

Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System #Chapter 11: Drinking - Read Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System Chapter 11: Drinking

Chapter 11: Chapter 11: Drinking

Old Feng noticed something off in Old Xu's tone, patted him on the shoulder, "What do you mean? Drunk?"

Old Xu snorted coldly, pressed the cigarette butt hard into the ashtray, and said loudly, "What do I mean? He's owed us money for so long, shouldn't there be an explanation?"

Qiangzi, also on the side, chimed in, shaking his Rolex on his wrist, with a hint of drunkenness, "Exactly, Qi Yun, we're all brothers, didn't want to make things ugly.

But we're not running a charity, the money's been lent out long enough, you ought to give us an account, right?"

Peng's face immediately turned awkward, didn't expect those two to pull this stunt after inviting them for drinks.

Hurriedly picked up a cigarette and tried to mediate, "Old Xu, Qiangzi, it's rare for us to gather like this, and we've all been drinking, let's not ruin the harmony over this."

Qiangzi didn't listen at all, with a few more sips, turned to Peng and shouted, "Peng, don't muddy the waters here, it's just tens of thousands, but he can't keep dragging it out, can he? A deadbeat?"

Hearing this, Old Feng's face turned cold.

He stared at Qiangzi and said in a deep voice, "Don't you think that's a bit much, Qiangzi? Didn't Qi Yun help you a lot in the past? Didn't he find the connections for your dad's surgery?

And your two barely surviving gas stations, without Qi Yun bringing those truck drivers, wouldn't they have collapsed long ago?

Now that he's struggling, is it right for you to kick him when he's down?"

Qiangzi, hearing this, seemed to sober up a bit, his tone softened slightly, "I'm also having a hard time..."

Before he could finish, Old Xu interrupted, "That's true, but friendship is friendship, you can't not pay back your debts, right? Everyone's got families to feed."

"Bang!"

As soon as Old Xu finished, a phone was slammed onto the table.

On the screen, there were transfer records of 1,000, 2,000, 5,000, up to the last one of 12,000...

Peng calmly said with a stern face, "It's only been two years, and I never thought I'd hear such words from you two.

Though Qi's business went bankrupt, and he left empty-handed.

But he paid me back every penny from delivering food and selling fried rice, is that the debt not repaid you mean?"

"Whose life doesn't have ups and downs, do you have to press your own brother so hard?"

"If you two really need money, take the Jetta downstairs later, should be enough to cover your debt, right?"

At this point, Old Feng also took out his phone and put it on the table, also showing two transfer records.

He exhaled a long puff of smoke and slowly said, "Qiangzi, your two gas stations earn a profit of hundreds of thousands each month, and Old Xu's iron mine isn't making small change either.

In the past two years, neither Peng nor I have done well, he sold his house to keep his factory running, and I have closed two hotpot restaurants, with the remaining one losing money every day.

I think that's why Qi Yun paid us back first."

"Like Peng said, if you two urgently need money, I can find a way to come up with it for you first."

As these words fell, the room fell into a silence, the transfer records on the phone screens glaringly illuminating Old Xu and Qiangzi's faces, which turned white and red.

Qiangzi opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but found that his throat seemed blocked, unable to make a sound.

Old Xu also pretended to lower his head, eyes dodging, not daring to meet the others' gaze.

At this moment, Qi Yun, who hadn't spoken all along, lifted his cup and downed the remaining half of wine in one gulp.

Paused for a moment.

He put down the cup, took a deep breath, and slowly spoke, "Thanks Peng, Old Feng. I appreciate your kindness."

"Old Xu, Qiangzi, I know you have your difficulties too, it's my fault for delaying the debt for so long."

"I'll definitely pay you back within ten days."

"Let's treat what happened today as a misunderstanding, we all drank too much."

With that, he stood up with a smile, "I live far, so I'll leave first."

...

Outside, it suddenly began to snow heavily, the cold wind biting.

Qi Yun lit a cigarette, tightened his coat, and walked towards the entrance of the community.

He didn't really resent Old Xu and Qiangzi's attitude, after all, they did lend a hand when he was struggling, and he did owe them money.

However, once the debt was settled, there might not be much contact in the future.

Human nature, sometimes, is the hardest thing to stand the test.

In wealth and prosperity, brothers are everywhere around you.

In hard times, even stray dogs feel they've done you a favor by not biting you.

