

Middle Age 231

Chapter 231: My Name Is Qi Yun, Not Jack Ma (Part 2)

"Moreover, even though your project has potential, the uncertainty is significant, and I must consider it carefully."

Tao Ziming's eyes flashed with disappointment, but he didn't let go: "Mr. Qi, I understand your concerns. I was too hasty and didn't consider your situation."

"But I really hope you can give us a chance. We can readjust the funding budget."

Seeing Tao Ziming's persistence, Qi Yun sighed and sat back in his chair: "Give me a new number and tell me what I can get."

"Think it through, and give me an answer only when you're sure."

After saying that, he took out a cigarette and quietly waited for the other's answer.

Tao Ziming felt a glimmer of hope upon hearing this.

He opened the laptop on the table, quickly checked the notepad, then licked his dry lips and organized his thoughts quickly.

"Mr. Qi, we can first reduce the funding requirement to eight million. This eight million is mainly for sustaining the R&D work for the next few months..."

"In return, we're willing to transfer 15% of the company shares to you. Although the company hasn't undergone a formal valuation, without counting our research achievements, the value of the imported equipment in the workshop alone is no less than sixty million."

"How do you think?"

After speaking, Tao Ziming nervously observed Qi Yun's expression, afraid that he would be dissatisfied with this proposal.

Qi Yun was silent for a moment, his fingers gently tapping his knee, his expression deep and his thoughts unreadable.

Eight million for a 15% share—whether it's worth it or not can't be said definitively. The reason he decided to invest was partly because he trusted the information given by the system;

and partly because he felt that Tao Ziming was a capable person, possessing traits of someone who could achieve success.

After pondering for a while, he slowly began, "Eight million for 15% equity—looking just at the value you've mentioned, I'm not losing out, but investment isn't just about the present, it's also about the future."

"You mentioned this eight million would sustain R&D for a few months, but what about after those months? If more funding is needed, should I continue investing?"

Tao Ziming was slightly stunned, showing a hint of embarrassment, and hurriedly explained: "Mr. Qi, I understand your concern. I proposed eight million just to sustain the company's current operations. Later, I will find ways to continue raising funds..."

"In any case, I won't easily give up on this project, and the money you invest won't go to waste."

After he finished speaking, Qi Yun took a deep drag from his cigarette before replying, "Let me think about it. I'll give you an answer tomorrow."

Tao Ziming showed a look of anticipation and quickly nodded, saying, "Okay, Mr. Qi, I'll wait for your reply. No matter the result, I am very grateful that you took the time to understand our company."

Qi Yun stood up and extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray, "Alright, let's leave it at that. I'll think it over."

...

After leaving the factory, Qi Yun sat in the car, still contemplating the investment matter.

He could come up with eight million at the moment; there are over nine million in the bank account, and in a few days, once those two shops are demolished, a few more million will come in.

Besides, he doesn't have to worry about cash flow. Not to mention the system occasionally provides profitable information;

the few businesses he invested in yield nearly a million in dividends each month. That doesn't even include the recently developed trading company, or Mr. Bi's jewelry company.

As for fixed expenses, right now it's just the employees' salaries at the internet company and rent, totaling less than a hundred thousand a month.

So currently, he doesn't face much financial pressure; it won't collapse like before.

In terms of returns... if they really develop that kind of battery, investing eight million could increase at least tenfold, if not more?

"Ding ding ding~"

A sudden urgent ringing interrupted his thoughts, and Shi Feng's name appeared on the phone screen in his hand.

"Hello?"

"Oh... Old Qi, something... something's happened..." Shi Feng panted heavily, his voice trembling.

Qi Yun's heart tensed, instinctively tightening his grip on the phone, and he asked in a deep voice, "Don't worry, tell me slowly, what happened?"

On the other end, Shi Feng seemed to calm his breathing before continuing, "Those bastards actually have detonators! It went off!"

Qi Yun held his breath upon hearing this, thinking it's really dangerous—messing with something like that.

"What's the situation now? Are you hurt?" he quickly asked.

"I'm fine," Shi Feng replied, "Those guys were cornered in a room. One of them panicked, lit the detonator, and threw it out the window, but it bounced back and went off inside!"

Qi Yun let out a long breath at hearing this, really afraid something bad had happened to Shi Feng.

"What's the situation over there now?"

Shi Feng replied from the other end of the phone, "I don't know; the building hasn't collapsed. Those bastards even brought out detonators—who knows what other things they have, didn't dare go in to check."

"The commotion was too big; I bet the neighbors have called the police. I've let the others retreat first, and I'm heading to the police station to turn myself in."

"I just called to let you know, so once I'm inside, you'll have to figure out how to help from the outside."

Qi Yun smacked his lips; these guys really don't consider the consequences—it's a serious issue when detonators go off.

Shi Feng's decision to turn himself in was clearly wise, but as for taking responsibility...

Thinking of this, he immediately replied, "Don't worry, I'll figure something out. Don't go to the police station. Head to the New District Branch now..."

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Shi Feng quickly responded after hearing, "Okay, understood."

After hanging up, Qi Yun quickly dialed Zhang Dayong's number and gave him a brief rundown of the situation.

Zhang Dayong was also a bit stunned after listening.

It's not like he hasn't seen someone go underground, but what's going on with his mom bringing detonators? Has he lost all his skills and is just relying on being reckless?

After a full minute of silence, he finally replied, "I know. I'll send people over right now. About your friend..."

"It's hard to say right now. I can only tell you after understanding the specific situation."

Qi Yun felt a tightness in his heart. Hearing this from the other party, he understood that things were indeed tricky.

However, he said no more, knowing that with their relationship, Zhang Dayong would surely do his best if there were something possible.

"Okay, I've already sent him to the city bureau."

After ending the call, Qi Yun immediately instructed Chen Wei, "Brother Wei, let's not go home first. We're heading to the New District's Public Security Bureau."

Upon hearing this, Chen Wei didn't ask much; he simply nodded silently, deftly turned the steering wheel, and rushed towards the city center.

The atmosphere in the car was somewhat oppressive. Qi Yun leaned against the seat, furrowing his brows.

Over half an hour later, the car stopped on the street beside the Public Security Bureau.

Qi Yun chose not to go to Zhang Dayong's office for now but instead sent a message to him, then lit a cigarette and patiently waited in the car.

After about two hours, his phone lit up again. After glancing at the message, he got out of the car and walked towards the entrance.

