligence, can consume intelligence points to query information related to the target person; note: the target person must be someone the host has met in real life)]

[Current Intelligence Points: 9]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): On the beach south of Chizhu Peninsula, two groups are conducting an illegal trade]

Qi Yun just glanced at this piece of intelligence and then skipped it directly, not even thinking about reporting it. He couldn't afford the trouble.

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): Jiang Yue and the cousin of President Bi have been taken away by President Bi's friend. They are currently detained at "Major Tom's" bar]

"Again Major Tom's bar?"

Qi Yun remembered that the Japanese person mentioned in yesterday's intelligence seemed to be detained here.

Could it be that the friend President Bi found was the boss of Shenshui Bu?

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Blue): Tonight at Happy Valley, a night horse race will be held. The jockeys in the 20:30 session have already been bribed, horse number 4 is expected to win, with current odds of 1:1.2. Betting over five million may affect the outcome]

Horse racing?

Qi Yun had only seen it in movies, not very interested, but if it could make money, he wouldn't mind giving it a try.

After checking the intelligence, he picked up his phone again, opened the bank account, and indeed there was only 4.35 million left.

That ten million seemed to have vanished into thin air, without even leaving a trace...

After a simple wash, Qi Yun left the hotel and went to the street to have breakfast.

Hong Kong's time difference with Jiang Province was about two hours. It wasn't even eight in the morning yet, but the sky was already bright, and there were already quite a few people hurrying to work on the streets.

Qi Yun found a clean-looking tea restaurant by the roadside and went inside.

The shop was filled with the rich aroma of milk tea and freshly baked bread, making one's appetite increase just from the smell.

He found a seat by the window, ordered a char siu bao, a dish of rice rolls, and a cup of the signature silk stocking milk tea.

However, although the food smelled full of fragrance, Qi Yun couldn't quite get used to the taste. It was too sweet, too greasy.

He put down his chopsticks after only a few bites, paid the bill and left.

After leaving the tea restaurant, he walked along the street before finding a few gold shops to sell all the remaining gold bars, otherwise carrying these around would be troublesome when crossing the border.

Sixteen 100-gram gold bars sold for a total of 1.2 million.

After finishing this task, Qi Yun leisurely strolled around the street.

Finally, at noon, he received a call from President Bi.

Chapter 176: New Feature, Green Intelligence

Major Tom's Bar.

A burly man led Qi Yun to an office.

Inside the room, besides Mr. Bi, there was another man, bare-chested with a fierce tiger tattooed on his chest.

When Qi Yun entered, the two men stopped their conversation, and Mr. Bi got up from the sofa to greet him.

"Qi, my dear brother, you're here, please have a seat."

Qi Yun smiled, glanced at the tattooed middle-aged man beside him, and secretly guessed that this might be the friend Mr. Bi had mentioned.

Once Qi Yun sat down, Mr. Bi poured him a cup of tea and then pointed to the tattooed man to introduce him: "Qi, my brother, let me introduce you, this is Brother Hui, well-connected and with extensive networks in Hong Kong."

"This time, it's thanks to you and Brother Hui, otherwise I would really be in big trouble."

Brother Hui grinned, revealing a set of yellowish teeth stained by smoke, and proactively extended a large hand: "Haha, Brother Qi, I've heard a lot about you."

"You helped Mr. Bi out so much this time, which means you've helped me, Brother Hui. In the future, if you have any trouble in Hong Kong, just come to me, and I'll definitely sort it out for you!"

Qi Yun also extended his hand to shake his, smiling as he responded warmly: "Brother Hui, you're too kind, I'll be counting on you to look out for me in the future."

Brother Hui laughed heartily: "Hahaha, we're all friends here, helping each other out, prospering together!"

After some small talk, Qi Yun feigned curiosity, turned to Mr. Bi, and asked: "Mr. Bi, why did you come to Hong Kong this time?"

Mr. Bi's expression grew serious, he sighed, took a sip of tea, and slowly said: "I haven't had the chance to explain everything yet. This matter isn't very honorable, but you're one of us, so it's okay to tell you."

"My assistant Jiang Yue colluded with my cousin, and they ran off with eighty million of my company's funds. Thankfully, you told me she was in Hong Kong yesterday, or they would have taken the money to London."

As he said this, Mr. Bi put down the teacup, his fists clenched unconsciously, his face filled with anger.

Brother Hui, beside him, was also enraged, slamming the armrest of the sofa, cursing: "Those heartless bastards, tonight they'll be sleeping with the fishes!"

Qi Yun was slightly startled, opened his mouth but said nothing.

Thinking to himself, don't say things like that, I don't want to know about this.

"Qi, my brother, if you don't have any urgent matters, let's return to the mainland together tomorrow. Give me a chance to treat you well tonight," Mr. Bi continued.

Qi Yun didn't stand on ceremony, nodded and replied: "Alright, I'll follow your arrangement, Mr. Bi."

As they were talking, a subordinate came in, walked quickly to Brother Hui, and said: "Boss, that little Japanese wants to see you."

Brother Hui frowned, showing impatience: "What does that punk want with me?"

The subordinate shook his head: "He wouldn't say, just insists on seeing you."

Brother Hui rubbed his temples in frustration, muttering: "Damn it, let's see what he's up to."

He then stood up and said to Mr. Bi and Qi Yun: "Gentlemen, let me deal with this, you carry on chatting."

