

Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System #Chapter 23: Shen Wanting's Divorce - Read Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System Chapter 23: Shen Wanting's Divorce

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Shen Wanting's Divorce

Under the lights, the incision revealed a warm, bluish-white color, with a very delicate texture, and no apparent cracks.

"Folks, the results are out, keep your eyes wide open."

"Wow! This texture is even better than expected!"

The streamer let out a gasp of surprise, then turned to look at Qi Yun, full of envy.

"With this cut, one can turn a profit! This texture can make several bracelets with no problem. If sold now, it would fetch at least thirty thousand yuan."

The old man also looked up and asked Qi Yun, "Do you want to continue cutting?"

Having already foreseen the result, Qi Yun didn't feel too excited, calmly nodded, "Continue."

Upon hearing this, the old man focused once more on the jade stone, cutting along the crack with this cut.

As the buzz of the wire saw started, tiny sprays of water and stone debris splattered.

He skillfully controlled the saw wire with both hands, inching along the crack.

The streamer tightly gripped the phone, with the camera following the old man's actions, speaking rapidly, "Folks, this cut is uncertain! Whether the crack is a fatal flaw will be revealed soon!"

As time passed, the old man's forehead was drenched in sweat.

At this moment, Qi Yun also stood up, coming closer to watch.

Another ten minutes passed, and the buzz of the wire saw suddenly stopped.

The old man wiped his sweat and gently separated the cut jade stone.

Inside the stone, the texture became even more polished, so delicate that no impurity could be seen, most importantly, without a single crack.

The streamer's eyes brightened instantly, excitedly shouting into the microphone, "Folks, this texture is perfect! With this quality, making two bracelets would be no problem!"

Anyone interested, hurry and message me!"

Though Qi Yun didn't know much about jade, he could tell this material was of superb quality.

The old man looked at the jade stone and nodded slightly, "This material is indeed good; making bracelets can sell for a good price."

"Buddy, someone in the stream is offering eighty thousand yuan, sell it or not?" The streamer excitedly grabbed Qi Yun's arm and said.

After hearing, Qi Yun shook his head; the system's price was over one hundred thousand, so definitely wouldn't sell it for eighty thousand.

Then he said to the old man, "Master, please wrap it up for me."

Seeing this, the streamer continued shouting into the microphone, "The price isn't right yet! Anyone willing to bid higher, quickly message me."

The old man fetched a piece of cloth, wrapped all the jade stones, then put them in a plastic bag and handed them over.

After taking them, Qi Yun thanked him, transferred five hundred yuan for labor, and planned to leave.

Seeing him leaving, the streamer hurriedly called out, "Buddy, don't rush off; I have another offer, how about ninety thousand?"

Qi Yun paused his steps, turned, and said, "Fixed price, one hundred thousand yuan."

"I have business later, can wait for you for five minutes."

The streamer was stunned for a moment; this was also his estimated price and didn't expect the other party to quote it so accurately.

He quickly bowed his head again, contacting buyers, his fingers flying across the screen.

After speaking, Qi Yun went out, lit a cigarette, and waited quietly.

In just three minutes, the streamer excitedly rushed out and shouted, "Buddy, it's done! The buyer agreed to the deal at one hundred thousand yuan!"

Qi Yun nodded, smiling as he extended his hand, "Pleasure working with you!"

"Pleasure working with you!"

In a mere hour, turning one thousand into one hundred thousand yuan, perhaps that's why so many people are obsessed with gambling on stones.

...

Returning to Xia Ping Village, Qi Yun headed directly to a Sichuan restaurant and called Skinny and others over.

Firstly, to thank them for their help today, and secondly, to inquire if anyone was willing to assist in selling goods the next few days.

After dining and drinking, everyone responded enthusiastically upon hearing he needed help.

Skinny was the first to speak, "Old Qi, since you asked, we'll definitely assist; everyone's idle anyway."

The person beside them echoed, "Exactly, exactly, Brother Qi, you're too distant; it's just a little favor!"

Qi Yun chuckled and pulled out cigarettes, sharing with everyone, "Thank you, brothers, for the help; won't let you work for free, five hundred yuan a day for labor."

Upon hearing they could earn five hundred a day, everyone's eyes lit up with delight; usually binding steel bars on construction sites, working tirelessly, only earned three to four hundred a day.

Moreover, once winter hit, there was no work at construction sites, causing everyone to seek odd jobs here and there, working one day and resting for three, basically earning nothing.

Though they didn't know why Qi Yun suddenly started selling goods, he made money and still included them; everyone felt grateful.

Skinny excitedly raised his glass, "Old Qi, say no more, I'll drink to that!"

"Brother Qi, rest assured, we'll shout out loud tomorrow!"

"..."

Due to needing to work tomorrow, the feast didn't last long, and everyone dispersed early.

After a busy day, Qi Yun returned to his rental room and fell asleep deeply.

Upon waking, it was already past seven in the morning.

Opening his eyes, he suddenly remembered he hadn't checked today's intelligence, so immediately summoned the panel.

[Today's intelligence (Red): Shen Wanting and Qiu Jiahao applied for divorce registration at the civil affairs bureau yesterday, currently in a 30-day cooling-off period]

Divorce?

After clearly reading the intelligence, Qi Yun paused slightly.

He didn't care whether these two would divorce; Shen Wanting, that woman, he had seen through long ago.

Can share wealth, but not hardships.

Now thinking back, when the two divorced, if he hadn't transferred 50% property rights of the house to his daughter, she might not have agreed to live with the daughter.

According to that woman's character, how much of the three thousand yuan monthly child support actually went to the daughter...

But if they do divorce and Shen Wanting loses her financial source, it should favor getting back custody of his daughter, right?

After considering briefly, Qi Yun shook his head and stopped thinking about it; there's still a month anyway.

To forge ahead, one must rely on oneself; for now, the most important thing is to earn money and provide better living conditions for his daughter.

After a simple wash, he dressed and went out, heading to a breakfast shop to buy bags of steamed buns, then proceeded to Old Wang's backyard.

It's not yet eight o'clock, but Liu Meng and Wei Yong were already waiting early in the yard.

Seeing Qi Yun coming, the two rubbed their hands and stood up.

Qi Yun smiled as he passed the buns over, "Why didn't you two go up to my room since you came early, have you eaten? Let's eat some buns first."

Wei Yong accepted the buns with a simple smile and said, "Just arrived for a while, didn't want to disturb your rest."

Liu Meng echoed, "I just got here too."

At that moment, Little Yellow heard the noise in the yard, and the light came on inside.

He opened the door sleepily, seeing it was Qi Yun and his group, then invited them inside.

Then, the truck driver and Skinny's group gradually arrived, and after breakfast, they began loading goods swiftly.

