

Golden 141

Chapter 141 Viagra's Driving Skills

Listening to Dao Lang's deep, husky voice on the car stereo, Zhuang Rui drove alone on the Nanjing-Zhonghai Expressway. It felt like he was back in Tibet a while ago. Looking at his little white lion sitting in the passenger seat, Zhuang Rui's mood was as bright and cheerful as the spring sunshine in March.

Reaching out to touch the jade Guanyin pendant on his chest, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but recall what had happened at the Nanjing trade fair not long ago, and couldn't help but laugh out loud. The little white lion beside him immediately turned its head towards its master, its eyes revealing a look of confusion.

Because his boss in Zhonghai made several calls urging him to hurry up, Zhuang Rui bid farewell to Old Master Gu and Qin Xuanbing and others shortly after Xu Wei cut the stone, and drove back to Zhonghai alone. This trip to Nanjing not only brought him a cash check of 1.5 million yuan, but also a set of purple clay teaware worth hundreds of thousands of yuan in his car, so it can be said that he had made a great harvest.

What pleased Zhuang Rui the most was that, before leaving, Qin Xuanbing gave him a valuable glass-ground jade Guanyin pendant, along with a kiss. This time, Zhuang Rui didn't miss the opportunity. After Qin Xuanbing gave him a light kiss on the cheek, Zhuang Rui pulled Qin Xuanbing close and pressed his big mouth against her cherry lips.

At first, Qin Xuanbing resisted, but under Zhuang Rui's aggressive kiss, she gradually reciprocated. It was like a thunderbolt striking the earth, and once it started, it was unstoppable. Even when Lei Lei and Liu Chuan approached, neither of them noticed. However, this also caused the shy Qin Xuanbing to hide in the exhibition booth until Zhuang Rui drove away, and she never came out again.

Zhuang Rui now had two more business cards in his pocket. One was from Old Master Gu, who had handwritten his address in Beijing on the card and invited Zhuang Rui to visit him if he ever had the chance to go to Beijing.

The other business card, however, was given to Zhuang Rui by Yang Hao, the rough stone merchant. Within half an hour of Zhuang Rui and the others cutting the stones on site, the hundred or so rough stones of various sizes that Yang Hao brought were snapped up by the frenzied jade merchants and tourists, bringing in more than two million yuan. Although it could not compare with the two finished

stones that Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan had won in their gamble, the rough stones that were originally planned to be sold for more than ten days were sold out in less than a day, which was enough to make Yang Hao extremely excited.

The reason Yang Hao gave Zhuang Rui his business card was simple: he had invited Zhuang Rui to visit the Chaoshan region, saying that with Zhuang Rui's good luck, he might just find a priceless piece of jade. Zhuang Rui was both amused and exasperated. In terms of luck alone, he was far inferior to Liu Chuan, who had picked the only piece of jade among hundreds of rough stones.

However, Zhuang Rui was quite interested in Yang Hao's invitation. Firstly, gambling on jade was indeed a good way to make money quickly. Secondly, Zhuang Rui's college classmate, Lao Si, was from Chaoshan and came from a well-off family. Lao Si had invited Zhuang Rui to visit several times, but Zhuang Rui had been too busy making a living to go. Now, work seemed to be dispensable to Zhuang Rui, and he made up his mind that he must go to a large jade trading market to see for himself in the future.

At noon, Zhao Guodong called Zhuang Rui. They had returned to Pengcheng. He told Zhuang Rui to be careful on his way to Zhonghai and that if he was unhappy in Zhonghai, he should resign and return to Pengcheng. Zhao Guodong now knew Zhuang Rui's approximate net worth, so he no longer needed to worry about making a living and run around everywhere.

In fact, Zhuang Rui had wavered on the idea of working at Zhonghai, but he thought that Uncle De had been very good to him and had helped him get the manager position. Also, Zhuang Rui wanted to systematically learn about the appraisal of antiques, cultural relics, and luxury goods, because he felt that the superpower of his glasses came suddenly and might disappear at any time. Antiques had already brought him many surprises, and Zhuang Rui was determined to stay in this industry from now on.

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Nanjing is only about 300 kilometers away from Zhonghai, and the entire route is accessible by expressway. It should have taken only two or three hours to reach Zhonghai. However, Zhuang Rui was driving a new car that was still in its break-in period, so he kept the speed at around 60 or 70 kilometers per hour. He left Nanjing at nearly 3 p.m., and by the time he entered Zhonghai, it was already dark. He checked the time and it was almost 8 p.m.