Mr. Bi nodded slightly.

Qi Yun guessed that the person they mentioned as the punk was likely the Japanese Fukui Sakaeda mentioned in the intelligence.

So after Brother Hui left, Qi Yun faked curiosity, turned, and asked: "What Japanese?"

"Some guy's causing problems at Brother Hui's place, got caught and is locked up next door," Mr. Bi replied.

Qi Yun nodded, didn't ask further, and stood up, saying: "Mr. Bi, you sit tight, I'm going to the restroom."

"Hmm."

Qi Yun left the office, looked around, and walked down the corridor.

He hadn't gone far when he heard Brother Hui's furious voice coming from a room with an open door.

"You're dead meat, what do I want with your damn house, there's no point in talking if you can't pay, we'll sink you in the sea tomorrow!"

Qi Yun pretended to walk by, glancing in from the side, and saw Brother Hui in the room with the same subordinate, and a small-framed young man curled up in the corner, looking terrified.

He didn't linger, paused briefly, then continued walking forward.

What does that intelligence suggest... that I should save that Japanese guy?

Could there be some benefit?

Qi Yun shook his head, puzzled.

Maybe he could try using the system's new function... If this guy really had value, he could think of a way to save him later.

Anyway, from Brother Hui's tone, it seems like money would solve the issue.

With that thought, he concentrated, and the system screen appeared before his eyes.

[Query target: Fukui Sakaeda]

[Intelligence type available: Red (Cost 3 points), Green (Cost 9 points)]

"Green intelligence?"

This Japanese guy is actually linked to green intelligence!

Qi Yun's spirits lifted, as he happened to have 9 intelligence points.

"Hope you can provide some valuable intelligence..."

Query.

[Intelligence (Green): Fukui Sakaeda is a descendant of Fukui Yotei, in the study of his ancestral home, there's an old copy of Chiyun Country's Records of Land and People, inside the title page, there's a hidden prescription, the most important missing page from the Inner Canon of Huangdi, long-term use could strengthen the body, enhance physical condition]

"A prescription?"

"The Inner Canon of Huangdi!"

Qi Yun was shocked by the intelligence.

Who would have thought that the seemingly unremarkable Fukui Sakaeda had such a background, and that the prescription in Chiyun Country's Records of Land and People was so valuable.

Chapter 177: New Feature, Green Intelligence _2

If the intel is true, getting hold of this formula could be incredibly beneficial, even if we don't sell it—just taking it ourselves every day would be amazing.

He walked into the bathroom, turned on the tap, and started searching for related information on his phone.

Only then did he find out that Fukui Yotei is quite famous; the Inner Canon of Huangdi was discovered by him in the ancient books passed down in his family.

But that old guy hid the most precious page away.

"How to get that book, Chiyun Country's Records of Land and People, from his ancestral home..."

Qi Yun lit a cigarette and, after pondering for a moment with a frown, came up with a rough idea.

He left the bathroom and returned to the office.

Inside, Bro Hui was already back, chatting with Mr. Bi.

Qi Yun sat down, looked at Bro Hui with a smile, and casually asked, "Bro Hui, I heard you talking about a house when I was in the bathroom?"

Bro Hui puffed out a smoke ring and said angrily, "That little Japanese caused trouble in my place. I told him to settle it with 500,000, and he actually offered me some crappy house in a Japanese village in exchange. What the heck am I going to do with it?"

Qi Yun's mind shifted, but his face remained calm, and he said with a smile, "Bro Hui, if this little Japanese is using the house to offset the money, maybe it's worth something. Coincidentally, I'm looking to buy a house in Japan. Would you mind if I ask him about it?"

Bro Hui raised an eyebrow with a hint of confusion on his face, stared at Qi Yun for a few seconds, then laughed heartily, "Qi, you're really something. Who'd buy a crappy house in a Japanese village, but if you want to ask, go ahead."

"We're all friends here. If you like his house, I'll have him transfer it to you and let him off this time."

Qi Yun nodded with a smile, "Alright, thanks, Bro Hui. I'll go ask him first."

He got up and left, heading to the room where Fukui Sakaeda was held.

As soon as he entered, Fukui Sakaeda looked at him with hopeful eyes.

Qi Yun closed the door, walked up, squatted in front of him, and looked him in the eye, "Mr. Fukui, I heard you have a house in Japan?"

Fukui Sakaeda nodded eagerly, "Yes, I have an ancestral home in Kyoto Chiba Prefecture. If you let me leave, I can give you the house."

Qi Yun originally thought communication with this Japanese would be a bit tough, but he was surprised at how fluent Fukui's Chinese was.

And judging by the look in his eyes, it seemed he thought of Qi Yun as one of Bro Hui's people.

Qi Yun cleared his throat and explained, "Mr. Fukui, there's a misunderstanding. I'm not looking to take your house for free; I'm willing to pay for it."

Fukui Sakaeda paused for a moment, then a hint of joy flashed on his face, and he quickly replied, "Buying it is fine. Just give me 500,000."

Qi Yun smiled as he took a cigarette out of his pocket and handed it to him, lighting it before continuing, "Can you first tell me a bit about the house?"

Fukui Sakaeda gratefully took the cigarette, inhaled deeply, and his nervousness seemed to ease slightly.

"The house is in Anping Village, Chiba Prefecture. It's two stories, six rooms, and has a courtyard. It's my ancestral home and a bit old, so I don't visit often."

