

Golden 144

Chapter 144 New Home

Zhuang Rui turned around, saw the astonished look on his boss's face, and couldn't help but laugh. He said, "I helped Officer Miao apply some medicine. By the way, where's the safflower oil you took?"

No wonder the boss was surprised. From his angle just now, he could only see Zhuang Rui's back. Hearing those ambiguous words, Wei Ge, who already had a vivid imagination, unconsciously started thinking about... well, you know. Although this was in public, human desires are endless, and it's possible that the two of them did something just now.

"Officer Miao?"

They even knew each other's surnames so quickly. After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Wei Ge was even more convinced that the two were having an affair. He was heartbroken. He ran three or four kilometers in twenty minutes to get the safflower oil, but the youngest brother beat him to it.

"What are you standing there for? Give it to me."

Zhuang Rui snatched the safflower oil from the boss's hand, squatted down, poured some safflower oil into his palm, rubbed it vigorously to warm it, and then applied it to Miao Feifei's ankle. Judging from his skillful movements, he really had the air of a traditional Chinese medicine doctor specializing in treating injuries.

In fact, after Zhuang Rui used spiritual energy to heal her, Miao Feifei no longer felt any pain. While Zhuang Rui and Yang Wei were talking, she tried to move her ankle. Apart from the swelling not completely subsiding, it seemed no different from usual. What she didn't know was that Zhuang Rui had only used a very small amount of spiritual energy; otherwise, even this swelling would have disappeared immediately.

When the safflower oil came into contact with her skin, Miao Feifei first felt a cool sensation, which then turned into a burning heat, as if Zhuang Rui's palm had magic power. A heat surged up from her ankles, and Miao Feifei couldn't help but groan in comfort. This stunned Yang Wei, who was standing to the side. He thought to himself, "So this is how you pick up girls!" He was filled with regret. He was the one who brought the safflower oil; how could he have let his youngest sister use it?

Miao Feifei put on her shoes and socks and tried walking around. Sure enough, the pain was gone. This made her look at Zhuang Rui in a different light. She had always thought that a broken bone would take a hundred days to heal, at least two or three months of rest, but she hadn't expected Zhuang Rui to actually cure her.

"Thank you. Your family's medical skills are truly remarkable."

Miao Feifei knew that being knocked down by the Grand Cherokee had nothing to do with Zhuang Rui, so she said thank you.

"Family-inherited medical skills? Youngest son, you don't have..."

"Brother Wei, you should thank Officer Miao for being so magnanimous; he's not holding it against us."

Zhuang Rui quickly interrupted Yang Wei, turned his back to Miao Feifei, and kept winking at his boss. Now was not the time to discuss this issue; it was time to hurry up and drive away.

Viagra was a very perceptive person. Upon hearing this, he immediately said to Miao Feifei, "Officer Miao, I was indeed wrong today. I wasn't paying attention while driving. You see, I've realized my mistake. Could you please... please let me off the hook?"

Yang Wei originally wanted to say that he had treated me like a fart, but when he got to the edge of his mouth, he realized that it was a bit impolite to say that to a lady, so he swallowed the words back down. However, Miao Feifei understood what he meant. Although she often joked with a group of men before, Yang Wei's words made her blush.

"I won't impound the car..."

"Thank you, Officer Miao, you really keep your word..." Zhuang Rui said with a happy face.

"However, your driver's license will remain with me. Go to the driving school's re-education course for those who violate traffic rules tomorrow. You can come back to get your license back when you've passed the skills test. I'm from the xx District Traffic Police Squadron."

Miao Feifei's subsequent words greatly frustrated Wei Ge. Having his driver's license confiscated was tantamount to taking away his manhood! Just as Wei Ge was about to plead, he had a sudden thought: this woman told me to go to her to get my license back; we'd get to know each other better after a while, right? Wei Ge immediately went from worry to joy and nodded repeatedly.

Actually, Yang Wei's driving skills are a bit bad, but he drives very carefully. He would never go 80 kilometers per hour if he could go 40. Plus, he has the typical slow pace of people from Zhonghai. In the years he has been driving, he has never had any major accidents. He usually only rear-ends other cars or scratches other cars. Because there were very few cars on this road, Brother Wei got a little carried away and almost caused a disaster.

"This man is really sick; he's so happy even though he's been detained."

Miao Feifei secretly thought to herself that if Wei Ge heard this, he would definitely be greatly shocked. Miao Feifei then said, "The cost of my motorcycle repair will be included in the ticket. You can check it at the bank yourself. The fine must be paid within fifteen working days."

After Miao Feifei finished speaking, she ignored Yang Wei, who was nodding like a chicken pecking at rice, nodded to Zhuang Rui, turned around on her motorcycle, and drove off. However, she didn't go on patrol, but returned to her residence in the villa area. Since she had such a good reason, she definitely wanted to rest for a few days. As for asking for leave, that was very simple. Everyone knew that she was parachuted in to gain experience, and no one would make things difficult for her about a few days of sick leave.