Thankfully, after experiencing his ex-wife's betrayal, Qi Yun had a strong heart.

No longer easily defeated by life.

Besides, with the system now, forty thousand yuan, could certainly be earned within ten days.

Flagged down a taxi on the roadside, by the time he got home, it was nearly midnight.

Qi Yun lay on the bed, staring blankly at the white ceiling, watching time pass by minute by minute.

"23:58"

"23:59"

"00:00:00"

[Today's intelligence (white): The magazine you sold yesterday at Hongyuan Waste Recycling had a stamp inside.

The stamp was "Ji94m Mei Lanfang Stage Art Small Pane," issued on September 15, 1962, with a market value of no less than 80,000 yuan]

Eighty thousand yuan!

After reading the intelligence, Qi Yun jumped up from the bed, sobering up considerably.

He took out the ten-plus yuan for selling magazines from his pocket, feeling the urge to slap himself hard.

This is really a case of losing a watermelon and picking up a sesame seed.

If he missed this stamp worth 80,000 yuan, he'd be kicking himself to no end.

But there's still a chance; seeing that the stuff at the recycling station wasn't much today, those things should not have been transported away so quickly.

"I'll check it out first thing in the morning."

"Also, that grumpy Old Li, selling such a valuable stamp as scrap, I'll have a word or two with him next time I see him..."

But judging by his appearance, he's probably well off not caring about money.

...

The next day, at first light.

Qi Yun was already waiting at the entrance of Hongyuan Waste Recycling.

After waiting anxiously for more than half an hour, the plump middle-aged owner finally pulled open the iron door.

Qi Yun hurried over, smiling as he handed over a cigarette, "Hehe, boss, are the books and magazines I sold you yesterday still there?"

The boss was slightly surprised, "Yes, they are, what's up?"

"Well, my daughter had a test paper mixed in a book, she's insisting I find it back."

"Oh, then go ahead and look for it, it's still piled where it was yesterday."

The boss didn't suspect anything and took the cigarette while continuing his work.

Qi Yun quickly went under a color steel shed, squatted down, and began searching through a pile of books for the stamp.

But he flipped through dozens of books and didn't see a trace of the stamp.

Concerning eighty thousand yuan, he wasn't ready to give up and looked through them carefully again, still to no avail.

He couldn't help but feel puzzled; the system's intelligence shouldn't be wrong...

Chapter 12: Chapter 12: Snatching Food from the Tiger's Mouth

"Boss, are all the books you sold me yesterday here?"

Qi Yun couldn't find the missing stamp after searching for a long time, so he had no choice but to ask the boss again.

The boss was busy soldering copper coils, and without turning his head, he replied, "They should all be there. The yard is a mess; if not, you might want to look again yourself."

Qi Yun sighed and turned to scan the yard.

Noticing he had already looked around the nearby area without finding anything.

Until he caught a glimpse of a makeshift doghouse in the corner, he saw a faint glimmer of light in his view.

His heart skipped a beat, and he jogged over.

He saw a small, skinny mongrel dog gnawing on a magazine.

This startled Qi Yun, and he quickly crouched down, ready to snatch the magazine.

But the mongrel was not so easily intimidated, baring its teeth and growling threateningly.

Looking as if it would bite if he dared to reach out.

Qi Yun quickly pulled back his hand, aware that these mongrel dogs typically aren't vaccinated, and a bite could lead to rabies, which is no laughing matter.

He fumbled in his jacket pocket and was relieved to find he still had two roasted buns he bought before going out.

Successfully trading the buns for the magazine, now gnawed to bits.

"Please don't be torn apart..."

Qi Yun's heart was in his throat, silently hoping that the stamp was intact.

His hands trembled slightly as he flipped through, some pages were tattered and stained with the dog's drool, emitting an unpleasant odor.

Upon reaching a certain page, his gaze froze, and he couldn't help but exhale with relief.

Thank heavens! The stamp was untouched, lying calmly within the pages.

On the stamp's surface, the vibrant portrayal of Mei Lanfang remained vivid.

Although Qi Yun wasn't a philatelist, he could see that the stamp was well-preserved.

He picked up another magazine from the pile and cautiously placed the stamp inside, valued at least 80,000 yuan.

Finally, his anxiety was relieved.

"Thanks, boss, I'm heading out."

Qi Yun offered the boss another cigarette, bid him goodbye, and left in high spirits.

