

DRAGON KING HALL'S LEGEND

Chapter 11: Fortune and Longevity Famille Rose Porcelain? Unfortunately, It's Fake

Mu Jinyu's words rendered the entire room deathly silent.

"Thousand-year Ginseng?!"

People looked skeptically at the ginseng in the wooden box; the thing was white and tender, and as big as a radish. Its roots were long and dense, indeed resembling ginseng in some ways, but was it really ginseng?!

Nobody had seen such a large ginseng before, and they thought, even if it were Thousand-year Ginseng, it shouldn't look like this, should it?!

Gu Xiyan was just as skeptical of this.

Zhang Qiuhuai, on the other hand, aggressively questioned, "You say it's Thousand-year Ginseng, so where did you get it? Did you buy it during your time in Africa and bring it back to Huaxia?"

"No," Mu Jinyu shook his head.

He wasn't War King and hadn't been mingling in Africa, so how could he possibly obtain ginseng there and bring it back home? New novel chapters are published on N0v3l.Fire.net

Besides, this ginseng was obviously recently dug up, right? Saying that he bought it during his time in Africa and took the trouble to bring it back, would they believe him?

Upon hearing Mu Jinyu's response, Zhang Qiuhuai immediately showed a smug look, calmly saying, "Since it wasn't brought back by you from Africa, nor was it purchased by Xiao Yan for you, and earlier Xiao Yan said you had spent all your wealth, then..."

As he spoke, Zhang Qiuhuai lifted his head to look at Mu Jinyu with a piercing gaze, wanting to see panic in his expression, but unfortunately, Mu Jinyu's face remained impassive.

Zhang Qiuhuai found this boring and said bluntly, "Then where did this ginseng come from?!"

Hearing this, Gu Xiyan's aunts and other relatives felt like they had been struck by a thunderclap, reacted immediately, and bombarded him with questions:

"If you say it's Thousand-year Ginseng, yet you've scattered your wealth and returned to the country, and it wasn't Xiao Yan sponsoring you, then where did you get this ginseng?"

"If it's really Thousand-year Ginseng, then you must have relied on your exceptional skills. This ginseng, if not stolen, then was taken by force. Admit it, and we'll call the police!"

"I think you should just confess. This is simply a big white radish. Stop spinning more lies to deceive us. A single lie often needs thousands more to maintain—it's all being exposed now, so stop pretending to be the wolf with a big tail!"

"Exactly, exactly..."

"..."

Mu Jinyu looked at them and said calmly, "I didn't steal it, nor did I rob it. It truly is Thousand-year Ginseng. How did I get it? Well, I saved a friend tonight, and she gave it to me as a gift."

As the words were spoken,

everyone found themselves at a loss for words once again.

But Zhang Qiuhuai still maintained his disdainful sneer and continued to doubt, "A gift from your friend? You've been abroad for three years and the moment you return, a friend gives you a gift of Thousand-year Ginseng worth five hundred million? Is your influence that big?"

Mu Jinyu replied lightly, "I don't need you to believe it. Anyway, this is a Thousand-year Ginseng."

"Still acting tough," Zhang Qiuhuai sneered. Suddenly, he briskly stepped forward to Mu Jinyu, then lifted the hem of his suit to reveal the clothing label still attached to his trousers, and exclaimed loudly, "Your clothes, all given to you by Xiao Yan just now, even the labels aren't cut off. You say you've become like this, yet you still pretend to be the big bad wolf?"

"Pfft!"

Seeing the label on Mu Jinyu's clothing, the crowd couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Gu Xiyan was speechless.

She looked at Mu Jinyu as he turned his head towards her, giving her an innocent look, and communicated with her through eyes, 'Didn't you cut off the label?!'

Mu Jinyu, seeing the grinding-teeth expression on her, also felt a bit embarrassed.

He thought to himself that since he was just wearing it for one evening and he wasn't accustomed to such suits anyway, and if he didn't cut off the tag, could he possibly return it successfully?

So, he didn't snip it off.

Who would have thought that Zhang Qiu huai would be so eagle-eyed to spot his own label and shamelessly reach to lift up my clothes? What a sick pervert.

