

Middle Age 261

Chapter 261: Raiding the Ginseng Nest _3

A night passed without a word.

Early the next morning, the three of them walked into the slope.

Old Zhao lowered his head and began searching for traces of ginseng nearby, but Qi Yun pulled him and said with a smile, "Sir, we're not there yet. We need to go two kilometers further north."

Old Zhao looked a bit puzzled but didn't say much, nodding his head and continuing on the road.

After walking for another half an hour, Qi Yun estimated that they were close enough, so he said to Old Zhao, "Sir, it's up to your skills now."

Upon hearing this, Old Zhao tucked his tobacco pipe into his waistband and snorted, "Let me make it clear first, if there is really ginseng here, I will definitely find it for you. But if I can't find it, it can only mean that someone lied to you."

Qi Yun nodded with a smile, "I naturally trust your skills. If we can't find it, I won't blame you."

Hearing this, Old Zhao showed a satisfied expression, took a sip from his water bottle, bent over, and began looking carefully.

As he walked, he said, "You shouldn't be idle, either. Look for places where the leaves are uniquely shaped, deep green, and the surrounding soil appears fertile and moist. Ginseng likes to grow in such environments."

Qi Yun responded and began to search as well.

Chen Wei stood in a higher place, cautiously observing the surroundings.

A few minutes later, Old Zhao suddenly let out a cry from the forest, "Wow! Sixth Grade Leaves!"

Hearing the commotion, Qi Yun quickly went over, "Did you find it?"

Old Zhao's expression was somewhat excited. He squatted down and took out tools from his backpack one by one, setting them up.

"Wild ginseng takes at least ten years to grow Sixth Grade Leaves. As for the specific age, we'll have to dig it up and see."

After hearing this, Qi Yun didn't inquire further, afraid of interrupting him, and quietly squatted beside Old Zhao to watch him work.

Old Zhao carefully used his tools to scrape away the soil around, moving gently for fear of damaging the ginseng.

As the soil was gently removed, the dense root systems of the ginseng gradually revealed themselves.

Gathering medicinal herbs is indeed a skilled job. To dig up ginseng with its complete appearance, you need a steady hand, an attentive mind, and plenty of patience.

Old Zhao held a very thin wooden stick as he continuously cleared the soil around the roots. This took him more than half an hour, and beads of sweat dotted his forehead.

"This plant has to be at least a hundred years old! You've truly found the right place, lad!" Old Zhao carefully extracted the ginseng from the soil, his voice carrying unmistakable excitement.

Hearing this, Qi Yun had a quiet smile on his lips. After days of hard work, this trip was not in vain.

"Take out that wooden box from my bag," Old Zhao instructed.

Qi Yun quickly complied, finding a wooden box in the bag, opening it, and placing it on the ground.

Old Zhao placed the ginseng in the box, then took out a red string and tied it around the top of the ginseng, covered the box, and showed a satisfied expression.

Next came the second, the second...

Until the sun was about to set, the three of them packed up and returned to the pit they brought out last night.

After lighting a fire, Old Zhao took out the wooden box from his bag and counted. His excitement hadn't faded.

A total of 18 ginseng plants, with 8 over a hundred years old, and the remaining 10 over fifty years.

There were some with four or five leaves, but their age wasn't enough to meet medicinal standards, so Qi Yun didn't let Old Zhao dig them, leaving them for future generations.

"Here, make sure to keep it safe!" Old Zhao handed over the wooden box.

Qi Yun nodded, carefully placing it in the middle layer of his backpack.

This box of ginseng could easily be worth millions if sold.

More importantly, he wouldn't have to worry about these medicinal materials for a long time in the future.

"Thanks, sir. When we get back, I'll transfer you a hundred thousand yuan as a token of appreciation for your hard work today."

Old Zhao waved his hand, "No need, you've already paid. If I ask for more money, what kind of person would I be?"

Qi Yun chuckled and didn't insist, knowing he had the account of Old Zhao's grandson and that he could transfer the money directly once they left.

...

That night, Cao Yufei, Tiger, and Big Pillar sat around the stove, all with knitted brows.

"It's already the ninth day since they went into the mountains. Could something have happened?" Tiger sighed.

Cao Yufei smoked in silence for a long time before making a decision. He looked up and said to Big Pillar, "Brother Pillar, please contact Captain Fu tomorrow and ask him to send people into the mountains to look for them."

Although doing this might cause some trouble for Qi Yun and the others later on, it's better than losing their lives in the mountains, isn't it?

Big Pillar sighed and nodded in agreement, "Alright, I'll go first thing in the morning."

Just as the words were spoken, a sound of footsteps suddenly came from outside.

Hearing the noise, the three immediately perked up their ears, and once they confirmed they hadn't misheard, delight filled their faces as they quickly ran to the door.

When they opened the door and saw three figures walking toward them from not far away, their faces were filled with joy.

"They're back!"

Cao Yufei responded, patting Qi Yun on the shoulder, "You guys are finally back. You had me worried."

Tiger also said excitedly, "Yeah, we were planning to have Big Pillar ask Captain Fu for help tomorrow."

Qi Yun smiled at them, "Haha, there was a snowstorm on the way back, delayed us by two days."

As they entered the house, Big Pillar quickly poured a few bowls of hot water and then busied himself preparing food for the three of them.

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As the fragrant stew was swallowed into his stomach, Qi Yun let out a satisfied groan.

Though they hadn't been hungry in the mountains these past days, constantly gnawing on tough jerky had made his mouth taste rather bland.

"So, how was it? Did you manage to find any ginseng?" Cao Yufei asked curiously.

Qi Yun smiled and then patted the backpack beside him, responding, "See for yourself."

Hearing this, Cao Yufei knew they must have gained something, and immediately took the backpack and opened it.

When he uncovered the wooden box and saw the ginseng inside, he couldn't help but suck in a cold breath, his eyes widening.

The nearby Huzi and Big Zhuzi also quickly leaned over, and when they saw the ginseng lying in the box, their mouths hung open wide enough to fit an egg.

"Fifty years old."

"Sixty years old."

"A hundred years old..."

After a good while, Cao Yufei smacked his lips and said, "Wow, you guys raided the ginseng lair!"

Huzi and Big Zhuzi swallowed their saliva, marveling, "I've never seen so much ginseng in my life..."

After the few of them had their look, Cao Yufei closed the box again, put it back into the backpack in front of Qi Yun, and continued, "By the way, there's news about that thing you asked me to handle."

"I went out a few days ago, and indeed, there are two call reminders from Beijing numbers on your phone. I called back and told them you were in the mountains, and they said your item has been fixed and asked you to pick it up when you have time."

Qi Yun nodded, "Okay, then we'll head back first thing in the morning."

...

The next day, after saying goodbye to Big Zhuzi and Old Zhao, the four of them headed out of the mountains.

Even though their contact time wasn't long, Qi Yun's straightforward way of doing things left a good impression on Old Zhao and Big Zhuzi. Both expressed that if they ever found high-quality ginseng, they would definitely send it to Qi Yun.

At noon, while passing through Bailong Village, they contacted Captain Fu, who not only invited them to his home for a meal to express his gratitude but also handed over the twenty-thousand-yuan bonus and a banner to Qi Yun.

But Qi Yun gave it all to Chen Wei because those poachers were caught by him.

