

## Middle Age 631

### Chapter 631: Unmatched Dominance

Inside this circle, there's an unwritten rule that no matter how much discord there is privately, one must at least maintain a facade, because everyone here has their reputation to uphold.

But Fu Wentao's actions clearly showed no respect for Hong Zhenbang, and you could even say there was some \*\* intent behind it.

After all, the man comes as a leader from over there, and his recent actions were somewhat excessive.

Yet there's no option; who's going to argue with Fu Wentao?

Even when he behaves like this, none of those present expresses the slightest dissatisfaction.

Even Hong Zhenbang could only manage an awkward smile, his hands behind his back clenching to the point where veins were bulging, but he kept his silence.

He understands that Fu Wentao's influence far exceeds his own; if things turn sour, he's the one who will end up losing face.

Director Ji was equally shaken inside, never expecting Fu Wentao to suddenly appear here.

And with such a strong attitude!

No wonder Qi Yun didn't take the fallback option Director Ji arranged for him; turns out he simply wasn't worried.

Initially, Director Ji thought Qi Yun's greatest backing was Xiao Hanguang, but now it seems he was mistaken. The kid also silently holds an ace up his sleeve...

Director Ji sighed internally, hoping the situation wouldn't get ugly, and quickly tried to ease the tension: "Haha, President Fu, it's been a long time! I suggest we don't just stand around here, let's go upstairs to talk."

"Yes, yes, Wentao, let's go up to the office upstairs, we can have some tea and talk slowly." Old Hou stepped forward to agree.

Fu Wentao glanced back at Hong Zhenbang with a smile that wasn't quite a smile, and nodded: "Alright, let's go."

The group began to stride towards the steps, and Hong Zhenbang took a deep breath, suppressing the anger inside, and followed behind.

As they entered the lobby, Fu Wentao suddenly halted, turned to his attendant Zheng Lin and instructed: "Zheng Lin, cancel all the meetings scheduled for today; we're not going back to Beijing."

With these words, the expressions of everyone present varied.

Some showed surprise, while others appeared gravely concerned.

This statement sent one clear message: the relationship between this second young master of the Fu Family and Qi Yun was anything but ordinary; he's here to await a resolution.

Especially Hong Zhenbang, whose forehead involuntarily twitched, after quickly weighing the situation he signaled to someone beside him.

The latter immediately understood and quietly headed towards the elevator on the other side.

Regret was already creeping in for him agreeing to help Ding Sanshi target Qi Yun, initially thinking it was just a favor, since after all, Xiao Family's influence doesn't reach that far.

Who would have thought such a formidable figure would suddenly come into play...

If it turns out Qi Yun is problematic, that's fine, but if there's no issue at all, this man likely won't let things go lightly...

The group arrived at the reception room upstairs, and Old Hou picked up a teacup trying to ease the tension: "Wentao, try this tea, my friend picked it from Lion Peak Mountain in Hang City last year, I usually don't even spare drinking it."

"Hmm." Fu Wentao responded blandly, not displaying any friendliness, knowing that his younger brother didn't get along with this one either.

In contrast, Director Ji and Old You received a few normal replies from him.

Director Ji adjusted his glasses and smiled: "President Fu, regarding the European energy cooperation project you mentioned last time in Beijing, is there a chance for J Province to collaborate?"

"If you're willing to bring in the technology, I believe the locals will show the utmost sincerity."

Upon hearing this, Old Hou was about to chime in, but after pursing his lips, he ultimately remained silent and glanced at Old You sitting beside him.

Old You understood, he naturally wouldn't refuse, given the size of the Fu Group, the project is at least a trillion-dollar level; if it could be negotiated, everyone would benefit.

He lightly coughed and continued along Director Ji's lines: "Yes, President Fu, if you have this intention, we can offer the best piece of land for free, and provide maximum policy support."

Fu Wentao chuckled: "We'll talk about this later."

These words almost amounted to a refusal, and everyone had a hint of disappointment on their faces.

At this moment, the previous DC group member beside Hong Zhenbang entered, slightly bowed and reported: "Chief Hong, Qi Yun has cooperated with our colleagues to complete the inquiry, and all documents have been verified."

"The staff is now ready to send him back, do you have any other instructions?"

As soon as the words fell, Fu Wentao crossed his legs, not even waiting for Hong Zhenbang to speak, he directly said to the person: "Bring him over."

The person was taken aback, instinctively looked towards Hong Zhenbang.

According to the rules, he should wait for Hong Zhenbang to speak, but Fu Wentao's tone was indisputable, he could only nod and answer "Yes," then turned and hurried out to convey the message.

Hong Zhenbang sat in place, outwardly showing no fluctuations, but inside, his mood had plunged to rock bottom.

Fu Wentao was clearly trying to put him in his place.

Even though he had already hastily ended things to show his stance, the other party still insisted on bringing the person over, seemingly not intending to back down.

Old Hou and Old You exchanged a glance, neither of them speaking.

Director Ji was even less inclined to open his mouth.

In this situation, anyone who tries to interject ends up embarrassed; all they could do was wait for Qi Yun to come in and see how this confrontation would conclude.

Within two minutes, Qi Yun followed the DC group member into the reception room, and upon seeing Fu Wentao, he naturally walked over: "Haha, big brother, what brings you here."

The words "big brother" caused all their faces to change.

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The teacup in Old Hou's hand shook slightly, almost spilling the tea.

Director Ji's hand paused in mid-air as he adjusted his glasses, his eyes full of shock.

Even Old You, who usually showed no expression, raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised at how close the two's relationship was.

Previously, his good son-in-law had told him that Qi Yun might be connected to the Fu Family, but he had not expected Qi Yun to openly call the other party "Big Brother."

Hong Zhenbang's face turned as white as a sheet.

He now completely understood that he had hit a brick wall this time, and it was a red-hot one.

Fu Wentao pointed to an empty chair nearby, saying casually: "Sit."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the people present, as if both speaking to Qi Yun and deliberately addressing the others: "I just happened to come here to handle some affairs, heard that you were taken from the company, so I specially came to see what you've done."

Except for Hong Zhenbang, the other faces all showed a strange expression upon hearing these words.

Qi Yun had just been taken away, and you showed up immediately after; the timing was indeed too coincidental...

Qi Yun sat down politely, looked around, and then focused on Hong Zhenbang, returning with a smile: "That's perfect. I'm also unsure why I was inexplicably brought here. Since you're here, Big Brother, maybe you can help ask about it."

As soon as these words were spoken, the air in the reception room instantly froze.

Fu Wentao turned to look at Hong Zhenbang, finally acknowledging him: "Hong BZ, I heard you're responsible for the undercover operations; kindly explain this situation."

His voice wasn't loud, yet it commanded authority.

Hong Zhenbang's face alternated between red and white, his blood boiling inside, but he didn't dare to act out.

He couldn't remember how many years it had been since anyone dared to embarrass him like this, but today, facing Fu Wentao, was precisely the person who could ignore his presence.

After a long while, Hong Zhenbang finally spoke with a stiff upper lip: "Isn't it just that Old He's matter is quite involved? We specially invited young Qi TZ to help understand the situation. There's absolutely no misconduct involved."

"It should've been a miscommunication by the subordinates, it's all a misunderstanding, misunderstanding..."

For someone of his status to say such words, it could be said that his stance was very humble indeed; it was effectively submitting in disguise.

Others might laugh it off and leave it at that, considering that face-to-face, future encounters were inevitable, and there was no need to completely burn bridges.

But Fu Wentao was different; he seemed dissatisfied with this, his eyes still fixed on Hong Zhenbang.

Although he said nothing, the meaning was clear — not enough!

At this moment, Hong Zhenbang's face couldn't be described as merely unpleasant; it was as if being \*\*\*\* in public, he had to pretend to be calm, with hands clenched tightly on his knees, nails almost digging into his skin.

After much internal struggle, he forced out a phrase through gritted teeth: "I'm sorry, young Qi TZ, it was a mistake on our part. I apologize on behalf of DCZ."

After speaking, Hong Zhenbang seemed drained of all energy, the imposing aura previously held vanished, aging several years in a mere moment.

He had no other choice; Fu Wentao's gaze was like a knife at his throat. If he didn't bow his head, the consequence would only be more embarrassing.

Fu Wentao finally withdrew his gaze, and although his tone lacked the previous oppressive air, it was still full of veiled warning: "Since it was a misunderstanding, let's leave it at that. After all, mistakes happen."

"The important thing is that I hope there won't be a next time."

Saying that, he stood up and patted Qi Yun's shoulder: "Alright, since there's nothing else, we shouldn't waste others' working time here."

Seeing this, Old Hou quickly got up to detain him: "Haha, Wentao, if there's nothing urgent, why not stay awhile; we have many economic issues we'd like to consult you on."