Qi Yun nodded and casually asked, "I heard these old Japanese houses usually have a study room. Does yours have one?"

Fukui Sakaeda seemed a bit puzzled but quickly replied, "Yes, it does. There are many books in there, all inherited from my ancestors."

Upon confirmation, Qi Yun felt at ease and continued, "The price of 500,000 is fine, but I want the house kept as it is, including all the things inside."

Upon hearing this, Fukui Sakaeda's face lit up with delight, "Sure, no problem. Everything's yours! Just give me the money!"

Qi Yun smiled at him, "Mr. Fukui, no need to rush. I'll get you the money soon. I'll find a lawyer to help us with the transfer procedures; I hope you'll cooperate."

Fukui Sakaeda nodded quickly, "I'll cooperate! I definitely will."

"Alright, just wait a moment then." With that, Qi Yun patted his shoulder and turned to leave the room.

Back in the office, he looked at Bro Hui and said, "Bro Hui, the Japanese guy's house isn't bad. I quite like it and plan to buy it."

Bro Hui waved dismissively, even his chest tattoo quivered, "What's there to buy? I already said if you like it, I'll have the kid transfer it to you, and let him off the hook."

Qi Yun laughed, "Bro Hui, I can't do that. I know you're chivalrous, treating me like a friend, but I can't take advantage of this for free."

"I've already negotiated a price of 500,000 with him. As for your business with him, handle it however you see fit."

Bro Hui seemed about to say more, but Mr. Bi noticed that Qi Yun didn't want to owe him a favor, or perhaps didn't want to be involved in something illegal.

So Bi smiled and chimed in, "Bro Hui, let's go with Little Brother Qi's suggestion. We've just met, and he's too polite to take advantage. We'll have many more opportunities in the future."

Upon hearing Mr. Bi, Bro Hui paused before bursting into a hearty laugh, "Alright, since both of you say so, I won't insist."

"Little Brother Qi, you're indeed straightforward, not liking to owe favors. I quite admire that."

Qi Yun quickly clasped his hands, "Thank you, Bro Hui, for understanding."

"By the way, are there any Japanese lawyers in Hong Kong?"

Bro Hui took a sip of his tea, smiling, "This is Hong Kong; you can find any kind of lawyer here. I'll get in touch for you right now!"

With that, he set down his tea, pulled out his phone, and quickly scanned his contacts.

Soon enough, he found a number and dialed it.

"Hello, Chen, this is Boss Hui! Do you know any reliable Japanese lawyers? I have a friend who wants to buy a house in Japan and needs a knowledgeable lawyer to handle the paperwork."

"Alright, have him come directly to my bar."

Hanging up, Bro Hui smiled smugly, "All set."

"Thanks, Bro Hui." Qi Yun expressed his gratitude again.

...

Two hours later, the agent lawyer prepared the necessary materials for the transfer and left, promising to complete everything within five days.

True to his word, Qi Yun transferred 500,000 to Fukui Sakaeda, but the money just passed through his account and ended up in Bro Hui's pocket.

"Son of a gun, if you dare cause trouble in my place again, I'll feed you to the fishes! Now get lost!" Bro Hui swore as he kicked Fukui Sakaeda out.

Fukui Sakaeda, feeling as if granted amnesty, slunk out of the bar and quickly disappeared into the street.

"Bro Hui, could you have someone follow him for a few days, ensure he doesn't leave Hong Kong before the transfer is complete?" Qi Yun whispered.

Bro Hui nodded, "No problem, a minor task." With that, he immediately called over a subordinate and gave a few instructions.

With everything settled, and as night fell, Mr. Bi invited the two of them to a nondescript restaurant for dinner.

Upon entering the private room, Qi Yun was momentarily stunned. A few scantily clad, blonde-haired, blue-eyed women were already waiting inside.

Most striking was the one on the table, covered in various sashimi dishes, looking just like scenes he'd seen on TV.

Seeing Qi Yun's expression, Mr. Bi laughed and said, "Little Brother Qi, don't be so reserved, tonight is all about relaxing."

Unlike Qi Yun, Bro Hui seemed right at home, obviously not his first visit, as he licked his lips and plopped down, arms around two women.

Though a bit uncomfortable, Qi Yun didn't want to embarrass Mr. Bi, so he gave a forced laugh and sat down as well.

After a few rounds of drinks, Qi Yun swallowed food offered by one of the women next to him and checked his watch. It was nearing eight o'clock.

Looking at Bro Hui who had just finished washing his face, he asked, "Bro Hui, I heard there's a horse race tonight. Can you help me place a bet?"

Chapter 178: Five Percent Equity

"Brother Qi, do you have some knowledge about horse racing too?" When Brother Hui heard this, his eyes lit up, and he pushed the beauty beside him away and sat up straight.

Qi Yun laughed and waved his hand, "I wouldn't call it research, just going with the flow since I'm here and trying it out for fun."

"Haha, alright, since Brother Qi is interested, I'll arrange something for you right now." With that, Brother Hui took out his phone and dialed a number adeptly, "Hey, A-Qiang! There's a horse race tonight, right? I have a friend here who wants to place a bet, help me set it up.

"Okay, send the account number to my phone, and I'll transfer the money over later."

