

Middle Age 131

Chapter 131: Shattered Car Window (Part 3)

Qi Yun nodded in response: "That's right."

The middle-aged man slightly turned his body, gesturing for them to come in: "Come in."

As they walked into the yard, above their heads were rows of grape racks, beneath their feet were exquisite stone slabs, unique potted plants were placed all around, and there were a few pigeons on the eaves.

They reached the main house, the middle-aged man pushed open the heavy wooden door, inside was covered with beautiful carpets, paintings were hung on the walls, and a middle-aged man with slicked-back hair was looking at his phone. He was the pigeon owner who had previously video-called Qi Yun.

The one who had led Qi Yun and the others inside said a few words to the slicked-back-haired man, who then looked up and gestured for Qi Yun to sit: "Please sit."

Qi Yun nodded and pulled out a chair to sit down.

Liu Meng stood behind him with a vigilant expression, looking very much like a bodyguard, making Qi Yun feel both amused and helpless.

The slicked-back-haired man put down his phone and stared at the two, asking, "Where are my pigeons?"

Qi Yun smiled: "Shouldn't we talk about the reward first?"

The slicked-back-haired man laughed heartily: "You still don't trust me, huh."

"I'm sorry, but since it's our first meeting, I really can't trust easily," Qi Yun said truthfully.

The slicked-back-haired man nodded, his expression playful: "You're quite honest."

Qi Yun remained silent, feeling that this guy seemed different from the impression he had in yesterday's video.

Lacking that urgency, he appeared much calmer and composed.

Could it be because Qi Yun was on his turf, so he felt fearless?

The slicked-back-haired man's gaze shifted, he turned and murmured a few words to the middle-aged man nearby, who nodded and walked toward the door.

Soon after, a sharp automobile alarm sounded outside the door.

Qi Yun's brow furrowed lightly.

Liu Meng, who stood behind him, also tensed up, ready to turn and see what was going on.

Qi Yun discreetly tugged at his pant leg, indicating him to stay calm.

Not long after, the middle-aged man who had gone out returned inside, glanced at Qi Yun and Liu Meng, and then murmured a few words to the slicked-back-haired man.

The slicked-back-haired man listened, gave Qi Yun a meaningful glance.

Then he signaled to the middle-aged man, who understood, went into a side room, and came out holding a black briefcase.

He placed the briefcase on the table, opened it and turned it toward Qi Yun.

Inside were stacks of cash.

"Here's a million in cash, it's yours now, can you give me my pigeons?"

Qi Yun glanced at the money in the box and shook his head faintly: "Sorry, this isn't the way I imagined the transaction."

The slicked-back-haired man frowned deeply, showing clear displeasure: "Then how do you want to make the transaction?"

He leaned forward slightly, his eyes fixed on Qi Yun.

Qi Yun crossed his hands and said calmly: "I hope we can best make the transaction at a notary office, with a notarized certificate, then I dare to take the money."

"And I prefer to receive payment via transfer rather than cash."

Hearing Qi Yun's words, a trace of surprise appeared on the slicked-back-haired man's face. He leaned back on his seat, crossed his arms, scrutinizing Qi Yun: "You're quite cautious."

Qi Yun smiled: "I can't help it, I was tricked before, so I have to be cautious."

After a moment of silence, the slicked-back-haired man nodded: "No problem, I can meet your requirements, let's go to the notary office now."

With that, he stood up and instructed the middle-aged man beside him, who then went out to prepare the vehicle.

"By the way, may I ask your surname?"

Qi Yun also stood up, answered: "My name is Qi Yun."

"Then Mr. Qi, let's go."

They went outside the yard and saw the front and rear windshields of the BMW 5 series parked at the door had been smashed, with glass shards scattered on the ground.

Liu Meng immediately became unhappy, glaring at the middle-aged man and said: "Who smashed our car windows."

The middle-aged man didn't respond, the slicked-back-haired man chuckled and said: "It might be the mischievous kids nearby, since your car got damaged at my doorstep, I'll cover the repair costs."

Liu Meng wanted to say more, but Qi Yun gently patted his arm and smiled, saying: "Forget it, it's just replacing some glass."

Although Liu Meng was still somewhat disgruntled, seeing Qi Yun's signal, he swallowed his words.

At this time, Qi Yun leaned closer to his ear and whispered: "Drive back to the hotel and get the pigeons, I'll send you the location, bring the pigeons over."

Liu Meng nodded, turned to the car door, and drove away.

"Your friend isn't coming with us?" the slicked-back-haired man asked, puzzled.

Qi Yun glanced at him: "I sent him to fix the car first."

The slicked-back-haired man chuckled, said no more, bent over and got into the business car, Qi Yun followed suit and got in.

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An hour later, at the notary office, the notary notarized the reward agreement and issued a few notarized certificates.

Qi Yun checked them and found no issues, then took the cage from Liu Meng's hand and handed it to the slicked-back-haired man.

The slicked-back-haired man picked up the pigeons, inspected them, then put them back into the cage and handed it to the middle-aged man beside him.

"No problem, give me your account number."

Qi Yun immediately sent his card number to the other party, and soon received a text message confirming a million was credited to his bank account.

"Alright, transaction completed, farewell."

The slicked-back-haired man said no more, smiled playfully.

After that, Qi Yun and Liu Meng returned to their car and drove away directly.

Liu Meng sat in the passenger seat, saying indignantly: "I checked earlier, the trunk was also pried open. That bastard probably thought we had put the pigeons in the car, luckily you were alert."

Qi Yun smiled at him, advised: "Small matter, anyway we got the money, no need to argue with them."

"We won't drive back, we'll fly, the car will be sent to the shipping department for transport back later."

Chapter 132: Decoding the Coordinates

As night fell, Qi Yun and Liu Meng smoothly boarded the return flight without any more mishaps.

Two hours later, the plane landed, and they each went home.

The trip to Kashi was a bit bumpy, but fortunately, it was thrilling but not dangerous, and they successfully obtained a one million reward.

Qi Yun's bank account once again surpassed two million.

At home, Zhao Qing heard that Qi Yun would be back tonight and initially wanted to pick him up at the airport, but Qi Yun didn't want her to bother, so she prepared a lavish dinner at home.

Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, she quickly ran over to open it.

As the door opened, she saw the travel-worn Qi Yun, a radiant smile instantly bloomed on her face as she dove into his arms, whispering, "You're finally back."

Qi Yun wrapped his arms around her, taking a deep breath of her familiar scent, feeling his fatigue lessen slightly, and said with a smile, "I was only gone for a day, did you miss me that much?"

Zhao Qing lightly punched him and broke free from his embrace: "Who missed you? Go eat your dinner."

Qi Yun, amused by her contradictory behavior, followed her to the dining table and sat down.

The table was laden with steaming hot dishes, all emitting a mouth-watering aroma and were his favorites.

