

## Middle Age 87

### Chapter 87: Investing One Million

Zhong Rui was slightly taken aback, staring at the middle-aged man across from him, who wasn't much older than him. After carefully scrutinizing him, he cautiously spoke up, "To be honest, I just got out of prison not long ago."

Qi Yun's expression remained calm. He nodded slightly, without showing any surprise or disdain. Instead, he looked at him with a steady gaze.

He could sense the other person's cautiousness at the moment. After all, for someone who had just been released from prison, facing a new job opportunity would naturally bring some anxiety.

"I know," Qi Yun said in a normal tone. "I learned about your situation through some channels. What's past is past. Everyone makes mistakes; what's important is the ability to start over."

"I don't care about your past. I only value your ability and attitude. You've worked as an accountant before, and your skills are exactly what I need."

Zhong Rui's eyes flashed with a hint of surprise. Apparently, he hadn't expected Qi Yun to accept his past so candidly and even offer encouragement.

His originally tense body relaxed a little, but he still asked uncertainly, "Brother Qi, do you really not mind my criminal record?"

Qi Yun's lips rose slightly as he pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, "Do you smoke?"

Zhong Rui shook his head.

Qi Yun lit a cigarette for himself, exhaled a slow puff of smoke, and then said calmly, "Let's talk about your salary expectations."

Zhong Rui was momentarily stunned, clearly not expecting the topic to shift to salary all of a sudden.

He instinctively licked his dry lips and after hesitating for a moment, spoke with a slight trepidation: "First of all, I won't do anything illegal, as for salary, five thousand, four thousand would also do."

Qi Yun had a faint smile on his face and flicked the ash off his cigarette, "I certainly won't ask you to do anything illegal, rest assured. As for the salary, I'll give you six thousand."

"Re-really?" Zhong Rui's eyes widened, his face full of disbelief.

Qi Yun nodded affirmatively, "That's right, first help me find a place for the office. It doesn't need to be too big. You can also stay there usually.

Then help me register a business license...

I'll advance you a month's salary first. Let me know when you find the place."

Zhong Rui stood up excitedly, bowing repeatedly, "Thank you, boss! Thank you, boss!"

Qi Yun waved him off, "Alright, let me know when you find the place. Contact me by phone if needed." With that, he settled the bill and turned to leave.

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Returning to the parking lot, Qi Yun started the car intending to head back. Just then, Lao Feng suddenly called him, asking him to come by the hot pot restaurant.

Qi Yun was puzzled but didn't ask much, agreed, and turned the car towards the hot pot restaurant.

Soon, the car was parked in front of the hot pot restaurant.

Entering the restaurant, even though it was noon, there were still quite a lot of customers inside, and the place was bustling.

In the corner, besides Lao Feng, Brother Peng was also there.

Lao Feng waved eagerly as he saw Qi Yun come in, signaling him to come over.

"What's up? Why did you call me over so urgently?" Qi Yun pulled out a chair and sat down, glancing at both Lao Feng and Brother Peng.

Lao Feng smiled and unfolded a new set of dishes, handing them over, "What do you think of my store?"

"Hmm? Isn't it good?" Qi Yun asked, not quite understanding.

Brother Peng picked up chopsticks and placed a slice of cooked lamb into Qi Yun's plate, smiling, "The store next door is transferring ownership. He plans to rent it and connect the two spaces."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback, "That's a good thing, better than opening a new branch."

"Yes, that's what I thought too, but I don't have enough money right now." Lao Feng nodded, agreeing.

Qi Yun finally understood the reason for the call and laughed heartily.

"How much are you short by? Just name a number."

Lao Feng put down the chopsticks, showing a helpless expression, "It's quite a bit. I checked with the agency and can get a bank loan of about three hundred thousand. Brother Peng mentioned you two made a profit from a deal a few days ago? Could you lend me a hundred thousand?"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun didn't immediately respond, and after some thought, replied, "How much do you need for the rent and renovation altogether?"

Lao Feng slightly frowned and seriously calculated on his fingers, "To take over the next-door store, the transfer fee is about three hundred thousand, and the rent for a year is over two hundred thousand.

The renovation, a simple setup, plus buying new tables, chairs, and utensils, would cost at least four hundred thousand. Altogether, it's roughly a million."

Qi Yun nodded, putting down his chopsticks with a serious tone, "Your hot pot restaurant's business is getting better by the day. I'll give you one million, and consider it a shareholding."

"Or don't mention the hundred thousand anymore; tell me how much more you need, and I'll lend it to you."

He still recalled how the other person helped him back then. Faced with a request from an old friend, he would certainly spare no effort in providing assistance.

Upon hearing this, Lao Feng and Brother Peng both stared at him in a stupor.

They weren't shocked by the million; rather, they were surprised that he could offer such an amount when he'd been in debt last month.

Qi Yun glanced at the two, "What?"

After a while, Brother Peng clicked his tongue, "Where did you get a million from?"

"I recently did a couple of business deals and earned some," Qi Yun replied with a mysterious smile, not explaining further.

Lao Feng also came back to his senses from his shock, confirming again, "Are you serious?"

Qi Yun grinned, teasing, "What? Don't you trust me, or don't want me to invest and share the profits?"

Lao Feng didn't say much more, nodded, and lifted the cold tea on the table, "Then let's do it together."

Seeing him agree, Qi Yun also beamed with satisfaction.

After Feifei's promotion, this hot pot restaurant's customer flow increased daily, and with guaranteed taste and quality, it was a profitable project.

Having known Lao Feng for many years and aware of his character, Qi Yun trusted him a lot. Therefore, investing this million made Qi Yun feel assured.

"Then I'll thank Mr. Feng for letting me earn together."

"I'll first transfer fifty thousand to you and send the remaining fifty thousand in a couple of days."

Lao Feng nodded, "Alright, then I'll go talk to the neighbor this afternoon." He then turned to Brother Peng, "For your twenty thousand, don't consider it a loan anymore. Join as a share partner. Let's all work together, brothers."

Brother Peng laughed freely, "I'm okay with that."

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After leaving the hot pot restaurant, Qi Yun went straight home, but it was Zhao Qing's home.

Upon entering, Zhao Qing greeted with a smile, "Qi, coming back so early today, have you finished your things?"

Qi Yun nodded, seeing his daughter leaning over the table drawing. So, he took off his coat, planning to stay a while.

"Hey, why do you smell like hot pot?"

Qi Yun smiled sheepishly, "Oh, I just went to a friend's hot pot place to discuss something and had some hot pot along the way."

"By the way, did you have lunch?"

Zhao Qing hung up his coat and replied, "Yes, we made some seafood porridge."

The two sat on the couch, and Qi Yun noticed that Zhao Qing was walking a little strangely, immediately understanding, and felt slightly embarrassed.

Zhao Qing also noticed his gaze, a faint blush rising on her cheeks as she turned her head away.