After the meal, they didn't linger in Bailong Village and immediately drove back to the county town.

By the time they reached the town, it was already dark.

They casually found a restaurant to have dinner and then rushed to the train station, ready to catch the night train to Beijing.

Before parting, Qi Yun initially planned to give Huzi thirty thousand yuan as a labor fee, after all, he put his business on hold to accompany him in the mountains for nearly half a month.

But Huzi refused to take it no matter what, and Qi Yun could see that he sincerely wanted to be friends with him, so he didn't insist...

After returning to Beijing the next day,

Qi Yun had Cao Yufei take the ginseng back to Jiang Province first because those ginsengs needed to be processed; otherwise, they couldn't be preserved for long periods.

He himself took Chen Wei to visit Mr. Tong in that familiar quadrangle courtyard.

The door was opened by the young man from last time. Thanks to Chen Wei's previous reminder, Qi Yun intentionally observed him more, but still didn't notice anything unusual.

Inside the courtyard, after Mr. Tong learned that Qi Yun was coming, he had already had the Golden Rattan Chair moved out.

Qi Yun looked at the newly refreshed chair with a slight daze.

So this is its true appearance...

The clear golden wood grain shone under the sunlight, paired with the carvings of dragons and phoenixes, bringing a strong visual impact.

No wonder Golden Rattan had always been exclusive to high officials and wealthy merchants; Qi Yun now began to understand why a chair could be worth millions.

"Mr. Tong, your craftsmanship is truly unparalleled! I doubt even Lu Ban could do this if he were alive..."

Qi Yun praised without reservation, flattering as much as he could, making the young man beside him a bit embarrassed.

Mr. Tong put down his teacup, gave a light cough, and waved his hand, saying, "You're exaggerating. I know my own skills. Although I've got some tricks up my sleeve, compared to Lu Ban, there's still a slight gap."

Qi Yun thickened his face with more compliments, then sat down and said, "Mr. Tong, last time you mentioned the Fu family also has a chair like this?"

Mr. Tong nodded, "That's right, the Fu family's ancestor made significant contributions back then, and this Golden Rattan was crafted by palace artisans under Emperor Qianlong's orders. One was awarded to their ancestor and has since been regarded as a family heirloom."

"The other one is this one here, which was awarded to the King of Kuche at the time."

Hearing this, Qi Yun was shocked; the chair's background was even more significant than he had imagined.

Adding this historical context, it was estimated that even a million wouldn't cover it.

With the Fu family's vast financial resources, if they were interested in this chair, the offer would likely not be lower than at an auction.

Ever since leaving Mr. Tong's last time, Qi Yun had specifically researched online about the significance of the surnames 'Tong' and 'Fu,' realizing they were indeed the top-tier elite families.

This Mr. Tong was also undoubtedly a big shot, which was one reason why Qi Yun shamelessly fawned over him just now; this was a truly solid connection.

Another crucial reason Qi Yun wanted to sell the chair to the Fu family was its significant background.

If he were to auction it, he wasn't sure if there would be issues; after all, according to the intelligence reports, the chair was taken out of the Prince Mansion during times of turmoil by Abula's grandfather.

It sounds nice to say 'taken,' but to put it bluntly, it was stolen; who knows if there could be any risks involved.

If someone were to dredge up old debts, this million-worth item could slip through his fingers.

Selling it to the Fu family could significantly reduce unnecessary troubles.

Qi Yun continued smiling and said, "Mr. Tong, I wonder if you could ask the Fu family if they might have any interest in this chair?"

Mr. Tong picked up his teacup and laughed, "You've got it all figured out, haven't you? The Fu family has indeed accumulated some wealth over the years; selling to them is indeed a good choice."

"Nothing escapes your keen eye." Qi Yun smiled and complimented.

Mr. Tong hummed lightly, took a sip of tea, and after putting down his cup, sighed, "Ever since Old Fu passed away, I haven't really kept in touch with their family. I can certainly ask for you, but whether they buy it or not, I can't promise that."

Qi Yun quickly replied, "Mr. Tong, just asking is already a great favor to a junior like me. Whether it happens depends on fate, how could I ask you to guarantee anything?"

Hearing this, Mr. Tong nodded slightly, "Alright, leave the chair here. I'll have someone notify you if there's any news."

Qi Yun promptly nodded, thanked him again, and then took out a delicate little wooden box from his arms, which contained a centennial ginseng.

"Mr. Tong, I gathered this ginseng recently in Changbai Mountain to help nourish your health. Consider it a token of a junior's respect, please accept it."

Mr. Tong observed the ginseng Qi Yun handed over, a look of surprise flashing in his eyes, and then he smiled, pointing at Qi Yun, "You rascal, alright, leave it here."

"Hehe, then I won't disturb your peace anymore." Qi Yun bid farewell and left the quadrangle courtyard with Chen Wei.

Chapter 263: You Call Twenty Million a Drop in the Bucket? (Double-Length)

After leaving the quadrangle courtyard, Qi Yun and his companion returned to the hotel. Since Mr. Tong had agreed to help, he would definitely contact him, so he just needed to wait for the news.

Just as he sat down on the sofa in the hotel room, the phone in his pocket rang. He took it out and saw it was a landline number from Jiang Province.

After answering the phone, a middle-aged woman's voice came from the other side: "Are you Mr. Qi Yun?"

"Yes, that's me."

"Here's the thing. We're from the urban redevelopment project group of the government. The area where your bus company is located falls within the scope of this demolition plan. We'd like you to come to the Yingbin Road Street Office meeting room at four o'clock this afternoon to discuss the demolition matters..."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun couldn't help but smile. He's been waiting for more than half a month, and it's finally happening.

"May I ask if the demolition compensation plan has been finalized?"

The person on the other end replied with a smile: "Yes, the plan has been finalized. The compensation price for residential properties is 8,000 yuan per square meter, and for shops, it's 12,000 yuan per square meter."

Qi Yun grinned wider. Based on the 12,000, his two shops total over 600 square meters, allowing him to receive a compensation of 7.2 million yuan. After deducting the 4.9 million yuan cost, he would earn 2.3 million yuan by just lounging around.

2.3 million might not sound sensational on the internet, but the truth is, without the system, he could never earn this much just by delivering food and selling fried rice at a stall for a lifetime.

"Alright, I'll have someone else handle it on my behalf."

After responding with a sentence, Qi Yun hung up the phone and then called Zhong Rui, asking him to deal with this matter.

After giving instructions, he lit a cigarette, lay on the sofa, and began sorting through unread messages on his phone. Ever since he returned from the mountains yesterday, he had been on the move. His habit was not to look at his phone while traveling; otherwise, he would get motion sickness, so many messages had not been replied to.

"Boss, settled on Hong Kong Island, everything is alright." This message was from Ah Jiao.

"Brother Qi, last month's profit from the barbershop was eight thousand yuan. Here's your four thousand yuan dividend." This was from Little Blondie, along with a four thousand yuan transfer.

Earlier, Qi Yun invested fifty thousand yuan in opening a barbershop for the other party, agreeing to split the monthly profits with him.

He initially thought Little Blondie would have only a brief enthusiasm and might quickly go out of business, but unexpectedly, the guy really got into it.

After receiving the money, Qi Yun replied, "That's good, keep up the good work. Once you give me back fifty thousand yuan, you won't need to share the dividends; the barbershop will be all yours."