Sitting across from him, Zhao Qing watched him devour the food with a gaze full of tenderness: "Slow down, there's no one to compete with. You surely didn't eat well these days, you look so much thinner."

Qi Yun chuckled: "No exaggeration, but home is definitely where comfort is."

Zhao Qing rested her chin on her hands, casually asked: "Did everything go smoothly?"

Qi Yun nodded after pondering: "Yeah, quite smooth, earned a million this time."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Qing's eyes widened in disbelief: "A million!?"

"Mm, you don't believe me?" Qi Yun looked at her with a smile.

Zhao Qing shook her head: "No, but then you have to take me out for hotpot tomorrow!"

"No problem! Is there anything else you wish for? Tell me, I'll fulfill them all!" Qi Yun waved his hand generously.

Zhao Qing tilted her head like a little girl, counting on her fingers: "Hmm... I want to buy a new dress. I saw one last time while shopping but didn't buy it because it was too expensive.

Also, Nuannuan saw someone with a big plush toy today, and I could tell she wanted it very much..."

Qi Yun listened to her ramble on for two minutes, then stood up, took out his wallet from his jacket, and handed Zhao Qing a bank card.

This card had over six hundred thousand.

"Take it and spend as you like! If it's not enough, ask me for more. The password is the last six digits of Nuannuan's birthday."

Zhao Qing stared at the bank card in her hand, stunned, her eyes full of surprise. She had never experienced such a feeling.

She opened her mouth to say something but was at a loss for words.

After a long while, she finally looked at Qi Yun and asked: "If I start spending your money, will you stop valuing me?"

Qi Yun paused, then raised his hand, gently stroking her cheek, speaking softly: "How could that be? I earn money for you to spend. Your place in my heart cannot be replaced by anything, so stop overthinking."

Hearing this, Zhao Qing's eyes reddened slightly, but her face showed a reassuring smile. She lightly leaned on Qi Yun's shoulder, saying: "With you saying that, I'm at ease. Sometimes I just feel insecure, fearing that all this is just a dream."

Qi Yun held her tightly, his chin brushing against her hair: "Don't overthink, our good days are just beginning. I will make sure you and Nuannuan have a better life."

Zhao Qing nodded: "Alright, finish up and go take a shower!"

The next day, sunlight streamed into the room through the window.

Lin Yao called early in the morning, waking up Qi Yun.

"Hello, Qi Yun, today's Haoyuan stock shows a declining trend. I've already sold all of it for you."

Qi Yun rubbed his sleepy eyes, waking up a bit more upon hearing Lin Yao's words.

"Got it, thank you, Lin Yao."

"No need to thank me, just contact me directly if you have any needs in the future."

"Mm, okay."

"Bye."

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun checked his phone, finding 2.98 million in his stock account.

After subtracting the principal of 1.63 million, he had earned 1.35 million during this period.

After giving Zhao Qing 620,000 yesterday, there was still 1.53 million in another account. Adding this 2.98 million, his total savings had reached 4.51 million!

Qi Yun got out of bed, walked to the balcony, lit a cigarette, and took a deep drag.

"Awesome~"

[Today's Intelligence 1 (Red): The Spanish historical expert, Ignacio, is currently sightseeing with his family in Bird City, staying at room 401 of the Quanji Hotel on Nanjing Road]

"Spanish historical expert?"

Qi Yun paused, instantly recalling the coordinate information he found in that pocket watch last time, but unfortunately, those coordinates seemed to be encrypted.

"Can this Ignacio solve it?"

[Today's Intelligence 2 (Red): Old Xu has been driven into a corner by debt collectors, eagerly trying to sell the iron mine's mining rights. His psychological price is 4.5 million, but a few 'good buddies' who know his situation are only willing to offer 3.5 million]

"I came across intelligence about Old Xu selling the mine before; I didn't expect it hasn't been sold yet after all this time."

Qi Yun pondered inwardly. Now that he had some cash on hand, should he consider trying to buy that mine?

He had heard from Old Xu before that the iron mine had a fairly abundant ore reserve, with the potential for another six or seven years of mining.

Calculating a net profit of 150,000 per month, that's 1.8 million a year; if he offered 3.6 million, ideally, he could recoup his investment in just two years.

Chapter 133: Decoding the Coordinates

Qi Yun's heart stirred involuntarily; he had this idea last time, but he didn't have enough money then.

"It's worth a try..."

[Today's Intelligence 3 (Red): Little Yellow Hair finds guarding the store too dull and wants to open his own barbershop. But he spent all the embezzled money on gifts for Wei Xiaoqin and Xiaofang, lacking startup funds]

"..."

To say the least, Little Yellow Hair is far worse than Old Wang in dealing with women.

This is getting further down the path of a simp...

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Two hours later, Qi Yun arrived at Brother Peng's garment factory office, ready to discuss buying Old Xu's iron mine with him.

Brother Peng was sitting at his desk handling orders. Seeing Qi Yun come in, he put down his pen, smiled, and said, "Why did you think of coming here today?"

Qi Yun smiled, walked to the sofa, and sat down: "Came to see you and have a word."

Brother Peng got up and poured him a glass of water, then sat opposite him, looking at him with interest: "Oh, what's the matter that can't be said over the phone, requires a special trip? Go ahead, I'm listening."

Qi Yun took the water cup, drank a sip to moisten his throat, and then said, "I heard Old Xu is eager to sell that mine lately. I want to buy it, so I came to hear your advice."

Brother Peng was taken aback: "That mine must be four to five million, can you come up with that much money now?"

Qi Yun smiled: "Recently, I did a few businesses and gained a little, it shouldn't be a problem to gather some."

"Hiss~" Brother Peng gave him an astonished look, "You're really doing well, huh."

After speaking, he leaned back in his chair, crossed his arms over his chest, thought for a moment, and then said, "Old Xu's mine has good returns, but it hasn't been sold for so long, could there be something hidden?"

Qi Yun thought for a moment and shook his head: "Mines aren't easy to sell anyway, and I heard someone teamed up wanting to carve him up, offering him 3.5 million."

Brother Peng nodded after hearing this: "Looks like you've done your homework, huh?"

"I just heard some rumors," Qi Yun smiled, "Don't you have a friend in this field? I want to ask you to have him help me evaluate if this deal is feasible."

"Old Xu is being pressured by loan sharks to the brink, I guess around 3.6-3.7 million should do."

Brother Peng pondered and nodded thoughtfully: "3.6-3.7 million, the price isn't high."

"How about this, I'll have my friend first reach out to Old Xu, check the mine's situation, and once he gives feedback, you can make a decision."

"Mm, I mean this too." Qi Yun agreed.

"Alright, I'll call him now to say this."

"..."

After finalizing things, Qi Yun didn't stay long and drove straight to Quanji Hotel on Nanjing Road.

After parking at the entrance, he held a small gift box with dried fruits in his hand and stepped into the hotel lobby.

In front of room 401, Qi Yun took a deep breath, squeezed a smile, and pressed the doorbell.

