

Golden 150

Chapter 150 Letting Go

"Uncle De, you're truly a wise old man! That's a brilliant idea.

Sitting in his office, Zhuang Rui made tea for Uncle De while giving him a thumbs up.

It was already past 3 p.m., and Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh when he thought about the argument between Lai Jingdong and Wang Yiding that morning. These two, who usually seemed shrewd, actually argued fiercely in front of everyone over the title of person in charge. In the end, it was Uncle De who stepped in and calmed them down.

After some discussion, the group reached a consensus: the two of them would jointly be responsible for the cooperation between the pawnshop and the auction house. However, whoever was involved in the auction would be responsible for negotiating the project. In this way, Lai Jingdong was not able to extend his reach into the area that Wang Yiding was in charge of, and Wang Yiding was not able to take over the entire project. The two of them checked and balanced each other, which was the best outcome for Zhuang Rui.

At noon, Zhuang Rui treated all the employees of the pawnshop to a meal at a decent restaurant. The meal cost Zhuang Rui over two thousand yuan. However, Lai Jingdong and Wang Yiding looked at Zhuang Rui with a slightly different gaze. They seemed to sense that this young man, who used to attract little attention, now carried the air of someone in a superior position. In particular, Zhuang Rui's Grand Cherokee made the two of them uneasy, wondering who Zhuang Rui really was.

Regardless of what the two were thinking, they outwardly acknowledged Manager Zhuang Rui's identity. As for the cashier Xu Ling and another salesperson, they addressed him as Manager Zhuang.

"Two bookworms who only know how to read books. It's only because I, Uncle De, am being kind. If it were anyone else, I would probably help count the money after selling them out. But Xiao Zhuang, Lai Jingdong is easy to deal with, but Wang is definitely a bit cunning. I bet he won't be happy after he realizes what's going on and will probably try to trip you up a bit. Be careful."

Uncle De was quite pleased with Zhuang Rui's compliments. He sipped the tea Zhuang Rui had brewed, his eyes half-closed, while tapping his right hand on his leg and humming in a Peking Opera tune that Zhuang Rui couldn't understand. His nonchalant expression filled Zhuang Rui with envy.

"Don't worry, Uncle De, you've paved the way for me all this way. If I still can't establish myself in this pawnshop, I might as well quit now and go home to start a small business," Zhuang Rui replied confidently.

"Alright, take a good look at the documents I brought. Most of the items recorded in them are in the bank's safe deposit box. When you have time tomorrow—no, tomorrow is Saturday, I have an appointment with you for tea. You just got back to Zhonghai, so take a couple of days off."

"Well, let those two do the work here. We need to give the young people a chance to shine. How about this, on Monday, I'll take you to the bank to inventory the treasures from our pawnshop. That way, my old man's task will be complete."

Hearing Uncle De's words, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh. Lai Jingdong and Wang Yiding were both five or six years older than him. If they were young people, then what was he? A minor?

After giving Zhuang Rui his instructions, Uncle De made an excuse that young people don't need tea to stay awake, and took Zhuang Rui's tea set back to his office, saying that he would borrow it for a few days and use it to entertain friends, which would definitely be a prestigious thing.

Around noon, Zhuang Rui took some time to drive Bai Shi home. He was having dinner with guests that evening, and it wouldn't be appropriate to bring the little guy along, mainly because Bai Shi was growing too fast. A typical two-month-old puppy wasn't even a third the size of Bai Shi.

After tidying up the coffee table, Zhuang Rui sat down in the executive chair and casually opened the documents Uncle De had brought over. The chair was indeed comfortable; he sank deep into it, and Zhuang Rui even felt a desire to sleep.

"Looks like I'm not destined to enjoy a life of luxury."

Zhuang Rui smiled wryly, picked up the documents, and sat down on the sofa by the coffee table. He began to carefully review them. The documents were very detailed, containing all the unclaimed pawned items collected since the pawnshop's inception, along with photos from various angles. This was a good learning opportunity, and Zhuang Rui was immediately captivated after reading a few pages.

"Manager Zhuang, it's time to leave work, aren't you leaving yet?"

As darkness fell outside, the cashier pushed open Zhuang Rui's office door, and Xu Ling tiptoed in.

"Huh? What time is it now?"

Zhuang Rui was taken aback when he heard this. He looked at the clock on the wall and realized it was almost eight o'clock. Zhuang Rui was starting to feel hungry. He closed the document in his hand and stood up.

"By the way, why haven't you left yet?"

Looking at Xu Ling standing at the door, Zhuang Rui asked curiously, "The pawnshop has security guards on duty at night, so Xu Ling doesn't need to stay to close the door. According to this girl's habits, she would probably be long gone by now."

