

Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System #Chapter 19: Call 911! - Read Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System Chapter 19: Call 911!

Chapter 19: Chapter 19: Call 911!

The two women, Liu Xiaocui and Qiu Jiahao, were so terrified by Qiu Yuanshan's roar that they didn't dare to breathe.

He took a deep breath, forcibly suppressed his anger, and couldn't be bothered to cast another glance at the two of them.

Lighting a cigarette, he got up and went to the balcony, frowning as he pondered a solution.

However, just as he lowered his head to flick the cigarette ash, out of the corner of his eye, he suddenly noticed that the corner where the washing machine used to be seemed different from before.

The next second, his pupils suddenly constricted. He took two steps forward and touched the new washing machine his wife had bought, his face full of disbelief.

Immediately, a sound of rage and despair erupted from his throat: "Liu Xiaocui! Get over here immediately!"

Liu Xiaocui and Qiu Jiahao were taken aback by this sudden outburst. The two exchanged glances and hurriedly got up from the sofa.

"Where's the washing machine? Where's the original washing machine?"

Liu Xiaocui, not understanding, but seeing his expression wishing he could eat her alive, stammered, "That... that washing machine wasn't used for several years,

so I... I bought a new one and, having no place to put it, sold the old one to the junkman..."

A few short words were like a thunderbolt on a clear day.

Qiu Yuanshan only felt the world spinning, his legs gave way, and he nearly collapsed to the ground.

He raised his hand, pointing at Liu Xiaocui, glaring at her, the flames of anger in his eyes seemingly wanting to incinerate her completely.

"You... you!" Before he could finish his sentence, he fell straight backward, motionless.

This frightened the remaining two people.

"Dad!" Seeing this, Qiu Jiahao shouted in fear, rushing over anxiously.

Liu Xiaocui also screamed in panic and hurried over to Qiu Yuanshan's side.

"Old Qiu, what's wrong with you? Don't scare me!"

"Quick! Call 120!"

...

"Old Sichuan Hot Pot" was still packed with customers today. As Qi Yun pushed open the door, he saw Xiaohuang was diligently cleaning up the tables.

Qi Yun didn't greet him, took an apron from the bar, and began to work.

A few hours later, when the customers gradually left, Xiaohuang came up, as if seeking approval, and said, "Brother Qi, did I do okay today?"

Qi Yun patted his shoulder, giving him an encouraging look: "Very good, keep it up tomorrow. You have a big opportunity, I believe in you!"

Upon hearing this, Xiaohuang immediately perked up with spirit. Seeing Wei Yong's wife mopping the floor, he quickly went over to take the mop from her...

Old Feng, to express his gratitude, prepared a sumptuous dinner for a few of them.

After dinner, Qi Yun sent Wei Yong's wife into a taxi, and then drove back with Xiaohuang.

Back at the place, Qi Yun lay on the bed, quietly waiting for the information to refresh.

The matter of the USB drive, though still like a thorn pricking at his heart, he didn't deliberately think about it.

It was his nature to plan ahead, but not to worry excessively and deplete himself.

"23:55"

"23:58"

"00:00"

[Today's Intelligence (Red): Blizzard conditions will continue for several days, the day after tomorrow the price of fresh produce will skyrocket, with the price of frozen shrimp projected to increase by 60%]

"Hiss~"

Upon seeing that the increase would reach 60%, Qi Yun couldn't help but draw a breath of cold air.

A business with a profit margin of 30% already attracts countless competitors, but with 60% it's absolute windfall profits.

In his understanding, the only things comparable to this were luxury goods and the pharmacies that lined the streets everywhere.

This opportunity must be seized, to earn a hefty profit!

"Having sold those two bars of gold today, I still have 170,000 left, but the capital is still a bit insufficient..."

Qi Yun closed his eyes and pondered, gradually forming a plan in his heart.

...

At nine in the morning, before dawn, the largest wholesale market in Jiang Province was already bustling.

All kinds of vehicles for loading and transporting goods lined up in a long queue.

Qi Yun wove through the market, entering a relatively secluded store.

Inside, the shopkeeper held a notebook and was tallying goods.

Seeing Qi Yun enter, he merely looked up once and asked, "What do you need?" before lowering his head to continue working.

Qi Yun wasn't upset, and after circling the store, his gaze fell on several opened foam cooler boxes containing frozen shrimp, each about five kilograms.

The larger ones were about as big as a palm. These were imported Pacific white shrimp from South America. His daughter particularly liked these; they had firm and bouncing meat.

The slightly smaller ones were about fourteen to fifteen centimeters long, but most of these were domestically farmed rather than imported.

Qi Yun inspected for a moment; the quality was decent, so he asked the shopkeeper: "How are these shrimp sold?"

"220 per box for size 20-30, 180 for size 40-50," the shopkeeper replied without lifting his head.

