

## Middle Age 63

### Chapter 63: Preserved in Perfect Condition

"Eight thousand? No problem!"

Qi Yun agreed readily to the dean's quoted price without hesitation.

He immediately took out his phone and transferred eight thousand yuan to the account of the children's welfare home.

The dean's eyes showed a touch of emotion, clearly seeing that Qi Yun did not really need those old pieces of furniture, but was only helping the children here.

"Tha...thank you, Qi Yun."

"Hehe, you're welcome, Dean." Qi Yun smiled and waved, then stood up. "I'll leave you to your work and call a car to move those pieces of furniture now."

The dean put away her handkerchief, stood up to see him off: "Alright, I'll have Old Yu who stokes the boiler help you later."

After leaving the office, Qi Yun called Wei Yong. Upon learning that Wei Yong was free, he asked him to find a large truck to come and haul the items.

He then walked again towards the room where the old furniture was stored.

Under the willow trees ahead on the playground stood two wooden posts, with a simple swing tied to them. At that moment, several five or six-year-old children were playing, and joyful laughter came intermittently.

"Daddy, can I go play with them?" Nuannuan in his arms kept her gaze in that direction, her little face filled with anticipation.

Qi Yun looked down at his daughter, his heart softening, and replied with a smile: "Of course you can, but be careful and get along well with the other kids."

"Great, thank you, Daddy!" The little girl cheered excitedly, then wriggled out of Qi Yun's arms, running eagerly with her little legs towards the swing.

Those few children looked somewhat thin, and their clothes were washed to a faded look, but this did not affect their joy.

The world of children is always simple and pure; Nuannuan quickly integrated into that group of children, and her bell-like laughter echoed in the yard.

Seeing this, Qi Yun also felt at ease, turned around, and pushed open the wooden door, entering the room filled with furniture once more.

He was clear about his target and walked straight to the medicine chest on the four-legged stool.

This was a very old-style wooden chest with a total of three drawers, and one end of the copper lock had already come off.

It was quite similar to the medicine chests those barefoot doctors in the village used to carry when he was a child.

Qi Yun lifted the medicine chest, placed it on the ground, then used his phone's flashlight, crouching down to carefully examine it.

The top layer of the chest was empty, with rusty slides making even pulling it out somewhat laborious.

Frowning, Qi Yun used force to fully open the stiff slides, carefully checking every detail to ensure nothing was overlooked before transferring his attention to the middle drawer.

The middle drawer contained some bottles and jars, mostly common external medicines, with vague labels on the bottles.

Next was the bottom layer, containing some already rusted medical instruments like tweezers and scissors.

Qi Yun carefully took everything out, placing them on the floor beside him, and then, using the light, meticulously searched for a hidden compartment.

After some tapping and prodding, he suddenly realized that a piece of wood on the side of the chest seemed somewhat loose.

Filled with joy, Qi Yun leaned in for a closer look, noticing a very fine gap at the joining edges of the wooden panel.

Pressing gently with his fingers, he felt there might be some space behind the wooden panel.

He then pulled out his ID card from his pocket, carefully inserting it into the gap and slowly prying it open.

"Creak."

With a slight noise, the wooden panel was finally pried open, revealing a hidden compartment.

Qi Yun brought his phone flashlight closer, shining it into the compartment.

The beam cut through wood dust, illuminating what was inside the compartment.

Two little round balls wrapped in oil paper lay quietly in the compartment.

Qi Yun's heartbeat suddenly quickened, and he slowly reached out to carefully take them out.

After examining them in his palm for a moment, he gently peeled back the oil paper from one, revealing a layer of beeswax encasing the pill.

This was an early method of sealing used in traditional Chinese medicine shops.

The beeswax surface was smooth, with a uniform color, showing a natural light yellow hue, evidently meticulously processed.

The pill was hermetically sealed with no gaps, appearing to be in excellent preservation.

Additionally, the outer layer of beeswax bore clear impressions of three rings of sealing wax.

The sealing wax was dark red, with slightly worn edges but still clearly distinguishable, with each round of patterns orderly and proving the pill had never been opened.

The surface of the wax also had three "Guangyuyuan" characters embossed in seal script, with two tiny needle marks at the edges, serving as an anti-counterfeit mark from that era.

After confirming that the two An Gong Bezoar pills were intact, Qi Yun finally felt relieved.

Suppressing his inner excitement, he placed these two precious pills into a prepared sealed bag, then carefully put them in his chest pocket.

The value of this item could no longer be measured by money. If taken out at the right moment, it might help accomplish what money couldn't.

So Qi Yun had no intention of selling them yet and decided to keep them safe for now.

After restoring everything in the room, he dusted off his hands and pushed open the wooden door.

By now, the dean seemed to have finished her work and was walking this way.

"Huahua, Little Miao, it's mealtime, hurry, let's go eat."

"Qi Yun, it's lunch time. If you don't mind, bring the little girl and join us in the cafeteria for a meal." The dean came forward and warmly extended the invitation.

Hearing this, Qi Yun smiled and nodded in agreement: "Sure, thank you for the hospitality."

The dean smiled with relief, quickly saying, "It's no trouble at all, just an extra pair of chopsticks. You've done so much for our welfare home, a meal is nothing."

Saying this, she looked towards the children playing, raising her voice to call out: "Kids, stop playing now, go wash your hands and get ready to eat!"

The children, although somewhat reluctant, obediently queued up to wash their hands upon the dean's call.

Nuannuan also cast a reluctant glance at the swing, then ran back to Qi Yun's side, holding his hand.

The welfare home's cafeteria was on the second floor, though the environment was somewhat basic, it was very clean and tidy.

There were over thirty children coming for the meal, most of them under ten years old.

Qi Yun held a tray, queuing behind the dean to get food.

Lunch today was dry-fried noodles mixed with a bit of mutton, tasting very good.

It was clear that even in difficult times, the elderly dean was trying hard to let the children eat well.

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After lunch, Wei Yong also arrived in a large truck.

Qi Yun greeted the dean and then began moving furniture onto the truck.

Before long, all the old furniture in the room was moved out, and Wei Yong came over, puzzled: "Old Qi, where do these things go?"

Qi Yun thought for a moment and replied: "Unload at home anything useful, and sell the rest at the scrap yard."

"Huh? Didn't you just buy these? Now you're selling them at the scrap yard?" Wei Yong asked in confusion.

Qi Yun smiled and patted Wei Yong on the shoulder, not offering further explanation.

The truck slowly left the welfare home's gate.

Meanwhile, two trucks loaded with daily supplies like rice, flour, grains, and oil parked in front of the rickety three-story old building, unloading their goods.

The elderly dean looked towards the entrance, her eyes reddening.