After replying, he continued dealing with other messages until he saw a message from the Spanish historian, Ignacio, and suddenly smacked his forehead.

He had previously promised to quickly find the other half of the coordinates and hand them over, but with so many things happening afterward, he had forgotten about it.

"Qi Yun, any progress on your side?"

After a bit of thought, Qi Yun replied, "Sorry, Mr. Ignacio, I recently made a trip to Changbai Mountain and just saw your message. The other half of the numbers has been found. I'll send them to you shortly."

After sending the message, Qi Yun picked up a pen and paper from the table, found the picture he had taken earlier in his phone album, copied the latter half of the numbers, and then took a photo and sent it to Ignacio.

Not long after, Ignacio called, sounding very excited, stating that he would quickly help Qi Yun decipher the coordinates.

After expressing his gratitude, Qi Yun ended the call with Ignacio.

"Whew~"

"Perhaps it's time to begin preparations for going abroad. Once Ignacio unravels the coordinates, it will be necessary to set off quickly; delay might cause changes..."

After extinguishing the cigarette butt in the ashtray, he stood up and went to the door, knocking on Chen Wei's room across the way.

Chen Wei quickly opened the door. Once inside, Qi Yun sat down and said straight out, "Brother Wei, I'll be considering a trip abroad soon, possibly to a certain sea area, to search for something."

"Do you think you need to find a couple more helpers?"

Chen Wei did not answer immediately. After a moment of contemplation, he asked, "Is the thing you're looking for quite valuable?"

Qi Yun nodded. He trusted Chen Wei greatly, so he did not choose to hide: "Most likely gold, silver, and jewels of considerable value."

Chen Wei's brow slightly furrowed upon hearing this: "If that's the case, you'll need to find very reliable people. The only person I can trust completely is Gao Min; I don't have confidence in others."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, took a bottle of mineral water from the table, unscrewed it, and took a sip, then said, "Didn't you mention previously that the big guy has pretty good skills? What do you think about him?"

Though their interaction was not extensive, given what Ah Jiao and the three of them had accomplished, they seemed trustworthy, so he planned to bring all three along this time.

Ah Jiao and Ah Jie were smart enough, and the big guy had good skills, so they might be helpful.

Upon hearing this, Chen Wei thought for a moment and then nodded: "That guy has a good foundation. I'll train him when we get back and find an opportunity to teach him how to use firearms; it should work."

"Alright, let's settle it this way. Once we finish things here, we can head back."

...

The next day, Qi Yun finally received a call from Mr. Tong, asking him to go to the quadrangle courtyard as Fu Family's people would be coming soon.

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun perked up, promptly tidying himself up before heading out with Chen Wei.

When they arrived at the quadrangle courtyard, they saw two black Maybachs parked by the roadside, with two muscular men in suits standing by the door, clearly bodyguards or something similar.

Inside the courtyard, Mr. Tong sat by the stone table, across from him was a dignified-looking middle-aged man of about forty-plus, with an attendant standing behind him.

Chapter 264: You Call Twenty Million a Drop in the Bucket? (Double-Length)

Qi Yun stepped forward, smiling, and said, "Sorry Uncle Tong, I'm late."

Uncle Tong slightly nodded, raised his hand, and introduced, "This is the second member of the Fu Family, Fu Wentao."

"Fu Second, this is a junior of mine, Qi Yun, and this chair belongs to him."

Fu Wentao heard this, his brow furrowed so tightly that it could crush a mosquito, and he helplessly looked towards Uncle Tong, "Uncle Tong, I'm over forty, is it really appropriate to still call me Fu Second?"

Uncle Tong glanced at him, lightly snorted, and said, "What's wrong with being over forty? Have you forgotten how old man Fu used to chase you with a stick, and you would hide out in my yard?"

"Alright, alright, call me whatever you want." Fu Wentao quickly interrupted, not wanting his embarrassing past to be revealed in front of outsiders anymore.

Seeing this, Uncle Tong said no more, and waved Qi Yun over, "Kid, come and sit."

Qi Yun took two steps forward, sat down, and cupped his hands towards Fu Wentao, "Mr. Fu, I've long admired your name."

Fu Wentao looked Qi Yun up and down, slightly nodded, and said, "No need to be so formal, since you're Uncle Tong's junior, we're like family."

"I'm a few years older than you. If you don't mind, just call me Brother Fu."

Qi Yun was eager to form ties with such a big shot, and quickly seized the opportunity, "Brother Fu, it's my honor to know you, I couldn't be happier."

Fu Wentao laughed heartily at these words, appearing quite free-spirited.

Qi Yun sensed a rustic charm from his demeanor, which was precisely to his liking.

After exchanging pleasantries, the distance between them significantly closed.

Fu Wentao put down his teacup, pointed at the Golden Rattan Chair, and said, "This chair is really something. My family used to have one, but my older brother took it abroad, so I can't even see it. Being able to see one here today is quite a fortune."

Qi Yun nodded in agreement, "Yes, I heard Uncle Tong mention it before as well."

As the conversation reached this point, he brightened up, "Brother Fu, meeting you today feels like destiny. Since you like this chair, let me gift it to you as a token of our acquaintance, what do you think?"

Upon hearing this, Fu Wentao showed a hint of surprise, clearly not expecting Qi Yun to be so generous.

Beside him, Uncle Tong gave Qi Yun a half-smiling look but said nothing.

After a brief silence, Fu Wentao slightly frowned and said, "Brother Qi, I really do like this chair. If it were something else, I'd accept, but the chair is quite valuable. If I took it without compensation, it wouldn't sound great for my reputation."

Qi Yun chuckled, "Brother Fu, you're overthinking. I'm giving you the chair because I feel a connection with you and would like to make friends."

"You have much more experience than me. If I encounter any uncertainties in the future, I'd need to consult you often."

Fu Wentao laughed heartily and glanced at Qi Yun, "Making friends is no problem. Our Fu Family and the Tong Family have a connection spanning centuries, so since you're Uncle Tong's junior, we're family."

"As for the chair, Brother Qi, I accept your gesture, but I have my principles. I must still pay what it's worth. If you ever have any difficulties, just contact me, and I'll help if I can."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun showed a slight regret, replying, "Since Brother Fu insists, I'll follow your arrangement."

Fu Wentao nodded with a smile, "That's more like it."

Then he turned his head to look at the Golden Rattan Chair, thought for a moment, and continued, "Brother Qi, I'll give you twenty million for this chair, how does that sound?"

Qi Yun was internally shocked, thinking that even selling it to the Fu Family, fifteen million would be plenty. Unexpectedly, he offered twenty million, truly lavish.

However, he maintained composure and smiled, "Brother Fu, isn't that too much? I feel a bit embarrassed to accept it; how about we cut it in half, ten million is fine."

Fu Wentao smiled and waved his hand, "Brother Qi, to me, the chair is worth more than twenty million, so don't refuse."

"I, Fu Wentao, always act straightforwardly; I said twenty million, so twenty million it is."

At this point, Uncle Tong also spoke up, "Qi kid, just take it, the Fu Family isn't short on this bit of money."

Qi Yun clicked his tongue, thinking that twenty million was just a bit in your eyes...

"Alright, since both of you say so, it would be impolite to refuse. I'll follow Brother Fu's lead."

Fu Wentao laughed heartily and patted Qi Yun's shoulder, "You kid, I like you."

