

# SOLVING MIDDLE AGE CRISIS BY INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM

## Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Crossdressing Big Shot

"Two packs of Honghe, one bottle of Erguotou."

The shop owner, Little Yellow Hair, was engrossed in the PK of a female host, quickly took down two packs of cigarettes from the shelf behind him, and said to Qi Yun, "Brother Qi, the alcohol is on the shelf inside, you can grab it yourself."

Qi Yun didn't mind, he easily walked to the shelf inside, picked up a bottle of Erguotou, turned around and came to the checkout counter, stuffed the cigarettes into his pocket, and handed over a twenty yuan bill.

Exactly.

Little Yellow Hair was taking the money while still staring at the phone screen, mumbling, "Brother Qi, why are you back so early today, not setting up your stall?"

Qi Yun shook his head with a wry smile, "Today the city management is strict, closed up early."

Leaving the shop, he tightened the old cotton jacket on his body, worn and somewhat faded from washing, carefully tucked the Erguotou inside his coat, and pushed the tricycle into the courtyard of a self-built house.

This rental house in the urban village has been his dwelling for more than a year, a shabby three-story small building without even an independent bathroom inside.

The only advantage is it's cheap, with the rent being only five hundred yuan a month.

Qi Yun packed up the leftover ingredients, cleaned the pot in the sink, covered it with a cloth, and then headed upstairs.

The room he lives in isn't big, only about thirty square meters, with just a bed, a set of chairs, and a stove made of nailed wooden boards.

Although simple, it's kept very clean.

Qi Yun took off his thick cotton jacket, stir-fried some ingredients and rice on the gas stove casually, and soon a plate of fragrant fried rice was ready.

Basically his dinner is like this every day, sometimes when business is good, all the fried rice is sold out, he just makes some noodles to deal with it, anyway, saving money is key.

The money earned each month is used to pay off debts after expenses, occasionally leaving a few hundred to buy small gifts when seeing his daughter.

Actually, Qi Yun knows that his daughter isn't very happy living with his ex-wife, she still wishes to live with him, especially after his ex-wife had another son.

But given his current conditions, if his daughter came over, she would only suffer with him; he has no ability to take good care of her.

He opened the Erguotou and took a small sip, the spicy alcohol flowing down his throat gradually warmed his initially cold body.

Looking at the stack of red bills on the table, for the first time in five years, Qi Yun's eyes showed some spark.

The phone displayed the current time: 23:30.

"Whew~ thirty more minutes, hope tomorrow's information can let me earn another two thousand!"

Finished eating and cleaning the stove, Qi Yun put on disposable gloves and began preparing ingredients for setting up the stall tomorrow.

Even though selling fried rice doesn't make much money, it's stable; he earns at least a hundred a day. Without any savings, he doesn't plan to give up this job.

It's winter now, and the low temperature prevents food from spoiling easily; he just needs to buy some vegetables from the market every other day.

The ingredients are simple too, just some vegetables and dried tofu, washed clean and cut, then cooked rice with a rice cooker.

After finishing everything, Qi Yun drank some liquor while watching the seconds tick away on the phone.

Finally, at 00:00:00, the screen in front of him changed.

[Today's Information (red): AAA Building Materials Wholesale Brother Wang (Little Yellow Hair) is the top supporter of a female host,

but he doesn't know the female host he likes is actually a man, residing at — Jiahe Garden 3 Building 401]

Qi Yun stared at the panel appearing before him, dumbfounded, today's information was a bit different than he expected...

Actually, Little Yellow Hair's shop belonged to his dad, Old Wang. After graduating from Lanxiang, Little Yellow Hair did nothing all day, so his dad handed the shop over to him to manage and opened a vegetable and fruit store nearby.

However, according to Little Yellow Hair, the money earned from the shop, aside from the cost of goods, most of it has to be handed over.

This guy can become someone else's top supporter, it seems he secretly hides some private funds behind his dad's back.

"Forget it, I'll remind him tomorrow."

Brushing gifts is a matter of mutual consent, Qi Yun can't comment on it; all he can do is tell Little Yellow Hair the truth.

As for whether Little Yellow Hair can accept the harsh reality or if he wants to get his money back, it's up to him.

Without the profitable information, Qi Yun, busy all day, suddenly felt the drowsiness set in, he quickly washed up, wrapped himself in a thick quilt, and fell into a deep sleep.

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The next day.

At nine o'clock sharp, Qi Yun woke up.

In Jiang Province, the sun rises quite late, especially in winter, now outside, the sun hasn't even come up yet.

Qi Yun dressed up, cooked a simple pot of dumplings, ate a few bites, and didn't waste the dumpling soup, poured it hot and steamy into the flask.

Having eaten and drunk enough, put on the iconic yellow robe, strapped on the box, and went out.

The restaurants on both sides of the street gradually opened, he, as usual, rode his second-hand electric bike, started weaving through the streets and alleys of the city.

The winter wind cut against the face like a knife, but he was long used to it.

Delivery after delivery, Qi Yun finally had time to rest after many orders, took out the flask and gulped down a few mouthfuls.

It's not yet lunchtime, there are few current orders, he checked his location, not far from Jiahe Garden.

Qi Yun returned to the restaurant, spent two yuan to buy a takeout box from the owner, then packed it with a plastic bag, and rode his electric bike towards Jiahe Garden.

"Building 3, Room 401, this is it."

"Knock knock knock!" The sudden knocking sound echoed in the corridor.

Soon a male voice called out from inside, "Who's there?"

"Your delivery has arrived!" Qi Yun lifted the plastic bag, standing at the door waiting.

Shortly, the door opened a crack, revealing a very delicate face.

If not for hearing the voice, it would be hard to distinguish the gender for a moment, the adam's apple was barely visible.

"I didn't order any delivery?"

Qi Yun pretended to look at the plastic bag in his hand, then showed an apologetic smile, "Oh, I'm sorry, maybe I made a mistake."

The next second, as he turned around, the smile on his face disappeared.

This was proof enough.

He also despises cross-dressing men.

Many years ago when playing "Fantasy Westward Journey", he was tricked out of a piece of equipment by someone using a voice changer.

This incident left him resentful ever since, even now when recalling the way that person called him "darling" makes him shudder.

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Leaving the residential area, Qi Yun resumed taking orders, running past the lunch peak, then went home for lunch, changing the battery of his vehicle as well.

He can't afford to eat out, even the simplest noodles cost at least fifteen yuan, with only two thin slices of meat inside.

Although he's lived in Jiang Province for more than twenty years, he still hasn't figured out why the cost of living here is so high.

Passing by the shop on the way back, he stopped to look inside, where Little Yellow Hair's dad was sitting cross-legged, cracking melon seeds, so he signaled with his eyes to Little Yellow Hair.

"What's up, Brother Qi, got something for me?"

Little Yellow Hair blew away the slanted bangs blocking his left eye and smiled as he approached.

"Come over to my place for a bit, need to tell you something."