

## Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System

### #Chapter 3: Human Connections - Read Solving Middle Age Crisis by Intelligence System Chapter 3: Human Connections

#### **Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Human Connections**

"Impossible! Brother Qi, you must be lying to me! How can Xinxin be a man!"

The young man with yellow hair was agitated, his voice trembling, and his already sharp pitch rose another octave.

Qi Yun looked at the devastated young man in front of him with sympathetic eyes and sighed, "My friend didn't believe it at first either, but later he happened to meet her while delivering food, and that's when he confirmed that she is indeed a man."

"My friend also said that the top supporter in her live stream is called 'King Brother AAA Building Materials Wholesale', which I remember, your Douyin account has a similar name, right?"

Hearing this, the young man's face changed dramatically, as if all strength had been drained from him.

With a "plop", he collapsed onto the bed, clenching his fists, with mist forming in his eyes.

Qi Yun sat at the edge of the bed, patted him on the shoulder, trying to offer some comfort.

"Brother, I know this is a big blow to you. If you really can't accept it, my friend said that Xinxin is actually quite delicate-looking..."

Before he could finish, the young man couldn't hold back anymore and burst into tears with a "wheeze."

He lowered his head, sobbing and choking up, "I spent so much money on her; I thought she was different from the others, that she really understood me..."

Qi Yun lit a cigarette and stopped persuading.

A man has to go through some things to truly grow.

After a long time, the young man was exhausted from crying. He slowly raised his head, his eyes red, and said through gritted teeth, "Brother Qi, give me his address, I need to go get that money back!"

"Alright, I'll ask my friend later and send it to you on WeChat." Qi Yun paused and then continued, "But I think it's best if you bring Wang along."

He was really worried that the young man might do something irrational in a fit of rage.

After all, 'love' is what can most easily cloud one's judgment.

The young man wiped away the tears on his face and nodded, "Don't worry, Brother Qi, I'll confess everything to my dad when I go back."

After sending the young man off, Qi Yun cooked some noodles for himself, finished eating, and then rode his electric scooter to continue taking delivery orders.

Passing by a store, he noticed the door was already closed.

There were more orders in the afternoon, and he worked until nine o'clock in the evening. He made a total of 45 orders today, earning 210 yuan.

When he got home, Qi Yun was so exhausted that he didn't want to move.

After turning thirty, he clearly felt that his body wasn't what it used to be.

But thinking about all the debt he carried, he had to muster the energy to get up from bed.

Just as he was preparing to head out with materials for fried rice, the young man came in.

His originally long slanted bangs were gone, now a neat buzz cut.

The young man forced a slightly awkward smile on his face and asked, "Brother Qi, heading out to set up the stall?"

Qi Yun nodded and welcomed him in, "Hmm, what's up?"

The young man entered the room and took out two packs of Black Liqun cigarettes from a plastic bag he was carrying, then dug out a red envelope from his pocket to hand over.

"My dad had me bring you this."

Qi Yun took the red envelope, squeezed it to gauge the thickness, and estimated it contained around two thousand yuan.

With two packs of Black Liqun, Old Wang was indeed generous.

But they did have the means.

The storefronts of the grocery and fruit and vegetable shop were owned by them, with an area of four to five hundred square meters, and upstairs was a residential floor.

Although it was self-built, the location was excellent, right at the corner. Renting it out for a year could bring in hundreds of thousands in rent.

Adding the three-story building they lived in, they were undoubtedly counting money in their sleep.

"Did you get the money back?"

The young man, downhearted, said listlessly, "Only half came back, the rest was spent on buying skins."

Qi Yun smiled gently, "I'll keep the cigarettes, but take the red envelope back."

Although he needed money, he wanted to let the young man know he wasn't in it for the money.

Accepting the cigarettes shows gratitude; taking the money would make things weird.

The young man didn't linger and left in low spirits.

Qi Yun opened a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep inhale, savoring the familiar taste.

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At the same spot as yesterday, just as Qi Yun set up his stall, the middle-aged fruit seller walked over to complain, "Old Qi, you were in quite a hurry last night. I was unlucky and got fined a hundred yuan."

The middle-aged man's name was Wei Yong, in his forties, and he had been setting up stalls here for years.

His truck was one of those little covered ones, and setting it up was troublesome. In situations like last night, he could only accept the bad luck.

