

## Golden 130

### Chapter 130 Complaint

"Who...who are you? What do you want?"

Wang Kun felt a large hand gripping his neck tightly, making it difficult to speak. He managed to utter a few words before the sound died in his throat, his face turning a purplish-red, like an eggplant.

"Liu Chuan, what are you doing? Let go first, or someone will die."

Lei Lei was initially enjoying the scene, but then she noticed that Liu Chuan was almost lifting the man's feet off the ground. She quickly told Liu Chuan to let go, as there were many people coming and going, and causing trouble would be difficult to handle.

"Kid, watch your eyes. You think you can mess with my men? If you're itching for a massage, I'll give you a free massage."

Upon hearing this, Liu Chuan released his grip, his bull-like eyes glaring intently at Wang Kun, looking as if he wanted to devour him.

Wang Kun has never suffered any major losses in his life so far. The most important reason is that he is quick-witted and never suffers a loss. The big man in front of him is a head taller than him and has a thuggish look on his face. If a fight breaks out, Wang Kun estimates that with his size, even three or five of him would not be a match for him.

"Is this how you treat your customers? I'm going to complain to the exhibition organizing committee and expect to be fined."

Wang Kun took several steps back and uttered a harsh statement. He knew that exhibitors would invest a lot of money to participate in such a trade fair, and the organizing committee had the right to deal with the exhibitors' behavior or even expel them from the fair based on customer complaints.

"Alright, go somewhere cool and stay there, stop showing off here."

Wang Kun suddenly felt a chill on the back of his neck, startling him. He quickly turned around and saw an ordinary-looking young man patting his shoulder. Seeing these two protectors, Wang Kun knew that further entanglement would be pointless, so he remained silent. After giving Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan a fierce look, he turned and squeezed into the crowd.

"Wood, why don't you teach him a lesson? Look at that kid's eyes, they're not looking right at him. Leilei, where was he looking at you just now? Let me see too, otherwise I'll get hurt. Ouch, that hurts so much."

Liu Chuan, his eyes also filled with lust, looked at Lei Lei beside him. Suddenly, a high heel stepped on his right foot, causing Liu Chuan to clutch his foot in pain and jump up on the spot.

The group, along with the white and black lions, went out to eat, playfully bickering. Naturally, there were security guards from the exhibition hall watching over the booth.

Zhuang Rui planned to drive back to Zhonghai after finishing his meal. Tomorrow was the end of his vacation, and his boss had already rented him a new apartment in Zhonghai. When they talked on the phone yesterday, he heard that Zhuang Rui had bought a car, and he almost rushed from Zhonghai to Nanjing overnight.

"Leilei, I've seen you set up shop all morning, distributed a lot of materials, and talked a lot, but you haven't closed a single deal. Is there something you haven't considered?"

The group didn't go far before sitting down at a Western restaurant not far from the exhibition hall. Liu Chuan noticed that Lei Lei looked worried and couldn't help but ask her what was wrong.

"The main problem is that we don't have a deep enough understanding of the mainland market. All the exhibits we brought this time are high-end jewelry, which doesn't suit the customers attending this exhibition. We underestimated the mainland market. We originally thought that with such a large population, high-end products would be popular, but the opposite is true. Mid- to low-end jewelry is the theme of this exhibition."

Lei Lei remained silent, but Qin Xuanbing answered Liu Chuan's question, her words tinged with a hint of helplessness.

"I don't know much about jewelry, but I think you should start with low- to mid-range products, build up your network and reputation, and then move into the high-end jewelry sector. Because consumers of high-end products, like collectors, are a relatively specific group with their own circles."

After hearing Qin Xuanbing's words, Zhuang Rui offered his opinion.

"Forget about that, Zhuang Rui. Be careful driving back to Zhonghai this afternoon."

Qin Xuanbing actually had many difficulties that she hadn't mentioned. Jadeite, the mainstay of the jewelry industry, has seen its price skyrocket in recent years. Qin Xuanbing's family's jewelry company had suffered setbacks at the recent jadeite auctions held in Myanmar, leading to a shortage of supplies. In addition, the company's senior management had differing opinions on developing the mainland market and hadn't given Qin Xuanbing's new company much support. Otherwise, even a weakened camel is bigger than a horse, and the jewelry exhibited this time wouldn't have been so limited in variety.

Because their performance at the exhibition in the morning was not very good, Lei Lei and Qin Xuanbing, who were new to the business world, were obviously a bit discouraged and were not in a good mood. After eating something simple, the four of them returned to the exhibition hall. When they were still more than ten meters away from their booth, they saw a group of people surrounding their booth, shouting something.