Before long, the door slowly opened, revealing a face full of beard, blue eyes, white skin - a typical European face.

He looked at Qi Yun with confusion.

Qi Yun smiled, speaking in awkward English, "hello sir, I am..."

The bearded man waved his hand: "You can speak Chinese, I can understand."

Qi Yun was surprised, didn't expect his Chinese to be quite standard, saving him a lot of trouble.

"Haha, hello sir, I'm the manager of the hotel's guest room department, heard you're a guest from faraway Spain, the hotel prepared this small gift, some local specialty dried fruits, as a welcome."

Ignacio's face lit up with delight upon hearing: "Oh! Thank you so much, your hotel's service is really attentive." With that, he reached out to take the small gift box and examined it.

"Haha, glad you're satisfied." Saying this, Qi Yun paused, his face showing some awkwardness, and continued: "Moreover, Mr. Ignacio, personally I have a matter to consult you on, wondering if you have the time?"

Ignacio shrugged upon hearing this, fully opened the door, turned around and pointed behind him: "Sorry, we're planning to stroll the street, if not urgent, can it wait till I return?"

Qi Yun followed his direction, seeing two boys around ten years preparing their backpacks.

He nodded promptly, gratefully: "Of course, thank you very much!"

"Mr. Ignacio, sorry to interrupt your family outing, I'm Qi Yun, you can call this number anytime once you're back."

With that, Qi Yun pulled out a pre-prepared business card from his pocket and handed it to Ignacio.

Ignacio took the card, glanced at it, and nodded: "Okay, Mr. Qi, I'll contact you upon return."

Qi Yun thanked again and then turned to leave.

Although unable to achieve his goal, at least he secured a meeting chance.

After exiting the hotel, seeing it's still early, he planned to visit Old Feng about business facade matters, but got a call from Zhang Danfeng, requesting a meeting.

Qi Yun guessed the reason instantly, thus agreed to meet at the milk tea shop at Xinghe Bay entrance.

After hanging up, he drove to Xinghe Bay entrance's milk tea shop and picked a window seat.

Before long, Zhang Danfeng hurriedly walked into the milk tea shop, spotted Qi Yun by the window at once, and walked quickly over.

Chapter 134: Decoding the Coordinates

Qi Yun looked up at the woman in front of him. The arrogance she had during their last meeting was gone, replaced with a face full of exhaustion.

You could tell from those big dark circles under her eyes that she must be having a tough time lately.

Once Zhang Danfeng sat down, Qi Yun cut to the chase and asked, "Speak, what do you want from me?"

Zhang Danfeng lightly bit her lip, her hands unconsciously twisted together, appearing somewhat awkward.

She looked up at Qi Yun, a hint of pleading in her eyes, "Mr. Qi... I know I was wrong last time, and I'm here to apologize to you."

Qi Yun waved his hand, "No need to apologize, it's all in the past, I've let it go."

Zhang Danfeng nodded, slightly relieved. Her purpose today was to speak with Qi Yun to see if he would buy that shop.

After divorcing her husband, she was left with only a hundred thousand yuan and that shop. Lately, her bad luck in mahjong had drained her finances. She was desperate to sell the shop and return to her hometown.

However, because the shop was under a five-year lease contract with Qi Yun and the penalty for breach was too high, many interested buyers were scared off as soon as they heard.

So now, her only hope was that Qi Yun would buy the shop.

She recalled the words she'd prepared in her mind, gathered her courage and asked, "Mr. Qi, I came to you today to see if you're interested in buying the shop you're renting?"

"Buy it?" Qi Yun pretended to be surprised, "You plan to sell it?"

Zhang Danfeng nodded, "That's right, I want to sell it to you."

"Heh." Qi Yun shook his head, "You're overestimating me. If I had that much money, I wouldn't have rented it in the first place."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Danfeng suddenly became anxious and quickly said, "Mr. Qi, I know this might sound sudden, but I really have no other options, so I thought of selling the shop to you."

"I can offer you a very favorable price, absolutely much lower than the market price. Think about it: you're paying rent on my shop, but if you buy it, you won't have to pay rent anymore. In the long run, it's also economical."

After speaking, she watched Qi Yun intently, her eyes full of hope.

Qi Yun smiled and sighed, "Ah, the problem is I really can't come up with that much money right now. All of my funds have been invested into two fruit supermarkets."

Zhang Danfeng's face showed a hint of despair upon hearing this, but she still didn't want to give up.

She bit her lip and continued, "Mr. Qi, I understand you have your own difficulties. You could pay part of it now and get a loan from the bank for the rest."

"To be honest with you, that shop has a five-year contract with you and such high penalties that I simply can't sell it now."

"I truly am at my wit's end, just consider it doing me a favor by buying my shop. I promise to give you a favorable price."

Qi Yun sighed again, "This really puts me in a tough spot. How about this, you tell me how much you're planning to sell it for."

Zhang Danfeng noticed a shift in his tone and hope surged in her eyes once more. She quickly replied, "Three million! Just three million will do!"

"The shop next door was sold just a few days ago for 3.2 million. It's the same size as mine, and my location is even better."

"Three million..." Qi Yun's eyebrows furrowed slightly, calculating quickly in his mind.

The price is indeed quite low, a whole 200,000 less, suggesting Zhang Danfeng is indeed eager to sell.

Given the current situation, property values in this area are likely not to drop in the next few years. Buying at this price could be a small profit, plus saving 120,000 in rent annually is quite economical.

The only issue now is, although he has over four million, that money is set aside to buy Lao Xu's iron ore mine.

Purchasing commercial property is stable and has good liquidity, but it's nowhere near as profitable as the iron mine.

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Seeing his expression, Zhang Danfeng hurriedly continued, "I won't count this period's rent for you, deducting the 140,000 rent you paid last time, you only need to give me 2.86 million!"

After a period of silence, Qi Yun raised his head, "Alright, let me think it over for a few days, this is a matter of several million, I need to see if I can raise the funds."

Zhang Danfeng heard him say he needed a few days, feeling anxious but knowing that rushing wouldn't help.

So she nodded and said, "Okay, Mr. Qi, I understand, I hope you can reply to me soon."

After leaving the milk tea shop, Qi Yun went to Wei Yong's fruit supermarket to sit for a while and told him about Zhang Danfeng wanting to sell her shop to him.

Wei Yong, without saying a word, took out his phone and checked his bank app, "The fruit shop's earnings lately plus some of my previous savings, I can give you 600,000."

Qi Yun smiled, shaking his head, and handed him a cigarette, "I'm not asking to borrow money, just casually mentioning it."

Wei Yong took the cigarette, lit it, and said with a smile, "Then why tell me? Your vision and perspective are way beyond mine. No matter what you do, brother, I'll definitely support you."

Qi Yun felt a warmth in his heart and patted his shoulder, "Alright then, you get busy, I'm off."

"Hey, wait." Wei Yong called out to him from behind.

