

Golden 721

Chapter 721-722 Buddhist Chanting

"Basang, what are you doing?"

Upon seeing the young lama's actions, Gegu Lama was greatly surprised. Despite his young age, the young lama had been serving the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro for six or seven years, serving as his attendant and holding a much higher position than Gegu Lama at the Jokhang Temple.

Among the team searching for the reincarnation of the Living Buddha is the young lama Basang. It is believed that after the Living Buddha is found, the young lama will be sent to a Buddhist academy for further study, and his future prospects will definitely be much better than those of Gegu, the law enforcement lama.

"It is the guardian deity of the Great Snow Mountain, and the protective beast of Buddha..."

Unable to express himself in Chinese, the young lama simply began to converse with Gegu in Tibetan.

If anyone at Jokhang Temple knew the true meaning behind the gift of the Zhuangrui Dzi Bead by the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro, it would probably only be this young lama Basang. He remembered every word the Living Buddha said clearly, but at the time, the white lion was too young to associate it with the guardian deity of the snow mountain.

However, now that the adult white lion was right in front of him, the young lama immediately remembered the Living Buddha's words and had no more doubts. If it wasn't the guardian deity of the snow mountain, how could it have grown to such a large size in just over a year?

"How...how is this possible?"

Gegu Lama looked at the white lion beside Zhuang Rui and muttered to himself. Although the lamas' piety towards Buddhism was beyond doubt, they had never seen the Buddha manifest. Suddenly hearing that there was a divine beast of the same level as the Buddha beside them, their minds were a little confused.

The young lama nodded firmly and said, "It's true, the Living Buddha said it himself..."

In Tibet, the status of Living Buddhas is very high, and reincarnated Living Buddhas like Jampa Lodro are extremely rare, almost like gods. Upon hearing Basang's words, Gegu Lama no longer hesitated and immediately turned over and prostrated himself before the white lion, chanting something in Tibetan.

The white lion had no interest in the man kneeling before it. After glancing at Gegu Lama, it raised its forelegs and lightly touched Gegu's bowed shoulder with its paw.

"The picture is accurate, and the details are clear!"

Seeing how intelligent the white lion was, Gegu Lama's eyes lit up with fervor. He spoke in Tibetan, which Zhuang Rui and the others couldn't understand, and respectfully kowtowed three times to the white lion before carefully standing up.

The staff member from the Religious Affairs Bureau seemed to understand Gegu and Lama Basang's words. After giving the white lion a curious look, he said to Zhuang Rui, "Mr. Zhuang, there's nothing much to do today. It's mostly temple activities. You can attend the ceremony at the Jokhang Temple, or you can go out for a stroll. The three of us will accompany you..."

Zhuang Ruilai attended the ceremony personally selected by the Panchen Lama. Not only did the government attach great importance to it, but the Jokhang Temple also sent Gegu and young lama Basang to receive him.

Zhuang Rui also wanted to see how the Jokhang Temple prayed for the Living Buddha, so he said, "Let's check out the activities first, and then go out for a stroll this afternoon..."

"Okay, Mr. Zhuang, please follow me..."

The staff were very familiar with the Jokhang Temple. After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, they walked ahead with Gegu and the young lama to lead the way, while Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei followed behind.

After passing through several corridors carved with Buddhist stories, whether it was because of the staff member's status or out of respect for the young lamas, all the lamas they encountered along the way stepped aside to make way for Zhuang Rui and his group, and bowed to them with their hands clasped together.

Led by staff and Basang, Zhuang Rui arrived at the innermost circle of the corridor. In this large inner circle, thousands of monks had already gathered, all dressed in yellow lamas.

"Mr. Zhuang, please come up to the second floor to watch the ceremony..."

After hearing the staff member's words, Zhuang Rui looked up at the second floor of the corridor. Rows of chairs were arranged there, presumably for receiving guests from all sides. Zhuang Rui nodded and went up with Peng Fei and the others.

At this time, there were already quite a few people sitting upstairs. They were all believers and lay Buddhists who had come from all over the country. Of course, these people all had certain status and had made contributions to the promotion and development of Tibetan Buddhism; otherwise, they would not be qualified to sit here.

The arrival of Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei surprised everyone, as the two were quite young. However, when the white lion appeared on the second floor, their attention was immediately drawn to it. Such a large snow mastiff would attract attention no matter where it was.