In over half an hour, even Wei Yong's small truck was entirely loaded.

Qi Yun, Wei Yong and his wife, Little Yellow, and Liu Meng each went to different locations, responsible for both selling goods and collecting money.

Skinny followed Qi Yun onto a truck, and as the vehicle started, the radio broadcasted the morning news.

"Due to the continuous blizzard and extreme cold weather, since yesterday, most airports in Jiang Province announced temporary closures, along with railways and highways..."

Chapter 24: Chapter 24: Three Chapters Today, Please Keep Reading

New District Market, just at the break of dawn, quite a few vendors had already arrived early.

There was no choice; this kind of market, unlike a vegetable market, doesn't have fixed stalls. If you come late, there's simply no spot.

Qi Yun and the others picked a spot near the center, parked the car, and took out dozens of boxes of frozen shrimp to place in front of them. Soon, the peculiar small loudspeaker started happily announcing.

The driver rummaged from under the seat for a small stove, lit a few pieces of charcoal, and the three of them sat around it. Their frostbitten hands finally felt a hint of warmth.

Qi Yun took out his phone, wanting to check today's news, but saw a message from the boss who wholesaled the frozen shrimp to him.

"Boss, the price of large frozen shrimp has risen to 350 per box today. I had to bring in other people's goods to sell to you. My phone's been ringing off the hook all morning, and I'm getting cursed out."

The voice on the other end sounded very frustrated. Qi Yun smiled wryly, not knowing how to comfort him.

Missing an opportunity often feels more disheartening than never having it at all.

At the same time, Wei Yong also sent him a message, bubbling with barely contained excitement.

"Old Qi, my girl went to the supermarket to look. Today, frozen shrimp's retail price is 80 per kilogram, and the smaller ones are selling for 65."

In six days, it's the Spring Festival, and last night's government notice predicted extreme weather conditions will last for about ten more days.

So price hikes are inevitably the trend, even though the government has ample reserves of staples, those only include some grains, vegetables, and standard meats.

Seafood like frozen shrimp is not part of the conventional reserve materials.

And such seafood is precisely an essential dish for the New Year's Eve dinner, especially since kids love eating it. Naturally, prices are rising rapidly.

Qi Yun explained the situation to Skinny. As he was just putting his phone away, a bespectacled lady approached the stall.

She looked at the foam box on the ground with the lid open, then raised her head and asked, "Boss, why are your shrimps so expensive? Last week I bought them for 230 per box."

Before Qi Yun could respond, Skinny had already stood up, smiling as he explained, "Madam, our cost price for these shrimps is 340 per box. We're only making a few bucks off it as a hard-earned fee.

They're selling for 80 per kilogram in supermarkets today. You can go and check if you don't believe me."

The lady looked suspicious, shook her head, and walked away.

As time went on, more people gradually filled the market. Many heard the little loudspeaker announcing South American prawns at 350 per box and curiously came over to take a look.

However, none of them bought any, believing Qi Yun and the others were arbitrarily pricing them.

After a few attempts, Skinny couldn't help but worry, frowning as he turned to Qi Yun and said, "Old Qi, we're not selling these overpriced, are we? Why is no one buying?"

Qi Yun's face showed no sign of impatience, calmly smiling, "Don't rush; let's wait and see."

By noon, the internet started flooding with news that most living supplies had increased in price.

One person was complaining online, "Why are the prices so ridiculous around the New Year? I just bought some lamb at the wholesale market, and it was 60 per kilo!"

"What's that compared to me? I bought shrimp for 80 a kilo at the supermarket this morning."

"Haven't you seen the news? The price hike isn't just because it's almost New Year; the snow is too heavy, lots of goods can't be transported, so the prices are rising."

"..."

As the news spread more, Qi Yun and the others, who had waited for hours, finally welcomed their first business deal.

A young lady came to the stall, looked at the quality of the prawns, then directly addressed Skinny, "Boss, give me a box of these."

"Alright." Skinny, hearing that, immediately beamed with joy, swiftly wiped the snow off the foam box, tied it up with a string, and handed it to her.

Soon after came the second, then the third.

"Boss, give me a big box!"

"I want two small ones! Can you give me a discount?"

"..."

The customers started coming one after another, and Qi Yun was busy collecting money while continually handing products to them.

Two hundred boxes of frozen shrimp were sold out in just over three hours.

Skinny's face was flushed with excitement, rubbing his hands, he said, "Old Qi, who'd have thought, they sold out so quickly!"

Qi Yun was in a good mood too, patting his shoulder, "Come on, let's head back."

The three packed up and drove away in the truck.

Not far from their stall, two faces were looking dejectedly as the truck's taillights disappeared into the distance.

One of them said, frustrated, "Bro, why are they daring to sell at 350 a box? They've stolen all our business—we haven't sold a single box all day."

The other person sighed helplessly, "How would I know? Our cost price is already 350; we can't sell at a loss."

...

Qi Yun and the others returned to the courtyard in Xia Ping Village, finding that Wei Yong had beaten them back.

But then it made sense, Wei Yong and their team were setting up near a large supermarket, so they likely heard about the price hike earlier.

Seeing Qi Yun and the others come back, Wei Yong quickly came up, full of excitement, "Old Qi, today's business was great; tonight we must celebrate properly!"

Qi Yun nodded with a smile, "Sure, later we'll find a good restaurant and have a nice meal."

The group entered Old Wang's store to rest, where Old Wang had boiled a kettle of hot water and poured each of them a cup of tea.

Then he sat down beside Qi Yun, asking, "Looks like things turned out well?"

Qi Yun took a sip of hot tea and nodded, "Yeah, it went alright."

Upon hearing this, Old Wang chuckled, leaned in, and whispered, "Then about that thing you mentioned before regarding interest..."

"What interest?" Qi Yun turned his head, looking at him in surprise.

Seeing this, Old Wang immediately put on a mock angry face, "Ah, you kid, if that's how it is, tonight I'll have to eat two boxes of your shrimp!"

"Fine, eat to your heart's content." Qi Yun laughed, knowing he was joking.

But even if Old Wang didn't want the interest later, Qi Yun would still give it to Little Blonde.

They hadn't sat for long before others also started coming back one after another, all with jubilant expressions.

Especially Wei Yong's wife, whose smile couldn't be contained.

Busy for most of the day, from morning until now, they hadn't eaten yet, so the group headed grandly to the Szechuan restaurant from the previous day.

Old Wang had to watch over the store, so he didn't join them.

More than a dozen people filled a large table with dishes. After eating and drinking, Qi Yun immediately settled the wages for everyone.

Once everyone had dispersed, Wei Yong and his wife, Little Blonde, and Liu Meng followed Qi Yun to his rented room.