Chapter 135: Cracking the Coordinates (Part 4)

Qi Yun turned his head, puzzled, and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Wei Yong leaned in again, grinning, and said, "The day after tomorrow is Sisi's birthday. If you're not busy, why not bring your daughter over to our place for a meal?"

Qi Yun was taken aback; his sister-in-law's birthday?

He paused for a moment before answering, "I'll try. Not sure if I'll be free. If I can't make it, don't hold it against me."

"Alright." Wei Yong patted Qi Yun's shoulder and said, "I know you have a lot going on. Come if you have time, it's okay if you don't."

"Okay, I'm off."

It was already afternoon when Qi Yun left the fruit supermarket and drove back to Quanji Hotel. Earlier, Ignacio had called to set up a meeting in the hotel's café.

Qi Yun walked through the lobby and immediately spotted Ignacio sitting in a corner. He adjusted his clothes and walked over to him.

"Mr. Ignacio, thank you for taking the time to meet with me," Qi Yun said with a smile, extending his hand.

Ignacio stood up and shook Qi Yun's hand, replying politely, "No need to be so formal, Mr. Qi. Please, have a seat."

Qi Yun nodded and, after sitting down, said, "Mr. Ignacio, your Chinese is impressive. Have you been living in China for a long time?"

"Thank you for the compliment," Ignacio smiled and explained, "I've been in China for two and a half years and am currently teaching at Shizi University."

A hint of surprise flashed in Qi Yun's eyes: "I see, that's a renowned institution. Do you teach courses related to history?"

Ignacio nodded, "Yes, I teach courses related to European history and archaeology. Chinese students find these subjects fascinating, and interacting with them has given me many new insights."

"..."

After some conversation, Qi Yun found this bearded man quite likable, not arrogant, and very easygoing.

After thinking for a bit, he then apologized: "I'm sorry, Mr. Ignacio. I deceived you. I'm not actually the hotel's guest room manager. I only pretended to be because I wanted to ask you a question."

Qi Yun originally thought the other person would be very angry after hearing this, but he was wrong.

Ignacio simply smiled and shook his head: "Actually, I already knew, because I'm a regular at this hotel and know the guest room manager."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback and asked, "Then why didn't you expose me?"

Ignacio took a sip of coffee and answered, "Because I could sense you had no ill intentions, and I really liked the gift you brought."

"Haha, is that so?" Qi Yun laughed awkwardly, "Thank you for your generosity."

Ignacio waved his hand, "No worries. If you have any questions I can help with, I won't hesitate to assist if I can."

Qi Yun, hearing this, nodded and took a piece of paper out of his pocket to hand over.

"This is a set of numbers I came across by chance. I heard they're related to the 19th-century Spaniard Jose Echegaray. They look like they've been encrypted, so I wanted to ask for your help to take a look."

These were coordinates he had copied down before leaving that morning. Being cautious, he only copied half of them onto the paper.

He thought that if the other could crack it, he would ask for help with the other half when the time was right.

Ignacio took the paper, his gaze moving to the set of numbers.

He frowned slightly, his fingers unconsciously tapping lightly on the table, deep in thought.

After a long while, he looked up and said to Qi Yun, "This set of numbers has indeed been encrypted. It should be a set of coordinates, but the numbers you have are incomplete; a part is missing."

Qi Yun nodded, not denying it.

"That's right, that's what I deduced as well. I'm still looking for the other half of the coordinates."

Although he felt the other person was sincere and probably had no ulterior motives, Qi Yun still didn't reveal the whole truth.

After all, they had only met once, and he couldn't easily trust the other person yet.

Chapter 136: Iron Mine

After exchanging WeChat contacts with Ignacio, Qi Yun left first.

The other party agreed to try to decipher the coordinates but needed to go back and look up some information about Jose Echegaray.

This kind of thing can't be rushed. Even if he knew the precise coordinates now, Qi Yun couldn't retrieve the treasure from the sunken ship at the bottom of the sea, so he was very patient.

Driving back to Vanke Mansion, he happened to pick up Zhao Qing and their daughter from school, and the three of them headed straight to Old Feng's hot pot restaurant.

In the back seat of the Golf, Zhao Qing stuck her head out and stared at Qi Yun: "Why did your car break down? Did you run into some danger on the road you haven't told me about?"

"No, it's just a problem with the engine. There are no parts available in Kashi, so I have to have it shipped back for repairs." Qi Yun lied without batting an eye.

Zhao Qing nodded skeptically, "Alright, whether you're working or driving outside, be careful. Otherwise, Nuannuan and I will worry."

"Right, Nuannuan?"

Nuannuan also leaned over, mimicking a child's voice, "Daddy, you have to be careful, otherwise Nuannuan will cry." As she spoke, she pretended to wipe her eyes.

Qi Yun looked at the two of them through the rearview mirror, feeling a warmth in his heart, and promised with a smile, "Okay, you two don't worry. I'll be careful."

The car soon stopped in front of the hot pot restaurant, and the three of them went inside.

Old Feng, upon seeing the little girl, was overjoyed. He immediately came out from behind the counter with a big smile and casually grabbed a piece of candy from the nearby fruit tray.

"Oh my, my dear girl, haven't seen you in ages. Have you missed uncle?"

The little girl blinked her big eyes, showing a sweet smile, and replied crisply, "Yes, Uncle Feng, I've missed you." She reached out to take the candy Old Feng handed her, clutching it happily in her hand.

Since an incident in the past, Old Feng treated Nuannuan like his own daughter. Sometimes even when Qi Yun wasn't around, he would buy clothes for the little girl and send them to Shen Wanting's place.

Old Feng was amused by Nuannuan and laughed heartily, gently patting her head. Then he stood up, glanced at Zhao Qing, and turned to Qi Yun to ask, "Who is this?"

"My girlfriend, Zhao Qing." Qi Yun said, deliberately holding Zhao Qing's hand.

Old Feng, upon hearing this, laughed even more warmly, "So it's the sister-in-law! Old Qi always talks about you, saying you're beautiful and kind, taking good care of him and Nuannuan. Meeting you today, it's just as he said."

Zhao Qing blushed a little from the compliment and said with a smile, "Brother Feng, you're flattering me. Thank you for taking care of Qi Yun all the time."

Old Feng waved his hands quickly, "No need to mention it between family. With my relationship with Old Qi, there's no need for thanks. Come, sit down, I've saved a spot for you guys."

With that, he led the three of them to a table in the corner. After everyone was seated, he turned around to get the menu.

"Usually when the few of us eat, we just order directly. I don't know what you like, sister-in-law, so you can order yourself. This is Old Qi's place, so don't be shy."

"Thank you, Brother Feng." Zhao Qing said with a smile as she took the menu and looked through it with Nuannuan.

Just then, Qi Yun's phone suddenly rang in his pocket. He took it out and saw that it was Peng calling.

He guessed it was about some progress on the mine issue Peng had mentioned in the morning.

