

Golden 711

Chapter 711-712 Platform

Although the National Tourism Administration is the direct governing body for tourist attractions at all levels across the country, some attractions, due to their unique nature, also have connections with cultural departments.

Reading Taiwanese novels in your spare time is very pleasant.

The relationship between travel agencies and various tourist attractions is very close. So after a leader in Beijing, who held a low-ranking but powerful position, spoke up, Zhuang Rui's museum became a very important part of the tour packages offered by major travel agencies.

After returning to the museum after lunch, the parking lot next to the museum was already full of various tour buses, while the entrance was crowded with tour guides holding small flags and tourists wearing hats from various travel agencies.

Museum security personnel, with walkie-talkies hanging from their ears, checked the beautifully printed tickets while counting the number of visitors entering the museum; everything seemed so well-organized.

The museum's main gate is now sealed off by an electronic fence, allowing only two people to pass at a time for security personnel to check tickets. Zhuang Rui and his group entered from another side of the museum, which led directly to the conference room.

"Brother, I won't join in the fun. Let's keep in touch later. I'll be staying in *** for a few more days..."

After getting out of the car, while heading to the conference room, Fatty Ma squeezed next to Zhuang Rui. Zhuang Rui was so busy today that he didn't even have time to greet Fatty Ma, a very good friend.

Zhuang Rui looked at the sweating Ma Pangzi and said a little embarrassedly, "Brother Ma, I'm really sorry. I'll treat you to a meal when I have some free time..."

Hearing that his museum was opening and he was short of miscellaneous antiques, this brother drove over a hundred pieces of Shanxi lacquerware to him, ranging from the Han and Tang dynasties to the Ming and Qing dynasties. Among them were many fine pieces, and some of the gilded lacquerware was quite valuable.

According to archaeological evidence, the earliest period of lacquerware can be traced back to the Neolithic period. During the Shang, Zhou, Han and Tang dynasties, although lacquerware was also used in daily life, it was mostly used for decoration.

It wasn't until the late Tang and Ming-Qing dynasties, when porcelain developed rapidly and replaced lacquerware as a decorative item, that lacquerware became more commonly used as practical tools in homes or the imperial court.

According to Zhuang Rui's estimate, the value of these lacquerware pieces is probably over 30 million.

Thirty million might not be much to Zhuang Rui and Fatty Ma now, but Zhuang Rui is indebted to them because even if he had 30 million in cash, he probably wouldn't be able to receive these items.

Because of this batch of lacquerware, Zhuang Rui plans to further divide the miscellaneous items hall into several smaller exhibition halls, such as a jade exhibition hall and a lacquerware exhibition hall. Perhaps in the future, other exhibition halls will be opened based on a certain category of collections.

The ordering of display cases for the lacquerware exhibition hall is currently underway. It is believed that before long, lacquerware, which once enjoyed great popularity in history, will be on display for visitors.

"Forget about dinner, just take my brother to Myanmar again sometime when you have time, haha..."

Fatty Ma patted Zhuang Rui on the shoulder and continued, "Brother, I rely on these eyes to make a living. I've seen so many people, but I can't see through you. Keep up the good work..."

Just over a year ago, when Fatty Ma met Zhuang Rui, Zhuang Rui only had two or three million in assets, which could barely be considered moderately wealthy. However, now, in terms of wealth, Zhuang Rui is on par with Fatty Ma.

Ma Pangzi has endured a lot of hardship and taken many detours to get to where he is today. It took him more than 20 years of hard work to build his current wealth. Zhuang Rui, on the other hand, has achieved all of this in less than two years. This makes Ma Pangzi, who is in his prime at over 40, feel a bit like an old general.

Watching Fatty Ma's obese figure disappear through the door, Zhuang Rui felt a mix of emotions. Wasn't it also thanks to these eyes that he had achieved everything he had now?

"Teacher Zhuang, why aren't you going in..."

"Teacher Zhuang, I have a few things on me. How about we discuss them sometime?"

"Brother Zhuang, would you be interested in exchanging some of the items in your museum?"

Zhuang Rui didn't have time to reminisce about the past today. He had just drifted off into thought when people started greeting him, and of course, the conversation always revolved around the antique trade.

"Sure, sure, we'll get in touch later..."

"Hey... Mr. Liu, please don't bother with my stuff. The items in my exhibition hall are only for sale, never for sale..."

Zhuang Rui casually struck up a conversation with the group. These people were very likely to become his clients, and it was essential to maintain good relationships with these collectors and experts from all over the country.

The antique trade is all about communication. Some people exchange their collections out of interest and hobby, but many more do so simply to make money, treating it as a means of survival. And there are quite a few people across the country who rely on this trade for their livelihood.

Friends, don't assume that having a good item guarantees a good price. The sale of an antique is influenced by many factors, such as the auction house's promotional efforts, the intensity of market speculation, and the buyer's purchasing power.

Moreover, auction houses are selective in which items they bid on; not just anything can be consigned for auction. For example, transactions involving bronze artifacts generally have to be conducted privately.

Therefore, many people, even if they have good things, keep them on hand and are unwilling to sell them for the reasons mentioned above, all in order to find a suitable buyer.

The museum's economic strength is undeniable, and Zhuang Rui has expressed his desire to buy antiques on various occasions, so many collectors have expressed their willingness to have further exchanges with Zhuang Rui.

After exchanging pleasantries with everyone, we entered the museum's conference room. The huge conference room was packed, making it a grand gathering for the antique world.

Although Mr. Ma's museum operates on a membership system, it usually only organizes small gatherings of thirty to fifty people. A nationwide gathering like today is probably only possible when the country is discussing certain reforms.

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends, on behalf of Dingguang Museum and General Manager Zhuang, I would like to thank you all for taking time out of your busy schedules to attend the opening ceremony of Dingguang Museum..."

The meeting was chaired by Huangfu Yun. Deputy Director Huangfu, displaying his lawyer's eloquence, uttered some meaningless remarks before continuing, "Today, we colleagues are gathered here not only to exchange experiences and insights, but also because our General Manager Zhuang has a suggestion: to launch a membership-based website for 【illegible - likely related to a specific type of website】 , and everyone present will become a member..."

"Director Huangfu, what is this membership? What are the benefits of joining?"

"Yes, this old man has never been online before..."

"You can't see the actual product online, so it's not very meaningful..."

Upon hearing Huangfu Yun's next words, the room erupted in discussion. To be honest, although people talk about keeping up with the times now, back in 2005, very few of these people who were into online gambling really knew what surfing the internet was. They would have spent their time wandering around the antique market.

Some didn't understand, some were indifferent, but some people's expressions turned rather unpleasant. Mr. Ma's museum, for example, used a membership system, and he wondered if this website's membership system would affect him. He coughed, picked up a microphone from the round table where he was sitting, and said, "Everyone, please be quiet and let Director Huangfu finish speaking..."

Mr. Ma is quite influential in the antique world. About a quarter of the people present are members of his museum who pay him their annual dues. So, as soon as Mr. Ma finished speaking, the room gradually quieted down.

"Ahem, let me explain..."

Seeing that Huangfu Yun was losing his composure, Zhuang Rui took the microphone from him and said, "This website is my idea. We all come from all over the country, and it's not easy for us to get together and exchange ideas so often..."

But the internet is different. No matter where you are, you can exchange experiences and lessons learned online, and you can take pictures of items you want to sell and post them online. You can also leave purchase requests on the website...

With this platform, everyone can privately view and trade items according to their needs. As the saying goes, "One person's plan is short-sighted, but many people's plans are long-sighted." I believe that among the hundreds of colleagues in the antique industry here, there must be items that everyone likes and needs. This kind of exchange is much better than having to rummage through auction houses and antique markets, right?

Seeing the thoughtful expressions on everyone's faces, Zhuang Rui paused, took a sip of water, and then continued, "Of course, this website is only for information exchange between collections..."

As for the authenticity of the collectibles and subsequent transactions, the website does not get involved; those require private authentication by you all. I think with Mr. Ma's authentication team, this issue should not be difficult to resolve..."

Zhuang Rui's words eased Mr. Ma's previously unpleasant expression. It's worth noting that Mr. Ma's members were primarily drawn in by the perk of having Zhuang Rui authenticate his antiques.

Zhuang Rui's meaning was clear: the website was only for information exchange and he wouldn't handle the authentication aspect. In other words, it not only didn't conflict with his business, but it also complemented it greatly.

"Xiao Zhuang's suggestion is good. Everyone here is an experienced collector and expert. The items they've brought are unlikely to be fake. There's a lot of room for exchange (trading), which is incomparable to those fake websites these days..."

Mr. Ma's next words made everyone's hearts light up. Although there were only a few hundred people present, these few hundred people were all people with some reputation in the *** industry, and they had a lot of good stuff in their hands.

Due to geographical limitations, people often communicate and trade in their own or nearby cities, which narrows their scope of interaction.

However, with the website Zhuang Rui mentioned, everyone can see what others want to sell or buy, and their choices will become much more extensive.

After everyone in the room had a moment to process Mr. Ma's words, Zhuang Rui continued, "Mr. Ma is right. Furthermore, our circle is not open to the public. Only everyone can access the website through their own unique *** account. This prevents unscrupulous individuals from uploading fake content for malicious transactions..."

I would also like to clarify that while there is always a possibility of being fooled when collecting antiques, through authentication, if anyone attempts to maliciously and repeatedly trade fake antiques, their membership will be revoked..."

"Teacher Zhuang, how can we determine if someone is engaging in malicious trading?"

"Yes, it's normal to misjudge. We can't just say it was malicious just because it happened a few times, can we?"

"That's true. Even you teachers probably can't guarantee that you'll always buy genuine items, right?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the room erupted in a cacophony of voices and discussions. However, since Zhuang Rui was speaking in the interest of everyone, not many people raised objections. The few who did speak up were all people in the antique circle who frequently traded antiques, and what Zhuang Rui had just said had the greatest impact on them.

Moreover, everyone here is a prominent figure in this circle. If every item they bring out turns out to be fake after authentication, none of them would be able to bear the shame. They probably wouldn't even need to be expelled; they would be too embarrassed to show their faces in public anymore.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I haven't finished yet. Here's what I'm thinking: let's all elect nine respected people in the antique circle to form an expert evaluation panel."

Before each transaction, if the item is found to be fake, the results of the appraisal must be reported to this evaluation panel. Nine experts will conduct a comprehensive appraisal of the item anonymously to determine whether the transaction was malicious.

I think the experts elected by everyone should be able to represent the majority of us..."

Zhuang Rui's words made everyone ponder. He was right. It was understandable to make a mistake once or twice, but to repeatedly use fake items in a transaction would make people doubt the trader's original intention.

The expert evaluation method is also good; it's anonymous, so no one knows who cast which vote, and the experts won't offend anyone, making it relatively fair.

"Xiao Zhuang, I think your idea is good, but this old man doesn't know how to use a computer. What should I do?"

After everyone had considered it for a while, a voice suddenly came from the room. The speaker was a man in his sixties, a boss from Shaanxi surnamed Lei, who had become an antique dealer later in life.

However, Boss Lei is shrewd and has a sharp eye. He buys more genuine items than fake ones, which is much better than Yang Wei's father's. He is quite well-known in the industry.

"Mr. Lei, why don't you just have your grandson teach you? It's very simple. With such a big business, you can't possibly not even know how to use the internet?"

A man who knew Mr. Lei shouted loudly, which drew laughter from the audience.

To be honest, if Zhuang Rui's website really has the effects he claims, then everyone can solve the problem of going online. Even if you don't know how, there are always relatives, friends, and younger generations who know how.

After the room quieted down a bit, Zhuang Rui said, "My suggestion is simply to make it easier for everyone to communicate. It's completely altruistic. If everyone agrees, we can now elect experts for the evaluation panel. If anyone doesn't want to participate, they can withdraw immediately. Let's vote by raising our hands..."