Of course, since these people were lay Buddhists of Tibetan Buddhism, they naturally knew the status of Tibetan mastiffs in China. They only showed surprise in their eyes, unlike in the mainland where everyone who saw a white lion felt fear as their first reaction.

Zhuang Rui also had the best seat, in the first row by the window, where he could clearly see the activities in the square. After leading Zhuang Rui to his seat, the young lama Basang and Gegu lama took their leave, while the white lion quietly lay at Zhuang Rui's feet.

There didn't seem to be any space for the staff member on the second floor. After saying goodbye to Zhuang Rui, he left his business card and took his leave, telling Zhuang Rui to call him whenever he wanted to go out.

The monks in the square haven't started chanting yet. In Zhuang Rui's view, the lamas, dressed in different colored robes, seem to be standing in order according to the color of their clothes, holding various prayer flags and umbrellas, which is quite a sight.

Just as Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei were discussing in hushed tones how to distinguish the lamas' identities from their attire, a voice sounded from behind them: "Young men, are you here to attend the ceremony as well?"

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment. Wasn't that obvious? People were already sitting here. Were they here to attend the ceremony or to watch the spectacle?

"Yes, we're here to attend the ceremony..."

Zhuang Rui turned around and saw that the speaker was an elderly man in his sixties. He had strings of Buddhist prayer beads on both wrists and a jade Buddha on his chest, so he seemed to be a devout Buddhist.

"Ahem...Young man, where did you buy your Tibetan Mastiff?"

Seeing that Zhuang Rui didn't seem to want to talk to him, the old man stopped trying to get close to him and simply asked the question directly. As soon as the old man asked the question, the people sitting next to him immediately perked up their ears, wanting to hear how Zhuang Rui would answer.

The ferocity and loyalty of Tibetan mastiffs need no further explanation. In the eyes of these people, Tibetan mastiffs also have the identity of guardian deities and temple protectors. Owning such a Tibetan mastiff can be considered a sign of respect for the Buddha. Therefore, out of the ten people on the viewing platform, nine were listening to the conversation between Zhuang Rui and the old man.

Zhuang Rui smiled, gently stroked the white lion's neck mane, and said, "I didn't buy it. It was a gift from Buddha, my brother and companion..."

Fearing that these people would bring up the topic of buying the white lion with money, Zhuang Rui simply brought up Buddha directly: "Don't you believe in him? You wouldn't feel comfortable buying it with money since he gave it to me, would you?"

Sure enough, after Zhuang Rui said those words, the old man looked sullen. His gaze lingered on the white lion for a while before he finally looked away. He didn't make any other demands because they all knew that people who could sit here not only had money but also status. Although Zhuang Rui was young, no one dared to look down on him.

In this sacred Buddhist site, no one dared to make a loud noise. Even those who knew each other spoke very softly on the viewing platform. Just as Zhuang Rui was waiting for the ceremony to begin, a slightly noisy sound suddenly came from the stairwell.

Looking back, Zhuang Rui saw an old man being helped up to the second floor by two young men. The person accompanying him was none other than Yang Kaiwen, which surprised Zhuang Rui. Yang Kaiwen's personal reception meant that the old man must be someone of great importance.

Looking closer, Zhuang Rui suddenly laughed. It turned out he recognized several of the people who had come up. The elderly man, well over eighty years old, was the head of Zheng's Jewelry in Hong Kong, and the young man supporting him was his grandson, Zheng Hua, with whom Zhuang Rui had a fairly good relationship.

Upon seeing that it was Sir Zheng, Zhuang Rui felt relieved. This old man was not only a business tycoon, but also seemed to hold the position of vice chairman of the CPPCC, which was quite a high rank. It was understandable that Yang Kaiwen would personally receive him.

"Brother Zheng Hua, I didn't expect the old man to come to the ceremony as well?"

Upon seeing an acquaintance, especially an elder, Zhuang Rui naturally couldn't let the other person greet him, so he quickly stood up to go and greet them.

"Brother Zhuang, hey, what are you doing here? I thought you were busy with the museum."

Zheng Hua never expected to see Zhuang Rui here. A few days ago, when the museum opened, he personally delivered a generous gift. With his deliberate efforts to befriend Zhuang Rui, they now address each other as brothers.