After reaching an agreement, he instantly waved to an attendant behind him. The attendant stepped forward to Qi Yun, bowed, and asked, "Mr. Qi, please provide your bank account, I'll arrange the transfer right away."

Qi Yun nodded, took out his phone, and showed the account to the attendant.

Within two minutes, his phone, just tucked into his pocket, vibrated with a text message. Though he didn't take it out to check, he trusted the Fu Family's reputation more than twenty million, so he didn't worry.

Fu Wentao, usually very busy with business, didn't linger long. After exchanging a few more pleasantries, he left.

Qi Yun saw him off to the car, then returned to the courtyard.

"Thank you for today's help, Uncle Tong." Qi Yun gave Uncle Tong a deep bow, speaking sincerely.

The matter of the Golden Rattan Chair, Uncle Tong could have just informed Fu Wentao and let Qi Yun talk to him personally.

But instead, he invited Fu Wentao over directly, which was telling by itself.

Uncle Tong nonchalantly waved, "No need to say these things. I've had no descendants in my life, so it's just because you kids are pleasant to the eye that I lend you a hand."

"The Fu Family has grown their business massively over the years, especially with their international ventures. Maintaining a good relationship with Fu Second will do you no harm; how far you can go in the future is up to you."

Qi Yun nodded earnestly, said no more, and just kept this kindness in his heart.

Meanwhile, in the car, Fu Wentao took a cigar from his attendant, casually saying, "Zheng Lin, what do you think of that Qi Yun?"

The attendant named Zheng Lin smiled in response, "Quite interesting."

"You must think so too, or you wouldn't have raised the offer from fifteen to twenty million on a whim."

Fu Wentao laughed heartily, not directly answering, "If he calls in the future, help him out if you can."

"Yes, boss," Zheng Lin responded respectfully.

...

After leaving the courtyard, Qi Yun sat in the car, looking at the bank balance displayed on his phone, his heart racing.

Receiving twenty million at once, the feeling was incredibly marvelous.

Even before bankruptcy, he never had this much money in his account.

After closing the banking app, he immediately checked flight information and found an afternoon flight back to Jiang Province, so he promptly asked Chen Wei to drive to the airport.

It takes four to five hours to fly from Beijing to Jiang Province; by the time the plane landed, it was already evening.

Upon returning home, Zhao Qing, whom he hadn't seen in days, immediately rushed into Qi Yun's arms, teary-eyed.

"You've been gone so long, I was worried sick."

Qi Yun held her, comforting for a while, "There, there, I'm back safely now, stop crying, you'll lose your looks if you keep crying."

Zhao Qing looked up, wiped her tears, then scrutinized Qi Yun before asking, "Have you eaten? I'll cook for you."

Qi Yun smiled and shook his head, "Not yet, just cook me some noodles."

Zhao Qing gave him a look and stomped towards the kitchen indignantly.

Late at night, Gao Min, who was on watch inside the car, perked up her ears, then looked oddly at the bedroom on the second floor of the mansion, and put on a Bluetooth earphone.

...

The next day, after not being at the company for a long time, Qi Yun appeared at the office door.

Zhong Rui, upon seeing his return, instantly relaxed his previously furrowed brow and hurriedly greeted him, "Boss, you're finally back, something's happened at the company!"

Chapter 265: Looking at These Things Is Bad for Your Health

Qi Yun walked into the office, turned his head to glance at Yuan Hua and the other two employees who were frantically typing code, and asked, "Isn't everything fine? What happened?"

Zhong Rui pointed to the office next door and said, "Not here, it's your trading company."

"The cargo department won't ship our goods. President Peng has been worried sick these past two days. He knew you were handling things out of town, so he didn't let me tell you."

Qi Yun paused after hearing this: "Wasn't everything arranged with the cargo department last time? How did this situation arise?"

Zhong Rui scratched his head: "Mengmeng mentioned it seems to be that deputy director deliberately holding us up."

"Has President Peng come to the company?" Qi Yun frowned and asked.

Zhong Rui shook his head: "He hasn't been here these two days. He's been trying to figure out how to navigate the relationships with Mengmeng."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun immediately took out his phone and called President Peng.

The call was picked up after a wait of over ten seconds.

"Hello, Lao Qi." President Peng's voice came from the other end.

"Where are you?" Qi Yun asked.

"Just came out of Director Kang's office at the cargo department." President Peng's voice sounded a bit tired.

"Alright," Qi Yun replied, continuing, "I've returned. I just heard from Zhong Rui about the situation. What's it like now?"

President Peng sighed: "I've already approached them twice, but it seems like he's being transferred to a deputy general manager position at the group next month. He doesn't want to get involved. Currently, the one handling the affairs is Lin Yonggang, who doesn't get along with us."

Qi Yun tapped his fingers on the table and thought for a moment before asking, "What's his reaction to the transfer?"

President Peng replied, "I checked into it. Apparently, he's being transferred to manage information security in the bureau, and he doesn't seem too willing."

Qi Yun thought for a while and roughly understood what was happening.

It was apparent before that Lin Yonggang wasn't too content with Director Kang Guodong. This transfer was most likely orchestrated by him behind the scenes.

Although moving from director of the cargo department to a deputy general manager at the group seems like a promotion in rank, the actual power in hand is greatly reduced.

It's a hidden demotion under the guise of promotion. Who would be happy with that?

However, this also indirectly shows that Lin Yonggang has quite some connections.

Qi Yun rubbed his chin and said, "Leave this matter to me. You can focus on other things."

"You got a plan?" President Peng asked.

Qi Yun grinned: "Let's give it a try."

"Alright then, it's up to you." President Peng didn't ask further.

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun consulted with Zhong Rui about the company situation, and seeing there wasn't much that needed his attention, he drove to the railway bureau.

The reason for coming was to gather intelligence from Lin Yonggang. Judging by his belly, even bigger than Gragas's, Qi Yun couldn't believe he was clean.

In the cargo department's office, Lin Yonggang frowned as he saw Qi Yun appear at the door, and said irritably, "What are you doing here?"

Qi Yun chuckled without answering.

[Current Intelligence Points: 18]

[Available Intelligence Types: Red (Consumes 3 Intelligence Points), Blue (Consumes 9 Intelligence Points)]

"Hm?"

Qi Yun was a bit surprised internally; even Gragas had blue intelligence?

Since he was here already, he might as well see what little secrets the guy was hiding...

Intelligence Points -3...

[Intelligence Level (Red): Lin Yonggang meets his mistress every Friday at Li Garden District 3-1-201, and he has a peculiar hobby. During every rendezvous, he likes to record videos, which are stored on a certain cloud drive. Account *** and Password ****]

Seeing the content of this piece of intelligence, Qi Yun shot a strange look at Lin Yonggang, thinking to himself, this Gragas is quite the player.

Noticing his gaze, Lin Yonggang frowned even more: "What's with that look? If you're done, please leave! Don't disturb my work!"

Ignoring him, Qi Yun used the system's inquiry function once again.

Intelligence Points -6...

[Over the years, the embezzled funds Lin Yonggang acquired are all hidden in the cellar of his ancestral home, located at 104 Unit 12 Company ****, currently unoccupied]

Haha, here comes the fun part.

Qi Yun grinned.

"What are you laughing at!? Didn't you hear me ask you to leave?" Lin Yonggang stood up furiously.