Yang Wei had told Zhuang Rui on the phone that afternoon that Zhuang Rui should pick him up from his house, so Zhuang Rui parked his car under a big tree outside Yang Wei's villa area before taking out his phone to make the call.

"Boss, over here, what are you looking at?"

Seeing Yang Wei stroll out of the residential area with his hands in his pockets, a backpack on his back, and a cigarette dangling from his mouth, and after looking around, he actually squatted down at the entrance to smoke, Zhuang Rui quickly rolled down the car window and called out to Yang Wei.

"Damn, you've upgraded your gear! It's only been a few days, and you've really bought a car? I thought you were lying to me on the phone. Come on, get out, let me drive..."

Although Zhuang Rui had already told his boss over the phone, Yang Wei was still astonished to see the brand-new, unregistered Grand Cherokee. He opened the driver's side door and dragged Zhuang Rui out of the driver's seat.

"Holy crap, that scared me to death!"

After getting into the driver's seat, Yang Wei was adjusting the seat when he suddenly saw a huge head, like a lion's, sticking out in front of him, which startled him so much that he screamed.

"White Lion, go to the back..."

Zhuang Rui shouted and herded the white lion to the back seat of the car. Looking at the still-shaken Yang Wei, he said, "Why are you making such a fuss? Didn't I tell you to bring a Tibetan Mastiff? Don't worry, as long as you don't lay a hand on me, the white lion won't bite you."

Hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Yang Wei finally came to his senses. He glanced at the white lion in the rearview mirror with lingering fear and said, "What, am I sick or what? I'd only lay hands on you if I had nothing better to do. It would be more likely if it were a beautiful woman. Hey, didn't you say it was a puppy? This one is so big, it doesn't look like a puppy at all. It's probably one or two years old, isn't it?"

"One or two years old? That's because you haven't seen a fully grown Tibetan Mastiff. I'll show you a picture of White Lion's father later. When my White Lion is one or two years old, he'll definitely look like a little lion. By the way, how's the dog license I asked you to get? Did you get it?"

Zhuang Rui glanced affectionately at the white lion in the back seat, reached out and stroked its big head before turning back to talk to Yang Wei. Zhonghai is an international metropolis, and the restrictions on keeping pets are much stricter than in Pengcheng. Zhuang Rui was worried that his boss might not be able to get the white lion's ID card, which would mean keeping the white lion locked up at home all day, and Zhuang Rui didn't want to do that.

"Nonsense, you know how I handle things, buddy. But this guy is a whole size bigger than the photos you sent online. Yeah, you should thank Uncle De for getting this dog license. Your pawnshop had some trouble recently, and Uncle De applied for a large guard dog in the pawnshop's name, which is how it got approved. You wouldn't have gotten it if you had worked for another company."

As Yang Wei spoke, he opened the hiking backpack he had brought, took out a small green notebook, and handed it to Zhuang Rui. Zhuang Rui saw that there were several sets of spare bras in the bag and asked curiously, "Why are you carrying these bras with you? Are you planning to run away from home?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Boss, I bought this for you. I threw away all the tattered clothes you had in that rented room in Zhabei. Look at the collar of your bra, it's all worn white. You still have the nerve to wear it? Boss, you're going to be a manager in the future, you need to pay more attention to your appearance."

Yang Wei glared at Zhuang Rui with annoyance, but what he said next warmed Zhuang Rui's heart. Although the eldest brother had many flaws, he still inherited the advantages of Zhonghai men: being meticulous and caring. Back in the university dormitory, he would take his brothers out for a meal every few days, which earned him the support of the other four bachelors.

"Come on, let's not talk about those sentimental things. You've struck it rich, so just let me borrow this car if you need to..."

Seeing the expression on Zhuang Rui's face, Yang Wei waved his hand to stop Zhuang Rui from saying what he was about to say, and started the car. However, after hearing Yang Wei's words, Zhuang Rui's face immediately fell. It's true that a car is a man's second wife, and it's not that this "second wife" can't be lent out. The key is that Yang Wei is not the kind of person who cherishes women. Whatever car he gets his hands on, it will be in the repair shop within three days. And yet, he just loves to drive.