The small house suddenly felt crowded once five people squeezed in.

However, none of them seemed to mind and quickly found places to sit before starting to sum up the day's earnings.

Qi Yun's team sold 200 boxes today, a hundred of each size, totaling 62,700 yuan in revenue.

Some customers bought two or three boxes at a time, requesting discounts of ten or twenty yuan, which was quite normal.

Aside from Wei Yong, it was almost the same for the others as well.

Because Wei Yong's truck couldn't hold that much cargo, he came back halfway to load another batch, selling a total of 150 boxes and earning 49,000 yuan.

Altogether, the five of them made nearly 300,000!

This was just the first day, and already they had recouped half their investment. They still had over two thousand boxes left to sell.

Qi Yun immediately took out a notebook to start accounting and distribute the money.

Chapter 25: Chapter 25: How Did He Die?

The total purchase cost was 548,000.

The wages for the four drivers yesterday and today totaled 9,200, and it's expected to take two more days, totaling 8,000.

Also, the wages for Skinny and his six people today are 3,000, with 6,000 for the next two days.

Liu Meng's wages for three days are 3,000.

These are the major expenses; as for other expenses like food, Qi Yun just paid out of his own pocket.

After careful calculation, the total cost is 577,000.

In terms of investment proportion, Wei Yong invested 170,000, which is 29.46%.

Old Feng invested 70,000, which is 12.13%.

Peng Ge invested 50,000, which is 9.67%.

Little Huangmao invested 7,000, which is 1.22%.

While Qi Yun himself invested 270,000, plus the wages advanced for these two days, which is 47.52%.

After dividing the money according to their respective proportions, everyone happily went home.

Only Liu Meng walked to the door and returned, frowning as he sat down again.

Qi Yun looked at him in confusion and asked, "What's wrong, Meng Ge?"

Liu Meng thought for a moment and said, "I just helped you sell some goods, and you gave me 1,000 bucks, isn't that a bit too much? Others only got 500."

Qi Yun smiled, thinking this guy is really an honest man.

He patted Liu Meng on the shoulder and put on a serious expression: "Meng Ge, you're being too polite. You not only helped sell the goods, but also ran around a lot. You deserve this money."

Liu Meng was still a bit hesitant, scratching his head and saying, "That's true, but I feel a little embarrassed."

"You've earned it through your hard work. I trust you to help collect the money; I can't trust others.

If you feel uneasy, after these few busy days, catch some fish and invite me over for a drink at your place."

Upon hearing this, Liu Meng finally stood up and said, "Alright, after we're done, I'll invite you over for a good drink."

Qi Yun nodded with a smile: "Great! Hurry back home, it's not early anymore."

After sending off Liu Meng, Qi Yun transferred the shares to Old Feng and Peng Ge.

He then sent a message summarizing the day's situation.

Besides expressing astonishment at the high profits, the two had no unnecessary courteous thanks.

Today's income was 142,000, and together with the 100,000 worth of jade sold yesterday, Qi Yun now had nearly 250,000 in his account.

Thinking for a moment, he immediately transferred 110,000 to Old Wang to repay him first.

Minutes later, he received a text reminder of a 10,000 deposit.

Old Wang returned 10,000 to him.

Qi Yun smiled and shook his head, not insisting anymore, deciding to repay Little Huangmao together in a few days.

With 150,000 left, after selling these goods, there should be enough to repay the bank.

However, he still planned to call to discuss with the other party if some interest could be waived.

The 150,000 debt from two years ago, with compound interest, had now reached 210,000 on the bill...

"A little less is still something..."

Feeling bored, Qi Yun lay on the bed, casually watching the news on his phone.

Suddenly, a local news headline caught his eye.

"Qiu Yuanshan, Deputy Secretary of Kaiyuan Street, suffered from a sudden illness, failed to be rescued, and unfortunately passed away the day before yesterday."

Qiu Yuanshan!

Qi Yun's heart skipped a beat.

Was it the guy mentioned in the previous intel?

How did he just die?

He clicked on the headline to enter the details, browsed through, and then started searching online for information about the person.

Qiu Yuanshan, male, Han ethnicity...

As he swiped the screen with his fingers, a photo of Qiu Yuanshan appeared before Qi Yun.

His pupils dilated instantly, looking surprised.

"Why does this guy... look kind of like Qiu Jiahao..."

He heard Qiu Jiahao's dad seemed to be a leader on some street, could it be Qiu Yuanshan?

Qi Yun compared a video of Qiu Jiahao and felt more and more that his guess was probably right.

"No wonder Shen Wanting divorced Qiu Jiahao, turns out his dad's gone..."

That connects the dots...

With Qiu Jiahao's temperament, losing his father's protection, who knows what trouble he might get into in the future. His father's tainted money might soon be squandered by him.

Seeing the situation, Shen Wanting quickly made a cut; now divorced, she might even get a share.

Fits her style of doing things.

Good at judging the situation, as always, is this woman's strong suit.

As for that black USB drive... now that Qiu Yuanshan is gone, probably no one will trace it anymore, right?

Unless there's a third person who knows about the USB... but that probability seems quite small.

After figuring these things out, Qi Yun didn't dwell on it anymore and continued scrolling through the news.

Time quietly passed, finally reaching midnight.

[Today's Intelligence (Red): The New District Court will conduct a second auction today for a housing unit at Vanke Mansion. Due to the owner's complex social relationships, no one is willing to bid.

The owner is implicated in multiple criminal cases and was arrested in another location by the security authorities last night.

Basic information of the house: Vanke Mansion Building 2, Room 301, with a construction area of 68.21 square meters, starting price 362,200, equivalent to a starting unit price of about 5,309 per square meter.]

Seeing the unit price of a little over five thousand per square meter, Qi Yun almost split his face with a smile.

Vanke Mansion is considered a relatively good community in this city, with market resale prices not below 10,000 per square meter.

Because auctioned properties might have many hidden problems, like ownership issues, mortgage issues, or residents refusing to move out.

So, people are generally cautious about such properties, fearing a loss of money.

However, according to the intelligence, it seems that the original owner is simply difficult to deal with, and no one dares to buy it.

It's like finding a great deal.

A nearly 70 square meter house is probably a one-bedroom, Qi Yun decided to buy it first. Later, he could either live in it or rent it out.

He immediately looked up the process for participating in a property auction online, then registered and paid a 40,000 deposit on the auction system.

If he successfully bid, the remaining payment for the house must be paid in full within 15 days.

Once those frozen shrimps are sold, he should have around 300,000 coming in, so Qi Yun wasn't too worried about not being able to pay the balance.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, a few trucks loaded with frozen shrimp set off again from Xia Ping Village.