The most exhilarating description in life should be 'a scare without danger.'

After leaving the scrap station, he rode his e-bike straight to the antique market he visited yesterday.

It was not yet eleven o'clock, so most shops were still closed, including 'Qiuyue Pavilion.'

Qi Yun took out his phone and sent Shi Feng a message, "I've got some good stuff; interested?"

As soon as the message was sent, a voice call immediately came through.

"Buddy, what good stuff do you have this time?" Shi Feng's voice was eager and excited as he asked.

"I'm at your shop's entrance; come for a face-to-face chat."

"Alright, alright! Coming right away!"

Within ten minutes, Shi Feng arrived, wearing a down jacket and cotton slippers, running all the way.

His remaining few strands of hair stubbornly fluttered in the cold wind.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, buddy." He apologized to Qi Yun while opening the door, panting heavily.

He looked much like Qi Yun delivering food, just about to exceed the time limit.

It seems that the antique business isn't going too well lately.

After entering the shop, Shi Feng invited Qi Yun to sit down and quickly began preparing tea.

"Buddy, what's the good stuff? Show me."

Qi Yun opened the magazine and slowly slid it over to Shi Feng.

Shi Feng's eyes immediately locked onto the stamp, his smile replaced by intense focus.

He didn't even touch the stamp, opting for a magnifying glass to examine it closely.

After checking one side, he carefully used tweezers to flip and examine the other side.

Once he thoroughly inspected it, he excitedly said, "Buddy, where did you get this treasure?"

"The condition is exceptional! I feel it's better than the one that went to auction!"

Qi Yun smiled and took a sip of tea, "Got it from collecting scrap."

Hearing this, Shi Feng awkwardly smiled, thinking Qi Yun was being secretive.

He hesitated for a moment and then switched to his negotiation mode with practiced ease.

Usual rhetoric about a sluggish market, poor liquidity, needing collectors with means...

Qi Yun quietly drank his tea without responding.

Having dealt with Shi Feng before, he knew the drill.

After Shi Feng finished his spiel without swaying Qi Yun, he calmly held up eight fingers.

"Eight... eighty thousand?"

"Buddy, you're ruthless; I'll admit the item is good, but it's not worth that much."

"How about sixty thousand? I might end up losing money at that price..."

"..."

After rambling on for a while and seeing Qi Yun unmoved, Shi Feng finally understood. When doing business with Qi Yun, it's a fixed price.

But Qi Yun's fixed price offers just the right amount, leaving room for Shi Feng's profit.

"Alright, eighty thousand it is. Buddy, I truly admire your discerning eye."

Shi Feng sighed, deciding that in future dealings with Qi Yun, he'd skip unnecessary chatter and save his breath for another day.

He stood up, retrieved a delicate collector's box from behind the counter, and placed the stamp inside with care.

After signing the agreement, the transaction was complete.

With a cheerful expression, Shi Feng saw Qi Yun out.

...

Returning to his rented room, Qi Yun smoked two cigarettes in a row to calm his racing heartbeat.

What thrilled him more than the eighty thousand yuan was the feeling of almost losing but then regaining something precious.

He immediately repaid the money he owed to Lao Xu and Qiangzi.

He originally owed each of them twenty thousand but transferred 24,000 yuan to each, explaining that the extra was interest.

Lao Xu quietly accepted the money, but Qiangzi returned it.

He also sent a voice message: "Old Qi, I got drunk last night and talked nonsense. Don't take it to heart. Use the money as needed; no rush."

Qi Yun chuckled and, shaking his head, transferred the money back to Qiangzi's account directly.

After that, he paid off the remaining 8,000 yuan owed to Lao Feng, without adding extra.

Some favors are measured in money; others need deeds to repay.

He pulled out a notebook from under the bed and crossed out some names.

Except for leaving two thousand as an emergency fund, he repaid over twenty thousand to his debtors.

"Whew~ only 220,000 left!"

In just a few days, he made as much progress as he did in the past year.

Qi Yun's eyes gleamed, feeling that his day of financial freedom was near!

"Ding-ding!"

Suddenly, the phone screen displayed a call from Lao Feng.

Qi Yun smiled knowingly, having guessed what words his old buddy was about to say.

"Qi Yun, where did you get all this money in the past few days? Really, you don't need to rush to pay me back..."

Though he had anticipated Lao Feng's words, hearing them still warmed his heart.