"Brother Qi, A-Qiang will send over the account number in a bit, you can just transfer the money directly." Brother Hui handed over a cigarette and continued, "Which horse are you planning to bet on? Let me know, to be honest, I have quite some knowledge in this area and can give you some advice."

"Brother Hui, this is my first time playing, so I don't know much about these horses." Qi Yun took the cigarette and explained with a smile, "But a friend of mine told me that horse number 4 in the 8:30 race is good, so I'm planning to invest a million to test the waters."

"If you guys are interested, you can put in a bit too."

"A million? Such a large bet?" Brother Hui was stunned, checked his phone, then looked up with a slightly strange expression, "Brother Qi, there's horse number 1 'Great Mighty Dragon' in the 8:30 race, and it has been on a 12-race winning streak."

"Your friend wouldn't be tricking you, right? A million isn't a small amount, it'd be a pity if it got washed away."

Qi Yun raised an eyebrow but still smiled easily, "Brother Hui, it's alright, I don't really enjoy playing these things. My friend said horse number 4 is definitely going to win this round, so I'll trust him this once."

Brother Hui didn't persuade further after hearing this, immediately sending over the account information.

Qi Yun picked up his phone and transferred 1.4 million to the other account, then looked at Mr. Bi and Brother Hui and said, "I've bought you guys each a stake of 200,000. If we win, the money is yours. If not, it's on me, just some fun for everyone."

Mr. Bi and Brother Hui were both taken aback when they heard this.

Brother Hui pointed at Qi Yun with a smile, "Brother Qi, I've mixed in the scene for so many years and seen all sorts of people, but folks as generous and loyal as you are rare."

"I'll remember your kindness today. As they say, if you ever encounter any trouble on Hong Kong Island in the future, Big Brother Hui will definitely handle it for you!"

Mr. Bi also patted Qi Yun on the shoulder, shaking his head with a smile, "You helped me so much yesterday, and I said I'd host you tonight, so how can I let you spend the money? I'll transfer the 1.4 million back to you later, and the winnings are yours."

Qi Yun naturally understood that for these two, twenty or thirty thousand was just a drop in the bucket.

His actions were merely a friendly gesture to strengthen their relations.

Thus, he quickly waved his hand, "Mr. Bi, there's no need for that, we're all old friends, no need to talk about help and favors."

"Besides, betting on horse racing is just for fun. Returning the money would make our relationship seem distant."

Seeing Qi Yun's sincere expression, Mr. Bi didn't insist further, nodding silently.

Then there was more drink and laughter, and the three no longer paid attention to the race, listening to Brother Hui talk about some interesting things in Hong Kong Island.

Until the time reached 20:35.

"Ding dong!"

"Ding dong!"

Brother Hui's phone on the table received several messages in quick succession.

He picked up the phone, his eyes widening instantly, and he quickly looked up at Qi Yun, shouting, "We won, horse number 4 won!"

Mr. Bi was also surprised when he heard, looking at Qi Yun with a strange expression, "Wow, it seems your friend is indeed something."

Qi Yun remained calm, appearing nonchalant, "Haha, the result of horse racing is always unpredictable, if you ask me, winning is thanks to your guys' good luck."

Brother Hui laughed heartily, giving Qi Yun's shoulder a heavy pat that almost made him stumble.

"Brother Qi, you are too interesting!"

"..."

After eating and drinking to their fill, Mr. Bi arranged for more activities, but Brother Hui had something to handle at his venue and left early.

Mr. Bi took Qi Yun to the Peninsula Hotel's spa to thoroughly unwind.

"Brother Qi, interested in a stake in my company? You put in five million, and I'll give you 5% from my shares." In the sauna room, Mr. Bi wiped the sweat off his forehead and asked.

Qi Yun was slightly stunned, not expecting such an invitation from the other.

He had heard from Shi Feng before that Mr. Bi's jewelry company had over 300 million in sales just last year.

5% in shares would yield dividends far exceeding five million. It was clearly a gesture of gratitude for yesterday, both to give him money and to enhance their relationship.

He hesitated for a moment and tentatively asked, "Mr. Bi, is this appropriate?"

Mr. Bi laughed, patting his shoulder, "Brother Qi, there's nothing inappropriate, you helped me a lot, without you, those 80 million would be gone."

"I, Bi, am not an ungrateful person. This share is nothing, and besides, we're old friends, I have faith in your abilities."

"When we go back, I'll introduce you to a few of the other shareholders, they're something else too."

Qi Yun recognized that Mr. Bi truly wanted him in his circle. Although he had some money now, compared to these top bosses, there was still quite a gap.

Such a gap wasn't just in wealth accumulation, but also in class and connections.

Without Mr. Bi's offer, forget five million, even with 20 million, he might not get those shares.

Thus, he didn't refuse, readily agreeing, "Haha, alright then, thanks a lot, Mr. Bi."

Mr. Bi smiled with satisfaction, "We're brothers, no need to be polite. Once we return, I will set up the share transfer, and you should definitely participate in company matters, give us some advice."

Qi Yun knew it was just being polite and quickly waved it off, "I'm an outsider, just not causing trouble is enough. In future, if you need me for anything, just let me know."

"Brother Qi, you're too modest. I believe in your ability, even if you're an outsider, sometimes an outside view can see what we overlook."

"..."

After relaxing, Mr. Bi handed him a room card, with a mysterious smile, "There's a surprise in the room." With that, he waved and left first.

