

Middle Age 651

Chapter 651: Qi Yun Takes Action

"Captured!?"

Qi Yun clenched his fists, his expression somewhat grim.

"The Self-defense Force's maritime patrol discovered them..."

On the other end of the phone, Harris's tone was heavy, "My people saw them being taken into the Self-defense Force's base with their own eyes."

Qi Yun was silent for a long time, and after a while, he simply said "I understand" before hanging up the phone.

Not long after the two ended the call, Japan's officials succumbed to the public pressure and finally announced the news of Demar's attack and death.

Because a lot of videos and photos from the scene had already spread online, along with insider leaks, there was no point in continuing to hide it.

Simultaneously, the officials also declared that the suspect of the attack has been caught, with detailed information to be disclosed at the news conference tomorrow morning.

The news shocked the world!

Countless Japanese burst into tears in the bathroom, exclaiming that they couldn't accept it.

Of course, some were grinning from ear to ear, just like when Xiao Anzi died.

"Awesome! Truly satisfying!"

"Who did this? A hero!"

...

Inside the Maybach, Qi Yun was looking at the news on his phone, contemplating something unknown.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped at Guo An's office building.

Although it was already after office hours, quite a few people were still bustling around.

Qi Yun walked through the corridor, greeted some familiar faces, and headed directly to Director Duan's office.

"Huh? Why are you here today?" Director Duan put down the document in his hand and looked up in surprise.

"Haha, just dropping by to see you."

Qi Yun naturally sat on the sofa, "And by the way, to report, I plan to visit Japan."

Given his current status, he needed to report whenever traveling abroad, though previously he simply made a phone call and didn't need to follow the cumbersome procedures.

"To Japan?" Director Duan frowned, "Didn't you see the news? Why are you heading to Japan now?"

"Nothing much, just handling some matters over there." Qi Yun didn't truthfully disclose his intentions.

Director Duan nodded slightly, preparing to say a few words of advice.

But the next second, he seemed to suddenly think of something, stared at Qi Yun for a while, then hesitantly said, "The news... is not related to you, is it?"

Qi Yun heard this and smiled calmly: "It has nothing to do with me, I'm just going to discuss a business deal."

Seeing him speak like that, Director Duan felt somewhat relieved.

For a brief moment, he was really worried that Qi Yun was behind this, which would be disastrous.

Leaving Guo An, Qi Yun exhaled deeply, instructing Xiao Wu to head straight to the airport.

This visit was also to provide himself with some insurance.

If he truly went there and got detained, leaving no news of himself, Director Duan would definitely realize what's going on.

Even though he's very confident in rescuing Brother Quan and the others, there's never an absolute guarantee, and extra preparation never hurts.

Under the night sky, the Gulfstream G700 soared towards the stars, heading eastward.

Meanwhile, in a certain courtyard in Beijing.

An elderly man was listening to a report.

"According to the information from our people in Japan, Qi Yun's men inquired about Tianhuang's intelligence yesterday. This matter... might be related to them..."

The old man showed a trace of astonishment in his eyes, put down his teacup and said, "Is this kid aiming for the heavens!?"

The secretary gave a wry smile but didn't reply.

The old man remained silent for a while, then asked, "Do you know why he's acting like this?"

"Perhaps... it has something to do with his family's attack a few days ago, his daughter..." The secretary softly voiced his speculation.

"Oh..." The old man shook his head, sighed, "This guy really doesn't give peace of mind."

"Immediately get confirmation from our people over there, I want accurate information."

"Alright, I'll contact Minister Lan at once."

"Yes, also tell Wendong to notify the Guozhi Committee to call that kid up."

...

Flying from Bird City to Tokyo takes about six to seven hours. By the time Qi Yun landed, it was already late at night.

As the Gulfstream G700 slid into the airport's private terminal, he saw that Harris's people had long been waiting there.

Qi Yun led Xiao Wu into the Toyota Alphard brought by the other party, sending messages while listening to them report the details.

An hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of a luxury hotel closest to the Prime Minister's residence.

Qi Yun wiped his face before pushing the door open and getting out.

Not long after settling in, there was a knock on the door.

Xiao Wu went to open it, only to find three people standing outside, looking at him with unfriendly expressions, one of whom was his old acquaintance.

"Please invite Mr. Hatoyama inside."

Indeed, the visitor was Hatoyama Yuchi, who once had an arm severed by Xiao Wu.

Upon hearing this, Xiao Wu stepped aside, allowing Hatoyama Yuchi to walk into the room cold-faced.

However, the two guards behind him were stopped outside.

"Baka!"

The two shouted and reached out to push past Xiao Wu into the room.

Xiao Wu suddenly raised his hand, swiftly grabbing their wrists, applying slight force which instantly caused them to grimace in pain, groaning agonizingly.

Hatoyama Yuchi's face turned even darker as he looked at Qi Yun: "What do you mean by this!"

Qi Yun laughed, gesturing to the sofa to suggest he sit down.

"Please rest assured, Mr. Hatoyama, I won't do anything to you, let your men wait outside."

Hatoyama Yuchi stared at Qi Yun for a while before raising his arm to signal the guards to retreat, then gritting his teeth, he walked to the sofa and sat down.

"What's this about!"

Qi Yun didn't answer his question, instead he slowly said, "Why must Mr. Hatoyama have such hostility towards me."

Chapter 652: Qi Yun Takes the Lead (2)

"Although we've had misunderstandings before, those misunderstandings have long dissipated, and looking at the outcome, you've now assumed the position of head of the Hatoyama Clan, which is something you should be thanking me for."

"Am I right?"

Hatoyama Yuchi stiffened his neck without uttering a word.

Indeed, as Qi Yun said, he was the biggest winner in the previous conflict.

Despite the pain of losing an arm, his arm was reattached after surgery.

His uncle, Hatoyama Norio, was killed by a hitman he hired, and his cousin, Hatoyama Kiichi, also "accidentally" died in a crash, making him the natural person to stand out and take charge, becoming the decision-maker of the Hatoyama Clan.

However, he still harbors hostility towards Qi Yun because the recording of him and his cousin conspiring to murder Hatoyama Norio is in Qi Yun's possession.

It's the biggest threat to him.

If this thing gets exposed, everything he owns now will collapse.

The old members of the Hatoyama Clan were already doubtful about his rise; if they find out he ascended by assassinating his uncle and harming his cousin, they'll definitely band together against him.

By then, he wouldn't just be expelled from the family but might even face legal repercussions.

Qi Yun didn't pay attention to Hatoyama Yuchi's attitude, a smile curled at his lips: "Mr. Hatoyama knows that if I had wanted to destroy you back then, it wouldn't have taken much effort."

"Moreover, I've already returned the recording to you, showing complete sincerity; let bygones be bygones."

Hatoyama Yuchi still maintained a grim face: "What do you want!"

If possible, he indeed wishes to send this guy in front of him to see his cousin.

Yet after what happened last time, he is deeply wary of Qi Yun and doesn't have the confidence to keep him here.

Also, this guy claims there's no backup of the recording, but can that be believed? He doesn't dare to bet...

Seeing that the other party was unyielding, Qi Yun couldn't be bothered to "connect" with him anymore.

"I asked you here to help me with something—I need to meet your Prime Minister."

Yes, the reason Qi Yun wanted to meet with Hatoyama Yuchi was to see the Prime Minister of Japan.

A Prime Minister is busy dealing with national affairs every day; even high-level government officials need to schedule appointments, strangers definitely can't meet them.

Moreover, with such a big thing happening yesterday, the difficulty is even greater.

But the Hatoyama Clan has a special status in Japan, their influence in politics is beyond imagination, which was evidenced by the Prime Minister and numerous high-level officials personally attending Hatoyama Norio's funeral.

If Hatoyama Yuchi is willing to help, this matter still holds hope.

Hatoyama Yuchi was stunned for a few seconds after hearing, then sneered: "Why should I help you?"

Qi Yun didn't waste words and pushed the phone next to him towards the other: "Twenty million USD, input your account, and the money will be transferred immediately."