Everyone has their own ideas, and some people may not want to join in the fun. Even Zhuang Rui had a lot of personal motives for creating this website.

Zhuang Ruiding's vision for the Guangming Museum is to become the undisputed number one private museum in terms of both the quantity and quality of its collections within the next 10 years.

Judging from Zhuang Rui's current investments, jade mines and real estate will be the most productive sectors in the next few years, and he likely has at least 1 billion yuan in funds at his disposal.

If one only purchases antiques through auction houses, it may not necessarily meet one's own needs. Therefore, after discussing with Huangfu Yun, Zhuang Rui came up with this solution.

Through the *** website platform, Zhuang Rui can post his purchase requests, and similarly, he can buy items that others are willing to sell as soon as possible.

As for whether it's genuine or fake, that absolutely cannot escape Zhuang Rui's discerning eye, because the final transaction still requires inspecting the goods and making payment offline.

"I'll participate..."

"I'll participate too..."

"This is great! Everyone should participate..."

After Zhuang Rui finished speaking, everyone in the room raised their hands. Even those who didn't want to participate wouldn't show it in this kind of setting; at most, they would just say they wouldn't go online anymore.

"Alright, everyone, please nominate your most respected experts for the evaluation panel. Each of you will have a ballot; simply write down the names of the experts you wish to have on the ballot. We will hold a public vote shortly, ensuring fairness, impartiality, and transparency, with absolutely no cheating..."

Zhuang Rui's last sentence made everyone laugh. If we don't count the virtual things on the Internet, if we were to ask what physical object is most pirated in China, it would definitely be antiques. There are thousands of items in the antique markets of every city. Are they all real?

As arranged beforehand, more than 10 museum staff members handed out a small piece of paper to each person.

Zhuang Rui's idea came rather suddenly. Apart from Huangfu Yun, he had not communicated with anyone else in the room beforehand. Therefore, it was unlikely that these people could unite to jointly

elect an expert. At most, three or five people with good relationships could have a small-scale discussion.

About half an hour later, the ballots that had just been distributed were put back into several transparent glass boxes that had been prepared in advance and brought to the front of the conference room.

After collecting the ballots, Zhuang Rui said, "I think we should trouble Teacher Ma, Teacher Jin, Professor Meng, and Uncle De to supervise the vote counting..."

The people Zhuang Rui mentioned are all top figures in the domestic political and academic circles. No one in the room objected. The group stood next to the glass box and supervised the staff as they opened the box and read the tickets.

One staff member read out the names, while another wrote them on the blackboard and used tally marks to count the number of votes. Although Zhuang Rui's preparations were somewhat rushed, they were still quite professional, which made everyone feel very curious.

"Ma XX, one vote..."

"Meng XX, one vote..."

"Yang X, one vote..."

"Zhuang X, one vote..."

As the vote-reading staff spoke, names were written on the blackboard one by one. Among the most familiar names were Mr. Ma, Professor Meng, Zhuang Rui, Uncle De, and several others who frequently appeared on domestic television and magazines.

There were only a little over 300 people present. The vote count was done very quickly, and in just over half an hour, the nine people with the most votes had already been tallied.

It's unclear whether Zhuang Rui received the most votes, but perhaps because he was playing on home soil.

In addition, Mr. Ma, Uncle De, Fatty Jin, and others were also selected as members of the expert evaluation panel. It can be said that these nine people encompassed experts from all categories in the antique industry, as well as Professor Meng, a leading figure in the field of archaeology. This result was satisfactory to everyone.

Next, the group discussed some specific details, such as the channels for submitting applications for evaluation, and all of these were resolved.

Time flew by, and evening arrived in the blink of an eye. Some people went back to their hotels to come back the next day to examine the museum's collections more closely, while others had to catch their flights. Zhuang Rui arranged for taxis to take all the guests home, and the museum opening and gathering with industry peers came to a successful conclusion.

However, there was still a lot to do, such as setting up the website and communicating with everyone. Zhuang Rui irresponsibly handed these tasks over to Wei Ming, the boss of the real estate company. Now that the buildings were almost sold, the employees there needed to be given something to do.

"Damn, at least everything's alright now..."

After seeing off the last guest, Zhuang Rui stood at the entrance of his museum, which was closed but still brightly lit, feeling so tired that he wanted to collapse onto the ground.

Although spiritual energy can eliminate fatigue, he was on edge all day, having to take care of everything, big and small, and his mind was in such a mess that it felt like it was about to explode.

Huangfu Yun, on the other hand, was full of energy. This level of work was something he was already used to. He pulled Zhuang Rui aside and said, "Are you alright? There's plenty of time. Come on, let's find a place to eat first. I'll call President Yun over; he needs to reimburse you for today's bill..."

The "General Manager Yun" that Huangfu Yun mentioned is named Yun Man. She is 31 years old this year and is the financial director of Qin Ruilin Jewelry Store. After Zhuang Rui took over Xuanruizhai, he

has been letting her supervise the finances of both sides. Now she has also taken on the work of the museum.

Yunman is from Hong Kong. Perhaps because she has high standards, she has never gotten married. However, Zhuang Rui noticed that after Huangfu Yun and she met, the two seemed to have developed a spark. At least Huangfu Yun, who used to call Zhuang Rui to go to bars whenever she was free when she first came to ***, has been quite quiet lately.

"Alright, let's get in the car..."

Zhuang Rui also wanted to know how much money he could make on his first day of business. He hadn't done anything all month and had already spent over a million yuan.

Although Zhuang Rui is wealthy and powerful, he can't just keep breathing and taking money out of his own pocket all the time. For a museum to develop healthily, it ultimately needs to balance its income and expenditure.

Chapter 713 Auspicious Opening

"Yang Jian, everyone has been very busy today, thank you for your hard work. You can take your regular day off tomorrow, and your bonus will be doubled this month..."

Before getting into the car, Zhuang Rui saw Yang Jian patrolling from the museum's outer wall with two security personnel and quickly called out to him.

The security guards work in three shifts, each shift lasting eight hours. However, since it's the opening day, no one has had a break. They're busy maintaining order and preventing anyone from causing trouble, so they're all exhausted.

Yang Jian knew the value of the items in the museum. Although there were various alarm devices and the museum was connected to the police station, Yang Jian still dared not be careless. He wanted to eliminate any potential dangers in the first place.

"Thank you, Mr. Zhuang, it's nothing..."

With Yang Jian's salary, he naturally didn't care much about this bonus, but the two people behind him looked happy.

Zhuang Rui provides excellent benefits to museum staff, including free room and board, social security contributions, and a safety bonus that is even higher than their salaries. The bonus is doubled, amounting to several thousand yuan, which would make even real estate company employees envious.

"Alright, you guys go ahead with your work. I'll have someone bring over some late-night snacks tonight. Remember, no alcohol..."

Zhuang Rui heard the sound of high heels in the distance and knew that Director Yun had arrived. He waved his hand, signaling Yang Jian to leave with his men.

Yunman is not tall, only about 1.65 meters, but she has a very well-proportioned figure. She wears glasses and has the air of a professional woman. She wears a business suit to work every day.

"Brother Huangfu, you have your own car, why are you hitching a ride with me? I don't want to be a third wheel..."

Seeing Yun Man approach, Huangfu Yun quickly opened the car door. After Yun Man got in, Huangfu Yun also stuck his butt out and climbed into the back seat, making Zhuang Rui roll his eyes. So, they're having their boss drive them?

Huangfu Yun chuckled and said, "Isn't this to report to the leader, Miss Yun?"

"Mr. Zhuang, let me give you a report on today's income and expenses..."

Yunman was originally sent to Beijing by Qin Ruilin's Hong Kong headquarters. However, after Zhuang Rui took over Qin Ruilin, she severed ties with the Hong Kong side, and her salary was paid by Zhuang Rui. Therefore, Yunman dared not joke with her boss Zhuang Rui like Huangfu Yun did.

However, Zhuang Rui did not mistreat Yun Man. Apart from Manager Wu, she was the only one in Qin Ruilin with a million-dollar annual salary, which was not low even in Hong Kong.

Zhuang Rui waved his hand, started the car, and said, "Let's sit down at the hotel and talk. You've had a long day, let's eat something first..."

The hotel was not far from the museum. Huangfu Yun had booked a private room in advance. After sitting down and having a cup of tea, Zhuang Rui stretched and felt a little more relaxed.

Huangfu Yun was busy trying to please Yun Man, pouring tea and introducing the snacks on the table. Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh. It seemed like this guy was serious.

"Brother Huangfu, you still need to take President Yun home later, so let's not rush things. Let's talk about work first..."

Zhuang Rui's words made Yun Man blush deeply. She quickly pushed away Huangfu Yun, who was leaning closer to her, and opened the folder in her hand.

"Mr. Zhuang, the museum received a total of RMB 5,123,800 in gifts today..."

"How much? More than five million?"

Zhuang Rui interrupted Yun Man. According to his estimate, it should be around two million, but it turned out to be far more than he expected.

The opening ceremony, including the expenses for the out-of-town guests, was expected to cost around four to five million yuan, even though the exact figure hadn't been released yet. However, the gift money alone covered the entire expense.

Yunman nodded affirmatively and said, "Yes, it's five million one hundred and twenty-three thousand eight hundred. This is the list of all the guests' gift money. I've arranged them according to the amount of the gift money. Mr. Zhuang, you can take a look..."

Taking the list from Yunman, Zhuang Rui glanced at it. People like Fatty Jin and Boss Qian were all giving 100,000 yuan in gifts, while Qi Zhu from Jiangsu and Zhejiang, and some wealthy young men Zhuang Rui knew from Hong Kong, were all giving 200,000 yuan.

Bai Feng and those other young masters from Beijing each received a gift of 300,000 yuan. Just these people alone amounted to nearly two million yuan.

As for the experts and collectors from other places whom Zhuang Rui didn't know, the gifts weren't very heavy, mostly three to five hundred yuan, and even the higher ones were only one or two thousand yuan. It was mainly about the sentiment.

What made Zhuang Rui both laugh and cry was that Liu Chuan and Zhou Rui each gave a million. If it weren't for the gifts from these two, it probably wouldn't have been five million.

"Two million..."

Zhuang Rui pointed to Liu Chuan and Zhou Rui's names, thought for a moment, and then said, "Fine, I'll accept them since they're free..."

Zhuang Rui had heard from Liu Chuan a while ago that the Tibetan Mastiff puppies they bred during the Spring Festival had sold for more than 30 million yuan in cash. The two brothers are not short of money now, and returning them would only weaken their brotherly relationship.

Zhuang Rui didn't have time to greet the two men, but Liu Chuan felt almost at home in Zhuang Rui's courtyard house. Zhou Rui and Zhuang's mother were also very familiar with each other, so naturally, the two brothers wouldn't be treated badly.

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Yun Man handed over another piece of paper and said, "Mr. Zhuang, we also received a batch of antiques. I'm not familiar with these, so I can't estimate their value. Here's the list..."

"Hmm, I'll take stock of these when I have time..."

Zhuang Rui glanced at them and saw that, in addition to monetary gifts, the Pak siblings and Zheng Shao from Hong Kong also gave several paintings and antiques. If they were genuine, then their gifts were the most valuable.

People like Fatty Jin and Boss Qian gave him small gifts that symbolized good fortune. Even Manager Lü from Pengcheng brought out a few miscellaneous collectibles. This made Zhuang Rui feel quite ashamed. After leaving Pengcheng, he had little contact with Song Jun and the other old friends in the antique business.

Although he has been making more and more money in the past two years, Zhuang Rui feels that he is spending less and less time with his family and friends, and some friends have become somewhat distant.

Aside from Liu Chuan, my childhood friend whom I grew up with, I don't see Yue Jing, the second brother who lives in Beijing, as often as I used to when I wasn't in Beijing. He did attend Wei Ge's wedding recently, but I haven't spoken to the third and fourth brothers on the phone for a long time.