In the office, Zhang Dayong sighed and got straight to the point, "The situation is a bit complicated. Colleagues who rushed to the scene said those people have already fled, and now our men are chasing them down."

"Moreover, there are indeed traces in that room indicating that detonators have been detonated, and some bloodstains were found. It's still unclear if there are fatalities."

"As for how to characterize the incident, I can't make decisions, especially since it involves detonators, which is a bit sensitive. The higher-ups have already been alarmed, and we need to wait for instructions from the city bureau leaders."

Qi Yun frowned upon hearing this, not expecting the situation to become increasingly complex.

Seeing this, Zhang Dayong patted him on the shoulder and said, "Shi Feng is currently temporarily detained in the interrogation room. We're just conducting normal questioning and investigation, so don't worry too much."

Qi Yun nodded and raised his head to ask, "Can I go see him?"

Zhang Dayong looked at his watch and said, "It's meal time. Let's go to the canteen for a meal first, and we can talk about it after work hours."

...

PM, inside the interrogation room.

After the two officers left, Qi Yun pushed the door open and walked in.

When Shi Feng saw him at that moment, a trace of bewilderment appeared on his face, "Why are you here?"

Seeing Shi Feng in good spirits, Qi Yun felt relieved, took out a cigarette and handed it to him, then lit it for him.

"Haven't endured any suffering, have you?"

Shi Feng took a deep drag of the cigarette, slowly exhaled the smoke, and shook his head in response, "No suffering, they've been quite polite."

Qi Yun nodded, sat down on the chair nearby, lit a cigarette, and said, "The situation is a bit complicated now. Those people ran away, and it alerted the higher-ups, so I can't make any decisions with my connections right now."

"So you'll have to bear with it for a bit, and I'll think of a way for you when the results are out."

Shi Feng nodded after hearing this and sighed, "Damn it, I'm kind of regretting not listening to your advice. Insisting on going for that face and ending up in this mess at my age."

Qi Yun patted his shoulder to comfort him, "This time was a bit unlucky, but the situation hasn't been solidified yet. Don't think too much."

"Has your family been informed? Is there anything you need me to do?"

Hearing this, Shi Feng sighed heavily again, "No need, my daughter is staying at her school. I told her I was going on a business trip for a while. My wife registered for divorce yesterday."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback at this news. No wonder Shi Feng had such a big temper in the morning and couldn't be persuaded; it turns out all the upsetting things came together.

Not sure how to comfort him, Qi Yun remained silent for a long time before saying, "If you need anything, just let them know to contact me and stay calm for now. I'll try to find a way to help you."

Shi Feng forced a faint smile, gratefully giving Qi Yun a look, "Alright, you go handle your stuff. I'm fine here."

Qi Yun nodded, patted his shoulder, and walked out the door.

He didn't go to find Zhang Dayong again, just sent him a message and then directly left the Public Security Bureau. Since there's no result yet, contacting him would be useless.

Back at home, Zhao Qing noticed his grave expression, came over, hugged his neck, and asked, "Are you feeling unwell somewhere? You look so pale."

Qi Yun took a deep breath, forced a smile on his face, "Not unwell. Have you guys eaten yet?"

Zhao Qing nodded and replied, "Yes, we have. Nuannuan has gone to bed. I thought you'd come back for dinner tonight, so I specially made mutton soup for you. Want me to heat it up for you now?"

Seeing her look so expectant, Qi Yun smiled and nodded, "Sure, I'll take a shower first."

...

[Current intelligence points: 2]

"Two intelligence points, not enough to query the red intelligence. Plus, I haven't seen those people myself, so it doesn't meet the query conditions..."

[Today's intelligence 1 (Red): Old Ghost has arrived in Kashi, currently surveying the outside of the target villa]

[Today's intelligence 2 (Red): Four tomb raiders are currently hiding by the railway tracks at the Red Flag Gully Machine Section, planning to sneak onto a coal transport train that will stop in half an hour]

Four tomb raiders!?

Upon seeing this piece of intelligence, Qi Yun immediately furrowed his brows.

Is it the group from Xinhe Village?

But didn't Shi Feng say that the opposing side had five people?

Could it be...

[Today's intelligence 3 (Green): 8 precious Ming Dynasty artifacts are buried beside the culvert west of Xinhe Village, valued at over 20 million, and only one person in the tomb raider group knows the burial location]

Bosses, begging for monthly tickets, double the points these days.

Chapter 233: Fifty Each

At midnight, Zhang Dayong was still awake because the case during the day involved detonators, these dangerous materials had already alerted the city's top officials, and the leaders demanded that their G security bureau must catch the people within 48 hours.

So even though he was extremely tired at this moment, he still stayed in the command room to assign tasks.

Just then, the phone in his pocket suddenly rang. He took out his mobile phone for a look, then left the meeting room and went to an empty nearby room to answer the call.

"It's late, anything important?"

The call was from Qi Yun, and he didn't waste words, directly saying: "I just heard some news. That group of tomb raiders is currently hiding near the Red Flag Gully Machine Section. I hear there are many coal trucks passing by there, guessing those people want to escape from that area."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Dayong's eyes, originally a bit tired, instantly sharpened.

He tightly gripped the phone and asked in a deep voice, "Is the information reliable?"

Qi Yun replied with certainty: "It's pretty accurate."

Zhang Dayong nodded slightly, refraining from questioning the source of the information. He knew Qi Yun's abilities and character, and when he was so sure, the news was likely accurate.

He quickly calculated response strategies in his mind; this matter couldn't be delayed, who knows what other dangerous materials those people might have on them? If they escaped, there might be bigger trouble.

"Alright, I'll immediately arrange people to go." After speaking, Zhang Dayong was ready to hang up the phone.

"Wait a minute!" Qi Yun shouted.

Zhang Dayong stopped the motion of hanging up, with his eyebrows slightly raised: "Anything else to say?"

Over the phone, Qi Yun exhaled a puff of smoke, paused for two seconds, and then continued: "According to my information, the number of people on the other side is 4, not 5."

"If the missing person is gone, will Shi Feng be in trouble?"

Upon hearing this, Zhang Dayong also fell silent, responding after quite a while: "If someone is really gone, the situation becomes a bit complicated."

"According to Shi Feng, during the conflict with the tomb raiders, the opposite side detonated the detonator; if someone died at that time, he would inevitably bear some responsibility, as it involves human life."

After hearing this, Qi Yun felt a heaviness in his heart, inhaling deeply several times. After a long while, he spoke: "What if you didn't receive this call?"