Qi Yun chose the same old spot from yesterday, and just after setting up the stall, customers started coming over to buy.

After a day of fermentation, the price increase news had completely spread.

The glasses-wearing aunt from yesterday morning came back again, and this time without saying much, bought two pieces directly.

Before long, Qi Yun's stall was swarmed with people.

This scene made the two middle-aged men not far away very envious.

"Bro, they sold so much yesterday, how come they haven't sold out and are back today? Should we change places to sell?"

"These days, this market has the most people. Where else can we go?" The other middle-aged man looked displeased, thought for a moment, and then whispered, "How about this..."

Chapter 26: Chapter 26: Rivals in the Trade

"Look at this! I bought shrimp from you earlier, and I didn't pay attention when I bought them. But when I got home and opened it, there was only half a box inside!"

"Ah! Is this how you do business? Who would dare to buy anything from you now? Everyone, come and take a look!"

In front of Qi Yun's stall, a middle-aged man in a green military coat, his face flushed, was shouting loudly, emotionally agitated.

His piercing voice instantly attracted the attention of passersby, who gathered around, curious.

Some customers who were originally about to pay Qi Yun also unconsciously stopped and looked toward the middle-aged man.

Qi Yun frowned slightly, sizing up the middle-aged man in front of him.

If it was just a matter of noticing the wrong quantity of shrimp, a normal person might have come to negotiate first, instead of immediately getting so angry.

Moreover, looking at the box placed on the ground, the number was unusually low, a 5 kg foam box was at most packed two-thirds full.

If it really was lacking so much, the weight would be significantly less; with three people selling, they couldn't possibly miss that.

Thinking of this, he instantly judged that the man must be here to stir up trouble.

By this time, some people nearby had started whispering: "I was planning to buy some shrimp from him, but I didn't expect them to be short in weight, better switch to another place."

"Exactly, it's so expensive, and short in weight too, how unethical."

"..."

The chatter around reached Skinny's ears, and he immediately felt angry, wanting to go up and have a word with the middle-aged man.

However, Qi Yun quickly grabbed him, then swiftly scanned the surroundings.

Sure enough, not far away, another middle-aged man in a military coat was standing there, with a sinister smile on his face, closely watching the commotion over here.

Qi Yun understood, calmly giving Skinny some instructions in a low voice.

Skinny nodded slightly and then quickly left.

Then Qi Yun turned his gaze back to the middle-aged man, with a meaningful smile on his face.

He slowly said, "Alright, since you think that box of shrimp is lacking in quantity, I'll give you a replacement. How about that?"

The middle-aged man was slightly stunned, evidently surprised that Qi Yun didn't argue with him at all.

But he quickly resumed his angry expression, sneering, "Hmph, now saying you'll replace it, who knows if your other goods are also short in weight?"

Qi Yun listened without getting angry, speaking calmly: "Then tell me, how do you want to resolve this?"

The middle-aged man saw Qi Yun being so agreeable and became even more brazen, crossing his arms: "By rule, if the weight is short, you have to refund me three times the money; otherwise, you won't be selling here today!"

Qi Yun was of course aware that the man's goal wasn't the few hundred bucks but to make him admit his goods were underweight.

He calmly took out his phone, checked the time.

Then he took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep breath, slowly saying, "Let me think about it."

The people around, seeing his weak attitude, started to suspect if the shrimp he sold were indeed short in quantity.

The middle-aged man, on the other hand, was visibly impatient, shouting loudly: "It's such a small matter, what is there to think about? Hurry up and refund! Or else, I'll call the municipal supervision department!"

Someone nearby chimed in: "Exactly, if there's a problem, just refund."

"My neighbor recommended this place yesterday; I better remind her to check if the shrimp are weighted properly."

"..."

Right then, Skinny finally returned, with a plainly dressed old lady following behind him.

He was panting as he said to Qi Yun, "It's from the same line of business, I didn't see any surveillance there as you said, but asked a few other stall owners, and this lady saw it."

The moment the middle-aged man saw this old lady, his face changed drastically, a bad premonition arose in his mind, and he immediately tried to slip away.

But Qi Yun had been keeping an eye on him and immediately called out to him: "Hey, don't leave, don't you want your money?"

Skinny stepped forward quickly, grabbing the middle-aged man's arm.

"I've sold over a thousand boxes in these two days, and you're the first one to claim a shortage."

"What really happened, let's have this lady tell everyone."

The old lady heard, looked at Qi Yun, and softly said: "As discussed, two boxes of shrimp for me, right?"

Qi Yun smiled and nodded: "Rest assured, you'll be able to take them away later."

Confirmed, the old lady then stepped forward, raising her voice: "I'm selling radishes at the stall too; these two guys have their stall opposite mine, selling frozen shrimp too, but they priced it at 380 per box, and no one was buying.

I saw them whispering for a long time, then this guy in the green coat came over to buy shrimp.

I didn't pay any mind at the time, but after a while, I saw him take the shrimp back and fiddle with the other person in the box, then reseal the box."

The nearby customers, hearing the old lady's words, burst into a commotion, all turning their gaze towards the middle-aged man.

"Sure enough, purposely finding fault! I thought it was off, how could he not notice if half the shrimp were missing when buying?"

"Too much, using such dirty tricks just to steal business!"

"Exactly, people like this should be chased out of the market!"

The middle-aged man's face flushed instantly, loudly defending himself: "You're lying! You're in cahoots with them."

But the old lady, with her hands on her hips, confidently said: "I saw it myself, and my daughter saw it too, don't you dare deny it!"

The man was left speechless by the old lady's retort, his eyes shifting, clearly lacking confidence.

Having achieved his aim, Qi Yun didn't want to drag it out any further, motioning Skinny to let go of the man.

After all, the delay would affect his earnings.

He had seen such cheap tricks many times, too lazy to waste energy on them.

The middle-aged man rubbed his arm where he was grabbed, his face alternating between pale and flushed.

The surrounding customers still pointed at him, their eyes full of disdain.

Seeing this, Qi Yun called out: "Alright, those wanting to buy, hurry up, not much left!"

"If you're not secure, you can add me on WeChat, and if the goods are genuinely problematic, contact me with a photo first, guaranteed replacement!"

Upon hearing this, all doubts evaporated in the crowd, rushing in to buy.

The old lady also left smiling, holding her two boxes of frozen shrimp.

The brief farce didn't affect Qi Yun's business much, as he sold 150 boxes in two hours alone.

Sensing it was still early, he decided to have the driver and Skinny go back for another load, while he stayed to sell the remaining fifty boxes.

The market seemed busier than yesterday; by nearly four o'clock, not only were the remaining fifty boxes sold, but the additional load brought later also completely sold out.

