

## Golden 56

### Chapter 56 Asking for Trouble

Zhuang Rui had a pretty good impression of the two big-nosed foreigners, because when the translator asked them to lie, they both refused in unison, so they didn't seem like unreasonable people.

"Hello, both of you, welcome to China."

Zhuang Rui spoke fluent American English as soon as he opened his mouth. Back in college, in order to improve his spoken English, he searched all over Zhonghai for English corners. Some of the English corners with a lot of foreigners required payment, so Zhuang Rui would always drag his older brother along. Those two years cost his older brother a lot of money. However, Zhuang Rui and his English listening and speaking abilities were among the best in the class.

"Oh, your English is so good, it's wonderful. You can call me Smith. I think there might be some misunderstanding between us?"

The foreigner named Smith, wearing a bright red cotton-padded jacket with a strong Chinese traditional style, shouted happily after hearing Zhuang Rui's words. Being brought to such a place, they also sensed something was wrong; the translator seemed to be hiding something from them.

"Smith? Is he dead or not...?"

Zhuang Rui muttered something to himself, but was interrupted again just as he was about to speak.

"This must be Mr. Zhuang. If you have any questions, you can ask me. I will explain to my client that today's incident was indeed a misunderstanding."

Xiahou became anxious when he saw that the unassuming young man in front of him spoke English better than he did. He quickly spoke to Zhuang Rui in Chinese, with a hint of pleading in his eyes.

"Misunderstanding? Just because it's a misunderstanding, you can smash up my stall? You can help these two foreigners bully us Chinese?"

The stall owner happened to walk into the management office at that moment. Upon hearing this, he immediately became furious. While packing up his stall, he discovered that his family's heirloom root carvings were missing. He figured some unscrupulous people must have taken advantage of the situation when his stall was vandalized. These were items worth several thousand yuan, and he couldn't help but feel heartbroken.

"Foreigners are so great! Bring out my root carving. I won't sell the item; I'll give you the money back."

The young man was indeed angry. He took out five hundred yuan from his pocket and slammed it heavily on the table. His eyes were fixed on the two foreigners. He still didn't quite understand what had happened and thought that the two foreigners had gone back on their word and had deliberately brought people back to cause trouble.

The two foreigners, unaware of what had happened, looked at Zhuang Rui with bewildered expressions, hoping he could explain. They were now aware that the translator they had brought seemed somewhat unreliable in his words and actions.

"Two guests who have come from afar, this gentleman is extremely dissatisfied with your business reputation. He says you are two-faced and despicable people who even vandalized his stall. Now he demands that this business be terminated, that he return your money, and that you return the items you purchased from him."

Zhuang Rui slightly modified the stall owner's words and translated them for the two foreigners.

"Oh God, that's not how it is. Our Mr. Xia told us that this thing is fake and not worth 500 yuan. We are all legitimate businessmen and would not do such a thing. Besides, we did not smash this gentleman's stall. Mr. Xia, can you explain to us what exactly happened?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Smith waved his hands repeatedly, telling Zhuang Rui that the truth was not like that. They had returned to the market after hearing the translator's words, and they hadn't smashed any stalls; it was the translator who did it. As the foreigner spoke, he pulled a palm-sized, dark-looking root carving from his backpack.

Zhuang Rui had already roughly guessed what was going on, so he translated the foreigner's words verbatim. The people in the management office who heard this were immediately furious, and they glared fiercely at the pale-faced translator Xia.

"Damn it, it was all because of you, you traitor, who was causing trouble. I'll beat you to death."

The young stall owner couldn't hold back any longer and rushed forward, punching Xiahou in the face. Zhuang Rui, who was standing closer, quickly grabbed the stall owner and, looking at the translator who had been knocked to the ground, said to the stall owner, "Let's talk this out. Don't resort to violence, or you'll lose your temper even if you're in the right."

"How can I explain this to him properly? He just smashed my stall, and many of my root carvings were taken away. They're worth thousands of yuan. Who am I supposed to ask for compensation?"

The young man's arms were held by Zhuang Rui, and he even tried to kick Xiahou, the translator who had already been knocked down by Zhuang Rui's punch.

Xiahou's once slicked-back hair was now disheveled, and he was covered in cold sweat, with strands of hair hanging down his forehead. His white suit was also covered in dust, making him look extremely disheveled. Gone was his previous arrogance. Lying on the ground, he cast pleading glances at the two foreigners. In his heart, he still felt that the foreigners were superior and that if they spoke up, they could resolve the matter.

"Mr. Xia, I think this matter has nothing to do with us. I hope you can handle it well. Otherwise, I will report your situation to your company truthfully."

Smith's words plunged Xiahou into utter despair. No one could help him with the situation now. However, Smith's words also revealed another layer of meaning: if you resolve this matter well, we will not complain to your boss.

Thinking of this, Xiahou got up from the ground and said pitifully, "This was my fault, I take full responsibility. I will also compensate this brother for the lost items at their original price. I hope you brothers will let me off the hook because I am young and ignorant."

Zhuang Rui didn't care. He was just passing by and only intervened because he couldn't stand it anymore. Now that things were clear, how to resolve it was a matter between the young stall owner and the unfortunate translator.

"You two should negotiate first. If you can't reach an agreement, then come to us."

Although Director Wang was also very dissatisfied with the translator, they were not an administrative law enforcement agency and had no right to punish the translator. They could only let the two of them resolve the issue first. If the stall owner did not get a satisfactory answer, he would then intervene to put pressure on the translator.

"I lost a total of seven root carvings passed down in my family, plus five root carvings I carved myself, which cost a total of four thousand yuan,"

The stall owner did some mental calculations. He was an honest man and didn't overcharge. But when he saw the root carving in the foreigner's hand, he became furious and said, "I'm not selling this. I'll give you your money back and return the item to me."

Upon hearing the figure of four thousand yuan, Xiahou's expression changed. He wished he could slap himself across the face again. That was more than a month's salary for him. He had only asked for trouble. However, it was too late to regret it now. If this matter were to reach the company, even his sister's whispers in his ear wouldn't be enough to protect him.

Xiahou could only nod in agreement, but the stall owner's last request put him in a difficult position. He didn't know if the two foreign masters he served were willing to return the root carving.

Seeing that the translator hesitated and refused to speak, Zhuang Rui pointed to the root carving in Smith's hand and said to the two foreigners, "Our gentleman here is very dissatisfied with your behavior. He insists on refunding the money you paid for the items, and please return this item to him as well."

"Oh no, we really like this piece of art. Tell him I'm willing to add another 500 dollars and ask him to sell it to me, okay?" Smith said loudly to Zhuang Rui, clutching the root carving tightly in his hand.

Zhuang Rui translated the foreigner's words to the stall owner and let him make a decision. The young man shook his head firmly and said, "I won't sell it. Please give it back to me."

Zhuang Rui shrugged and shook his head at Smith. Smith knew that the fault lay with them, so he didn't insist and reluctantly handed the root carving to Zhuang Rui.

Zhuang Rui took the root carving, but his hand suddenly sank downwards, almost dropping it to the ground. He was taken aback. What kind of tree root was this carved from? It was so heavy. He looked down at the root carving in his hand.