

A Trash 23

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Meet the Billionaire Boss Selling Matte Gold! (3)

He said that he would arrive in an hour.

He switched off his phone again.

Without hesitation, Luo Feng headed straight for the city in the direction of Happy Park.

Although the other party was very intimidating, Luo Feng was not afraid of his item being snatched. After all, it was completely unnecessary for such a big jewelry shop to do such a thing.

...

“Are you the streamer [Treasure-Hunter]?”

Just as Luo Feng parked his Hummer in front of Zhu Dafu Jewelry, a bald 40-year-old man walked over with a smile.

Looking at his wretched appearance, it was no wonder that Director Wang was so fascinated by him. With a face like that, Director Wang was definitely a wretched uncle who reaped benefits for himself.

“Let me introduce myself. I’m the person who greeted you in the live-stream. My name is Qin Shoucai. I’m the manager of Zhu Dafu Jewelry in Jiangnan,” Qin Shoucai said with a smile. He trusted his eyes.

He had recently watched the live-stream video and concluded that it was really matte gold. Only then did he tell his boss, Mr. Zheng, that a streamer had dug up such a thing.

At first, his boss didn’t believe it. He said that it seemed like matte gold, but how could an outdoor streamer come across it? Was he that lucky?

However, Qin Shoucai said confidently to Mr. Zheng that he would not be wrong.

Upon hearing Qin Shoucai’s tone, Mr. Zheng naturally nodded and agreed to meet the owner of the matte gold.

“Hello, Manager Qin. My name is Luo Feng. Where is Mr. Zheng?”

Luo Feng politely shook hands with the other party. He also realized that the higher these people’s status was, the more politely they spoke.

One had to know that the manager of Zhu Dafu Jewelry in Jiangnan had a lot of power. He was someone who managed more than ten thousand employees.

“Mr. Zheng is drinking tea on the second floor. Please follow me.”

Qin Shoucai waved his hand in invitation.

Of course, the second floor of the building didn’t belong to Zhu Dafu’s jewelry store. Instead, it was a high-end cafe. Mr. Zheng must be drinking tea inside.

“Yeah, sure!”

Luo Feng was holding a black bag with something heavy inside. It was naturally the matte gold.

They went into an elevator.

About two minutes later, under Qin Shoucai’s lead, Luo Feng arrived at the entrance of an ancient coffee shop. He walked in.

The interior design seemed quite retro. Although it was simple, it exuded a trace of elegance and tranquility. With the indoor pool and peach blossoms, it was like paradise. Furthermore, there were very few people. There was basically no business.

Of course, Luo Feng had opened a hotpot restaurant in the past, so he naturally knew why such a coffee shop with lousy business could continue for a long time.

Actually, it was opened by a rich magnate. Usually, such a coffee shop was not for the sake of making money. Instead, when they were free, the magnate and his friends could go to their own coffee shop to drink tea and brag, or host card games. It was very convenient. It was also very safe.

Of course, his own coffee shop was also a good place to discuss business and partnerships. He was not afraid of business spies or reporters.

Creak.

The door of a private room with the signboard of the Lunar Water Grotto opened.

Luo Feng looked over and saw a blue-robed man with a big belly. He was about fifty years old, and he seemed to be talking to his friends. Those friends were either rich or noblemen, and they seemed to be in good spirits.

Qin Shoucai knocked on the door and got permission. After entering, they stopped chatting.

The pot-bellied middle-aged man in a blue shirt did not stand up. He just smiled and said, “Hey, kid, are you the streamer who obtained matte gold?”

His tone was very polite.

“Yes, it’s me. You should be Mr. Zheng, right?” Luo Feng looked at him speculatively.

“Yes, he’s our boss of Zhu Dafu, Mr. Zheng!” Qin Shoucai immediately replied.

“Kid, take a seat since you’re here. Qin Shoucai told me that you, an outdoor streamer, dug up matte gold. Is it true? This is a little mysterious.”

Zheng Bailin smiled and gestured for Luo Feng to sit down.

In his heart, wasn’t the streamer’s line of work completely scripted?

Player kills were part of a script. Funny jokes were scripts. As long as there was a plot, 99% of the content was fake. Even singing without a plot was also fake. He could not believe a single punctuation mark on the Internet.

“Of course, I found it. I didn’t know I’d be so lucky.”

Luo Feng took a deep breath and sat down, putting the black bag in his hand on the table.

He also knew that such a rich person definitely didn’t like to waste time, so he opened the black bag.

The next moment, the matte gold inside the bag shone through the window. It was at the right angle, and the reflection flashed in Zheng Bailin’s eyes.