Zhang Dayong naturally understood his meaning, paused for a few seconds, and sighed: "With today's level of technology, as long as the higher-ups mobilize enough resources, catching them is only a matter of time."

"Even if they are not caught, Shi Feng can't escape currently; so let me bring the people back first, trust me, it's the best choice for Shi Feng."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun nodded slightly. Despite the anxiety in his heart, he also knew what the other party said was true.

The sound of a lighter crackling came from the other end of the phone. Zhang Dayong also lit a cigarette, frowning his eyebrows for a long time, then spoke again: "If you can prove that person's death has nothing to do with Shi Feng, or it's an issue within the tomb raiders, his situation might improve."

"So it must be me to catch them first and bring them back to the New District Branch. Do you understand me?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's eyes brightened.

He understood the words, took a deep breath, and solemnly said: "Okay then, Brother Zhang, I'm counting on you."

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun sat on the sofa, gazing at the bright moon outside the window with deep eyes.

After finishing a cigarette, he stood up and went downstairs.

Looking through the car window at the empty BMW, he then walked towards the parked Passat behind.

He knocked on the car window, and the next second, the window rolled down. Gao Min stuck her head out.

She and Chen Wei would take turns guarding here at night to prevent emergencies, which Qi Yun knew well.

"What's up?" Gao Min asked.

Qi Yun nodded, took out his cell phone, and sent a location to her, instructing: "Go keep an eye on this place now, to see if anyone goes there later."

"Just keep an eye, you don't need to do anything, don't expose yourself. If there is someone, just let me know."

Gao Min picked up her phone and looked, asking: "Do I need to call Chen Wei over?"

Qi Yun shook his head: "No need, I'll have Brother Wei relieve you in the morning."

Upon hearing this, Gao Min didn't say more and immediately started the car to leave.

Qi Yun watched the car's taillights disappear around the corner, his mind a whirl of thoughts.

...

Night quietly went by with no call from Gao Min.

After getting up, Qi Yun looked at an unread message on his phone, sent by Zhang Dayong after one in the morning, informing him that those four people had been caught.

After that, there was no further information. The current situation was unknown.

The only certainty was that the things buried by the culvert haven't been disclosed yet.

This was the result he most wanted to see. If matters really got to the point where even Zhang Dayong couldn't handle them, perhaps those things could help Shi Feng out of trouble.

Without much thought, Qi Yun quietly got up, not waking Zhao Qing, who was still asleep.

It was now past eight in the morning, the sky just slightly clear, and Chen Wei was already waiting in the car.

Qi Yun opened the car door and got in, briefly explaining the task to him.

After listening, Chen Wei frowned slightly, worriedly saying: "If it's just keeping an eye, let Mengzi go, I'd still stick by you to ensure your safety."

He knew someone was targeting Qi Yun recently, as he was followed just a few days ago. So for safety reasons, he still felt it more prudent to stay by Qi Yun's side.

After hearing this, Qi Yun shook his head: "This matter is a bit complicated, I don't want to involve Brother Meng. Don't worry, I'll be staying at home today, no danger."

Chapter 234: Fifty Each (Part 2)

Seeing him say this, Chen Wei no longer insisted, nodded silently, started the car, and left.

After the other party left, Qi Yun returned to the house and began preparing breakfast for his daughter and Zhao Qing.

Fried eggs, toasted bread, hot milk.

Just as he was putting the fried eggs on a plate, the phone in his pocket suddenly rang.

He quickly wiped his hands, picked up the phone, and saw it was a call from Zhang Dayong.

Qi Yun's heart tightened, he quickly pressed the answer button.

"Zhang, do we have a result?" Qi Yun asked urgently.

Zhang Dayong sighed on the other end of the line: "Those four tomb raiders are very tight-lipped. We've tried various methods, but they won't budge. I checked their history, and these guys have been inside before, they're seasoned veterans."

"There's another situation to inform you about; the city has already formed a special investigation team for this incident. Not only will they be responsible for this case, but they'll also conduct a thorough sweep across the city."

"So I estimate that after work, these people, including Shi Feng, will be taken away. Sorry, brother. I've tried my best."

Qi Yun felt a sinking feeling, his fingers unconsciously tightened.

If the situation continues like this, then whether these people speak up or not, Shi Feng is very likely to be taken in...

The only way to exonerate Shi Feng was the method Zhang Dayong mentioned last night, getting those people to take the fall themselves.

He lifted his watch to check the time; it was now nine in the morning, with one hour until work.

He hurriedly said, "I'm coming over now; can you let me meet with those people?"

He knew doing this was against regulations and would make things difficult for the other party.

After all, these people have sensitive identities, unlike meeting Shi Feng last night.

But right now, to save Shi Feng, he didn't care about all that.

Zhang Dayong was silent on the other end of the line for a moment, sighed, and said, "Only you. If anyone else asked this of me, I certainly wouldn't gamble with my future."

"Get over here, hurry."

After hearing this, Qi Yun didn't say more, thanked him, and hung up the call.

...

Half an hour later, Zhang Dayong led Qi Yun to an interrogation room and ordered the officer outside to turn off the surveillance before the two entered.

Inside the room, a small-framed man was handcuffed to a specially-made chair.

Qi Yun glanced at him briefly, feeling from the man's sinister demeanor that this was no good man.

Zhang Dayong raised his watch and checked the time, then nodded towards Qi Yun.

Qi Yun understood, walked up, and looked at the tomb raider: "Can we talk?"

The man merely glanced at him, snorted coldly, then turned his head away, ignoring him.

Qi Yun wasn't bothered, his gaze fixed on the man's expression, then he lowered his voice and said two words: "Culvert."

The man had no reaction to this, not even a blink.

Seeing this, Qi Yun knew this wasn't the person he was looking for.

He turned to Zhang Dayong, shook his head, and said, "Take me to the next one."

Zhang Dayong looked at him full of doubt, not knowing the significance of this action.

But with time running short, he didn't ask further, opened the door, and led Qi Yun to the next interrogation room.

Qi Yun repeated the process, probing two more people, with results like the first—tight-lipped, unwilling to say a word.

The last interrogation room held a sturdy man in his forties.

This man gave Qi Yun a different feeling than the previous ones, he seemed very calm.

Qi Yun approached and again asked: "Can we talk?"

The sturdy man turned to him and smiled, but didn't answer.

Qi Yun leaned his hands on the chair, his sharp gaze fixed on the man, again said the words "culvert."

The man's pupils involuntarily contracted upon hearing "culvert."

