

Middle Age 89

Chapter 89: Half a Bezoar Pill

Qi Yun couldn't bear to wait any longer, so he spent 300 yuan to hire a mediator, and everything was settled in less than half an hour.

As darkness fell, he finally parked the BMW 5 Series in the lot behind the building. As for the Volkswagen Golf, it had already been driven back by a chauffeur.

After parking the car, Qi Yun opened the trunk to look for the gas card mentioned in the intelligence.

There wasn't much clutter in the trunk, and it was mostly empty at first glance. Lifting the cover to reveal the spare tire below, he rummaged around and finally found a plastic bag inside.

Inside were exactly the hundred gas cards, each valued at 1,000 yuan.

Qi Yun closed the trunk, placed the plastic bag on the passenger seat, locked the car, and headed home.

Inside, Zhao Qing had already prepared dinner, presenting herself as the epitome of a virtuous wife and caring mother.

Seeing Qi Yun enter, she quickly came forward to greet him, "Brother Qi, you're back. Go wash your hands and eat."

Qi Yun smiled at her, looking at the table full of delicious dishes. A warm feeling surged in his heart, "Thank you for your hard work."

Zhao Qing shook her head slightly and helped him hang up his coat.

When he came out of the bathroom after washing his hands, a bowl of soup was already on the table, "Brother Qi, I bought some fresh beef bones at the market this afternoon. Try the soup and see if it's good." Zhao Qing said gently, sitting next to him.

Qi Yun picked up the soup bowl, took a sip, and the delicious taste spread in his mouth, "Mmm, it's really good. Your cooking skills are getting better and better."

Zhao Qing blushed and smiled, "As long as you like it. By the way, a friend of yours came by this morning to take the keys and brought some gifts."

Qi Yun nodded, "Alright."

As they were talking, his phone rang suddenly in his pocket. He took it out to see that it was from Little Blonde, whom he hadn't seen for several days.

Qi Yun answered the call, smiling as he asked, "What's up?"

"Qi...Brother Qi, my dad...my dad is sick." On the other end, Little Blonde's voice was choked with tears, speaking haltingly.

Qi Yun's heart sank, his smile vanished, and he hurriedly asked, "What happened?"

"Just now...just now, he was at Sister Xia's shop, and suddenly...suddenly collapsed. No matter how we call him, he won't wake up. He's in the hospital for emergency treatment now." Little Blonde replied.

Qi Yun ignored his meal, stood up immediately with a serious expression, "Which hospital? I'm coming over right away."

Little Blonde, still sobbing, reported the hospital name with a trembling voice, "Brother Qi, I'm really scared..."

"Don't panic, it's going to be okay. I'm on my way now." Qi Yun reassured him before hanging up the phone.

"Zhao Qing, I have to go out for a bit. An elder has fallen ill." He said while moving towards the door to put on his coat.

Zhao Qing's face immediately showed concern upon hearing this. She quickly stepped beside Qi Yun, helping to adjust his collar, and said with care, "Brother Qi, drive slowly and be safe on the road. Do you need me to go with you?"

Qi Yun stopped what he was doing, looked at Zhao Qing, felt a warm current in his heart, and shook his head, "No need, just stay at home and take care of Nuannuan."

With that, he was about to leave. But just as he stepped out, he seemed to remember something and showed a conflicted expression on his face.

Eventually, he sighed, returned to the room, and took out a Bezoar pill from the safe.

Old Wang had once taken good care of him. During his most destitute times, when he couldn't even pay the rent, Old Wang didn't evict him but instead aided him in many ways. Qi Yun had always kept these kindnesses in his heart.

This Bezoar pill was worth a fortune, but if Old Wang needed it, he was willing to give it.

Half an hour later, Qi Yun rushed to the hospital, only to find Little Blonde squatting at the entrance of the emergency room, sobbing.

Standing beside him, Sister Xia's once charming smile was gone, her eyes were tear-streaked, and she looked sorrowful.

Qi Yun quickly walked over and urgently asked, "What did the doctor say?"

Little Blonde lifted his head, his face covered in tear marks, speaking with a choked voice, "Brother Qi, the doctor said my dad had a sudden brain hemorrhage and is still being rescued inside. Things don't look good, and they don't know if he will..."

His voice broke off, tears welling up, and his shoulder shook uncontrollably.

Qi Yun furrowed his brows tightly. This type of illness was extremely dangerous, especially in older people, who could pass away suddenly.

Sister Xia spoke up, "It's all my fault. He drank at night, and I should have let him go home."

Qi Yun sighed, "Now's not the time to talk about that. Are there other doctors around? Take me to see the doctor now."

Hearing this, Sister Xia hurriedly wiped her tears and said, "There's a doctor in that office over there. I'll take you."

The two quickly arrived at the corner doctor's office, where a young doctor sat at a desk, looking at information on a computer screen.

Qi Yun walked quickly forward and took out the Bezoar pill from his pocket, getting straight to the point, "Doctor, I'm a friend of Wang Defa's. Can you see if this medicine can help him now?"

The young doctor looked up, shifting his gaze from the computer screen to the Bezoar pill in Qi Yun's hand, and frowned slightly.

He reached out to take it, and after unwrapping the oil paper, his eyes sharpened, staring at Qi Yun with a face full of shock.

"This is... an early Bezoar pill?"

Qi Yun nodded, "That's right. Can it help him?"

A glimmer of excitement appeared in the young doctor's eyes. He carefully held the Bezoar pill as if it were a treasure.

"The early Bezoar pills have unique ingredients and manufacturing techniques. They can indeed have significant effects for patients like your friend who suffered a sudden brain hemorrhage and is in a coma."

A flicker of hope lit up in Qi Yun's eyes, and he said eagerly, "Then doctor, please administer it to him now!"

The doctor stood up and responded, "Okay, don't worry, I'll arrange it now."

With that, he hurriedly left the office.

Qi Yun and the others returned to the door of the emergency room to wait.

Soon after, the young doctor, along with two nurses, entered the rescue room.

Qi Yun glanced at the downcast Little Blonde, patted his shoulder, and comforted him, "I've brought good medicine. The doctor is making arrangements. Your dad will definitely be fine."

Little Blonde lifted his head, his eyes full of gratitude, with tears welling up, "Brother Qi, I'm afraid he..." As he spoke, Little Blonde's voice choked up again.

Half an hour later, the door of the emergency room opened, and the doctor from before came out.

Qi Yun hurriedly stepped forward and asked, "Doctor, how is he now?"

"The situation has stabilized for now. Please come to the office with me." The doctor, after taking off his mask, said.

The words came out, and the hearts of the three were relieved. Little Blonde almost cried tears of joy.

Qi Yun followed the doctor to the office. The doctor gestured for him to sit down, then said with an odd expression, "May I ask where you got that pill from?"

"Family used to practice medicine, it's been passed down." Qi Yun fabricated an excuse.

The doctor nodded and continued, "Only half of the Bezoar pill was used. Pills sealed with such special methods can hardly be preserved for long once opened."

"So the director asked me to discuss with you whether you would be willing to sell the remaining half?"