Having experienced ups and downs, he firmly believed in one thing.

You don't need many friends in life; just having two or three genuine ones is enough.

"Lao Feng, I recently made some money selling a batch of apples. You can rest easy and accept it without worrying about me."

"..."

Just after hanging up, Wei Yong called quickly.

"Hey, Qi Yun, come over for lunch at my place." On the phone, Wei Yong warmly invited.

Qi Yun looked at the time; it was just past noon and couldn't help but ask with amusement, "Something good happening?"

"Well, we're planning to head home for the New Year tomorrow. My wife wants you to come over for a drink to thank you for your help last time."

Wei Yong added, "My sister-in-law is also here."

Chapter 13: Chapter 13: Traffic Accident

Your sister-in-law is here too?

Qi Yun was momentarily taken aback when he heard this, somewhat unsure of what the other person meant.

After a brief pause, he quickly recalled that Wei Yong's wife had mentioned before that her sister wasn't married yet...

Thinking back to his sister-in-law's somewhat intentional gaze towards him last time, he had already figured it out in his mind.

She must have developed a liking for him...

However, he hadn't really considered such matters right now.

His only thought was to quickly pay off all his debts and bring his daughter back once circumstances improved.

Moreover, he was no longer that young man in his twenties who had once been. After suffering a serious heartbreak, he now had little hope for love.

Previously, his ex-wife Shen Wanting spoke about loving him daily and promised to share both joys and hardships, yet when real trouble came, they went their separate ways.

His current state of mind was like his junior high net nickname "Heart Sealed, Love Gone."

"Ah~"

Qi Yun sighed deeply, shook his head vigorously, and mounted his electric scooter heading to Wei Yong's house, buying some pine nuts and other snacks on the way.

Upon arriving at Wei Yong's place, he was warmly welcomed inside, where a large spread had already been laid on the table.

"Brother Qi is here." The sister-in-law rose from the sofa, her cheeks slightly flushed, greeting softly.

Qi Yun smiled politely at her but didn't say much.

Today, the sister-in-law was truly eye-catching, her fitted black knitted sweater perfectly outlining her slender waist.

She paired it with a brown fitted skirt, her fair and long legs exposed to the air.

Her graceful figure was vividly presented.

It was evident she had dressed up carefully today.

But Qi Yun took only a quick glance before quickly averting his gaze, fearing to linger for too long.

"Old Qi, come sit, come sit, we were just waiting for you to start eating!"

Wei Yong spoke while picking up a pack of Lotus cigarettes from the table, opened it, handed one over, and thoughtfully lit it.

Then, he laughed heartily, saying, "Wanted to invite you to dinner yesterday, but I was busy getting ready to go back home, so went out to buy some New Year's goods."

"Haha, doesn't matter when we eat, have you bought the tickets yet?"

Upon hearing this, Wei Yong's smile instantly faded, sighed helplessly, "Ah, don't mention it, couldn't get train tickets at all, flight tickets are outrageously expensive."

Luckily, a fellow gentleman is driving back tomorrow, we can hitch a ride and just pay some gas money."

Qi Yun nodded, expressing concern, "There has been quite a snowfall recently, driving should be careful, it's thousands of kilometers."

"Yes, he's changed to snow tires, should be no big deal."

Just then, Wei Yong's wife came over with the final dish of braised lamb, smiling, "Qi Yun, I bought this lamb at the market this morning, it's very fresh, you must eat more today."

"Really? Then I must have a good taste, sorry for troubling you." Qi Yun replied with a smile.

Wei Yong's wife waved her hand cheerfully, saying, "No trouble at all, cooking isn't convenient for you alone, if you want to eat just come over, I'll cook for you."

Before Qi Yun could respond, Wei Yong chimed in first, "Exactly, Old Qi you're working day delivery and night running your fried rice stall,

No one to help you cook a meal either, even I feel you're working too hard."

Qi Yun laughed heartily, "It's not that hard, I've gotten used to it."

Wei Yong scooped up a bowl of lamb soup and handed it over, casually asking, "Old Qi, you seem to be born in '91, just like my sister..."

"Oh! This lamb soup is really good, your wife wasn't lying, it is indeed fresh!"

Qi Yun took a sip of the soup from his bowl, turned and spoke with a smile to Wei Yong's wife.

Wei Yong's wife glanced at Wei Yong, smiled, "Yes, it's quite fresh, have more if you like it."