Hatoyama Yuchi's gaze fell on the phone screen, stunned again, seemingly not expecting Qi Yun to be so direct.

But the number twenty million does not hold strong appeal to him now.

"You are quite generous, but... do you think I'm short of this little money?" Hatoyama Yuchi sneered, intending to seize the opportunity to severely humiliate Qi Yun.

Qi Yun glanced at him, remaining silent.

He took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one, and after a couple of puffs, said casually: "We in Huaxia have a saying: 'refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit.'

"I'm not sure if Mr. Hatoyama has heard that."

Hatoyama Yuchi's smile froze instantly, his gaze turning sinister: "Are you threatening me?! This is Tokyo!"

Qi Yun flicked the ash off his cigarette, with an unperturbed look: "Threatening? Not really."

"I just want you to understand one fact: if I can step over you once, I can do it countless times, anywhere doesn't make a difference."

"You'd better think carefully before answering me."

His attitude shifted from previously amicable to exceedingly assertive.

Hatoyama Yuchi's face flushed immediately, gripping the sofa armrest tightly, the venomous look almost spilling over.

Qi Yun's words barely acknowledged him as a person.

"Baka! Qi Yun, you're too much!" Hatoyama Yuchi slammed his hand on the table, suppressing the rage boiling inside.

Qi Yun didn't even lift his eyelids, speaking with a distant tone: "No need to shout at me; the decision is yours. If you're unwilling, you can leave now."

Hatoyama Yuchi's roaring abruptly stopped, breathing heavily, eyes filled with both hatred and anger, yet couldn't muster the courage to leave.

The calmer Qi Yun appeared, the more insecure he felt.

This shameless guy must have kept a backup!

He's very aware that stepping out of this room means the two will become enemies entirely, and once the evidence is revealed, he'll immediately turn into a public enemy.

After struggling internally for a long time, he eventually sank back onto the sofa, as if drained of all energy.

He had to accept being manipulated by Qi Yun—forever carrying a proverbial sword of Damocles.

Unless...he eliminates this guy.

Seeing Hatoyama Yuchi concede, Qi Yun exhaled a puff of smoke, his tone softening slightly: "Mr. Hatoyama is a wise man; those who recognize current trends are exceptional."

"There's no need for us to be enemies; cooperation benefits both sides, don't you think?"

Hatoyama Yuchi tugged at the corner of his mouth, though unwilling, at this point he had no choice but to take the cue.

"Though I'm the head of the Hatoyama Clan now, I haven't entered Congress yet; even I can't see the Prime Minister, let alone arrange a meeting for you."

Qi Yun knew this was just an excuse on his part, attempting to regain some face.

He didn't expose it, picked up the phone and operated it again, before handing it over.

"Thirty million USD, input your account."

Hatoyama Yuchi glanced at Qi Yun, realizing this was his bottom line, so he no longer held back, took the phone and entered his Swiss Bank account.

Though feeling frustrated, at least receiving thirty million made the humiliation somewhat worthwhile.

Qi Yun watched him finish entering the account, clicked a button, completing the transaction.

"Alright, Mr. Hatoyama, you can check your account now."

After speaking, he checked the time and continued, "You have two hours to handle this, I need to meet your Prime Minister by eight."

"Two hours!?"

Hatoyama Yuchi exclaimed, his face turning ugly again, "The Prime Minister isn't like a roadside vendor; even if I agree to help, it takes time!"

He found Qi Yun laughable, completely ignorant of political protocols.

Even his cousin, who was a congressman, had to wait until dawn at the door of the official residence to meet the Prime Minister in the past.

"Yes, two hours." Qi Yun set down the phone, lifted his finger pointing outside, "So I purposely chose this place, to save you some time."

The hot-tempered Hatoyama Yuchi's gaze flared up again, mentally killing Qi Yun several times before finally standing up strongly, heading outside.

...

A faint light appeared in the sky, gradually illuminating the streets of Tokyo.

A large number of media had already gathered in front of the Prime Minister's official residence, each carrying cameras of varying sizes, all waiting for this major press conference in the morning.

A podium was readied on the lawn, several high-ranking officials quickly followed behind the interior minister.

Seeing this, reporters swarmed forward, flashlights "clicking" tirelessly.

"Minister! Is the suspect in the attack case confirmed? Is it related to ** trial set?"

"When will the government disclose the suspect's identity and motive for the crime?"

"Will the Prime Minister resign due to this?"

"..."

Questions came one after another, like a cannonade aimed at the interior minister on stage.

The interior minister furrowed his eyebrows, gesturing for silence.

"Everyone, please wait briefly, the Prime Minister will be out soon to personally address the questions you're concerned about."

Chapter 653: Could This Guy Be an Information Broker?

"He's here! The Prime Minister is here!"

With a journalist's exclamation, everyone's eyes instantly turned towards the main building of the official residence.

Jian Yiwei was seen wearing a black suit, walking briskly with a serious expression, accompanied by the director of the Metropolitan Police Department.

The flashlights continued to flicker endlessly as media swarmed from all directions.

"Prime Minister! There are rumors online that the suspect is a foreign national, is that true?"

"Does the Metropolitan Police have concrete evidence? What is the actual reason for the Emperor's attack?"

"Does this attack reveal the incompetence of the Metropolitan Police and how can citizens' safety be guaranteed?"

"..."

Jian Yiwei stepped onto the podium, slightly bowed.

He did not directly answer the journalists' questions but instead displayed a mournful demeanor: "Before briefing on the progress of the case, I must first, on behalf of the Z government, express the deepest condolences on the assassination and passing of the Emperor."

"The Emperor is a symbol of the nation and a spiritual pillar in the hearts of the people. This unfortunate attack is a significant loss to the entire country and has plunged the citizens into grief."

His voice was choked as he raised his hand to wipe the nonexistent tears from the corner of his eyes.

There is no choice; with such a major incident, if he didn't show some semblance of sadness, the public's outrage might turn against him.

The flashlights at the scene continued incessantly, yet no one dared to clamor recklessly anymore, and the atmosphere turned solemn in an instant.

After a show of sincerity, the press conference entered its main topic, "Now addressing everyone's questions, first, the rumors online about foreign suspects are false!"

"The identities of the six suspects have been confirmed as all being Japanese! They are all gang members!"

Wow!

This statement was like a bomb, instantly shattering the silence at the scene.

...

Time rewinds to an hour earlier.

Inside the office of the Prime Minister's residence, once Jian Yiwei finished reviewing the data on the computer screen, his face darkened immediately.

He looked angrily at Qi Yun, speaking coldly: "Did you want to see me just to show me this!?"

Qi Yun shrugged, showing no fear despite the other person's status.

"The Prime Minister misunderstands; this is merely my bargaining chip."

Jian Yiwei gritted his teeth and continued, "How did you obtain these things!"

The data on the screen was the truth about Fukushima's nuclear waste discharge.

Regarding these matters, Japan's Z government has always taken a strict defensive stance, not even allowing investigations, directly issuing a ban to prevent anyone from approaching.

Even if one or two individuals managed to sneak in occasionally and discovered its secrets, a secret department would immediately take action to capture them.

Therefore, he was very surprised how this young man in front of him managed to possess this content.

"I think that's not important..."

Qi Yun answered unhurriedly, "The point is, if these data get exposed, Japan will instantly become the target of condemnation by all countries, and I fear your economy will collapse at once."

"At that time, can you still hold onto your position?"

Upon hearing this, Jian Yiwei suddenly stood up and shouted towards the outside, "Someone!"

The next moment, two special agents swiftly pushed the door open and entered.

"Arrest him!" Jian Yiwei ordered with a stern face.

The air inside the room froze instantly.

The two agents stepped forward, grabbing Qi Yun's arms from both sides.

However, Qi Yun did not show any intention to resist, instead cooperating somewhat, only curling his lips into a mocking smile.

"Ha, are you sure you want to do this?"

Jian Yiwei's face was as dark as water; he said nothing, only stared at him fiercely, his gaze full of malice.

