

## Golden 124

### Chapter 124 Attempt to Steal a Chicken Backfires (Part 5)

Fearing he might have missed something, Zhuang Rui used his spiritual energy to examine each of the ceramic items on the table again, but the result was the same: none of the twenty-odd ceramic pieces contained spiritual energy.

According to Qian Yaosi, one of these items should be genuine. However, Zhuang Rui's eyes have never been wrong when distinguishing objects. "Could there really be antiques without spiritual energy?" For a moment, Zhuang Rui was not sure. Just because it hasn't happened doesn't mean it doesn't exist. Perhaps such a situation really exists.

This thought made Zhuang Rui feel very frustrated. Once he lost his cheating methods that had always worked, Zhuang Rui felt that he was no different from ordinary people who were new to the antique business. Faced with this large pile of ceramic jars, he had no idea where to start. Because it concerned his string of dzi beads, Zhuang Rui did not dare to act rashly and randomly point out one as genuine.

Qian Yaosi and Gu Lao appeared to be brewing tea and drinking together, but their attention was actually focused on Zhuang Rui. Seeing that Zhuang Rui had finished appraising all the ceramics on the table, Qian Yaosi couldn't help but say, "Brother Zhuang, how was it? I already told you that the Kangxi blue and white porcelain is genuine, but you just didn't believe me. It's not that there aren't fine folk kiln pieces with reign marks, it's just that they are relatively rare."

"Does that mean porcelain made in folk kilns doesn't have any spiritual energy? That shouldn't be the case. Spiritual energy doesn't have intelligence, so it doesn't distinguish between folk kilns and official kilns. Besides, the sandalwood root carving I found in Hefei was also carved by a folk artist, so it also has spiritual energy."

Upon hearing Qian Yaosi's words, Zhuang Rui had a thought, but he quickly dismissed it. However, among the pile of ceramic objects in front of him, there was indeed not a single one containing spiritual energy, which puzzled Zhuang Rui greatly.

"Wooden Head, if you can't tell, then forget it. We won't sell him the dzi bead. What are you going to do if he tries to steal it? Let's just leave and stop dawdling here..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui standing there, head tilted, deep in thought, Liu Chuan said irritably, "This whole thing is inherently unfair. I don't know how this blockhead Zhuang Rui even agreed."

Zhuang Rui waved his hand, telling Liu Chuan not to interrupt him. He vaguely felt that he had fallen into a trap, as if the fat old man had set a snare for him, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what was wrong. So, he was now recalling their conversation, trying to find some clues from the source.

"Woof...woof woof..."

Perhaps it was thirsty from eating fish, or perhaps it was bored because Zhuang Rui was ignoring it, but the little white lion started barking at the two old folks who were drinking tea together. Qin Xuanbing, who was sitting to the side, called out to it, but it ignored her and kept barking. This startled Zhuang Rui, who was deep in thought.

"White Lion, come here..."

"Hey...hey, Brother Zhuang, that's a Kangxi blue and white porcelain bowl, worth hundreds of thousands, not a washbasin for feeding dogs! If it breaks or gets damaged, are you going to pay for it?"

Zhuang Rui reached out and summoned the little white lion. He casually picked up the so-called Kangxi folk kiln blue and white porcelain masterpiece that Qian Yaosi had mentioned on the table, put it on the ground, took out a bottle of mineral water from his backpack, and poured it in. This action greatly displeased Qian Yaosi, who shouted loudly.

"Come on, Manager Qian, if this is a genuine Kangxi blue and white porcelain, then my dzi bead must have been worn by the Buddha himself. How about we change the way we bet? If this is a genuine Kangxi blue and white porcelain, I'll sell the dzi bead to you. If it's a fake, then we'll call it even, and the previous bet will be considered as never having happened. What do you think?"

Zhuang Rui realized he couldn't keep being led by the nose by this old fox, so he said the words above.

As expected, Qian Yaosi chuckled after hearing Zhuang Rui's words and said, "Brother Zhuang has a good eye. Let's not take this bet. That blue and white porcelain is just a fake, hehe. But Brother Zhuang, you still haven't found the real item in my shop!"

"The genuine items in my shop, my shop... my shop..."

As Zhuang Rui watched Qian Yaosi's smug expression, Qian Yaosi's words kept echoing in his mind, like a bright lamp shining in the darkness, illuminating Zhuang Rui's thoughts.

Zhuang Rui finally understood. It turned out that the fat old man had been plotting something when he first asked the shop assistant to take down these ceramic items. He wanted to lure him into thinking that the so-called genuine item was among these ceramic pieces. However, when Qian Yaosi first spoke, he only said that the item was in the shop, not that it was among these ceramic pieces.

