

Middle Age 97

Chapter 97: Another Five or Six Million

Peng was quite agreeable to Qi Yun's arrangement and promptly accepted it. The two agreed to meet at the textile factory in a little while.

After hanging up the phone, Qi Yun quickly dressed and returned to the next door, where Zhao Qing had already prepared breakfast and was about to call him.

Qi Yun ate a few bites, bid farewell to Zhao Qing and his daughter, and hurried out the door.

Upon arriving at the textile factory, Peng was already waiting at the entrance.

After meeting each other, the two did not exchange many pleasantries. They tacitly walked into the textile factory together.

However, unluckily, Manager Sun was in a meeting at that moment, leaving them no choice but to return to the car and wait patiently.

Peng sat in the car, his gaze falling on the exquisite interior of the BMW 5 Series. A hint of satisfaction flashed in his eyes, and he gently patted Qi Yun's shoulder, saying, "Looks like things are getting better for you."

Qi Yun smiled, with a hint of emotion in his eyes, "Things are indeed better than before. I hope we all continue to do well."

Peng nodded in agreement, took out a cigarette, and lit it.

Qi Yun took a deep breath and turned to ask, "By the way, what's the price of that cotton textile fabric?"

Peng, who ran a garment factory himself, naturally knew the prices of these materials.

He exhaled a smoke ring, frowned in contemplation, and said, "Brother, the price of cotton textile fabric is hard to say, as it's influenced greatly by raw materials, market supply and demand, and other factors.

Based on what I learned before the New Year, the price of first-grade cotton textile fabric fluctuates between fifteen thousand to twenty thousand per ton."

"However, that's just a rough estimate. The actual price depends on our negotiations with Manager Sun's team, and also the market conditions have been changing constantly."

Qi Yun nodded and started calculating silently.

Mendeleyev wanted three hundred tons. Based on that price range, the total price would be quite hefty, amounting to about five to six million.

Manager Sun's background is well known to him, so those under-the-table deals certainly won't work. He can only try to push the price lower during negotiations.

After smoking for a while, Manager Sun sent a message to let Qi Yun know that the meeting was over, inviting him to his office.

"Let's go, he's finished over there." Qi Yun signaled Peng to get out of the car, picked up the tea he had bought earlier, and the two walked towards the office building.

Inside the office, Manager Sun saw them, quickly stood up to greet them with a warm smile.

"Old Qi, Boss Peng, I'm really sorry, you've been waiting for a while. Please, take a seat, take a seat." Manager Sun said as he pointed to the sofa.

Qi Yun smiled, put the tea on the tea table, and said, "I brought a box of tea when I was on the way. I noticed you love tea, give this one a try."

Manager Sun glanced at the tea and smiled as he shook his head, "I've told you, I consider you a friend, you don't need to do that when you come to see me."

Qi Yun laughed, and then asked, "I haven't been here for a while, how's the situation at the factory recently?"

Manager Sun replied with a sigh, showing a bit of helplessness on his face, "Honestly speaking, old Qi, it's been tough at the factory lately. Raw material prices keep rising, and profit margins are really squeezed."

"If it weren't for the support of some old clients, it would indeed be difficult to keep going."

Qi Yun nodded, agreeing, "Yes, it's tough to do business nowadays."

"By the way, does the factory have any cotton textile fabric in stock now?"

"Hmm? Why are you asking about this? Are you planning to buy cotton textile fabric?" Manager Sun looked surprised.

Qi Yun smiled and replied candidly, "That's the plan, so I came to ask you about the situation first."

Manager Sun raised the teacup, sipped lightly, and said in a plain tone, "If you need it, you can arrange for a vehicle to pick it up anytime. I can help you with this."

In his mind, Qi Yun was likely negotiating on behalf of Peng's garment factory, thinking it would only be a matter of a few to a dozen tons, so he didn't pay much attention.

Qi Yun understood his implication, took no offense, and handed him a cigarette from his pocket, continuing, "The amount might be a bit large, probably around three hundred tons. Can your inventory accommodate that much?"

"How much? Three hundred tons?" Manager Sun's hand holding the lighter paused mid-air, looking at Qi Yun in astonishment, "You're not joking with me?"

Qi Yun sat back on the sofa, smiled, and nodded, "Not joking, specifically came to ask you."

Manager Sun frowned slightly, slowly put down the lighter, and fell into a brief silence.

A moment later, he responded, "We should be able to gather three hundred tons, but why do you need so much cotton textile fabric?"

Qi Yun didn't intend to hide it, and said truthfully, "We've connected with an overseas channel and plan to sell it to others."

Manager Sun nodded slightly, showing a thoughtful expression on his face.

Connecting with an overseas sales channel is no easy feat, making Manager Sun look at Qi Yun with renewed respect.

"It's been a while since we last met, old Qi, your business is certainly getting bigger." Manager Sun remarked with a smile, "If you need a dozen tons, I can decide, but for three hundred tons, you have to talk to Vice President Liu, who is responsible for sales."

Qi Yun was slightly taken aback upon hearing this, exchanged glances with Peng, both of them hiding a smile.

"I told you last time, I don't get along well with him. How about you talk to him first, if there are any issues later, come find me and I'll help you out."

"Of course, you can't be too excessive, and the factory's interests must be guaranteed," Manager Sun said seriously while lighting a cigarette.

Qi Yun smiled and nodded, "You can rest assured about that, it's not our first time dealing with each other. You should be familiar with my character."

"Haha, I certainly trust you. You two better go find him now. He seems to be going out during lunchtime."

"Alright, we'll leave first, once the deal is done, we'll go out for a meal together later." With that, Qi Yun and Peng got up and said goodbye.

After leaving Manager Sun's office, Qi Yun and Peng couldn't hold back the smiles on their lips.

What a coincidence, they had to deal with Vice President Liu again.

"Knock knock knock!"

"Come in."

Although he had leverage against the other party, Qi Yun believed that if they could sit down and talk things over, there was no need to immediately confront each other. After all, they were both seeking profit.

So he aimed to maintain politeness, smiled at Vice President Liu, "Vice President Liu, hello, sorry to disturb you."

Vice President Liu looked up and saw Qi Yun and Peng entering. He was momentarily stunned, and his face quickly fell.

"Why it's you? What are you doing here?" He sounded a bit cold.

Qi Yun still kept his smile, "Haha, Vice President Liu, we're here to discuss a business deal with your factory."

"What kind of deal?" Vice President Liu frowned.

"We need three hundred tons of first-grade cotton textile fabric. Manager Sun said this matter should be discussed with you."