Although he really wanted to order Qi Yun into prison, he still held back.

Because Qi Yun was speaking the truth...

Japan's economy heavily relies on exports and tourism; once the truth about the nuclear waste is exposed, all countries will immediately prohibit importing any Japanese products, and global tourists will shun Japan.

Next, international sanctions, trade barriers, and huge compensation demands would follow in succession, this combination of punches would make Japan's economy decline for at least twenty years!

As the primary responsible person, he would not only resign in shame but probably spend the rest of his days in prison.

"Release him."

After some time, Jian Yiwei begrudgingly spat out three words, his voice filled with reluctance.

The agents immediately let go and retreated.

Both parties sat back at the negotiation table, and Qi Yun did not waste more time, directly saying, "If the Prime Minister believes my bargaining chip is sufficient, then let's talk about the deal."

Jian Yiwei sat back down, face stern, "State your conditions."

"Just one request." Qi Yun held up one finger, "Release the six people apprehended by the Self-Defense Forces last night."

"In return, the content in the USB drive will never be known to a third party."

Upon hearing this, Jian Yiwei clenched his fists tightly, transforming into a fierce wolf, his eyes seemingly wanting to devour Qi Yun.

"You ordered the attack on the Emperor!"

Qi Yun remained calm, shaking his head without hesitation: "Such words cannot be spoken lightly, this matter is unrelated to me."

No matter the circumstance, he would never admit to the deed, even if everyone knew the truth.

"Then why are you saving them!" Jian Yiwei's eyes widened.

Qi Yun had no doubt the other wished to kill him at this moment.

Just then, a core aide knocked and entered, holding background information recently reported by the Metropolitan Police on those six bandits.

Jian Yiwei glanced over it, signaled the aide to exit, then threw the documents in front of Qi Yun.

"You still dare to deny it!"

Qi Yun lowered his gaze, casting an eye at the information which included Brother Quan's identity details, past entries into Japan, photos, among which was his silhouette.

Chapter 654: Could This Guy Be an Information Broker?_2

"This doesn't prove anything."

Just five words, stubbornly refusing to admit.

Jian Yiwei stared at him without speaking.

Actually, as long as there's evidence that Qi Yun and Brother Quan had contact, the Police Department would have grounds to arrest him.

But there's a prerequisite: Qi Yun's identity must be that of an ordinary person... at least an ordinary person in Japan.

But the issue is, he's not...

Jian Yiwei still remembers the last time Hatoyama Kiichi asked him to help capture Qi Yun, which ended up involving behemoths like Mitsubishi, SoftBank, and 7-11, nearly causing a turmoil.

In the end, he was forced to relent and give in.

Now Brother Quan and the others haven't confessed, and there's not only no direct evidence linking Qi Yun to the attack, they even hold a trump card. Naturally, he doesn't dare act rashly again.

"I cannot agree to your terms; the criminal who assassinated the emperor must go through review, otherwise the public will not accept it!" Jian Yiwei's tone was firm; this was his bottom line, impossible to compromise.

Qi Yun nodded: "You're right, the criminal who assassinated the emperor should certainly go through review."

Jian Yiwei raised his eyebrow, unsure of Qi Yun's intentions.

Qi Yun pointed to the documents on the table and continued, "I know the Prime Minister needs to give the public an explanation, but... as far as I know, their identity information hasn't been released publicly."

"So the attackers could be them, or it could be... someone else..."

"Prime Minister, am I right?"

Jian Yiwei squinted, understanding the implication in Qi Yun's words, clearly suggesting he find some scapegoats.

He really didn't care who had killed Demar, as long as he could silence the public and the Imperial Family, stabilize the situation. For him, those six people could be anyone.

After a brief silence, he asked in return: "How can you assure me you won't leak the contents of the USB drive."

Qi Yun sighed in relief, considering this acceptance of his terms.

"It's simple. First, I've held onto these things for a long time. If I wanted to expose them, I would've handed them to those on Wall Street long ago."

"Secondly, the Prime Minister should know I'm very closely connected with several capital magnates in Japan; a collapse of the Japanese economy would certainly affect them, thus impacting my interests."

"Most importantly, if I reveal this information, we would become mortal enemies, and you would certainly use all your power to seek revenge on me, which has no benefit for me."

Qi Yun lied calm and collected...

The reason he hadn't exposed these things earlier was because he was busy exploring the Land of Eternal Life with De Gaulle, unable to spare time.

Later, he considered collaborating with Fu Wentao and Liu Guangxin to short Japan's stock market and reap a massive profit, but before he could act on this thought, the incident occurred.

Plans couldn't keep up with changes.

Jian Yiwei stared at Qi Yun, quickly weighing the pros and cons in his mind.

Qi Yun's words seemed reasonable, but Jian Yiwei remained cautious, as those in power always hoped to control everything. This potential threat left him uneasy.

"I admit your reasoning is valid, but it's not enough."

Jian Yiwei stood up, adjusted his suit, and walked to the window, thinking clearly, "I need a chip, something to ensure you never leak this matter."

Qi Yun frowned, feeling this essentially required him to give up leverage.

Not only did he not have such leverage, even if he did, he wouldn't hand it over.

After thinking, he proposed a compromise: "Sorry, I don't have a chip to give you, but... I can help you completely control the Hatoyama Clan."

"Does this condition satisfy the Prime Minister?"

Indeed, he intended to sell out Hatoyama Yuchi.

After all, both sides were originally enemies, and selling out wouldn't cause any psychological burden.

A flicker of surprise crossed Jian Yiwei's eyes, questioning Qi Yun's ability to do so.

Yet, upon reconsidering that this meeting was arranged by the Hatoyama Clan, perhaps Qi Yun really held some cards...

"How do you plan to help me?"

Qi Yun didn't explain further, pulling out his phone and handing it over: "Prime Minister, listen to this recording."

Jian Yiwei took the phone with confusion, looking at Qi Yun differently after listening to the recording.

"Could this guy be a spy?"

"How does he know about all these hidden matters..."

...

Return to the present.

When the Home Affairs Officer heard the Prime Minister say those terrorists were Japanese, his expression froze for a moment, staring at the Prime Minister at the podium in confusion.

"What really happened? Why does the information on the criminals differ from the materials he saw earlier!?"

He then looked toward the Police Chief afar, keenly detecting an unnatural tension in his demeanor...

With the Prime Minister's personal intervention, the attack incident was conclusively settled.

The final result ended with the Police Chief resigning in disgrace, and the Prime Minister publicly apologizing to the nation on camera.

As for those six criminals, they were characterized as vicious extremists, suspected of mental issues, to be processed through the fastest judicial proceedings.

Considering royal face, the proceedings wouldn't be public, only the final verdict released.

Though some citizens questioned the suspect photos released by officials, noticing discrepancies between their builds and those seen online earlier.

Yet, this was only a few, and dissenting voices were quickly dealt with.

Previously posted online videos, pictures, and information were also deleted.

Overall, the majority accepted the official narrative, all busy mourning the emperor, with few real-life detectives among them.

...

At ten in the morning, two Toyota Alphards drove into the Self-Defense Force's base.

After staying about ten minutes, the vehicles quickly left, heading straight for the airport.

Soon, they arrived outside the airport, driven onto the tarmac under the guidance of a Self-Defense Force major, where a Gulfstream G700 was ready for takeoff.

After everyone onboard, the plane began taxiing down the runway.

Only when flying high did everyone finally relax.

On the plane, Niu Da looked somewhat guilty: "I'm sorry, boss, we..."

Qi Yun raised his hand, interrupting him mid-sentence: "You completed the mission brilliantly, and I, Qi Yun, thank you."

"No need for more words, rest well once we return."

Niu Da pursed his lips, nodding heavily.

Nearby, Brother Quan, Chen Wei, and others had complex expressions. Qi Yun had never said how they were rescued from the Self-Defense Force.

But they guessed it must have come at a great cost.

Taking out the emperor in the streets, even shooting down two helicopters, their guilt alone warranted ten death sentences...