"Mr. Zhuang, we received a total of 9,687 visitors today, with ticket revenue of 484,350 yuan. If we can maintain this momentum, I believe that ticket revenue alone will be enough to sustain the museum's operation, and we might even have a considerable surplus..."

Yunman continued to report to Zhuang Rui on the museum's business situation. In her opinion, the museum was doing very well, earning more than 400,000 yuan in just half a day.

Even if a portion of this goes to travel agencies as commission, the museum can still receive around 400,000 yuan. If calculated on a daily basis, the museum's daily income could probably reach 700,000 yuan.

"Mr. Yun, that's not how the accounts are calculated. Some of the ticket revenue comes from friends' support. Of the more than nine thousand tickets, we need to subtract 5,000. The rest is the revenue from regular visitors..."

Zhuang Rui waved his hand. Yun Man didn't know about this, but he knew in his heart that Yang Bo had bought 5,000 tickets, purely to give him face.

"However, even after deducting the 5,000 tickets, there were still more than 4,000 visitors, which is all thanks to Brother Huangfu."

By the way, Brother Huangfu, try to strengthen your connections with those travel agencies and strive to stabilize the number of tourists you receive each day at around six thousand...

Zhuang Rui did a mental calculation and figured that there were actually 4,687 visitors to the museum today. If there were that many visitors every day, that would be more than 1.7 million visitors a year, and the revenue would reach more than 85 million yuan.

While it can't compare to the Palace Museum, which receives around 100,000 visitors a day on average, it's still a terrifying number for a private museum.

After deducting the commission paid to travel agencies and the museum's own expenses, Zhuang Rui was able to save more than 30 million yuan. This money could not only be used to increase investment and continue to purchase collections, but also be enough to cover the maintenance and repair of the museum.

This far exceeded Zhuang Rui's expectations before opening the museum. According to his plan, he would be lucky if he didn't lose money in the first few months.

"Mr. Zhuang, I understand. We're only open for half a day today. If it were a full day, I believe we could reach 6,000 customers..."

When the topic of work came up, Huangfuyun became serious and changed how he addressed Zhuang Rui.

Considering Beijing's daily tourist volume, 6,000 people is not a very high target. Huangfuyun's goal for the museum is to strive to reach 10,000 visitors per day in the future.

"Yes, we also need to develop some souvenirs, such as our most distinctive Dingguang Sword and Shang and Zhou Dynasty bronze tripods, which are very attractive. We can use these as prototypes, scale them down, and make them into handicrafts to sell. I think this can also create a profit growth point..."

Zhuang Rui visited museums in Paris and London and found that those museums sold replicas of their own collections.

However, in China, most museums are state-owned, and many are open to the public free of charge, relying on government funding for survival. There is relatively little development in this area.

Don't underestimate these small items. If done well, they can not only generate profits but also provide intangible publicity for the museum, enhancing its brand image.

"Mr. Zhuang, I've noted it down. These items can also have our museum's name printed on them. I'll contact the craft manufacturer tomorrow and try to get them on the shelves as soon as possible..."

Huangfu Yun's eyes lit up, and he quickly took out paper and pen to write down Zhuang Rui's words.

Chapter 714 News of the Snow Mastiff

"Okay, don't hold onto the travel agency's commission. Settle it with them as soon as possible and try to get them to bring more tour groups. If there are any problems, call me and I'll have someone talk to them..."

The museum's main revenue still comes from ticket sales. Located near the Third Ring Road, its location is quite good, so including it in some tour packages wouldn't seem out of place.

Tourists come to *** to spend money on tourism. Instead of spending that money in shopping stores, they should use their own museums to promote traditional Chinese culture.

Zhuang Rui thought to himself that although the Dingguang Museum was not as good as the Palace Museum, its few national treasures were not undeserved, and visitors should feel that they were worth the money.

"I understand, Mr. Zhuang. I'll settle the accounts and transfer the payment to them tomorrow..."

Yunman nodded. She understood Zhuang Rui's meaning. According to the contract signed between the museum and the travel agency, they were supposed to settle accounts monthly. Zhuang Rui was paying them in advance so that they would bring more visitors to the museum.

"Alright, it's getting late, everyone should go back and rest. Brother Huangfu, I'll have to keep an eye on things these next few days, I need to entertain the guests who have come to the capital..."

Zhuang Rui glanced at his watch; it was almost 10 p.m. He quickly finished the rice in his bowl, stood up, and breathed a sigh of relief at the museum's grand opening.

However, Zhuang Rui still had to take care of Uncle De and the others himself, while Huangfu Yun had to handle the museum matters.

After ordering dozens of takeout meals from the hotel staff to be delivered to the museum, Zhuang Rui dropped Huangfu Yun and Yun Man off at the museum's parking lot before driving home.

When will we be able to live a life where spring is in full bloom and we can face the sea?

Driving to the alley near his own courtyard house, Zhuang Rui saw many people living in courtyard houses playing cards and cooling off under the streetlights outside, which made Zhuang Rui quite envious. →

Once upon a time, Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan, along with a group of friends, played cards and upgraded games on the sidewalks of Pengcheng. Those days seemed to be quite happy.

Now he has more money, but much less time. Even the time to take wedding photos with his wife is squeezed out, which makes Zhuang Rui a little confused.

Zhuang Rui wondered where people who built such large businesses got so much time.

I'm just doing my part at a museum, and I'm already jumping around like a rabbit. How about a big boss like Li Ka-shing who manages hundreds of billions of dollars? He wouldn't even have time to eat or sleep!

...

"Hey, how can you live in such a big house if you don't have money..."

After Zhuang Rui raised the garage door, he felt better. There are gains and losses in everything. No one can have all the good things in this world.

"Darling, don't fight over it! Everyone gets a share! You little rascal, you've even learned to tattle now..."

As soon as Zhuang Rui entered the backyard from the garage, he heard a commotion coming from the middle yard, especially Liu Chuan's loud voice, which made Zhuang Rui feel very familiar with him. He quickly quickened his pace, and as soon as he entered the middle yard, he was pounced on by the white lion.

The white lion is getting bigger and bigger, and when it stands on all fours, it has reached a height of about 1.1 meters.

Zhuang Rui weighed it once, and it was found to be 180 kilograms, which is more than the weight of many adult male lions, and even heavier than some Indochinese tigers and Sumatran tigers.

Before, when playing with the white lion, Zhuang Rui could wrap his arms around its neck and pin it to the ground. But now, he could only be beaten. After the white lion washed his face, Zhuang Rui finally got up. His disheveled appearance made everyone in the courtyard burst into laughter.

In summer, people sleep late, and staying in air-conditioned rooms for too long isn't good either. So right now, Ouyang Jun's family, along with Liu Chuan, Lei Lei, Peng Fei, and others, are chatting and enjoying the cool air in the courtyard. Several children are running all over the yard.

"White Lion, could you try a different way of greeting me next time?"

Zhuang Rui was a little annoyed. No matter when he entered the yard, as long as the white lion caught him, his clothes would have to be sent to the laundry. If the white lion hadn't been so sensible, he probably would have ended up looking like a beggar.

"Honey, this is a special privilege for you. White Lion won't be this affectionate with anyone but you..."

Qin Xuanbing greeted him with a smile, handed Zhuang Rui a towel, and then helped him straighten his wrinkled clothes. Since the two got their marriage certificate, Qin Xuanbing was able to be affectionate with Zhuang Rui in front of everyone.

"The white lion is willing, but do you dare?"

As the white lion grew larger, most people in the courtyard, except for Ouyang Wan, Nannan, and Qin Xuanbing, were afraid of it. Peng Fei and Zhou Rui used to be able to fight the white lion, but now they probably didn't have the guts.

Zhuang Rui patted the white lion's big head. No matter how busy he was, as long as he was at home, he would bathe the white lion every day. This big guy used more shampoo than all the people living in the entire courtyard.

"Brother, I think you need to lock up your white lion. Otherwise, if it goes berserk one day, I'm afraid no one will be able to control it..."

Ouyang Jun was currently fanning his wife, who was sitting on a recliner, with a fan. Xu, the famous actress, was due to give birth in early August. She felt that her home was too quiet and that no one was there to talk to, so she had been staying at Zhuang Rui's courtyard house for some time.

"Waaaaah..."

The white lion seemed to understand Ouyang Jun's words and growled at him a few times in annoyance. This startled Ouyang Jun, who took several steps back and accidentally tripped over the platform of the flower bed behind him, falling down on his bottom. When he got up, he still had some kind of flower on his head, making him look even more comical than Zhuang Rui, who had just fallen.

"Fourth Brother, if you want to stay here, don't offend the White Lion, no matter who you offend. If you provoke the White Lion again, it might throw you into the pond, believe it or not?"

As if to verify Zhuang Rui's words, the white lion leaned forward slightly, startling Ouyang Jun so much that he quickly hid behind his wife and refused to show his face again.

"Brother Zhou, why are you getting involved with Da Chuan? We're all on the same side, why bother with all this formalities? It's pointless. You scoundrel, are you bullying Nannan again? Lei Lei, aren't you going to do anything about it..."

Zhuang Rui ignored Ouyang Jun, smiled and greeted Liu Chuan and Zhou Rui, then took the stool that Ouyang Jun had been sitting on and sat down next to Qin Xuanbing.

The white lion lay obediently at Zhuang Rui's feet, its clear eyes looking innocently at Fourth Brother Ouyang.

"Uncle, you rascal uncle! You bought things for Sister Yaya, but not for me..."

As soon as she sat down, the little girl came running to complain. She wasn't afraid of the white lion at all; she simply sat on the white lion's lap with her little bottom and even scratched the white lion's head with her little hands.

"Little girl, I've spoiled you for nothing. I bought you so many toys, and you still complain about me..."

Liu Chuan was furious and glared at Nannan, but after Bai Shi tilted his head and glanced at him, the guy immediately calmed down and sat back down dejectedly.

Zhuang Rui chuckled and patted the white lion, saying, "Da Chuan, Lei Lei, since you're here, why don't you stay a few more days? My mom always says I'm never home, so you, my godson, should do your part to be filial..."

Zhuang Rui was just thinking that he might have neglected his family and friends, so he really wanted Liu Chuan to stay for a while longer. This courtyard house is so big, it will be more lively with more people.

"No problem, I came here to escape the summer heat. I'll go back after this summer. Godmother, your goddaughter-in-law has a godchild now..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Liu Chuan immediately straightened his chest, as if afraid others wouldn't know his wife was pregnant, and started shouting loudly.

"You silly child, you can't talk like that! Is Xiao Lei really pregnant?"

Ouyang Wan watched Liu Chuan grow up and always treated him and her own son the same. When Liu Chuan was a child, he was often punished by Ouyang Wan by being made to stand in the corner.

"Godmother, how could it be fake? Don't you know who your godson is... Hey, hey, stop... don't pinch me..."

Just as Liu Chuan was about to boast a few words, a sharp pain suddenly shot through his lower back. He turned around and immediately shrank his neck, which caused another burst of laughter.

"Husband, I...I..."

"Wood, let me tell you something important. A while ago, Brother Renqing Cuomu called to say that some herders found a Tibetan Mastiff near the Great Snow Mountain. Judging from its size, it should be a female..."

Qin Xuanbing gently tugged at Zhuang Rui's sleeve, as if she had something to say, but was interrupted by Liu Chuan.

"What? A snow mastiff, and a female at that?"

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Rui stood up abruptly, not noticing what Qin Xuanbing seemed to be trying to say to him. His attention was completely drawn to Liu Chuan's words.

The white lion is almost two years old. Nourished by his spiritual energy every day, its bones are even larger than those of a four- or five-year-old adult mastiff. Zhuang Rui had been worried about how to find it a mate, and now that he heard this news, he was immediately excited.

Liu Chuan nodded and said, "The herdsman who saw that Tibetan Mastiff is very experienced. Female Tibetan Mastiffs have short fur, so he shouldn't mistake it for a dog..."

