

## Golden 55

### Chapter Fifty-Five: The Two Devils

"Holy crap, how can there still be such amazing people these days? Damn it!"

Zhuang Rui stood behind the two foreigners, listening intently, and couldn't help but curse under his breath.

The slick-haired young man was indeed the translator for the two foreigners. However, he did not accompany them to the City God Temple Antique Market at noon. Later, in the hotel, after seeing the two foreigners buy a root carving of a pot-bellied Maitreya Buddha, he felt that 500 yuan was too expensive. Wanting to show off his abilities in front of the two foreigners, he encouraged them to come and settle the score.

What he just said to the two foreigners was roughly to make them insist that what they wanted to buy was an antique, and that the stall owner had initially also said it was an antique, but later realized they had been cheated and came here to seek compensation. The two foreigners did not agree, as they had bought the craft because they liked it and did not feel cheated. It was only when the translator told them to handle everything that the foreigners agreed.

Hearing this, Zhuang Rui finally understood what was going on. It turned out that this traitorous translator was bullying his own compatriots in order to curry favor with two foreigners. This left Zhuang Rui speechless. In this day and age, there are still such despicable traitors who actually take pride in helping foreigners bully their own compatriots.

Liu Chuan's grandfather didn't pass away until 1990. He was an old revolutionary, a veteran of the War of Resistance Against Japan, and still bore several gunshot wounds. When Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan were young, he often told the two mischievous boys stories of the war years, including those about traitors who surrendered to the Japanese. Coupled with the fact that Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan had watched countless times the movie "Little Soldier Zhang Gana" as children, and were deeply impressed by the fat translator in it, the two had harbored a deep hatred for traitors since childhood. If Liu Chuan were here now, he probably would have already given him a good beating.

At this point, Director Wang from the management office also found out the reason, and the stall owner indeed had no responsibility.

In any place, buying and selling is a voluntary transaction between the two parties. However, the antique market is more special because the items there may be worth a fortune or be worthless. Therefore, whether you can buy something of value depends entirely on your experience and judgment. Furthermore, the stall owner did not claim that his items were necessarily antiques, so there was no fraud involved. Clearly, the fault in this matter lies entirely with the two foreigners.

After hearing the stall owner's words, the onlookers all looked at the man with the short, domestically-styled hair with disdain. Director Wang also had a hint of anger on his face. He himself was a person who loved traditional culture, and such people often had a good understanding of modern Chinese history. Therefore, they did not have much goodwill towards foreigners. After seeing the performance of this yellow-skinned, white-hearted traitor, the scales in his heart naturally tipped in favor of the stall owner.

Director Wang turned to the young translator with the parted hair and said, "Take these two with you and come with us to the management office. Explain things clearly. If you have slandered our market staff, we will hold you accountable."

Seeing that the situation was getting out of his control, the young translator, whose name was Xiahou, became anxious. He was just a junior translator at a foreign trade company in Hefei. The reason he was chosen to accompany the guests from the United States who came to Hefei to inspect cooperation projects was because his sister had a flirtatious relationship with the company's vice president and had whispered in his ear beforehand. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for him, who only knew English and knew nothing about business, to be chosen.

Therefore, Xiahou had been trying to curry favor with the two foreigners for the past few days, often scolding the hotel staff for their poor service. His intention was nothing more than to get the foreigners to say a few good words for him in front of the company boss. Another intention was to build a good relationship with them, which would be helpful for his future trips abroad. In fact, his behavior was seen as extremely impolite by the two American guests.

The young translator was starting to feel uneasy, but he wasn't about to lose face in front of the foreigners. He said loudly, "Fine, we'll go. We're a nation of etiquette; we can't leave a bad impression on our foreign friends." In reality, he was thinking about whether he should go to the management office and say some conciliatory words to try and resolve the matter peacefully.

"Pack up your stall first. When you come to the management office later, Xiao Zhao, go and call Deputy Director Li and tell him to come to the market now. He speaks good English, so let him talk to these two foreigners directly."

After giving instructions to the stall owner, Director Wang then spoke to a security guard behind him. He also knew a little basic English and had overheard that the two foreigners didn't seem to agree with the translator. So he wanted to find a translator to figure out what was going on in this matter.

"Director Wang, Deputy Director Li said yesterday when he asked for leave that he was going to the wildlife park with his mother-in-law today, so I'm afraid he won't be able to get here anytime soon." The security guard looked troubled after hearing Director Wang's words.

"Oh, right, how could I forget about that? Let's go, let's go to the management office first. Everyone disperse, what's the point of standing around here like this..."

Director Wang frowned, told the onlookers to disperse, and prepared to take these people to the management office.

"Wait, Director Wang, right? My surname is Zhuang. I know a little English and have no problem with conversations. If it's alright, how about I help translate?"

Upon hearing their words, Zhuang Rui stepped forward and volunteered.

"you?"

Director Wang hesitated for a moment, looked Zhuang Rui up and down, and saw that the young man was dressed in ordinary clothes, but had a heroic air about him and spoke with a non-local accent. He didn't seem to be one of those people, so he nodded and said, "Then I'll trouble you. Please come with us to the management office."

After the group arrived at the management office, a security guard picked up a pen and paper and said to the translator, "Tell us what happened again. We will give these records to the market police station."

Xiahou was filled with deep regret. He had gotten used to throwing his weight around at the hotel these past few days, relying on the two foreigners, and thought everyone would give them some leeway. He never expected that these people in front of him would completely ignore him and act like it was all business.

However, this traitorous translator didn't even use his brain. Hotels are in the service industry, and they value harmony and making money. The waiters and waitresses there are all professionally trained, and they generally won't talk back to guests unless they physically assault them.

"Director Wang, may I speak with these two foreign friends for a few minutes first?"

Just as Xiahou the translator's face turned pale and uncertain, Zhuang Rui spoke up.

"Alright, you should ask them what happened first. Tell them that if it's our responsibility, we will deal with it seriously, but we also need to make them abide by our country's laws and regulations and not think that just because they are foreigners, they are superior."

Director Wang nodded and gave Zhuang Rui a few instructions.