"I have some connection with the Living Buddha Jampa Lodro. I am deeply grateful for his kindness and he once bestowed upon me a string of dzi beads that he always wore, so I have come here..."

Zhuang Rui smiled, not revealing that he had been invited without permission; otherwise, he would surely have been looked down upon by these devout Buddhists.

"You're Brother Ouyang's grandson, right? I've met you before. How is Brother Ouyang's health?"

Sir Zheng has an excellent memory. He met Zhuang Rui once at a small private auction in Hong Kong last year, and he immediately recognized him after hearing Zhuang Rui's conversation with his grandson.

"Thank you for your concern, Grandpa Zheng. Grandpa is in good health..."

Zhuang Rui answered respectfully, and together with Zheng Hua, helped the old man to a chair at the front desk. Among the people who had arrived earlier, some who were acquainted with Sir Zheng came over to greet him. After chatting with Zheng Hua for a few minutes, Zhuang Rui returned to his seat.

There are many followers of Tibetan Buddhism in Hong Kong. Zhuang Rui did not expect that Sir Zheng was also a devout Buddhist. This was quite different from his business dealings. Perhaps he sought peace of mind through his faith.

The commotion caused by Sir Zheng's arrival quickly subsided with the speech delivered from the makeshift platform in the square.

While talking to Zheng Hua and others, Zhuang Rui hadn't noticed the changes in the venue until a sound rang out. Only then did he realize that the platform in the square was now full of people. Yang Kaiwen, who had escorted Sir Zheng to the viewing platform, had somehow slipped onto the platform and was seated quite close to the center.

To Zhuang Rui's surprise, he recognized the person sitting next to Yang Kaiwen; it was Deputy Director Dai from the State Administration for Religious Affairs. It seemed that the ceremony to find the reincarnation of the Living Buddha was of a very high standard.

A man in his fifties, dressed in Tibetan clothing, spoke first in Tibetan, which Zhuang Rui couldn't understand a word of. When he looked at Peng Fei, the man stared at him blankly, looking around nervously, clearly not understanding Tibetan either.

"That's the chairman of the autonomous region, who came specifically to attend this ceremony..."

The Gegu Lama beside Zhuang Rui explained to him that leaders of the autonomous region must attend such ceremonies, and since the Living Buddha Qiangba Luozhu has a great influence in the Tibetan region, the level of the people who come is correspondingly very high.

After the Chairman finished speaking, an elderly lama with a wrinkled face and short stature began to speak. According to Gegu's introduction, this was another Living Buddha of Jokhang Temple, who was already over ninety years old.

The ceremony proceeded step by step. After the old Living Buddha spoke, the earth-shaking Dharma drums sounded. Amidst the drumbeats, chanting and recitation of sutras filled the air, and thousands of people chanted scriptures simultaneously. The entire Jokhang Temple was enveloped in the sound of chanting.

The chanting lasted only about five minutes. When the drumming stopped, the chanting also ceased. Eight high monks dressed in yellow lamas began to offer incense, chanting incantations.

In front of the incense burner was a table with an old set of lama robes on it, along with a prayer wheel and two ritual implements that Zhuang Rui did not recognize. After the incense offering was completed, thousands of monks in the room knelt down in worship before the table.

After completing this ceremony, the monks sat cross-legged on the ground and began to pray and chant sutras. They wanted to feel the Buddha's teachings in the chanting, to find the spiritual light of the Buddha's reincarnation, and to look forward to the Buddha's verses descending upon the Jokhang Temple.

The chanting of scriptures, in unison, grew louder and louder until it seemed as if only this one sound existed in the world. Unlike noise, the chanting was loud but did not make people feel uncomfortable. On the contrary, Zhuang Rui felt a sense of peace and tranquility upon hearing it.

It wasn't just Zhuang Rui who felt this way; everyone on the viewing platform closed their eyes and listened to the chanting. Sir Zheng was even muttering to himself, a baby-like smile on his face, and a faint radiance emanating from his wrinkled face.

"Huh? What's this?"

After immersing himself in the chanting for a while, Zhuang Rui suddenly felt a stirring in his heart, because he noticed that the spiritual energy in his eyes seemed to be agitating. When he opened his eyes, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but be a little stunned.

Above the square filled with chanting lamas, a thick white fog appeared out of nowhere. Although the square was surrounded by courtyards and winds came from all directions, the fog lingered and remained above the heads of the lamas.