Qi Yun passed a cigarette and joked, "A hundred yuan is nothing for you, more like pocket change."

He knew the profit margin of selling fruit. If he had the capital, he was ready to rent a warehouse and get a van to sell fruit, easily earning five to six hundred yuan a day.

"Oh, don't make fun of me. I've been here for over an hour and haven't even gotten a sale." Wei Yong took the cigarette and sighed.

Perhaps because the New Year was approaching, the street was quieter, and business wasn't as good as usual. People in Jiang Province usually returned to their hometowns for the New Year.

"Wow, smoking Black Liqun, seems like business has been good for you lately."

Qi Yun laughed and shook his head, "Making what? You know how little I make a day." He glanced at Wei Yong's fully-loaded truck of Fuji apples, "You've got quite a load to sell."

Wei Yong scratched his head in frustration, a bit helpless in his tone, "Yeah, and there's still several tons in the warehouse. This year, the apple prices are low and they're not moving."

While they were chatting, someone came to buy fried rice.

Qi Yun couldn't continue the conversation and got busy with work.

Until nearly midnight, the street was deserted, and he started to pack up to go home.

Tonight, he sold a total of 16 servings of fried rice, making 160 yuan. After deducting 35 yuan in costs, he netted 125 yuan.

"See you, Brother Wei." Saying goodbye to Wei Yong, Qi Yun stepped onto his three-wheeler and headed home.

Unexpectedly, Wei Yong jogged a few steps to catch up and placed a plastic bag filled with apples on the three-wheeler.

"I can't sell them anyway, so take some home to try."

Qi Yun smiled and didn't refuse.

He thanked him and then disappeared into the night.

The temperature at night was already below minus ten degrees, everything was silent, and even the dogs were too lazy to bark.

Pushing the three-wheeler into the yard, he routinely cleaned the tools used for making fried rice before heading upstairs.

Before reaching the door, he saw a bag of fresh vegetables hanging on the doorknob.

When he came home late, Old Wang would have the young man deliver the vegetables.

Warmth filled Qi Yun's heart as he carried the vegetables inside.

Using the leftover side dishes and rice to make fried rice, he took out the half bottle of Erguotou from last night and took a small sip, which slightly relieved his weariness.

Checking the time on his phone, it was already half-past midnight.

Qi Yun had a thought, and a blue screen slowly assembled in front of him.

[Today's Intel (Red): Manager Sun of the Nanhua Textile Factory's Procurement Department is having trouble selecting holiday gifts for factory employees.]

Just like yesterday, another red intel.

"But this intel doesn't seem to be of any value to me?"

Qi Yun lit a cigarette, his mind wandering.

Until the corner of his eye inadvertently caught the bag of apples sent by Wei Yong, suddenly a light shone in his eyes.

#### **Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Winter Warmth**

"Oh, it's a rare visitor, Old Qi, haven't seen you in a while."

In the Zhuoyue advertising shop, the owner, Li Zhuoyue, warmly greeted Qi Yun.

Back when Qi Yun had his company, he often came here for advertising designs and materials, and the two had quite a familiar relationship.

Li Zhuoyue even attended Qi Yun's daughter's full moon celebration.

Even after the company's closure, they still occasionally kept in touch during holidays, exchanging greetings.

"It's been a while indeed. You're usually busy, and if there's nothing urgent, I tend to avoid bothering you."

Li Zhuoyue jokingly scolded, "Since when did you become so distant? No matter how busy I am, I'd still offer you tea if you came by."

The two moved to the guest area, exchanged some small talk over tea, and tacitly avoided bringing up Qi Yun's past, focusing instead on daily trivialities.

Seeing more customers entering, Qi Yun didn't want to waste Li Zhuoyue's time and got straight to the point: "I'm here this time to ask for a favor. I need a batch of gift boxes for apples. Please have someone make a sample for me."

"Sure, no problem. I'll arrange for someone to get on it right away," Li Zhuoyue agreed promptly, then turned and called inside, "Xiao Fang, come here."

In a moment, a young girl with a ponytail walked out from the back room, dressed in simple professional attire, a gentle smile on her face, and a clever sparkle in her eyes.

"Boss, did you call for me?" Xiao Fang's voice was crisp and pleasant.