After packing up, Qi Yun let Skinny and the driver head back first.

He himself walked to the roadside, hailed a taxi, and headed straight for Vanke Mansion.

Chapter 27: Chapter 27: Death God's Gaze

If I remember correctly, Vanke Mansion was built around '18, the ads were everywhere at that time, even Qi Yun received a flyer.

This community isn't particularly large, with only 12 buildings in total, but the environment is pretty nice, with birds chirping and flowers in bloom.

After entering the community, Qi Yun was about to ask the security guard for the location of the property management office when a woman approached him.

She was holding a thick stack of documents in one hand and was on the phone with the other, walking briskly in high heels.

Perhaps because she was looking down while talking on the phone, she didn't notice Qi Yun in front of her and ended up bumping right into his chest.

"Ah!"

The woman exclaimed in surprise, staggered, and was about to fall backward.

Luckily, Qi Yun reacted quickly and instinctively reached out to steady her, preventing her from falling, though the papers she was carrying scattered all over the ground.

"Sorry! Sorry!" The woman quickly lifted her head, steadied herself, and hurriedly apologized.

Qi Yun released her arm and shook his head slightly: "Are you okay?"

The woman said with an apologetic tone: "I'm... I'm fine, sorry, I didn't see you because I was on the phone."

Qi Yun waved his hand, crouched down to help her gather the scattered papers, and then stood up to hand them over.

A hint of blush crossed the woman's fair and delicate face as she took the documents and tucked her hair behind her ear, thanking softly, "Thank you!"

Qi Yun nodded and continued walking into the community.

Inside the property management office, the manager was a middle-aged man in his forties. Qi Yun handed him a cigarette and began inquiring about Room 301 in Building 2.

The manager was clearly familiar with this property; hearing half of it, he already understood Qi Yun's intention.

He said with a complex expression, "Brother, you must have seen the auction information too, right? Many people have come to ask about it these past two months."

"Take my advice, don't get involved with that property, you might lose your money."

Qi Yun feigned confusion: "Oh? What's going on?"

"The homeowner isn't easy to deal with and has been mixing around; I've heard he has two other properties elsewhere, all enforced by the court.

Previously, someone bought one of his other properties and ended up being harassed constantly, with threats of paint being splashed at the door or glass being smashed at night — they finally couldn't take it anymore and sold at a low price."

The manager sighed: "That's why I advise you not to buy his property, or else you'll face endless trouble."

Qi Yun nodded: "I see, so how is the property?"

"The property is quite nice, with fine decoration. It was once lived in by a woman for a while before she moved out."

"Alright, thank you."

After understanding the situation, Qi Yun thanked the manager and turned to leave.

Checking the time, it was almost five o'clock. He went to a pavilion in the community to wait for the auction to start.

All aspects of this property were good, with nearby malls, schools, and hospitals complementing it perfectly. Now, with no worries, purchasing it would mean profit.

Qi Yun lit a cigarette and waited quietly.

The auction started promptly at 5 o'clock, unsurprisingly, there were few participants.

The starting bid was 362,200, and Qi Yun directly bid 363,000.

After finishing a cigarette, no one else bid besides him, so Qi Yun didn't pay further attention.

The auction would last for 24 hours, he'd just check again tomorrow.

But given the circumstances, it's likely nobody would step up to compete with him.

...

Back in Xia Ping Village, everyone selling goods gradually returned.

Qi Yun invited everyone to the same restaurant from last night for a meal, spending 485 yuan.

The others sold about the same quantity of frozen shrimp as yesterday, but Qi Yun's side sold 200 more items.

In total, they received 363,000 yuan, Qi Yun shared 172,500 yuan.

After everyone left, Qi Yun lay on the bed and checked his mobile bank balance, which was now at 322,000.

Today, the bank also replied, if he repaid the debt in full at once, they would try to waive the interest and penalty, leaving him to pay only 150,000 of the principal.

This was undoubtedly good news, saving more than 60,000 yuan.

Putting down the phone, Qi Yun picked out a set of autumn clothes and underwear to get ready for a bathhouse visit.

As soon as he reached the entrance of the bathhouse, he heard a burst of laughter from the massage shop opposite.

Looking up, he saw the massage shop door ajar, with dim lighting inside and a few scantily dressed women laughing around a man.

At the shop's entrance, a charming middle-aged woman was smoking, her golden curls particularly striking.

She noticed Qi Yun on the opposite side, a shrewd glint in her eyes, followed by a faint smile as she blew a smoke ring toward him.

"Qi Yun, coming to bathe so late? Come to my shop for a massage afterward."

Qi Yun showed a bitter smile; every time he came for a bath, he was flirted with by Sister Xia.

Though he's never visited her shop, Skinny and his pals have said before that despite the dim and suggestive atmosphere, Sister Xia's shop only offers spiritual entertainment and pure massage.

Thus, after being deceived once, the younger ones never went back.

In contrast, someone like Old Wang, who enjoys such spiritual exchanges, remains enthused.

Qi Yun was about to politely decline when footsteps suddenly sounded behind him, followed by a chill on his back.

As if being stared at by the Grim Reaper.

"Ahem!"

Turning his head, he saw Old Wang appear unexpectedly, glaring at him sternly.

Qi Yun smiled awkwardly and quickly entered the bathhouse.

After he left, Old Wang replaced with an ingratiating expression, smiling as he approached Sister Xia.

...

[Time remaining until next information update 1 minute]

[Today's information (red): Manager Sun from Nanhua Textile Factory's Procurement Department received a task to customize 4,500 uniforms for factory employees.]

After reading the information, Qi Yun immediately had a flash of inspiration.

Since the apple incident last time and dealing with Manager Sun, he felt the person was decent and upright.

If he visited, there might be a chance to secure the order.

Coincidentally, Brother Peng's factory specializes in clothing, business has been bleak these past two years, and he sold the house he used to live in just to keep the factory running.

If he could land this business, it could help relieve some pressure.

With New Year's holiday approaching in a few days, it's best to secure this deal early and sign the contract before the year-end.

Thinking of this, he immediately called Brother Peng.

"Hello, old Qi." On the other end, Brother Peng's voice sounded weary, accompanied by a child's cries and a woman's curses, vividly painting the scene.

No matter how loving a couple once was, life's trivialities gradually wear down their patience.

Qi Yun tentatively asked, "Should I call you tomorrow instead?"

There was a brief silence before the response: "No need, go ahead."

Chapter 28: Chapter 28: Variables

Qi Yun briefly told Peng Fei about the textile factory order situation.

Peng Fei on the other end of the phone listened, eyes slightly widening, raising his voice unconsciously, "You know their purchasing manager?"

"We've dealt with each other, so we're somewhat acquainted." Qi Yun answered truthfully.