"Could this be what Buddhism refers to as the power of vows?"

Buddhist teachings say: magic is no match for supernatural powers, supernatural powers are no match for karma, and karma is no match for the power of vows. The power of vows refers to the original aspirations of the human heart, which can eliminate karmic obstacles, overcome inner demons, and even communicate with heaven and earth, generating great supernatural powers. This is the meaning of the Buddhist saying "the power of vows creates the Pure Land".

Zhuang Rui had never believed in the existence of vows or karma before, but the mist formed by the chanting of thousands of lamas seemed to have no other explanation than the power of vows.

Zhuang Rui tried to let his spiritual energy come into contact with the mist, and immediately felt a warm and pleasant aura enter his body. Moreover, within the mist, it seemed that a virtuous monk was explaining scriptures, chanting Buddhist mantras and speaking eloquently.

The scriptures that were recited very quickly, which Zhuang Rui couldn't understand at all before, suddenly seemed to become clear and easy to understand, with each word flashing clearly before his eyes.

Like the holy water in the vase held by Guanyin Bodhisattva, these sounds and words washed over Zhuang Rui's mind again and again, making his thoughts and ideas increasingly clear and insightful.

"Brother Zhuang, what's wrong? What were you saying just now?"

Peng Fei, who was sitting next to Zhuang Rui, opened his eyes when he heard Zhuang Rui mutter something, but he saw nothing except for the lamas chanting sutras all over the place.

"It's nothing, Peng Fei. We're not going anywhere this morning; we'll just stay here and listen to the high monks chanting sutras..."

After being jolted awake by Peng Fei, Zhuang Rui glared at him unhappily and said, "If you're getting impatient, go outside for a walk..."

Zhuang Rui was afraid of being disturbed by Peng Fei again. To be honest, although Zhuang Rui did not believe in gods or Buddhas, the feeling he had just experienced in the mist had opened his mind completely, and his thoughts were clear. He even saw the spiritual energy in his eyes without reservation, as if there was a virtuous monk chanting scriptures and listening to him within the spiritual energy.

It should be noted that Zhuang Rui has never mentioned his supernatural abilities to anyone since they appeared in his eyes. While this extraordinary ability has brought Zhuang Rui great success and a fortune, it has also brought him a great deal of confusion and pressure.

For more than a year, Zhuang Rui had been deliberately keeping the secret of his eyes. Even in his sleep, he dared not reveal it. Firstly, it was too mysterious, and secondly, Zhuang Rui was afraid that people would not believe him.

For a while, Zhuang Rui did consider seeing a psychologist and confiding in them, but ultimately he didn't go because he was afraid the psychologist would diagnose him with delusions.

This pressure, accumulated over a long period, left Zhuang Rui feeling utterly exhausted and unable to find relief. However, the mist rising from the Buddhist chants just now released this pressure, and the feeling of comfort almost made Zhuang Rui ejaculate.

In just a few short minutes, most of the pent-up frustration in his heart dissipated. Zhuang Rui had decided that today he would become a monk and experience the profound truths of Buddhism.

"This scripture is quite soothing to listen to, so I won't go out..."

After hearing Peng Fei's words, Zhuang Rui glanced at him. It is said that Buddhism can resolve violent energy. Could it be true? However, the chanting of the sutras did bring peace to the heart.

"Do as you please, just don't disturb my experience of Buddhism..."

After saying something that was half-true and half-false, Zhuang Rui closed his eyes.

Opening or closing his eyes had no effect on the spiritual energy in Zhuang Rui's eyes. When the spiritual energy entered the power of will again, the feeling that seemed to make his soul sing returned to him.

The dust in his heart was washed away one by one by the chanting, and the thoughts in his mind became clearer and clearer. Time seemed to stand still at this moment. Zhuang Rui didn't know how much time had passed when all the vows in the sky suddenly dissipated.

"Hmm? It doesn't seem to be the same scripture as before?"

When Zhuang Rui opened his eyes, he found that the lamas were still chanting sutras, but the power of the vows before him had all dissipated. After careful examination, he realized that the sutras being chanted now seemed different from the ones at the beginning.

"How did time fly by so fast?"

Zhuang Rui glanced at his watch and realized it was already 3 p.m. That meant he had been sitting motionless in his chair for a full six hours, from 9 a.m. to now. After checking the time, Zhuang Rui's stomach rumbled.