Qi Yun took out his phone, sent a message to Yuan Hua, and casually sat on the sofa.

After sending the message, he put the phone down, looked up at Lin Yonggang, and chuckled, "No need to be so agitated, sit down and let's talk."

Seeing Qi Yun completely ignore his words, Lin Yonggang trembled with anger and pointed at Qi Yun's nose, shouting, "Who do you think you are, daring to act out in my office! Do you believe I won't call security to throw you out right now?"

Qi Yun, unhurried, crossed his leg, lit a cigarette from his pocket, and said leisurely, "Director Lin, I'm not here to argue with you today."

"Let's put everything on the table. You've been targeting our company from the start; what does it mean?"

Lin Yonggang sneered, "Targeting your company? Your company's paperwork is incomplete, not up to shipping standards. I'm just following the rules."

Qi Yun chuckled, "No need for these high-sounding words. We're all reasonable people. If you have dissatisfaction or any demands towards our company, just say so."

Lin Yonggang, unmoved, picked up the desk phone and threatened, "I have nothing to say to you. Are you leaving or not? If not, I'll call security right now."

"Ding~"

At that moment, the phone on the coffee table lit up.

Qi Yun picked up the phone and saw two messages from Yuan Hua.

The first one was a video.

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The second message was a text: "Boss, these things are illegal and bad for your health. You should look at them less."

Qi Yun erased the text message with a peculiar expression, then stood up and placed his phone on Lin Yonggang's desk, chuckling lightly: "Don't be hasty, take a look at this."

Lin Yonggang frowned and lowered his head to look at the phone screen. When he saw the familiar scene and his own figure in the video, his face instantly turned ashen, and his forehead broke out in a light sweat.

The video showed an indecent scene of him and his mistress in bed.

Qi Yun took a drag on his cigarette, smiling and jested: "Vice Director Lin, the filming skills are pretty good. Must have studied photography professionally, right?"

"Where... where did you get these things?" Lin Yonggang's voice trembled slightly, feeling shocked and angry inside.

Qi Yun didn't answer his question, flicking ashes into Lin Yonggang's teacup, then turned to go sit back on the sofa.

"Still thinking of calling security? If not, come over and have a chat."

Lin Yonggang suppressed his anger, his hands tightly clenched into fists, his body lightly trembling. His eyes were filled with resentment and anger, but also a hint of fear.

He finally put down the phone receiver, slowly walked over to the sofa, and sat down, glaring at Qi Yun: "What exactly do you want?"

Qi Yun crossed his legs, blew out a smoke ring, and spoke unhurriedly: "Tell me why you've been targeting our company. I don't have time for nonsense."

Lin Yonggang gritted his teeth, internally conflicted. It was clear he didn't want to answer Qi Yun's question.

But given the current situation, it seemed he had no other choice.

After a long silence, he deflated like a punctured balloon, his momentum instantly wilted, and with a plea, he spoke: "If I tell you, can you delete the videos and promise not to leak them?"

Qi Yun couldn't help but laugh lightly, this scene seemed familiar.

"Tell me first."

Lin Yonggang sighed: "About a month ago, someone contacted me, gave me half a million to make trouble for your company, and I agreed."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun frowned slightly. No wonder Brother Peng had been trying to establish relations here but couldn't get through - he had been bought off by someone else.

"Who was it?"

Lin Yonggang shook his head: "I don't know, the person who approached me was probably just an agent. They came to me with a box, which had five hundred thousand in cash inside."

"And someone from above also talked to me, so I did as told."

Qi Yun squinted slightly and took a drag on his cigarette. He had a good guess of who it might be.

He stood up, extinguished the cigarette, and said plainly: "I want our company's products shipped out today, and I don't want this kind of issue to happen again. Got it?"

Lin Yonggang gritted his teeth, feeling unwilling but nodded, seeing Qi Yun's indisputable gaze: "Alright, I'll arrange the shipment, and I won't block your company's goods in the future."

"And my..."

Qi Yun adjusted his clothes, interrupting: "I have no interest in your messy affairs. You can pretend nothing happened today."

With that, he walked out of the office.

Honestly, he could very well hand the evidence over to the railway bureau's discipline department, and even if Lin Yonggang wouldn't go to jail, his position would certainly be lost.

But doing that wouldn't be beneficial. Even if Lin was gone, there'd probably be a Wang Yonggang or Zhang Yonggang, and re-establishing connections would incur costs.

So it was better to let this guy continue managing things, at least having a hold over him ensures he wouldn't dare create trouble, saving quite some hassle.

Back in the car, Qi Yun took out his phone and called Yu Baoshan, the hospital director, learning that Old Hei's injuries had almost healed and he could be discharged anytime.

After ending the call, he instructed Chen Wei: "Brother Wei, I'll give you an address, take Old Hei there to collect some things."

Chen Wei nodded: "What kind of things?"

Qi Yun, while sending him the address, replied: "Most likely cash, the embezzled mess inside."

Chen Wei raised an eyebrow at this and nodded agreement: "Understood."

"Hmm." Qi Yun put away his phone and prepared to get out of the car, "By the way, Old Hei is in the city hospital building No. 3, let him stay with you for a while after finishing up."

...

Having dealt with matters here, Qi Yun went to a teahouse from last time to buy some good tea. Then he took a taxi to Qiuyue Pavilion on Antique Street, planning to visit Elder Chen with Shi Feng, expressing gratitude since the latter had helped immensely this time.

In the store, Shi Feng looked at Qi Yun in surprise and said: "When did you get back?"

"Yesterday." Qi Yun answered briefly, picking up a teacup to pour himself some tea.

"Was everything smooth? How much did the chair sell for?" Shi Feng asked curiously.

Qi Yun raised two fingers: "Two thousand grand, I'll give you a hundred for running around."

"Two thousand!?" Shi Feng clicked his tongue, though it wasn't unexpected, the number still surprised him, "Auctioned?"

Qi Yun shook his head, roughly explaining the situation with Elder Tong and the Fu Family.

After hearing Shi Feng's eyes widened, he quickly emptied the teapot and brought out a new cake of good tea from the inner room.

"Boss Qi, when you make it big, don't forget to give a little guy like me a hand."

Qi Yun looked at Shi Feng's gesture, feeling amused.

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"That's the Fu Family! So many people are dying to get in touch with them... Old Qi, you've really hit the jackpot this time." Shi Feng sighed as he sat back down.

Qi Yun waved a hand at him, "Alright, accompany me to visit Old Chen later. It's thanks to his help this time."

Shi Feng nodded, "You should really thank him properly."

The two chatted for a bit more before heading out to Old Chen's residence.

It was still that familiar small courtyard. Old Chen was lounging leisurely on a recliner, listening to opera. When he saw Qi Yun and the other person enter, he just lifted his eyelids slightly.

Qi Yun placed the tea he brought on the stone table and then expressed his gratitude to Old Chen.

Old Chen just closed his eyes and murmured, "Mm," without much interest.

Qi Yun didn't mind, knowing that Old Chen liked peace and quiet. So, he didn't disturb him much. He took a small box out of his pocket, opened it, and said, "Old Chen, this is some ginseng I picked on Changbai Mountain a few days ago. This one is for you to nourish your body."