"Ms. Lei, you're back. These people said they received a customer complaint that we assaulted someone, and they're here to investigate."

A girl who had been hired by Lei Lei to work as a sales promoter rushed forward to greet everyone as they returned.

"Are you in charge of this booth? A customer has complained that your service was rude and that you even drove away and assaulted the customer. This violates the exhibition's rules. We hope you can cooperate with our investigation. Please pack up your exhibits and come with us to the office to handle this."

A middle-aged man with a square face, around forty-five or forty-six years old, parted the crowd and walked up to Lei Lei. This serious-looking middle-aged man was none other than Old Zhao, the same Old Zhao that Wang Kun had been looking for when searching for information on Qin Xuanbing's company.

"Put away the exhibits? On what grounds? Who complained and made him come forward? We did not do the things you described. You are not a law enforcement officer and have no right to take us anywhere for investigation."

Without even thinking, Lei Lei knew that it was that filthy man from noon who had done this. She was furious and her voice rose. She was naturally outgoing and outspoken, and her outburst was heard throughout half the exhibition.

Old Zhao was startled by Lei Lei's actions. He originally thought that since they were just two girls, he could control them by acting authoritatively and then fine them a little. This way, he could at least appease Young Master Wang and his wife could buy three pieces of jewelry instead of just one. However, he didn't expect that the girl would completely ignore him and speak frankly. Old Zhao stood there, his face turning red and white, feeling extremely embarrassed.

"How can two girls like us beat someone up? Do you think we're easy to bully?"

There's a saying that people who aren't family don't enter the same door, and at this moment, Lei Lei does resemble Liu Chuan somewhat.

At lunchtime, there weren't many people in the exhibition hall, as most had gone out for lunch. However, there were a few people left at each booth, and they all gathered around after hearing the commotion.

"It was the man next to you who did it. I didn't say you hit me. Please don't make trouble for me."

Old Zhao was already losing face. More and more people were gathering around. Originally, customer complaints were not his responsibility, but the deputy director had gone to dinner with the old man from Beijing, which allowed him to take over the matter. However, there were some unspeakable shady dealings involved, and making a big fuss about it would not do him any good.

"I'm sorry, he's not from our company. He's a guest at the exhibition, invited by your organizing committee. Besides, I didn't see this gentleman hit anyone. What evidence do you have? You can also call the police."

Exhibitors at this jewelry exhibition can invite people as guests, of course, through the organizing committee. So when Lei Lei refused to acknowledge the invitation, Lao Zhao couldn't do anything about it, since Liu Chuan's badge said "Guest" instead of his work ID for this booth.

However, Lei Lei's words made Liu Chuan roll his eyes. It wasn't enough that she betrayed her buddy like that; she also wanted to send him to the police station. This woman was even more ruthless than him.

"They were together. It was that woman who instructed that man to hit me. I can testify to that..."

A voice came from the crowd. Wang Kun took a few steps forward. He originally wanted to point at Liu Chuan and speak, but in the end, he was still a little scared and leaned closer to Deputy Director Zhao.

When Deputy Director Zhao saw Wang Kun step forward, he breathed a sigh of relief. With the person in charge present, things would be much easier for him.

"Wang Yigun, this girl is quite the feisty one, are you sure you can handle her?"

However, things did not develop as he had expected. Just as Wang Kun stepped forward, the crowd began to discuss it. There were many local Nanjing jewelers in the exhibition hall, and everyone knew the name Wang Yigun. Even jewelers from other places had heard of him. Someone shouted out the sentence above, which immediately caused a burst of laughter.

Liu Chuan overheard the murmurs behind him and realized what kind of person this guy was. Enraged, he stepped forward and slapped Wang Kun across the face, yelling, "You bastard, harassing women!"

Liu Chuan wasn't stupid. By uttering those words, he had already defined Wang Kun's behavior. However, Wang Kun felt truly wronged. He had done his fair share of harassing women, but this time he had only made a suggestive glance and was beaten by this unreasonable brute. This was more unjust than Dou E's situation. At this moment, Wang Kun had already categorized himself as a civilized person.

Xu Wei, hiding in the crowd, shuddered as he looked at the five bright red finger marks on Wang Kun's face. He secretly rejoiced that he had shifted the blame, otherwise he would have been the one to get slapped.

"What's going on? Why are you all gathered here?"

A voice came from outside the crowd, and then a group of people walked in. The person in the middle was none other than the old man who had met Zhuang Rui and the others yesterday.