Turning his head to look around, he saw that only a few people remained on the viewing platform. The Zheng family had already left, and even Peng Fei was nowhere to be found. However, the white lion was still lying at his feet, its eyes open as it looked at the lamas below the platform, seemingly wondering about something.

"Master Gegu, where are my companions?"

Zhuang Rui saw Ge Gu sitting cross-legged behind him and quickly asked a question.

Gegu stood up and replied respectfully, "He has already left. He said you should call him..."

Regardless of whether the white lion is the guardian deity of the snow mountain, the fact that Zhuang Rui entered a meditative state after hearing the Buddhist scriptures today greatly surprised Gegu. Not to mention that Zhuang Rui is just an ordinary person, even many eminent monks would find it difficult to enter such a spiritual state. This can only mean that Zhuang Rui has a great affinity with Buddhism.

Therefore, Ge Gu stopped Peng Fei and Zheng Hua from waking Zhuang Rui at noon and stayed by Zhuang Rui's side.

"Okay, I understand. I'll have to trouble Master Gegu to take me out of here..."

Zhuang Rui took out his phone and checked it. He found seven or eight missed calls on his silent phone, including calls from Peng Fei and Zheng Hua, as well as a few from Qin Xuanbing and his family. Zhuang Rui didn't rush to return the calls, since making phone calls in this Buddhist holy place was considered very impolite.

Gegu, who had been staying by Zhuang Rui's side, knew that he hadn't eaten lunch yet, and said, "Our temple has vegetarian food. Would you like to try some, Layman Zhuang?"

Zhuang Rui thought about returning the call, then shook his head and said, "Never mind, let's talk about it another time..."

Gegu didn't force them. He led Zhuang Rui and the white lion through the maze-like corridors and arrived at the entrance of the Jokhang Temple.

Zhuang Rui first called Qin Xuanbing and found out that everything was alright at home. Then he called Peng Fei, who was strolling around Barkhor Street. After receiving Zhuang Rui's call, Peng Fei quickly rushed over.

"Let's go find somewhere to eat something, I'm starving..."

Zhuang Rui waved to Peng Fei and walked towards the Western restaurant he remembered. He had only taken two steps when his phone rang. He took it out and saw that it was Zheng Hua calling.

Chapter 723 Buddhist Implements (Part 1)

Zhuang Rui pressed the answer button and said, "Brother Zheng, are you still in Lhasa?"

"Yes, my grandfather went back to rest. I'm strolling around Barkhor Street..."

This was Zheng Hua's first time visiting ***, and everything seemed new and exciting. Being young and in good health, he didn't follow Sir Zheng back to his residence, but instead, accompanied by a staff member from the Religious Affairs Bureau, strolled around the nearby streets.

"My grandfather just praised you for your Buddhist nature, Brother Zhuang. Come over and help me pick out a Buddhist artifact?"

Zheng Hua's voice came through the phone. It was clear that he was very excited to be in Lhasa for the first time. This was understandable, as Zhuang Rui was also dazzled by the many ethnic items he saw when he first came to Lhasa.

"Brother Zheng, I haven't eaten yet. How about this, come find me at the Western restaurant on the east side of Barkhor Street..."

Zhuang Rui's stomach was growling with hunger, so he had no interest in going shopping with him. He needed to be full before he could do anything.

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui led Peng Fei and Bai Shi toward the open-air Western restaurant he remembered. Today, the Jokhang Temple was holding a religious ceremony, and the pilgrimage that usually stopped at noon on Barkhor Street would continue until evening. Zhuang Rui had to avoid the pilgrims along the way, making the journey quite difficult.

Another reason is the white lion. Although Tibetans love Tibetan mastiffs very much, the white lion's size was too huge, and it startled many passersby along the way.

Many self-proclaimed wealthy individuals stopped Zhuang Rui to negotiate prices. If it weren't for the Gegu Lama accompanying him, some might have had malicious intentions. These days, getting a tranquilizer gun in *** is incredibly easy.

"Young man, you look very friendly..."

Zhuang Rui walked into the Western restaurant and saw the Hong Kong owner in front of him. He should be about forty-four or forty-five years old, but he still looked like he was in his early thirties.

"Boss, don't you recognize me? I came here last February, with a beautiful lady. She's from the same place as you..."