At this point, the sister-in-law sitting opposite picked up a piece of chicken and gently placed it in Qi Yun's bowl, softly said, "Brother Qi, this chicken is also delicious, try it."

"Sure, thank you." Qi Yun thanked promptly.

Wei Yong's wife put down her apron, her face beamingly echoed, "Right, this dish is made by Sisi, she's even a better cook than I am."

"Qi Yun, let me tell you, Sisi..."

"Ouch~ Too hot!" Qi Yun quickly put down his chopsticks, picked up the tea beside him, took a sip, then raised his head and asked, "Sister-in-law, what did you just say?"

"Nothing, I said eat slowly, don't burn yourself." Wei Yong's wife laughed awkwardly.

The sister-in-law's hand under the table slightly clenched.

Her originally bright eyes turned slightly dimmer.

The ensuing conversation no longer revolved around Qi Yun, each chatting about light-hearted topics.

After several rounds of drinks and tastes of delicious dishes, noticing it was getting late outside, Qi Yun got up to take his leave.

Wei Yong escorted him out of the residential area, forced two packs of Lotus cigarettes into his hand, then patted his shoulder, helplessly smiled, "You guy..."

Qi Yun smiled back at him without saying a word, then waved his hand casually, turned around, and left.

He understood well that once certain things are spoken into being, rejecting them becomes inevitably awkward.

After all, girls are sensitive, more so for older girls.

Leaving things unsaid is the best course of action.

...

Returning to his rental, Qi Yun collapsed onto the bed and quickly fell asleep.

When he woke again, it was already the next morning.

He gulped several mouthfuls of cold water, slowly coming to full awareness.

As his gaze shifted, a panel appeared before his eyes.

[Today's News (White): To celebrate the opening, New District Jinlan Supermarket is holding a consumer lottery event, first prize is a Huawei mate60pro phone valued at seven thousand yuan]

Hmm? A lottery?

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback, looked over at his bed's several-year-old iPhone 8s, feeling it's time for replacement.

So he promptly put on his coat, jumped on his electric scooter, and set off.

Even 200 meters away from the supermarket, the megaphone was loudly announcing "Today's grand opening, all merchandise at 9.5% off, spend over 200 yuan to participate in the lottery, great prizes, don't miss it."

Qi Yun parked his scooter and walked into the supermarket.

This supermarket isn't very large, merely a small-sized one, but due to the event, it attracted quite a number of shoppers.

Qi Yun took a casual stroll around and really didn't know what to buy.

Since his divorce, he hadn't really visited such supermarkets, he bought daily necessities from stores, groceries and rice from the market.

Thinking he didn't really need anything, he merely picked up several boxes of Ambrosial yogurt to make up to 200 yuan, planning to sell them to Old Wang later.

After paying, he took the shopping receipt to the lottery area.

This place was crowded, forming a long queue, everyone staring intently at the prize-packed counter ahead.

Aside from the first prize Huawei phone, there were laptops, washing machines, microwaves, the prizes were quite decent, yet most drew a prize of a pack of toilet paper.

Chapter 14: Chapter 14: Potential to Be a Scumbag

In front of those prizes, there is a transparent glass cover, inside which is a pile of small white balls. When you unscrew them, there is a slip of paper inside with the winning information.

Qi Yun couldn't help but frown slightly. With so many small balls, he's not sure if he can distinguish the first prize.

The line moves forward slowly, almost an hour for this row.

By the time it was Qi Yun's turn, there were already a lot fewer small balls in the glass cover.

He came forward and bent down to examine closely, looking for that familiar glow, but somehow it seemed blocked by other balls, and he didn't see it!

But it can't be a wasted trip, can it?

So he reached into the glass cover, and started to move left and right to find that first prize...

After searching for over a minute, the familiar glow finally appeared in his sight.

"Hey! What are you doing up there? Choosing a wife? You keep picking and picking, so many people waiting behind, have some decency!"

"Yeah! Hurry up, will you!"

Even the staff beside him was looking at him with a somewhat strange expression.

In this situation, Qi Yun could only shamelessly pretend he didn't hear, his dragon claw hand struck swiftly and accurately grabbed a white ball.

Then he smiled apologetically at the staff and handed the ball to them.

The staff didn't say a word, just took it and unscrewed it directly.

However, in the next second, her expression froze slightly, but she quickly reacted and showed Qi Yun a sweet smile.