Fu Wentao waved his hand: "Next time, I still have some things to handle today."

Old Hou did not insist: "Ah, well then, next time, let us know beforehand and we'll carve out time to gather."

Fu Wentao nodded, said no more, and led Qi Yun away.

A group of people walked to the elevator, Zheng Lin had already pressed the button.

Fu Wentao entered the elevator, turned and nodded to everyone: "Please remain, we'll be leaving now."

"Let me see you off, let me see you off!"

Old Hou wanted to escort them, but as soon as he spoke, the elevator doors slowly shut, isolating their gaze.

Until the elevator number reached 1, everyone sighed in relief, all inwardly thankful they had finally sent off this imposing presence.

Once in the car, Qi Yun grinned and gave Fu Wentao a thumbs up: "Big Brother, your aura earlier was unmatched!"

His words were completely heartfelt, without any flattery.

Fu Wentao in the reception room earlier could only be described in four words: Unparalleled Dominance!

No one else would dare utter such things in that setting but Fu Wentao.

Fu Wentao leaned against the seat, taking the cigar handed over by Zheng Lin, a slight smile on his lips: "That's because they were at fault."

"After today's lesson, as long as you don't make mistakes yourself, no one will dare to casually touch you again."

Qi Yun nodded while eagerly lighting it with a lighter: "Haha, Big Brother, don't you know me? Always honest and decent, never causing trouble."

Fu Wentao snorted: "Would you believe that yourself?"

"Just this month, I've bailed you out twice."

Qi Yun put away the lighter, awkwardly rubbing his nose, not defending himself.

Clearly his stature isn't strong enough; if only he could reach his good big brother's level, no one would dare actively mess with him...

After backing Qi Yun, Fu Wentao didn't linger and left directly by a private jet.

After seeing him off, Qi Yun headed straight to West Mountain, where he had long bought a secluded courtyard, usually inviting those unruly folks to hang out here.

Like that truck driver followed by Old Ghost.

Inside the house, three men of Asian descent were tied to chairs, and judging by the bloodstains on their bodies, they had already received a warm welcome.

Moreover, one appeared to be on the brink of death.

"How's it going? Did they confess?"

Old Eagle wiped his hands with a towel, came over to report: "They confessed, these three guys are from Japan's Imperial Family."

"When we caught them, they tried to commit suicide. I knocked out all their teeth."

"What's their purpose?"

"To assassinate you. They don't know the exact reason, likely just doing what they're told."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun frowned, indeed sent by the Imperial Family, this deduction alone suggested that the secret likely leaked.

As for which step the error occurred in, that required further confirmation...

And since they came straight for his life, it was probable they had confirmed that the Eight-footed Jade Hook was no longer with him.

Seems like more caution is needed moving forward...

Thinking of this, Qi Yun immediately took out his phone to contact Harris, updating him on the situation and asking him to investigate on his end as well.

After completing those tasks, he called Bao Cheng, originally Ge Dabao's deputy, now the team leader, requesting him to arrange for these men to be brought back.

Back at the company, Qi Yun's appearance instantly steadied the morale, calming the previously worried crowd.

After handling several important documents, seeing that time was nearing the end of the workday, Qi Yun's phone began ringing non-stop.

Calls from Shao Yuewen, Qin Minghui, and Old Hou, as well as other bigwigs' secretaries, all wanting to have a meal with him.

Qi Yun, of course, understood their intentions clearly.

Ultimately, he declined all invitations, only sending messages to Shao Yuewen and Ji Kai, asking them to pass on his gratitude.

In the evening, returning to Golden Collar Villa, Qi Yun first stopped by the nearby base to assign a task to Ah Jiao and others, before finally going home to eat.

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At the same time, in the guesthouse on Zhongshan Road.

Hong Zhenbang was also on the phone, sighing with fatigue: "Hey, Old Ding, he's even brought in Fu Wentao, how can you expect me to help you?"

"I can't do this favor for you, forgive my incompetence, you should find someone more capable..."

Chapter 633: New Intelligence Reports

In the early morning, Qi Yun stood on the balcony in his boxers, smoking a cigarette while checking today's intelligence reports.

[Current Intelligence Points: 25]

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): Chen Xiaozhi, boss of Cambodia's Son Group, has escaped to Myanmar due to being wanted by the United States. He is currently hiding at a farmer's house, address \*\*\*\*;

Chen Xiaozhi not only has over 30 million USD in overseas accounts but also holds a ledger that records evidence of transactions with his major backers.]

Chen Xiaozhi?

The so-called 'Pig-Slaughtering King' of Cambodia?

Qi Yun clicked his tongue, not surprised to see this guy in the news a lot recently.

Over 30 million USD and a ledger, both things seem quite intriguing...

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Green): Guanghui Group's second-hand car sales company has a large backlog of zero-mileage used cars that can't be sold, causing a very tight cash flow, Lu Guangxin is troubled by this.]

Zero-mileage used cars, as the name implies, are those that have been registered but have hardly been driven.

These cars are much cheaper than new ones, offering good value for money, but the chances of defects are higher.

Because these cars have typically been stored in warehouses for a long time, they may have issues like battery depletion, tire deformation, and other quality problems, without manufacturer warranties.

So buying such cars is quite risky.

Reportedly, over 13% of last year's used car transactions were such zero-mileage cars, with new energy vehicles being the majority.

The reason for this situation is that the domestic market is saturated, yet the car companies are still crazily producing.

Though their PPT shows they are leading in every aspect, and the new cars sell out once released, it's all just a facade.

"Domestic market is not viable, what about abroad..."

Suddenly, a mustache wearing a suit and tie flashes in Qi Yun's mind.

Domestic car exports mostly focus on Southeast Asia and Europe, while the South Asian market is still untapped; maybe he can contact that guy from Peshawar to inquire.

If the market there can be opened, whether it's helping Liu Guangxin clear these used cars or selling new ones in the future, it would be quite beneficial.

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Red): Half an hour ago, the Gwen Clan's team has entered Nepal, totaling thirty people fully armed, planning to land by helicopter tomorrow night in a flat area near Kunlun Mountain, coordinates \*\*\*\*]

These bastards... indeed they won't give up.

They must be taught a painful lesson to stop them from eyeing that place every day.

Qi Yun squinted his eyes, immediately contacting Brother Quan to inform him.

"Do you guys have the capability to deal with it?"

Four versus thirty, the manpower gap is significant, and the team dispatched by the Gwen Clan must be elites.

To be safe, he should report the matter and have the authorities send people to handle it.

But Qi Yun doesn't want the area to be exposed; if possible, he still wants to rely on his own strength to resolve it.

As for what's next... he already has a general plan in mind.

Brother Quan thought for two seconds, confidently replied: "It's not a big problem, but we need equipment."

"Equipment..."

"I'll handle the equipment problem, you contact Old Eagle, tell him all the things you need, I'll arrange for him and An Zai to support you."

"Okay."

Time's tight, after ending the call, Qi Yun immediately dialed Ji Kai's number.

"Hello... hello... Brother Qi." The voice on the other end sounded breathless.

Qi Yun paused, "Did I disturb you?"

"No... no." Ji Kai chuckled dryly, sounded like he's just gotten out of bed, "What's up so late Brother Qi?"

"Yeah, I have something I need your help with, see if it's convenient for you."

"Hehe, with our relationship, there's no such thing as inconvenient, just tell me what you need." Ji Kai responded very quickly.

"I want you to contact Da Chuan to help me get some equipment..." Qi Yun briefly explained his needs.

Ji Kai was stunned, his heart pounding wildly: "Brother Qi... what are you planning?"

It's no wonder he's surprised, this stuff is quite sensitive in Huaxia, and strictly regulated, as evident from Qi Yun getting those gun permits before.

If Qi Yun wants to get these things from Guo An, given his identity and the trust the authorities have in him, he should be able to get them.

But the authorities would definitely ask for the reason, so he wants to try another way through Da Chuan.

Because they have more autonomy, and training regularly, they can simply register it as normal consumption, saving a lot of trouble.

"I'm going after a group of foreign operatives who have infiltrated near Kunlun Mountain in the unpopulated area. It won't cause a big disturbance."

"I don't want to use governmental forces for this, so I'm asking you for help to see if it's feasible." Qi Yun explained the reason clearly.

Once he heard it was in the uninhabited area, dealing with foreign operatives, Ji Kai was a bit more relieved.

If something big happened in the city, it would definitely become serious trouble.

However, even so, he still didn't immediately agree because it involves Da Chuan's family, too sensitive.

"Brother Qi, hold on for two minutes, I'll call Da Chuan to ask."

"But... I can't guarantee it will work..."

