

Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: Reverse Gear

It wasn't until after four in the afternoon that all 3,200 pieces of goods were finally unloaded into Old Wang's yard.

Qi Yun gave each driver an extra three hundred yuan for handling fees and told them to come back to load at eight tomorrow morning before letting them leave.

For the others who helped, he arranged for everyone to receive a carton of cigarettes.

With no time to rest, he took a cab directly to Hualing Jade Market.

For these kinds of markets, they usually start closing stalls around seven in the evening, but at this time, it was still bustling with people coming and going.

Qi Yun had no interest in wandering around. He hurried directly to stall number A-32.

As soon as he approached the stall, he saw a middle-aged man fiercely bargaining with the stall owner.

The man held a piece of jade roughly the size of a palm, with a surface wrapped in rough and mottled stone skin covered with grayish-white patterns.

Most notably, there was a crack running across the surface, emitting a faint glow in Qi Yun's view.

"Damn! Someone's snatched it!"

Qi Yun's heart sunk as he stepped over to the stall and listened intently to their conversation.

"Bro, there's a risk in cutting this stone. If the crack runs deep, then the stone is useless."

"I'll pay eight thousand yuan at most, think about it."

The middle-aged man had a shrewd look in his eyes and was about to put the stone back in its place.

Qi Yun glanced to the side and noticed a microphone clipped to the man's collar and a phone mount in his right hand; he must be a streamer.

He's heard of these kinds of streamers, who buy Nephrite Jade to sell to their viewers.

If you meet a conscientious streamer, they only make a hard-earned profit selling market-bought, genuine Nephrite Jade.

Encounter a crooked one, and the 'Nephrite Jade' bought by 'family' is dubious.

The stall owner, an Uighur with a round cap and a full beard, shook his head without hesitation upon hearing the offer.

Speaking in accented Mandarin, he said, "No rolling back, add money!"

The streamer shook his head too, "No more, I just offered eight thousand; if you don't sell, I'll leave."

But, despite saying he'd leave, his hand remained firmly on the jade stone.

This left Qi Yun anxious, wanting to shout, "Hurry up and leave, I'll take the stone!"

But according to the industry's rules, one cannot interrupt a transaction that is still being negotiated; this was knowledge he learned just last night.

Thus, even unwillingly, he could only wait patiently for them to finish.

The stall owner, a seasoned haggler, didn't buy the act and shook his head helplessly, "No way, now rolling back."

The streamer saw the firm attitude, pondered for a moment, and increased his offer, "Last offer, ten thousand yuan, truly walk if not."

This time, he really removed his hand from the jade stone.

The stall owner hesitated briefly, wanting to try once more, "Add money, no partner."

"No more, any more and I'll struggle to sell." The streamer shook his head and stepped back two paces, ready to leave.

Seeing this, the stall owner sighed helplessly, "Alright, for your face!"

Transaction complete, the streamer paid and took the stone departing the stall.

Qi Yun sighed too, the cooked duck flew away.

But thankfully, the other party bought intending to sell, just at a higher cost.

With this in mind, he quickly followed and gently patted the other's shoulder from behind.

The streamer turned around, looked at him curiously.

Qi Yun smiled and explained, "Buddy, are you selling that jade stone you just got?"

The streamer was slightly surprised, then replaced with a courteous smile, "You want it? No problem, I bought it to sell."

Seeing no hedging from the other party, Qi Yun straightforwardly asked the price, "Hmm, if the price is right, I'll buy it for fun, how much are you selling it for?"

The streamer pointed at his phone, saying, "I do business openly, only earn 10% profit, the people in the stream know.

This jade stone I just bought for ten thousand yuan, if you want, just pay me eleven thousand."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun felt relieved.

After paying the goods in the morning, he now only had over twenty thousand yuan left, really worried about an exorbitant ask.

So he promptly agreed, "Okay, no problem."

Saying this, he took out his mobile phone and transferred eleven thousand to the other party.

Once the streamer confirmed the payment, he handed over the stone, "OK, the stone is yours now."

Qi Yun just picked up the stone and was about to leave when the streamer suddenly called out to him, "Hey, buddy, wait."

Qi Yun turned back in confusion, "Hmm? Anything else?"

"Haha, heard you say you bought it for fun, you plan to cut it?"

"Yeah, I plan to cut," Qi Yun honestly replied, as there's nothing to hide once it's his.

Upon hearing his affirmative response, the streamer leaned over and suggested, "Can I follow and stream along, maybe there's a buyer in my stream."

Qi Yun frowned, thinking that letting the other follow wouldn't affect him much, and if there indeed were buyers, he could save trouble finding them.

"Sure, no problem."

Once the streamer heard the agreement, he got excited, leaned toward the microphone, and announced, "Family, about to stream stone cutting, don't leave."

In the jade market, there are shops specifically for stone cutting; Qi Yun chose one in the corner.

The owner, a man in his fifties, was leisurely drinking tea in the store.

Seeing Qi Yun and the streamer enter, he set down his teacup, slowly stood up, and reached out his hand.

Qi Yun was momentarily stunned, then quickly realized the intent and handed over the stone.

The old man received the stone, glanced at the crack a few times, and asked, "How to cut?"

Not knowing the intricacies, Qi Yun candidly said, "I'm not very familiar with this, please handle it."

The old man glanced at him and nodded, "Labor cost five hundred yuan."

"Okay." Qi Yun readily agreed.

After receiving confirmation, the old man said no more, slowly drawing a few lines on the surface with a pen and then moved to the side of the wire saw machine.

As the machine emitted a low hum, the slender wire saw began to rotate rapidly.

The old man expertly fixed the jade stone to the workbench, picked up a caliper, and carefully measured the dimensions of the stone.

Narrowed his eyes, tracing the crack's path and mapping out the optimal cutting trajectory in his mind.

The streamer drew close with his phone, excitedly reporting, "Family, ready to go, about to cut!"

The old man gradually pushed the wire saw, the rapidly rotating saw, and water flow gradually penetrated.

After ten minutes, the humming ceased, and a large piece of stone skin fell off the top of the jade.

The old man directed the light onto the cut, examining closely.

The streamer also hurriedly approached with his phone to look closely.

Only Qi Yun remained seated on the chair, leisurely smoking, with a calm demeanor.