

SOLVING MIDDLE AGE CRISIS BY INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM

Chapter 1: Daily Intelligence System

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"Run! Someone's coming!"

Someone suddenly shouted, and the originally calm street corner turned into chaos.

Qi Yun glanced up and couldn't care less about the fried rice in the pan. He quickly dug out ten bucks from his pocket and handed it to the young man beside him, then pushed his tricycle and ran.

"Sorry buddy, come back to eat tomorrow."

The whole action was smooth and flowing, as if he had practiced it many times.

The young man was stunned, looking at the ten bucks in his hand, then at Qi Yun's hurriedly escaping figure. He was just about to shout something when he was drowned out by the chaotic crowd around him.

Qi Yun trudged through the snow, pushing his tricycle with difficulty, with big droplets of sweat rolling down his forehead and soaking his collar.

He was panting heavily but dared not stop.

If those people caught him, at least a hundred or two hundred in fines, and the night's work would be in vain. Worse, they might even confiscate his cart.

The tricycle creaked, sounding like it was overwhelmed but still struggling to persist.

Finally managing to turn into a quiet alley, Qi Yun stopped.

Looking back to make sure there were no tails, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He plopped down in the snow, pulled out a pack of Honghe cigarettes that cost five and a half from his pocket, lit one, took two deep puffs, and then exhaled slowly.

The scene before him became blurry in a haze of blue and white.

Five years ago, he was still known as General Manager Qi, owning a small company with over twenty employees and earning over a million annually, living quite comfortably.

Until...that sudden "accident" changed everything.

The first year he barely held on with his savings, but by the second and third year, he couldn't manage anymore.

The company went bankrupt, leaving him with a bank debt of four hundred thousand and another three hundred thousand to friends.

To avoid further lawsuits, the F Institute took their house, and the family ended up homeless.

Qi Yun chose to divorce his wife and transferred the house's ownership to her and their daughter, then sold the car for one hundred eighty thousand to repay his friend.

They agreed to remarry after a few years when the debt was paid off.

However, merely two months later, his wife got married to someone else.

The consecutive blows plunged his life into darkness; he even stood on a rooftop but couldn't leave his five-year-old daughter.

After a period of decadence, the debt forced him to pick himself up.

But with just a college diploma and at thirty-four, he couldn't even find a decent job.

Having no choice, he delivered food during the day and set up a stall to sell fried rice at night.

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In the swirling smoke, Qi Yun's gaze seemed a bit dull, and the white at his temples seemed to narrate the past years' vicissitudes and struggles.

"Ding dong~"

The sudden notification bell pulled him back to reality.

Taking out his phone, there was a message from his friend Brother Peng, "How are you doing lately, buddy?"

Qi Yun didn't rush to reply but instead checked his WeChat balance. There was 2133 yuan left, which was earned from selling fried rice over the past ten days.

He replied, "Hangin' in there," and then transferred two thousand yuan over, changing his contact note to Brother Peng 12000.

Brother Peng quickly sent another message: "Hey, I'm not asking you for money. Your sister-in-law just had her third child. When do you have time to come over for a drink?"

Qi Yun took a drag of the cigarette and replied, "Sure, I'll give you a call when I'm free. Just keep the money for now; you're also spending quite a bit, that's all I can manage for now."

"Alright, waiting for your call."

'Transfer accepted.'

Putting the phone back in his pocket, watching the smoke gradually dissipate in front of him, his heart was full of mixed feelings.

The once high-spirits were gone; what remained was the weight of life and endless fatigue.

He wiped his face, sighed deeply, and when he opened his eyes again, a light curtain suddenly appeared in his vision.

[Daily Intelligence System has been bound]

[Host: Qi Yun]

[System Level: Level 1 (You can receive one intelligence push per day)]

[Today's Intelligence (White): A white Bichon Frise went missing near City No. 1 High School, and its owner is offering a reward of two thousand yuan for its return. Contact: 131xxx]

Qi Yun was instantly stunned, the cigarette in his hand dropped with a "plop" into the snow.

He stared at the suddenly appearing light curtain, his mind blank for a while before coming back to his senses.

Instinctively rubbing his eyes, he pinched his arm hard, gasping from the pain, confirming that what he saw was not an illusion.

"Daily Intelligence System?" Qi Yun murmured under his breath, full of confusion and shock.

However, his attention quickly shifted to the contents of the intelligence.

The two-thousand-yuan reward was no doubt a substantial sum for someone like him, mired in debt.

Despite being skeptical about the sudden appearance of this system, he decided to seize this opportunity that might change his current situation.

Qi Yun quickly stood up, extinguished the cigarette butt, and pedaled the tricycle towards the direction of City No. 1 High School.

Along the way, his emotions were complex, holding onto a bit of hope yet fearing it might be nothing but a hollow joy.

By the time he reached the entrance of City No. 1 High School, it was already past ten o'clock.

The school gate was cold and quiet, with only a few security guards wandering nearby, and no sign of the white Bichon Frise.

Qi Yun felt a bit disappointed, but he was unwilling to give up and started searching carefully around the area.

But after circling the school's perimeter, he still couldn't find the dog.

Just when he thought it was all a farce, a grocery store owner pointed towards the end of the street, saying, "There seems to be such a dog; I saw it there earlier while taking out the trash."

Qi Yun quickly expressed his gratitude and hurried towards the end of the street.

In a dimly lit alley, he finally saw a white Bichon Frise curled up in a corner, shivering.

Qi Yun's heart leaped with joy, quickly and cautiously approaching it.

The little dog lifted its head warily at the sound, growling softly at him.

He took out some prepared sausage from his pocket, broke off a small piece, and slowly offered it to the dog.

The dog smelled the sausage scent, hesitated a bit, and then came up to eat it.

Seizing the moment when the dog's guard was down, Qi Yun slowly reached out and gently stroked its head. The dog no longer resisted, even nuzzling his hand affectionately.

Seizing the opportunity, he picked it up; the Bichon Frise lay obediently in his arms.

Immediately, he took out his phone and dialed the contact provided in the intelligence.

When the call connected, a nervous female voice came through, "Hello, who is this?"

"Hello, I've found the white Bichon Frise you're searching for. I'm at City No. 1 High School now. Can you come to pick it up?"

"I can! I'll be there right away! Thank you so much!" the other party exclaimed excitedly.

About half an hour later, a well-dressed woman in her thirties hurried over.

She immediately spotted the Bichon Frise in Qi Yun's arms; her eyes filling with surprise and excitement. She rushed over quickly.

Taking the dog from Qi Yun's arms, she hugged it tightly to her chest, endlessly muttering, "Baby, you scared Mommy to death! Mommy's been searching so hard for you."

"Thank you so much, sir! This dog is really special to me," the woman said gratefully, looking at Qi Yun.

Qi Yun smiled, "No worries, just glad it's found."

The woman nodded, quickly taking out two thousand yuan from her bag to him, "Sir, this is a small token of appreciation, please accept it."

Qi Yun, being there for the money, accepted it without pretense and thanked her graciously.

Once the woman left, his once trembling hands finally settled down.

The tangible two thousand yuan in his palm offered him a glimpse of hope to change his life.

The light curtain reappeared before his eyes.

[Time remaining until the next intelligence refresh: 1 hour 18 minutes]