This ginseng was one of the two stalks he had specifically asked Cao Yufei to set aside, both over a hundred years old. One had been given to Old Tong, and the other was for the person in front of him.

Old Chen slightly opened his eyes and glanced at the ginseng before waving his hand, "Take it back. I don't have any use for it."

"I've lived long enough at this age. When it's time to go, I'll go naturally. Let everything happen as it may."

Hearing this, Qi Yun clicked his tongue, wanting to say something more. At this moment, Shi Feng gently patted his shoulder and shook his head slightly.

Seeing this, Qi Yun swallowed the words he was about to say and didn't say anything more. He silently put the item away again.

"Then Old Chen, we won't disturb you any longer. We'll visit you another day."

Old Chen, with his eyes closed, waved a hand to indicate farewell.

After they left the courtyard, Shi Feng lit a cigarette and sighed, "Old Chen's son died in a car accident years ago, and his wife passed away due to illness last year."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback upon hearing this. Those short sentences contained the greatest pain in the world. Now he somewhat understood why the other person was so indifferent...

After parting ways with Shi Feng, Qi Yun hailed a cab to go handle another matter.

An hour later, his figure appeared in an urban village, a place similar to the Xia Ping Village he used to live in, where most residents were migrant workers and there was a lot of turnover.

He walked through two alleys and finally arrived at the entrance of a flat. Before he could knock, the door opened from the inside, and a man in a military coat appeared at the door, it was Old Ghost.

The interior was dimly lit, with only a bed and two chairs.

After a quick look around, Qi Yun frowned and asked, "Do you usually live here?"

Logically speaking, his "income" shouldn't be low. Just this job alone had rewarded Old Ghost with two hundred thousand.

Sitting on the bed, Old Ghost lit a cigarette and replied casually, "Mm, I change places often."

Saying this, he leaned down, took a small black bag from under the pillow, unzipped it, and took out a notebook to hand to Qi Yun.

Qi Yun took the notebook, pulled a chair beside him, sat down, and began to carefully flip through it.

After a while, he finished reading all the contents recorded inside. Then he took out his phone and took pictures of the contents.

After taking the pictures, he closed the notebook again, lit a cigarette, and after taking a couple of puffs, he asked Old Ghost, "Did the other party notice?"

Old Ghost shook his head, "Unless they open the safe and find out."

Qi Yun nodded slightly and continued, "I have another job for you."

"Tell me."

"I need you to quietly place this notebook in someone's house."

Upon hearing this, Old Ghost didn't immediately reply. He flicked the ash off his cigarette and asked, "Who's this person?"

"Vice Sergeant."

Qi Yun didn't hide anything. His plan was for Old Ghost to steal this account book and place it on Sergeant Zhou's desk.

The rest didn't require his concern. He believed that once the other party saw this account book, they wouldn't remain indifferent.

Although Qi Yun wished to use this opportunity to bring the other party down as well, he knew very well that relying on just one account book was far from enough to shake a Vice Sergeant.

Old Ghost raised an eyebrow and blew out a smoke ring, "No problem, I'll charge you ten, the usual half first."

Hearing this, Qi Yun took a brown paper bag from his coat pocket and handed it over, "There's two hundred thousand in here, one hundred thousand from your remaining reward last time, and another hundred thousand for this job."

Old Ghost took the brown paper bag, squeezed it, and then placed it under the pillow.

"I'll contact you once it's done."

Qi Yun nodded, clasped the nearly burnt-out cigarette between his fingers, and left.

Not long after leaving Old Ghost, he received a call from Brother Peng, informing him that the goods had been shipped.

"That guy was talking to me like a real grandson earlier. How did you handle him?" Brother Peng asked in astonishment.

Qi Yun chuckled and replied, "Moved him with love."

"Get lost," Brother Peng cursed good-naturedly. "Oh, by the way, once the payment from Mendeleyev comes through, I plan to arrange for people to explore other cities in Jiang Province and expand the business. What do you think?"

Qi Yun thought for a moment and replied, "It might take some time for the payment to come through from his side. If you feel the timing is right, you can start now; I'll handle the funding."

After hearing this, Brother Peng paused and asked, "Even if we pay the deposit first, it might still require ten or twenty million. Can you handle it?"

Qi Yun smiled, "Just ten or twenty million, it's not like it's billions, no big deal."

"Alright, since President Qi has spoken, I'll do as you say."

...

At night, Qi Yun was leaning back in his study chair watching the news when his phone suddenly received a message from Chen Wei, saying that everything was taken care of and all the items had been brought back.

Qi Yun put down his phone and walked to the BMW parked at the door.

After Chen Wei got out of the car, he opened the trunk and took out a large black suitcase, saying, "Everything's inside."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, took the suitcase, and asked, "No one saw you, right?"

Chen Wei shook his head, "That place is very remote, not many people live there, and there aren't even any surveillance cameras."

"Mm," Qi Yun replied, carrying the suitcase back inside.

Once back in the study, he placed the suitcase on the floor, about to open it when Zhao Qing came up and hugged him from behind, curiously staring at the suitcase, "What's in there?"

Qi Yun smiled at her, "Gold."

Zhao Qing wrinkled her nose, thinking Qi Yun was teasing her.

"Don't believe me? Open it and see for yourself," Qi Yun chuckled.

At his words, Zhao Qing withdrew her hands from his waist, squatted down, and unzipped the suitcase.

When the suitcase opened, inside was a stack of red hundred-yuan bills, roughly estimated to be around three million, along with ten or so gold bars and a jade bracelet, estimated to be worth three or four million.

Staring at the contents of the suitcase, Zhao Qing's mouth hung open, almost causing the facial mask on her face to fall off.

She turned her head and asked in a surprised voice, "Where did all this money come from?"

"Robbed from the local landlords," Qi Yun laughed lightly, offering no further explanation.

Zhao Qing shot him an annoyed glance, then looked at the cash and gold bars in the suitcase again, stood up and hugged Qi Yun, without saying a word.

Though there was some worry in her heart, she trusted that Qi Yun knew what he was doing and would surely think of her and Nuannuan.

Gently patting her back, Qi Yun also pondered over how to handle these things.

To be honest, five million was quite a bit, but now he had already moved past his days of poverty. So to him, it was just a normal matter. The reason he had Chen Wei bring it back was to avoid letting Lin Yonggang benefit from it.

....

Chapter 268: The Ivory from Ten Thousand Years Ago and Professional Killers

Late at night, after Zhao Qing fell asleep, Qi Yun went to the study, lit a cigarette, and began to review the intelligence reports of the day.

[Current Intelligence Points: 7]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): Ma Baoguo received news yesterday and it has been confirmed that he will soon be transferred to the New District Branch as the captain of the security team.]

Seems like Zhang Dayong pushed hard for this...

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Blue): Yesterday at the construction site at kilometer 201 on the east-west crying freeway, a mammoth tusk buried for tens of thousands of years was accidentally discovered in the permafrost while excavating a tunnel.]

The tusk is intact, valued at over four million US Dollars, and has been privately stashed by the excavator and a construction worker without anyone else knowing. They transported it back to Bird City overnight and are currently looking for a buyer, contact info *****]

After seeing this piece of intelligence, Qi Yun was visibly stunned.

A mammoth tusk from tens of thousands of years ago?

The word "mammoth" instantly reminded him of a cartoon he had seen as a child... but can this thing be traded?