Qi Yun took the room card, paused for a moment, and took the elevator to the 28th floor.

"Beep!" The room door opened, and the lighting inside was ambiguous.

A rich and subtle fragrance wafted to his nose.

Soon, there were two soft exclamations of "Annyeong" beside his ears.

...

Five minutes later, Qi Yun took a shower and lay on the sofa smoking a cigarette.

Although the two Korean models were really sexy, compared to Wang Fei, there was still quite a gap, and he wasn't in the mood to engage.

Moreover, expending energy outside, where would there be strength left to go home tomorrow?

Since the return flight tomorrow was at 11 a.m., he hesitated to check today's intel messages, lest they were all about Hong Kong Island, leaving him short on time to handle it.

At that moment, the phone beside him suddenly lit up, and a WeChat message came into view.

"Boss, are you still interested in investing in my game? My official version is ready now, all that's missing is servers and bandwidth."

Qi Yun then remembered, the night before going to the desert, there was intel about a game, he even played it, then forgot all about it.

He took a drag of his cigarette and replied, "Come to my office tomorrow afternoon to talk face to face, I'll send you the address."

The game was quite interesting, and at this stage only needed a 50,000 investment, which was worth a try.

...

The next day, Brother Hui personally sent Qi Yun and Mr. Bi to the airport, and the three parted at the terminal.

Brother Hui patted Qi Yun on the shoulder, seriously saying, "Brother Qi, don't worry about that little Japanese issue, I'll continue to have people watch him, he won't leave Hong Kong Island. Also, if you ever need anything here, feel free to call me."

Qi Yun smiled gratefully, "Thanks, Brother Hui, let's keep in touch."

Brother Hui nodded, then bid farewell to Mr. Bi.

Neither mentioned Jiang Yue nor that cousin, leaving Qi Yun unsure of their outcome...

The airplane cut through the sky, and five hours later, Qi Yun changed from wearing a t-shirt to donning an overcoat.

Chapter 179: President Qi, My Name Is Yuan Hua

In the office, Qi Yun took the tea Zhong Rui handed over, took a sip, then looked up at the young man sitting upright on the sofa opposite.

The young man's hair was long, looking like it hadn't been cut in ages, his complexion somewhat pale, typical of someone who stays up late often, yet his eyes were exceptionally bright.

He felt puzzled, wondering why the opposite party, well-enrolled in university, would choose to drop out.

After staring at the young man for a long while, he lit a cigarette and slowly said, "Give me a reason to invest in you."

The young man slightly straightened up and began speaking, "Mr. Qi, the game I've developed is very different from those on the market, in terms of gameplay..."

"I've already played your game, what I want to hear is not about that." Qi Yun interrupted the young man before he could finish.

The young man was slightly taken aback, his mind racing rapidly, yet he couldn't think of how to answer this question.

After being silent for a long time, he opened his mouth and said, "I want to make money."

"What do you want to make money for?" Qi Yun pressed further.

The young man mustered up courage to say, "My first love girlfriend ran off with a rich second generation, I want to make money to make her regret her choice."

The atmosphere in the office quieted down, Qi Yun's hand holding the cigarette paused midair, seeming unprepared for such an answer.

A real-life 'Don't underestimate the poor young man'?

He cleared his throat, covering up the discomfort, "Your sincerity has moved me, giving you fifty thousand is no issue, but since it's an investment, what do I get in return?"

"Once the game goes live and starts making money, you take the majority, just give me a little bit." The young man's reply was quite naive, clearly lacking experience in this aspect.

Qi Yun blew out a smoke ring and slowly said, "My suggestion is to form a new company, you get 49% of the shares, and the game's intellectual property rights and software copyright belong to the company."

"My investment isn't limited to the fifty thousand; if necessary, I can continue to add more."

"What do you think?"

Hearing this, the young man's eyes suddenly sparkled with excitement, nodding hastily, "Yes, no problem!"

"Then it's decided." Qi Yun gestured to Zhong Rui again, introducing, "This is the company's financial officer and my assistant, anything you need to purchase, you can tell him."

"By the way, are you local? Where are you living now?"

The young man shook his head, "I'm staying in a rented room."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun pondered a moment and said, "If you don't mind, you can move here, there are plenty of empty rooms upstairs."

"Thank you, Mr. Qi." The young man stood up immediately to bow and thank him.

Qi Yun waved him off, standing up and instructing Zhong Rui, "You've heard all that's been said just now, find some time to register a new company and then..."

"Haven't asked your name yet."

"Mr. Qi, my name is Yuan Hua." The young man replied.

Upon hearing it, Qi Yun paused briefly, thinking the name was quite deep.

He turned back to continue instructing Zhong Rui, "Get whatever Yuan Hua needs, and also prepare him some living supplies."

"Got it, boss." Zhong Rui nodded, indicating he understood.

"Alright, I'll be going first, call me if there's anything." With that, Qi Yun started walking toward the door.

"Wait a second, boss." Zhong Rui stopped him from the back door.

Qi Yun turned around, asking, "Anything else?"

Zhong Rui took two steps forward and explained, "Regarding the data acquisition system project, the bidding opens tomorrow, the people from Grand Software have already sent over the prepared proposal and project plan, will you attend?"

Qi Yun pondered slightly after hearing that, nodded, "Give me a call tomorrow, if I have time, I'll go."

"Okay, boss."