Luckily, Gu Xiyan had no idea what Mu Jinyu was thinking. If he had known, he probably would have been angered to death.

Mu Jinyu offered Gu Xiyan an apologetic smile before turning back to Zhang Qiu huai, swatting away his salacious hands pulling at her clothes, and said coldly, "The suit is brand new, but what does that have to do with a friend giving me a Thousand-year Ginseng?"

"It's utterly relevant," sneered Zhang Qiu huai. "If you really had a friend who gave you a Thousand-year Ginseng worth five hundred million, wouldn't they also buy you a better outfit instead of letting Xiao Yan get you a 'Face of Jade' suit with the tag still on? Don't make me laugh, please."

"Exactly, even if you don't like the clothes your friend gave you, and you do like the suit from Xiao Yan, would you like it so much that you wouldn't even cut off the label?"

"Oh please, just admit you're passing off a radish as a flute, why keep up the stubborn act? You're making everyone laugh, stripping bare your own skin, why bother?"

"..."

Gu Xiyan's relatives began to reinforce Zhang Qiuhuai's judgment once again, piling on the sarcasm and ridicule toward Mu Jinyu.

Then one said, "You clearly didn't take the old man's seventieth birthday seriously, admit you tried to sneak past with a radish. You have no respect, how dare we let Xiao Yan marry you?"

"For sure, look at Qiuhuai. To celebrate the old man's seventieth birthday, he scoured all of Huaxia and finally managed to buy a Qing Yongzheng famille rose bat and peach pattern olive-shaped vase, 'Fortune and Longevity,' for fifty million."

They quickly shifted the conversation to the famille rose porcelain that Zhang Qiuhuai had bought for fifty million and started to sing praises of it excessively.

"Xiao Yan, let me tell you, a man like Qiuhuai who has respect for his elders will also be good to his wife after marriage. Someone without any respect, who just thinks of skimping, if he doesn't respect his elders, do you think he might abuse you after you get married?"

Listening to their words, Mu Jinyu completely lost hope in their intelligence.

Is my ginseng genuine, they claim it's either stolen or snatched, and if I say it was a gift from a friend, they won't believe anyone would be so generous. If I'm forced to admit the ginseng is fake, they accuse me of deceiving, lacking respect, and even suggest I would turn to domestic violence after marriage.

So no matter what I say, it's wrong?

Mu Jinyu was utterly defeated by them. To lick Zhang Qiuhuai's boots, they were really going all out to stomp on me, huh?

Aunties, in full lecturing flow, pressed Gu Xiyan about how great Zhang Qiuhuai was, an ideal match, while Mu Jinyu was trash, and so on...

Then, seeing that Gu Xiyan looked displeased, one lady thought for a moment and said to Zhang Qiuhuai, "Young Master Zhang, why don't you show your famille rose bat and peach pattern olive-shaped vase to Xiao Yan? Let her see what a man with true respect looks like. Don't let the miser blind you..."

"Sure," agreed Zhang Qiuhuai readily. Then, glancing at the dispirited Mu Jinyu, he felt a surge of satisfaction.

He thought to himself that he would soon impress Gu Xiyan, she would instantly fall for him, and then tumble into love. He was so pleased that he quickly headed towards the table to retrieve the birthday gift he had prepared.

Picking up a long wooden box from beneath the table, Zhang Qiuhuai opened it to reveal a porcelain vase with a famille rose-patterned white base inside.

This porcelain vase was elegantly shaped, resembling the Olive-Shaped Bottle, and it was painted with flower clusters, clustered butterflies, eight peaches, and bats. Peaches symbolize "longevity," while "bat" is a homonym for "fortune," so "Bat and Peach" connoted "Fortune and Longevity."

This famille rose porcelain, as a birthday gift, was certainly very good.

"It's so beautiful, I just can't get enough of it!"

"Qiuhuai is really thoughtful."

"..."

The aunties gazed at the beautiful Olive-Shaped Bottle, their eyes filled with infatuation, murmuring their admiration for Zhang Qiuhuai's respect for the elders.

However...

Having glanced at the Olive-Shaped Bottle, Mu Jinyu withdrew her gaze contemptuously and stated indifferently, "Fake."

The crowd's praises came to an abrupt halt.