Qi Yun immediately took out his phone to search for related information online.

It turns out that mammoths went extinct over ten thousand years ago, so there is no killing involved, which allows for trade. Most are used in the jewelry industry, but the issue is that these two men's source is not very legitimate...

Will buying it land him in trouble?

Qi Yun was uncertain, so he decided to put it aside and continue reading the next intelligence report.

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Red): Three days ago, an online fugitive, Han Zhicheng, used a fake identity to escape from Cambodia back to the country. He brought back client data from a certain online gambling zone and plans to sell it on the dark web.]

The zone has arranged for two professional hitmen from Cambodia to retrieve the data. The two hitmen arrived in Bird City three hours ago and are currently staying at a hotel on Alley 3, No. 20, Xinhe Village, planning to take action tomorrow.]

"Tsk tsk~"

This kid really has some guts, even daring to attract professional hitmen.

If I inform Ge Dabao of this, could I earn another bonus?

...

The next day, Qi Yun was planning to go to the National Security office, but just as he got in the car, he received a call from President Bi, who asked him to come to the company for a meeting.

Qi Yun held the phone and pondered for a moment. Since those two hitmen wouldn't take action until tomorrow, there was no immediate urgency.

So he instructed Chen Wei to change direction and drive to the jewelry company.

More than half an hour later, the car stopped in front of the office building of Lantian Jewelry, and Qi Yun tidied his clothes before stepping into the building.

Just as he stepped out of the elevator, a young woman in a sexy outfit approached him, bowed slightly, and introduced herself, "Hello, President Qi, I'm Amy, President Bi's secretary. I'll take you to the meeting room."

Qi Yun nodded slightly and followed her.

To be honest, President Bi really has a knack for picking secretaries. Whether it was Jiang Yue before or Amy now, both are impeccable in appearance and demeanor, and crucially, they're very young, which makes one feel comfortable.

In the meeting room, three figures were sitting there chatting, besides President Bi and Mr. Li whom he had met at a previous dinner, there was also a middle-aged man with a small mustache.

"President Bi, President Qi is here," Amy said as she knocked on the door, then turned and left.

Seeing Qi Yun come in, President Bi hurriedly waved him over to sit down, and Mr. Li also greeted him, "Haha, Brother Qi, long time no see."

Qi Yun smiled and replied, "Indeed, I was planning to visit you a few days ago, but knowing how busy you are, I didn't want to disturb you."

"Haha, don't be silly, you're always welcome to drop by for tea."

After some casual chat, President Bi gestured to the other middle-aged man and introduced, "Brother Qi, this is President Ye, Ye Hanwen."

"You may not have met him before, President Ye has been managing our company's mines in South Africa."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun was inwardly surprised. He had heard of South Africa, a place with three coastlines and famous for diamond production, but didn't expect the company to have mines there.

Clearly, he had underestimated the value of the 5% shares he held...

"President Ye, I've heard a lot about you." Qi Yun extended his hand politely and greeted him.

Ye Hanwen seemed very refined, with an amiable smile on his face. He rose and shook hands with Qi Yun, "Brother Qi, you've made impressive achievements at a young age. President Bi has told me about you quite a bit, saying the new shareholder of the company is very capable, and meeting you today confirms it."

"Not at all," Qi Yun modestly shook his head. "President Ye is too kind. I still need guidance from you and the others."

"Hahaha, we're all on the same team, no need to be so formal."

Just then, Amy brought a cup of coffee for Qi Yun, and after she left, their conversation returned to the main topic.

President Bi was the first to speak, "I invited everyone here today mainly to discuss our mines in South Africa. That mine was purchased by our company six years ago from the local government for twenty million US Dollars. In recent years, more than half of the raw materials for the diamond jewelry sold by the company come from that mine..."

As Qi Yun had recently joined and was not very familiar with the company's past, President Bi briefly introduced the situation. After explaining enough, he turned to Ye Hanwen and said, "President Ye, please update us on the current situation."

Ye Hanwen nodded and said in a deep voice, "Last month, a broker approached me, indicating that the local government wants to buy back the diamond mine for thirty million US Dollars, and after discussing it with President Bi, we declined."

Chapter 269: Ivory from Ten Thousand Years Ago and Professional Killers (Part 2)

"Since then, the mining site hasn't been peaceful, frequently harassed by small private armed groups. Three of the security personnel we hired have been killed."

General Manager Li frowned and asked, "The government did this?"

Ye Hanwen sneered, "I've negotiated with the government people, but naturally, they won't admit to such things. Though those armed groups officially have no ties with the local government, anyone can see who they're taking orders from."

The room fell silent.

Qi Yun understood what was going on. Small countries like this love pulling these stunts; the news is always full of reports about them; they're experts at burning bridges.

General Manager Bi tapped the table and spoke, "The key is the deposit at that mining site. We've had agencies measure it; it'll last at least another ten years. Recover it for thirty million USD? They think we're a charity or something?"

General Manager Li turned to look at Ye Wenhuan and asked, "So is there any solution now?"

Ye Wenhuan sighed, "The only solution I can think of is to keep strengthening our defense forces. The other side might care about their reputation and won't dare push too hard. So, they probably won't deploy large-scale armed forces."

"As long as our stance is strong enough, the other side might compromise."

"You mean hiring more security?" General Manager Li asked.

Ye Wenhuan shook his head, "Increasing security costs too much, one death requires compensation of a hundred thousand USD. I'm more inclined to collaborate with local tribes."

"East of the mining site is Kubu Clan territory. They have AKs and RPGs; if negotiated well, they can act as bodyguards."

General Manager Li and General Manager Bi nodded in agreement.

"What's the price the Kubu Clan wants?"

Ye Wenhuan sighed, "That's unclear for now. Their chieftain is currently holding a wedding for his seventh wife. I visited a couple of days ago but didn't get to meet him."

"After we discuss this, I'll return to South Africa this afternoon to negotiate with them."

General Manager Bi nodded, "Alright then, let's proceed with this approach for now."

After saying that, he turned to look at General Manager Li and Qi Yun, "Any objections?"

General Manager Li slightly nodded, indicating agreement.

Qi Yun naturally had no objections; he hadn't spoken a word the whole time.

After the discussion concluded, everyone went their separate ways.

Qi Yun didn't choose to leave but went to the restroom first before heading to General Manager Bi's office.

"What's up, anything else?" General Manager Bi looked at him and asked.

Qi Yun nodded, "Yeah, there's something I'm unsure about and I'd like your opinion."

After the two sat on the sofa, General Manager Bi handed over a cigarette and smiled, "Haha, let's hear it."

Qi Yun took the cigarette, lit it, inhaled twice, and pondered his words.

"I heard from a friend that there are two people looking to sell a piece of mammoth ivory, but the origin of this ivory is somewhat questionable. Do you think we should get involved?"

General Manager Bi's eyes lit up, "Mammoth Ivory?"

Qi Yun nodded, "Yes, supposedly just excavated from the permafrost, and the quality isn't bad."

General Manager Bi took a puff of his cigarette and continued, "That's good stuff."

"Mammoth Ivory is best when excavated from ice layers in Siberia and Alaska; secondly, those buried in permafrost in Jiang Province and Northeast. Our company sells mammoth ivory jewelry; they're all premium goods and priced high."

Qi Yun flicked his cigarette ash and sighed, "It's good stuff, but isn't there a legal risk?"