After handling matters here, Qi Yun didn't head straight home but drove to find Liu Meng, hoping to ask him to recommend two skilled people.

In a few days, he'll be going abroad to Japan and the Goose, he feels slightly uneasy to go alone, especially since the Goose is known for its boisterous folk, better bring a couple of bodyguards for safety.

As the car just parked at the courtyard gate, Liu Meng happened to ride over on a motorcycle from afar.

He parked the bike, took off his helmet, revealing a set of bright white teeth, and grinned, "Why didn't you call ahead, so I could come back early to prepare some food and drinks."

Qi Yun looked at Liu Meng covered in dust and dirt, clearly just returning from a construction site.

He took out a cigarette and handed one over, smiling as he said, "No need to trouble yourself, I just want to chat and will be on my way."

"What is it, go ahead." Liu Meng lit the cigarette after accepting it, answering.

The two sat down in the courtyard, and Qi Yun explained his intention.

"Two requirements, first they must be trustworthy, second they must be skilled."

After taking two deep drags, Liu Meng began to frown in thought.

After a long while, he looked up and said, "There's one candidate, but let me call first."

Qi Yun nodded, "Ask now, I'm planning to head out in three to four days."

Liu Meng took out his phone, browsed through his contacts, and dialed a number.

With the sound of the telephone beeping, Liu Meng waited for the call to connect while saying to Qi Yun, "This person is called Chen Wei, used to be my comrade-in-arms, from the Special Forces, his skills are unquestionably superb, loyal and trustworthy."

Qi Yun listened and nodded in silence.

After a while, the call connected, and Liu Meng raised his voice, saying, "Hey, Old Chen, it's me, Liu Meng!"

"..."

A few minutes later, Liu Meng put down his phone and turned around, "He's coming over from Rong City tomorrow."

"Okay." Qi Yun stood up and patted the other's shoulder, "Call me when he arrives. I'll head off now."

"Hey, wait a minute." Liu Meng called him back, frowning, "Didn't you say you'd take me with you last time?"

Qi Yun smiled and replied, "I thought about it, and you'd better not go. Abroad is different from home, it's not as safe. If anything happens to you, I won't be able to explain it to your family."

When Liu Meng heard this, he showed a dissatisfied expression. He took a deep drag of his cigarette and then pressed the cigarette butt hard on the ground: "What's the matter, you don't think much of my skills? Even though I haven't trained much in recent years, dealing with three to five people is still a piece of cake."

Seeing Liu Meng's anxious look, Qi Yun knew it was hard to convince him, so he had to respond evasively, "Let me think about it."

...

When he got home, Zhao Qing had already prepared a sumptuous dinner.

Hearing the commotion at the door, she hurried over from the sofa, throwing herself into Qi Yun's arms and pressing her face against his chest, hugging him tightly.

Qi Yun was somewhat surprised by her sudden action, but he felt warm inside. He gently stroked her hair and smiled, "What's up? Missing me so much today?"

Zhao Qing lifted her head and looked at him, her eyes slightly red-rimmed.

Qi Yun sensed something was off with her emotions, so he asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Upon hearing this, tears streamed from Zhao Qing's eyes, and her voice choked, "Dean Luo passed away this morning."

Dean Luo?

Qi Yun was stunned for a moment, and then he realized that the director of the welfare home seemed to have the surname Luo. An image of a gray-haired, kindly face unconsciously appeared in his mind.

He was a good person.

Zhao Qing clutched Qi Yun's clothes tightly, her tears flowing endlessly: "This morning, someone from the welfare home called me, saying Dean Luo passed peacefully, without suffering."

"But I'm still very sad, she took care of me since I was little, just like family."

Qi Yun gently patted Zhao Qing's back, not knowing how to comfort her. After all, everyone experiences this sooner or later.

He sighed and softly asked, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Zhao Qing shook her head, "Her family is already handling the funeral arrangements. Accompany me to the burial, okay?"

Qi Yun nodded and gently wiped the tears from Zhao Qing's face, "Yes, I'll go with you."

Zhao Qing tried to compose herself, forcing a smile, "Go wash up and eat, I'll call Nuannuan."

The little girl hadn't seen Qi Yun for a few days. Upon hearing of his return, she immediately ran out of the study room and wrapped her arms around his leg.

"Daddy, did you miss me?"

Qi Yun wiped his hands dry, crouched down, picked up his daughter in his arms, kissed her plump little cheek, and smiled, "Of course Daddy missed Nuannuan. Have you been a good girl and listened to Sister Qing these days?"

The little girl clung to his neck, nodding vigorously, saying crisply, "Nuannuan's been very good and even helped Sister Qing with the chores."

"What a good girl Nuannuan is!" Qi Yun said, carrying his daughter to the dining table.

The family gathered around the dining table. The warm yellow light cascaded down, but the atmosphere was not as relaxed as usual. Although Zhao Qing tried to smile, there was still a hint of sadness in her eyes.

...

At night, Zhao Qing rested her head on Qi Yun's arm, snuggling closer to him as she gradually fell asleep. Perhaps it was the only way she could find some sense of security.

Qi Yun quietly gazed at her sleeping face. The tear stains on her cheek were faintly visible, and his heart felt as if an invisible hand was gently squeezing it, a feeling he found hard to bear.

He sighed softly and drew Zhao Qing a little closer in his embrace.