"Boss, where's your Santana? Why aren't you driving it out?"

Zhuang Rui asked cautiously, thinking that even driving an Alto for his boss would be a luxury.

"Don't mention that car. I got a Honda, but it got scratched a few days ago and some paint chipped off. I took it to a repair shop to get it repainted," Yang Wei replied somewhat awkwardly, looking guilty. It seemed like he had probably bumped into someone else's car.

"Alright, it's already past eight o'clock, stop dawdling. You haven't eaten yet, have you? Let's find a street food stall to eat something, and I'll take you to your new place later. I'm staying there tonight too. Let me tell you, finding that place took me a lot of effort. By the way, the rent is three thousand yuan a month, and you need to pay three months' deposit in advance. If you're short on cash, you can keep the deposit for me and pay me back when you move out."

Yang Wei didn't want to bring up the topic of cars anymore, so he quickly changed the subject to divert Zhuang Rui's attention. He often used this trick in college, and his buddies were all fooled by him.

"Money is no problem, I have it on me. I'll give it to you later. You should focus on driving."

Seeing that Yang Wei had already driven the car onto the road, Zhuang Rui quickly fastened his seatbelt. The car had four airbags, so as long as Yang Wei didn't crawl under the semi-trailer truck, there shouldn't be any accidents.

The streetlights on both sides of the road were very bright. Yang Wei held the steering wheel with one hand and pointed to a police motorcycle not far ahead with the other, saying, "You don't even trust my driving skills? I've been driving for four or five years longer than you. Hey, boss, look at that policewoman on the motorcycle ahead, isn't she a woman?"

Zhuang Rui looked in the direction Yang Wei was pointing, and there was indeed a motorcycle driving near the curb. It was the kind of white motorcycle with two spare boxes on the back and a license plate starting with "警" (jing). This kind of motorcycle was very popular in the 1990s and was essential equipment for patrol officers. However, as motorcycles were banned in various cities, police motorcycles gradually disappeared from people's sight and were mostly used for welcoming guests or for traffic police to handle emergencies.

At the end of 2002, Zhonghai launched a citywide campaign to eliminate unlicensed and unregistered two-wheeled motorcycles. Subsequently, it strictly controlled the issuance of motorcycle license plates. Two years have passed, and there are far fewer motorcycles on the market. The white police motorcycles that Zhuang Rui sees most often are these.

"Hmm...it's a woman, what's wrong?" Zhuang Rui took a closer look, and the long hair peeking out from under the brim of the hat did indeed reveal the police officer's gender.

"How novel! Of course it's a woman. Look at that waist, so slender! Oh my... Let's go over and take a look. These days, pretty policewomen are rarer than dinosaurs."

When it comes to Wei Ge's talent, knowledge, and interpersonal skills, he is first-rate. However, he has a flaw similar to Liu Chuan's: when he sees a beautiful woman, he always shows off his masculine muscles. This is what Zhuang Rui finds most unbearable. He's like a rooster in heat.

With the steering wheel in Yang Wei's hands, he didn't even bother to ask Zhuang Rui's opinion. He stepped on the gas, and the car suddenly accelerated, instantly overtaking the police car more than 20 meters ahead.

"Hey...hey, Wei-ge, hold the steering wheel tight! Don't...don't turn the wheel! We're going to crash!"

Zhuang Rui had turned his face toward the car window, wanting to see the policewoman's face, but he was surprised to find that his car was getting closer and closer to the policewoman's motorcycle. What was originally a distance of five or six meters was now almost touching. This shocked Zhuang Rui. When he turned back to look at Yang Wei, the guy was craning his neck to look out, his hands unconsciously moving the steering wheel little by little toward the motorcycle.

It's common knowledge that Wei Ge's driving skills are terrible. In this situation, he only needed to slightly steer the wheel towards the middle of the road. But in his panic, Wei Ge couldn't tell left from right, and the steering wheel steered a little closer to the motorcycle. Zhuang Rui could clearly see the policewoman's face through the car window.

Before Zhuang Rui could get a good look, the poor rider was suddenly squeezed onto the curb by the Grand Cherokee, and the motorcycle tilted to one side and fell over.

Yang Wei realized he had caused trouble, but he was indeed not suited to driving. His reaction time was too slow. After knocking the person to the ground, he drove forward for more than 30 meters before he remembered to slam on the brakes.