However, he clearly had excellent composure, his face remained calm as if nothing had happened.

But Qi Yun was staring at him, so he caught this subtle fluctuation.

He now could confirm that this guy was the one mentioned in the intel, the only person who knows the location of those buried Ming Dynasty artifacts.

Qi Yun felt slightly relieved inside, but outwardly he maintained his composure, not allowing his emotions to show too much.

He turned to Zhang Dayong and quietly asked, "Can I have a private chat with him?"

Zhang Dayong looked at the sturdy man, nodded silently, and left the interrogation room.

After the other person left, Qi Yun approached the man again.

He leaned his body forward slightly, his gaze intense as he stared at the man, slowly saying: "There's no need to pretend anymore, you should understand the significance of me saying these two words."

"My time is limited, I'll give you three minutes to think it over. If you still don't want to talk, I won't force you, as for the consequences, I don't need to say more." With that, Qi Yun stepped aside, lit a cigarette, and secretly observed the man's reaction.

In the man's eyes flashed a hint of panic, his furrowed brow showing his inner struggle.

The clock on the wall ticked away.

After a long silence, he looked up at Qi Yun and said in a deep voice, "Are you an officer?"

Seeing the man finally willing to speak, Qi Yun stubbed out the cigarette, pulled a chair over and sat down, answering, "No, but my ability to be here talking to you, you should understand my influence."

The sturdy man heard this, paused again, after long contemplation asked again: "Did you take the items?"

Chapter 235: Fifty Each (Part 3)

As soon as the words left his mouth, he laughed at himself: "Although I'm not sure how you found out, since you already know, those things are no longer for me to worry about."

"In that case, I have even less to say."

Qi Yun was not angry upon hearing this. He realized the man in front of him was smart, so he didn't mince words and said directly, "You were caught and brought in, but you refuse to reveal those things. You're probably hoping to leave yourself a way out for the future, right?"

"Or maybe you have ties at home and want to wait until later to send the information out to get some money for your family?"

The brawny man heard Qi Yun's words, his eyes slightly vigilant, and his expression became somewhat unnatural but soon he returned to calm.

He didn't answer Qi Yun's question, just quietly watched him, seemingly waiting for Qi Yun to continue.

Qi Yun wasn't in a hurry, he continued, "I can understand your thinking. Who wouldn't want to consider a bit more for their family? I don't know what will happen to those things eventually, but I happen to have a little money..."

"I'm not the police, and I don't care about those things of yours. The reason I came to find you is because my friend Shi Feng got scammed by you."

"I don't want him dragged into your affairs. Can you understand?"

The brawny man remained silent, with a somewhat dazed look.

As Qi Yun said, the reason they weren't willing to cooperate was because they were hoping those things would allow their family to live better in the future.

But now that the items have been discovered, they themselves will surely have to pay the price, so how will the family live afterward? Why have they struggled this far?

After struggling internally for quite some time, the brawny man finally made a decision. He looked directly at Qi Yun and said in a deep voice, "Fifty for each, sent to our family; before sentencing, I must hear from my family that they received it."

"No problem." Qi Yun, seeing the man willing to cooperate, agreed without hesitation.

The brawny man nodded, "How do you want us to proceed?"

Qi Yun stared into the man's eyes and asked, "How was the situation in the room that day, and you had another person there?"

This was his main concern. If the missing person wasn't dead, maybe the situation wasn't too bad for Shi Feng.

The brawny man, hearing Qi Yun's question, had a slightly dim look in his eyes, and a complicated expression flashed across his face.

After a moment of silence, he spoke slowly, "The youngest was impulsive; he got cornered that day and panicked, thinking the matter was leaked, and pulled the detonator."

"The detonator bounced back from the window and exploded in front of him. We tried to take him to the hospital, but he didn't make it along the way."

"Buried near the canal beside the walnut orchard..."

Although Qi Yun had already guessed the outcome, hearing it from the brawny man's own mouth finally put an end to his uncertainty.

He took a deep breath and glanced at his watch, then said, "Give me your home addresses."

The brawny man immediately recited several addresses in response.

After recording them, Qi Yun pocketed his phone and looked at the man: "I'll arrange for the money to be sent over. You can inquire yourself afterward. Hopefully, you won't disappoint me."

The brawny man nodded silently.

Qi Yun no longer said anything and turned to walk towards the door.

Both of them tacitly did not bring up the topic of those artifacts again.

As for whether the man would spill it in the future, Qi Yun didn't know, nor did he have the mind to think about it right now.

After coming outside, he nodded slightly at Zhang Dayong.

Though without words, Zhang Dayong already understood his intention: "You should go back first. I'll inform you if there's any news." With that, he gestured to two of his confidants nearby and walked back into the interrogation room.

Qi Yun knew his presence here wasn't suitable. If he accidentally ran into someone from the investigation team later, it wouldn't be good for Zhang Dayong. So he didn't linger and quickly walked outside.

After taking a cab home, Qi Yun kept waiting for Zhang Dayong's call. But until the evening, he received no news from the other side.

This made him somewhat anxious, pondering whether something had changed again, when his phone finally rang.

However, the name displayed on the screen wasn't Zhang Dayong, but Tao Ziming.

Qi Yun then remembered he had promised a reply today, but had completely forgotten about it.

He took a deep breath and suppressed his anxiety, answering the call: "Sorry, Mr. Tao, I've been very busy today and forgot to reply to you."

"Haha, no problem, Mr. Qi." Tao Ziming laughed politely, then got straight to the point, "Have you given any thought to it?"

"Investment is not an issue. We'll mostly follow your plan from yesterday, but I have one more requirement." As he said this, Qi Yun paused, "Let's do this: I'll find some time tomorrow and visit you. We can discuss it in more detail then."

Upon hearing this, Tao Ziming replied with a tone of excitement, "Alright, I'll be waiting for you at the office tomorrow. You can come anytime."

"Okay, that's it for now."

After hanging up, Qi Yun stood up, walked to the window, and lit a cigarette, feeling somewhat worried for Shi Feng.

Although his initial impression of this shrewd bald man wasn't very good, he gradually found out through later interactions that the man was truly reliable as a friend and had helped him numerous times.

So his weight in Qi Yun's heart was no less than that of friends like Wei Yong, and if there was an opportunity, he would definitely try to rescue him.

Even if it required some sacrifice.

"Ring, ring, ring~"

At this time, the phone in his hand rang again. Qi Yun hurried to pick it up and found it was a call from Zhang Dayong at last.