"Congratulations, sir, you have won the first prize! The prize is a Huawei Mate60 Pro mobile phone!"

Qi Yun feigned surprise: "Huh? The first prize?"

At this time, the crowd queuing behind also let out a gasp of surprise.

"Oh man, the first prize got picked."

"Damn, I only queued for this phone, what a waste of time."

"..."

Some people also voiced suspicion, like the guy urging Qi Yun to hurry just now.

"It's rigged! This guy must be your staff, he took so long to choose and then got the first prize?"

"Exactly, I found that a bit odd too."

"..."

Upon hearing this, the staff's face instantly turned dark, her brows knit together, she was just about to argue when a middle-aged man walked over.

He took the white ball Qi Yun had drawn, looked at it, and then said: "You take this gentleman to claim his prize first, I'll handle it here."

"Alright, manager."

Qi Yun ignored the sarcastic remarks and went to claim the prize.

By the time he left the supermarket, the brand-new Huawei phone was already in his pocket.

He put a few cartons of yogurt on the scooter's footboard, about to head home, when suddenly he got a call from Wei Yong.

"What? A traffic accident?"

"Where? Okay, I'll come over right away."

...

In front of the city hospital, Qi Yun parked the scooter and was about to enter the outpatient building when he suddenly saw Wei Yong's sister-in-law hurriedly coming over.

The sister-in-law saw Qi Yun and managed a weak smile to greet him: "Brother Qi, you're here too."

Qi Yun nodded and comforted her: "Old Wei told me on the phone earlier, it's nothing serious, you don't have to worry too much."

"When I first heard the news, my legs went weak from fright..." The sister-in-law's eyes were slightly red, her voice a bit choked.

"..."

The two walked side by side into the hospital building, heading towards the ward.

Pushing open the ward door, they saw Wei Yong sitting in a chair, with a bandage wrapped around his arm, and some scratches on his face, but he looked relatively fine.

His wife was sitting by the bed, feeding fruit to the daughter lying on the bed.

"Sis!" The sister-in-law quickly walked over, her eyes welling up again, reaching out to hug Wei Yong's wife, unleashing her emotions.

Seeing Qi Yun come in, Wei Yong promptly got up and offered his chair.

"Old Qi, you're here."

Qi Yun placed the few cartons of yogurt he bought from the supermarket by the bed, looked at the little girl lying on the bed, and asked: "What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor said the girl has a mild concussion, needs to be monitored in the hospital for two days, but it's nothing serious. I just have some minor injuries, apply some ointment and it'll be fine in a few days."

Qi Yun nodded, glanced at the two women sobbing uncontrollably, motioned for Wei Yong to speak outside.

The two went to the smoking area in the corridor, Qi Yun lit a cigarette for him, then asked: "What happened?"

Wei Yong exhaled a long puff of smoke, his tone carrying a hint of relief: "The car went out of control, hit the highway barrier, luckily the speed wasn't too fast..."

Qi Yun frowned, patted his shoulder comfortingly: "As long as no one got hurt, it's good."

Wei Yong nodded: "Yeah, I guess it's a blessing in disguise."

"Will you take your daughter back to your hometown after she's discharged?"

Wei Yong showed a bitter smile: "What for? No need to stir up any more trouble."

"..."

Just as they were chatting, Qi Yun's phone suddenly rang.

He pulled it out and saw it was actually a call from Little Yellow Hair.

He answered the phone, surprised: "What's up, Binzi?"

"Umm... Brother Qi, it seems Xiaoqin is in the hospital, did you know?" Little Yellow Hair's tone on the other end was somewhat awkward.

Xiaoqin? Qi Yun paused, then remembered that Wei Yong's daughter is called Wei Xiaoqin, and immediately understood.

He glanced at Wei Yong and asked: "How do you know?"

"I... saw her post on her social circle a while ago."

Qi Yun laughed to himself, this kid was still hung up on Xiao Fang two days ago, now he's concerned about Xiaoqin.

He really has the potential of being a heartbreaker.

But there's often a fine line between a heartbreaker and a clown...

"Yeah, I'm at the hospital right now."

"Huh? Then wait for me, I'll come find you."

"Sure, come over."

After hanging up, Qi Yun looked at Wei Yong with a half-smile: "Does your daughter have a boyfriend?"