"Alright! Tomorrow I'll come find you, and we'll go together!"

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun let out a long sigh.

Life for middle-aged people is never easy...

The market was even more crowded the next day than the previous days.

The 200 items Qi Yun and the others brought were snatched up within two hours, so he quickly had Skinny and the driver go back to bring over the remaining goods.

Before three in the afternoon, except for two items specifically kept aside, everything else was sold out.

He transferred 700 yuan from his bank card to a dedicated Alipay account, as the two boxes of shrimp were bought with his own money, intended to be gifted to Manager Sun at the textile factory later.

After letting the driver and the others return first, Qi Yun called Peng Fei, and after about half an hour, a black Sagitar stopped by the roadside.

Peng Fei got out of the car, looking tired, patted Qi Yun on the shoulder, and the two of them loaded the frozen shrimp onto the car, heading towards the textile factory.

Arriving at the factory zone, Qi Yun had Peng Fei wait in the car first, while he carried the two boxes of shrimp and knocked on Manager Sun's office door.

After hearing a "come in" from inside, he pushed the door open and walked in.

Manager Sun saw it was Qi Yun, enthusiastically got up to greet him, "What wind blew you here?"

Qi Yun smiled, "It's almost New Year, so I'm here to wish you in advance, and brought some frozen shrimp from home for you to try."

Manager Sun looked at the two foam boxes on the floor and said with a smile, "Why so formal? Next time, don't bring anything."

The two boxes of shrimp weren't anything valuable; if Qi Yun actually brought something expensive, he really wouldn't accept it.

After sitting down, Manager Sun poured him a cup of hot tea, and they chatted about some casual topics.

Then Qi Yun got to the point, cleared his throat and asked, "Manager Sun, actually aside from an early New Year visit, I wanted to ask you about something."

Manager Sun raised an eyebrow slightly, still smiling, gesturing for him to continue, "Oh? What's the matter, go ahead. As long as it's something I can help with, I certainly won't refuse."

Qi Yun rubbed his hands and continued, "I heard that the factory is planning to order some work uniforms for the staff? I wonder if that's true."

"Old Qi, your information sure is quick." Manager Sun glanced at him in surprise and replied straightforwardly, "Indeed it is, decided just a few days ago."

"Why? Do you deal in clothing?"

"I don't do clothing business." Qi Yun quickly waved his hands, smiling as he explained, "I have a very good friend who runs a clothing factory."

I understand the factory has strict requirements for custom uniforms, but my friend's factory is genuinely capable.

The equipment was newly purchased in recent years, all advanced stuff, and the workers are experienced hands, very meticulous craftsmanship."

"So I thought I'd ask if there's a chance to compete for the factory's order?"

Manager Sun listened to Qi Yun, nodded slightly, showing a thoughtful expression.

He leaned back in his chair, was silent for a while, then spoke, "Old Qi, I trust your character. Since it's your friend, you can have him come to the factory and discuss."

"However, there's something I need to clarify first. This custom uniform thing isn't something I can decide alone; it needs approval from another vice president."

Qi Yun felt a surge of joy, though not reaching his expected target, he had secured an opportunity.

He quickly responded, "I understand, I understand. Thank you, Manager Sun, for recognizing me. My friend is waiting outside, how about I have him come in and talk to you now?"

"Haha, it seems you've prepared in advance." Manager Sun laughed, pointing at Qi Yun, "Alright, I have nothing pressing at the moment, let him come over."

Having received the answer, Qi Yun took out his phone and sent a message to Peng Fei.

Soon, Peng Fei knocked on the door and came in.

He held a folder in one hand, containing design drafts, and a bag in the other with some samples of previous work uniforms.

It was clear he was well-prepared for this opportunity.

"Hello, Manager Sun, I'm Peng Fei." Peng Fei stepped forward a few steps, smiling, and extended his hand.

Manager Sun stood up, shook hands with Peng Fei, "Hello, hello, please have a seat."

"Old Qi mentioned your clothing factory wants to take our order. There's some time now, why don't you tell me more about your factory?"

After sitting down, Peng Fei didn't engage in much small talk, placing the folder and the bag of uniforms on the table beside him.

He cleared his throat and started the introduction, "Manager Sun, here's the thing. Our factory updated a batch of advanced equipment a couple of years ago, like cutting machines and sewing machines, which are quite leading in the industry..."

After Peng Fei's introduction, he showed the design drafts and work uniform samples to Manager Sun.

Manager Sun listened quietly at the side, occasionally nodding.

A few minutes later, Peng Fei finished his introduction and looked expectantly at him.

Manager Sun picked up a few pieces of work uniforms, inspected them carefully, then looked at Peng Fei, "The craftsmanship of your clothing factory is indeed good, I'm personally quite satisfied."

"But as I mentioned to Old Qi earlier, this matter still requires the approval of another vice president; if you can get his consent, I won't have any issues here.

As for price and production time, we can discuss them later."

Peng Fei was delighted upon hearing Manager Sun's words, immediately responded, "Manager Sun, thank you very much for your recognition of our factory."

Manager Sun waved, "No need for thanks, that vice president's surname is Liu, his office is at the stairway corner over there."

At this moment, Qi Yun also stood up, gave Peng Fei a look, signaling him to wait outside for himself.

Then he smiled at Manager Sun, offering a cigarette, and said, "Manager Sun, would it be possible to introduce us?"

Manager Sun took the cigarette and sighed, "Old Qi, it's not that I'm unwilling to help you, honestly speaking, that Vice President Liu and I don't get along.

If I were to take you guys, there's a good chance you won't get the order."

Qi Yun listened, thoughtfully nodded, and didn't pursue the topic further.

After finishing the cigarette, he got up to say goodbye.

Outside the door, Peng Fei instantly came up, "How did it go?"

Qi Yun shook his head, "They have conflicts, we can only rely on ourselves to try."

Peng Fei's expression didn't change much, he patted Qi Yun's arm, "At least we're halfway successful now, so let's go meet that Vice President Liu."

"Let's move."

Chapter 29: Chapter 29: Let's Talk Tonight

In the office, a middle-aged man with a plump figure was leisurely sitting in a chair, sipping tea.

Just then, there was a soft knock on the door from outside.

Vice President Liu frowned slightly, put down his teacup, and said, "Come in."

The door slowly opened, and Qi Yun and Peng entered.

Peng wore a polite smile on his face, speaking first: "Hello Mr. Liu, sorry to disturb you."

Vice President Liu looked them up and down, puzzled: "Who are you?"

Peng took a step forward and explained the purpose of their visit: "We are from Xingxin Clothing Factory, and we heard that your factory wants to order a batch of work clothes for the staff recently. So we came to visit you, hoping for an opportunity to collaborate."