He eagerly answered and asked, "How's the situation?"

On the other end of the call, Zhang Dayong's weary voice said, "No big issues; Shi Feng can return tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun felt a weight had been lifted from his heart. He sincerely replied, "Thanks, Brother Zhang."

Zhang Dayong chuckled, "No need for such words between us; I've got some things to handle, so let's leave it at that."

After hanging up, Qi Yun sank into the chair with a long sigh of relief.

He didn't ask Zhang Dayong about the specifics as some things aren't convenient to bring to light.

But he figured those guys had likely confessed to some extent, since he still hadn't received any news from Chen Wei's side.

Meanwhile, in the office of the New District Branch.

Zhang Dayong was leaning back in his chair, massaging his temples, fully aware that Qi Yun had certainly grasped some information, yet he chose not to ask.

If Qi Yun wanted to tell him, he would have mentioned it last night when he gave the addresses of those Tomb Raiders.

Chapter 236: I Have Something to Say

[Current Intelligence Points: 2]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Blue): Luo Yang, a big shot in the Sha District, has released news offering a million-dollar reward to find a group of professional scammers. These people scammed his lover's brother out of five million "highway project operation fees." The scam group was spotted in a residence at West Mountain approximately two hours ago, specific address ****]

Scammers again?

Could it be the same crew that messed with photovoltaic last time? They're in for a rough ride now.

Qi Yun licked his lips. A million... let's just say it's for a good cause.

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): A basketball court owned by Guanghui Group is up for sale. The manager in charge of the sale is extremely greedy]

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Blue): Abula, a resident of Gunas Village, plans to find someone to help repair his dilapidated house. He has a chair at home which his grandfather brought out during the turmoil at the Prince Mansion, and it's worth over 8 million]

"Hiss~"

Upon seeing this piece of intel, Qi Yun drew in a sharp breath.

What kind of chair could be worth millions? Made of gold?

He immediately picked up his phone to check the location of Gunas Village on the map, only to find it was pretty far—over in Kuche City—almost a seven to eight-hour drive.

But for 8 million, it's worth the trip.

...

The next day, in front of the City Bureau.

Qi Yun received a call from Zhang Dayong in the morning, telling him that the matter with Shi Feng had been resolved, and he could come out today, so Qi Yun was there early waiting.

Before long, Shi Feng emerged from the bureau's main entrance, sporting a grin of relief.

He immediately spotted Qi Yun standing not far away, walked quickly over, and gave Qi Yun a strong pat on the shoulder, "Brother, I owe you one this time. If it weren't for you, I'd be in a tight spot now."

Qi Yun chuckled, casually replying, "As long as you're okay."

Shi Feng nodded, eyes filled with gratitude, "I owe you big time. If you ever need anything in the future, just ask, and I'll do anything in my power to make it happen."

Qi Yun shook his head, "No need to be so formal with me. Do you want to head home first or what's the plan?"

Shi Feng glanced at a commercial vehicle parked by the roadside and said, "Just take me straight to the shop."

"Alright, let's go."

After they got in the car, Shi Feng asked, "How come you're driving this one now?"

"My assistant took the other car for some errands, so I rented this one to use for a few days," Qi Yun explained.

In no time, the car stopped in front of Qiuyue Pavilion on Antique Street.

Shi Feng pushed open the car door, stepped out, and gazed at the familiar sign, feeling a multitude of emotions.

The experiences of the past few days had made him cherish his freedom and everything around him even more.

Once inside the shop, Shi Feng first boiled some water to brew a pot of tea, then stood up and said, "Wait a moment." With that, he headed towards the inner room.

A few minutes later, he returned with a box in hand.

Sitting down, Shi Feng placed the box on the table and pushed it towards Qi Yun, speaking with earnestness, "I know you must have paid a heavy price to get me out this time."

"I spent most of my cash on a house two days ago, so there's not much left. In this box are five kilograms of gold bars I saved over the years. Take it. If it's not enough, I'll get you more days later."

Qi Yun looked at the box in front of him, slightly taken aback.

Five kilograms of gold bars, even with the recent drop in gold prices, are still worth about four million.

He didn't touch the box on the table, instead took a cigarette out of his pocket, handed one to Shi Feng, lit one up himself, and leisurely said, "Take these back. I don't want them."

Shi Feng became anxious upon hearing this, "If you don't take them, I won't feel right in my heart. I..."

Qi Yun waved his hand, interrupting him, "Let me finish first."

Shi Feng opened his mouth but didn't say anything further.

Qi Yun then continued, "To make sure those four guys left you out of it, I promised fifty each to their families. When you're financially comfortable, just pay it back."

"And join me for a trip to Kuche this afternoon to help me find something, in return for the favor. Deal?"

Shi Feng nodded, although still a bit hesitant, "This money ought to come from me, but I know with Director Zhang you..."

Qi Yun didn't give him a chance to continue, patting his shoulder with a sigh, "Alright, that's between me and him. If I end up inside someday, just remember to bail me out."

Upon hearing this, Shi Feng swallowed back the words he was about to say, finally nodding forcefully, his eyes slightly red, "Brother, rest assured, if that day ever comes, I'll go bankrupt if I have to, but I'll get you out."

Qi Yun smiled, exhaling a puff of smoke, "The way you say it, it's like you're actually hoping I end up inside."

"Alright, wives can always be replaced, what's a man got to worry about lacking a wife?"

At this, Shi Feng's mood dimmed, nodding with a sigh, "When I was broke, she thought I was poor; when I had some money, she felt I didn't love her enough and our life was too dull. Women, huh..."

Seeing the conversation veering off course, Qi Yun quickly comforted, "Don't think too much. Parting ways with the wrong person isn't so bad. You may be a bit thin on hair, but you're not bad-looking. With money, you can find anyone you want."

Shi Feng lifted his head, his previous dejected look replaced by a touch of bitterness, "You've got a real knack for comforting people, haven't you?"

Qi Yun laughed heartily, "Alright, let me ask you something. What kind of chair do you think could cost 8 million?"

"8 million?" Shi Feng froze briefly, his Adam's apple moving twice.

Chapter 237: I Have Something to Say (Part 2)

Seeing that Qi Yun wasn't joking, he slowly said, "The only thing I can think of that's worth eight million is a chair made of golden silkwood that's over a hundred years old."

After speaking, he squinted his eyes and looked at Qi Yun: "What, do you have such a treasure in your hands?"

Qi Yun gave him a mysterious smile: "Not right now, but maybe I'll have it tomorrow."