Having raised the white lion from a tiny cub to this size, and knowing it had once saved his life, Zhuang Rui's feelings for the white lion couldn't be measured in money. Hearing Liu Chuan's words, he quickly replied, "Then why didn't you bring it? I'd buy it no matter the cost..."

"Brother, this isn't about the money. That Tibetan Mastiff wasn't domesticated; it was a wild, untamed beast, capable of tearing apart tigers and leopards. How could those herders dare to catch it..."

Zhuang Rui was taken aback when he heard this. If that was the case, it would be quite troublesome. Although wild Tibetan mastiffs do not attack humans, they are extremely difficult to tame. They often hunt wolves and tigers on the grasslands and are the true kings of the grasslands and snow-capped mountains.

Chapter 715 A Series of Happy Events

In recent years, purebred Tibetan Mastiffs have become highly sought after by wealthy individuals, leading to a surge in people traveling to Tibetan areas to purchase them. However, news of wild Tibetan Mastiffs remaining is extremely rare, let alone any lone, wild Tibetan Mastiffs.

The white lion was very intelligent and seemed to know that the issue Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan were discussing was related to it. It stood up from its lying position and kept rubbing its big head against Zhuang Rui.

"Da Chuan, please contact Brother Renqing Cuomu and ask him to find that herdsman. I need to go to Tibet again..."

Zhuang Rui rubbed the white lion's big head to comfort it. It seemed that this guy was really in love. Thinking that he could find another purebred snow mastiff to keep the white lion company, Zhuang Rui was also a little excited.

"Wood, don't get agitated, let me finish..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui's posture, as if he wanted to run to Tibet right now, Liu Chuan said, "I already had Brother Renqing Cuomu find that herdsman, but this happened back in February, and now that Tibetan mastiff is nowhere to be found..."

The herders in the Tibetan region still maintain the traditions of the grasslands. Every winter, they hibernate, and many herders set up their tents together to form a gathering place. The herder who saw the snow mastiff was in the vicinity of the camp when he hibernated there.

However, Tibetan mastiffs are naturally fond of cold weather. When it is cold, they may roam the grasslands in search of food, but when the weather gets hot, they are very likely to go deep into the snow-capped mountains and places where people rarely go.

"Da Chuan, do you mean I should go in winter?"

After patiently listening to Liu Chuan's words, Zhuang Rui asked, "I don't want to go to the Qinghai-Tibet Plateau in winter anymore. It's so cold that your urine freezes instantly. Even in this month, the temperature difference between day and night is very uncomfortable."

"Wood, I advise you not to rush this. The Qinghai-Tibet Plateau is so vast, who knows where that snow mastiff we saw half a year ago might have gone now?"

Liu Chuan paused for a moment, then continued, "I discussed it with Brother Renqing Cuomu. He didn't go to the pastoral area last year and is still a bit unaccustomed to it. He plans to go herding again this year and also look for some good Tibetan mastiffs to see if we can find that snow mastiff again. If we do, we'll let you know and bring the white lion. That way, we'll be more targeted..."

Actually, when Liu Chuan said this, he himself didn't believe that Renqing Cuomu could have encountered that Tibetan Mastiff. While Tibetan Mastiffs do have territorial instincts, that's only within the pack. Dogs that don't join the pack generally stay in one place for a long time, moving wherever they hunt.

"Let me think about it, old buddy. Don't be disappointed, I'll definitely find you a bride..."

Zhuang Rui knew that Liu Chuan was telling the truth. If he went to Tibet now, he would be like a headless fly, and wouldn't be able to achieve anything.

Zhuang Rui got a little annoyed as he spoke, patted the white lion's big head, and said, "I'm telling you, you're being way too picky. There are so many female mastiffs in the kennel, can't you just find one...?"

"Waaah..."

The white lion seemed to understand Zhuang Rui's words. Whether intentionally or not, it lay down again, but this time facing Zhuang Rui, its massive body pressing him to the ground.

The white lion's display of intelligence left everyone except Ouyang Wan and Qin Xuanbing speechless; it was like a child throwing a tantrum at an adult.

"Damn it, you're still not happy..."

Zhuang Rui was speechless. After pushing the white lion away, he said to the gloating crowd, "That's enough, everyone go home and get some sleep. We've been working hard all day and we still got bullied. This is outrageous..."

It was getting late, and amidst laughter, everyone went back to their rooms. However, Zhuang Rui and Qin Xuanbing were followed by the big guy, White Lion. White Lion was afraid of the heat, so Zhuang Rui had specially prepared a room in the backyard for it to sleep in with the air conditioning on.

"I'm exhausted today, but honey, do you know how much money my museum made today?"

After returning to their room and taking a shower, Zhuang Rui embraced Qin Xuanbing, greedily inhaling her fragrance. He had been spending almost a week at the museum and hadn't been intimate with his wife for a while.

Are you still short of money?

Qin Xuanbing rolled her eyes at Zhuang Rui, raised her hand to stop his hand from reaching towards her lower abdomen, and said, "Zhuang Rui, don't move, I have something to tell you..."

"Let's talk about it tomorrow, hehe..."

Zhuang Rui turned off the bedside lamp and rolled over, pinning Qin Xuanbing beneath him.

Qin Xuanbing quickly pushed Zhuang Rui away, saying urgently, "No, don't press on me, Zhuang Rui, I might... I might also be pregnant..."

"What?!"

Zhuang Rui's voice was so loud that the white lion in the next room suddenly jumped out and growled softly at the window of Zhuang Rui's room.

"White Lion, it's alright, let's go back..."

Zhuang Rui was stunned when he heard Qin Xuanbing's words. He braced himself on the bed with both hands, but dared not press down on Qin Xuanbing at all. It wasn't until Bai Shi's voice rang out that Zhuang Rui came to his senses and quickly turned on the bedside lamp.

"Xuanbing, are you... are you telling the truth?"

Zhuang Rui remained in that comical pose, his eyes fixed on Qin Xuanbing beneath him, his face showing some excitement, and his voice trembling slightly as he asked the question.

Zhuang Rui is already 27 years old this year. Among his classmates, Wei Ge got married because he was pregnant, Nurse Song is currently taking care of herself, and Lao San gave birth to a daughter who is already several months old. It would be a lie to say that Zhuang Rui is not envious.

Qin Xuanbing blushed slightly under Zhuang Rui's gaze, nudged him, and said, "I haven't gone for a checkup yet, but I've been feeling nauseous and wanting to vomit these past few days. I used to dislike

spicy food, but now I really crave it. Also, while you were away, I've been feeling tired and sleepy all the time..."

Although Zhuang Rui didn't understand this very well, he still knew the basics, so he asked, "Um... has it started yet?"

"What?"

Qin Xuanbing looked a little embarrassed and turned her face away, saying, "Um... it's been about a week since I last came, and I was thinking of going for a check-up in the next couple of days..."

"Xuanbing, I'm so sorry. Look at me, I've been so busy these past few days that I haven't even been home..."

Zhuang Rui felt a little ashamed upon hearing this. He guessed that the reason Qin Xuanbing hadn't told her mother was because she wanted to wait until he had time to come and take her for a checkup before telling her family.

"Honey, it's okay. I've been asking Sister Xu Qing about things to be careful about during pregnancy these past few days. I can take good care of myself and our baby too..."

As Qin Xuanbing spoke, her face was full of happiness. She gently stroked her lower abdomen, which was still asymptomatic, as if she could sense a small life inside.

"No, we need to go to the hospital right now..."

Zhuang Rui got out of bed, found his clothes and put them on. Nothing was more important than his wife's pregnancy, and Zhuang Rui couldn't wait a moment longer.

"Why do you always jump to conclusions?"

Qin Xuanbing glanced helplessly at Zhuang Rui and said, "Let's go tomorrow. Don't trouble Mom and the others. There aren't any good doctors on duty at the hospital right now..."

"Yes, yes, no..."

Zhuang Rui was so happy he was practically dizzy. After hearing Qin Xuanbing's words, he nodded, then shook his head and said, "Going tomorrow is fine too. I'll go find Fourth Brother first and ask which doctor my sister-in-law saw during her pregnancy. We can't just find a man, can we?"

Watching Zhuang Rui rush out of the room, Qin Xuanbing couldn't help but smile wryly. She hadn't expected her husband to be so jealous. After all, the best obstetricians and gynecologists in the world are all men.

"Hey Wu'er, it's just a doctor's visit, why did you have to wake me up so early? Shh, keep your voice down, don't wake your sister-in-law..."

Ouyang Jun pulled Zhuang Rui into the yard, clearly annoyed. It was only a little past six in the morning, and Zhuang Rui was already knocking on the window. He had knocked once last night.

"Hehe, Fourth Brother, I'm so excited, so incredibly excited! Look, even my mom's up, what else do you have to complain about..."

Zhuang Rui knew he had gone a bit too far. Last night, he not only knocked on Ouyang Jun's window, but also caused a ruckus to everyone in the entire Zhongyuan Courtyard.

Ouyang Wan even went to Zhuang Rui's room and carefully inquired about Qin Xuanbing's reactions over the past few days, saying that she was most likely pregnant.

"Aunt, is it really necessary? The doctors aren't even at work this early. I'll take Zhuang Rui and his wife to the hospital later, so you don't need to come along..."

When Ouyang Jun looked, he saw that Ouyang Wan, who was usually quiet, was indeed in the courtyard. It seemed that she hadn't slept well last night.

A hint of joy appeared on Ouyang Wan's face. She glared at her nephew and said, "What are you talking about? When doesn't your aunt get up this early every day? But you'll have to make an extra bowl of soup today..."

"Alright, never mind, let's sit here and wait..."

Ouyang Jun sat down by the pond to watch the fish swim, while Zhuang Rui walked around the yard excitedly.

"I'm fine, don't let people laugh at me..."

Around 8 a.m., Zhuang Rui returned to the room and helped Qin Xuanbing out as if she were an empress dowager, leaving Qin Xuanbing somewhat amused and exasperated.

"Who's laughing at me? I didn't help anyone's wife up..."

Previously, Qin Xuanbing would always be holding Zhuang Rui's arm, but now it's the other way around; Zhuang Rui is holding his wife's arm. This made Ouyang Wan, who was waiting at the restaurant entrance, laugh.

"Fourth Brother, stop eating, why are you eating so much..."

After Qin Xuanbing finished drinking the soup her mother-in-law had made, Zhuang Rui pulled Ouyang Jun up.

"Hey...hey, I'm telling you, I haven't even finished one bun yet..." Ouyang Jun stood up and quickly grabbed two buns in his hands.

"Brother Zhuang, someone's looking for us up ahead. They say they're from the Religious Affairs Bureau..."

Zhuang Rui entered the garage and started the car when his phone rang. It was Hao Long calling from the front door.

Chapter 716 Taking the Pulse

"The Religious Affairs Bureau? What do they want with me?"

Zhuang Rui held the phone, somewhat bewildered. He had never even heard of this organization, let alone had any dealings with them.

"Brother Hao, I have something important to take care of right now. Have them come this afternoon..."

Zhuang Rui is currently immersed in the happiness of becoming a father. Even if the Emperor himself came looking for him, he would wait until after taking his wife for her check-up.

"Fourth Brother, what does the Religious Affairs Bureau do?"

Zhuang Rui hung up the phone and carefully backed the car out of the garage. Ever since he heard the news of Qin Xuanbing's pregnancy, Zhuang Rui had become more and more attentive. Women need to be cared for, and the one in their belly needs even more care.

"The Religious Affairs Bureau is in charge of monks and Taoist priests. Uh, they don't care about communist beliefs, but they manage everything else that spreads a belief..."

Ouyang Jun was quite displeased with Zhuang Rui for waking him up so early in the morning. He looked at Zhuang Rui with suspicion and said, "You didn't happen to have hooked up with some nun from the Taoist academy, and someone came to complain to you, did they?"

"What are you talking about? If you keep spouting nonsense, I'll go have a chat with your sister-in-law..."