Qi Yun nodded: "Alright, then I'll trouble you."

"But whether this works out or not, apart from Dachuan and your family, don't disclose it to anyone else."

He knew that Ji Kai would definitely seek his family's opinion first.

Actually, before making this call, he had already considered that, rather than asking Ji Kai for help, he was essentially seeking assistance from the Ji Family and Dachuan's family.

Whether these two families would agree to help depended on their choice.

"I understand, don't worry about that, Brother Qi," Ji Kai immediately assured him.

"Okay, I'll wait for your call."

"Alright."

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Inside a villa on this side of Nanshan.

Sure enough, after Ji Kai hung up the phone, he didn't contact Dachuan directly but first called his uncle.

With matters that could easily implicate his family, he couldn't decide on his own.

After the nephew reported everything, Director Ji Hongzhang revealed a similarly surprised expression and fell into deep thought.

In his eyes, although the matter carried some risk, it was completely within controllable limits.

Given Qi Yun's status and background, he couldn't possibly act too outrageously.

If it hadn't been for meeting Fu Wentao yesterday, Ji Hongzhang might still have hesitated to get involved.

But now it was different; Fu Wentao even made Hong Zhenbang apologize publicly for Qi Yun, a move that clearly sent a signal.

Qi Yun was not only a protege of Xiao Hanguang but also protected by the Fu Family.

This further strengthened his determination to completely hitch his wagon to the Xiao Family.

His background is so overpowering that even if he acted rashly, there'd be someone to clean up the mess.

Thus, what he's pondering now is not whether to help Qi Yun but rather what Qi Yun's purpose is in doing this.

"Did he say anything else?" Ji Hongzhang asked his nephew.

On the other end of the phone, Ji Kai shook his head: "No, other than instructing me not to disclose this to anyone outside our family and Dachuan."

"Hmm..." Ji Hongzhang muttered slightly, "I understand. Promise him, and I'll call Dachuan's father."

"Eh, alright."

The two ended the call, and Ji Kai promptly dialed Qi Yun back.

"Brother Qi, there's no problem! Later, I'll go with you to Dachuan's place to get the stuff."

Qi Yun smiled contently: "Hehe, okay, thanks a lot."

"Oh, with our relationship, don't mention it. I'm heading out now. Let's meet at Dachuan's place."

"Alright."

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun took a deep breath, returned to the bedroom, and put on a pair of pants to head out.

Zhao Qing lightly rubbed her belly, murmuring, "Are you going out again?"

Qi Yun glanced at her with a smile: "Yeah, I'm going out for a bit, I'll be back soon."

"Are you hungry again? I'll bring you some barbecue when I return."

"I'm not eating." Zhao Qing pouted, "Just be careful, I'll wait for you to come back."

"You should sleep first, don't wait up." Qi Yun finished putting on his pants and walked out.

Downstairs, Eagle and An Zai were already waiting.

Qi Yun signaled for them to get in the car and asked Eagle, "Did Brother Quan mention the equipment to you?"

"Yes, he called earlier." Eagle said as he handed over a note, "I wrote everything down here."

Qi Yun took the note and skimmed through it, QBZ-191 automatic rifle, QBU-203 7.62mm sniper rifle...

These items could only be obtained through official channels; they couldn't be found on Huaxia's black market.

...

About an hour later, at a heavily guarded compound entrance, Qi Yun saw Dachuan's SUV with white background and black lettering plates.

The window rolled down, and Dachuan waved to them: "Brother Qi, ride in my car."

"Alright." Qi Yun led Eagle and An Zai into the SUV.

The interior was quite spacious, enough for five people.

After entering the compound, they drove for a few more minutes and eventually stopped in front of a checkpoint. Inside was a vast open space, resembling a multifunctional parking lot and helipad according to the floor markings.

Behind the helipad was a row of warehouse-like buildings, brightly lit even at night.

Dachuan turned around, smiling: "Brother Qi, you can't go inside. Just tell me what you need, and I'll arrange it for you."

"Alright." Qi Yun nodded, pulling the note from his pocket and handing it over, "Thanks, buddy. Here's the equipment list I need."

Dachuan glanced at the note, raising an eyebrow slightly.

The equipment on the list wasn't top-notch but was enough for handling small-scale conflict, evidently well-planned.

He pocketed the note and patted his chest, "Brother Qi, don't worry, leave it to me, just wait."

Having said that, Dachuan grabbed a stamped document from the dashboard, opened the car door, spoke briefly to the checkpoint guards, and swiftly walked inside.

Chapter 634: My Patience Is Limited

The off-road vehicle stopped in place, and Ji Kai approached with a grin: "Brother Qi, in a couple of days our company needs to deliver a batch of equipment to Oil Country. I'm planning to go along for some fun, do you want to join us?"

Qi Yun knew that the equipment Ji Kai mentioned was likely the Beidou satellite system accessories that Salaman wanted.

To keep the information under wraps, these devices were hidden in the first batch of photovoltaic equipment being sent over together.

However, since he hadn't been contacted about the matter from above, it meant he didn't need to bother with it, so Qi Yun lazily shook his head: "I've got quite a bit of trouble recently, I probably can't get away."

"Things are pretty unsettled in that region lately. If you're going, I can call Salaman to arrange extra security for you."

Ji Kai grinned widely: "That would be great, with your word, my family will be relieved!"

After a short while, a military truck slowly drove out of the checkpoint and stopped beside the off-road vehicle.

Da Chuan jumped down from the truck: "Brother Qi, everything is ready, would you like to check it?"

Qi Yun signaled for Old Ying and An Zai to go check, while he himself opened the car door and got out.

Not that he didn't trust Da Chuan, but since they were about to face a fight, it was crucial to ensure everything was perfect, or it would be gambling with the lives of his brothers.

Old Ying and his team swiftly climbed up the truck, checked each piece of equipment, and nodded to Qi Yun in confirmation.

Qi Yun patted Da Chuan's shoulder, speaking sincerely: "Thanks, brother, I owe you one."

"No need for thanks, Brother Qi. If you need anything in the future, just let me know," Da Chuan chuckled, "After using this equipment, if possible, try to bring it back."

Qi Yun nodded: "Alright, no problem."

"Oh yes, Xiao Kai mentioned he's over by Kunlun Mountain. Need me to arrange a transport helicopter to send you over?" Da Chuan thoughtfully asked.

This was also something his father had instructed him earlier, "Go all the way when helping others."

Qi Yun's eyes lit up: "That's really considerate!"

Originally, he planned to send Old Ying and the others using his private plane. If they could go via a transport helicopter, it would save a lot of time, giving Brother Quan and the others more time to prepare.

Though military helicopters weren't as fast as passenger planes, they weren't slow either, and with a maximum range of two to three thousand kilometers, reaching over there wouldn't be a problem.

Da Chuan nodded with a smile: "I'll arrange it, the helicopter will take off in half an hour, to directly deliver both the equipment and personnel."

"Great, thanks brother."

...

The next day came in the blink of an eye. Qi Yun called Hussein from Batie to inquire about his interest in the second-hand car business.

Over in Batie, the emphasis is heavily on cost-effectiveness, so in their view, zero-kilometer used cars are very attractive in terms of price.

Qi Yun also expressed his desire to expand into the South Asian market and his intention for deeper cooperation in the future.

Hussein pondered after hearing this: "For fuel vehicles, there is quite a good market here, I'm very interested, but for new energy vehicles..."

"Mr. Qi, you know the infrastructure here is far behind your Huaxia, and South Asia's acceptance of new energy vehicles is still gradually improving, so it's not as easy to sell as fuel vehicles."

"However, if the price could be reduced a bit more, I can try to contact distributors and friends in Pakistan and Bangladesh first."

Qi Yun sensed that this guy was negotiating, though South Asia was backward in some areas, the infrastructure in several major cities was quite good.

Besides, even Africa was starting to widely adopt new energy, could South Asia be poorer than over there?

"Hehe, we can negotiate on price; you contact the distributors there first. If there is interest, come to Huaxia, and we can discuss face-to-face."

Hussein responded immediately: "Okay, Mr. Qi, I will get back to you within three days."

After finishing this conversation, Qi Yun pondered on how to capture Chen Xiaozhi.

Currently, that guy was wanted jointly by the Americans and Great Britain, and it's uncertain when he might be caught, which would render the information worthless.

Sending people over...

Brother Quan's team had been dispatched to Kunlun Mountain, and Ah Jiao's team had other tasks assigned, so currently only Xiao Wu, Duan Pingyu, Gao Min, Bingzi, and Old Bai were around.

Xiao Wu needed to stick with him, Duan Pingyu and Gao Min had to constantly protect Zhao Qing and her daughter, leaving no one else available for this task.