Shi Feng was slightly taken aback: "What do you mean?"

Qi Yun didn't offer further explanation and stood up, saying, "I have a few things to handle. You don't mind accompanying me to Kuche this afternoon, right?"

Shi Feng nodded: "Alright, I'll visit my daughter at school. Give me a call when you depart."

"Okay, I'll head off first. We'll be in touch later."

...

After leaving Qiuyue Pavilion, Qi Yun drove to Tao Ziming's company, having promised yesterday to finalise the investment today.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of the rundown office building, and Qi Yun pushed open the car door and headed straight to the office upstairs.

Tao Ziming heard footsteps coming from the stairwell and immediately got up from his chair, rushing to the stairway to check.

Seeing that it was indeed Qi Yun, whom he had been waiting for, a welcoming smile appeared on his face as he walked quickly over.

"President Qi is here, please, please come in."

Qi Yun hadn't expected such hospitality from him, but he could understand the other's feelings at this moment. When the company was struggling to stay afloat, it was the same for him.

Whenever there's a shred of opportunity, regardless of the outcome, tremendous effort would be exerted to seize it.

"Haha, President Tao, no need to be so courteous. My willingness to invest stems entirely from the potential I see in your products. Honestly, your excessive hospitality makes me a bit uncomfortable."

Tao Ziming awkwardly chuckled and reined in his enthusiasm a bit.

Once in the office, Tao Ziming hurried to boil water and make tea.

Just a few days ago his office didn't have these items, indicating they were specially prepared.

When the water boiled, Tao Ziming handed over a cup of tea with a smile: "Haha, I don't have good tea leaves here, President Qi, please make do."

Qi Yun kindly smiled and expressed thanks.

After sipping a bit of tea, he got down to business.

"President Qi, here's the agreement I've prepared. See if there are any adjustments needed." As he spoke, Tao Ziming handed a document to Qi Yun.

Qi Yun glanced over it, it matched what was previously discussed: eight million for 15% of the shares.

"No issues, but as I mentioned on the phone yesterday, I have one additional request."

Tao Ziming nodded: "Please go ahead, President Qi. As long as our company can fulfill it, we will strive to meet your demands."

Qi Yun set down the document, saying seriously: "Although right now I'm only willing to invest eight million, I still have high hopes for your company's prospects, so I might consider increasing my investment later."

"My request is that when the company seeks additional financing, or if other shareholders wish to transfer their shares, I must have the highest priority."

His meaning was simple, boiled down to this: If I say I won't buy, then you can sell to others.

Qi Yun knew the project had great potential, and if the progress unfolds smoothly, he would certainly want to secure more shares.

Tao Ziming, hearing this, was momentarily stunned—shareholders already have priority purchasing rights after all—which meant Qi Yun’s priority must be above all other shareholders.

It sounded a bit demanding, but given the current company situation, he couldn’t afford to be too concerned. Without securing funds, the salary for this month’s research team wouldn’t be covered.

Not only would his dream be shattered, but the eighty million previously invested would also vanish into thin air.

Tao Ziming’s fingers unconsciously tapped the table as he pondered briefly, and he nodded in agreement: "No problem, I can accommodate your terms, I’ll handle communications with the others."

Seeing the other’s consent, Qi Yun nodded contently: "Alright, let’s settle on this. I have other affairs so I’ll be brief. I’ll have someone liaise with you later, and once the agreement is signed, the money will be transferred immediately."

Tao Ziming exhaled a long sigh of relief, his tense shoulders finally at ease: "Okay, thank you, President Qi, I’ll prepare the new agreement as soon as possible."

Neither was the type to dilly-dally, finalizing matters succinctly in a few exchanges.

Exiting the office building, Qi Yun raised his watch to check the time, then dialed Chen Wei’s number.

"Brother Wei, how’s everything?"

"Everything’s normal, no one’s been by this side," Chen Wei replied.

Qi Yun, hearing this, thought to himself that those guys really had tight lips, evidently not planning to reveal those goods.

However, he wasn’t daring enough to mess with them at the moment, as it felt too hot to handle.

"No need to keep monitoring them, I'll send you a location so we can rendezvous there."

After hanging up, he sent Chen Wei the location of the West Mountain residence.

...

An hour later, two cars stopped on a small road, with rows of small courtyard houses on the left.

Inside the vehicle, Qi Yun pointed to a courtyard in the middle and quietly gave Chen Wei a few instructions.

Chen Wei nodded after hearing, opened the car door, and left.

Once Chen Wei departed, Qi Yun pulled out a cigarette and lit it, quietly waiting.

Approximately five to six minutes later, the phone in his pocket rang.

Qi Yun took out his mobile and answered.

Chen Wei's voice came from the other end: "Those guys were quite alert, they spotted me, so I had to subdue them."

Qi Yun paused in surprise, then replied: "Alright, I'm coming over."

Hanging up, he pushed open the car door and walked toward the courtyard in front.

Chapter 238: I Have Something to Say (Part 3)

Inside the room, two men and a woman crouched in the corner, while Chen Wei stood nearby, coldly observing them.

Qi Yun walked in slowly, his gaze swept over the three people curled up in the corner, finally landing on the footprint on Chen Wei's chest, and he asked in surprise, "What's going on?"

Even though Chen Wei rarely took action, he was someone who dared to spar with brown bears, so his capabilities were evident.

How could he have been kicked by someone now?

Chen Wei pointed to a dark-skinned man beside him, "This guy's got some skills, must have trained before."

Qi Yun nodded, his gaze again swept over the three, and he chuckled softly, "Let me ask a question, were you the ones who scammed the solar project recently?"

The three in the corner exchanged looks but didn't speak, a hint of caution in their eyes.

The dark-skinned man gritted his teeth, turned his head away, looking a bit defiant.

The other middle-aged man with glasses lowered his head, expressionless.

Only the woman with a delicate appearance raised her head, looked straight at Qi Yun, and showed no signs of panic.

"Sir, you shouldn't talk nonsense, we didn't commit any fraud here."

"On the contrary, you two barged into our house inexplicably and injured us, which is illegal, don't you know?"

Qi Yun looked at the woman with interest, his smile unwavering, "Then shall I help you report to the police?"

The woman shrugged indifferently, "Alright, thank you then."

Qi Yun slowly approached the woman, squatted down, took out his phone from his pocket, dialed a number, and handed it to the woman, "Go ahead, I've dialed the number for you."

