

Break Up 5

Chapter 5

Poverty?

After picking up a dollar, Chen Che did not delay any further and ran all the way to his workplace.

The clocking, sorting, and loading of the car began the work of the new day.

At this moment, the livestream was divided into two screens, showing Chen Che and Lin Xi's daily lives.

On one side, she was sitting cleanly in the office, and on the other side, he was sweating profusely from exhaustion. He was delivering packages up and down.

It was hard to imagine how two people with completely different lives could get together.

All the male compatriots still did not understand why they had lost.

Without the ups and downs of the morning, the number of people in the live-stream had decreased by more than half, but there were still nearly 100,000 people tuning in.

Many people even applied for leave today to see what other tricks Chen Che could pull.

In addition, although Chen Che's actions were criticized, their group was far ahead in terms of popularity and backstage voting.

The organizers had also changed the title of Team 7's live-stream to be more attractive. It was called 'Poor Kid's Alternative Romance'.

After a few deliveries, the VJ panted heavily and his legs went weak.

When they arrived at the new building, Chen Che smiled and said, "If you're tired, wait downstairs. I'm used to it. If you follow me for a day, I'm afraid you won't be able to get up tomorrow."

The VJ nodded and agreed decisively.

Not long after, Chen Che came downstairs with a pile of paper boxes in his arms.

This was because the client had asked him to help throw it away just now. If it was in the past, he would indeed throw it away, but these things were money in his eyes now!

Just as he reached the delivery car, an auntie rushed over.

Chen Che instantly understood what the other party wanted to do and hurriedly stuffed the paper box into the car.

"Young man, it's useless for you to keep those paper boxes. Give them to me." Even though Chen Che had already put them away, the auntie still refused to give up.

Chen Che sighed. "Auntie, I want to give it to you too, but the conditions don't allow it."

"Young man, you really know how to joke. Young people like you don't care about such a small amount of money at all. In other words, you don't even care about picking up \$1 from the ground. Why would you care about such a small piece of paper?"

“That’s someone else. Now, let alone a dollar, I’ll even pick up a dime.” Chen Che smiled.

Seeing that Chen Che did not intend to give it to her, the auntie could not be bothered to say anything else. She snorted unhappily and turned to leave.

Chen Che did not mind. He drove the electric tricycle to the next shop.

The live-stream started discussing again.

[This kid has really refreshed my understanding. How can he be so stingy?]

[That’s right. He’s already snatching business from uncles and aunties. What else can she do in the future?]

[Doesn’t Goddess Lin Xi regret it at all? What does she like about him?]

[Sigh, everyone has their own preferences. I’m so envious!]

...

With his first collection, Chen Che seemed to have found a way to make money. Every time he delivered a package, he would ask if he needed help to throw away the packaging.

Just like that, it didn’t take long for him to collect a lot.

****2.00 pm****

After delivering the last order, Chen Che happily threw the box into the car again. Today’s work was finally over.

Just as he was about to leave, a man passed by Chen Che. He was holding two transparent bags with a few coats inside.

Under Chen Che’s gaze, the man placed these clothes into the donation box not far away.

After the man left and seeing that there was no one around, Chen Che hurriedly ran over and quickly took out his clothes.

[No way? This kid wants to pick up clothes to wear again?]

[This is all for the poor. Doesn’t he know?]

[I’m really speechless. Can he be any worse?]

Just as the live broadcast room was complaining, Chen Che had already begun his fitting.

Looking at the wide sleeves, Chen Che smiled and said, “Although it doesn’t fit very well, it doesn’t matter. I can still wear 90% of my new clothes for a long time and save money on clothes.”

With that, he returned to the car with the clothes.

[What’s going on? Doesn’t he feel embarrassed?]

[I can tolerate picking up money and paper shells, but this is really a little outrageous!]

[That's right. Isn't he just a beggar? Even if he doesn't think for himself, he has to consider the goddess's face, right?]

[As far as I know, express delivery has a good monthly income, right? Is there a need to do this?]

[Are you sure you're not acting for us on purpose?]

[What's there to act for? He's just stingy. He's simply stingy!]

...

The VJ couldn't take it anymore and couldn't help but say, "Brother, I have to say that I admire you from following you until now."

"But isn't your behavior a little inappropriate? Do you know what the live-stream is saying about you now?"

"They said that you're a beggar, that they've never seen someone so stingy. We're both men. There's no need to be so shabby, right?"

"No matter what, Lin Xi is a socialite in Jiangshi City. You have to consider her feelings, right?"

Chen Che pursed his lips. "Let me ask you, are these clothes donated to people in need?"

"Yeah." The VJ nodded.

"Am I poor enough? I'm someone in need now, so what's wrong with that?" Chen Che asked again.

VJ frowned and was speechless.

Looking at VJ's expression, Chen Che spoke again, "Firstly, I didn't steal it. Secondly, I didn't snatch it. Moreover, I didn't say that I wanted to destroy the clothes. This is a sufficient use of resources."

"Although I'm a little down and out, I don't care what others think. I also believe that Lin Xi will understand me."

With that, Chen Che got on his tricycle and left.

The VJ shook his head helplessly and could only follow him again.

[What the f*ck, why are you so poor yet so proud?]

[That's right! A tree without its bark will definitely die. A person that won't feel embarrassed is invincible!]

[You can even find such a dignified reason when you're poor. I'm really speechless!]

The netizens were the same as the VJ. They were completely defeated by Chen Che.

Half an hour later, in an office in a certain building.

The rich second-generation heiress who was participating in the competition looked at the score that had been rising for a long time and was really worried. She was not actually concerned about the final prize money, but she cared about the ranking.

“Miss, we did it your way, but the netizens over there didn’t buy it at all.”

Upon hearing this, the woman frowned and said angrily, “What? They don’t look at cars and houses, but they’re willing to look at the beggar picking up scraps and clothes?”

“Perhaps... perhaps,” the man stammered.

“What the hell!” The woman threw the document to the ground. “Continue to think of a way. No matter what, I can’t lose. If I’m beaten by a poor guy, how can I raise my head?”

“Yes, my lady.”

At the same time, Chen Che had already returned to the company to clock out.

On the way back, he also sold the paper shell. Although it was only a few dollars, he was satisfied. At least he had money for dinner.

After leaving the company, Chen Che called Lin Xi.

“Chen Che, are you off work?”

“Yeah, I’ll go find you and then I’ll take you home, okay?”

“Okay, I’ll see you.”

After hanging up the phone, Chen Che smiled and rushed to Lin Xi’s company on foot.

The netizens in the live-stream recalled the previous quiz and instantly perked up.

Would Chen Che stay at Lin Xi’s house tonight?