Plus, this matter couldn't be entrusted to outsiders; it required a stealthy operation...

After considering for a while, Qi Yun decided to make the trip personally; otherwise, even if the person was captured, bringing a wanted criminal into the checkpoint would be quite troublesome without him appearing.

Before departure, he contacted Li Yaohua to arrange a few people from Beijing, specifically those Brother Quan had dispatched over to Japan before, and then set off with Xiao Wu to Yunnan Province.

...

At one in the afternoon, the plane landed at Rui City Airport.

Just walking out of the terminal, he saw the team Li Yaohua had arranged waiting at the exit.

Leading them was a dark-skinned man with sharp eyes, who immediately approached Qi Yun upon seeing him: "Mr. Qi."

Qi Yun remembered him from the time they went to Hatoyama Kiichi's stronghold to retrieve the two treasure swords, he was one of them.

"Your name is A Ming, right."

"Yes, Mr. Qi."

"Alright, let's go." Qi Yun nodded slightly.

The group got into two cars and headed to the border area, first finding a restaurant for lunch.

After eating, Qi Yun instructed Ah Ming to rent two cars for convenient action later.

He himself called President Bi to ask for help in contacting local people to prepare some weapons.

Blue Sky Jewelry Company has partners in Myanmar. Last time they rescued Qiu Jiahao, it was through connections President Bi arranged here.

Although Chen Xiaozhi is now a lone wolf, the information mentioned that he still has several million USD, indicating that this guy still holds some power and might have people protecting him.

So it's best to be fully prepared before taking action.

Half an hour later, Qi Yun and the others, now fed and hydrated, crossed the border into Myanmar.

Not long after passing through the border checkpoint, the two cars stopped under a spruce tree by the roadside.

A local man saw this and walked over, carrying a handbag.

He cautiously scanned the surroundings, only knocking on the car window after confirming there was no anomaly.

The car window rolled down; the man said nothing but handed over the handbag before turning to leave.

Ah Ming opened the bag's zipper, revealing five pistols and several magazines inside.

Everyone distributed the weapons and continued driving west along the bumpy dirt road.

This area is Myanmar's Muse County. Although called a county, it's actually more like a small township in domestic terms.

Apart from the developed trading area near the border, the other places are more akin to a chaotic border town.

The streets are filled with motorbikes, small shops with dilapidated signs, and various restaurants, KTVs, with armed personnel carrying rifles strolling by occasionally.

At first glance, one can tell this is a place with chaotic order.

From the map, the destination is a small village more than a hundred kilometers west from here.

The vehicles rattled along the dirt road, the scenery outside gradually transitioning from the messy town to a desolate countryside.

The roadside buildings became sparser, eventually leaving only swathes of rubber trees and low bushes.

After nearly two hours of driving, the vehicles finally reached the outskirts of the small village.

The village is nestled in a hollow between two mountains, where dozens of earth brick houses and thatched cottages are scattered, a muddy creek flows by the village, with the only entrance being the dirt road they arrived from.

Qi Yun glanced around and signaled the group to turn off the engines and get out of the cars: "We'll walk in. Park the cars by the roadside."

Taking advantage of the forest's cover, they quietly approached the village.

While passing through the rubber forest, a local villager was working with a bamboo basket on his back; even upon seeing the armed group, he only glanced at them numbly.

Ah Ming turned his head and gave a questioning look, but Qi Yun shook his head, signaling to continue forward.

After searching three households, they finally found something in the front.

In front of a thatched cottage, two men in black vests were sitting there smoking with AK47s casually slung on their shoulders, their alertness not particularly high.

Qi Yun's eyes narrowed, knowing this was the place.

He gestured to Ah Ming, who immediately understood, quietly sneaking to the bushes on both sides of the thatched cottage with another team member, planning to ambush and knock them out.

But, one of the guys suddenly got up and also moved towards the bushes.

That guy slowly approached the edge of the bushes, just about to unbuckle his belt when he seemed to sense something amiss, quickly turning his head towards the direction where Ah Ming and the others were hiding, his hand reaching towards the gun stock: "Who's there?!"

Seeing their cover blown, Ah Ming decisively opened fire.

"Bang!"

The bullet tore through the air, and the guy immediately fell to the ground.

As the gunshot echoed, the other team members no longer hid and rushed straight towards the few thatched cottages ahead.

"Bang bang bang!" Successive gunshots rang out in chorus.

Judging from the intensity of the firefight, Chen Xiaozhi's side still had a decent number of people, but they were merely bandits.

They were good at bullying in the park, but against top-tier special forces like Ah Ming, they shattered upon impact.

The gunshots lasted for less than two minutes before it became completely silent.

Under Xiao Wu's protection, Qi Yun walked toward the thatched cottage; besides the two men from earlier, over a dozen others lay sprawled on the ground.

Inside, a man dressed in a shirt was being pinned down and forced to kneel.

Qi Yun drew closer for a better look, and the sexy mustache matched the one from the news.

"Are you Chen Xiaozhi?"

At that moment, Chen Xiaozhi no longer had the spirited demeanor from the photos, his face pale as paper, shaking uncontrollably.

He glanced up at Qi Yun, then hurriedly lowered his head: "Yes...yes, it's me, big...big brother, spare my life! Please don't kill me!"

This guy's Celestial Group had ruined countless families, so Qi Yun felt no sympathy for him.

"You should know what I'm here for, hand it over quickly."

Qi Yun raised his watch to check the time, "I don't have much patience, I'll give you three minutes to think it over."

Chapter 635: Sudden Bad News!

Inside the grass hut, Chen Xiaozhi was trembling on the ground with a gun pointed at his head.

Once the tyrant of Southeast Asia, now like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered, he didn't even have the courage to look up at Qi Yun.

He swallowed with difficulty, "Money... I'll pay for my life, would... would thirty million USD be enough?"

"Where's the ledger?" Qi Yun glanced at him, his tone completely cold.

Chen Xiaozhi's body stiffened, he raised his head suddenly, disbelief etched on his face as he looked at Qi Yun.

That ledger was his most core secret, his one chance to turn things around, and he had never told anyone about it.

How did this guy in front of him know!

Qi Yun didn't care about his shock and slowly took out a cigarette case, "You have one minute left."

Chen Xiaozhi's face instantly lost all color, his eyes filled with terror and struggle.

He bit down hard on his lip, cold sweat dripping down his forehead, "I... I can't say, if I do, I'm doomed. Those people won't let me off!"

Smoke swirled around, obscuring Qi Yun's cold eyes.

"Then you can die now."

With that, he stepped out.

Simultaneously, A Ming's finger slowly pressed on the trigger.

Chen Xiaozhi was instantly frightened out of his wits, hurriedly begging for mercy, "No! Don't kill me! I'll talk! I'll talk!"

"The ledger is... in the lining of my clothes..."

A Ming immediately put away the gun, searched the lining of Chen Xiaozhi's clothes, and found a small black USB drive.

Qi Yun took the USB drive, plugged it into the tablet, and started browsing its contents.

Folders popped up on the screen, each named directly after people, with a few names unusually conspicuous.

Qi Yun raised his head, a hint of surprise in his gaze, he had come across these names online more than once.

"Your scam company is connected with them?"

Chen Xiaozhi nodded, "The outside world says I'm a despicable scoundrel, but... I'm actually just a puppet controlled by these people."

"Tell me in detail." Qi Yun seemed quite interested in these secrets.

Chen Xiaozhi stared blankly at the ground, silent for two seconds, then slowly opened his mouth, "At first, I was just a small thug at the casino..."

His hoarse voice recounted how he rose from a low-level thug to the position of Duke of Cambodia.

It turned out this guy could spend twenty million US Dollars on a birthday party for the prime minister, turn ten electric districts into "economic special zones," and even become an advisor at the ministerial level, all because of capital fuelling the fire from behind.

To put it bluntly, he was just a facade, responsible for laundering the money earned from scams, organ trafficking, and various black industries through dozens of shell companies and Bitcoin.

And the scale of their black-gold empire was exceedingly large; besides the 130,000 Bitcoins seized by the Americans and the 29 mansions in Great Britain, the empire had over a hundred billion USD scattered across multiple underground banks.

It's just that those assets weren't directly accessible to him, he put in great effort to only gather thirty million USD before fleeing.

Now that he exposed himself, it's like revealing the wallets of those patrons to the light of day.

Chen Xiaozhi could only flee as a desperate fugitive, but the patrons are different; their assets are tangled and entrenched, once targeted, they're hard to escape.

So besides the government hunting him, those patrons are also trying various ways to find him.

Qi Yun listened to him finish, pulled out the USB drive, put it in his pocket, and walked outside silently.

...

The sky gradually dimmed, about forty kilometers south of Ri Cuofeng, lies a flat area.

