

## Golden 29

### Chapter Twenty-Nine: Tourism?

After seeing off Old Master Lü and his group, Zhuang Rui, who had made a windfall, took Nannan out to dinner with Liu Chuan and his friends. Afterwards, Qin Xuanbing went to a bank and transferred 150,000 yuan to Zhuang Rui. Nannan, however, was completely captivated by the pets at Liu Chuan's shop and insisted on going back after dinner. Reluctantly, Zhuang Rui took Nannan to help Liu Chuan watch the shop, while Liu Chuan drove the two young ladies home.

"Leilei, how can Zhuang Rui be so hypocritical? When I first made my offer, he refused, but when I transferred the money to him just now, he didn't even bother to be polite and just took the money directly. This man is so stingy!"

Qin Xuanbing nestled on Leilei's bed, playing with the cricket gourd she had bought from Zhuang Rui, and kept complaining. Her initial curiosity about Zhuang Rui had now turned into anger. If the men who knew her knew that the usually aloof Miss Qin was behaving like this, they would be completely astonished.

Lei Lei looked at Qin Xuanbing with amusement and said with a smile, "What's wrong? Has our Miss Qin fallen for someone? I've known you for so many years and I've never seen you bring up any man on your own initiative. But speaking of which, apart from his average family background, Zhuang Rui is a very outstanding person. You should really consider him."

Lei Lei's words surprised Qin Xuanbing. Yes, growing up, aside from her father and grandfather, even her cousins had never been truly important to her. What was wrong with her today? Why was she constantly bringing up that despicable man? Qin Xuanbing felt that in front of Zhuang Rui, her prized appearance seemed unable to stir any emotion in him, except for that chance encounter at the supermarket. This left Qin Xuanbing feeling quite defeated.

If Qin Xuanbing knew that Zhuang Rui was just good at hiding it, and that she had even had the urge to use her spiritual energy to strip him naked, I wonder if Qin Xuanbing would be proud of it or curse Zhuang Rui for being a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Qin Xuanbing, still furious, gritted her teeth at the thought of Zhuang Rui's faint smile. This hypocritical man, who clearly valued money but acted so indifferent, had made her the villain. On the way back, Liu Chuan explained what had happened that day, and Qin Xuanbing realized that by rashly offering a high

price, she had broken the rules of the antique trade in a sense. This only deepened her hatred for Zhuang Rui.

"Leilei, let's go see their tea tasting and antique appraisal tomorrow. I want to see if that hypocritical man can keep up this good luck. His manuscript must be worthless." It seemed that Qin Xuanbing could only regain her sense of superiority by seeing Zhuang Rui suffer.

Qin Xuanbing, who had studied upper-class etiquette and social skills at St. Mary's School for three years in England, was unaware that, from a psychological perspective, when a man can influence a woman's emotions, it often signifies that something extraordinary is about to happen.

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"Achoo! Who's thinking of me again?"

Zhuang Rui rubbed his slightly sore nose, guessing that guy was cursing him again.

Right now, he was sitting idly in Liu Chuan's pet shop, surfing the internet. If there's one thing Liu Chuan has to say about, it's that he's ashamed and then motivated. After learning how to get online, early on the third day of the Lunar New Year, this guy waited outside the telecommunications bureau, pestering them relentlessly and even pulling strings and giving gifts. He annoyed the old men at the telecommunications bureau to no end. In the end, he actually installed broadband for others that would normally take half a month to install in just two days.

Although Liu Chuan claimed that he wanted to align with the international and domestic pet markets and gain a faster grasp of information from various domestic pet markets, Zhuang Rui was very suspicious of the true motives of this guy who could type in game accounts a hundred times faster than Chinese characters.

At this moment, Zhuang Rui was browsing auction information from various auction houses in recent years on an auction website. One piece of information in particular made his heart flutter. Not long ago, an auction house in Beijing auctioned off a letter written by Wang Shizhen to a friend. The letter, which was only two pages long, actually sold for a high price of 280,000.

This made Zhuang Rui's mind wander. If the dozen or so pages of poems with the seal on the back of his manuscript were all in Wang Shizhen's handwriting, how much would they be worth? At the very least, in Pengcheng, a city with a relatively low cost of living, buying a villa wouldn't be a problem. Thinking of this, the 150,000 yuan in savings in his pocket didn't seem so important anymore.

"Hey, Wood, what are you doing? Still thinking about that ice queen? Let me tell you, it's hopeless. That girl was talking bad about you in the car just now. Even if I swear to Chairman Mao that you're a good person, it won't work."

As soon as Liu Chuan pushed open the shop door, he saw Zhuang Rui sitting at the computer, staring blankly into space. Based on his experience, this meant either he was sick or he was thinking about women, and this guy definitely fell into the latter category.

"Nonsense, don't say those things in front of the kids. Come and take a look. If that manuscript we received a few days ago really is Wang Shizhen's handwriting, then we two brothers will be rich."

Zhuang Rui glanced at his niece who was playing with a hamster, then glared at Liu Chuan and said.

Upon hearing this, Liu Chuan immediately perked up and rushed to the computer. When Zhuang Rui pointed to the auction information, he couldn't help but exclaim, "Damn, you blockhead! Two sheets of paper are worth 280,000! Your booklet must have dozens of sheets, so twenty sheets would be 2.8 million. Uh, how much is forty sheets? 5.2 million? No, it's 5.6 million..."

Liu Chuan, drooling, started counting on his fingers, calculating the value of the manuscript by the piece. Zhuang Rui, watching from the side, was both amused and exasperated. This guy was good at everything, but when he got silly, it was really unbearable. It was rare to hear that the value of antiques could be calculated like that.

"Come on, stop dreaming. It's not even certain whether that manuscript is Wang Shizhen's handwriting. Even if it is, the price isn't what you're calculating. By the way... you said you wanted to see me this morning, was it about Old Master Lü and the others wanting to see the manuscript?"

Zhuang Rui patted Liu Chuan on the head, waking the guy who was still immersed in his sweet dream.

Liu Chuan looked up from the computer screen at Zhuang Rui and said, seemingly out of the blue, "You've had a lucky streak lately. You bought something for 1,000 yuan and sold it for 150,000. I've worked hard for half a year and only earned that much. And that manuscript, if it's real, all the money I've earned in the past few years combined doesn't even compare to what you've made."

"Alright, enough nonsense, get to the point. That manuscript is half yours."

Zhuang Rui replied irritably, "Why bother with such pointless talk about the brothers' relationship? They've never shared anything since they were little. When the school organized field trips, Liu Chuan always carried two meals in his bag. The friendship between our two families, from the oldest to the youngest, can't be measured in money."

"Hehe, let's sell that manuscript and each buy a Desert Prince. I've been wanting to replace this old car of mine for a long time."

Liu Chuan's eyes gleamed as he began to dream about the wonderful life he would have after becoming rich.

"Desert Prince? Want me to buy you a sand bike? Nothing else? I'm going back now." Zhuang Rui was too lazy to chat with Liu Chuan. He'd rather go home and catch up on his studies and read some materials on antique collecting.

"I have something to do, I have something to do. I'm going to Tibet in a few days. You're bored at home, why don't you come with me? Consider it a trip..." Liu Chuan said quickly as he saw Zhuang Rui calling for Nannan to leave.