Zhuang Rui's face turned green after hearing what Ouyang Jun said. "Is there really such a person?" he thought. "Even if I were... well, I wouldn't go looking for a nun." Zhuang Rui considered himself a long-hair enthusiast.

Zhuang Rui glanced furtively at Qin Xuanbing sitting in the passenger seat and said, "Wife, don't listen to Fourth Brother's nonsense. He never says a kind word..."

Gu Long, the Taiwanese martial arts master known for his womanizing, once said: "There are many women in this world who don't eat, but there are almost no women who don't get jealous."

Although Qin Xuanbing wasn't a petty person, it was difficult to fathom the thoughts of a pregnant woman. Her mindset was quite different from usual. Last night, Zhuang Rui was pulled by the ear by Miss Qin and had a thorough recollection of his past interactions with Officer Miao.

Thankfully, Qin Xuanbing just smiled and didn't respond to Ouyang Jun's words, which reassured Zhuang Rui considerably. Although he hadn't done anything wrong, it didn't mean he hadn't thought about it. Just like someone who hasn't committed a crime but sees the police in the station, they'll still feel intimidated.

So when this topic comes up, any man will feel a little guilty.

"Fourth Brother, according to you, the Religious Affairs Bureau is in charge of those monks and Taoist priests, right?"

Zhuang Rui changed the subject, saying that if they continued the discussion, Ouyang Jun might say something even more offensive.

"Yes, that includes Islam and similar religions. But in China, the main ones are Buddhism and Taoism. Because of the Lama, Buddhism is more prominent among these two. I haven't had any dealings with them. How about I ask someone to inquire for you?"

Zhuang Rui had already found a lot of weaknesses in Ouyang Jun's hands, so he didn't dare to tease Zhuang Rui anymore and honestly told him what he knew.

"Zhuang Rui, don't you know the Living Buddha of Jokhang Temple? Could it be that he's the one who contacted you?"

Upon hearing the word "****" from Ouyang Jun, Qin Xuanbing immediately recalled her and Zhuang Rui's *** trip.

"Impossible! The Living Buddha who gave me the dzi bead has long since passed away. Don't scare me like that..."

Zhuang Rui was startled by what Qin Xuanbing said, and his hand trembled as he drove. This was because the Living Buddha Qiangba Luozhu had passed away half a year after giving him the dzi bead, and it had been almost a year since then. It was rare for him to appear in a dream and ask someone to come and find him.

"I've never heard you mention this before..." Qin Xuanbing was taken aback; she was unaware of this matter.

"I only saw it on the news once. Never mind, if they really have something to do, they'll definitely come back this afternoon. Why don't we just ask them?"

Zhuang Rui shook his head, banishing the thought from his mind, and focused on driving.

...

"Dean Zhou, this is my cousin, and this is my sister-in-law. She seems to be pregnant, so I brought them here for a check-up. By the way, is Dr. Xiao Yu still here?"

Zhuang Rui and his group went to the General Hospital of the People's Liberation Army. Given Ouyang Jun's background, they naturally went directly to the director's office first.

If Ouyang Jun hadn't told Zhuang Rui beforehand, Zhuang Rui wouldn't have realized that this kind-looking old doctor in a white coat was actually a major general.

The doctor Xiao Yu that Ouyang Jun asked about was the female doctor who had been treating Xu Qing. No man in this world would be so generous as to hire a male doctor to treat his wife's gynecological problems.

In fact, Zhuang Rui and Ouyang Jun both understood that Qin Xuanbing only needed to undergo some tests, and it didn't matter whether the doctor was male or female. However, according to Ouyang Jun, having the same doctor see her from the beginning would allow for a better understanding of the pregnant woman's condition, and any problems that arose could be addressed promptly.

"What, you can't get a doctor's visit from me? You're such a troublemaker..."

Dean Zhou seemed quite familiar with Ouyang Jun. After jokingly scolding him, he turned to Qin Xuanbing and said, "Miss, please sit down. What symptoms do you have? Tell me about them first..."

Dean Zhou, in his fifties, naturally served the highest echelons of Beijing. Most of the medical staff on Yuquan Mountain were his subordinates, so he was quite familiar with the Ouyang family.

"I've been feeling nauseous these past few days. I used to not eat spicy food, but now I crave it. I can't eat anything else..." Qin Xuanbing told Dean Zhou about her symptoms over the past few days.

"Hehe, bro, sour for boys, spicy for girls, you must have a girl..."

Upon hearing Qin Xuanbing's words, before Dean Zhou could even speak, Ouyang Jun proudly began showing off in front of Zhuang Rui, all because Xu Qing was carrying a son.

"Don't listen to him, that's just folk wisdom, there's no scientific basis for it. Um, young lady, hold out your right hand..."

Dean Zhou glared at Ouyang Jun with displeasure, then took out a wrist pad, placed it on the table, and gestured for Qin Xuanbing to put her hand on it.

"Taking your pulse?"

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment. As a Chinese person, he naturally knew about traditional Chinese medicine, but in modern society where Western medicine is dominant, he had only heard of it. This was the first time Zhuang Rui had ever seen a traditional Chinese medicine practitioner taking a pulse.

"Fourth Brother, will this work?"

Zhuang Rui quietly tugged at Ouyang Jun and asked in a low voice. It wasn't that Zhuang Rui didn't believe in traditional Chinese medicine, but he had been exposed to Western medicine since childhood, and he wasn't very confident in someone who practiced traditional Chinese medicine.

To outsiders, it seems quite amazing that you can tell if someone is sick just by touching a few fingers.

"Don't worry, Dean Zhou comes from a family of traditional Chinese medicine practitioners, and he's also an academician of the Chinese Academy of Engineering. This isn't some street gimmick selling miracle cures. Dean Zhou was the one who first took your sister-in-law's pulse..."

Ouyang Jun had complete confidence in Dean Zhou. He believed that no one would dare to take up such a position without some real ability. It wasn't something that could be achieved simply by flattery and boasting.

"You brat, you're making fun of me again, aren't you?"

After holding Qin Xuanbing's wrist with three fingers of his right hand for a while, Dean Zhou looked up and scolded Ouyang Jun, saying, "Try another hand..."

Zhuang Rui looked on with curiosity and asked, "Dean Zhou, why do you need to take the pulse in both hands?"

"Hehe, the pulse in the left hand corresponds to the heart, liver, and kidneys, while the pulse in the right hand corresponds to the lungs, spleen, and kidneys (life force). Of course, you have to feel both hands..."

After explaining the situation to Zhuang Rui with a smile, Dean Zhou began to focus his attention on Qin Xuanbing's pulse. A few minutes later, he removed his hand.

After taking her pulse, Zhuang Rui asked anxiously, "Dean Zhou, how is it? Is Xuanbing pregnant?"

Dean Zhou smiled and nodded, saying, "Young man, congratulations! This young lady's pulse is strong and smooth like a rolling bead; it's a pregnancy pulse..."

"real?"

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Rui was overjoyed, but immediately asked a foolish question: "Dean Zhou, is it a man or a woman?"

"Zhuang Rui..."

Even Qin Xuanbing couldn't stand it anymore. She had only just started experiencing pregnancy symptoms. Let alone taking her pulse, even an ultrasound wouldn't be able to determine the sex of the baby.

"Hahaha....."

Dean Zhou laughed loudly upon hearing this, patted Zhuang Rui on the shoulder, and said, "Young man, don't rush. Go back and get some rest, and be careful not to catch a cold. Also, try not to do any strenuous aerobic exercise..."

"Thank you, thank you Dean Zhou..."

Actually, Zhuang Rui doesn't really care much about gender; he just asked casually.

After saying goodbye to Dean Zhou and getting into the car, Ouyang Jun looked at Zhuang Rui with a mischievous grin and said, "Wu'er, remember, don't do strenuous aerobic exercise..."

"No, Xuanbing only does yoga, which isn't that strenuous, is it?"

Zhuang Rui didn't understand Ouyang Jun's meaning at first, but when he saw his smiling face, he immediately understood. This older brother was actually being disrespectful to his elders.

Qin Xuanbing was more perceptive than Zhuang Rui and understood the situation as well, her pretty face turning bright red.

"Okay, I'll go back and tell my sister-in-law that you've been doing a lot of intense aerobic exercise lately..."

Zhuang Rui's words made Ouyang Jun's face fall. He was only interested in getting his tongue off, but he forgot that his younger brother had a lot of dirt on him.

The two brothers bickered as they returned to the courtyard house. Once Zhuang Rui confirmed Qin Xuanbing's pregnancy, she immediately started enjoying the treatment of the famous star Xu. Now, there were actually three pregnant women in Zhuang Rui's courtyard house.

After lunch, Qin Xuanbing, who wasn't used to taking naps, was pulled onto the bed by Zhuang Rui, just so she could rest.

After Qin Xuanbing fell asleep, Zhuang Rui carefully released a wisp of spiritual energy into her body. However, fearing something might go wrong, Zhuang Rui ensured that the spiritual energy entered Qin Xuanbing's body, but not her lower abdomen.

Just as Zhuang Rui finished his work, Hao Long's voice came through the walkie-talkie in the outer room: "Boss, those guys from this morning are here again. Do you want to see them?"

Chapter 717 Reincarnation Process

"Take them to the living room in the front yard..."

Zhuang Rui's courtyard house has a living room in the front, middle, and back courtyards. The back courtyard is where he and Qin Xuanbing live, the middle courtyard is for entertaining relatives and friends, and people he doesn't know very well are usually entertained in the front courtyard.

"Hello, I'm Zhuang Rui. May I ask what brings you here?"

Upon entering the living room, Zhuang Rui discovered that these people were not what he had imagined. There were lamas and monks among them, and they were all ordinary people like himself. Judging from the demeanor of one of them, he should be a leader.

"Mr. Zhuang, hello, I am Dai Chenghao from the Religious Affairs Bureau. This is my identification. I have something I'd like to consult with you about..."

Upon seeing Zhuang Rui enter, all four people in the living room stood up, and the middle-aged man at the head of the group extended his hand to shake hands with Zhuang Rui.

"Deputy Director Dai?"

Zhuang Rui looked at the certificate. According to what Ouyang Jun had told him before, the State Administration for Religious Affairs was not a low-level agency. It not only directly handled various religious affairs, but also the Buddhist academies were under its jurisdiction.

The State Administration for Religious Affairs is at the vice-ministerial level, meaning that this deputy director is at least a department-level or higher cadre.

Zhuang Rui was somewhat puzzled. Although there were many officials in this area, what could a powerful department-level cadre possibly want from him?

Although puzzled, Zhuang Rui still made way for him and said, "I wonder what business Deputy Director Dai has with me? Please sit down and talk..."

Deputy Director Dai nodded and got straight to the point: "Mr. Zhuang, no need to be so polite. It's like this, I wonder if you received a string of dzi beads as a gift from the Living Buddha of the Jokhang Temple last February?"

Just last month, the General Administration received a report from the Tibetan Religious Affairs Bureau stating that preparations were underway to find the reincarnation of the Jokhang Temple's Jampa Lodro Living Buddha, but some relics worn by the Living Buddha during his lifetime were still missing.

The report states that Jampa Lodro Rinpoche has already reincarnated three times and enjoys extremely high prestige in the country. He was also the guru of the previous Panchen Lama. Methods such as government conferment are absolutely not applicable to him; the only way to determine his status is by drawing lots, the most ancient method.

This method is very systematic and complicated. Preparations often begin within a few months of the Living Buddha's death, and the process of searching for the reincarnation of the Living Buddha may last for several years or even more than a decade.

Before his passing, Jampa Lodro Rinpoche indicated the general direction of his reincarnation.

Jokhang Temple has now selected highly respected monks from the temple, as well as the Living Buddha's former stewards and close disciples, to disguise themselves as people of various identities and prepare to go to the directions designated by the Living Buddha to begin a secret investigation.