The woman looked at the phone Qi Yun handed over, smiled slightly, and reached out with her right index finger to press the call button.

Qi Yun watched as the call went through, appearing calm on the surface, but his mind was filled with doubt.

Are they really unafraid?

Or is it simply strong nerves?

Before the call connected, he quickly hung up.

Then he stared directly at the woman, chuckled, "Haha, you're quite interesting."

The woman, watching Qi Yun hang up the call, smiled even more provocatively and raised her chin, "What, don't dare to let the police come?"

Qi Yun didn't get angry, looked at the phone screen, found Hong Weize's number and dialed it.

The call was quickly answered, and a hearty laugh came from the other side, "Qi, my brother, what made you think of calling me?"

"Haha, I wanted to ask if you know Luo Yang from Sha District?" Qi Yun asked.

Hong Weize's laughter stopped abruptly, "Are you talking about Luo Yang, the guy dealing with sand and gravel?"

Qi Yun nodded, "It should be him."

Anyone capable of such business, their background needs no explanation.

"Why are you looking for him? Do you have a conflict?" Hong Weize asked in surprise, as he thought Qi Yun was a serious businessman, how could he be linked with an underworld boss.

Qi Yun chuckled, "No, just have a business deal I'd like to discuss with him."

"Oh, I see." Hong Weize felt relieved, didn't ask further, thought for a moment and replied, "Give me two minutes, I'll ask for you now."

"Alright, let's have a meal sometime."

After hanging up, Qi Yun turned his gaze to the woman beside him and said with a smile, "Let me tell you something, there's a gang of scammers who swindled Luo Yang's nephew out of money, and now he's offering a million as a reward to find those people."

As soon as this was said, the woman who initially looked calm had a flicker of emotion in her eyes.

The man next to her also showed a trace of panic on his face.

Only the dark-skinned man remained defiant, still staring at Chen Wei.

In less than two minutes, Qi Yun's phone screen lit up, and Hong Weize sent over a number.

He glanced at the woman, then pressed the dial button.

This time, the woman finally lost her composure, quickly raised her hand to hang up the phone.

She turned to Qi Yun, bit her lip, and asked, "What do you want?"

Qi Yun watched her action, a smug smile appeared on his face, and he stared at her playfully, "Not so tough now?"

The woman bit her lip, the smile disappearing from her face, "Not tough."

Qi Yun stood up, pulled a chair over and sat down, asking, "Still the same question, were you the ones involved in the recent solar project scam?"

The woman was silent for a moment and eventually nodded.

Seeing this, Qi Yun continued to ask, "Was it Ji Wenqiang who got scammed out of two million?"

The woman recalled briefly and then shook her head.

Qi Yun frowned, thinking she was still trying to act tough, about to say something, when he heard her speak, "It wasn't two million, it was three million, and later I pretended to be his boss's mistress, scamming another million."

Qi Yun swallowed back the words he intended to say, stood there dumbfounded, without uttering a single word for a long time.

Might as well donate Ji's brain.

After a long pause, he continued to ask, "Where's the money?"

"Gone," the woman lowered her head and replied.

"Gone?" Qi Yun was surprised, "You shouldn't have only scammed those two, right? How could all that money just be gone?"

The woman bit her lip, stayed silent.

Qi Yun didn't press this issue further, asked again, "Why aren't you afraid of me reporting you, but fear me telling Luo Yang?"

The woman looked up at him and replied, "Because what we did left no evidence, our identities and the accounts used to receive money were bought from the black market, we even disguised before setting up the trap, so reporting us is useless."

"But Luo Yang is different, those people don't need evidence for their actions."

Hearing this, Qi Yun chuckled lightly, "You're quite honest."

The woman gave a slight bitter smile, a hint of helplessness in her eyes, "Would you spare us if I weren't honest?"

Chapter 239: I Have Something to Say (Part 4)

Qi Yun moved closer, staring at her and saying word for word, "Why should I let you go? Honestly, I really hate scammers."

"And all I have to do is let Luo Yang know you're here, and I can get the million-dollar reward for free."

The woman bit her lip and said nothing more.

At this point, a middle-aged man who had been silent raised his hand and said softly, "I have something to say."

Qi Yun looked at him in surprise, what kind of rule is this? Raising your hand to speak?

"Go ahead."

The middle-aged man adjusted his glasses, "We didn't scam good people. That Ji Wenqiang you mentioned is a heartless boss. When we went to his gas station, he filled a 50-liter tank with 70 liters."

"Also, we didn't use the money we scammed for ourselves, we donated it all to the poor people who can't afford medical treatment."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun raised an eyebrow slightly, a hint of surprise flashing through his eyes, and he carefully scrutinized them once again.

He hadn't expected to hear such a story, and his judgment of these people's actions started to waver.

"What does that mean? Robin Hood?"

The middle-aged man adjusted his glasses again, straightened his back, and his voice involuntarily grew louder by two tones, "I wouldn't dare call myself a hero, but we're definitely not the kind of scammers you mean."

Qi Yun chuckled lightly, "Do you have evidence for what you're saying?"

"Yes." The man with glasses pulled out a notebook from his pocket without hesitation, opened it, and inside were a few crumpled bank transfer receipts.

He handed the notebook to Qi Yun, "These are the evidence, every cent we've scammed is accounted for, most of it was transferred to those in desperate need of medical funds, and some were used to support impoverished students."

Qi Yun took the notebook, carefully examined its contents, and his brows furrowed slightly.

These things didn't look forged.

He placed the notebook aside, lit a cigarette, and looked back and forth at the three of them, "What did you all do before?"

After waiting for a while, seeing the other two did not speak, the man with glasses raised his hand and said, "I was a data clerk at a construction site before."

"Ah Jiao's family was in business, but later went bankrupt."

"Old Hei was a truck driver."

Qi Yun nodded slightly after hearing this, and looked at the man with glasses curiously, "Have you been inside?"

The man with glasses nodded, "Been there."

"What for?"

"For rescuing fallen women." The man with glasses replied with a sincere face.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Qi Yun almost choked the smoke into his lungs, and it took a while to recover.

He looked at the man with glasses again, and there was a trace of eccentricity in his eyes.

He stood up, walked to the window, and for a moment, he felt a little undecided.

Originally, he thought to let Luo Yang know, so he could deal with the scammers and also get a million-dollar reward, but now it seemed that doing so might not be appropriate.

These guys were scammers, but they didn't scam good people, like that thug Qiang. You wouldn't expect him to earn such dirty money.