"Oh." Vice President Liu responded with obvious disinterest, pointing to the chairs opposite: "This matter, have a seat."

After speaking, he lowered his head and continued to play with the exquisite teacup in his hand.

Qi Yun and Peng exchanged a glance, realizing that things might not be so easy.

Peng took a deep breath, trying to maintain a smile on his face, and started briefly introducing their factory.

Vice President Liu didn't look up the entire time and even yawned midway.

Only when Peng finished, did he finally lift his head, smile, and say, "This order is very important to our factory. Before you came, three other clothing factories have already spoken to me.

Here's what we'll do, go back first, and we'll find a place to talk in detail tonight."

Upon hearing this, the two understood what he meant — clearly, he's hungry for a bite.

As for how much he wants to eat, that is unknown.

Although Peng felt helpless inside, he kept the smile on his face, having become used to such situations.

"Sure, thank you Mr. Liu. I wonder if you could leave me a phone number, and I'll find a place for us to chat tonight."

Mr. Liu finally showed a hint of a smile on his round, chubby face, and pushed over a business card from the desk: "Sure, I don't like hotpot."

Peng hurriedly accepted the business card with both hands, carefully placed it in his pocket, his face full of a flattering smile: "Alright, I'll definitely find a place that suits your taste tonight."

"Then Mr. Liu, we'll take our leave."

Vice President Liu nodded, leaned back on the chair, and said no more.

Seeing this, Peng bent over and stepped back two paces before leaving the office together with Qi Yun.

Once out the door, the smile on Peng's face vanished instantly, replaced by a look of concern.

Qi Yun patted his arm, and the two headed towards the parking lot.

Inside the car, they each lit a cigarette, Peng took a deep drag before speaking slowly: "If this order goes through, it's estimated to bring in a profit of 150,000.

I'm planning to give him 80,000, and you take 70,000."

Qi Yun shook his head after hearing that: "Don't worry about my side, Manager Sun doesn't need any handouts, and I've earned some money selling goods these days, so I'm good."

"But judging from Vice President Liu's attitude, his appetite might be quite large."

Peng didn't insist after hearing this and just frowned and sighed: "I also know he has a big appetite, but even if this deal doesn't make money, I've got to take it. The machines sitting idle cost money every day."

Qi Yun felt empathetic listening; his former company had also gone through such a predicament.

You either give up and go back to square one,

or gritting your teeth against the odds, hoping for a glimmer of hope but risk ending up in deep debt and becoming destitute.

Just like he once did.

No doubt most people would choose the latter.

Having once had it good, how could one be willing to see it vanish?

Looking through the car window at the blue sky, Qi Yun's thoughts drifted back to those dark times.

The stress, the agony, countless sleepless nights filled with torment and helplessness, as if trapped in a deep abyss.

But he pulled through, hoping to help his friend pull through too.

The car returned to Xia Ping Village, and as Qi Yun got out, he asked Peng: "Want to come over to my place for a bit?"

Peng shook his head with a bitter smile: "I have to arrange tonight's matters, see which upscale restaurant offers discounts."

"Alright, call me tonight."

Watching the other leave, Qi Yun sighed as it was almost five o'clock, quickly pulling out his phone to check the auction platform.

As expected, he was the only one to bid on the house.

Time slowly ticked by, and the auction ended. Shortly after, he received the notification of the successful bid.

"Hello Qi Yun, you have successfully won the auction for the New District Court's Vanke Mansion auction property. The transaction price is 363,000 yuan. Please pay the remaining amount within 15 days upon receiving this message. If you fail to do so, the deposit will be forfeited."

Qi Yun felt relieved, put away his phone, and walked toward the Sichuan restaurant.

Inside the private room, Wei Yong and others couldn't hide their smiling faces, standing up as Qi Yun entered.

"Old Qi, you finally made it back."

"Hmm, had some matters to attend, got delayed." Qi Yun responded, and continued, "I told you not to wait for me, you all must be hungry after a long day, just start eating."

"No way, you're the main guy, we must wait for you!" Wei Yong laughed, pulling Qi Yun to sit down.

"Right right, without Qi bro, we wouldn't dare to start eating."

Qi Yun shook his head with a helpless smile: "Okay, let's hurry to eat, I'm starving too."

The atmosphere at the table was lively, everyone was happy about making money.

Qi Yun mentioned he still had business, so no one pushed drinks on him, just offered toasts individually.

After the meal, Qi Yun paid the salaries, and Skinny and the driver left first.

"Qi bro, if you need help in the future, just holler."

"Thank the boss for taking care of me, anytime you need me again, just call."

Qi Yun smiled, escorted them out of the restaurant, and returned to the private room for accounting and distributing profits with Wei Yong and others.

All remaining goods sold out, bringing in a total of 339,000, and Qi Yun received nearly 160,000.

Little Blonde also got over four thousand.

Qi Yun transferred him another ten thousand, saying: "This is from Uncle Wang, he doesn't want it, so it's yours."

Little Blonde gleefully took the money, his mouth almost unable to close with his smile: "Thank you, Qi bro!"

After distributing the money, everyone dispersed — before leaving Wei Yong pulled Qi Yun's arm and very sincerely said: "Old Qi, I won't bother with the words of gratitude, anytime you need something just say, if I frown, I'm no man."

Qi Yun offered him a cigarette: "Why say all this, we're all brothers."

Wei Yong nodded: "Okay, no more words, all in my heart."

"Hmm, hurry home, have your wife drive safely."

...

After sending off Wei Yong, Qi Yun returned to his rental room and washed his face.

Then he checked his bank balance on his phone; there was now almost 470,000 in his account, earning close to 200,000 from this frozen shrimp deal.

Subtracting 150,000 to pay off debts, there's still 320,000 left — a bit short of covering the remaining house payment.

But he's not in a hurry, as long as he pays the balance within 15 days.

He put down his phone, changed his clothes, and soon a message from Peng arrived.

Only three words: "Yaxiang Building"

Chapter 30: Chapter 30: Vice President Liu's Swagger

Yaxiang Building is considered a high-end restaurant in this area.

Qi Yun had hosted clients here before; the price was outrageously expensive, and they even charged a 10% service fee.

The taxi stopped by the roadside, and he could see Brother Peng waiting at the restaurant entrance from afar.

Qi Yun walked over and offered a cigarette, "Haven't they arrived yet?"

Brother Peng took the cigarette, lit it up, and frowned, "We agreed on eight o'clock, but I got a message earlier saying they'll be a bit late."

Qi Yun sighed, there was no choice; this is how it is when you need something from someone.

Snowflakes drifted from the sky as the two waited silently in the cold wind.