Qi Yun considered it, the price was not much different from what he had previously bought, so he continued to inquire, "How much stock do you have?"

The shopkeeper heard this, immediately raised his head and gave Qi Yun a suspicious glance.

Putting down the notebook in his hand, he quickly responded, "How much do you need? I just received a shipment this morning."

"I estimate needing one or two thousand cases," Qi Yun said, with a calm face, speaking very calmly.

The shopkeeper's eyes flashed with delight upon hearing the need for one or two thousand cases. He promptly stood up from his chair, walked over quickly, and offered a cigarette to Qi Yun.

"Do you really need that much? Then I can give you a better price," the shopkeeper said with enthusiasm.

Qi Yun took the cigarette, nodded with a smile, "I came from the Southern Border specifically for supplies, tell me your price, and I'll listen."

The shopkeeper's smile grew wider upon hearing that he came specifically from the Southern Border.

Even though his store catered to wholesale, usually only local restaurants and seafood shops came to buy, at most selling dozens of cases at a time.

One or two thousand cases were a big deal for him, an opportunity not to be missed.

"Since you need so much, I'll give you a bottom price, 200 a case for larger ones, 150 for smaller ones."

"You can ask around other places, and you'll see I'm just making some tea money," the shopkeeper answered sincerely.

Qi Yun didn't respond immediately but silently calculated in his mind.

With the current wholesale price of 220 per box, a 60% increase would make the selling price 350 per box.

And the bottom price the shopkeeper offered was 200 per box, so the profit per box sold would be around 150.

Completely a windfall!

He slowly exhaled a smoke ring and said unhurriedly, "I will certainly compare prices with other stores, but how much stock do you have right now?"

The shopkeeper saw that Qi Yun didn't immediately agree, his heart a bit uneasy, but he still answered truthfully, "There are currently about 500 cases in the warehouse.

But since you need a lot, I can source from others. I can gather 2000 cases by tonight at the latest."

Qi Yun nodded, "Alright, let's add each other on WeChat first. I'll check other places, and if the prices are about the same, I will buy from you."

The shopkeeper nodded quickly, took out his phone, and added Qi Yun on WeChat.

"Feel free to ask around, after that, you'll know my price is really fair.

If you find a cheaper one elsewhere, I'll give you a bit more profit when you come back." The shopkeeper smiled warmly, trying to win Qi Yun over with sincerity.

Qi Yun responded politely a few times and then left the store.

He checked out a few more places in the wholesale market, and after a round, found that the prices from others were essentially similar.

With a clear idea in mind, he took a taxi back.

Chapter 20: Chapter 20: The 560,000-Yuan Deal

"How much did you say?"

"200,000? Why don't you just sell me off?"

In the store, as soon as Lao Wang heard Qi Yun wanted to borrow 200,000, he was so shocked that the tea jar in his hand nearly slipped.

He quickly put the unlit cigarette back on the table and said grumpily, "Here, take it, I can't afford to smoke with you."

Qi Yun chuckled, picked up the cigarette again, stuffed it into his mouth, and lit it for him.

"Uncle Wang, you should know my character, I wouldn't act rashly without absolute certainty.

There's no risk in lending me this money, I'll pay you back with an extra 10,000 in interest in five days."

Lao Wang frowned, took a drag of his cigarette, and a trace of doubt appeared on his face, "Where did you get this information? Why are you so confident?"

Actually, it's not that he doesn't trust Qi Yun, after all, they've known each other for so long, and he has a good grasp of Qi Yun's character.

He's just worried that Qi Yun might be overconfident and suffer a big setback.

Qi Yun sensed Lao Wang's concerns, but he certainly couldn't disclose his source.

So he thought for a moment and pointed his index finger upwards, "You know I used to do business, I have some connections, the information is reliable."

Lao Wang scrutinized Qi Yun seriously, thought for a while, and slowly spoke, "I've saved some hard-earned money over the years,

but more than half of it can't be touched, it's reserved for Binzi's future bride price.

I can lend you at most 100,000, and you don't need to pay interest. Pay it back whenever you're able.

If one day I'm not around, just return the money to Binzi."

Qi Yun was touched by his words.

Lao Wang usually presents the image of an aloof big boss, but he genuinely helps when it matters.

Such heartwarming words almost broke through Qi Yun's defenses.

If he didn't know that Lao Wang often visited Sister Xia's massage parlor at night, he might have believed his nonsense.

But thinking about it, given their non-familial relationship, it's not easy for him to go this far.

This favor has to be remembered.

Qi Yun didn't say much, just nodded solemnly, "Thank you, Uncle Wang."

Lao Wang waved it off, picked up his phone, transferred 100,000 to Qi Yun, and then patted his shoulder, saying earnestly, "I know you want a comeback badly, but remember not to be impulsive."

"Understood," Qi Yun replied with a smile and started heading towards the door.