"Hey, Old Qi, where are you?"

"I'm at Old Feng's, what's up?" Qi Yun asked.

After a pause, Peng asked someone next to him, "Is hot pot okay?"

Then he replied, "Wait there, I'm bringing a friend over to find you."

"Sure, come on over."

After hanging up, Qi Yun looked up at Old Feng and said, "Peng and a friend of his will be coming over later."

Old Feng nodded, "Alright, want some drinks? I can get a couple of bottles."

Qi Yun glanced at Zhao Qing and their daughter beside him, and waved with a smile, "Nah, not today."

Old Feng didn't insist, motioning someone to watch the bar before he joined the little girl to play with her.

Before long, the hot pot and dishes were on the table, but no one rushed to eat, waiting for Peng and his friend.

After about ten minutes, the door of the hot pot restaurant was pushed open, and Peng and another middle-aged man in his forties walked in.

Peng came over, his eyes lighting up when he saw the little girl, and gave her a couple of kisses, "Nuannuan, did you miss me?"

The little girl giggled from Peng's kisses, her eyes squinting into slits, and replied crisply, "Yes! Uncle Peng, why didn't you bring Peng Sixin?"

"Haha, you want to play with Peng Sixin? Uncle Peng will take you home to find her later, okay?"

"Okay!" The little girl agreed without hesitation.

Qi Yun watched the scene from the side, laughing as he said, "Stop teasing her, or she'll really insist on going to your house later."

Peng Ge laughed heartily and put Nuannuan down, "Alright, I won't tease her anymore. By the way, who is this?"

"My girlfriend, Zhao Qing." As Qi Yun spoke, he turned to Zhao Qing and introduced her, "This is Peng Ge, just like old Feng, my best friend."

Zhao Qing nodded with a smile and politely greeted, "Hello, Peng Ge, I always hear Qi Yun talking about you."

Peng Ge grinned widely, showing off his white teeth, and said cheerfully, "Hello, sister-in-law. Old Qi is really lucky to have found a girlfriend like you."

Everyone was amused by this.

"Oh, let me introduce you. This is my friend Du Fei. I asked him to help with your matter." Peng Ge patted the arm of the middle-aged man next to him and introduced him to Qi Yun.

Qi Yun quickly stood up, smiling as he extended his hand, "Hello, Brother Du, it's really a lot of trouble for you this time."

Du Fei smiled and shook Qi Yun's hand, saying, "Brother Qi, we're all family here, so no need to be so formal. Besides, this matter isn't much trouble for me; I'm already in the mining industry, so checking it out doesn't take much effort."

"Hahaha, alright, I might need Brother Du's assistance more in the future."

"..."

Seeing that all introductions were finished, old Feng smiled and invited everyone to sit, "Come and have a seat, we can chat while we eat; Nuannuan has been waiting for a long time."

Everyone took their seats. Peng Ge picked up his teacup, took a sip, and then said to Du Fei, "You should tell old Qi about today's situation."

"Sure." Du Fei wiped his hands with a disinfectant wipe before saying, "I happened to be free today, so when I got Peng Ge's message this morning, I ran to that iron mine."

"The iron mine isn't small in size. With their current extraction progress, they could still mine for about four to five years. The resource reserves are decent."

"However, there are some issues. The mining equipment is quite outdated, and the efficiency is low. Replacing the equipment would cost a lot, and it's not very cost-effective for just one iron mine."

"Another issue is safety. When I went today, there wasn't anyone in charge onsite. The workers were operating quite casually, which poses a significant risk of accidents."

"..."

Du Fei spoke for nearly five minutes, clearly detailing the overall situation of the mine, showing he was indeed very professional.

After listening, Qi Yun furrowed his brow, pondering for a moment before asking, "Brother Du, in your opinion, is this mine worth buying?"

Du Fei put down his teacup, looked serious, and slowly said, "Brother Qi, this matter should be viewed from two perspectives."

"From a resource standpoint, the mine has four to five years of extraction period left, and the reserves are decent. If future exploration discovers new veins, the potential is even greater. Long-term, it has value, but currently, the equipment is outdated, safety management is chaotic, requiring large investment, and poses high risks."

He paused slightly and continued analyzing, "I heard Peng Fei say you're planning to buy it for 3.6 million. If you get it for this price and don't replace the equipment, and find an expert to manage it on site, it could still be profitable."

"However, when I met with old Xu today, they wanted 4.2 million and were quite unwilling to lower the price."

Qi Yun nodded slightly, processing Du Fei's words, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

Zhao Qing, although silent all along, was quietly listening too. Hearing that Qi Yun was planning to spend 3.6 million on a mine, she was quite surprised.

She always thought her man was only doing small business, and didn't expect him to make a move involving over three million.

After a while, Qi Yun finally spoke, "Brother Du, not discussing the price for now, if an expert is managing onsite, would the safety risk still be high?"

The mentioned safety risk was something he hadn't considered before. If something really happened at the mine, paying damages was a secondary concern; he wouldn't be able to live with it on his conscience.

Du Fei squinted slightly, thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Brother Qi, finding an expert to manage onsite would certainly greatly reduce the risk of accidents."

"However, completely eliminating risk isn't possible. Mining itself is a high-risk industry, and there are always some hard-to-predict factors."

"But as long as management is up to standard, the risk can be controlled at a relatively low level, so the person you find must have true skills and be responsible." Du Fei added, with a hint of seriousness in his expression.

Qi Yun felt somewhat relieved after hearing this and continued to ask, "Brother Du, if I buy this mine, can you help me find someone in this field?"

Du Fei nodded, "No problem, I can help you find someone knowledgeable in management. But as for accounts and statistics, you'd better find someone you trust to oversee them yourself."

Hearing this, a simple big face automatically popped into Qi Yun's mind.

"Alright, that reassures me. Regarding the price, I believe old Xu will definitely contact you again."

Although his offer was only ten thousand higher than old Xu's 'good buddy,' given the current situation of the other side, not to mention more than ten thousand, even three to five thousand would likely make him consider it first.

Du Fei was slightly surprised, although he didn't understand why Qi Yun was so certain, he didn't pursue it further. Instead, he reminded, "One more thing, when I went today, I asked the workers, their insurance has all expired. If you take this on, you must remember to provide them insurance."

Qi Yun nodded, "Alright, I'll make a note of it."

Chapter 137: Thrills

Over the course of one meal, Du Fei shared many insights about mining, which greatly benefited Qi Yun. He had already decided to buy Lao Xu's mine.

After all, an annual pure profit of 1.8 million is quite considerable. Next, he was just waiting for the other party to approach Du Fei to negotiate the price.

Additionally, Du Fei mentioned that the mine's location is rather remote, along with a few nearby mining areas, and there's only one road in and out for transportation. It seemed there were some tricks involved...

After dinner, when they returned home, it was already past ten. The little girl was dozing off in the car.

After some hardworking effort, Zhao Qing was also tired, leaning on Qi Yun's shoulder with her breathing gradually becoming even.