Brother Quan, An Zai, Niu Da, and Da Pao were lying in the snow, holding automatic rifles in their hands, with several clips and grenades placed in front of them.

The cold wind blew, snowflakes hitting their faces like needles, but there wasn't a trace of retreat on their faces, especially An Zai, his eyes revealed an irrepressible excitement.

"Damn it, finally a chance to go all out and fight!"

Brother Quan checked the time, shouting into the earpiece, "No. 5, No. 6, any discoveries?"

Eight hundred meters away, behind a ridge, Chen Wei and Eagle were lying behind snow-covered rocks.

Each had a sniper rifle set up front, waiting vigilantly and observing ahead.

Upon hearing Brother Quan's voice, Chen Wei pressed the earpiece and replied, "Nothing so far."

Soon, a booming sound from the sky approached unexpectedly.

Following closely, two small flashing red lights appeared in the scope, quickly advancing in their direction.

Those were two black helicopters.

"Target sighted!"

Brother Quan rubbed his hands, his tone serious, "Proceed according to the plan!"

"These old foreigners covet our Huaxia treasures, the boss said, life or death don't matter!"

"Understood!"

A chorus of responses instantly came through the earpiece.

"Dare to come to our territory to rob, today will be their final destination!"

...

Meanwhile, in Myanmar, after Qi Yun and his team got what they wanted, they didn't linger and began their return along the original path.

The situation here was chaotic; various armed factions were as numerous as cattle, so everyone remained cautious along the way.

Just as they were about to reach the checkpoint, Qi Yun's phone rang in his pocket. He took it out and glanced at the caller's name, subconsciously twitching his brow.

It was Gao Min calling.

"Hello."

"Bo... boss, we... we've been attacked." The voice coming through the receiver sounded weak, "Zhao... Zhao Qing and Nuannuan are injured..."

"What did you say!?"

Qi Yun suddenly sat up straight, his body tense, "How's the situation!? Are the injuries severe!?"

On the other end, Gao Min was still breathing heavily, accompanied by the shrill honking of car horns in the background, "It's... it's not good, we are rushing to the hospital..."

Buzz!

Qi Yun felt as if struck by an iron hammer, a buzzing sound in his ears, and his face turned pale.

His left hand clenched tightly, his mind plunged into chaos, almost forgetting to breathe.

After two seconds, he forced himself to calm down, "Where are you currently, which hospital are you heading to? How're the others?"

A succession of questions spilled out, each word revealing his current anxiety.

"On Satellite Road, heading to the city... city hospital, Bro... Brother Duan's injured badly too."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's heart sank even deeper, he tried to hold back his emotions, "I understand, you guys go to the hospital first, I'll arrange everything else."

After hanging up the phone, he swiftly dialed Yu Baoshan's number, impatiently speaking before the other could respond, "Director Yu, my people are heading to the city hospital, they're severely injured, please arrange the best doctors for treatment immediately!"

On the other end, Yu Baoshan froze for a moment, realizing something major had occurred, not daring to utter a single unnecessary word, he quickly replied, "Yes, yes, don't worry, I'll call the city hospital to arrange, no, I'm going there now..."

#### Chapter 636: Mobilizing Resources

After arranging things at the hospital, Qi Yun patted A Ming, who was driving, "Drive faster!"

A Ming noticed that Qi Yun looked off and didn't ask more, instead stomping the gas pedal to the floor.

The originally forty-minute journey was forcefully cut down to twenty minutes as they sped down the road.

When they arrived at the airport, several police cars were already following them.

Qi Yun didn't have time to worry about the influence, directly flashed his credentials to reveal his identity, then proceeded through a special passage into the airport's interior.

The Gulfstream G70 was already prepared for takeoff, and as soon as they boarded, it started taxiing to the runway.

...

At one in the morning, Qi Yun finally reached the city hospital.

The corridor outside the emergency room was already crowded with people.

Besides Yu Baoshan and the hospital staff, Zhang Dayong also arrived as soon as he got the news, as well as Shao Yuewen, Qin Minghui, and other bigwigs.

These people probably got the news from Yu Baoshan or Zhang Dayong.

"Qi Yun!"

"Old Qi!"

Qi Yun didn't have time to acknowledge them and went straight to Yu Baoshan in the crowd, "What's the situation!?"

Yu Baoshan stepped forward, wiping the sweat off his forehead, "Don't panic, listen to me slowly."

"Currently, the patients are still being rescued. The doctor came out earlier and said your daughter is relatively stable, but she suffered a head injury, has a mild concussion, and some cerebral edema, but temporarily not life-threatening. We have to wait until the edema subsides for further observation."

"Miss Zhao and Brother Duan's injuries are more severe..."

He paused, his tone becoming heavier, "Besides a deep cut on her arm from broken glass, Miss Zhao also broke a rib, which might have punctured a kidney, accompanied by internal bleeding. She's currently undergoing emergency hemostasis surgery..."

"The risk of this surgery is high, and the situation... is quite dangerous..."

"That Brother Duan is the worst injured, with multiple fractures and two bullets in his back, which penetrated the abdominal wall, causing massive internal bleeding."

"Whether he can make it through depends on how much the bleeding can be stabilized."

The more Qi Yun listened, the heavier his mood became. His gaze towards the emergency room was already bloodshot.

Seeing him like this, Yu Baoshan sighed internally and comforted, "Rest assured, we will gather the city's best medical resources to save them, believe they will get better."

Qi Yun didn't speak further, forcing himself to calm down, took a deep breath, and then called Li Yaohua and Ji Kai.

He just said one sentence.

"I need a top medical team to reach Bird City as quickly as possible!"

When it comes to medical resources, only Beijing and Shanghai would do.

Right after Li Yaohua and Ji Kai received the call, the top hospitals in both locations moved almost immediately, urgently summoning experts in various fields to rush to the airport.

Meanwhile, Qi Yun was not idle either. After putting down the phone, he said with a heavy tone, "I'm going back to get something, it should help in their treatment."

"Before that, I don't care what you have to do, but you must keep them alive!"

If someone else said this, Yu Baoshan wouldn't dare make a promise. After all, once on the operating table, various risks could arise, and no one can predict unexpected situations.

But hearing it from Qi Yun, he had to make the promise even if it put him on the spot.

At his level, it was unclear to him what exactly Qi Yun's status was, just that he was impressive.

But seeing Qin Minghui in the corridor, he got a rough idea that the man who once sold Angong Niu Huang Pill had grown to a status he could only look up to.

"Okay! Go assured, this is on me!"

Qi Yun nodded, wasting no more time, stepped in front of Qin Minghui and the others.

"Thank you all for your concern, I have something to handle now." Saying this, he waved to Gao Min in the distance and walked towards the elevator.

Qin Minghui and the rest were puzzled, wondering where Qi Yun was going in such a situation.

...

In the car, Gao Min spoke guiltily, "Boss... I..."

Qi Yun looked at the blood-stained bandage at her waist and raised his hand to interrupt her, "It's not your fault, you've done your best."

"Tell me what happened."

Gao Min bit her lip, her voice a bit hoarse, "In the afternoon, we were returning home from the mall, and at an intersection, a large concrete truck suddenly turned and crashed into us."

"I tried to dodge... but the other car was too fast, there was no time..."

"Then another car came and started shooting at us, but Bingzi and Old Bai in the back car fought them off."

"Brother Duan used his body to shield Nuannuan..."

"Those people were very professional, and it was rush hour. Old Bai went after them, but they got away..."

After listening, Qi Yun's face darkened significantly.

He always prioritized Zhao Qing and her companions' safety, so he specifically arranged four people for protection, yet an accident still occurred...

No matter who did this, he would make them pay the most painful price!

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of the house.

Qi Yun rushed upstairs at lightning speed, retrieved the Angong Niu Huang Pill and the Hundred Treasure Pill from the safe.

Then he opened the iron railing on the balcony and dug out the thousand-year-old ginseng from the pot.

This thing had been buried in the pot as Old Zhao had instructed since bringing it back, and now it was finally coming in handy.

Looking at the thousand-year-old ginseng in his hand, Qi Yun silently prayed, hoping it was as miraculous as the legends said.

He quickly packed everything into a bag and then took a car back to the hospital.

...

On the other side, at Beijing Airport.

The door of a private jet closed slowly, with over ten people seated inside the cabin, all of whom were notable figures in the medical field, either having solved medical challenges or possessing extensive experience in treatment.

"Hey, Old Sun, you were called too?"

The middle-aged man called Old Sun nodded, "Yes, the dean called me personally."

The person next to him sat down, full of curiosity, "Do you know what's going on? Who are we going to treat with such a big setup?"