After waiting for more than half an hour, the person still hadn't arrived, and a hint of anxiety appeared on Brother Peng's face.

But in this scenario, it's impossible to just call them; if they wanted the order, they had to wait patiently.

It was the coldest time in Jiang Province, with temperatures below minus ten degrees outside, making them rub their hands and stomp their feet frequently.

After another harsh wait of half an hour, a BMW 5 Series finally appeared in sight.

Vice President Liu's obese body struggled to get out of the back seat, and Qi Yun quickly went forward to greet him.

"Sorry, the road was a bit congested."

Brother Peng bowed with a grin, raising his hand to shield Vice President Liu's head, "It's nothing, we just got here too. You must be tired from the journey, Mr. Liu."

"Exactly." Qi Yun followed suit with a smile, "Mr. Liu, with this cold and frozen weather, it's surely not easy to travel, your presence is an honor to us. Please, let's get inside and warm up." Saying this, Qi Yun gestured for him to enter.

The three stepped into Yaxiang Building, where it was warm as spring inside.

The hostess beamed a warm smile as they entered and guided them to the reserved private room.

Inside the private room, Brother Peng and Qi Yun hurried to seat Vice President Liu.

Brother Peng carefully hung Vice President Liu's coat and then smiled, "Mr. Liu, are you satisfied with the environment here? If not, we can switch to another place."

Qi Yun quickly poured Vice President Liu a cup of hot tea and handed it over, "Mr. Liu, please have a sip of hot tea to warm up."

Vice President Liu accepted the tea cup, took a light sip, and said blandly, "This will do, let's make do."

Upon hearing this, Brother Peng immediately waved at the waiter to serve the dishes.

A variety of dishes with exceptional color, aroma, and taste were placed on the table, and the Boston lobster alone was as long as a forearm.

Looking at the table full of delicacies, Brother Peng's face was full of smiles, "Mr. Liu, these are all signature dishes of the restaurant, please try them and see if they suit your taste."

As he spoke, he picked up the public chopsticks and carefully placed a piece of lobster meat on Vice President Liu's plate.

Vice President Liu glanced at the lobster meat on his plate, nodded slightly, and took a bite with his chopsticks, "Hmm, the taste is pretty good."

His demeanor was as grand as that of the old empress dowager.

Seeing that the other party was fairly satisfied, Brother Peng quickly opened the two bottles of Feitian Moutai on the table and poured it for him.

Vice President Liu lifted his glass, sniffed it at the tip of his nose, and nodded with satisfaction.

He then took a small sip and smacked his lips, "Hmm, nice. You've been thoughtful."

"As long as Mr. Liu is pleased. We wanted to make sure to treat you well today, let you eat happily and drink satisfactorily."

After a round of wine and meat, Vice President Liu's face showed a flush, and he picked up a napkin to wipe his pudgy mouth, letting out a burp.

Brother Peng and Qi Yun exchanged a glance, sensing it was about the right time.

Thus, Brother Peng waved his hand, signaling the waiter to leave first.

Once only the three of them were left in the private room, Brother Peng took a manila envelope out of his bag and placed it in front of Vice President Liu, a pleasing smile on his face.

"Mr. Liu, this is a small token, not worth much. I hope you can consider working with Xingxin Clothing Factory."

When Brother Peng drew his hand back, it was slightly trembling, considering the manila envelope contained eighty thousand yuan.

Adding today's expenses, all the money Qi Yun had transferred to him in the past few days was spent.

Vice President Liu glanced at the thickness of the envelope with a glimmer of greed in his eyes, but quickly regained composure.

He didn't immediately reach out for it but leaned back in his chair, crossing his hands over his belly, and said with a fake smile, "No rush on this matter, I didn't drink to my heart's content just now, shall we go somewhere else for another round?"

Upon hearing this, Brother Peng was a bit unsure of the other party's attitude, but he quickly replied with a smile, "Sure! No problem, I'll arrange it right away."

He spoke as he stepped out of the private room to call and book a high-end business KTV, taking a deep breath to appear more composed before returning to the room.

"Mr. Liu, I've booked a place already, the environment there is very good, shall we move over there now?"

Vice President Liu nodded with a smile upon hearing this.

As he stood up, he unobtrusively picked up the manila envelope and slipped it into his bag.

Brother Peng noticed this and quickly led the way, smiling broadly, "Mr. Liu, watch your step."

Qi Yun also stood up quickly, following behind Brother Peng and Vice President Liu.

The three walked out of Yaxiang Building, and Vice President Liu headed straight to his BMW 5 Series and got into the car.

Brother Peng and Qi Yun hailed a taxi by the roadside, closely trailing behind Vice President Liu's car.

Inside the car, Brother Peng held the bill from earlier, letting out a long sigh.

The meal alone cost sixteen thousand, and it would certainly require more spending later on.

But the only thing to be grateful for was that although the other party hadn't made any promises, at least they accepted the money.

If they could secure the order, everything would be fine, at least the factory could continue operating, and the workers could receive their wages.

Qi Yun patted his shoulder in comfort, "The difficulties will eventually pass; shall I lend you ten thousand yuan first?"

Upon hearing this, Brother Peng shook his head, "You got me such a big order, and I'll borrow money from you, what would I become?"

"Wait, where did you get ten thousand yuan from?"

Qi Yun smiled and explained, "Wasn't I selling lobsters a few days ago? I borrowed some capital from others, and made a small profit this time."

"We're brothers; we don't need to be so calculative. When I was down and out, didn't you also sell your belongings to lend me money?"

Brother Peng waved it off, "My wife borrowed some money from her family; we can manage for now. If I really can't, I'll ask you."

"Alright." Qi Yun nodded without saying much more.

Before long, the car stopped in front of 'Gorgeous Fragrance and Charm.'

A female marketing manager, striding in high heels and wearing a black silk uniform, quickly came up to greet them; though her skin was red from the cold, she still maintained a warm smile on her face.

"Welcome, esteemed guests, to Gorgeous Fragrance and Charm; the private room is ready. Please follow me."

She slightly bowed, gesturing for them to enter, and then led the way.

Vice President Liu swaggered forward, belly out, with Brother Peng and Qi Yun closely following.

The interior was lit with dazzling lights, and the beat of the music could be faintly heard.

The female marketing manager led them to a luxurious suite; opening the door revealed an extravagantly decorated room.

A large crystal chandelier emitted a soft glow, and the wide coffee table was already set with exquisite fruit plates and snacks.

"Esteemed guests, this is our finest room. I hope you'll be satisfied. The drinks will be brought in shortly; if there's anything else you need, just let me know," the female marketing manager said with a smile.

"Alright, call the people in," Vice President Liu waved his hand, casually plopping himself in the middle of the sofa.