

Golden 103

Chapter 103 Jade in the Stone (Part Two)

"Xiao Rui, what are you doing upstairs, you little brat? Trying to rebel..."

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The sound of Aunt Wang calling from downstairs came from outside the window. They had lived in the same building for over ten years. As the saying goes, a close neighbor is worse than a distant relative, and they had all watched Zhuang Rui grow up, so they spoke without any reservations. →

"White Lion, come out, stop playing around."

Zhuang Rui called out to the area under the bed. Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's voice, the little white lion excitedly crawled out from under the bed, but its two front paws were still pushing a round stone. The stone collided with the floor, making a "rumble, rumble" sound.

Zhuang Rui guessed that the sound Wang Dama heard was the sound of the stone rolling. As friends who live in apartment buildings know, what might be a very small sound upstairs becomes very loud downstairs.

"Stop playing with this, I'll give you a bath later."

Zhuang Rui snatched the stone, opened the window, and shouted downstairs, "Aunt Wang, I'm sorry, the little guy is naughty. I'll discipline him later. I haven't had your dumplings in a long time. I'll come over to your house for a free meal sometime, haha."

When Aunt Wang learned that Zhuang Min's family had moved in, she thought it was just the little girl being naughty, and quickly said, "No...no, Xiao Rui, it's okay for a child to be naughty. I'll make dumplings tomorrow, come down and eat."

Zhuang Rui didn't explain, just agreed and closed the window. He held the dark stone in his hand, which was covered in dust. He put the stone on the ground and prepared to wash his hands.

As soon as he turned around, the little white lion started playing again. Zhuang Rui quickly snatched the stone away and put it on the table. He vaguely remembered that he had found these broken stones in the box left by his grandfather. There seemed to be four or five of them, which he had thrown under the bed. To prevent the little guy from causing trouble again, Zhuang Rui bent down, ready to find the stones and throw them away together tomorrow.

The area under the bed was pitch black, but it immediately became bright after Zhuang Rui released his spiritual energy.

"Huh? What is this thing? Damn, it hurts so much."

After Zhuang Rui used his spiritual energy, he suddenly discovered two places under the bed emitting a faint green light. At first glance, they looked like the eyes of a wolf, which startled Zhuang Rui. In his haste to look up, he bumped into the bed board. Zhuang Rui grimaced in pain and crawled out from under the bed. The little white lion immediately pounced on him and affectionately licked Zhuang Rui's face with its tongue.

It shouldn't be the little thing's doing. Zhuang Rui remembered clearly that the two green lights were nearly a meter apart, so it couldn't be the little white lion's eyes. Rubbing his head, which was sore from the bump, Zhuang Rui pushed the little white lion away and went to the outer room to find a flashlight.

"That's strange. There's nothing there except these few broken stones."

Zhuang Rui shone his flashlight under the bed for a long time and found that apart from the few stones he had thrown in a few days ago, there was nothing else under the bed.

"Xiao Rui, what are you doing with your butt sticking out like that? Is there some kind of treasure under the bed? Come out quickly, kid, look how dirty you are."

Just as Zhuang Rui was about to take out a few stones, his mother returned. Hearing the noise in his room, she pushed open the door and came in, just in time to see Zhuang Rui trying to crawl under the bed again.

"Mom, you're back. I'm fine. There are a few stones under the bed, and this little guy keeps pushing them around. Aunt Wang downstairs is complaining."

Zhuang Rui replied to his mother, then used his flashlight to take out the remaining four stones from under the bed and placed them on the table.

"You silly child, why do you throw stones under the bed for no reason? Throw them all away tomorrow, and take off your clothes and put them in the washing machine later."

Zhuang Rui didn't dare reply. Although his mother wasn't as nagging as Liu's mother, she was still quite skilled at disciplining. Sure enough, seeing that Zhuang Rui didn't argue, his mother left.

Seeing his mother leave, Zhuang Rui lay back down on the ground and released his spiritual energy to look under the bed again. This time, he didn't see the two green lights again. He stood up and looked at the five fist-sized stones placed side by side on the table. Zhuang Rui was a little suspicious. Could it be that the light was emitted by these stones?

Whether it is true or not, we'll know once we see it. Zhuang Rui was too lazy to think about it anymore and looked up at the stones.

"No, no, wait, what's this?"

After examining two stones, both of which were of ordinary stone structure, Zhuang Rui noticed a touch of green that, through the transmission of spiritual energy, clearly entered his eyes when he saw the third stone.

Zhuang Rui immediately perked up, disregarding the dust covering the stone. He cupped it in his hands and examined its appearance carefully without using his spiritual energy.