Looking out at the clouds, Qi Yun felt inwardly undisturbed.

Though this revenge endeavor cost seven to eight hundred million, he didn't regret it.

If he couldn't retaliate for attacks on his wife and children, why live? What point was there in earning so much money?

Forget a powerless emperor; even if it were that yellow-haired kid in America, he'd dare to fight to the bitter end.

Moreover, selling that Eight-footed Jade Hook earned him nearly 2.5 billion from Harris, still a profit.

Yet, this incident also gave him a lesson: to always proceed with caution, better to earn less than to make enemies lightly.

Certainly, should trouble find him, he wouldn't hesitate to strike hard!

His handling of the Australian casino ordeal showed this, having learned a deep lesson.

...

Meanwhile, in that grand Beijing office building.

The old man had just finished a meeting when the secretary came in to whisper a few sentences.

"Hmm." The old man's expression became curious, "That kid has some skill, huh."

The secretary chuckled in agreement, "Minister Lan asked if you wished to call him over to give a lesson."

"He solved the trouble himself skillfully, didn't bother him, why reprimand him?"

The old man laughed lightly, "Let him play along. I think the kid knows his limits."

"Alright, I'll respond to him as such."

...

Da Fei is still Da Fei, huh. Won the championship in an internet café in '13, twelve years later still standing atop the peak...

Chapter 655: The Shocking Rejuvenation Pill

As Qi Yun safely brought Brother Quan and others back, the attack incident was temporarily put to rest.

Having learned from this lesson, Qi Yun still felt that their security forces were insufficient, so he called his good big brother Fu Wentao, intending to bring over those guys from A-Ming as well.

These guys were all very skilled, and since they started working with Fu Wentao right after retiring, there was no worry about their loyalty.

"You sure know how to plan, haven't even returned A-Quan to me, and now you want to take my men?" Fu Wentao didn't show him a friendly face.

"Big brother, you have plenty of capable people under you, what difference do a few more make?" Qi Yun chuckled dryly a couple of times, then his tone became heavy, "And... your niece was attacked this time..."

"Alright, alright, I'll give them to you." Fu Wentao interrupted helplessly.

Qi Yun was instantly overjoyed, quickly expressing his gratitude.

"How's the investigation going? Do you know who did it?" Fu Wentao had recently been in Europe, with no time to pay attention to the situation here.

Brother Quan hadn't reported to him either, since he had taken Qi Yun's job, he was only responsible to Qi Yun now.

"Phew~ vengeance has been taken..." Qi Yun recounted the events once over.

He had nothing to hide from Fu Wentao.

"So it was you who took out Tian Huang!?" Fu Wentao was so shocked he couldn't close his mouth.

Upon hearing that Qi Yun had made a deal with the Prime Minister and concealed the truth, he couldn't help but express, "You've got some guts, kid."

"This situation, if not handled properly, could turn into a major headache."

"Indeed..." Qi Yun agreed deeply, but he did not regret it, "If he dares to hurt my family, I'll definitely fight him to the death, not even Tian Huang is exempt."

"Alright then, it's done, since the Japanese officials have already released a statement, as long as they have some sense, they won't reveal the truth, the matter is considered over."

"Keep a low profile for now, don't wander around, holding such a major leverage over them, they'll definitely want you dead the first chance they get." Fu Wentao advised patiently.

"Don't worry big brother, I've got it under control."

They chatted a little more before ending the call.

That afternoon, A-Ming arrived in Bird City with the five men who had previously gone to Myanmar.

These men were also brought up by Brother Quan, and had met Da Pao and Xiao Wu before, so after a brief introduction, they quickly integrated into the team.

In a large office in the hospital, apart from the injured Duan Pingyu and Ah Jiao, the rest of the combat forces were gathered there.

"A-Ming, from now on, you six will form a team with Gao Min, specifically responsible for the safety of my wife and daughter."

"Gao Min will be the team leader, you the deputy leader, discuss among yourselves how to divide the duties."

A-Ming and his men immediately stood up straight and replied, "Yes, boss!"

Qi Yun's gaze swept over them, his tone becoming serious, "It's a troubled time, many enemies are lurking in the dark, everyone must stay alert and never be complacent."

"If you spot any threats, take them out immediately! No matter what happens, I'll take responsibility!"

"Understood!" everyone shouted in response.

"Good, that's it."

After a brief speech, everyone dispersed.

Under the meticulous care of Professor Wang's team, Zhao Qing and Duan Pingyu were recovering well, already able to walk, and could be discharged in a while.

Professor Wang invited Qi Yun to the temporary office, took out a small porcelain bottle plugged with a stopper from a safe, and handed it to him.

"This is the medicine pill I made for you, the main ingredient is your thousand-year-old ginseng, combined with Tianshan snow lotus, he shou wu, and earth essence."

"I named it the Rejuvenation Pill, its effects not only repair various injuries but also nourish the organs and stabilize the mind."

"There are a total of ten pills, all sealed with wax, if kept properly, they can last a hundred years without problems."

Qi Yun was overjoyed at hearing this, curiously receiving the small porcelain bottle with both hands and opened the stopper to take a look.

Inside, the ten pills were amber-colored, full and round, and upon sniffing, a faint fragrant scent reached his nostrils, refreshing his mind.

After a moment's thought, Qi Yun poured two pills into his hand and handed them to Professor Wang, "Professor Wang, thank you for your help, please accept these two Rejuvenation Pills."

He spoke sincerely, grateful from the bottom of his heart.

Not only did he save Zhao Qing and the others, but he also paid out of pocket to help him create these pills.

He had heard of those supplementary herbs before, all were valuable ingredients on par with ginseng, and they were all aged long, virtually impossible to acquire on the market.

Professor Wang looked at the two Rejuvenation Pills in his palm, did not reach out to take them, but shook his head with a complex expression, "Do you know why I named it the Rejuvenation Pill?"

"What I told you previously about its effects is just the surface, its real power is in revitalizing life!"

"Whether the organs are severely damaged or meridians injured, even if the person is on the brink of death, as long as there is still one breath left, taking one will secure their life and gradually restore the foundation."

Qi Yun's pupils contracted, completely stunned.

He never imagined that these pills would have such extraordinary effects.

Professor Wang walked to the window, letting out a sigh, "Your thousand-year-old ginseng is a rare treasure nurtured by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, never before seen, and perhaps never again."

"I'm old, don't have many years left, and have lived enough, but to witness such a legendary herb in my lifetime is already satisfying."

"You should keep them safe, I don't need them."

"This..." Qi Yun's Adam's apple rolled, just about to persuade once more.

Chapter 656: The Shocking Rejuvenation Pill

Professor Wang shook his head, his tone resolute: "I've practiced medicine since I was young, and I've seen life and death countless times. I've long since come to terms with it. I just want to live out my last few years peacefully, without needing such precious things."

"You must take great care of this medicine. Each pill used is one less left."

Seeing his firm attitude, Qi Yun knew it was useless to persuade him further, so he carefully put the pill back into the bottle and then deeply bowed to Professor Wang: "Thank you, Professor Wang. I, Qi Yun, will remember this kindness."

"Whatever you need in the future, I will go through fire and water for you without hesitation!"

Professor Wang waved his hand: "No need to thank me. You've shown me that the world truly has a thousand-year-old ginseng, which is of great significance to me. We're even."

After saying this, he pointed to the porcelain bottle in Qi Yun's hand with a complex expression, "It's best you don't reveal this to anyone, or it could bring disaster to you..."

Qi Yun naturally understood his meaning and nodded solemnly, "Yes, I understand."

This bottle of Rejuvenation Pill might be the most valuable of all the treasures he has acquired, even surpassing the Qingnang Book.

After all, that book only contained treatment methods, and many of the ingredients have long been extinct, but this Rejuvenation Pill can directly save lives.

"If I haven't used it by the time I kick the bucket, I can pass this bottle of Rejuvenation Pills down to Nuannuan as a family heirloom..." Qi Yun thought to himself.

...