However, in the process of finding the reincarnated child, it is necessary for the child to identify the personal belongings of the Living Buddha during his lifetime. This involves having a young child who may be the reincarnated child identify the Living Buddha's belongings and the people he spent time with. Among many objects, the child can grab the Living Buddha's belongings, or among many people, he can identify the people he spent time with. This is called "Sutong" in Tibetan Buddhism.

This step is quite important in the search for the reincarnated child. Many children who are initially selected as the reincarnated child are often eliminated at this stage. However, to be certified at this stage, one must have the ritual implements or personal items used by the Living Buddha during his lifetime.

Generally speaking, a Living Buddha usually only has about a dozen personal items. However, the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro was a man of simple and quiet nature. When his belongings were sorted out later, it was discovered that he only had a prayer wheel that he used frequently and two other items.

It should be noted that the direction pointed out by the Living Buddha before his passing was only a general direction. The Jokhang Temple sent out at least seven or eight search teams for this purpose. Relying solely on the personal belongings of these three Living Buddhas to select the reincarnation child would be far too inefficient.

But there was nothing that could be done. Just as the high monks of Jokhang Temple were preparing to send out a search team, the temple's chief administrator, Gegu, mentioned that the Living Buddha had once bestowed a dzi bead bracelet upon a young man.

Although it was just a personal item, it would undoubtedly lighten the workload of the search team. Upon hearing about this, the people at Jokhang Temple immediately checked the records of the Living Buddha during his lifetime.

Jampa Lodro Rinpoche held an extremely high position at the Jokhang Temple. His words and actions were recorded by the young lamas who served him closely. The process of Zhuang Rui's contact with the Rinpoche was also recorded in its entirety.

That's why Deputy Director Dai came to our door today.

"Director Dai, if I may ask, the Living Buddha bestowed this bracelet upon me, and quite a few people knew about it at the time, but how did you manage to find me?"

Zhuang Rui was puzzled. He was just a tourist at the time. There were countless tourists visiting Lhasa every year. How did they manage to find him?

Deputy Director Dai chuckled upon hearing this and said, "Hehe, Mr. Zhuang, after you were taken to the Jokhang Temple by the Gegu Lama, your friends went there to look for you. They registered on a form and left your phone number and home address. We found you through that..."

"Oh, it really is..."

Zhuang Rui slapped his forehead. He remembered that he had spent the entire afternoon in that strange room filled with Thangkas, which had almost made Liu Chuan and the others go to the police station to

report him missing. He must have left the information when he asked the lamas of Jokhang Temple to help him find him.

"Director Dai, please tell me, what do you need me to do?"

Zhuang Rui was unaware that these people had come to take back the dzi bead bracelet. He didn't know much about Tibetan Buddhism and wasn't familiar with the procedures for the reincarnation of a Living Buddha.

"Yes, that's right. Because the relics left by the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro are too few, and these things are necessary in the process of recognizing reincarnation, we are thinking..."

The search for the reincarnated Living Buddha is a major event concerning national unity and unification. Deputy Director Dai didn't beat around the bush and directly stated the purpose of his visit.

"What? You want me to give you the dzi bead bracelet?"

Zhuang Rui was initially listening with great interest, but the more he listened, the more something felt off. Was this guy coming to ask for something?

"Yes, Mr. Zhuang, this matter has a great impact on Tibetan Buddhism and the Tibetan people. Because the Jokhang Temple has requested the search for this dzi bead bracelet, we must handle this matter with great care. We hope you can understand..."

Deputy Director Dai was also smiling bitterly to himself. If it were someone else, would he have needed to come in person? He could have just sent someone else and Zhuang Rui would have handed it over, and the other party would have even had to deliver it to him.

However, after learning that the person was Zhuang Rui, an investigation was immediately launched against Zhuang Rui. As for the result of the investigation, Deputy Director Dai condescended to come in person, and he was very polite and did not dare to put on any official airs.

"Well... Deputy Director Dai, it's not that I'm unwilling to hand over this bracelet, it's just that I've worn it for almost two years, and I've gotten a bit attached to it..."

Seeing that the other party was quite polite and didn't try to pressure him with any talk of national righteousness, Zhuang Rui frowned.

To be honest, Zhuang Rui no longer values the economic worth of this string of dzi beads. He wouldn't care even if he gave it to the country; it's just an item worth ten or twenty million.

However, this dzi bead is truly beneficial to the body, and since it has been blessed by a living Buddha for decades, it can almost be considered a sacred object.

Zhuang Rui had just received the news that Qin Xuanbing was pregnant. Last night, he was thinking about passing this on to his child so that he (or she) could be safe and sound.

Therefore, Zhuang Rui was in a dilemma when Deputy Director Dai asked for it. It wasn't about the money. The key was that no matter how much money he had, he couldn't buy such a thing. "Do you have the ability to bring the Living Buddha back to life and bless you with decades of Buddhist teachings?"

Seeing Zhuang Rui's hesitant look, Deputy Director Dai assumed he wanted money and quickly said, "Mr. Zhuang, this bracelet was a gift from the Living Buddha. Legally speaking, it is already yours."

However, if you return it to us, we can compensate you for any financial loss caused, based on the market price of this string of dzi beads. We hope you can understand and cooperate with our work..."

The problem of *** has been a headache for the central government since the Qing Dynasty. Almost the entire population there are Buddhists, and they have a fervent faith in Tibetan Buddhism.

Coupled with the activities of foreign separatists, successive governments have been extremely cautious in handling separatist issues, offering as much policy support as possible.

Don't underestimate the seemingly small matter of getting a dzi bead. Even a deputy ministerial-level bureau chief couldn't make that decision on his own. It was only after the matter was reported to the core leader in charge that they came to Zhuang Rui.

"No, that's not what I meant, Director Dai. You've misunderstood. I wanted to leave this dzi bead to my child, it's not about the money..."

Seeing that Deputy Director Dai had misunderstood him, Zhuang Rui quickly explained, and then said, "I can lend this string of dzi beads to the country temporarily, but can you return it to me after the reincarnated child is found?"

Since everyone had already said they wanted to buy it with money, Zhuang Rui couldn't be too unreasonable. However, he was still a little unwilling, so he simply used the word "borrow": "I don't want the money, but after I find the person, please return the item to me."

"Of course, of course. This bracelet originally belonged to you. I assure you, once the reincarnated child is found, I will definitely return it to you..."

Deputy Director Dai was surprised that Zhuang Rui was so easy to talk to. He stood up happily and unconsciously used honorifics when speaking to Zhuang Rui again.

"It's nothing. I wonder if Director Dai needs it now?"

Since he had decided to give it to her, Zhuang Rui decided to be generous and simply took the bracelet off his left wrist.

Deputy Director Dai waved his hand and said, "No rush, no rush. How about this, Mr. Zhuang, next Monday, the Jokhang Temple will hold a ceremony to find the reincarnated child. If you have time, you can attend..."

Next Monday?

Zhuang Rui calculated that there were still five days left until today.

Chapter 718-719 Journey to Tibet

Zhuang Rui hesitated for a moment and said, "This... I might not have time, Director Dai. How about you send this string of dzi beads over?"

The museum has just opened, and as the owner, Zhuang Rui has an obligation to make more trips. In addition, Qin Xuanbing has just found out she is pregnant, and the wedding should be planned as soon as possible before it is too obvious. Although they have already obtained their marriage certificate, they should still have a wedding that they can remember in the future.

As for the ceremony at Jokhang Temple, it wouldn't make a difference if he weren't there, so Zhuang Rui didn't really want to go.

As for the dzi bead bracelet, handing it over to Director Dai and the others might temporarily disrupt the magnetic field inside, but once I get it back and wear it for a while to adjust it, the strength of the magnetism inside will match my body, so it's not a problem.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Director Dai's face showed a slight hint of unease. He said, "Mr. Zhuang, I think... you'd better go..."

"Why do I have to go? Just give you the things, isn't that enough?"

Zhuang Rui was puzzled. Wasn't their purpose to use the dzi bead bracelet to identify the reincarnated spirit child? This shouldn't have anything to do with whether he went or not, right?

"Mr. Zhuang, Buddhism teaches about cause and effect. The high monks at Jokhang Temple believe that the Living Buddha giving you the dzi bead is the cause, and the effect will fall upon you. They believe that your journey will be of great help in finding the reincarnation of the Living Buddha..."

Deputy Director Dai gave a wry smile. As a high-ranking official, although he was in charge of religious affairs, he had no religious beliefs. In his opinion, these words were somewhat absurd. However, since the other party had made a clear request, he still had to try his best to fulfill it.

"Buddhist concept of cause and effect?"

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment upon hearing this. If it were a few years ago, he might not have believed in these things at all, but ever since his eyes began to change inexplicably, Zhuang Rui couldn't say how many unknown things there were in this world.

"Director Dai, how about this? I'll think about it for two days. If I can find the time, I'll go. If I really don't have time, I'll give you this dzi bead bracelet to take with you..."

Recalling the late Jampa Lodro Living Buddha, Zhuang Rui pictured the kind old monk who couldn't speak Chinese. Putting everything else aside, he felt he should do his part in gifting this string of dzi beads.

However, Zhuang Rui didn't give a definitive answer. He still needed to go back and discuss it with Qin Xuanbing, and make arrangements for the work at the museum before he could make the trip. Now he was no longer alone; he had a career and a family, and he couldn't just leave whenever he wanted like before.

"Okay, Mr. Zhuang, thank you so much..."

After receiving Zhuang Rui's reply, Deputy Director Dai was pleased and shook hands with Zhuang Rui.

His attitude aroused curiosity among the staff members nearby, who were puzzled by Zhuang Rui's identity. Deputy Director Dai, who always sat in his office with an official air, was being so polite to a young man.

However, after seeing the mansion where Zhuang Rui lived, the accompanying staff members understood. Being able to live in such a large mansion covering thousands of square meters in such a central location is not something that can be achieved simply by having money.

After exchanging business cards with Deputy Director Dai and seeing the others off, Zhuang Rui frowned slightly in distress and turned to walk towards the Intermediate People's Court.

The courtyard has been unusually lively these past few days, with several families moving in: Liu Chuan and his wife, Zhao Guodong and his wife, and Ouyang Jun and his wife who are also staying and refusing to leave. Every day, the garden in the middle courtyard is filled with the sounds of people chatting and children playing.

The white lion, who was getting annoyed by Nannan's harassment, immediately went to greet Zhuang Rui when he came in. However, it seemed to sense that Zhuang Rui was in a bad mood, so it did not play with him and quietly followed behind him.

"Honey, what's wrong?"

Qin Xuanbing has woken up from her afternoon nap and is currently sitting in the pavilion by the pond talking with Xu Qing and Lei Lei. Without a doubt, the famous Xu Qing is sharing her experiences with the two newly pregnant women.

When a woman doesn't have children, she definitely puts her husband first. Qin Xuanbing was no exception. When she saw Zhuang Rui walking over with a worried look on his face, she immediately asked him a question.

Zhuang Rui walked into the pavilion and sat down next to Qin Xuanbing, casually replying, "It's nothing. People from the Religious Affairs Bureau just contacted me, wanting me to go to Tibet to participate in a ceremony before the search for the reincarnation of the Living Buddha Qiangba Lozhu. I'm considering whether to go or not..."

Although it was July or August, the hottest and most humid month, there was a tall locust tree next to the pavilion. Its dense foliage blocked out the sunlight, and with two vents facing the wind, it was very cool to sit inside.

"Zhuang Rui, it's not that I'm criticizing you, but Xuanbing is pregnant. You can't go out and run around. You should stay home and take care of Xuanbing..." Xu Qing immediately stood up for Qin Xuanbing after hearing Zhuang Rui's words.

"Yeah, old classmate, I also have to say something to you. I haven't seen you for seven or eight days. If Xuanxuan hadn't mentioned it yesterday, you probably wouldn't even know yet, right? You're so careless..."