Wei Yong was puzzled: "How would I know, she's grown up, there are some things she won't tell me, her dad."

"Kids grow up like that." Qi Yun nodded, changed the topic, "What do you think of the guy who helped me last time, Binzi?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Old Wei asked, confused.

"Nothing, just asking."

"He seems smart, but his looks..."

Qi Yun couldn't help but smile.

He wouldn't deny that last part, but is Little Yellow Hair really related to the word smart...

The two returned to the ward, Wei Yong's wife again thanked Qi Yun profusely.

At this moment, a figure furtively appeared at the ward door, carrying two boxes of high-end nutritional products.

Who else but Little Yellow Hair could it be.

Seeing him being timid, Qi Yun couldn't help laughing.

"Binzi, come in."

Little Yellow Hair carefully stepped into the ward, placed the items on the cabinet, and didn't say a word.

He just stood behind Qi Yun, occasionally stealing glances at Xiaoqin on the bed.

Xiaoqin's face turned slightly red, pretending to chat with her sister-in-law.

Old Wei and his wife exchanged a glance, their expressions peculiar, now finally understanding Qi Yun's earlier questions.

...

By the time they left the hospital, it was already afternoon. Qi Yun got on the scooter, taking Little Yellow Hair home.

On the way, Little Yellow Hair couldn't help but ask: "Brother Qi, do you think Xiaoqin and I have a chance?"

Just at the red light interval, Qi Yun turned to him with a half-smile: "Why, not into Xiao Fang anymore?"

Little Yellow Hair smacked his lips, looking disgruntled: "She won't reply to my messages, says I'm just a kid."

"..."

On the way back, Qi Yun bought some groceries from Old Wang's, and after handling them, he took out the tricycle and set up the stall early.

Having missed a few days, there were fewer and fewer people on the street.

Fortunately, he anticipated this, preparing only two-thirds of the usual amount of materials.

Even so, he still had to stay until after midnight before the fried rice was finally sold out, earning 160 yuan.

Given the situation, he didn't plan to set up the stall before the New Year.

Back at the rental room, after tidying up everything, Qi Yun couldn't wait to summon the intelligence panel.

[Today's Intelligence (White): In the Xia Ping Village lottery shop, a scratch-off lottery ticket can win a prize of 50,000 yuan]

Chapter 15: Chapter 15: Scratch-Off Lottery

"Scratch-off lottery? And it's fifty thousand!"

Upon seeing this piece of information, Qi Yun was instantly wide awake and was ready to go check it out immediately.

Although it was already midnight, with so much hanging in the balance, it was worth making the trip for fifty thousand bucks.

Plus, the lottery shop might still be open.

Not only did they sell lottery tickets, but there were also a few mahjong tables inside, and sometimes when Qi Yun came back from work, they would still be open.

He quickly got dressed and rushed out the door.

The lottery shop wasn't far, just a few minutes' walk, and he could see the lights were still on from a distance.

As he pushed open the door, warmth filled the room, and several people were sitting intently around a mahjong table, smoke swirling around them.

The lottery shop owner saw Qi Yun come in and greeted him with a smile, "Yo, rare guest! What brings you here so late?"

Xia Ping Village was small, and Qi Yun had seen the owner a few times, but they didn't interact much.

He smiled back, "Couldn't sleep, thought I'd try my luck."

As he spoke, he glanced at the scratch-off tickets displayed under the glass counter.

His gaze swept over them and finally fell on a stack with animals drawn on the cover, emitting a familiar faint glow.

"You're just in time, a carpenter won ten thousand here this afternoon."

"Really? Give me a stack, I want that one." Qi Yun pointed to the stack next to the glowing one.

The owner gave him a look and teased with a smile, "Wow, going for a whole stack right away. Alright, hope you win big like that carpenter."

With that, he swiftly took out a stack of scratch-offs from the counter and handed it over.

A stack contained ten tickets, each worth twenty yuan, and Qi Yun paid two hundred yuan via his mobile.

He then sat down at an empty table nearby and earnestly started scratching.

In no time, he finished all ten tickets, and as expected, the total prize was just 130 yuan, meaning he lost 70 yuan on that stack.

He brought the winning tickets back to the counter.

"How much did you win?"

Qi Yun shook his head, showing a troubled expression, "No luck."

The owner laughed heartily, comforting him, "It's okay, it's just for fun, you might win next time."

"Let me try again! I'll take those other two stacks."