The stone was rather heavy in my hand, probably weighing two or three pounds despite its small size. The surface of the stone was dark and cold to the touch. Moreover, the surface was very uneven, with many tiny patterns and some black moss. At first glance, it looked like it had been crawled over by earthworms, appearing somewhat grooved and quite ugly.

"Could there be jade in here? But jade is always white."

Zhuang Rui's understanding of jade was limited to mutton fat jade. He was unaware that there was another gemstone in the world called jadeite, whose value was no less than that of fine jade.

Slowly, he infused spiritual energy into the stone. About three or four centimeters from the surface, it looked the same as before. But when Zhuang Rui looked deeper, a captivating green color suddenly came into view.

Zhuang Rui had never seen such a pure color before. In the middle of the stone, a part about the size of an egg yolk shimmered with a green light, which was evenly distributed. Within this light, Zhuang Rui sensed the presence of a spiritual energy, but it was different from the spiritual energy in antiques. The spiritual energy Zhuang Rui sensed in antiques was thick and solid, while the spiritual energy he sensed now was light and ethereal, and its color was exactly the green he had seen.

After trying to absorb it, Zhuang Rui discovered that although this spiritual energy was different from that in the antique, it could not be integrated with the spiritual energy he saw. At this point, Zhuang Rui gave up hope, realizing that he would no longer be able to absorb spiritual energy from objects.

Could this thing be jadeite? Zhuang Rui belatedly realized this only after he looked away. It's understandable that Zhuang Rui, although he worked in a pawnshop, was doing financial work and rarely came into contact with jewelry and luxury goods. He had heard of jadeite and even seen it with his own eyes, but he didn't know that jadeite was actually produced from this seemingly inconspicuous stone.

It's not just Zhuang Rui; most people in the world can't distinguish between jadeite and jade. Even you, dear readers, probably only have a vague concept in your minds, let alone be able to differentiate between raw stones, ice jade, and emeralds. Even if you were given a raw stone from an old mine full of pine flower and python patterns, it would probably be thrown away as a piece of trash.

Zhuang Rui knew that good jadeite was very valuable, but what he remembered most were jadeite pendants sold at street stalls or stores, costing ten or twenty yuan each. He was a little unsure about the jadeite in this stone, since he had never examined jadeite with his own eyes before and didn't know how much spiritual energy it contained. However, the captivating green color he had just seen made him subconsciously feel that the jadeite in his stone must be something valuable.

Moreover, this rock was the very one that the little white lion had been rolling around on earlier. Zhuang Rui looked at the little guy crawling beside him with a strange expression. "Could this little guy also see what's inside?"

Shaking his head, Zhuang Rui dismissed his ridiculous idea and picked up two more stones. After examining them, he discovered that one of the stones also contained a hint of green, which was the presence of jade. However, compared to the egg-shaped jade from before, it was quite different, only the size of a little fingernail, and the color was not pure.

"How did Grandpa get these things?"

Zhuang Rui was somewhat puzzled. It wasn't that he lacked knowledge; back in 2003, the internet wasn't particularly developed. Even Zhuang Rui, a seasoned internet user, didn't know that the jadeite originated from places like Myanmar, where his grandfather had conducted geological surveys.

"Mom, do you know where those stones Grandpa left behind came from?"

Completely baffled, Zhuang Rui left his room and asked his mother, who was watching television.

"Oh, I had forgotten. I think your dad mentioned that those stones were brought back from Myanmar by your grandfather. He worked in geology his whole life, so they were probably for research purposes. By the way, since they were left by your grandfather, don't throw them away. Put them back in the box and don't let this little guy roll around."

The little white lion clearly knew who was the boss in this family. After following Zhuang Rui out of the room, it affectionately rubbed its big head against Zhuang's mother, looking quite innocent and cute.

"How do we get this thing out?"

After getting the answer, Zhuang Rui returned to his room and started having headaches again. The whole thing was covered by stone, and it wouldn't be easy to just take out the middle piece intact.

"Mom, I'm going to buy a pack of cigarettes. I'll be right back."

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment, ran to the room where the miscellaneous items were stored, found a hammer, put it inside his coat, held the stone with the least green color in his hand, opened the door and went out.

"This child, how come his smoking habit is getting worse and worse? Xiao Rui, smoke less." Zhuang's mother's voice came from behind.

He waved his hand behind him and ran downstairs in a few quick steps. The weather in March was still a bit cold. It was only a little past nine o'clock, and there were hardly any people outside the community. Zhuang Rui went to the stone table and chairs where the old men and women usually played mahjong.

After looking around, Zhuang Rui stuffed the stone in his hand into the gap between two stone slabs, then raised the hammer in his hand and smashed it down hard.