Lei Lei also joined in the verbal attack on Zhuang Rui. Three women make a drama, and all of them are women Zhuang Rui can't afford to offend, which made Zhuang Rui extremely resentful. Where are Ouyang Jun and Liu Chuan? Why don't they discipline their wives properly?

"Sister-in-law, old classmate, I didn't say I was going..."

Zhuang Rui smiled wryly. His mother didn't know about this yet, otherwise she would definitely have given him a good scolding.

"Zhuang Rui, it's not that serious. I'm newly pregnant and my mom is taking care of me. I just need to be careful. If you want to go, then go ahead..."

Qin Xuanbing's words surprised Zhuang Rui. Everyone says that pregnant women need their men's company the most. How could his wife be so understanding?

Not only Zhuang Rui didn't understand, but Xu Qing and Lei Lei also stared wide-eyed at Qin Xuanbing in bewilderment.

"Why are you all looking at me like that? This is what I'm thinking: Zhuang Rui's involvement in the search for the reincarnation of the Living Buddha is a great act of merit. It can pray for our unborn child, so that our baby can grow up healthy..."

As Qin Xuanbing spoke, she gently touched her still-flat stomach, her face radiating maternal glow.

There are many Tibetan Buddhists in Hong Kong and Macau, and many of them are lay Buddhists who are engaged in worldly affairs. Some wealthy lay Buddhists even invite masters from Tibet to their homes to preach and support them.

Qin Xuanbing's family are all believers in Tibetan Buddhism, so she certainly wouldn't object to something as meritorious as finding a reincarnated child.

"That's true..."

Upon hearing the prayers for the baby, the other two women, radiating maternal warmth, nodded in agreement. For them, the baby in their womb was now the most important thing; their husbands and such could be temporarily set aside.

"This isn't urgent. Let's discuss it with Mom later..."

Zhuang Rui was initially reluctant to go, but after hearing his wife say that it was a meritorious deed, he hesitated. Although the so-called meritorious deed was ethereal and intangible, it didn't mean that it didn't exist.

That evening, Zhuang Rui brought up the matter with his mother, and Ouyang Wan nodded in agreement. As someone who had been through it all, she naturally knew that being newly pregnant wouldn't affect anything, and Zhuang Rui didn't need to serve her every day.

On the other hand, Ouyang Wan was also worried about her clumsy son serving his wife.

...

"Brother Huangfu, is our VIP system ready yet?"

After spending a day at home with his wife, Zhuang Rui drove to the museum the next day. It would be a bit unreasonable for the boss, Zhuang Rui, not to show up during the museum's opening period.

"Hey Mr. Zhuang, other business owners care about their companies' performance, but you're something else entirely, you didn't even ask about yesterday's sales..."

Sitting in his deputy director's office, Huangfu Yun turned on his computer as he spoke, saying, "Take a look for yourself. The webpage is very simple; just add some sections. I've had a VIP page set up inside; you can log in with your account later..."

"Hmm, not bad. Have someone call everyone who attended the opening ceremony and give them their corresponding VIP account information. By the way, what was yesterday's revenue?"

While browsing the web, Zhuang Rui casually asked, not because he was indifferent, but because he was simply too busy. Besides, if the business were truly doing poorly, he believed Huangfu Yun would have called him long ago.

"Yesterday we had a total of 13,000 visitors, and the total revenue was 650,000 RMB. My friend, our museum has more visitors than many national museums..."

Huangfu Yun was a little excited. Before returning to China, he never expected that Zhuang Rui's museum would be so large, and with Zhuang Rui's connections and background, it would be difficult for it not to make money.

"Brother Huangfu, things will definitely be better in the first few days after opening. After a while, tourists will return. It would be good if we could maintain five or six thousand visitors a day. Don't have too high expectations..."

Zhuang Rui was naturally happy that the museum could make money, but he had already decided that all the museum's income would be used to purchase antiques to enrich the collection, so he wasn't too excited.

Huangfu Yun nodded and said, "I know that. Tourism also has peak seasons. If we seize a few peak seasons, we can boost ticket sales for the whole year, and also..."

Zhuang Rui waved his hand to interrupt Huangfu Yun, saying, "Brother Huangfu, don't tell me these things. How to run the business is your business, I won't interfere. I'm going to Tibet the day after tomorrow, and I don't know how long I'll be gone. I just came to let you know..."

"You little rascal, you're just a hands-off boss, aren't you?"

Huangfu Yun shook his head speechlessly. He now understood that Zhuang Rui had already filled all the management positions in the museum, intending to wash his hands of the business.

"Mr. Zhuang, I am Yang Kaiwen from the Tibet Religious Affairs Bureau. Welcome to Tibet..."

After Zhuang Rui's private jet came to a stop at Lhasa Airport, he had just stepped out of the cabin when a middle-aged man of short stature, about 1.7 meters tall, came to greet him.

Zhuang Rui glanced at Yang Kaiwen. The man was in his early forties. Although he was not tall, he had a resolute expression. You could tell from his eyes and brows that he was a very principled person. His face was slightly red from the high altitude, which meant that he had probably been in Tibet for some years.

"Director Yang, hello. Sending someone to pick me up would have been fine. How could I trouble you with your presence..."

Zhuang Rui extended his hand and shook hands with Yang Kaiwen. Before coming to Tibet, he had spoken with Yang Kaiwen on the phone and knew that this man was in charge of all religious affairs and communication between the government and Tibet.

"Mr. Zhuang, you're too kind. It's nothing..."

Yang Kaiwen was also sizing up the young man in front of him. The leaders of the General Administration had repeatedly instructed him to receive Zhuang Rui with the highest level of protocol. He was also curious about this person's background, which made the Jokhang Temple and the government leaders value him so much.

Zhuang Rui's clothes looked ordinary, but Yang Kaiwen could tell that the fabric was quite fine. Moreover, this young man exuded an air of authority, and his aura was no weaker than his own.

Moreover, the words "Xuanrui" on Zhuang Rui's plane indicate that it is a private jet. Yang Kaiwen had only seen people traveling on private jets when he was hosting a super-rich man from Hong Kong, which made Zhuang Rui even more mysterious in Yang Kaiwen's mind.

"Mr. Zhuang, please get in the car. Let's talk at the hotel. Wow... such a big Tibetan Mastiff!"

Just as Yang Kaiwen was about to let Zhuang Rui get into the car, a Tibetan mastiff with snow-white fur jumped out of the cabin. It seemed to be feeling uncomfortable in the cabin, and as soon as it got off the plane, it raised its head and let out a low growl.

The white lion's roar wasn't very loud, but it carried far in the open airport. After the sound reached the airport, a flock of birds were startled and took flight. This kind of sound is unaffected by human ears, but it is extremely deadly to animals.

Due to his work, Yang Kaiwen often visits temples in Tibetan areas and is familiar with Tibetan mastiffs. He could tell at a glance that this snow mastiff was of purebred quality, and it would be difficult to find another one like it even in Tibet.

"Old friend, you've really nailed this calculation..."

Zhuang Rui reached out and beckoned the white lion over, patting its head twice. The plateau is the Tibetan Mastiff's home, the grassland is its living space, and fighting with jackals, tigers, and leopards is its nature. Zhuang Rui could hear the meaning behind the white lion's roar.

It was a wild, untamed energy returning to nature. Although it hadn't lived here for long, the white lion knew that this land under the sky was its territory. That roar represented the return of the king, and the white lion's announcement of its arrival.

After calming Bai Shi down, Zhuang Rui looked at the crew members disembarking and said, "Old He, Old Ding, you two go back to Beijing first. Peng Fei can stay here. I'll let you know in advance when I get back..."

"Understood, Mr. Zhuang. We'll head back after we fill up the gas tank later..."

He Shuang nodded in agreement. To be honest, working with Zhuang Rui was really comfortable. In nearly half a year, he only did four or five jobs, but he still got paid in full.

Flight attendants like Liuli and Tianya, if they weren't already married, they might have wanted to pursue a relationship with Zhuang Rui. Where can you find someone young, rich, and generous like him?

"Yes, thank you for your hard work, please be careful..."

Zhuang Rui patted He Shuang on the shoulder and gave him a few instructions. The reason he took a private plane to Tibet was to bring Bai Shi along. However, this trip was considered official business. If Zhuang Rui was shameless enough, he could get the fuel and airfare reimbursed by the Religious Affairs Bureau.

...

Returning to Lhasa, Zhuang Rui felt as if he had been to another world. Almost two years had passed in the blink of an eye. Lhasa was still as quiet as ever, the sky was still as blue as ever, and the people coming and going on the streets still smiled with such pure and simple joy.

Unlike the bustling and tense inland cities, the specific geographical environment makes the pace of life in Tibet very slow. Here, you won't see white-collar workers rushing by with briefcases, nor will you see loud vendors. Everything seems so harmonious and peaceful.

"Mr. Zhuang, we've arrived..."

The car finally stopped after driving for nearly an hour. Zhuang Rui looked out the window and realized that they were almost out of Lhasa. He had originally thought he would be staying in a hotel near the Jokhang Temple.

"This is the bureau's house in Lhasa, used to entertain VIPs..."

Yang Kaiwen glanced at Zhuang Rui cautiously, afraid that he might be dissatisfied.

"Director Yang, thank you so much. It's really kind of you. Actually, staying near the Jokhang Temple would be fine. I stayed there last time..."

Looking around, it was a villa area. Each villa occupied a large area and was separated from the others by thirty or forty meters. The grass was lush and the environment was very nice. After getting out of the car, White Lion ran around the villa, presumably to mark out his territory.

Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered that night he spent in Lhasa, when he first kissed Qin Xuanbing. Their ambiguous relationship was broken after that night.

"Mr. Zhuang, Mr. Zhuang?!"

Yang Kaiwen was leading the way, but after taking seven or eight steps, he looked back and saw Zhuang Rui still standing there in a daze, so he called out to Zhuang Rui a few times.

"Ah? Sorry, Director Yang, I was just wandering off when I was revisiting this place..."

After hearing Yang Kaiwen's shout, Zhuang Rui came to his senses, shook his head with a smile, and followed. Tibet not only brought him love, but also the first upgrade of his spirituality in his eyes happened here.

"Mr. Zhuang, please rest for a bit. I'll pick you up for dinner tonight and tell you about the itinerary for the next few days..."

After leading Zhuang Rui into the house, Yang Kaiwen was about to take his leave. The 11th Panchen Lama, who was only sixteen years old the next day, would be visiting the Jokhang Temple. He needed to make some arrangements in advance, as this was a very important political task.

The Religious Affairs Administration Bureau of Tibet is a key department in the national religious work, and the Bureau itself has a great deal of authority. For events like the Panchen Lama's travels, the Bureau is responsible for security. If even the slightest problem occurs, it would be a huge blunder.

"Okay, Director Yang, please go ahead with your work..."

Zhuang Rui nodded. Yang Kaiwen had been on more than a dozen phone calls in the car, he was extremely busy. Zhuang Rui was not so arrogant as to need the head of a bureau to accompany him.

"Peng Fei, how about a cigarette?"

Zhuang Rui sat on the sofa in the villa's living room, took out a pack of cigarettes, and tossed one to Peng Fei with a wicked grin.

People who come to Tibet for the first time will find it difficult to adjust, let alone smoke, and they will be out of breath even if they run a few steps quickly. Zhuang Rui was deliberately teasing Peng Fei.

Peng Fei took the cigarette without saying a word, lit it with a lighter, took a deep drag, and said, "Brother Zhuang, with the training I received, I could easily do a five-kilometer cross-country run here, let alone smoke on the plateau..."

Zhuang Rui laughed and cursed, "That's pretty freakish, you're on par with White Lion..."

"Brother Zhuang, you're not bad either. You've smoked quite a few cigarettes by now, haven't you?"

To be honest, Peng Fei was extremely envious of Zhuang Rui's physique. From the last trip to the Savage Mountain, Peng Fei knew that apart from lacking experience in wilderness survival, Zhuang Rui's physical fitness was far superior to his own.

"Don't compare yourself to me. I'll have kids soon, do you?"