Moreover, they didn't keep the money for themselves, they donated it instead.

Does that damn really count as a bad person?

Qi Yun frowned, pondering for a long time.

After finishing a cigarette, he returned to the few people beside him.

He looked them over again, then announced a phone number, and then said, "I wasn't here today, I don't know you, and you didn't see me."

After speaking, he patted Chen Wei's shoulder and turned to leave.

Chen Wei glanced at the dark man again, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his mouth, and followed Qi Yun out of the room.

Once he heard the iron gate being closed outside the courtyard, the man with glasses stood up, quickly ran to the window, and looked outside.

After confirming that Qi Yun and Chen Wei had left, he turned and sneered at the dark-skinned man, "Old Hei, didn't you say you practiced martial arts at the Shaolin Temple since childhood? How come you got taken down so easily just now?"

Old Hei's face turned red instantly, and he glared at the man with glasses, stubbornly saying, "That guy's skills were unusual, I was just caught off guard."

The man with glasses chuckled, teased, "Alright alright, stop making excuses."

Only Ah Jiao kept staring at the door, her eyes flickering, lost in thought.

Chapter 240: Eight Million Really Is Its Bottom Line

"Brother Wei, what do you think of these people?"

In the car, Qi Yun exhaled a ring of smoke, his gaze looking out the window.

Chen Wei's face rarely carried a hint of a smile, he replied, "Quite interesting."

"It is quite interesting," Qi Yun chuckled, retracting his gaze, "You continue to keep an eye on there for another couple of days, if there's no movement then come back."

"Mm," Chen Wei responded, pushed the door open, and got out of the car.

...

At two in the afternoon, a black business car entered the highway.

Driving was Liu Meng, with Qi Yun and Shi Feng sitting behind.

Shi Feng adjusted to a relatively comfortable sitting posture, turned his head to ask, "A good six-seven hundred kilometers, what exactly are you taking me to do?"

Qi Yun gave him a chuckle, "You weigh in at several hundred pounds, not even worth much, you'll know when we get there."

Shi Feng rolled his eyes, let out a dissatisfied hum.

"By the way, I sent Old Ghost to handle something, three or four days already, no word from him, nothing went wrong, right?" Qi Yun continued to ask.

Shi Feng shook his head calmly, snorted with a laugh, "Do you know why he's called Old Ghost?"

"Why?"

"Because he's even slyer than a ghost. In their line of work, the first thing is to ensure their own safety, then they act. No news means he's still finding the right opportunity, don't worry."

Qi Yun listened and didn't think much more, silently nodded.

The car raced on the highway, always chasing the direction of the sunset, until the evening glow appeared on the horizon, the three finally arrived at Kuche City.

After finding a hotel to stay, the three went to a nearby ethnic restaurant for dinner.

Qi Yun habitually chose a spot near the window, took the menu, and started ordering dishes.

The cuisine around the Southern Border is quite simple, mainly grilled meat, noodle salad, and pilaf.

During the wait for the dishes, Qi Yun picked up his teacup, his gaze unconsciously glanced out the window.

The next second, a familiar figure entered his field of vision.

He was slightly stunned, then looked again at the woman wearing a cap outside the window, no mistake, it's indeed familiar.

"How could she appear here?" Qi Yun felt a surge of doubt in his heart.

This woman was Zhang Liang's lover—Xu Qian, also a mistress of a certain big shot, she previously had asked Qi Yun to buy two bottles of Moutai.

After Xu Qian got off the taxi, cautiously looking around, she walked towards the same restaurant.

Once inside, her eyes quickly scanned the room, clearly paused when seeing Qi Yun's table, a bit of surprise flashed in her eyes.

Qi Yun raised his head and smiled politely at her, without any intention of going up to greet.

Xu Qian hesitated slightly, went to sit at an empty table nearby, and ordered a bowl of soup and rice.

Shi Feng keenly noticed the scene, turned to look at Qi Yun, blew a few hairs off his forehead, and showed him a knowing man's smile.

Qi Yun didn't respond, took the just-served grilled meat, and continued eating, as if he hadn't paid any attention to Xu Qian's appearance.

Shi Feng didn't mind, reached for a skewer of grilled meat, eating while occasionally glancing towards Xu Qian.

Xu Qian seemed somewhat uneasy, her eyes constantly watched the restaurant entrance, as if on alert for something, not even taking a bite of the soup and rice in front.

Over a dozen minutes later, Qi Yun and the others finished their meal, got up to pay and leave.

Xu Qian watched their departing backs, gently bit her lip, a flash of struggle in her eyes, eventually pulled out fifty yuan from her handbag and placed it on the table, then quickly got up and chased out.

Qi Yun and the group had just walked a little distance from the restaurant when they heard a rush of footsteps behind them.

Turning to look, it was Xu Qian breathlessly catching up.

"Mr. Qi, please wait a moment!"

Qi Yun stopped, furrowed his brows slightly, and said, "Miss Xu, is there something you need?"

Xu Qian steadied her breath, after a while, straightened up, helplessness in her eyes, "Mr. Qi, I... I've got some trouble, can you help me?"

Qi Yun looked at the woman for a moment, replied, "What do you need me to help with?"

He had only made one deal with this woman, barely acquaintances, if she requested something difficult he'd without hesitation refuse.

But if it were just a small favor, helping her wouldn't be an issue.

Xu Qian's eyes showed a glimmer of hope, she bit her lip and said, "Mr. Qi, I've offended a very influential person, and now he has many subordinates looking for me everywhere."

"I was supposed to meet someone in Kuche today, but they didn't show, I suspect something happened..."

Qi Yun listened, his brows furrowed deeper, he already guessed who the influential person she referred to was, but interrupted Xu Qian before she finished, decisively declining.

"I'm sorry Miss Xu, I'm just an ordinary person, this kind of matter I can't help with, I suggest you report to the police."

Upon hearing this, Xu Qian waved her hands hurriedly explaining, "Mr. Qi, you misunderstood, I don't need you to do anything else, I have some items to sell but can't show myself, I want to ask you to help me sell them."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback, a hint of doubt showed on his face.

He sized Xu Qian up and down, asked, "What do you want to sell? Why can't you show yourself?"

Shi Feng, standing by, smirked and said, "Miss, surely you're not asking Old Qi to sell something illegal, right?"

Xu Qian shook her head hurriedly, eyes slightly anxious, "It's not illegal stuff, it's some valuable jewelry, these were gifts from a past friend, I urgently need money now so I want to sell them."