"How would I know, the dean just told me to go for surgery." Old Sun replied with a frown, then pointed to the back, lowering his voice, "I just saw Professor Wang here."

"Hiss~ Professor Wang!? Even he came?"

The Professor Wang they mentioned was sitting in the last row with his eyes closed.

This man, with graying hair, dressed simply, seemed unremarkable at first glance.

But he was the chief scientist at the Chinese Academy of Sciences Medical Research Institute, equally versed in both traditional Chinese medicine and western medicine, with extensive clinical experience.

His medical skills were not what you read about in literary magazines but ones that have saved countless individuals hovering on the brink of death.

Fu Wentao heard about it from Li Yaohua and personally made the call, getting this venerable figure involved.

At this moment, an elder stood up and addressed everyone, "Ladies and gentlemen, the patients' conditions from Bird City have been sent over. I will now share them with you, and we need to come up with a feasible treatment plan before the plane lands."

#### Chapter 637: Qi Yun's Treasure

City Hospital, when Qi Yun rushed back after fetching things from home, he found that the number of people in the corridor had not decreased, but rather increased.

Old Feng, Brother Peng, Wei Yong, and others had heard the news somewhere and all came running, each with a grave expression, crowding the corridor and whispering to each other.

"Old Qi! How's the girl?" Seeing Qi Yun, Brother Peng anxiously ran over and grabbed his arm.

Qi Yun slightly shook his head, "Nuannuan's condition is temporarily stable, Zhao Qing and the others are still being rescued."

Beside him, Old Feng had red eyes and wanted to say something comforting, but ultimately only let out a helpless sigh.

He had experienced such pain before and understood Qi Yun's feelings at this moment.

Wei Yong and Liu Meng also squeezed in, asking with concern, "Is there anything we can do?"

"Yes, let us know if you need us for anything!"

"No matter who did it, I would risk my life to get revenge for our girl!"

Qi Yun took a deep breath and patted Liu Meng's arm, "Revenge is not urgent now, there are doctors here to look after them, you all go back and rest, I will inform you if there's news."

Having said that, he did not delay any longer and waved to Yu Baoshan nearby, who immediately ran over.

"Let's go, I'll talk to you in the office about some things."

Yu Baoshan quickly nodded, leading Qi Yun to the doctor's office at the end of the corridor and closed the door behind them.

Qi Yun placed the bag he was carrying on the table, "How are their conditions? Has it been controlled?"

"Still... still working hard to save them, temporarily not life-threatening." Yu Baoshan's expression was very serious and he spoke cautiously, "I have already synchronized the patient's condition with the expert team you contacted."

"They have also given us targeted guidance for our treatment, the current plan is to deal with the bleeding problem first, the rest will be taken over by the expert team after they arrive."

"We will do our utmost..."

Qi Yun's heart sank, Yu Baoshan's tone was clearly lacking confidence, it seemed the situation was still grim.

He reached into the bag and took out the thousand-year-old ginseng, Angong Niu Huang Pill, and Hundred Treasure Pill.

"See if these things will help their current situation."

Yu Baoshan lowered his head, his gaze falling on the items on the table.

First, he opened a small square box, inside was the last Angong Niu Huang Pill.

His face suddenly showed a trace of surprise, he was very familiar with this thing.

Back then, he bought half of the Angong Niu Huang Pill that Qi Yun used to save Old Wang, which later helped him rise from the city hospital to the W Health Committee.

But quickly, he showed a bitter smile and said helplessly to Qi Yun, "This Angong Niu Huang Pill from the Republic of China era is indeed a rare treasure, but it is mainly used to treat strokes, comas, or some brain diseases..."

"The most tricky issue now is Miss Zhao's kidney bleeding, and Duan brother's extensive abdominal bleeding, this medicine's effect on stopping bleeding is limited."

Qi Yun didn't say much, opened the other two boxes, and indicated him to continue looking.

"This... this is..."

When Yu Baoshan saw that ginseng, his pupils instantly enlarged a hundredfold, that was a scene he would never forget.

He even once thought he was seeing things or having hallucinations!

He instinctively leaned closer, trembling, reached out his right hand to touch the still vibrant green leaves, then looked at the densely packed circles on the root bowl.

Generally, a circle on the root bowl represents a year of growth for ginseng.

Market common ones are mostly three to ten years, and mostly artificially cultivated.

Wild ginseng over a hundred years is basically very rare.

But Yu Baoshan found that the circles on the root bowl of this ginseng in front of him were so many that he couldn't count them!

At least a few hundred circles!

He looked up at Qi Yun with an incredibly shocked face, "How many years is this ginseng?"

Qi Yun furrowed his brows, wanting to urge him to hurry up, but ultimately held back.

"Not sure about the exact year, but it is confirmed to be over a thousand years."

"Is this thing useful? If it is useful, take it in and use it on them."

A thousand years!

This figure exploded in Yu Baoshan's mind, to the point he didn't notice Qi Yun's impatience.

"A... a thousand years!?"

"My goodness!"

"There truly exists a thousand-year ginseng! It is the legendary immortal herb!"

Yu Baoshan's voice was trembling, he held the ginseng box with both hands, even his breathing became cautious.

"To be honest with you, I can't determine its medicinal properties, as it only appears in ancient literature, with no record of anyone using it!"

"I need to consult Professor Wang from the expert group, he might give the correct opinion."

"I'll contact him now!"

Qi Yun held his arm again and pointed to the other box, "This is the first batch of Hundred Treasure Pill produced in 1916, should have a hemostatic effect, right?"

Hundred Treasure Pill?

When Yu Baoshan heard the name, he immediately put down the ginseng box, reached for the box containing the Hundred Treasure Pill.

The dark red pill inside was wrapped in a thin layer of wax, and upon close examination, a faint musk scent could be detected.

"Hundred Treasure Pill from 1916?!" Yu Baoshan's voice was extremely excited, his eyes filled with unthinkable ecstasy, "Useful! It's extremely useful!"

"Do you know what Hundred Treasure Pill from that era means? It's made from the best Sanqi, dragon's blood, and wild musk from Yunnan, all already extinct materials, it can be said to be the gold among medicines!"

"Miss Zhao and that Duan brother's greatest danger now is massive bleeding and low blood pressure, this medicine's effect matches the symptoms!"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief and urged quickly, "If it's useful, hurry up and use it, don't waste time!"

"Alright! Alright! I'll go now!" Yu Baoshan covered the box, turned and was about to open the door.

"Wait!" Qi Yun called out from behind, handing over the box containing the ginseng as well, "Take this too, ask the experts there, use it as long as it's helpful to them!"

"I have only one request, no matter what, save them!"

Yu Baoshan stared at the box Qi Yun handed over, stunned, he internally wanted to say 'With these Hundred Treasure Pills, it's enough, no need to waste that thousand-year ginseng...'

This thing was too precious, only existed in legends, perhaps this world only had this one root!

Not mentioning its research significance, its intrinsic value was immeasurable.

The magnates longing for longer life might be utterly crazy for it.

Not exaggerating, it could even exchange for anything!

But facing Qi Yun's firm gaze, Yu Baoshan dared not say more, had to swallow his words...

Chapter 638: Fifty Million Bounty

Indeed, the Hundred Treasure Pill from 1916 lives up to its reputation as a 'life-saving medicine.' Just over an hour later, Yu Baoshan brought good news to Qi Yun.

The bleeding of Zhao Qing and Duan Pingyu has been brought under control, and they are temporarily out of life-threatening danger.

Brother Peng and others, who were accompanying them, slightly relaxed their tense expressions upon hearing this.

Old Feng's eyes even turned red, and he wiped his face with his hand, muttering softly, "That's great... that's great..."

Brother Peng gently patted Qi Yun on the back, "Don't worry, brother, everything will be fine."

Qi Yun nodded and couldn't help but breathe a long sigh of relief. At least now they could hold out until those two top-notch medical teams arrived.

"Ring ring ring!"

A phone rang.

Qi Yun took out his phone, glanced at the screen, and stepped aside to answer the call.

"Boss, it's all cleaned up." Brother Quan's voice came from the receiver.

"How are you guys doing?"

"An Zai and Niu Da each took two shots, but it's not serious. We are now at the base at the Junyong Airport, and have already treated the wounds."

Initially worried about six going against thirty, Qi Yun finally felt relieved after hearing Brother Quan's report.

"Have one person stay on guard temporarily, and have the others withdraw immediately. I'll contact there to arrange a plane to pick you up."

After finishing the instructions, Qi Yun was about to put away his phone, but then it rang again.

This time it was a call from Fu Wentao.

"Hey, big brother."

"I understand the situation. The professor going there this time is very skilled and is the personal doctor of that figure. With him there, everything will be fine; you don't need to worry too much." Fu Wentao comforted him warmly.