Just as he was about to step out of the store, he turned back and asked Lao Wang, "Uncle Wang, are you sure you don't want to join the venture?"

Lao Wang sighed, "At my age, I'm content with my small lot. I earn enough money, I don't want to hassle anymore."

After hearing this, Qi Yun didn't push further and nodded before leaving.

Perhaps this is the calm and collected mindset of a seasoned landlord...

Upon returning to his rented apartment, he called Peng Ge and Wei Yong, arranging to meet them at Lao Feng's hot pot restaurant, and then took a cab there himself.

It wasn't lunchtime yet, and there weren't many customers in the hot pot restaurant.

Little Blondie and Wei Yong's wife had already arrived early and were helping tidy up ingredients in the kitchen.

When Qi Yun arrived, Lao Feng, Peng Ge, and Wei Yong were already waiting for him.

As soon as he walked in, Peng Ge pointed at him and laughed, "Here he is, come sit down, what's so urgent that you had to call us here?"

Qi Yun walked over with a smile, sat down, took a sip of hot tea, then laid out the situation for the three of them.

Peng Ge's smile gradually faded after listening, and his expression turned serious.

He rubbed his chin for a moment, then asked, "Is the information reliable?"

He didn't press for the source, he directly asked about its reliability.

Clearly, he trusted Qi Yun's judgment. If you say it's reliable, I'll believe it.

Lao Feng and Wei Yong also looked at Qi Yun with serious expressions, waiting for an answer.

Qi Yun's expression also turned serious as he spoke slowly, "Putting Lao Wei aside, given our current situation, we can't afford any mess-ups."

If the information wasn't accurate, I wouldn't involve you guys in this."

Hearing this, Peng Ge and Lao Feng nodded simultaneously. They knew Qi Yun all too well.

Before they could speak, Wei Yong interjected, "Old Qi, I trust you! I can spare 200,000 right now, after taking out my daughter's 30,000 for tuition and living expenses, I'll invest the rest.

Even if it ends up a loss, I'm fine with it, consider it like last time when the apples all rotted in the warehouse."

Hearing this, Qi Yun patted his arm and jokingly scolded, "You, stop worrying about losses and just trust me."

As he spoke, he glanced towards the kitchen, "Isn't this something you'd discuss with your wife over such a big matter?"

Wei Yong waved his hand boldly, "No need to discuss, I make the big decisions in the family!"

Qi Yun chuckled and gave him a thumbs up.

Then Peng Ge spoke, "I don't have much ready cash, just collected 50,000 yesterday from a payment.

But I'm busy with the factory these days, can't help with this, so I'll transfer you 50,000. Call it an investment or a loan, whatever you prefer."

As soon as he finished speaking, Lao Feng also nodded, "I'm thinking the same, you've seen the situation in the hot pot restaurant these days, I can't spare any time either.

There's still 70,000 in the account, I'll transfer it to you shortly."

Qi Yun looked at the three, took a deep breath, and said, "Alright, since you all trust me, there's nothing more to say. I'll arrange for the truck to load the goods tonight."

After the discussion, Peng Ge left first.

Wei Yong's daughter was out of the hospital, so he didn't need to stay anymore and offered to help Qi Yun.

Qi Yun didn't refuse, and they got into his small truck and returned to the rented apartment.

...

Behind Lao Wang's store was a big courtyard, which Qi Yun had arranged with him in the morning to temporarily use for a few days to store goods.

With the weather being cold, he wasn't worried about spoilage.

Furthermore, there was a large iron gate on the side of the courtyard, allowing trucks to drive straight in, making loading and unloading convenient.

The two tidied up the courtyard together, giving Qi Yun some time to sit down and start calculating the amount of goods to purchase.

"Lao Feng transferred 70,000, Peng Ge 50,000, Wei Yong's 170,000, my 170,000, and the 100,000 borrowed from Lao Wang, totaling 560,000."

After discussing with Wei Yong, they finally decided to buy 1,500 boxes of size 20-30 frozen shrimp, along with 1,700 boxes of size 40-50.

This way, there are various sizes, hopefully making them easier to sell.

Then they called the wholesale market owner, who was overjoyed to hear they wanted to order over 3,000 boxes.

After some negotiation, the price was reduced by two yuan per box.

However, the owner could only get 2,000 boxes ready by tonight, so they'd have to wait until midnight to get the complete order.

Qi Yun wasn't in a rush, as the price hike was scheduled two days later, so they agreed to pick up the goods at 8 AM the next day.

Then he transferred a deposit of 5,000 yuan via WeChat to confirm the deal, and the owner started preparing the goods.

As for the contract, they planned to complete the paperwork when picking up the goods the next day.

With the plan in place, they began mapping out selling locations.

Mainly around large supermarkets, densely populated neighborhoods, and markets.

Besides the markets, other places risked being driven away by city regulators.

With Wei Yong's years of experience in street vending, he quickly marked out five suitable spots.