Xu Ling hesitated for a moment before saying, "Manager Zhuang... I wanted to invite you to dinner. What happened last time was all my fault. I'd like to invite you to dinner as an apology."

"Have a meal?"

Zhuang Rui, who was tidying up the scattered documents and placing them on the table, paused for a moment, turned around and looked at Xu Ling, and said, "That matter is over, so there's no need to bring it up again. Besides, even if you had been there that day, the outcome might have been worse. Things are good now. The company leaders made me the manager as a reward, so I should thank you."

Seeing that his joke hadn't made Xu Ling laugh, Zhuang Rui continued, "We've known each other for over a year now, so you should know me. I'm not the kind of person who holds grudges. It's fine if you treat me to a meal; we just had lunch together. Next time, I'll treat everyone and we'll go to karaoke."

As Zhuang Rui spoke, he felt uneasy, as if he had forgotten something, but he couldn't remember it. He shook his head, picked up the leather handbag that Wei Ge had given him on the executive desk, and prepared to go downstairs to drive home.

"But Manager Zhuang, it's lunchtime now." Xu Ling didn't seem to have given up and was still trying.

"Dinner time? Right, damn it, how could I forget about that?"

Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered that he was also inviting someone to dinner that night, and the appointment was supposed to be around 5 p.m. when he got off work. It was already 7 p.m., and he wondered why Officer Miao hadn't called.

Zhuang Rui opened his handbag and took out his phone. Upon looking at it, he couldn't help but groan. There were thirty-eight missed calls, thirty-five of which were from the same number, and the other three were from his boss. During the meeting that morning, Zhuang Rui had set his phone to automatic and had forgotten to change it back. He figured he was going to offend Officer Miao terribly now.

This was the first time in Zhuang Rui's life that a girl had ever invited him out. He never expected to stand her up. If Wei Ge found out, he'd probably give Zhuang Rui a thumbs-up and praise him for being awesome, then beat him up. After all, his driver's license was still in the policewoman's hands. It wasn't a big deal that Zhuang Rui offended her, but if Officer Miao was unhappy and suspended his license for a year or two, Wei Ge would be devastated.

"Xiao Xu, I really can't make it today. I completely forgot about dinner until you mentioned it. I had plans with a friend tonight, but I've already broken them. I'm sorry, I have to go now."

Zhuang Rui didn't have time to say anything more to Xu Ling. Seeing her retreat to the door, he walked out himself, locked the manager's office door behind him, hurried downstairs, got into his car, and didn't care about the disappointed look on Xu Ling's face behind him.

Little did Zhuang Rui know that after Xu Ling learned that he had become a manager, his status changed to that of a promising stock. And after seeing his Grand Cherokee today, in Xu Ling's mind, he immediately went from a promising stock to a high-performing stock, which led to the scene of her inviting Zhuang Rui out just now. However, even if Zhuang Rui knew, he wouldn't give Xu Ling any special treatment; that kind of girl wasn't his type.

"Hey, Wei-ge." Zhuang Rui sat in the car, thought for a moment, and then dialed Yang Wei's number first.

"Hey, I'm telling you, why aren't you answering your phone? What do you need a phone for? I've called you several times, but no one's answering. Where are you now?" Yang Wei shouted before Zhuang Rui could finish his sentence.

"I had a meeting today and my phone was on vibrate. Wei-ge, what do you want to talk to me about?" Zhuang Rui asked timidly. Hearing Yang Wei's strong reaction, he wondered if Officer Miao had gone to cause trouble for Wei-ge.

"Nonsense, why would I contact you if there was nothing wrong? Didn't you want to buy a house? I took care of that for you today. Everything was settled, and all that's left is your ID card and your signature. I couldn't find you all day, so tell me, how anxious I was."

Yang Wei's voice came through the phone, which relieved Zhuang Rui. He asked, "Boss, is there anything else besides this? Did Officer Miao contact you today?"

"Officer Miao? You mean that female police officer with guns from yesterday? What did she want from me?" Yang Wei asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Didn't she contact you? How did she get my number?" Zhuang Rui was also baffled.

"A phone call? Right, when I was half asleep this morning, I think someone called my cell phone and asked for your number. Could it be Officer Miao? What does she want?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Yang Wei vaguely recalled such a matter. However, these days one receives many inexplicable phone calls, and although he saw an unfamiliar number in his phone, he did not call back to inquire.

"It's alright. Are you staying at my place tonight? Are you on your way there? I'll talk to you when I get back."

Zhuang Rui was too lazy to explain over the phone. After hanging up, he dialed the unfamiliar number back, but no one answered after several attempts.