

## Golden 32

### Chapter Thirty-Two: Jingming Pavilion

"Keep your voice down, bro. I have no choice. Qin Xuanbing wants to go, and Lei Lei is too embarrassed to refuse, so she came to me. You have to help me out, my happiness for the rest of my life depends on you.

Liu Chuan said in a low voice that he had been conflicted ever since he received Lei Lei's call last night. Although Manager Lü and the others didn't say anything about Qin Xuanbing's interference in Liu Hulu's affairs in Sanhe, Liu Chuan knew in his heart that they didn't really care. Moreover, he still needed to see the manuscript that Zhuang Rui had obtained today, otherwise he would have embarrassed Qin Xuanbing in person yesterday.

"Pah, happiness for the rest of your life? You're talking about your happiness for the rest of your life. Why are you relying on me? You're familiar with those guys. They won't disrespect Boss Liu, will they?"

Zhuang Rui finally came to his senses. Whether Qin Xuanbing and the others went or not had nothing to do with him. If his manuscript was indeed in Wang Shizhen's handwriting, and Qin Xuanbing wanted to get involved and raise the price, he would be more than happy to accept it.

Anyway, Manager Lü and the others will be taking their collections with them today, and absorbing spiritual energy with their eyes is just a one-off deal. After I return to work in Zhonghai, I don't know if I will have any further contact with them.

"Don't be like that. Old Man Lü invited you to look at the manuscript today. Your words carry much more weight than mine. I know that old man's temper. Although he didn't say anything to your face yesterday, I don't know how angry he is when he got home. If I bring him there directly, I'll definitely offend him to death.

Liu Chuan looked miserable, bowing repeatedly to Zhuang Rui. Having been in the workforce for so many years and had several relationships, Liu Chuan shouldn't be so infatuated with Lei Lei. But it just so happened that the two of them hit it off. These days, they not only spend all their time together, but they also have a fixed half-hour phone call every day.

Now that Lei Lei has asked for a favor for the first time, Liu Chuan is willing to risk his reputation to get it done. However, in Zhuang Rui's eyes, Liu Chuan is just a shameless bum and worthless.

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment and said, "Go ahead, but tell them not to say too much. You know more about the rules of this business than I do. If they lose face, you'll be the one who loses face..."

"Okay, that's what you said. I promise I'll keep them quiet. You keep eating, I'll go pick them up..."

Upon hearing this, Liu Chuan was overjoyed. He skipped breakfast and ran out, leaving Zhuang Rui behind. Fortunately, he remembered to pay the bill when he got to the counter. As for how Zhuang Rui would get to Boss Song's Jingmingxuan Teahouse, well, that's another story—he'd have to take a taxi himself.

Zhuang Rui was too lazy to get angry with this guy. They'd grown up together since they were kids, and he knew Liu Chuan's temperament all too well. He was the kind of guy who'd forget everyone else when it came to women. After finishing breakfast, Zhuang Rui checked his watch. It wasn't even nine o'clock yet, more than an hour until their agreed meeting time. Fine, he'd just stroll off. 69shux.com

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Song's Jingmingxuan Teahouse is located about 100 meters in front of the antique market. Zhuang Rui would pass by there every time he went to the antique market. He didn't know Mr. Song before and would just glance at it when he passed by. Now, standing in front of the teahouse and looking at it carefully, he realized that the teahouse was built in the style of Ming and Qing architecture. From the outside, it exuded a very ancient atmosphere.

From the outside, the buildings all have an old-fashioned feel to them. In front of the ancient lacquered red gate, red lanterns hang high, and there are three large characters that spell out the old teahouse name, "Jingmingxuan".

Being old doesn't necessarily mean being nostalgic, nor does it mean that older things are more loved. On the contrary, old things can easily become unpleasant, like antiques. But if you can extract the essence from old things, isn't that a business strategy? The Jingmingxuan Teahouse, which exudes a strong classical atmosphere, is surrounded by cars. Judging from the rugged appearance of the owner, Mr. Song, he's not as simple as he seems.

Zhuang Rui walked inside the teahouse, taking in its architectural style.

A long row of red lanterns in front of the door, just like those in an ancient mansion, was lively and grand, perfectly matching the New Year's atmosphere. To Zhuang Rui, they resembled enormous red dates, hanging vertically above the eaves. It was particularly interesting.

Pushing open the heavy, unadorned door adorned with red lanterns, you'll see a long table stretching out in front of you, with various tea snacks displayed in every nook and cranny. Each snack is presented in exquisite porcelain, the white background and blue patterns giving the tea house lobby a classic, antique feel.

At the entrance, a young girl was kneeling in front of what appeared to be a sandalwood tea table, serving each guest a cup of tea. She possessed the elegance and charm of a woman from Jiangnan, and her every move exuded gentle grace.

Blue and brown are the main colors of Jingmingxuan, showing that Boss Song has put a lot of effort into the decoration. In this environment, even if you don't drink tea, you can smell the unique atmosphere of ancient times. After entering, Zhuang Rui paused for a moment and couldn't help but feel a very quiet feeling, just like the tea displayed by the girl in the cheongsam at the door, clear and sparkling.

There were about seven or eight waitresses in the lobby, all dressed in antique-style cheongsams reminiscent of the Qing Dynasty. When Zhuang Rui entered, a young woman who seemed to be the supervisor came over and greeted him, "Sir, how many people are in your party? Would you like a private room or to stay in the lobby?"

Zhuang Rui looked around and saw that there were quite a few people in the lobby, mostly middle-aged people, chatting quietly at tables of three or five with a pot of tea and a few plates of snacks. Just as he was about to reply, Liu Chuan's thunderous voice rang in his ears.

"Wood, why are you so late? We've been waiting for over 10 minutes. Oh, and you're wearing glasses too. You think I won't recognize you just because you're wearing a vest..."

Liu Chuan's loud voice disrupted the tranquility of the teahouse, drawing everyone's attention to them. Zhuang Rui noticed that Lei Lei's small hand lingered subtly on Liu Chuan's waist for a moment, and the waiter immediately shut his mouth, baring his teeth in disgust.

"My eye injury hasn't fully healed yet, and it's been feeling a bit uncomfortable these past few days. I just got new glasses last night to keep out the wind. But hey kid, I put my glasses on when I left home, and you're only just realizing it now, Lei Lei? It seems like Comrade Liu Chuan's heart isn't really with himself anymore."

Zhuang Rui offered a few casual explanations and teased Lei Lei. As for Liu Chuan, that guy was just grinning shamelessly, and Zhuang Rui didn't bother to say anything to him.

Lei Lei blushed slightly, withdrew her small hand from Liu Chuan's waist, and said generously, "I heard that some people don't welcome us, Xuanxuan, why don't we leave first?"

Upon hearing Lei Lei's words, Qin Xuanbing, who had been sitting in the corner, stood up. Before she could even speak, she drew the attention of the entire hall. Even Zhuang Rui, who considered himself to be quite immune to such things, stared at her with slightly wide eyes.