[Current Intelligence Points: 1]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): Re Lijiang arrived in Bird City from Kashi on last night's flight. His trip is specifically aimed at you.]

Isn't that slicked-back hair unwilling to give up?

After the fire at the pharmaceutical plant last time, Qi Yun suspected it might have been instigated by this guy, but without evidence, the accident was deemed to be caused by an aging distribution box.

Unexpectedly, this guy actually came to Bird City in person. What might he do against me this time?

Qi Yun internally heightened his vigilance.

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): Director Yu has made arrangements for you to join the Municipal X; it will be announced at the election meeting at the end of this month.]

Qi Yun wasn't too surprised by this piece of intelligence. Although Director Yu's words were tactful that day, Qi Yun clearly understood that with the energy of that department, handling this matter wouldn't be difficult.

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Blue): Qiu Jiahao has a batch of jade worth eight million in his hands, and is looking for ways to sell it on the black market.]

"Huh?"

Qi Yun was a bit surprised since the last time he received news about this guy, Qiu Jiahao had just fled from the Myanmar North Park, and now he managed to get his hands on a batch of jade?

Eight million worth of jade, I'll contact that guy tomorrow. If the price is right...

Chapter 180: Who Would Give Away Jade Worth Eight Million?

Early the next morning, Qi Yun received a call from Zhong Rui. Thinking that he had nothing planned for the day, he decided to join Zhong Rui in attending the bidding event.

The two of them met at the entrance of the Bird City New District Public Security Bureau, where Grand Software had also sent several project managers and architects.

There were a total of four companies bidding today. Besides Qi Yun's group, the other two were companies brought in by Grand Software just to fill seats, while the remaining one, Huaying Technology, Zhong Rui didn't know much about.

The group entered a spacious conference room, verified their identities, and quietly waited for the bids to begin.

From the corner, Qi Yun turned to Zhong Rui and asked, "Who are the people from Huaying Technology?"

He felt inexplicably uneasy about this sudden participant.

Because in this ecosystem, usually no one would come just to hang around unless they had their own avenues...

But judging from Zhang Dayong's previous attitude, he should have absolute authority on this project...

Zhong Rui scanned the room and, without drawing attention, pointed to a group on the right front side, "It should be them."

Qi Yun looked in that direction. A middle-aged man opposite seemed to sense his gaze and gave him a meaningful smile.

Just then, the door of the conference room swung open again, and several judges filed in, signaling the official start of the bidding.

Staff members placed the bids from each company on the table for the judges to meticulously review.

The entire room was so quiet that only the rustling sound of paper turning could be heard.

After about ten minutes, a staff member from the bidding agency stepped onto the stage and said, "Will the representative from Yunqing Technology please come forward to present your project proposal?"

A technical lead from Grand Software, sitting to Qi Yun's right, stood up and walked to the podium.

In fact, for projects like this, especially government ones, the technical requirements aren't particularly high. Most of them reuse mature frameworks from a few years back, with minor modifications.

In contrast, systems aimed at individual users might not be on the cutting edge but at least aren't lagging far behind newer foreign technologies.

The explanations from the subsequent two seat-filler companies and the competitor, Huaying Technology, were all quite similar.

After all four companies had explained their technical proposals, the judges retired to an adjacent small meeting room to begin the evaluation.

During this time, Qi Yun intentionally observed the group from Huaying Technology at the right front, noting that they all appeared relaxed and confident, as if victory was assured.

After waiting about an hour, the judges returned to the stage, and the agency staff began the bid announcements.

"Dingsheng Technology, bid 6.38 million, overall score 81.

Changxiang Software, bid 6.35 million, overall score 82.

Yunqing Technology, bid 5.98 million, overall score 92.

Huaying Technology, bid 5.95 million, overall score 93."

"The winner of the Bird City New District Public Security Bureau Data Collection System Upgrade Project is Huaying Technology!"

Following the announcement of the results, the conference room fell into a silence akin to a pin drop.

The expressions on the faces of the Grand Software team were filled with disbelief.

Zhong Rui gaped slightly, staring blankly at Qi Yun.

The people from the two seat-filler companies appeared indifferent, quickly gathering their documents to leave.

The middle-aged man from Huaying Technology glanced over and smiled while slightly bowing his head towards Qi Yun.

Although Qi Yun was full of doubts inside, he maintained a calm demeanor on the surface, offering a faint smile in return.

It seemed like the other party had formidable connections; no wonder they seemed so assured before the bidding.

Even though Qi Yun was eager to go to the office and ask Zhang Dayong about the situation, his rationale told him that would not be the right move.

Rushing to question them right after losing the bid would somewhat resemble coming to settle scores.

Given their relationship, he believed Zhang Dayong would take the initiative to explain the reason.

"Let's go."

He stood up, patted Zhong Rui on the shoulder, and then said to the leader of the Grand Software team, "You all worked hard today. You can head back; I'll explain the situation to President Huang later."

"Alright, President Qi."

After leaving the conference room, Qi Yun retrieved his phone from the locker and found a message from Zhang Dayong, sent as he had entered the conference room.

It simply read "Circumstances have changed."

Qi Yun pondered for a moment, chose not to reply, and led Zhong Rui towards the parking lot.

Just then, a black Range Rover abruptly stopped in front of them.

The window of the driver's seat slowly lowered, revealing a familiar face.

It was Re Lijiang, who had suffered a silent loss at Qi Yun's hands last time.

