

A Trash 103

[Chapter 103 - 103 The Internet Explodes! Luo Feng's Scenarios are Scripted? \(1\)](#)

103 The Internet Explodes! Luo Feng's Scenarios are Scripted? (1)

"God damn!"

"Who are these people?"

"How are they this ballsy?"

"80 f*cking million?"

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"???"

"Are you deaf? They've already stated who they are! They're from the Bank of Communications!"

"Could they have caught wind of this livestream and have arrived to reclaim the calligraphy piece?"

"Of course. After all, these very words are their logo!"

"True, true!"

"But man is the bank rich. 80 million? Jesus, that's a scary figure to pull out of nowhere!"

While the viewers were discussing animatedly regarding the newcomers, the leader of the group, an old man in his 60s, walked forward.

"You must be Mr. Luo, right? It's a pleasure to meet you!"

Wu Daoguo walked over in an amicable manner and gave him a friendly smile. "Let me introduce myself. I'm the President of the Jiangnan branch of the Bank of Communications, Wu Daoguo!"

"Pleasure to be of acquaintance, Mr. Wu. So, about that offer earlier..."

Luo Feng had intended to ask regarding the legitimacy of the offer.

Although the history behind the calligraphy piece was very interesting, like what many of his viewers had mentioned, it was just a manuscript.

Owning the piece did not give one copyright over the bank's logo, and as such, Luo Feng could not fathom why the Bank of Communications was willing to fork out this much money for the piece.

"Yes, Mr. Luo, your ears do not deceive you. This is a manuscript of our logo that we've lost for several years!"

"For so many years, our bank has spared no efforts in its search, and today, we have before us the original copy that has existed since the start of the company!"

As Wu Daoguo spoke, genuine excitement began to trickle out of his voice.

Immediately after.

Luo Feng did not further negotiate with the old man and had instantly agreed to his offer of 80 million.

Following this, he had to console Qin Rubing for losing the opportunity to market such a piece.

He had no choice.

After all, he was dealing with a state-owned enterprise bank, and the price offered was by no means low.

To decline it would be an affront to them.

However, Wu Daoguo was also well aware that Luo Feng was well within his rights to decline the offer. If that were the case, they would have no other choice but to participate in an auction to win it over.

Should that happen, no one knew how much the piece would sell for.

Perhaps they would even have to spend more than what they had just offered, or maybe less.

Regardless, Wu Daoguo was grateful and had owed Luo Feng a favor for acquiescing to his request.

He promised himself, that if Luo Feng were to ever deposit any of his money in their bank, he would be eligible to receive a 7% interest rate for his funds.

One had to know that a 7% interest was unbelievably high.

If you had 1 billion in savings and had negotiated with the bank for a 5% interest rate, it meant that you would effectively make 5 million in interest in each year.

However, almost no amount of money in the world would convince the banks to provide a person with 7% interest rates.

Wu Daoguo had already accounted for Luo Feng's lack of assets and his debt for his villa when he made this promise. As such, there were no concerns of the bank being bled dry for the moment.

However, they were underestimating Luo Feng's ability to accumulate wealth.

With the system in hand, how could he ever be lacking in money?

Though the deal was already over in reality, the netizens were only just getting started. They were already cooking up a storm.

The fact that bank officials had personally appeared to purchase the calligraphy piece for the shocking price of 20 million yuan per word would leave an impact on the internet for at least half a year.

[A Piece that Consists of Four Words from a Famous Literary Figure! Each Word Went for 20 Million!]

[Bank of Communications 'original draft! A Sky-high Price Among Other Sky-high Prices!]

[Treasure-hunting Streamer Becomes the Savior of the Bank of Communications! Rumors Say that He is Eligible for a 7% Interest Rate for his Deposits!]

[Four Words as Heavy as Mount Tai for the Bank of Communications!]

Various articles had spawned from the exchange, and many among them had ranked within the top 20 hot searches for the day.

What did it mean to be rich?

The bank had displayed the perfect example of having large reservoirs of wealth.

They had put in a great deal of money just to secure the 4 words.

“This streamer is f*cking amazing! All news articles I’ve seen today are about him!”

“Holy crap, he made almost 200 million within the span of 2 days?”

“This is just daylight robbery innit?”

“He did gamble with his life when he dismantled the mine with his bare hands, after all. Such a reward should be expected for that high risk play of his. If it were you, would you have done the same?”

“I really hope that someone would put those 4 words on display sometime soon! I can’t wait to get a look at them!”

“What’s there to see? Just take a look at their logo from the internet!”

“The feel is different, you know? I’d like to see the original manuscript!”

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With the deal done and dusted, Ji Shunjin could only look into the air and sigh.

He was prepared to bid at least 100 million yuan to secure the piece for himself.

However, the moment the officials stepped in, all of his courage vanished into thin air.

Humans must not go against the Heavens, and in this case, the bank officials were the Heavens.

What right did he have to stand in their way?

It was not like he was a big shot who had a huge amount of authority.

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Later that evening, news pertaining to the calligraphy piece had made it into headlines once more.

It was said that the piece had been framed and there were plans for it to be hung at the Bank of Communications’ headquarters in Beijing.

Inscribed above on the frame was even a thank you note.

Naturally, the subject of the thanks was none other than Luo Feng, for without him, those 4 words would likely never see the light of day again.

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Around 7 O'clock in the evening, Luo Feng was seated together with the second-generation heirs at the Yellowstone Manor.

They had just finished dining together, and Luo Feng had gone out to the courtyard to take a break.

He was recounting what he had just experienced during the day and was mentally calculating how much profit he had made from his latest venture.

It was impossible to guess how much his items would sell in an auction as their prices were dictated by the whims of the market.

However, at the very least, he was set to make at least 200 million.

And this was the amount after taxes.

In that case, it meant that Luo Feng's total assets could potentially reach 320 million.

Excluding the villa which was worth 180 million.

Luo Feng would still have 40 million yuan in hand.

"I'm still a long way from true financial freedom. I'll need to work harder!"

Luo Feng thought long and hard about his goals, and in the end, he decided that he needed to have at least 1 billion in cash in order to live the rest of his life comfortably.

By then, perhaps I can just make a living off interests?

If I were to deposit a billion yuan to the Bank of Communications, my agreement with them would yield me 70 million yuan a year from interest alone. That equates to around 600 thousand yuan a month.

Considering that I'd likely only spend 20 thousand yuan tops a day, I'd be bound for a good life if I could make that amount of money.