Li Zhuoyue pointed to Qi Yun and introduced, "This is Brother Qi, an old friend of mine. He needs a batch of gift boxes for apples. Design a sample according to his requirements."

"Old Qi, feel free to tell Xiao Fang your requirements. I'll go attend to the customers first."

Qi Yun nodded, "Alright, you go do your thing."

Xiao Fang sat down beside, politely smiled at Qi Yun and said, "Brother Qi, do you have specific requirements for the gift boxes? Like size, style, those aspects?"

These requirements were all thought out by Qi Yun last night, and at this moment he conveyed them all at once.

Xiao Fang listened attentively, quickly jotting down key points on paper.

After Qi Yun finished explaining everything, they further discussed some details.

"That's about it. When do you think the sample can be ready?"

Xiao Fang thought briefly and responded with a smile, "You're the boss's friend, if you need it urgently, I can expedite it for you, and it can be done in two hours at the earliest."

"Alright, that's great, I'll come to pick it up in two hours."

Qi Yun got up to leave, not wanting to disturb Li Zhuoyue who was busy with customers.

Outside, he rode his electric scooter heading east.

Twenty minutes later, he stopped at the entrance of a kindergarten.

Ever since his divorce from his ex-wife, he made time each month to see his daughter, although he often chose weekends so they could spend a day playing together and he could spend more time with her.

Before long, a young female teacher brought out a chubby little girl.

The little girl smiled brightly as soon as she saw Qi Yun and happily ran towards him, releasing the teacher's hand.

"Daddy, Daddy!"

Qi Yun squatted down, opened his arms, and hugged the little girl tightly.

"Nuannuan, Daddy has come to see you. Did you miss Daddy?"

The little girl nodded vigorously, snuggled in Qi Yun's embrace, and sweetly said, "Daddy, Nuannuan missed you so much, I've been hoping every day you'd come to see me."

Qi Yun's eyes instantly filled with mist upon hearing his daughter's words, a wave of bitterness in his heart.

If it weren't inevitable, who would bear to be separated from their child?

"Let Daddy see if you've grown taller." He held the girl's shoulders, examining her carefully, his eyes full of affection.

The little girl's eyes curved like crescent moons as she proudly said, "Of course Nuannuan has grown taller, the kindergarten food is delicious, I finish every meal cleanly."

"Daddy, why do you have time to come see Nuannuan today?"

Qi Yun playfully tapped her little nose, "Daddy missed you and just happened to be nearby, so I came to see you. And Daddy brought a gift for Nuannuan."

As he spoke, he took out a beautifully crafted box from the electric scooter's storage.

The little girl stared curiously at the box, her eyes full of anticipation: "Wow, what gift did Daddy bring Nuannuan? Can I open it to see?"

Qi Yun placed the box in her hands, "Of course you can."

The little girl eagerly opened the box, finding inside a lovely set of watercolor pens and a drawing book, printed with her favorite cartoon cat.

"Wow, I love it so much, thank you, Daddy!" Nuannuan excitedly picked up the watercolor pens, planting kisses on Qi Yun's face.

Qi Yun held her tightly in his arms, unwilling to let go, as if trying to transform all his guilt into warmth through hugs.

"Nuannuan, is there anyone bullying you at home?"

Actually, after the divorce, his biggest worry was whether his daughter was being treated poorly at home.

The little girl tilted her head, thought seriously, then shook her head and said, "No, Daddy, don't worry, Mommy and Uncle are both very kind to me."

Qi Yun felt slightly relieved but couldn't help but remind her, "If anyone bullies you, you must tell Daddy, or tell Teacher Zhao, and she'll tell Daddy, okay?"

The little girl obediently nodded, "Got it, Daddy. If anyone bullies me, I'll tell Teacher Zhao and Daddy."

"Mm, that's Daddy's good girl."

"Alright, it's cold outside, go back with the teacher, and Daddy will take you to the park next time."

Hearing this, the little girl showed a flash of disappointment in her eyes, but still sensibly replied, "Okay, Daddy, wait for me here, Nuannuan also has a gift for you."

Then she turned and ran towards Teacher Zhao, handing over the watercolor pens and drawing book, and rushed back to the classroom.

Soon after, the little girl returned, panting, with her small hands holding a handful of money, with ten-dollar and one-dollar bills.

"Daddy, this is my saved money for you."