The fat old man was very successful, and Zhuang Rui was indeed tricked by him. Zhuang Rui had been feeling something was wrong, but he couldn't figure out what it was. Now, after hearing Qian Yaosi's words, he suddenly understood. Looking around, there were no ceramic items on the table in the shop, although there were a few, there were still three or five pieces.

Zhuang Rui understood this point, and the confidence he had almost lost returned. He laughed and said, "Manager Qian, all the items you had brought over are fake. The genuine item you mentioned is in the shop. Please put out all the remaining ceramic items in the shop."

"Hey, Brother Zhuang, there are only a few items in this room. You can see them all at a glance. There aren't many left. You can keep an eye on them while I catch up with Brother Gu..."

Qian Yaosi's chubby face was now smiling somewhat forcedly. He hadn't expected Zhuang Rui to be so convinced that none of the ceramic objects on the table were real. Of course, he knew they were all fake, but Zhuang Rui's ability to tell the difference at such a young age was beyond his expectations.

While Qian Yaosi was talking to Zhuang Rui, his eyes glanced at the store entrance intentionally or unintentionally. Although he immediately looked away, Zhuang Rui still noticed this detail.

Following Qian Yaosi's gaze, Zhuang Rui saw a wooden shelf, about 30 centimeters high, on the right side of the shop entrance. It looked like it was made of rosewood. On the shelf, there was a blue and white porcelain teapot with lotus scroll design, about half a meter high. Because of its relatively large size, the shop assistants hadn't moved it.

"Old fox, leaving such a large, open object at the entrance without worrying about it being accidentally broken by passersby, this must be it."

Zhuang Rui was secretly delighted. This old guy was really cunning. Such a big object was placed there, and he hadn't even noticed it. He must have taken advantage of his "blind spot" mentality. The more obvious the object, the less attention it would attract.

"Little rascal, no matter how cunning you are, you still have to drink this old man's foot bath water..."

Qian Yaosi noticed that Zhuang Rui's attention was drawn to the blue-and-white lotus-patterned teapot by the door. A faint smile appeared on his lips, and he felt smug. He turned back to drink tea with Gu Lao, but he didn't show any smugness.

This blue and white porcelain ewer with a lotus scroll design is about 50 centimeters tall. It has a circular foot, round belly, long neck, and straight mouth. The shape is dignified and simple. The blue and white lotus scroll design is painted in one go, with free and smooth strokes. The body of the ewer is decorated with a dragon pattern, and the dragon's eyes are dotted with blue and white. The whole porcelain piece is ingeniously designed, well-made, and has a pure glaze. Even an expert would probably think it is an authentic antique at first glance.

Zhuang Rui circled the lotus-patterned teapot several times, comparing it with the knowledge of blue and white porcelain he had memorized, but couldn't find any flaws. However, Zhuang Rui wasn't very confident in his half-baked appreciation skills, so he had to use his spiritual energy in his eyes to find out the truth in the end.

"Damn it, that old fox deliberately tricked me..."

The moment the spiritual energy appeared, the truth was immediately revealed. The lotus-patterned teapot was completely empty, without a trace of spiritual energy. Zhuang Rui was filled with regret, realizing he was still lacking in experience. They say old people are shrewd, and that's absolutely true. This fat old man had set a trap for him with just a glance. If it weren't for the spiritual energy, he probably would have been completely fooled by this old fox.

"This little guy is really quite troublesome..."

Although he was having a long talk with Brother Gu sitting next to him, and occasionally chatting with Qin Xuanbing and others, Qian Yaosi's eyes were always on Zhuang Rui out of the corner of his eye. Now he saw Zhuang Rui leave the porcelain by the door and wander around the shop again.

Qian Yaosi was starting to get impatient. He hadn't expected that Zhuang Rui would see through the best imitations of these porcelain pieces in the shop. For a moment, he put away his contempt. After filling the teacups in front of Brother Gu and Qin Xuanbing with tea, he casually placed the purple clay teapot in his hand on the tea tray in front of him. However, this position was exactly where his body blocked the light in the shadows.

Zhuang Rui was getting impatient. He wandered around the shop and examined the remaining ceramic items with his eyes, but none of them contained any spiritual energy. He began to wonder if the fat old man had been lying to him.

"Manager Qian, are you sure this large, antique item in the shop is indeed a piece of ceramic?"

Zhuang Rui was getting tired of standing. He had looked at everything in the shop that was related to ceramics, so he simply sat back down next to Qian Yaosi, picked up the cup of tea in front of Liu Chuan, and drank it.

"Of course, would I, an old man, lie to you? So, if you can't find it, you should admit defeat." Seeing Zhuang Rui pinch the purple clay cup with two fingers, a hint of panic flashed in Qian Yaosi's eyes.