Upon hearing that it was the personal doctor of that figure, Qi Yun's eyes lit up with more hope.

It was evident that Fu Wentao was very concerned about his issues.

"Thank you, big brother." Qi Yun gratefully expressed his thanks, knowing that such a person wouldn't be easy to invite.

"Alright, let it be for now. If you need anything, just tell me directly."

After the two ended their conversation, Qi Yun noticed Zhang Dayong looking at him from across the room, so he gestured for him to come over.

Many big shots had come today, so with Zhang Dayong's status, he could only stand in the back, and the two hadn't spoken a word until now.

And Qi Yun had been worried about Zhao Qing and Duan Pingyu's situation. Now that it was temporarily stable, he called him over to understand the situation.

The two went to the corner of the stairwell.

"Any leads?"

Zhang Dayong shook his head solemnly, "Not yet."

"But the higher-ups are taking this incident very seriously. Not just the city bureau, but the S unit has also set up a task force and is utilizing all resources to hunt down those criminals."

"Currently, checkpoints are set up at the airport, stations, and all entrances and exits of the city; those people won't get away."

"Rest assured, catching them is only a matter of time."

"Hmm." Qi Yun took out a cigarette pack, handed over a cigarette, lit it, inhaled twice, and then continued, "I need you to do something for me, issue a reward under the name of the G side."

"Whoever can provide clues will be rewarded with ten million, and I'll pay for it."

"Ten... ten million!?" Zhang Dayong was so shocked by the figure that he almost dropped the cigarette.

He opened his mouth and hesitated momentarily before advising, "Isn't that number a bit too large? I'm worried... it might cause significant impact..."

Qi Yun slowly exhaled a puff of smoke, "You don't need to worry about that."

"Tell Qin Minghui this is my decision, and if anyone has objections, they can come directly to me."

Seeing his resolute attitude, Zhang Dayong didn't persuade further, "Alright, I'll handle it right away."

"Hmm." Qi Yun nodded and added, "If you get any leads, don't make it public, nor let your people act. Notify me immediately."

"You..." Zhang Dayong was stunned, hearing the implication in Qi Yun's words.

Qi Yun took a hard drag on his cigarette, his voice cold, "I won't give them a chance to be judged."

"Alright, I understand." Zhang Dayong agreed and turned to make the arrangements.

After he left, Qi Yun's vision changed, and a familiar light screen appeared before him.

He wanted to see if there were any clues about those people in today's intelligence information, but the results were somewhat disappointing; it didn't go as he wished this time.

After a brief contemplation, Qi Yun took out his phone again and dialed Luo Yang's number.

As soon as the call connected, Luo Yang sighed and said, "Brother, I heard about the situation. I wanted to visit the hospital, but I'm out of town today."

"How are your sister-in-law and daughter doing?"

Qi Yun exhaled, "They're temporarily stabilized. I appreciate your thoughts, no need to come over."

"I called to ask you for a favor."

"That's good to hear, that's good to hear."

"What is it? Just let me know," Luo Yang replied without hesitation.

"I want you to spread the word that anyone who can provide accurate information about those people will receive a ten million reward, and if someone captures them, I'll pay fifty million!"

Fifty million!

Half a little target!

Luo Yang was also stunned by Qi Yun's boldness...

"Alright, I'll arrange it right away. All my brothers are already out there, rest assured, we'll definitely catch those bastards for you."

...

Over an hour later, two planes successively landed at Bird City Airport.

Not far from the runway, a convoy was already waiting.

The two medical teams got off the plane and quickly boarded the bus. Several J vehicles at the front sounded their sirens, leading the way, and the convoy sped towards the city hospital.

On the way, the medical team had already been briefed on the latest situation regarding Zhao Qing and others and had discussed the safest surgical plan.

So, as soon as they arrived at the hospital, several experts in surgery changed into gowns and entered the emergency room to start working.

Professor Wang, after personally observing the condition of Zhao Qing and Duan Pingyu, invited Qi Yun to the office.

Inside, Qi Yun, Yu Baoshan, and Professor Wang sat facing each other.

Professor Wang first explained the situation to Qi Yun and the general direction of the treatment.

"I just observed that after using the Hundred Treasure Pill, the patient's condition is well-controlled, and there will be no further life-threatening danger. Rest assured and wait for the surgery to be completed."

"I also researched a treatment plan on the plane, with a 90% certainty of getting them to recover within a month."

He spoke very directly and confidently, without using ambiguous terms like "almost or might," and directly gave the most powerful commitment.

This is the confidence and assurance of the older generation of doctors.

After hearing this, Qi Yun's long-standing anxiety finally eased a bit.

"Great, with your assurance, I'm relieved. Thank you all!"

Professor Wang waved his hand, "No need to thank us, saving lives is a doctor's duty."

After speaking, he glanced at Yu Baoshan beside him, his eyes becoming fervent, "Director Yu, about that ginseng you mentioned earlier... can you bring it out for me to see?"

...

Chapter 639: Pregnant?

After Zhao Qing and the others took the Hundred Treasure Pill, their condition was already under control, so when reporting the situation, Yu Baoshan was stopped by Professor Wang from using ginseng.

The efficacy of a hundred-year-old medicine is already very potent, let alone one over a thousand years old; reckless use might backfire.

Hearing that Professor Wang wanted to see it, Yu Baoshan looked towards Qi Yun, waiting for his nod.

Qi Yun didn't hesitate much before speaking: "Let Professor Wang take a look."

"All right, all right." Yu Baoshan immediately got up to fetch it.

In no time, he carefully placed the box containing the thousand-year-old ginseng on the table.

The moment the lid was opened, the densely packed roots and stem of the ginseng instantly captured Professor Wang's full attention.

He had been in medicine for decades, seen countless rare medicinal materials, but a thousand-year-old ginseng was something only recorded in ancient texts; it was the first time he'd seen one with his own eyes.

Professor Wang's face was full of excitement as he adjusted his reading glasses, eagerly picking up the box for a closer look.

"Indeed, it really is a thousand-year-old ginseng!" His voice was full of amazement, and he didn't blink.

"In 'The Shen Nong's Materia Medica,' it's said that ginseng can 'renew bones and muscles, stabilize the soul, and nourish the five organs.'"

"I always thought it was an exaggerated statement; now it seems this might not be false, and could very well refer to the effects of this type of ginseng..."

Qi Yun didn't interrupt, waiting until he put down the box before asking: "Professor Wang, will this ginseng help with their condition?"

Professor Wang steadied himself, withdrawing his gaze.

"Their condition is stable now, and with continued treatment, they will recover. There's no need for such precious medicine."

"However..."

At this point, he paused, somewhat hesitant to speak.

"However, what?" Qi Yun hastily asked.

Professor Wang glanced at him and then at the ginseng in the box: "I don't know how you preserved it before; the medicinal properties of this thousand-year-old ginseng are too rich and can easily diminish."

"I suggest you combine it with some auxiliary herbs, make it into a pill, and seal it with wax. This way, it can retain its properties better than storing it directly."

"If you need, I can write you a prescription."

"Or... you could leave it with me, and I'll help you make it. I'll be around here for the next couple of days anyway."

So this is what he was talking about...

Qi Yun internally breathed a sigh of relief.

This ginseng was previously preserved in a ceramic jar and covered with fine river sand, a method taught by Old Zhao.

At that time, the latter emphasized not opening the lid.

Now that it's been dug up, the original method can't be used anymore, so making it into a pill is not a bad idea.

"Then I'll trouble you, Professor Wang. Let me know if you need any other herbs, and I'll prepare them."

Upon hearing this, Professor Wang's face lit up with joy, waving his hand repeatedly: "No need for you to look; I have what we need at home. They're all over a hundred years old. Though they don't match this ginseng, they are the best we can find at present."

"I'll have them sent over tomorrow."

Qi Yun forced a slight smile: "How can I accept this... I"

"No need to feel awkward, old as I am, I won't be around for many more years. Those herbs just sit there otherwise."

"I should thank you for letting me see such a legendary herb in my lifetime and even have the chance to make it into a pill. I have no regrets..."

Seeing the old man's resolute stance, Qi Yun didn't insist further, thinking he would repay this favor the next time the other needs help.

"Very well, if there's anything else you need me to do later, just let me know."

"Will do, will do!" Professor Wang was all smiles, his eyes nearly shutting from joy as he picked up the box containing the ginseng and asked Qi Yun, "Shall I keep this for now?"

Qi Yun raised his hand in a gesture of invitation: "No problem, feel free."

Seeing his straightforward agreement, the old man smiled even more broadly, covered the box, and started walking out.

At the door, he suddenly stopped and turned back to say: "By the way, I haven't told anyone about this ginseng."