Qi Yun gently held his daughter's little hand and asked, "Why do you want to give money to Daddy?"

The little girl blinked her big watery eyes and earnestly said, "Daddy works so hard, your hair is turning white, Nuannuan gives you money so you don't have to work so hard."

Her words completely pierced through Qi Yun's defenses, he instantly held her tightly, tears uncontrollably streaming down.

The little girl extended her small hand, gently wiped the tears off his face, "Daddy, don't cry."

After a long time, Qi Yun composed himself, released her, and looking into her eyes, he said, "Daddy has money, you save this money for buying good food."

"It's cold outside, hurry back. I'll come to see you again in a few days."

Quietly watching from afar, Teacher Zhao also came over, wiping the moisture from her eyes, she took Nuannuan's small hand and said, "Nuannuan, let's go back, Daddy has to work now."

The little girl reluctantly let go of Qi Yun's clothes, tearfully saying, "Daddy, come see me sooner."

Qi Yun struggled to hold back tears that threatened to escape, and nodded firmly, "Nuannuan, Daddy will come see you sooner, be good at kindergarten and listen to the teacher."

Nuannuan obediently replied, turning back every few steps as she followed Teacher Zhao into the kindergarten.

Each time she looked back, her eyes full of reluctance were like sharp arrows piercing straight into Qi Yun's heart.

Until her small figure disappeared from view, Qi Yun slowly turned around and rode away on his scooter.

## **Chapter 5: Chapter 5: The First Deal**

Inside the advertising shop, Xiaofang had already prepared the gift boxes.

Qi Yun took them and examined them carefully, showing a satisfied expression: "This will do for now."

"How much is each of these boxes?"

Xiaofang brushed her hair aside and replied with a smile: "As long as you're satisfied, Brother Qi. The boss specifically instructed me to give you the cost price, 8 yuan each."

Qi Yun nodded. He had ordered these boxes before, and indeed, they were priced at cost.

He looked up at Li Zhuoyue, who was still busy, and since he wasn't finished, Qi Yun turned and walked out of the store.

When he came back, he had a sealed pack of Black Liqun cigarettes in his hand.

"Please pass this pack of cigarettes to him later. I have other things to attend to, so I won't wait for him."

Xiaofang smiled helplessly: "Sure, I'll let the boss know later. Take care, Brother Qi."

After leaving the advertising shop, Qi Yun hopped on his electric scooter and sped towards Wei Yong's warehouse, where they had arranged to meet.

The wind roared past his ears, and before long, the electric scooter came to a stop in front of the warehouse.

The warehouse was filled with all sorts of fruit boxes. Wei Yong was crouched in front of a box of apples, carefully selecting them.

Seeing Qi Yun come in, he stood up and asked eagerly: "Old Qi, do you really have a way to sell my apples?"

"I can't guarantee it, but there's an opportunity," Qi Yun said as he walked up, unhurried.

Wei Yong nodded, squeezing out a bitter smile: "To be honest, the price I brought this batch of Red Fuji back for was 11 yuan per kilogram, and they're all of the best quality.

It doesn't matter what price you negotiate, as long as I can break even."

Qi Yun patted his shoulder: "Don't worry, if we make a deal, I won't let you lose out."

Only then did Wei Yong feel assured. He swiftly packed the cleaned five kilograms of apples into the gift box Qi Yun had brought.

Qi Yun randomly opened a few boxes and saw that the apples inside were indeed as good as Wei Yong had said, with great appearance and size.

These apples, once cleaned and packed in these specially made gift boxes, could easily compete with those sold for hundreds in supermarkets.

After Wei Yong finished packing the apples, he placed the gift box on the electric scooter, his eyes full of anticipation.

"Old Qi, I'm counting on you. If these apples get stuck with me, I'd really be at a huge loss."

Qi Yun nodded: "I'll take them to show the clients now. Wait for my call."

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Nanhua Textile Factory is one of the larger enterprises in the city, covering over a hundred acres with more than 2,000 employees.

Although it might not pay as much tax as those tech and finance companies, it does provide plenty of jobs every year.

Qi Yun followed the navigation all the way to the factory gate, handed a cigarette to the gatekeeper, and said politely: "Brother, I'm here to see Manager Sun in the procurement department about something."