After leaving the hospital, Qi Yun arrived at the company.

After months of continuous investment and burning over two billion yuan, "Defense of Azeroth" has completed all its preparations for the official launch.

Xiang Xiaoyue called him over to pick an auspicious date.

In the office, Qi Yun leaned back in the boss chair, skimming through the 'launch plan' presented by the other side, his eyebrows involuntarily twitching.

Xiang Xiaoyue stood by the desk, her face serious: "Boss, these dates were all picked by experts. Some are suitable for starting business and attracting wealth, others are good for groundbreaking ceremonies. Which do you prefer?"

"You're a top student from Tsinghua University, yet you believe in this stuff?" Qi Yun put down the document, looking at her with a strange expression.

Xiang Xiaoyue showed a hint of awkwardness on her face and muttered softly, "It's not that I..."

Qi Yun glanced at her with exasperation, then looked at the calendar on the computer screen and casually said, "Let's do it tomorrow. It's just right, a weekend when the working folks are resting."

"You all work a bit of overtime, and the overtime pay will be calculated at triple rate."

Xiang Xiaoyue naturally had no objections, she nodded immediately: "Okay, I'll inform everyone to get ready."

"Yes, go ahead, and ask Zhong Rui to come in for me."

Xiang Xiaoyue left in response, and within two minutes, Zhong Rui walked briskly into the office: "Boss, you were looking for me?"

"Yes, come here." Qi Yun waved him over, then took a document from his briefcase and instructed, "I have a task for you. Head to Alaska tomorrow and process the paperwork for this plot of land."

"I'll have Brother Wei bring people along to ensure your safety. Once there, find an experienced lawyer to assist you."

"Notify me once the paperwork is done, and I'll tell you the follow-up plan."

Zhong Rui quickly flipped through a couple of pages of the document and immediately replied, "Understood, boss. I'll start packing now and set off early tomorrow."

"Yes, stay safe, and call back anytime if there's an issue."

...

In the evening, Qi Yun had just finished dinner in the hospital room with the little girl and Zhao Qing when he received a call from Dachuan, saying there was news about the matter he had asked about last time.

"Brother Qi, I asked a friend of Zang Yuan about it. The location you mentioned, 60 kilometers east, there's a stationed F point, roughly 80 people."

"But I don't have a strong enough presence for this. If you want them over there, you'll need to talk to my dad. He's at home tonight, why don't you come over and discuss it with him directly?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun immediately nodded, "Alright, I'm on my way now."

"Okay, call me when you get here, and I'll come out to meet you."

After hanging up, Qi Yun bid Zhao Qing farewell and headed out.

Once in the car, he thought for a moment and called Xiao Hanguang.

Dachuan's invitation likely came at the behest of his father, Liu Qiangjun, which meant there was a chance.

But since he had never met Liu Qiangjun, why would they be willing to help with this?

Without a doubt, his association with the Xiao Family, and Fu Wentao, played a significant role in this.

Fu Wentao has no official status or political stance, so he doesn't get involved in these things, which isn't a concern.

But the Xiao Family is different. The outside world now considers Qi Yun a protégé of Xiao Hanguang, and his actions represent the Xiao Family. Therefore, Qi Yun must first inform them and get Xiao Hanguang's opinion.

In case any conditions are brought up later, he'll have some idea.

Even for borrowing that batch of equipment from Dachuan last time, Qi Yun had informed Xiao Hanguang.

After two rings, the call was quickly answered, and Qi Yun concisely explained the situation.

Xiao Hanguang was taken aback after listening, surprised: "What does this matter have to do with you? Why do you want them stationed at that place?"

Qi Yun scratched his head, unable to come up with a suitable reason, and could only brace himself to explain: "I can't disclose this matter to you yet, but I assure you there's no personal agenda."

"Can't disclose it to me yet." Xiao Hanguang chuckled softly, then spoke with a hint of helplessness, "Since you say so, kid, then I can only trust you."

"Thank you for trusting me, leader!" Qi Yun grinned, thankin.

"Alright, it's not a big deal, he should give you a favor, go on then."

"Okay then."

Ending the call, Qi Yun exhaled a breath of relief.

With these 80 people stationed near that crucial junction, even if the Gwen Clan had any ideas, they wouldn't have a chance.

....

Over half an hour later, in a traditional Chinese study, Qi Yun met Dachuan's father.

Liu Qiangjun appeared to be in his early fifties, with a square face, thick eyebrows, and large eyes, exuding an air of authority.

Even a simple glance from him carried a strong sense of oppression.

He rarely appears on television, so Qi Yun hadn't seen him before.

"Hello, Uncle Liu, I'm Qi Yun." Upon meeting, Qi Yun took the initiative to greet him.

Liu Qiangjun laughed heartily, standing up from the sofa, and waved him over: "Xiao Qi, come and sit. I've long wanted to meet you, a talented young man."

"Haha, Uncle Liu, you're overpraising me. How can I be considered a young talent? Dachuan is the example I learn from." Qi Yun politely smiled and sat down on the adjacent sofa.

"No need for formalities here." Liu Qiangjun said as he inspected him and fiddled with the tea set on the table.

"I've heard about your accomplishments. Being able to safely bring back that batch of national treasures from the foreign fleet and donating them to the Country, your ability and open-mindedness are truly admirable."

Qi Yun waved his hands dismissively, responding in a joking tone: "Uncle Liu, please don't praise me. I'm quite susceptible to flattery."

"You're the real hero working for the nation and the people. Compared to your contributions, what I've done is insignificant and not worth mentioning."

"Hahaha!" Liu Qiangjun handed over a teacup, pointing at him with a gesture, "You're quite the speaker, young man."

Qi Yun slightly rose to accept the teacup, as Liu Qiangjun continued, "I heard from Dachuan that you had some family troubles a few days ago? How are things now?"

Qi Yun knew he was referring to the attack on Zhao Qing and the others, and nodded in acknowledgment, "Yes, thank you for your concern, Uncle Liu. Everything is safe now, and the matter has been resolved."

"Good, that's good to hear." Liu Qiangjun nodded slightly and sighed, "The higher your stature, the more wind you attract. Be cautious in the future."

The subsequent conversation was mostly a casual chat between an elder and a junior, and even after Qi Yun left the study, neither mentioned the stationed F topic.

However, Qi Yun was well aware, judging from the attitude displayed, that this matter was settled.

Chapter 657 Not Necessarily the First to Pick Up His Chopsticks

Tianshan Airport, Zhao Weilin got off the plane, looking weary from travel.

Seeing the figure standing beside the Maybach not far away, he walked over angrily.

"How is Zhao Qing!"

Before he even got there, his questioning voice already rang out.

Qi Yun stepped forward two steps, coughing awkwardly: "Cough... Uncle, don't be anxious, Zhao Qing is okay now."

It was only today that he informed Zhao Weilin about Zhao Qing's injury, partly out of fear that this old father-in-law would worry, and partly because Zhao Qing didn't want to see him.

However, out of respect, and given that Zhao Qing is pregnant, under Qi Yun's persuasion, Zhao Qing eventually agreed to let him know about the situation.

Zhao Weilin also canceled his current work in Shanghai upon receiving the news and rushed over immediately.

He glared at Qi Yun fiercely, wanting badly to beat the kid up, but held back his anger in the end.

His daughter already dislikes him and hasn't reconciled with him yet. If he offends the kid now, he's bound to become completely isolated.

Moreover... given this guy's current status, Zhao Weilin might not even be able to grab the first chopsticks, let alone resort to physical or verbal abuse.

Suppressing his frustration, Zhao Weilin took a deep breath and frowned, asking, "What exactly happened?"

Qi Yun saw the old man was in a foul mood but didn't take it personally and responded softly: "Uncle, it's my fault for not protecting Zhao Qing well."

"Let's get in the car first, I'll explain everything to you slowly."

...

More than half an hour later, the car stopped at the hospital parking lot.

Zhao Weilin got out of the car, his face no longer angry.

A man working in society is bound to offend some people; plus, considering someone was killed for revenge, being a father, there's not much he can say.

