

A Trash 221

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221 A Grand Auction! The Price of the Yongle Encyclopedia Revealed? (3)

Laughter filled the air.

Suddenly, Li Shishi returned from work and began cooking. By now, they had already amassed a fortune of one trillion through treasure hunting, allowing them to enjoy life to the fullest.

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"Lin Yide? Mr. Lin, you sure arrived quickly!"

"The Shanghai Museum isn't late either!"

"Hehe, enough chit-chat. The Yongle Encyclopedia belongs to our Guangdi Museum. Don't even think about it!"

"We've increased our budget! The Yongle Encyclopedia is ours for the taking."

Outside the hotel, representatives from various museums were having their identities checked by armed police while holding up their entry cards. These days, only those who had proper identification could enter the hotel, making it impossible for ordinary people to gain entry. This small-town hotel was experiencing unprecedented good fortune, hosting a continuous stream of important guests for the first time.

"Hello, receptionist, this is our Zhu Dafu's Mr. Zheng Bailin. We'd like a presidential suite!"

Using their identities as entrepreneurs, the folks from Zhu Dafu had been allowed entry into the hotel, and the one who greeted the receptionist was Manager Wang, who stood beside Zheng Bailin.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but the presidential suites are all fully booked. We only have ordinary single rooms available, about 30 square meters, but I assure you that the facilities are complete!"

"Is there any possibility of negotiating a swap?" Manager Wang was speechless; when had billionaire Zheng Bailin ever stayed in a 30 square meter single room?

"Swap with whom? Who would you ask to swap with?" Zheng Bailin snorted and then smiled at the receptionist. "I'll take the 30 square meter single room. Manager Wang, you'll have to sleep on the floor later!"

Truth be told, if they dawdled any longer, there might not even be any single rooms left. With so many wealthy people and government officials arriving, could they really afford to be picky?

"Sigh, when I first met this young fellow, I just thought he had a bit of luck. Now, he's being protected by the military and is staying in a presidential suite, while I can only stay in a single room!"

In all honesty, the saying, “Don’t look down on anyone, as they might change completely in three days,” had truly manifested in Luo Feng.

After arriving in the 30 square meter room, Zheng Bailin inspected the environment. Though somewhat disdainful, he accepted the situation and moved in. Manager Wang busied himself tidying the room and unpacking their belongings.

“Little Wang, do you think my daughter and Little Luo could become a couple?”

Suddenly, Zheng Bailin brought up the matter. As a trusted confidant, it was not unusual for him to discuss such issues with his subordinates.

“There’s no doubt, Miss Zheng is so beautiful and your only daughter. It’s bound to happen. Little Luo is fortunate to be chosen by you as a son-in-law.”

“It’s not just about luck, right?” Zheng Bailin smiled faintly. “Given his capabilities in the world of treasures, I’ve never seen anyone with more extensive knowledge or a more mysterious background. Perhaps he’s from some ancient hidden sect. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be so skilled in finding treasures.”

“A hidden sect, like the legendary Ghost Valley Master?” Manager Wang thought that this must be what his boss meant.

“Yes, after all, there have been countless talented individuals throughout China’s thousands of years of history. Some magical sects are beyond your wildest imagination. They pass on their knowledge and expertise in certain fields, surpassing even the greatest scientists. The simplest example is their ability to locate burial sites. Treasure hunters and tomb raiders from 20 years ago, before the law was established, were far more skilled at finding burial sites than the experts.”

“It must be some special sect indeed. With such a background, he might become a multi-billionaire in the future! Plus, he’s handsome, so this marriage prospect doesn’t seem bad at all!” Manager Wang nodded in agreement.

However, everything would ultimately depend on the younger generation’s wishes. Upon observation, Luo Feng seemed quite flirtatious, harboring intentions towards beautiful women. He seemed to be a playboy at heart, especially fond of gazing at beautiful women like a giant panda.

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Time quickly passed, and the next day soon arrived.

When Luo Feng opened the door to call for breakfast, he was immediately greeted by 2 guards standing outside, looking exceptionally alert early in the morning. It seemed that the military department had been guarding his door throughout the night.

Not paying it much mind, Luo Feng went to wash up and brush his teeth. After breakfast, he checked his phone and noticed that not a single person had called him. Lin Yide? Wang Yousheng? Sun Daozhen? The long-legged girl? Had they all changed their minds? It did not make any sense to him.

After finishing breakfast, Luo Feng leaned back on the sofa, knowing that treasure hunting was out of the question for the day. H

He needed to deal with the matters at hand first.

“Hey, guys, how’s everyone? I had an amazing sleep last night. That dream was so incredible, I didn’t want to wake up!”

“Do you guys want to know what I dreamt of?”

Luo Feng immediately started his live stream and began chatting with his audience.

“Haha! Was it Qin Rubing above you and Li Shishi below?”

“Damn! Why didn’t I have a dream like that?”

“Take three years off my life in exchange of a dream like that, but it has to be more realistic, not some blurry nonsense!”

“If you haven’t experienced it, your dreams can only be vague! You need the real experience to make your dreams vivid!”

“Wow, that’s professional!”

“Yes, yes, that’s how it is. Before I lost my virginity, my dreams were completely vague. Only after gaining experience could I have detailed dreams!”

“Damn! Did the host really have a wet dream?”

“Hey, host, you’re blowing up on the foreign internet now. A lot of foreign billionaires are offering a million dollars for a copy of the Yongle Encyclopedia!”

“Let them dream! During the late Qing dynasty, they have already stolen more than a hundred volumes of the encyclopedia. Don’t sell them a single volume!”