General Manager Bi laughed and replied, "This kind of thing is actually quite common; the genuine mammoth ivory sold domestically rarely have compliant origins."

"However, personally getting involved does pose a risk. How about this? We go together and buy with the company's name; you take the main share of the profits, and I'll give you a cut when we divvy up."

Qi Yun pondered briefly and asked, "Is that appropriate? Won't it bring trouble to the company?"

General Manager Bi dismissively waved his hand, "Did you forget who our shareholder is? No one will check us for such small things."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback, thinking about how he was just contemplating how to use connections yesterday, and today he's actually doing it.

"Alright, I'll make a call now."

Saying this, he took out his phone and dialed the number from the intel.

The call was quickly connected, and a slightly hoarse voice came from the other end, "Hello, who is this?"

"I heard from a friend you're selling mammoth ivory, is that right?" Qi Yun asked directly.

As soon as the other end heard it was an ivory buyer, enthusiasm rose, "Yes, yes, are you interested in buying?"

"Yes," Qi Yun replied, "Where are you now? Let's meet and discuss, and let me see the goods."

The other end quickly replied, "Sure, sure, I'm in Xinhe Village, come over now, I'll wait for you."

Qi Yun was slightly stunned, Xinhe Village again?

However, he didn't overthink it, hung up the phone, and said to General Manager Bi, "All set."

General Manager Bi extinguished his cigarette and stood up, "Alright then, let's head over now, nothing much to do anyway."

"Okay."

With that said, the two left the office and headed to Xinhe Village.

The village wasn't far from the train station, the street sides were lined with small motel signs, some with towels hanging at the entrance.

As they passed by a motel named "World of Five Lakes," Qi Yun's gaze sharpened.

The two hired killers were staying here.

The car drove for a few more minutes, making several turns before finally stopping at a gate of a courtyard with bungalows.

Upon hearing movement at the gate, a large face immediately peeked out from behind the iron gate, "Boss, was it you guys who called earlier?"

Chapter 270: Ivory from Ten Thousand Years Ago and Professional Killers (Three-in-One) (Part 3)

Qi Yun nodded: "That's right."

Upon hearing this, Big Round Face immediately opened the door, welcoming Qi Yun and Mr. Bi into the yard.

A pickup truck was parked in the yard, with the words 'China Key 8th Bureau' written on it.

The bed of the truck was covered with a tarp, looking bulging.

At this moment, a young man came out from the nearby bungalow, exchanged a glance with Big Round Face, both of them showing a hint of excitement.

"Where's the stuff? Let us take a look first," Mr. Bi said.

Big Round Face quickly nodded, he and the other person went to the sides of the pickup truck and removed the tarp.

As the tarp was lifted from the truck bed, a mud-stained, dark ivory tusk about two meters long was revealed.

Qi Yun saw the object, and his eyes flashed with a hint of surprise.

Goodness, one tusk nearly took up the whole length of the pickup truck bed, how large would the living Mammoth have been?

Mr. Bi was clearly familiar with the item. He approached, rubbed off a piece of dirt with his hand, revealing the ivory underneath, slightly gray-yellow in color. Upon closer inspection, one could smell a faint earthy aroma, a sign of being buried in damp permafrost for a long time.

After examining it, he nodded in satisfaction, turned to the two and said, "Not bad stuff, where was it excavated?"

The two hesitated after hearing this, not wanting to answer.

Seeing this, Mr. Bi calmly took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, took a puff, and said, "Brothers, if you're not willing to disclose, I can't buy it."

The two exchanged a glance, Big Round Face rubbed his hands, his gaze shifting between Qi Yun and Mr. Bi, finally spoke after a moment of silence: "Honestly, we dug it up at the tunnel construction site of the Crying Road, you see the dirt on it hasn't even been cleaned off."

"It was just the two of us at the site, no one else knows about this, so boss, buying it back definitely poses no risk."

Mr. Bi nodded slightly, continued to ask, "How did you transport it back? I recall there seems to be security checks on the road."

Big Round Face grinned, patted the nearby pickup truck: "This is a company vehicle, runs that road every day, hardly gets checked, and we piled lots of stuff on it when coming back."

"Mm." Mr. Bi flicked the cigarette ash, satisfied with their response, "How much are you asking to sell it for?"

Big Round Face licked his lips, his gaze wandering over the ivory, as if weighing the price in his mind.

Then he exchanged a glance with the other man next to him, finally sticking out a finger: "One million, the lowest price!" He spoke in a hushed voice, fearing someone might overhear.

Upon hearing the price, Mr. Bi's lips curled into a smile and he immediately turned to leave.

Seeing this, Big Round Face quickly stepped forward, reaching out to stop Mr. Bi, with a conciliatory smile he said, "Hey, hey, hey! Boss, don't rush! The price is negotiable!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead, his eyes darting back and forth between Qi Yun and Mr. Bi, "Name a number, as long as it's not too unreasonable, we can discuss!"

Mr. Bi halted, took a drag of his cigarette, slowly said, "If this item came through legitimate channels, I'd have no problem giving you a million."

"But now you can't provide anything, there's much I have to handle myself, how can I give you a million?"

"Yes, yes." Big Round Face licked his dry lips, looking very sycophantic.

Qi Yun watched his demeanor, guessing that the man must have tried many ways but couldn't find a proper outlet.

After all, this item is quite sensitive, without proper expertise, one wouldn't dare buy it.

Just then, Mr. Bi continued, "I'll offer a price, three hundred thousand. If it works for you, it works, if not, we can forget it, I'll treat it as if I never came today."

"Three, three hundred thousand?" Big Round Face was somewhat stunned hearing this figure, evidently far from his expectation.

Seeing Mr. Bi silent, he turned to exchange a glance with his companion, then swallowed hard showing his smoke-stained teeth, "Boss, you've really slashed the price hard... this is a great item, could you raise it a bit?"

Mr. Bi shook his head, his sentiment clear.

At this point, the younger man who hadn't spoken before said, "Lei Gong, let's sell it for three hundred thousand and get back to the construction site."

Big Round Face glared at him angrily, then turned to Mr. Bi, reluctantly said, "Boss, a one-time price of three hundred fifty thousand, okay?"

Mr. Bi raised his wrist to check the time on his Rolex, exhaled a smoke ring and said, "My time is limited, you should think it over first." Saying this, he turned to leave.

Big Round Face suddenly panicked, hurriedly caught up, protesting, "Okay okay, three hundred thousand, just three hundred thousand!"

Upon hearing, Mr. Bi stopped, turned to look at Big Round Face, then took out his phone, dialed a number, and instructed briefly.

After hanging up, he said to Big Round Face, "Someone will come with money to trade with you later."

After saying this, he made a gesture to Qi Yun, and the two left the yard.

Back in the car, Qi Yun asked curiously, "How much is that Mammoth Ivory worth?"

Mr. Bi took a sip from his thermos cup, replied, "In their hands, the item is only worth three hundred thousand, but in our hands, it's not less than six million."

"However, things are quite complex in between, perhaps your share could be around three hundred thousand."

Qi Yun nodded slightly upon hearing, knowing there are many nuances involved.

The car restarted towards the original path, when nearing the 'Five Lakes and Four Seas' hotel, Qi Yun asked the driver to stop, greeted Mr. Bi, and got off by the roadside.