"Uncle, this way." Qi Yun raised his hand to lead the way.

Zhao Weilin nodded slightly and followed him.

The two arrived at the ward door, Qi Yun was about to push the door to enter but was grabbed by Zhao Weilin.

"What's the matter, Uncle?" Qi Yun looked at him suspiciously.

Zhao Weilin pursed his lips, seemingly struggling internally.

Seeing his expression, Qi Yun guessed he might be nervous about meeting Zhao Qing, so he patted his arm to comfort him: "Go in, she knows you're coming."

Zhao Weilin responded with a "hmm," took a deep breath, and followed Qi Yun into the ward.

Inside, Zhao Qing was leaning against the headboard, reading a parenting manual.

When she heard the door open, she looked up, pausing her hand with the manual as she saw the two enter.

"Zhao Qing, Uncle is here to see you." Qi Yun winked at her and then said to Zhao Weilin, "Uncle, sit down."

Zhao Weilin moved forward two steps, fixated on Zhao Qing, scrutinizing her from head to toe, his Adam's apple moving twice, but ultimately, he said nothing.

Seeing his awkwardness, Zhao Qing, lying on the bed, spoke first, asking in a flat tone, "You're here."

Only then did Zhao Weilin gather more courage, stepping to the bedside: "Ah, I'm here."

"Zhao Qing... how are you feeling? Does it still hurt?"

"It's fine, the doctor said I'm recovering well." Zhao Qing lowered her head, continuing to flip through the manual, hardly looking at him.

Seeing this, Qi Yun coughed lightly and said: "You two chat first, I'll go make a phone call."

Saying that, he turned and left the ward, gently closing the door behind him to leave the space for the father and daughter.

The corridor lights were on, Amin and the other three guys were stationed at both ends of the corridor, and when they saw him come out, none of them stepped forward to disturb.

Qi Yun entered the stairwell, lit a cigarette, and pulled out his phone to communicate the latest situation with Ignacio.

The latter had been investigating the Can Cong eyeball for some time, flipping through numerous ancient texts, finding only some sporadic records.

After all, Ancient Shu Kingdom is already thousands of years old, long buried in the river of history.

Furthermore, it was a small kingdom unlike Shang and Zhou that left ample records, mostly mentioned briefly in ancient bibliographies like the "Huayang Guozhi."

To gain more insights, perhaps hope can only be placed in systematic intelligence.

"Whew~"

Qi Yun exhaled a cloud of smoke, knowing this matter can't be rushed.

After finishing the cigarette, upon returning to the corridor, Zhao Weilin also emerged from the ward.

Although he appeared calm, the hand behind his back was clenched into a fist, eyes gleaming with excited fervor.

It was the first time Zhao Weilin had a peaceful conversation with his daughter, without arguing; Zhao Qing even actively inquired about his situation in Shanghai.

Qi Yun keenly noticed this change, a hint of a smile appearing on his face, as he proactively approached: "Uncle, finished talking?"

Zhao Weilin withdrew his thoughts, secretly relaxing his hand behind him, clearing his throat, trying to maintain his elder's dignity: "Yes, Zhao Qing said she's a bit tired, letting her rest well."

Qi Yun nodded: "I've arranged the hotel, let someone take you there to rest."

"Yes." Zhao Weilin responded, heading towards the elevator, "By the way, how's your project in Shanghai?"

"The affairs there are being watched over by the Skyline Group people, I don't need to worry, but I'm heading to Shanghai the day after tomorrow; would you stay one more day, accompany Zhao Qing, and then we set off together?" Qi Yun asked, looking at Zhao Weilin.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Weilin immediately showed joy but soon suppressed his smile, once again assuming the elder's demeanor, nodding indifferently: "Okay."

Chapter Not Necessarily the First to Lift Chopsticks _2

Qi Yun chuckled to himself but didn't expose him, accompanying the old man to the car, instructing Eagle to take him to the hotel.

Back in the ward, Zhao Qing was already up from the bed, tiptoeing to look out of the window downstairs.

"Did he leave?"

"Yes, he did. I asked him to stay for two more days here and go to Shanghai with me the day after tomorrow."

"Oh~" Zhao Qing dragged the tone, looking smart and cheeky.

"You should go home and rest; there's a caregiver here, don't worry about me."

"No need." Qi Yun shook his head, "I'll stay here with you. I'll ask the hospital to add another bed."

The special care ward was spacious enough; adding a bed didn't feel cramped.

Qi Yun called the nurse and gave instructions, then turned back to the bed, picking up the parenting manual beside him, looking through it while occasionally glancing at Zhao Qing.

Zhao Qing, feeling slightly uncomfortable under his gaze, reached out and pushed him, "Why are you looking at me? Read the book."

"Can't I look at my son?" Qi Yun set the manual down, smiling as he leaned closer, reaching out to touch her belly, "The doctor said you need to stay cheerful now, listen to more music; it's good for the baby."

"You're such a chatterbox." Zhao Qing rolled her eyes at him, a faint blush on her cheeks.

...

Ever since the last press conference, with the tailwind of the virtual currency license, Guanghui Group's stock price saw continuous growth, with general optimism outside about Guanghui Group's future.

However, the nearly twenty thousand zero-mileage used cars piled up under its subsidiary remained a headache for Liu Guangxin, troubling him greatly.

The original plan was to slowly sell them off to dealers and small rental firms, but this year's fierce price war in the car market, coupled with regulatory crackdowns on the gray trade of zero-mileage used cars complicated matters.

These twenty thousand cars sat in the parking lot, with management fees and depreciation costs flowing out like water every day.

In the office, Liu Guangxin looked expectantly at Qi Yun: "That person you contacted can really take this batch of cars?"

Qi Yun took the teacup he handed over, calmly saying, "Eating all twenty thousand at once is probably unrealistic; he doesn't have that capacity."

Even if zero-mileage used cars are cheap, the average price per car won't be less than a hundred thousand; that's at least two billion for twenty thousand cars. Hussein probably can't gather that much capital.

"But he can take back a batch to try first. If the South Asia channel can be opened, subsequent goods can follow this line out continuously."

While they talked, the secretary knocked and reported, "Chairman, Mr. Qi's friend has arrived."

"Invite him in."

"Alright." The secretary turned away, shortly bringing the Pakistani businessman in.

Clearly, Hussein took today's meeting seriously, with polished shoes and blue eyes that made him look somewhat handsome.

He belonged to the Kalash tribe, a minority of white people within Pakistan, who all claim descent from Alexander the Great, which feels quite prestigious.

"Hussein, take a seat." Qi Yun stood up and beckoned him.

Hussein quickly stepped forward, speaking fluent Chinese: "Hello, Mr. Qi, we meet again."

"Hello." Qi Yun smiled at him, introducing, "This is the boss of Guanghai Group, Chairman Liu. The used cars I mentioned to you are from Chairman Liu's company."

"Hello, Chairman Liu, I've heard a lot about you." Hussein bowed slightly, humble in attitude, "Thank you both for trusting me with this opportunity for cooperation."

Liu Guangxin nodded, his gaze circling around him, knowing that first impressions are crucial; this Hussein gave him a very sharp and capable impression.

"Please have a seat, Mr. Hussein."

Liu Guangxin gestured, pointing to the sofa opposite him, "President Qi mentioned that you have auto sales channels in South Asia. What are your thoughts on this batch of cars?"

Hussein nodded in response: "Yes, Chairman Liu, I do know some friends in automobile sales in Pakistan and Bangladesh, and I've contacted them before coming here."

"If the price and condition of these cars meet expectations, I can take a thousand back."

After saying this, he seemed worried that Qi Yun and Liu Guangxin would find a thousand cars a small number, so quickly added, "Of course, this is just the first batch!"

"If these cars sell well locally, I'll immediately contact friends in India, as their market is much larger."

After hearing this, Liu Guangxin looked at Qi Yun, seeking his opinion.

But Qi Yun just smiled and shook his head, indicating it was up to Liu Guangxin to decide.