"What... what's going on here? Old man, I ran around all this time, brought back the safflower oil and gave it to her, and she didn't even say thank you. Instead, she confiscated my brother's certificate. This woman..."

"Alright, Wei-ge, you really need to be more careful when you drive in the future. With what you did today, it wouldn't be an exaggeration for the police officer to charge you with intentional assault. I think you really should go to driving school and learn properly for a few days. I don't want to hear the news that your car has gone under a truck one day."

Zhuang Rui interrupted Yang Wei and offered some earnest advice, saying that with his terrible sense of direction and driving skills, why did he insist on driving all the time? Yang Wei's parents had arranged several drivers for him, but he had refused them all.

"Okay, come on, little brother, I'll treat you to a meal to welcome you back."

Wei agreed and then put his displeasure behind him. After all, it wasn't the first time his driver's license had been confiscated. After speaking, Yang Wei habitually opened the driver's side door, but just as he was about to get in, he remembered that he didn't have his driver's license anymore. He reluctantly gave it to Zhuang Rui and obediently sat back in the passenger seat.

"White Lion, you're back."

Zhuang Rui whistled, and the white lion, which had disappeared somewhere, immediately rushed out, leaping onto the back door that Zhuang Rui had already opened like a white lightning bolt.

"I must say, old man, your Tibetan Mastiff is really much better than Qiangzi's."

Zhuang Rui had met Qiangzi, whom Yang Wei mentioned, a few times. He was also the descendant of a wealthy businessman in Zhonghai, commonly known as a second-generation rich kid. However, he was not as ambitious as his older brother and spent his days walking dogs and playing with birds. If he were to act in a movie set in the late Qing Dynasty, he would look like a Manchu nobleman without any makeup.

"Compared to my White Lion? He's not worthy! Boss, someone offered 40 million RMB for my White Lion. That mutt Qiangzi dares to call himself a Tibetan Mastiff?"

Zhuang Rui said with a disdainful look. Yang Wei didn't know about this and quickly asked about it. While driving, Zhuang Rui selectively told Wei Ge about his situation over the past two months, which Wei Ge found very interesting. Afterwards, Wei Ge complained that Zhuang Rui hadn't invited him when he went to Tibet.

After all that commotion, it was almost 9:30. After driving off the road, the two found a roadside food stall, ate a little something, packed some braised dishes, and got a case of beer to take to the car. They were going to go back to Zhuang Rui's new house and have a few more drinks. As Wei Ge said, they had to drink a welcome drink.

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"Hey boss, could you give me a more specific address? I can find it myself, I don't need your directions."

As Zhuang Rui drove, he complained to Yang Wei. They had just finished eating at ten o'clock, but it was almost eleven o'clock now. Even with Yang Wei's directions, they still couldn't find the neighborhood where he rented an apartment. Yang Wei insisted on giving Zhuang Rui a surprise and hadn't told him the name of the neighborhood.

"That residential area is called Cuiyuan. It's around here. You know, I'm not very familiar with this area. Turn right, it seems to be on the right."

Wei Ge touched his nose somewhat awkwardly. It wasn't that he was unfamiliar with this place; apart from the roads within a few kilometers of his home, it seemed there were hardly any other places in Zhonghai that he knew well.

"Come on, if I listen to you again, neither of us will be able to sleep tonight."

Zhuang Rui ignored Yang Wei and turned directly into a side road on the left. He knew about Cuiyuan; he should have just said so earlier.

Cuiyuan is one of the earlier high-rise residential buildings in China Overseas. It is very close to the famous Bund and not far from the pawnshop where Zhuang Rui works. It takes about ten minutes to drive there. If he had lived here before, Zhuang Rui would not have had to go through the hassle of commuting by subway and bus every day.

The people living in Cuiyuan are all people with some status or assets. The housing prices here are also high. In 1997, it was only a little over 3,000 yuan per square meter, but now, even 7,000 yuan per square

meter might not be enough to sell. In recent years, the housing prices of land near the Bund have risen rapidly.

When Zhuang Rui heard that Yang Wei had rented a house in Cuiyuan, he was indeed pleasantly surprised. He had longed for a high-rise apartment building with an elevator for a long time. In the past, when he took the bus back to his damp and dark rented room in Zhabei, passing by those high-end residential and office buildings lining both sides of the road, Zhuang Rui could only look on with envy.

After driving the car to the entrance of Cuiyuan Residential Area, Yang Wei took out a room card and handed it to the security guard. Then he turned to Zhuang Rui and said, "You need to get a car card tomorrow, otherwise it will be very inconvenient for you to come and go like this."

Zhuang Rui nodded and, following the road signs, parked the car in the underground parking lot. He then took Bai Shi and Yang Wei up the elevator. The apartment Yang Wei had rented for him was on the eighteenth floor, and judging from what Wei Ge had said, the view from the balcony was quite nice.