Qi Yun took a moment to rest, then summoned the light screen to check today's intel.

[Today's Intel 1 (Red): After last night's dinner, Zhao Qing has a clearer understanding of your earning capabilities and is increasingly admiring you from the bottom of her heart.]

[Today's Intel 2 (Blue): Yesterday, a large-scale outbreak of flu epidemic occurred in multiple places across Southeast Asia, causing major pharmaceutical companies to temporarily increase their procurement of Tufuling, leading to a shortage in the market supply. Domestic imports were also compelled to reduce, and prices are expected to soar in the short term.]

"Blue intel! Tufuling?"

What's this stuff?

Upon reading the intel content clearly, Qi Yun immediately picked up his phone and searched online.

After some research, he came to understand that Tufuling is an herbal medicine with detoxifying and dehumidifying effects, mainly produced in Vietnam, Laos, and other places. Although it's also grown in the central and western regions of China, the overall output can't meet the demand and it still relies heavily on imports.

After understanding its usage, he started researching the Southeast Asia flu epidemic, which indeed was very severe, with a wide impact. The medicine used to treat this flu included Tufuling in its ingredients.

"If you could stockpile some before the price increases domestically, you should make a big profit."

"But where to purchase this medicine is the problem..."

[Today's Intel 3 (Red): Wang Fei has been pressured by her family into marriage and is currently drinking alone at MUS Bar. Half an hour ago, she was targeted by a young man with ill intentions, intending to use methods to take her away.]

Seeing the third piece of intel, Qi Yun sighed inwardly, this crazy woman...

He looked at Zhao Qing in his arms and saw she seemed to be asleep. So he carefully moved her aside, then quietly got out of bed and dressed.

As he was dressed and opening the bedroom door, suddenly a voice came from behind.

"Why are you getting dressed so late?"

Qi Yun's heart skipped a beat. He turned around and saw Zhao Qing was staring at him intensely.

He quickly put on a smile, a trace of subtle panic flashing in his eyes, rapidly organizing his words in his mind.

"Did I wake you? A friend has encountered some urgent trouble, I'm going to check on it."

Zhao Qing sat up, an expression of suspicion on her face: "What kind of urgent trouble could there be at this hour? You're not lying to me, are you?"

"Why should I lie to you? You go back to sleep, I promise I'll be back soon, alright?" Qi Yun said, gritting his teeth.

Seeing him say it like that, Zhao Qing didn't probe further, nodding: "Alright then, be careful."

"Mm."

Qi Yun responded, finally leaving the bedroom, putting on his coat, and taking the car keys to head out.

After closing the door, he heaved a long sigh.

Is this what's called a woman's sixth sense?

No time to think much about it, he quickly walked to the parking lot, got into the car, and raced towards the bar.

Twenty minutes later, Qi Yun arrived at the bar's entrance.

Upon stepping into the hallway, he heard the loud music coming from inside the bar.

Inside the bar, lights flashed, smoke lingered, a sexy female DJ in black stockings twisted her alluring body on stage, provoking continuous screams from the crowd.

Qi Yun never liked coming to such places before. It was too noisy, making his head ache.

He squeezed into the crowd, urgently searching all around. Finally, he spotted Wang Fei in a dark booth.

At this moment, her face was flushed, her eyes blurry, and the table in front of her was covered with empty bottles, indicating she drank a lot.

Beside her stood a stylish young man. Just looking at his hairstyle, it was clear he wasn't a good person.

The young man held a bottle of wine and whispered something into Wang Fei's ear.

Wang Fei frowned slightly and moved her body sideways, seeming to want to distance herself from the young man.

But the young man seemed unwilling to give up, turning to grab two empty glasses from the table.

Taking advantage of Wang Fei's obstructed view moment, he swiftly poured white powder into one of the glasses, then casually continued to pour wine, skillfully. Without careful observation, it was impossible to notice.

Qi Yun observed everything, silently walking forward.

The young man's eyes revealed a slyness as he handed the glass to Wang Fei, saying eagerly: "Beauty, how about one drink together? After we drink, I'll leave immediately, alright?"

Wang Fei glanced at him coldly and sneered: "You think you're fit to drink with me?"

"What do you mean? Looking down on me? You can't even give me this small face?" The young man still wouldn't give up, continuing to pester.

Wang Fei showed a look of disgust, raising her voice: "I said I won't drink, don't you understand? Get out of here!"

Hearing this, the young man's eyes flashed with a hint of malice, his tone unfriendly: "I'm kindly inviting you for a drink, yet you have this attitude. That's too rude, isn't it?"

As he spoke, he tried to force the drink into Wang Fei's hand.

At that moment, a large hand suddenly reached over, grabbing the young man's glass forcefully and smashing it onto the ground.

Chapter 138: Thrills

The sound of breaking glass was particularly piercing amidst the noisy bar.

People around heard the commotion and looked this way.

Wang Fei saw the newcomer's appearance, her eyes instantly lighting up with excitement, clearly not expecting him to show up here.

"Qi Yun!"

Qi Yun didn't say anything, stepped forward two steps, and shielded her behind him.

The young man froze for a moment, then his eyes widened in anger, grabbing Qi Yun's collar and shouted, "What the hell are you doing!"

Qi Yun's lips curled into a cold smile, leaned closer, and said softly, "If I tell the bar owner about you drugging people here, what do you think he'll do to you?"

Although he didn't know the young man's identity, just judging by the despicable act he'd committed, he figured the guy couldn't be of high status.

If the guy had any brains, he should know that the bosses of these nightclubs aren't people he can afford to offend.

Daring to drug people in their venue is equivalent to asking for trouble.

The outcome was predictable.

Sure enough, the young man looked a bit panicked upon hearing this.

Qi Yun raised his hand and shoved him aside, ignoring him further.

He turned to Wang Fei with a helpless expression, "Why did you come to this kind of place alone?"

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei's eyes flashed with a stubborn, somewhat aggrieved look, "It's none of your business! I'm just your tool, used and tossed, and you don't even reply to my messages."

Qi Yun then remembered that the other day, when he was in Kashi, she did send him a message asking him to accompany her for a meal. However, he was driving at the time and couldn't reply, then forgot about it later.

But he didn't offer much explanation, just reached out his hand and said, "Come on, I'll take you home."

"I'm not leaving!" Wang Fei stubbornly turned her head away, like a sulky child.

Qi Yun didn't pamper her much, directly grabbing her from the sofa and pulling her by the hand towards the bar's exit.

Wang Fei symbolically struggled twice but then stopped resisting, letting herself be led outside by him.

Upon reaching the parking lot, Qi Yun opened the passenger door without saying a word, shoved her in, and then drove towards the suburbs.

Wang Fei sat there angrily, arms crossed, still carrying some anger in her gaze, staring straight at him.

Qi Yun pretended not to see, focused on driving.