He didn't know much about the auto market, only heard that in India, everyone uses electricity without paying, no need to queue and rush for it...

Liu Guangxin quickly calculated that while a thousand cars were few, it was better than leaving them idling there.

Moreover, the Indian market Hussein mentioned was indeed a lucrative one; if it could be opened up, these twenty thousand cars could potentially be cleared quickly.

He patted his thigh and turned to Hussein: "Mr. Hussein, we can follow your numbers; I'll have someone take you to see the cars."

Hussein rose excitedly, eyes full of anticipation: "Alright, Chairman Liu, thank you!"

"It's business; it's mutually beneficial. No need to be so polite." Liu Guangxin waved, calling the operations manager to take Hussein to see the cars.

After these two left, he refilled Qi Yun's tea cup, "Thank you, Xiao Qi, for thinking about helping me with this mess."

"Heh heh." Qi Yun sipped the tea lightly, replied with a smile, "Actually, it's not just to help you; I'm also quite interested in this channel to see its potential."

Liu Guangxin looked at him with surprise: "You want to sell cars too?"

"It's uncertain for now..."

...

At eleven in the evening, the floor where Yunqing Technology was located was still brightly lit.

It was the official release day of "Defense of Azeroth," and everyone was waiting for the final revenue statistics.

The large conference room was filled with the aroma of caffeine, dozens of people gathered in front of the data screen, eyes locked on the moving numbers.

Especially Xiang Xiaoyue, the product operations director.

She had painted a grand picture for Qi Yun, burnt nearly two hundred million; if she couldn't produce good results, she had no doubt her boss would skin her alive.

Qi Yun glanced at her nervous look, a faint smile forming at the corners of his mouth, "Why panic? If all else fails, we can send you to Siberia to sell computers with Xie Mengmeng."

"No, no, no! President Qi!" Xiang Xiaoyue jolted in fright, quickly waving her hands, "I've stayed up too much; you can't do this to me!"

"Besides, today's data is definitely impressive; the registration volume has already surpassed 8 million earlier."

"3!"

"2!"

"1!"

As the clock struck zero, Yuan Hua immediately tapped on the keyboard and projected a visual interface on the big screen.

"First-day registration 8.29 million!"

"First-day recharge amount 9.4 million!"

"Peak concurrent online 2.2 million!"

With the new data released, the conference room exploded instantly!

"What the...! What the...!"

"Incredible!"

Having not finished university, Yuan Hua shouted out his limited vocabulary.

The room was filled with howling cries, cheers, and applause mingling together...

"9.4 million! 9.4 million!" Xiang Xiaoyue completely let loose, tears falling.

She grabbed Qi Yun's arm, choking on her words, "Boss! I don't have to go to Siberia, right?"

Qi Yun, too, hadn't expected the game mall to be so profitable; just selling a few background skins incurred nearly ten million in revenue daily.

If it could remain stable at this level, the money invested could be recouped within a month, and subsequently could become a continuously flowing cash cow!

"Yes, you are pardoned." He suppressed the turbulence in his heart, waved his hand grandiosely, "Listen up everyone! This month's bonus will increase by two hundred thousand!"

"Two hundred thousand per person!"

Chapter 659 Qi's Appointment

Early next morning, Qi Yun, along with Brother Quan and others, and his elderly father-in-law, boarded a private jet to Shanghai.

The jet was naturally Qi Yun's Gulfstream G700.

His father-in-law, although managing billions and having a personal fortune of tens of billions, is very low-key and rarely appears in the spotlight.

Moreover, he only owns a house in a high-end community in Shanghai, and he has no interest in private jets or luxury yachts.

Perhaps due to his experiences when he was younger, after becoming wealthy Zhao Weilin particularly enjoys doing charity work. He recently donated thirty million to several welfare homes in Province J, a typical Confucian businessman.

This is something Qi Yun admires about him.

Inside the cabin, Zhao Weilin declined the champagne offered by the flight attendant, opened a bottle of mineral water, turned, and asked Qi Yun, "Now you're making such a big scene when you go out; who exactly have you offended?"

"I'm starting to regret giving my daughter to you, kid."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun thought inwardly, "Does your daughter have any say in being with me?"

If it weren't for me secretly helping you, it's questionable whether Zhao Qing would acknowledge you as her father...

Though he thought this inside, he still gave his father-in-law face outwardly.

He casually scratched his ear and replied, "Not really any big guys, just the Imperial Family, the Prime Minister, the Hatoyama Clan, and the UK's fourth-ranked Boot Clan, the descendants of Louis I of France, the Gwen Clan."

"Oh, and the owner of Southern Net One Group."

Just as Zhao Weilin took a sip of water, hearing this made him "poof" directly spray it out, almost dropping the bottle in his hand.

He stared wide-eyed in disbelief at Qi Yun.

The Imperial Family? The Prime Minister? And those terrifyingly old European clans? He calls these "not really any big guys"?

Not to mention these foreign ones, just that Net One Company's owner Ding Sanshi, in the Jiangnan coastal area, is a powerhouse frequently appearing at the top of the Forbes list.

Being enemies with such people is truly not a wise choice.

Shaking in anger, his chest heaving violently, Zhao Weilin exclaimed, "You!... you still want my daughter to lead a peaceful life!?"

Seeing his father-in-law red-faced and swollen-necked with anger, Qi Yun hurriedly reached out to soothe his back, dropping the casual demeanor.

"Uncle, don't worry, I'm fine, and Zhao Qing is also doing well, trust me."

"I'm not someone who loves trouble, but trouble just keeps finding me, and I can't help it."

Zhao Weilin snorted coldly, looking displeased.

Qi Yun knew he was worried about Zhao Qing's safety, so he didn't argue with him.

Blinking his eyes, he said lightly, "Even if I have plenty of adversaries, we also have quite a lot of friends."

"Let's not discuss Director Huang in Shanghai; Director Xiao from Beijing treats me like a brother, Leader Wendong is especially fond of me, and there's Director Fu from the Fu Family, Long Palm from the eastern suburbs..."

"I call Fu Wentao from the Fu Family 'big brother,' and Middle Eastern Little Overlord Salaman is my close friend. So, does that make you feel a bit more at ease?"

Zhao Weilin snapped his head to the side, stunned into silence by the names Qi Yun listed.

He was aware of Qi Yun's connections with Director Huang in Shanghai and Director Xiao in Beijing, but the more he heard the latter names, the more bewildered he became.

Fu Wentao from the Fu Family... Middle Eastern Little Overlord Salaman...

He stared, pointing at Qi Yun, stammering for a long time before squeezing out, "Is... is what you said true?"

It's not that he didn't believe Qi Yun, but those people represent a level he can't even reach...

Qi Yun casually crossed his legs, his face calm as a lake, "A while ago, Fu Wentao visited Province J, you can ask Director Huang and you'll know why he went."

Zhao Weilin swallowed, heart no longer harboring any resentment.

He began to reflect whether his attitude towards Qi Yun in the future should not purposely carry the authority of an elder...

...

The weather in Shanghai today is nice, with a clear blue sky.

Once the Gulfstream G700 landed, Qi Yun separated from his father-in-law and boarded the business car of Sky Shining Energy dispatched for airport pickup.

"President Qi, would you like to go to the hotel for a rest, or do you have other plans?"

The speaker was Qi Yun's secretary at Sky Shining Energy. Although he doesn't often visit this branch, Sky Shining Energy is, after all, a joint venture with a registered capital of several billion, so as the company's second-in-command, it's essential to have all sorts of arrangements.

Qi Yun checked the time, put away his phone, and said, "No hotel, head straight to the Skyline Group headquarters."

Skyline Group, Sky Shining Energy's parent company, is a fully state-owned enterprise, ranking top ten in comprehensive strength in Shanghai's local business sector.

"Okay." The secretary sitting in the passenger seat immediately instructed the driver to head off.

Over an hour later, the business car arrived at the core location of Huangpu District, where the Skyline Group headquarters is situated among this concrete forest.