Qi Yun was momentarily stunned, understanding the implication in his words.

He was being informed as well as reminded.

If it were used in the hospital tonight, that would be one thing, but since it hasn't been used yet, it needs more caution.

Such a precious treasure, if news of it leaked, might attract countless eyes.

And the little old man, being the health consultant of the VIP, undoubtedly knows many powerful people. Should he desire, he could exchange this information for immense gains.

Yet he not only promised confidentiality but also offered to help make it into a pill, demonstrating both medical ethics and personal integrity worthy of deep respect.

Qi Yun stood up, bowing to him: "Thank you, Professor Wang, I understand."

Professor Wang nodded, said no more, and left with the box in his arms.

Qi Yun stood in place for two seconds before stepping to the window, speaking casually: "Director Yu, you won't be telling anyone about this, will you?"

Despite the light tone, Yu Baoshan's face changed instantly upon hearing it.

He jumped up from his chair, quickly waving his hand: "Mr. Qi... Mr. Qi, rest assured, everything that happened in this office, I will not tell anyone!"

"Please trust me! I can swear..."

He was genuinely scared as, with Qi Yun's current status, silencing him would be too simple.

Just those people in the hallway outside; there wasn't one he could afford to offend.

At a single word from Qi Yun, he could find himself in a mental hospital the next moment...

"Hey, you don't need to be so tense." Qi Yun interrupted his looming oath, "I know you're not a talkative person, just reminding you."

"Sit, sit."

"Yes! Yes!" Yu Baoshan finally relaxed.

The brief encounter earlier left his back drenched in cold sweat.

Sitting back down cautiously, Yu Baoshan seemed to suddenly remember something and abruptly stood up again.

"Mr. Qi, there's something else I need to tell you."

Qi Yun turned to look at him: "Hmm? What is it?"

"It seems... it seems Miss Zhao is pregnant..." Finishing, Yu Baoshan cautiously observed Qi Yun's reaction.

Hearing the word "pregnant," Qi Yun's whole body stiffened, his gaze full of shock, almost doubting his own hearing.

"What did you say!? Zhao Qing is pregnant!?"

Yu Baoshan saw his extreme reaction, making him even more nervous, quickly nodding to add, "Yes... when we examined her, her blood routine and hormone indicators were somewhat abnormal, so the lab did an additional HCG test, which turned out positive."

"I wanted to tell you earlier... but her condition hadn't stabilized, and I was afraid you would be too agitated... so I didn't dare to tell you..."

The more he spoke, the quieter he got, fearing that Qi Yun would get angry.

#### Chapter 640: Explosive News

After listening to Yu Baoshan's explanation, Qi Yun's mind buzzed and countless thoughts surged forth.

No wonder Zhao Qing had been acting strange lately—sometimes leaving halfway through a meal to rush to the bathroom, claiming discomfort when asked, and constantly feeling tired.

Qi Yun thought it was because taking care of Nuannuan was too exhausting and didn't consider pregnancy...

Now, having suddenly learned this news, joy and worry intertwined, leaving him momentarily speechless.

Gathering his thoughts, Qi Yun quickly approached Yu Baoshan, grabbing his arm and asking, "Is it confirmed? How is the child's condition now? Is there any danger?"

Seeing that Qi Yun didn't blame him, Yu Baoshan's nerves relaxed. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and replied, "Mr. Qi, rest assured. We've confirmed twice; the progesterone levels are within the normal range, and the pregnancy is around 12 to 13 weeks."

"Thanks to Miss Zhao being healthier than average, and the impact didn't directly harm the abdomen, the embryo appears stable with no danger."

"The medical team is aware, and the experts mentioned the surgery risk is minimal. As long as post-surgery medication doesn't affect the fetus, there shouldn't be significant issues."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun breathed a long sigh of relief, slowly releasing Yu Baoshan's arm.

He stepped back half a step, leaning on the edge of the office desk, his mind remaining unsettled.

Thankfully, Zhao Qing is not in danger; otherwise...

Over an hour later, the lights in the two emergency rooms went out one after the other, and Qi Yun hurried to greet them at the door.

"Doctor, how's the situation?"

An orthopedic expert was the first to come out, removing his mask, visibly fatigued: "Rest assured, the surgery was very successful. Miss Zhao's abdominal hematoma has been cleaned, and the bleeding completely stopped."

"As long as there's no infection risk during recovery, within a week, she can be transferred to a normal ward."

Duan Pingyu's side couldn't be investigated either, but he had already been out of danger.

Qi Yun finally relaxed and nodded with a hoarse voice: "Thank you...thank you all."

...

In a private room at a certain bathhouse, a middle-aged man with a tattoo of Guan Gong on his back sat up from the massage bed, hung up the phone, and prepared to leave.

The technician massaging him immediately stood up: "Hey, Brother Bao, didn't you say you'd extend the session? Where are you going?"

"We'll talk next time," Brother Bao responded without turning his head.

He changed clothes downstairs, heading to the parking lot while calling his subordinates: "Assemble everyone immediately! Hurry!"

Simultaneously, a similar scene unfolded elsewhere as people played cards.

A bald man gripped his phone, his face full of disbelief: "What did you say!? Fifty million!?"

"Damn! Gather people quickly!" He stood to leave immediately.

Someone beside him grabbed his arm: "Hey, Old San, I've got a flush in this hand, and you're trying to run?"

Old San turned back impatiently: "I'm not running away. Luo Yang called, offering fifty million to find someone! I've got to seize this chance to get rich!"

"What!? Fifty million?"

The whole room exploded in chaos.

"Don't leave! What's happening exactly? Explain it!"

"..."

Fifty million! Even though bank interest rates have dropped below 2% now, depositing this amount would still earn you about eight or nine hundred thousand a year!

On usual early morning streets, around six or seven, it's particularly deserted, with few others seen besides sanitation workers.

But today is different, especially near the urban village, suddenly attracting many people from the underworld.

They aren't doing anything else, just asking around in motels where ID cards are not required or lurking sneakily around rental houses.

"Hey, got any leads over there? Let's work together."

"Why would I work with you, when I could claim that million myself?"

"Damn it, is your mind small? Luo Yang said the reward is fifty million for capturing the person! Why would you go after the mere million instead of the larger prize?"

"Why don't you try? You really lack sense! Those guys dare to pull it off on the street—how will you face them? Strangle them with your gilded necklace?"

...

At ten in the morning, a major news story began brewing, dominating both newspapers and the internet with the headline 'Million Reward!'

The content was simple, merely seeking clues to the 'accident' that happened yesterday on Satellite Road.

Anyone providing accurate and useful information, verified by authorities, could claim a one-million reward!

Nearly all local official media published this news, and the comment sections blew up with tens of thousands of messages; anyone who saw this information was bound to be excited.

"OMG~ I just happened to pass by Satellite Road after work yesterday, and it wasn't just a car crash; there were gunshots!"

"Gunshots? Seriously!?"

"What am I lying for? I'm going to check my dashcam now!"

"He's right! I also heard it while passing through yesterday!"

"..."

Gradually, the office phone at the New District Branch started blowing up.

...

Inside an office building in S Prefecture, Qin Minghui returned from the hospital looking exhausted, but he seemingly had no intention to nap, eyes tightly locked on the computer screen.

The screen displayed that headline news.

"Boss." The secretary placed freshly brewed tea before him, expressing concern, "Though the report doesn't mention the attack details, eyewitnesses are constantly revealing information..."

"I guess this matter will soon spread throughout J Province, even to other provinces."

"Will the impact be too great..."

Qin Minghui leaned back in his chair, sighing: "This is beyond my decision-making capability now. Don't you notice that S's phone line hasn't rung yet by this hour?"

The secretary swallowed, puzzled: "Are you suggesting... the higher-ups agreed to this?"

"Not agreed, tacitly approved." Qin Minghui offered little explanation, sipping his tea and calmly instructed, "Emphasize to the Internet Office to delete any content related to the attack, and ignore everything else."

"Understood, I'll contact them immediately." The secretary nodded and stepped out to make calls.

As Qin Minghui went over to the window, he murmured a reflection: "Qi Yun, oh Qi Yun, let's hope you don't tear the sky apart..."

...

In another section, inside the hospital, Qi Yun stood with bloodshot eyes, still waiting at the entrance of the ICU.

Tap tap tap...

Rapid footsteps echoed down the hallway, as Brother Quan and his group hurried over, their expressions somber. They'd just learned about the incident from Bingzi after getting off the plane.

"Boss!"

Qi Yun nodded at the group, assessing the injuries on An Zai and Niu Da.

"Are you okay?"

The two shook their heads: "No problem."

Eagle Zhang parted his lips, softly asking: "Was it those people from last time?"

"I'll go to Japan and deal with them!"