Seeing this, Wang Fei grew more annoyed, apparently finding the Golf's space too cramped, unable to stretch her legs, she kicked off her high heels and directly stretched her black silk-wrapped legs onto the dashboard.

Qi Yun glanced at her and said flatly, "Behave yourself, don't affect my driving."

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei not only didn't pull back but shook her foot, her face showing a provocative expression, "What? Can't I get comfortable? Heartless jerk of a man!"

"Fine, whatever you want." Qi Yun couldn't be bothered to argue with her; this woman is extremely unstable right now, reasoning with her is a waste of time.

"Hmph!" Seeing his attitude, Wang Fei snorted coldly and turned away again.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of the villa they visited last time.

"We're here, go get some rest." Qi Yun turned and said.

But Wang Fei kept her eyes closed, pretending to be asleep.

Qi Yun stared at her for a few seconds before sighing in resignation, opened the car door, walked to the passenger side, found the keys in her handbag, and opened the villa door.

Then he returned to the car, picked her up, and carried her into the house.

Reaching the bedroom on the second floor, he was about to throw her onto the bed, when Wang Fei suddenly opened her eyes, wrapped her arms tightly around his neck and pulled him down onto the bed.

Then she quickly flipped over and straddled Qi Yun, pressing down.

Her alluring red lips landed on Qi Yun's lips.

Qi Yun's mind momentarily went blank, not expecting this move from her.

If he hadn't just finished work earlier, in a present calm state, it would've been really hard to resist this stunning beauty.

This place isn't safe to stay!

His mind raced, knowing if she held him here tonight, he'd have no way to explain to Zhao Qing.

But Wang Fei is inherently capricious, now drunk and irrational, reasoning surely won't work.

If that's the case... he could only outsmart her.

"Why don't you go take a shower first, you smell of booze, it affects the mood."

Upon hearing this, Wang Fei raised her eyebrows, paused her movements, lifted her head to stare at Qi Yun's face, "You're disgusted by me."

Qi Yun quickly shook his head, "No, just want you to take a shower first."

"Alright then." Wang Fei nodded, got off him, then stripped herself in front of him, stepped towards the adjacent bathroom.

Qi Yun watched her graceful snowy figure, involuntarily gulping.

This enchantress, whether in looks or figure, is absolutely top-tier among the women he's met in real life.

It wasn't until he heard the sound of water flowing from the bathroom that he quickly scrambled up from the bed and headed straight downstairs.

Open door, get in the car, start the engine, actions all in a single fluid motion.

Upstairs, hearing the commotion, Wang Fei immediately stuck her head out the window, and the scene before her made her clench her teeth in anger.

Watching the gradually disappearing taillights, she shouted hysterically with rage, "Qi Yun! You bastard!"

Inside the car, Qi Yun sighed in relief, narrowly escaped a crisis; as for whether she'd be angry, he'd deal with that later, first getting past this was crucial.

When he'd left earlier, he noticed Zhao Qing seemed suspicious, so he must hurry back.

Chapter 139: Thrills

Returning to Vanke Mansion, it was already two in the morning, and Qi Yun was surprised to find the living room lights still on.

Could it be that Zhao Qing hadn't slept yet?

He felt a sense of vigilance and checked the mirror before getting out of the car to ensure there were no lipstick marks on his lips.

Then he stood outside the car, shook his clothes, took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a few drags to mask the scent of perfume on him before he stepped toward the house.

He took out his key to open the door, only to see Zhao Qing sitting on the sofa, hugging a pillow and watching TV.

Qi Yun's heart felt like facing a formidable enemy, but he feigned surprise and asked, "Why aren't you asleep yet?"

Zhao Qing got up from the sofa, threw herself into his arms, and sniffed him before replying, "It's too late, I was worried about you and couldn't sleep."

Qi Yun's expression remained calm as he stroked her hair.

Fortunately, nothing unusual was discovered, which allowed his tight nerves to relax slightly.

"Hehe, I'm back now, right? Go to sleep, you have work tomorrow."

"Alright." Zhao Qing nodded obediently, kissed his cheek, and then left his embrace, "I'll go to bed first, you sleep earlier too."

"Mm, go ahead."

Hearing the bedroom door close, Qi Yun exhaled a long breath.

...

The next day, Zhao Qing took Nuannuan to kindergarten, and after entering the office, she suddenly realized a notebook was missing.

"Could it have fallen in the car when we went for hot pot yesterday?" she mumbled to herself, taking out another set of car keys from her bag and preparing to look in the car.

She went to the parking lot behind the building, opened the rear car door, and indeed found a small notebook on the floor mat behind the driver's seat.

"Hehe, found it."

She reached into the car to pick up the notebook, and as she was about to retreat, the corner of her eye caught a pair of silver high heels in front of the passenger seat.

Zhao Qing's smile froze instantly, her gaze fixed on those high heels, an unexplainable unease spreading in her heart.

She was certain those high heels weren't hers, and they weren't there when she came back last night, but Qi Yun had driven out late at night...

"No, it can't be. He only went out for a little while, and he's always been very measured, it's impossible he'd do something to betray me..."

"But..."

Zhao Qing sat in the seat disheartened, mumbling to herself, as if two little figures in her mind were battling.

She really wanted to ask Qi Yun for clarity but was afraid it might be a misunderstanding, making him feel she didn't trust him.

But if she didn't ask and pretended nothing happened, it made her feel stifled like having a bone stuck in her throat.

After much thought, she came up with an idea.

She found a plastic bag in the trunk, packed the high heels inside, and then went back to the office.

"If he really did something to betray me, surely he'd be feeling guilty, and I just have to observe his changes carefully..."

...

On the other side, after getting up and having breakfast, Qi Yun took out his phone and called the pharmaceutical company boss he sold the wild watermelon to last time, arranging to visit him later.

The current situation was that he knew the price of Tufuling would rise in the short term, but he neither had a purchase channel nor a sales channel. The only way he could think of was to find a reliable insider for help.

The pharmaceutical company boss had been in business for many years and surely understood Tufuling well, plus he might have the information Qi Yun needed.

More than half an hour later, Qi Yun drove to the pharmaceutical company, unexpectedly greeted at the door by the boss, Cao Yufei.

Qi Yun hurriedly got out of the car and greeted, "Boss Cao, long time no see, you look much better."

Cao Yufei shook his head with a smile, "I have to thank Mr. Qi for your encouragement that day, it helped me understand a lot."

"Don't call me Mr. Qi, it sounds odd, just call me Qi Yun," Qi Yun waved dismissively.

Cao Yufei laughed heartily at this, "Alright, then don't call me Boss Cao, just call me Old Cao, with my current situation, I'm no boss."

The two exchanged pleasantries, considerably narrowing the gap between them.

Cao Yufei led Qi Yun to the office, took a bottle of mineral water out of a box on the floor, and handed it over with a wry smile, "I can't offer you good tea, just some water."

"Water's fine, I'm not a tea person anyway," Qi Yun laughed and took the mineral water, unscrewing it for a sip.