Qi Yun stepped out of the car, looking at the towering 200-meter glass curtain wall building with a sense of awe.

Even during his most glorious days years ago, he wasn't qualified to enter here, whereas now, a large group of dignitaries clad in suits and ties awaited at the lobby entrance.

Qi Yun's purpose here today is to take office at this group company.

From now on, there will be an office belonging to him in this building.

"Hello, President Qi! Welcome, welcome!" A warm voice interrupted Qi Yun's thoughts as it approached.

The speaker was a middle-aged man, around forty, meticulously styled with slicked-back hair, and even wore a badge on his chest.

Chapter 660: Qi Ting

He walked over quickly with a warm smile on his face and eagerly extended both hands to Qi Yun.

"This is Minister Zhou of the group, Zhou Fangchun." The person beside him leaned in to introduce Qi Yun.

Qi Yun nodded slightly and also put on a smile: "Haha, Minister Zhou, you're too kind."

"Eh, it's only right! President Qi, you're one of our own at Skyline. It's your first time at our company, so I definitely have to personally welcome you!" Zhou Fangchun shook Qi Yun's arm vigorously, looking just like he'd found his long-lost brother.

Not far behind him, some people in the welcoming team were whispering in surprise: "Who is this President Qi? Zhou Peel is so humble."

"Who knows? I've heard he's the second in command at Sky Shining Energy, but I guess it's not that simple, otherwise with Zhou Peel's character, he wouldn't be acting so enthusiastically."

"Hmm...makes sense."

Some female employees dressed in office attire cast curious glances, secretly clenching their fists: "Wow, this President Qi is so young."

"..."

After brief pleasantries, Zhou Fangchun introduced Qi Yun to several other high-level executives of the group company, and then invited him upstairs.

"Please, President Qi, I'll take you to the reception room first. The chairman is at the Fruit Committee reporting work this morning. I've already informed him of your visit, and he's on his way now."

"Alright, please." Qi Yun nodded slightly, following Zhou Fangchun towards the elevator.

As Zhou Fangchun led the way, he was chattering away with polite remarks.

The reception room was very spacious, with imported Persian carpets on the floor, and all the furniture was of high-end solid wood. The level of luxury even surpassed Liu Guangxin's office.

"President Qi, are you accustomed to the climate here? The group company has dormitories by the river; I've chosen a room with the best view for you. I'll have someone take you to see it later, and let me know if you're not satisfied."

"Okay, thank you. I'll trouble Minister Zhou then." Qi Yun nodded with a smile.

Even with just a brief interaction, he could tell that this person was very good at handling situations and spoke very pleasantly, likely the type that leaders highly favor.

"Haha, saying 'thank you' is too formal. We're all our people now, no need to beat around the bush."

Zhou Fangchun laughed heartily, picked up the teapot, and poured tea for Qi Yun, "President Qi, try this tea. It's Chairman Yu's private collection, early spring Longjing from this year, hard to find in the market."

"Haha, alright."

"By the way, did President Qi come alone, wife and kids...?"

After finishing the pot of tea, just as Zhou Fangchun's face muscles were starting to stiffen, the door to the reception room finally opened.

The chairman Yu, whom Qi Yun had met at the last meeting, walked in, accompanied by the Director of the Fruit Committee, whose name was Deng something.

"Oh dear, sorry to keep you waiting, President Qi!"

As soon as they entered the room, the two hastily expressed their apologies.

Normally, Qi Yun's transfer from the subsidiary to the group company should not warrant this kind of treatment. Not only did the chairman rush back to welcome him, but even the Director of the Fruit Committee was present in person.

But Qi Yun's transfer was somewhat unusual, orchestrated by Wendong and the Fruit Committee, which then informed these two, and finally passed by a high-level group company internal meeting, reported to the local Fruit Committee, and thus his appointment was formed.

Few people knew about these internal dealings, limited to the few in the reception room.

"Haha, Chairman Yu, Director Deng, I haven't been waiting long either." Qi Yun got up to greet them both.

"Alas, President Qi, young and capable, having you at the helm of our Skyline Group is truly our honor!" Chairman Yu kept patting Qi Yun's hand.

"Oh, not at all, Chairman Yu, you're too kind. I'll be relying on everyone for guidance in the future." Qi Yun's attitude was also very appropriate, showing great humility.

After some back-and-forth with polite exchanges, Director Deng took out Qi Yun's appointment letter from his briefcase.

"President Qi, here is your official appointment document, Shanghai Fruit Committee has approved it—appointing you as DW member and Vice General Manager of Skyline Group, enjoying the group's Deputy T-level treatment."

"A dedicated person will handle your archival procedures later."

Qi Yun heard this, with a joyful heart, solemnly accepted the appointment letter with a gilded cover: "Thank you!"

From today on, he was officially enjoying the benefits of the royal payroll.

Skyline Group belongs to a 正T-level state-owned enterprise under the supervision of the local Fruit Committee, and the position of Vice General Manager is equivalent to the second-in-command of the group company, which corresponds to the Deputy T-level in an administrative unit.

Calling him President Ti upon meeting wouldn't be too much...

Moreover, Fu Wentao had previously hinted to him that even after entering the bureaucratic system, he would remain a special entity, not affecting his continued business endeavors.

This point was of significant importance to Qi Yun.

If it meant that he had to give up his existing businesses due to this identity, he certainly would not be willing.

In the evening, Chairman Yu Wanhe organized a dinner party at a very private club.

Few attendees were there, all high-level executives of the group, and the main focus was naturally on President Ti.

At this informal occasion, everyone was more relaxed than during the day, and the atmosphere was much more lively.

Those present knew a little about Qi Yun's background, so the welcome party turned into a constant round of toasts to him.

The dinner continued until after eleven o'clock, and in the end, Qi Yun didn't even remember how he ended up in bed.

...

The next morning, Qi Yun was awakened by the ringing of the phone.

Blearily opening his eyes, he found that the caller was Wendong's superior, so he hurriedly sat up from the bed, patted his face to clear his head, and then answered the call.

"Hello, Leader."

"Have you handled the procedures over in Shanghai?"

The voice on the phone sounded noticeably more serious than usual.

Qi Yun was puzzled, but could only answer truthfully: "Yes, it's already been taken care of."

On the other end, Wendong's leadership acknowledged with a soft hum and continued: "Just received an emergency situation to inform you, the batch of equipment sent to the Oil Country has encountered an issue. The transport team couldn't be reached since early this morning."

Qi Yun was taken aback upon hearing this; Ji Kai had mentioned this to him a few days ago, saying he would accompany the transport team for a stroll over there, and now they can't be contacted?

"We've already tried to communicate with the Oil Country, and their response is to send someone promptly to inspect the situation on site."

"The purpose of calling you is firstly to inform you of this matter, and secondly to ask you to contact Salaman again. No matter what accident has occurred, the equipment can be lost, but ensuring the safety of our personnel is a must!"

"Yes, I understand, I'll contact him right away!"

After ending the call, Qi Yun first tried to call Ji Kai, and sure enough, it couldn't be connected.

Then he quickly found Salaman's number and dialed it.

The phone rang twice and was quickly answered.

"Qi Yun, I know why you're calling. I've already arranged for the nearest team to check it out." Salaman had guessed Qi Yun's intent for calling, and spoke first without waiting for Qi Yun to ask.

"Alright, thank you!" Qi Yun took a deep breath, and then asked, "Where did the equipment transport convoy lose contact?"

He didn't feel it was appropriate to ask Wendong's leadership earlier, so he could only find out from Salaman now.

"The specific location is on the border between the Oil Country and Yemen, near the desert highway in Hadramaut Province."

"Around three o'clock in the morning, the convoy sent one last location signal before losing contact."

Qi Yun paused; just hearing 'Yemen' made him uneasy.

"Do you estimate... that there might be danger?"

On the other end, Salaman was silent for two seconds, his tone heavier than before: "To be honest, that area hasn't been stable recently, with some armed forces constantly operating nearby."

"If the convoy encountered some danger, it might be related to them..."