Seeing Qi Yun's determined expression, the owner laughed even more joyfully.

"Alright, looks like you won't stop until you hit a big one today!" The owner took out the other two stacks.

Qi Yun paid four hundred yuan and returned to his seat.

On the surface, he pretended to be eager to make back his money, but inwardly, he already planned how to act later.

After scratching the first stack of ten tickets, he unsurprisingly lost another 80 yuan.

When he got to the sixth ticket of the second stack, Qi Yun saw a '5' and his heart started racing.

As the coating was slowly scratched off, four zeros followed one after the other.

He cleared his throat, took a deep breath, and then shouted, "I won! I won!"

The previously noisy room fell completely silent.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned their gaze towards him.

The owner, seeing his excited face, quickly came over and eagerly asked, "You won? How much did you win?"

"Fifty thousand! I won fifty thousand!"

Hearing this, everyone exploded with excitement. Even the mahjong game was abandoned as they all crowded around.

The owner grabbed the scratch-off from Qi Yun's hand, wide-eyed and examining it closely.

After confirming the numbers, he couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, you really won fifty thousand!"

The surrounding people were equally shocked, "Fifty thousand, that's an unbelievable stroke of luck!"

"I've only ever won two hundred at most; it really drives you crazy comparing with others."

Fifty thousand wasn't a small sum; it equaled what most people would earn in half a year.

This news would likely spread throughout Xia Ping Village by tomorrow.

Once everyone dispersed, the owner led the still-excited Qi Yun to the shop entrance.

"I can't cash out fifty thousand in-store; you'll have to go to the lottery center to claim it."

Qi Yun nodded, indicating he understood, "Okay, I'll go cash it in myself tomorrow."

"But you know, if you go to cash it in, they'll take a 20% tax, so you'll only get forty thousand." The owner glanced inside, then continued,

"But if you're willing to sell me the scratch-off, I have a way, I can give you five thousand more, how about it?"

Qi Yun gave the owner a knowing look.

He hadn't won a prize before, but he had heard of such tactics.

The usual offer was according to the original prize, so whatever you won was what you got paid, but this guy wanted to take a 10% cut.

By customary practice, there was sure to be a middleman fee, so it meant the owner wanted a slice from both sides, and his appetite wasn't small.

Qi Yun lit a cigarette and pulled the scratch-off back from the owner's hand.

"Ha, never mind, just help me redeem the other winnings."

Most lottery shops probably had the same connections, so there was no need to sell it to him.

The owner's expression stiffened, realizing Qi Yun probably understood the game here.

He smiled again and said, "If you're not satisfied with the price, we can negotiate. How about, it's late now, you come back tomorrow morning, and we'll talk?"

"Alright." Qi Yun nodded, not refusing.

After exchanging all the other smaller winnings, he contentedly went back to sleep.

...

The next day, the snow outside was even heavier, the accumulation on the roadside reaching seventy to eighty centimeters.

Qi Yun delivered two orders, barely avoiding a fall on his scooter and had to give up.

As soon as he got back to Xia Ping Village, the lottery shop owner from last night called, asking him to come to the shop for a talk.

Qi Yun parked his scooter, went inside to grab the scratch-off, and then walked over.

In the morning, the lottery shop was empty, and the owner greeted him with a warm cup of tea.

"I contacted a contracting boss; he's willing to buy your scratch-off for fifty thousand, how about it?"

Qi Yun was naturally satisfied with this price, as it saved trouble and fetched him more money, so he nodded and agreed, "Okay."

Seeing him agree, the owner was beaming from ear to ear.

Normally, his lottery shop made only two to three hundred a day, and this deal was worth half a month of business.

"I'll transfer the money to you now."

Qi Yun took out his phone, displayed the payment code, and after confirming receiving fifty thousand, handed the scratch-off to the owner.

The owner took it, checked it thoroughly once more, and after making sure everything was right, seeing Qi Yun to the door with a smile.

Back at his apartment, Qi Yun paid the last creditor nine thousand yuan, and now all debts to friends were settled.

He still had a debt of 210,000 in credit cards, planning to save up and pay it all off at once, potentially reducing some interest...

With nothing else to do, Qi Yun thought of visiting Old Wang for a while.

Unexpectedly, just as he stepped out of the building, someone suddenly came up from behind and wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

"Old Qi, I heard you won fifty thousand last night? Is it true?"