Cao Yufei sat opposite him and offered him a cigarette, inquiring, "Is there something you need today?"

Qi Yun took the cigarette, lit it, took a puff, and replied, "Yes, there's something I want to ask your advice on."

Cao Yufei waved his hand with a smile, "Don't say advice, if I know something, I'll surely tell you."

Qi Yun nodded and didn't beat around the bush, directly asking, "Old Cao, what's the market situation for Tufuling?"

"Tufuling?" Cao Yufei looked at him in surprise, "Do you want to buy or sell?"

"I want to buy a batch, but I don't have a channel, and I don't really understand it," Qi Yun said frankly.

Hearing this, Cao Yufei thought for a moment and asked, "What grade are you looking for? I have over two hundred kilograms in the warehouse, but the quality isn't great, you can take it if you want, I'll give it to you for free."

"No need to give it to me, I need a lot," Qi Yun quickly declined, "Is there a grading system for it?"

Cao Yufei flicked some ash off his cigarette and replied, "Yes, high-quality Tufuling can sell for over two hundred per kilogram, while poor quality ones can only fetch ten to twenty."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun was taken aback, "Such a wide price difference?"

"Indeed." Cao Yufei nodded and continued, "It's a classic case of you get what you pay for; high-quality has strong medicinal effects and thus costs more, most of it taken by large pharmaceutical companies for drug production."

"As for those of average quality with little medicinal effect, they mostly go to the health supplement market."

Hearing this, Qi Yun pondered for a while before asking, "So which type is more popular in the market right now?"

"Of course, the high-quality kind, but it's not absolute, it mainly depends on quality and price," Cao Yufei responded.

Chapter 140: Slicked-Back Hair and Qiu Jiahao

The two had a back-and-forth, and after a while, Qi Yun finally figured out the ins and outs of the situation.

Making this deal work was not just about solving the buying and selling channels. Even the procurement stage required a wealth of experience to back it up.

After contemplating for a while, Qi Yun lifted his head, looked at Cao Yufei, and suggested, "Old Cao, how about we partner up on this?"

Cao Yufei was slightly taken aback, showing a puzzled expression, "Partner up?"

Qi Yun nodded, his face serious, "I'm planning to stockpile five million worth of Tufuling. We'll use your factory's credentials; you handle the buying and selling, I provide the funds. How about it?"

Cao Yufei, upon hearing this, fell into thought. After a moment, he slowly said, "Partnership is no problem, but why did you suddenly decide to get into Tufuling?"

Qi Yun took a drag from his cigarette, flicked the ash, and replied, "I have a friend overseas in the herbal business. He's well-informed and told me that the price of Tufuling is about to skyrocket."

Cao Yufei nodded slightly, took a deep breath, and said, "According to you, I basically bear no risk, so there's no reason to dissuade you. However, I still want to remind you that market conditions are unpredictable and hard to forecast."

Qi Yun listened, extinguished his cigarette, knowing the other was looking out for him.

"Old Cao, I understand what you mean. The market is indeed uncertain, but I see this as an opportunity. I have confidence in that friend and want to give it a try."

Cao Yufei saw his determined gaze and knew his mind was made up, so he didn't persuade him further.

"Alright, since you're so confident, I'll go along with you."

"But, since it's business, even though I don't have to provide the funds, as I'm involved, I'll give it my all. What share of the profit do you intend to give me?"

Qi Yun pondered for a moment, his mind racing with thoughts.

Although the other party didn't provide funds, the credentials for buying and selling herbs, the channels, and experience were indispensable.

He wasn't someone who wouldn't share the benefits. Without the goodwill shown to Cao Yufei earlier, they might not have become friends, and the latter wouldn't agree to a partnership so readily.

So he thought for a while and replied, "I'll give you forty percent. How about that?"

Upon hearing this, Cao Yufei furrowed his brows slightly, tapping his fingers rhythmically on the table, lost in thought.

After a while, he shook his head.

Seeing this, Qi Yun smiled, "Then fifty percent, we'll split it evenly."

"You've misunderstood," Cao Yufei explained, "I meant that forty percent is too much. The resources I'm providing are worth at most thirty percent. I only need thirty percent; I don't want the extra."

Qi Yun was momentarily taken aback, gaining a newfound respect for the man.

Being able to give up profits already within reach is not something everyone can do.

"Alright, let's do as you say," Qi Yun nodded with a smile.

Cao Yufei handed him a cigarette again and said, "Since it's business, and you're putting up five million, let's sign an agreement to make it easier on your mind."

"Also, the money doesn't have to be transferred to the factory's account all at once. Just do it in installments as the orders are finalized."

"Moreover, I have existing warehouses in the factory. We'll clear out a few specifically for storing the Tufuling. You should arrange for someone trustworthy to guard it and also handle the inventory logging."

"..."

Cao Yufei added some more details, and Qi Yun listened, nodding frequently, silently admiring the meticulous and capable mindset of the other man.

As he said, when it comes to business, even though they hit it off, they had only met twice. Given the five million at stake, they definitely needed to sign an agreement for complete reassurance.

Soon, Cao Yufei drafted the agreement on the computer, and each party held a copy.

After signing the agreement, he instructed the remaining three employees on some factory matters, then took Qi Yun to visit a herbal merchant.

This herbal merchant had his own shop, filled with the unique scent of mixed Chinese herbs.

The owner, a portly man in his fifties, had the sharp look typical of businessmen.

Upon seeing Cao Yufei, he immediately wore a bitter expression, speaking first, "Boss Cao, you're here again. I really can't handle those herb stocks of yours. You'd better look elsewhere."

Qi Yun, hearing this, silently glanced at Cao Yufei, realizing the man was indeed having a tough time.

Cao Yufei was unfazed, chuckled, and explained, "Boss Li, I'm not here to pitch you herbs today, but to ask how much Tufuling you have."

"Tufuling?" Boss Li was taken aback, asking suspiciously, "You're looking to buy this stuff?"

Cao Yufei nodded, "That's right, this is my friend, President Qi. He's looking to purchase a batch of Tufuling."

Upon hearing this, Boss Li's face brightened with a smile, "So it's President Qi, my apologies."

"Speaking of Tufuling, I do have some in the warehouse. How much is President Qi looking to buy?"

Qi Yun smiled at him, "I'm looking for a large quantity. How much do you have?"

Boss Li's eyes darted around, he replied, "To be honest, President Qi, the amount of Tufuling in my warehouse isn't much, maybe around eight to nine hundred kilograms."

"But if you're in a hurry, I can get one or two more tons from friends."

Qi Yun nodded in response but didn't say anything, instead turning to look at Cao Yufei.

Cao Yufei cleared his throat, smiled, and said, "Boss Li, why don't you take us to the warehouse to have a look at the stock first?"

Boss Li quickly nodded, smiling all the while, "Sure, Boss Cao, President Qi, please follow me."