

Golden 48

Chapter Forty-Eight: A Man's Favorite (Part 1)

In a corner of the villa's living room near the main entrance, next to the screen, there was a hidden door. The handle was decorated like a dragon spitting out pearls, appearing at first glance like a work of art. The decoration was very clever, and it was difficult to spot without careful observation. However, Liu Chuan was clearly familiar with the place and simply opened the hidden door, pulling Zhuang Rui out.

Behind the hidden door is the villa's garage. This design is intended to facilitate the owner's access, allowing entry and exit from either the garage or the living room. Furthermore, the air conditioning systems in the villas of Yunlong Villa are all centrally controlled. To prevent the engine oil from freezing in winter, there is even air conditioning in the garage. Once inside the garage, the temperature is the same as in the room, with no difference whatsoever.

However, the automatic roller shutter door outside the garage was not opened. As soon as Zhuang Rui entered the garage, everything was pitch black. It wasn't until Liu Chuan turned on the wall lights that several bright lights illuminated the garage as bright as day, allowing him to see the whole picture. Seeing the three cars parked in front of him, Zhuang Rui felt a little excited.

Almost no man dislikes cars, and Zhuang Rui is no exception. After getting his driver's license last year, he had imagined owning a car more than once. However, with a monthly salary of just over 3,000 yuan, even if he didn't eat or drink and slept on the streets, he could only afford a small car like a Xiali or Alto after a year, not to mention the money he would have to spend on car maintenance every year. So at that time, he could only think about it in his mind.

In this garage, which was easily forty or fifty square meters in size, three cars were parked side by side. The sheer number of cars on Zhuang Rui's mind was no less than if he were at a grand auto show.

A dazzling red convertible Ferrari sports car with its beautiful lines was breathtaking; another was a dignified and stable black Mercedes-Benz S560; but what shocked Zhuang Rui the most was a massive Hummer with the word "HUMMER" on its front, which took up almost a third of the garage. Once Zhuang Rui saw that car, his eyes never left it.

Although Ferraris and Mercedes-Benzes had once captivated Zhuang Rui, they appeared so small compared to this powerful and imposing Hummer. Perhaps these cars were similar in price, but visually, Ferraris and Mercedes-Benzes were far inferior to this six-wheeled Hummer.

The front of the Hummer features a row of protective bars as thick as a forearm, with six large headlights at both ends, giving the whole vehicle a wild and even somewhat savage look. The 5-liter turbocharged diesel engine in the middle of the vehicle also makes the weight distribution very even. There are four exhaust pipes at the rear that look like missile launchers. Although the Hummer looks very big, it gives people a sense of agility and is not cumbersome.

"How about it, Wood, aren't you pleasantly surprised?"

Seeing Zhuang Rui's stunned expression, Liu Chuan chuckled and said, forgetting that when he first saw this car, he practically pressed his face against it.

"Surprise my foot, Da Chuan! Let me tell you, kid, a few bumps and scrapes are fine, but don't break it apart!"

After hearing Liu Chuan's words, Song Jun, who came out later, said with a displeased expression that he would never have lent the car to Liu Chuan if he didn't need Liu Chuan to go to Tibet to buy Tibetan mastiffs for him.

"Hehe, Brother Song, don't worry, I'll definitely cherish it like my wife."

Liu Chuan walked to the car and gently stroked the body. His gaze almost made Zhuang Rui vomit his lunch; the guy's expression was just too lewd.

"Alright, you've seen the car, let's go back. I'll tell you about its maintenance. Damn it, why did I agree to lend it to you?"

Song Jun feigned deep regret, turned and left. Liu Chuan stuck out his tongue, then pulled Zhuang Rui, who was peeking through the car window, back into the room.

"Brother Song, this car is only worth a little over 1 million, you're not going to back out, are you?"

Sitting back down in that hard chair that was uncomfortable to sit on, Liu Chuan carefully observed Song Jun's expression and said cautiously.

"You don't know anything. It's true that this car costs over 1 million, but I spent over 3 million on modifications. Now this car has off-road capabilities and the comfort of a motorhome. Do you think I'm like those nouveau riche who bought it just to show off?"

Song Jun was telling the truth. After buying the car, he decorated its interior with the utmost luxury, and the money he spent was enough to buy several more cars.

"Brother Song, to be honest, I'm just running errands for you. I'm driving your car to find you a better Tibetan Mastiff. I'd like to drive my beat-up car, but what if it breaks down halfway there?"

Liu Chuan smiled and wasn't angry. He knew Song Jun's temper. If Song Jun liked you, you could smash his car and it wouldn't matter. But if he didn't like you, he wouldn't even say a word. The reason he brought Zhuang Rui along today was because he saw that Song Jun and Zhuang Rui got along well yesterday. With Zhuang Rui there, they were sure to get the car.

Zhuang Rui, who was initially excited, frowned and said, "Da Chuan, do you think we should get a different car? This car is too flashy to drive. What if it gets damaged...?"

Zhuang Rui was interrupted by Song Jun halfway through his sentence. Song Jun waved his hand dismissively and said with an air of bravado, "It's alright. That truck is meant to run on the Gobi Desert. I wouldn't dare speed up on the roads of Pengcheng. If you encounter any fools on the road, just ram them. If you can't handle it, come find me. But I'm telling you, brothers, let's just leave those overloaded coal-hauling semi-trailers alone. Stay as far away as possible. We can't stoop to their level..."

Song Jun's words made Zhuang Rui and Song Jun laugh. Zhuang Rui was also very excited. It's just a car worth a few million. How can it be more precious than a person? At worst, if it gets damaged, he can pay for the repairs himself. Thinking of this, Zhuang Rui stopped talking. He was eager to try it out and wanted to take it for a spin right now.

"Brother Song, so you used to have a run-in with those semi-trailer trucks..."

Liu Chuan grinned mischievously. Although the Hummer's performance was almost comparable to a bulldozer, it would definitely be at a disadvantage against those large vehicles weighing tens of tons.

Song Jun pointed at Liu Chuan, both amused and exasperated, and said, "You little rascal, you're full of bad ideas. Am I out of my mind to go looking for a car to crash into? I think your beat-up car is pretty good. Let's drive it out and compare them later. Don't worry, I won't make you pay for any scratches."

"Come on, brother, stop teasing me. I'll just leave my car in your garage. I'm setting off early tomorrow morning and need to buy some things for the road. I won't take advantage of you today. When I come back, you have to treat me to a feast in Tiandu. By the way, the Australian lobster we had yesterday was really good. It tasted much better than the crayfish we catch in our ponds and ditches."

Liu Chuan's words made Zhuang Rui want to kick him. A genuine Australian lobster imported from abroad for over three thousand yuan, how could it taste bad? This kid is a foodie, even more picky than Lei Lei and Qin Xuanbing.

"Alright, then I won't keep you any longer. I have to go out of town soon, and I should be back around the same time you return to Pengcheng. Let's get together then..."

Song Jun didn't insist. He knew that there were many things to prepare when driving a long distance, and his car had nothing to eat or drink.