Re Lijiang grinned mischievously, scrutinizing Qi Yun up and down, "Mr. Qi, we meet again."

At this point, Qi Yun understood fully well what was happening; Huaying Technology was clearly brought in by this guy.

Although I don't know what price this guy paid to snatch the speaking rights originally belonging to Zhang Dayong, at least it proves one thing: the opponent's influence in Bird City is not insignificant.

Qi Yun gave a faint smile, said nothing more, and walked towards his BMW 5 Series.

Defeat is defeat, there will be another chance to win next time; only the incompetent choose to talk big at such times.

Seeing this, Re Lijiang didn't say much either, rolled up the window, and drove towards the gate.

Back in the car, Qi Yun took out his phone and dialed Huang Juncai's number.

Once the call connected, without waiting for him to speak, Huang Juncai on the other end said first: "Hehe, President Qi, I just heard from my people about the situation, it's alright, we'll have another chance to work together next time."

"Thank you President Huang for understanding. It is indeed a pity this time that there was unexpected competition." Qi Yun said with a bit of helplessness and apologetically.

Huang Juncai laughed heartily on the phone: "Business is like a battlefield, such situations are all too normal."

"Hmm." Qi Yun nodded, not dwelling further, and instead said: "Your company also incurred some costs this time, since the project didn't go through, these expenses should be on me."

Designing the project plan, finding a company to accompany the bid, and bringing so many people to participate in the bidding all required money. Qi Yun didn't want to take advantage of the other side.

Upon hearing this, Huang Jun quickly said: "President Qi, there's no need for that, it's too formal. The accompanying bid companies are all from friends, and we can count as friends too, so no need to worry about these minor details."

Hearing the sincerity in his voice, Qi Yun didn't insist: "Then thank you, President Huang. Call me when you have time, my treat, let's get together."

Huang Juncai laughed heartily: "Alright, once this busy period is over, I'll contact you, and we can find a good place to have a chat."

"Okay, goodbye."

After hanging up, Qi Yun let out a long sigh, adjusted his mindset, then turned to Zhong Rui and asked: "How are things with Yuan Hua?"

Zhong Rui quickly straightened up and replied: "We got him a room upstairs, he moved in last night."

"In addition, we also specifically set aside an office for him; the server has been purchased, and the telecom people will come in the afternoon to set up the network."

Qi Yun nodded, patted his shoulder, and said: "From now on, your work will no longer be just about managing finances, you'll also be responsible for some daily chores."

Zhong Rui nodded: "Alright boss, I will handle whatever tasks you assign me seriously."

"Alright, starting this month, your salary will increase to ten thousand." Qi Yun showed a satisfied smile and started painting a bright picture, "Work hard, and once the company grows stronger, I'll make you the vice president."

Upon hearing this, Zhong Rui's eyes instantly gleamed with joy, and his face was full of excitement.

He quickly said: "Thank you boss! I will definitely work hard and not let you down."

"Alright, you can take a taxi back yourself."

...

After Zhong Rui left, Qi Yun picked up his phone again and dialed a stranger's number.

The phone rang a few times before it was finally answered, and a slightly hoarse voice came from the other side: "Hello, who is this?"

Qi Yun was startled, asking: "Why does your voice sound like that?"

On the other side, deep in a forest wilderness.

Qiu Jiahao was also dumbfounded; the voice from the receiver sounded somewhat familiar to him.

But he just got this number the day before yesterday, and few people knew about it.

He didn't answer the question, instinctively touching his still slightly sore throat, recalling an unpleasant experience in the park, a shiver ran through his heart.

"Who are you? Speak, or I'll hang up."

"It's Qi Yun."

Qi Yun clicked his tongue, thinking that this guy had it rough in the park, his voice sounded worse than a duck's call.

Hearing it was Qi Yun, Qiu Jiahao was slightly stunned, then his voice carried a bit of complex emotion: "Qi Yun? How did you get this number? What do you want?"

Qi Yun didn't waste time with idle talk and said straightforwardly: "Do you have a batch of jadeite that you want to sell?"

Upon hearing this, Qiu Jiahao was so shocked that his phone almost slipped out of his hand, he stammered and asked, "How... how do you know?"

He indeed had a batch of jadeite; he and another person from Yunnan Province had risked great danger to escape from the park, but the park people hadn't let them go and were still hunting them down.

They had no choice but to keep running. Later, the other person from Yunnan Province was unfortunately shot; although Qiu Jiahao managed to get him to a village doctor to treat the wound, the person still bled out and died.

Before dying, the Yunnan Province person told him that he was a jadeite trader and had hidden a batch of jadeite near the border, giving them all to him.

Qiu Jiahao fled all the way and finally found that batch of jadeite, but afraid that those people were still looking for him, he didn't dare to sell it openly, planning instead to find a black market to sell it if possible.

"Don't worry about how I know." Qi Yun's tone was flat as he continued, "Just tell me if you have it, I'll pay for it."

Qiu Jiahao steadied himself, still shocked at how the other party seemed to know everything about his situation, but at present this was indeed an opportunity for him.

He took a deep breath and replied: "I do have a batch of jadeite, all unprocessed materials."

"Where did the materials come from?" Qi Yun continued to ask.

"They were given to me by someone else," Qiu Jiahao replied truthfully.

Qi Yun was a bit surprised to hear this; materials worth eight million could just be given away?