

Middle Age 117

Chapter 117: The Secret Inside the Pocket Watch

After leaving the New District, Qi Yun didn't go straight home but went to the two storefronts in Xinghe Bay.

Wei Yong had already told him on the phone a couple of days ago that the fruit supermarket was renovated and open for business, asking him to come and check it out.

But Qi Yun happened to be in the desert then, so he missed it.

As soon as the car reached the intersection, the movement became slow; it was somewhat congested ahead, while half a month ago there hadn't been a single car on this road.

Inside the fruit store, the shelves were filled with various fruits, and customers were coming in and out continuously.

Wei Yong saw him come in but didn't have the time to greet him.

"Old Qi, wait for me a bit."

Qi Yun nodded to him, putting down the two flower baskets.

After making a round in the store, he realized that this fruit supermarket was indeed very lucrative.

A 200-gram box of packaged strawberries was sold for 35 yuan.

After waiting for more than twenty minutes, the customers in the store finally lessened, and Wei Yong came over with a grin, offering him a cigarette.

Qi Yun took the cigarette and said smilingly, "Not bad, business is booming."

Wei Yong put the cigarette in his mouth, "Haha, it's because you have foresight; the daily turnover is six to seven thousand yuan now."

One store's turnover of six to seven thousand, adding up both stores, means the profit is at least five to six thousand daily.

Qi Yun waved his hand upon hearing, "It's mainly because you and your wife are managing well."

"Haha, don't be modest with me." Wei Yong laughed heartily, "I've already discussed with your sister-in-law that you'll hold half the shares of these two stores, and I'll transfer the money to your card every month."

"Let's talk about it later." Qi Yun shook his head, as he wasn't short of two or three thousand now, and didn't want to take too much advantage of his brother.

Wei Yong nodded, "Alright, when do you have time? Your sister-in-law and Sisi want to invite you home for a meal to properly thank you."

"We're all family, no need to be so formal." Qi Yun patted the other's shoulder, "I'm also quite busy these days, will visit and drink with you in a couple of days when I have time."

"Sure." Wei Yong grinned.

With many customers still in the store, Qi Yun didn't stay long and bade farewell shortly after to go home.

The house was empty; Zhao Qing had already messaged him earlier to say she'd taken Nuannuan out to play.

So Qi Yun sat down on the sofa, taking out the pocket watch to check it carefully once more.

This time he examined it very meticulously, even specially buying a magnifying glass, but still discovered nothing.

"Could the coordinates be engraved beneath the dial?" He couldn't help but wonder.

Thinking of this, he fetched a small knife blade and started carefully prying along the dial.

Qi Yun moved very cautiously, afraid to damage the watch.

Finally, the dial was pried open successfully.

He leaned in to observe closely, and sure enough, with the magnifying glass, he saw some extremely tiny engravings inside the watch case.

"N41222341200, W80139482700"

Qi Yun felt a rush of excitement; this should be the location of the "San Jose" shipwreck mentioned in the intelligence.

But as he examined further, his brows furrowed.

This set of coordinates seemed a bit odd, the latitude and longitude format didn't seem right; usually, there are certain limits to the numeric range of such values, and these numbers were somewhat beyond conventional understanding.

Hastily, he took out his phone, opened the map software, and tried entering the coordinates, but the software indicated invalid coordinates.

Qi Yun's brow furrowed even more tightly, realizing these coordinates weren't simple and guessed they might have undergone special encryption processing.

"How to decrypt them?"

After thinking for a long time without any clue, he decided to first record all these numbers, then restore the pocket watch.

Now that he'd acquired the most crucial information, the matter wasn't urgent.

As it was getting dark outside, Qi Yun got up and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

By the time Zhao Qing returned with their daughter, a sumptuous dinner was already laid out on the dining table.

"Daddy, it smells so good!" Upon entering the house, the little girl smelled the aroma of the food, cheerfully running toward Qi Yun.

Laughingly, Qi Yun bent down to pick up his daughter, planting a kiss on her cheek, "My darling is back, go wash your hands, and let's get ready to eat."

Zhao Qing also came over and, looking at the table full of dishes, blinked her beautiful eyes: "Hmm? Why are you back so early today?"

Qi Yun heard the hint of discontent in her words; he had indeed been too busy the past few days, leaving her somewhat neglected.

He lightly coughed, embarrassedly smiling, and picked up bowls, beginning to scoop out rice.

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At night, after completing two consecutive tasks, Qi Yun was exhausted, collapsing weakly onto the bed.

Zhao Qing rested her head on his shoulder, the discontent in her heart already dissipated.

[Today's Intel 1 (Red): Zhang Danfeng has been in a cold war with her husband over the shops for many days now, and they formally registered for divorce yesterday; the ownership of the shop now belongs to Zhang Danfeng.

She intends to sell the shop, but multiple buyers have withdrawn upon seeing the rental contract, now Zhang Danfeng wants to sell the shop to you]

[Today's Intel 2 (Red): Zhang Dayong has already been transferred to the New District's G Security Bureau to serve as Deputy Director]

[Today's Intel 3 (Red): Hong Weize is currently engaging in illegal activities with a customer on Red Romantic street, the security agency is currently conducting surprise inspections on the business premises on that street]

Although these three pieces of intel aren't directly money-making, they are all very important.

Zhang Danfeng's shop now is a sought-after asset, if it could be bought at a reasonable price, it'd definitely be a profitable deal.

However, this matter can't be rushed; one must wait for the counterpart to approach first to gain an advantage in negotiations.

Also, Zhang Dayong's transfer to the New District as Deputy Director could be an opportunity to connect with him leveraging past matters, broadening networking for potential future needs.

As for the third piece of intel, Qi Yun took his phone to the bathroom to call Hong Weize.

"Hello... Hello brother Qi, anything on your mind?" On the other end, Hong Weize sounded slightly out of breath, mixed with a touch of tension.

"Haha, Brother Hong, where are you now? Looking for you to drink a bit as I'm free."

Hong Weize paused for a moment, then honestly replied: "I'm at Zhengyang Street bathing with a client, why don't you come over, brother Qi?"

"Zhengyang Street?" Qi Yun raised his voice a few pitches, "I just left Zhengyang Street."

After a pause, as if remembering something, he suddenly asked, "You didn't get involved in anything, right? I just saw security guys inspecting there."

"Ah?" Upon hearing, Hong Weize was momentarily panicked, his tone stammering, "Brother... brother Qi, are you not messing with me?"

"I wouldn't joke about this, are you really in something sketchy? Hurry up and leave, getting caught would be a major embarrassment." Qi Yun's tone turned serious.

Hearing this, Hong Weize immediately grew anxious, "Okay, let's not talk, for now, I gotta go."

After hanging up, Qi Yun shook his head with a smile, these people's willpower is really fragile, letting small matters dictate bigger ones.

Back lying in bed, Zhao Qing turned to him, propping her head with her hand, her eyes fixated on him.

"Who were you calling that you had to go to the bathroom for privacy?"

Qi Yun was taken aback, "No one, just a friend who had something, I called him back."

Zhao Qing furrowed her brow slightly, evidently dissatisfied with his answer, let out a soft snort, and then flopped onto him again.

Qi Yun felt bitter inside, wondering how anyone could endure this.

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Twenty minutes later, Hong Weize messaged: "Brother, really thankful to you today, great kindness needs no spoken thanks."