To discuss business today, he had specially groomed himself before heading out, even donning his carefully stored overcoat, giving off a clean and neat Qi Zong vibe.

Though his vehicle didn't quite match the image.

The security guard took the cigarette, gave him a once-over, and without suspicion, allowed him entry after registering simply.

Once inside the factory, Qi Yun asked a worker for directions and went straight to Manager Sun's office.

He raised his hand and knocked gently. From inside came a crisp "Come in."

Qi Yun pushed the door open to see a young man in his twenties busy behind the desk.

The man looked up at Qi Yun, somewhat puzzled: "Who are you?"

Qi Yun stepped forward with a smile, extending his hand: "Hello, Manager Sun, I'm Qi Yun."

In his impression, the procurement department was considered the most lucrative department in a company, where anyone with a bit of authority tended to be worldly-wise and astute.

But this young man in front of him felt different, showing the sharpness of a newcomer, with no trace of greed in his eyes.

Manager Sun stood up, shook hands briefly, and recalled for a moment, still having no impression of the person in front of him.

Seeing this, Qi Yun quickly explained: "Here's the thing. I heard from my cousin that your factory is planning to buy holiday gifts for employees,

so I ventured in to see if there's an opportunity to cooperate. I hope Manager Sun doesn't mind."

Manager Sun, understanding his purpose, smiled and gestured to the chair opposite: "I see, Mr. Qi, please sit. If conditions are suitable, as an employee's relative, cooperation is indeed possible."

"However, I won't hide it from you. The factory hasn't been doing well this year, so our budget is not large."

Qi Yun could hear the sincerity in his tone, realizing there was a chance for business.

Having weathered the business world for years and dealt with all types, with a few simple words, Qi Yun had formed a rough judgment of Manager Sun's character.

He then silently put the prepared two-thousand-yuan red envelope back in his pocket.

"Manager Sun, rest assured, since I'm here, I won't put you in a difficult spot. I'm presenting a high-quality apple gift box, particularly suitable as employee holiday gifts."

He said, unwrapping the black plastic bag and gently placing the sample gift box on the table.

As he opened it, he introduced: "These apples are Red Fujis sourced from the high-quality region of Nanjiang, both their appearance and taste are impeccable."

Manager Sun picked up an apple, examined it closely, took a bite, and after savoring it, nodded slightly: "They're nice. How much did you have in mind to charge us, Mr. Qi?"

Qi Yun had already calculated the cost in his mind. One box of apples is about five kilograms. Wei Yong's cost is 11 yuan per kilogram. The gift box is 8 yuan, plus 1 yuan for packaging and transport.

So the final cost is roughly 64 yuan per box.

Similar quality gift boxes on the market, even wholesale, don't go below 90 yuan.

Qi Yun looked straight at him, sincerely: "If you can purchase more than 2,000 boxes, I can offer them to you at 85 yuan each. At this price, Manager Sun should sense my sincerity."

Hearing this offer, Manager Sun couldn't help but be tempted. He had already taken the time to visit the wholesale market, so he knew the prices.

However, he still wanted to negotiate a little further to save some money for the company.

After a brief thought, he picked up the cigarettes on the table, offered one to Qi Yun, lit another for himself, and said: "Your price is indeed sincere, but it still exceeds our budget."

With that, he paused, tapping the lighter on the table lightly a few times.

"How about 80 yuan, for 2,200 boxes?"

Qi Yun didn't answer immediately. He took the offered cigarette, inhaled deeply, slowly exhaled a smoke ring, then smiled: "As an employee's family, I'll help the factory out."

He stood up, extended his hand confidently: "Deal!"

Seeing him agree, Manager Sun also smiled happily, standing up to shake Qi Yun's hand firmly: "Mr. Qi, it's a deal then!"

With the deal settled, Manager Sun quickly had a contract brought over. Qi Yun skimmed through it, finding no issues, signed his name.

"I'll head back and get everything ready, aiming to deliver to the factory tomorrow."

Manager Sun nodded: "Okay, please ensure the quality of the items, as it concerns whether we can continue our cooperation in the future."

Qi Yun replied with a serious expression: "Rest assured. If the employees are not satisfied, feel free to contact me for returns."

"Alright, I look forward to working together."

Manager Sun didn't say much more. After exchanging WeChat contacts, he got up and escorted Qi Yun to the door.