

Middle Age 64

Chapter 64: Took the Plunge

"Old Wei, could you help me deliver car supplies here with your little truck every month? I'll reimburse you for whatever it costs."

In the car, Qi Yun turned to Wei Yong and said.

Wei Yong was slightly taken aback and asked suspiciously, "Why suddenly deliver supplies? What's going on?"

Qi Yun looked out the window and sighed, "Nothing, just owe someone a bit of a favor."

Upon hearing this, Wei Yong didn't ask further, simply nodded and agreed readily, "Sure, this little task, leave it to me, no problem."

Not long after, the truck slowly stopped in front of a recycling station.

The old furniture in the truck ended up selling for just three hundred bucks, which wasn't even enough to cover the driver's fee.

After the job was done, Qi Yun declined Wei Yong's invitation, picked up his daughter, and went back home.

On the way, he made a point to buy a safe from a place that sold office supplies, and upon reaching home, immediately locked the two Angong Bezoars in it.

Today was quite a fruitful day; he received 140,000 yuan from Shi Feng in the morning, spent 8,000 yuan on that pile of old furniture from the welfare house, and 60,000 yuan for those two truckloads of supplies with Peng's help.

All in all, today he netted 72,000 yuan and two precious Angong Bezoars.

There's already 370,000 yuan in the bank now. In a couple of days, when the treadmills are delivered to the guests, he can earn another eighty thousand and more...

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The next day, in an office at a construction company, a middle-aged man was nervously waiting for an interview.

The suit on him was not only outdated but also noticeably ill-fitting, hanging loosely and looking somewhat silly.

After waiting for nearly half an hour, finally the sound of "click-clack" high heels echoed in the corridor.

Accompanying this crisp sound, a young woman with glasses and a cool composure pushed open the office door.

"Sorry to keep you waiting." Her voice was detached; though she said apologies, there was not a bit of sincerity in her tone.

The middle-aged man quickly stood up courteously, bending slightly and smiling slightly, "No worries, I didn't wait long either."

The woman glanced at him and asked, "You are here for the accountant position, right? Do you have any related work experience before?"

"Yes, I have two years..."

"You've been in prison?" The woman interrupted, her eyes wide in astonishment.

She put down the resume, a peculiar expression on her face.

This loud exclamation caught the attention of people in the corridor, causing them to turn and look this way.

Panic flashed in the middle-aged man's eyes, his hands clenched unconsciously beneath the table.

The woman seemed to realize her inappropriate behavior, so she stood up, apologized, and then closed the glass door of the office.

"Yes... yes, I just got out yesterday." The middle-aged man took a deep breath, trying to steady his emotions.

"May I ask the reason for your imprisonment?"

"There was... an issue with the accounts."

Though the middle-aged man's words were rather euphemistic, the woman understood—it was about cooking the books.

Upon hearing the reason for his imprisonment, the woman's eyes briefly sparkled with delight, her demeanor was no longer as cold.

"I wonder, what are your salary requirements?"

The middle-aged man was momentarily stunned. Without asking anything else, they moved directly to talking salary? This is quite different from his previous job searches...

After a moment of hesitation, he tentatively asked, "Six... six thousand, is that okay?"

The woman smiled and nodded, picking up her phone and said, "It should be fine, please wait a moment, I will call the boss for confirmation."

"Okay, please go ahead." The middle-aged man replied promptly.

Soon, the woman returned to her seat full of smiles.

"I just asked the boss, and the boss said he could offer you ten thousand a month! But..."

...

Elsewhere, Qi Yun, dozing on the sofa, was awakened by the ringing phone.

Bleary-eyed, he picked up his phone and saw it was a call from an unknown number. Hesitating for a moment, he answered it.

"Hello, is this Mr. Qi Yun?" A steady male voice came from the other end.

"Who is this?"

"Oh, this is the City Charity Association staff speaking, we saw you've done some good deeds recently at the children's welfare home, and we'd like to invite you to a charity event. Is that convenient for you?"

Qi Yun was slightly surprised, not expecting his information to leak so quickly.

He immediately sneered internally and replied solemnly, "You've got the wrong person; I'm not Qi Yun."

With that said, he didn't give the caller a chance to speak further, hung up, and promptly blocked the number.

"These guys sure have a sharp nose..."

He got up from the sofa, drank a glass of cold water, and started going through today's intel.

[Today's Intel 1 (White): Last night Zhang Liang was entangled with a female member, and accidentally overheard during her phone call that she wanted to buy two bottles of vintage Moutai as a gift for her foster father who is about to turn 70.]

[Today's Intel 2 (White): At the newly opened Jade Stall at the Hualing Jade Market, there is a jade rough worth over ten thousand yuan for sale.]

Two white intel pieces?

The system has been upgraded for some days now, but he hasn't seen an instance of blue intel yet. The probability sure is low.

However, he didn't expect that Zhang Liang could be quite the player, ignoring gender huh?

After briefly thinking, Qi Yun sent a message to Zhang Liang.

"I happened to see you with a woman last night, send me her number, I need to discuss something with her."

On the other side, Zhang Liang put down his goji berry and protein powder-steeped water, staring at the phone screen wide-eyed.

He's still monitoring me! Surely, he won't let me go!

"You're monitoring me! What do you want to do?" Zhang Liang panicked, his pulse quickened, his hands swiftly typing on the keyboard.

Qi Yun chuckled softly, shook his head helplessly, realizing it was easy to misunderstand such situations.

"I'm not monitoring you, just happened to encounter."

"You're lying! You must be plotting something against me!"

"Don't waste time, send it over now!"

"133xxxx"

In a certain hotel, Zhang Liang hugged his knees, curling up on the floor.

A burly man of over 1.9 meters, looking all pitiful now.

He looked again at the stack of cash left by Miss Xu on the table, his tightly frowning brows eased slightly.

Previously, Miss Xu had asked him out many times, but he had turned her down.

This time he was really out of options and decided to contact Miss Xu proactively.

Originally, he was supposed to be paid yesterday, but he couldn't reach the boss at all.

Upon going to the gym, he noticed the office computer and equipment had been emptied; that's when he realized the boss had absconded.

That cursed fellow even owes him two months' salary, and the landlord had been pushing him to pay rent.

Helplessly, Brother Liang finally dropped his dignity and dived into the depths...

Though he felt humiliated inside, fortunately Miss Xu was generous, making his efforts last night worthwhile...