Zhuang Rui laughed smugly. When it came to endurance, he believed that no one in the world could compare to him. If he got tired, he could just use his spiritual energy to recover. In any case, with the amount of spiritual energy he had now, he could easily have a full-body massage.

"Alright, I'm not going to argue with you anymore. What you did was called premarital pregnancy..."

These past few days, every three sentences Peng Fei spoke with Zhuang Rui inevitably led to him mentioning Zhuang Rui's child, whose gender was still unknown. Peng Fei was so tired of hearing it that he stubbed out his cigarette and went upstairs.

Having just arrived in the high-altitude environment, Peng Fei also needs to rest and adapt. Only by maintaining his best condition can he protect Zhuang Rui. As Zhuang Rui's personal assistant (bodyguard), Peng Fei is very professional.

"What are you saying, brother? I've already got my marriage certificate, okay..."

Zhuang Rui shouted at Peng Fei's back in frustration, "Why are all Chinese people like this? If you don't have a wedding banquet, it feels like you're not married at all. Not only Peng Fei is mocking him, but even Ouyang Jun keeps bringing it up."

Zhuang Rui wasn't tired at all. After taking the white lion for a walk around the villa, he went back to his room, went online for a while, and had a video chat with Qin Xuanbing. Around 5 o'clock, Yang Kaiwen called.

The restaurant was located in Lhasa. Yang Kaiwen was worried that Zhuang Rui wouldn't be used to Tibetan cuisine, so he specially took him to a Shandong cuisine restaurant.

The Shandong cuisine restaurant wasn't large, but it was very clean, and the food suited Zhuang Rui's taste perfectly. Besides Yang Kaiwen, another person, Deputy Director Zhang, accompanied him. After the three of them drank a bottle of Moutai, Zhuang Rui stopped Yang Kaiwen and didn't let him get any more alcohol.

"Mr. Zhuang, please forgive me for the poor hospitality..."

After dinner, Yang Kaiwen made a polite remark, and Zhuang Rui knew it was time to get down to business.

Chapter 720 Guardian God

"Director Yang, you're too kind. Just let me know how you plan to arrange things for the next few days..."

Zhuang Rui spoke with Ouyang Jun on the phone that afternoon and learned that Yang Kaiwen, who was sitting opposite him, was of a fairly high rank and seemed to hold a hidden position in another department.

After all, the *** issue is quite complex and involves many foreign forces. Anyone who can handle *** affairs with full authority is definitely not an ordinary person. Even Peng Fei later said that this Director Yang definitely has a military background. Zhuang Rui did not dare to be arrogant and was very polite in his words.

"That's right, the ceremony will be held over two days. Tomorrow, high-ranking monks from *** will chant sutras and pray to receive the sacred teachings left behind by the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro, thereby narrowing down the search for the reincarnated child..."

The day after tomorrow, the 11th Panchen Lama will personally bestow blessings and empowerments upon those who have gone to search for the Living Buddha. Mr. Zhuang, you...

Yang Kaiwen paused here, and seeing that Zhuang Rui had no reaction, continued, "According to the Panchen Lama, the fact that the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro bestowed the dzi beads upon you must have some causal connection in the unseen world. This string of dzi beads is still in your hands, but..."

Zhuang Rui noticed that Yang Kaiwen paused twice during his speech, knowing he was afraid of bringing up something that would upset him, so he quickly said, "Director Yang, it's alright, please go ahead..."

"The 11th Panchen Lama's intention is to involve you in this search for the reincarnation. The Panchen Lama has a feeling that the reincarnation of Jampa Lodro might fall to you..."

Yang Kaiwen already knew Zhuang Rui's background. He had worked in the General Staff Department and naturally knew the reputation of Old Master Ouyang. As for that old man's grandson, if he hadn't made any mistakes, probably few people in China would dare to use force against him; they could only try to reason with him.

"The responsibility falls on me? The Panchen Lama thinks too highly of me, doesn't he?"

Zhuang Rui was taken aback. Back at the Jokhang Temple, the Living Buddha had bestowed upon him a dzi bead bracelet. Zhuang Rui was certain that this was entirely due to the White Lion's influence; if there was any causal connection, it was definitely related to the White Lion.

However, upon further reflection, Zhuang Rui wouldn't mind participating in the search if the White Lion could find the reincarnation of the Living Buddha. Just as his wife said, finding the reincarnation of the Living Buddha would be a meritorious deed.

"Ahem, Mr. Zhuang, this... the 11th Panchen Lama is only sixteen years old. If you don't follow Tibetan Buddhism, you don't need to address him that way..."

When Yang Kaiwen heard Zhuang Rui address the Panchen Lama as "old man," a black line appeared on his forehead. He had met the Panchen Lama many times, and although the Panchen Lama was like a god in the hearts of the people of the Republic of China, Yang Kaiwen simply couldn't connect the young man with the title of "old man."

"Huh? Only sixteen?"

Zhuang Rui was taken aback when he heard this. The Panchen Lama's status in the *** was even higher than that of the Living Buddha Qiangba Lozhu. Zhuang Rui had thought that he should be an old man who was even older than the Living Buddha. He did not expect that he was just a sixteen-year-old child.

Zhuang Rui was unaware that in January 1989, the 10th Panchen Lama passed away in ***. After a long and arduous six-year search, Gyaltzen Norbu (the 11th Panchen Lama's secular name), who was only 5 years old at the time, was identified by Dharma as the reincarnation of the 10th Panchen Lama and succeeded him as the 11th Panchen Lama Erdeni. This year, the 11th Panchen Lama has just turned sixteen.

"Uh, Mr. Zhuang, the Panchen Lama holds an extremely high position in the ***, so we must show him respect in public..."

When Yang Kaiwen saw that Zhuang Rui seemed a little dismissive, he quickly reminded him that even the 16-year-old 11th Panchen Lama was personally received and treated as an equal by the country's top leader when he went to Beijing.

"Yes, I know, Director Yang, don't worry. Besides, I don't have much interaction with him. We should only meet once a day after tomorrow, right?"

Zhuang Rui nodded in agreement. In this world, the most fervent belief is faith, and he wouldn't want to offend someone who is like a totem to Tibetans and many Buddhists.

Seeing that Zhuang Rui had agreed, Yang Kaiwen then reminded him, "Mr. Zhuang, the search cannot be completed in a short time. It may take three to five months to a year to find the reincarnated child, or it may take three to five years or even more than 10 years. You should be prepared for that..."

"What?"

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Rui couldn't sit still any longer. He immediately jumped up from his chair, shouting, "Three to five years? Sorry, I don't have that kind of time. I can only stay here for three to five weeks at most..."

What kind of international joke is this? If this continues for three to five years, your own son or daughter might be calling someone else "Dad."

Besides, staying in this place for ten days or half a month is fine, but if you stay longer and get altitude sickness, you'll just die unjustly.

"Director Yang, it's not that I'm disrespecting you, but this matter is non-negotiable. Even if I give up the dzi bead, I can't stay here for three to five years..."

When Zhuang Rui saw that Yang Kaiwen was about to speak, he quickly made his stance clear, implying that Yang Kaiwen shouldn't try to persuade him, as no one's words would make a difference in this matter.

That doesn't make sense. Even the old man from the Ouyang family wouldn't want to be unable to see his son and daughter, would he? Don't talk about national righteousness. Even if you brought up world peace, I wouldn't give a damn.

"Mr. Zhuang, if I may be so bold as to call you Brother Zhuang, please let me finish what I have to say..."

Yang Kaiwen was startled by Zhuang Rui's agitated appearance, and then he was a little amused and exasperated. Zhuang Rui wasn't a civil servant. Not to mention himself, even his superior's superior hadn't issued an administrative order to Zhuang Rui. Wasn't this just a discussion?

"Please tell me, please tell me..."

Zhuang Rui knew he had overreacted. He wasn't a three-year-old who could be easily fooled into staying. He could just make a phone call and a private jet would come over. Who would dare to stop him from leaving?

"Here's what we mean. After the Panchen Lama meets you the day after tomorrow, you can first join a search team to search in one direction for a few days. Then you can go about your business. If a similar reincarnated child is found, we'll notify you to come over. It won't take more than a few days..."

Yang Kaiwen was also a little frustrated. Originally, the Jokhang Temple's intention was simply to retrieve the Living Buddha's bracelet. Who knew that after the Panchen Lama learned that Zhuang Rui had been given the dzi bead, he actually said that Zhuang Rui was a person with a predestined connection and wanted to meet him in person. He even asked Zhuang Rui to participate in the search operation. Wasn't this just creating unnecessary trouble?

However, in this world, there are always ways to deal with things. Yang Kaiwen knew that Zhuang Rui couldn't stay in *** forever, so he came up with that solution, which satisfied the Panchen Lama without putting Zhuang Rui in a difficult position.

"I see..."

After hearing Yang Kaiwen's words, Zhuang Rui calmed down, pondered for a moment, and said, "That's fine, but even if we find the reincarnated child, I can't guarantee we can come immediately. It might take a few days..."

Zhuang Rui was laying it all out in advance: if his son or daughter were to be born by the time the reincarnated child was found, Zhuang Rui wouldn't have time to worry about the reincarnated child. Taking care of his wife and child would be the priority.

"Okay, we'll do it your way..."

Yang Kaiwen readily agreed. After all, searching for a reincarnated child always takes several years, so a few more days wouldn't make a difference.

Moreover, in Yang Kaiwen's impression, these scions of noble families were all unruly and stubborn like donkeys. Forcing them would only make them back down, so he could only persuade them with kind words. Zhuang Rui was considered relatively easy to talk to.

After settling the matter, Yang Kaiwen called a car to take Zhuang Rui back. When he left, Zhuang Rui was carrying several kilograms of fresh mutton, which was from Tibet and he thought White Lion would like it.

The next morning, Zhuang Rui, along with Bai Shi and Peng Fei, arrived at Jokhang Temple in a car sent by Yang Kaiwen.

Like those ancient temples, the Jokhang Temple today is exactly the same as when Zhuang Rui visited before, without any changes. The prayer wheel street next to it was already crowded with believers early on, following the lamas who walked around the prayer wheel again and again.

There were many people, but it was unusually quiet. The only sounds were the chanting of sutras that were difficult to understand. In the morning, the Jokhang Temple was shrouded in the sound of sutras and a solemn atmosphere.

"Rinpoche, it's a pleasure to see you again..."

Led by Yang Kaiwen, Zhuang Rui entered the Jokhang Temple through a side gate and was greeted by two old friends. The first person to speak was the young lama he had met last year. It had been more than a year since they last met, and the young lama's Mandarin had improved a lot.

"Greetings, Master. I was guided here by the Living Buddha..."

This time, Zhuang Rui didn't make a fool of himself. He knew that "Rinpoche" meant a distinguished guest. After bowing to the young lama with his hands clasped together, he looked at the other person and said, "Master Gegu, how have you been?"

"Rinpoche, you shouldn't address me like that..."

Zhuang Rui was a guest invited by the Panchen Lama, so Gegu Lama dared not be presumptuous and respectfully invited Zhuang Rui into an air-conditioned room.

"Rinpoche, this... is that the Tibetan Mastiff puppy from last year?"

The young lama looked at the white lion following behind Zhuang Rui with astonishment in his eyes. The Tibetan people treated the Tibetan mastiffs like family, and the young lama naturally knew that it was impossible for the little Tibetan mastiff to have grown so big in less than two years.

"That's right, it's the same white lion from last year. Come and see an old friend..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and replied. The white lion seemed to understand Zhuang Rui's words, walked to the little lama's side, and rubbed its big head against his body in a friendly manner.

"You are the king of the snow-capped mountains..."

To everyone's surprise, the young lama knelt down and performed a deep bow to the white lion.

He now believed the words of the Living Buddha before his death. It turned out that this Tibetan mastiff was indeed the guardian of the snowy mountains, an existence equal to that of the Living Buddha.