Looking at the unchanging decor of the restaurant, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but recall the scene from last year. It was in the small garden on the second floor of this restaurant that he received Qin Xuanbing's first kiss.

"Oh, I remember now, young man, your surname is Zhuang, right? Come, come in and have a seat. And what about Miss Qin?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the boss immediately remembered that although there were many handsome men and beautiful women who came to Lhasa for tourism, there were few who could compare to Qin Xuanbing. As for Zhuang Rui, he was only remembered by the boss because of his wife.

"Hehe, we're already married, and she's pregnant, so she didn't come this time..." Zhuang Rui replied with a smile.

Perhaps the owner felt that Zhuang Rui, who looked rather ordinary, was not a good match for that beautiful lady? The restaurant owner was taken aback for a moment upon hearing this, but then laughed and said, "Congratulations! How about we go upstairs and relive those sweet memories?"

"Forget it, sitting up there in this weather, you'd be roasted alive in less than five minutes..."

***In July and August, the temperature difference between day and night is very large. During the day, it is around 30 degrees Celsius, similar to that in inland areas, but at night the temperature drops sharply, sometimes even below 10 degrees Celsius. It was just past noon, and Zhuang Rui didn't want to go up there and get a tan.

Looking around, Zhuang Rui saw that the restaurant wasn't too crowded. He found a four-seater sofa by the window and said, "Boss, give me a steak rice bowl, medium-rare. Also, could you please get me about 10 pounds of fresh beef and lamb?"

The beef and mutton are for the white lion. When it was a cub, the white lion would eat some cooked food, but after its teeth came in, it only ate raw beef and mutton, and each meal it would eat at least ten kilograms. Every month, the money spent on the white lion's food alone exceeds ten thousand yuan.

Zhuang Rui had considered buying some goats and calves to keep in the courtyard so that the white lion could hunt for them on its own. However, he thought that the scene would be too cruel and might frighten Ya Ya and Nan Nan. Moreover, after telling his mother, he was severely scolded by Ouyang Wan, so Zhuang Rui had no choice but to give up the idea.

"Alright, Zhuang Sheng, your Tibetan Mastiff is the best I've ever seen..."

The boss gave Zhuang Rui a thumbs up and ran to the back kitchen to get busy. He was both the owner and a waiter at this restaurant. He only hired a few temporary workers to help out when things got busy at night. It was a lifestyle choice that he enjoyed.

"Brother Zheng, over here..."

Before the food was served, Zhuang Rui saw Zheng Hua walk in, followed by the religious affairs bureau staff member who had guided him that morning.

"Hey bro, why are you only coming out now...?"

After exchanging greetings with Peng Fei and Gegu Lama, Zheng Hua sat down opposite Zhuang Rui. He wanted to pat Zhuang Rui on the shoulder to show his affection, but when he saw the white lion lying at Zhuang Rui's feet, he withdrew his hand.

"Mr. Zhuang, why didn't you call me? We could have arranged a restaurant for you..."

The staff member also spoke up, saying that all the staff at the Religious Affairs Bureau had been very busy these past few days, and even the director had reception duties. He had entrusted Zhuang Rui to this staff member for reception and had given him a few special instructions, so the staff member was a little uneasy when he saw Zhuang Rui come out to eat by himself.

Zhuang Rui took the staff member's business card, knowing his surname was Zhang, and said with a smile, "Section Chief Zhang, no need to be so polite. I've been to Lhasa before, so I'm quite familiar with it..."

As they were talking, the white lion's food was brought over. ***There was nothing else here, but there was no shortage of beef and mutton. Watching the white lion open its mouth and tear into the raw meat in the bowl, Zheng Hua suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.

Zhuang Rui knew that the way the white lion ate was something most people would find hard to accept, so he quickly changed the subject, saying, "Brother Zheng, what good things did you buy..."

"Hey, I bought a lot of stuff, but it's probably all fake, right? Let me see..."

Sure enough, upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Zheng Hua became excited. He put the large bag he was carrying on the table, pointed to a brass prayer wheel, and said, "Brother, take a look and see if this is real. The person selling it said it was used by a Living Buddha..."

Zhuang Rui couldn't help but chuckle upon hearing this. This guy is a seasoned businessman, how could he believe something like this?

"Brother Zheng, if someone tells you it was used by the Buddha, would you believe them?"

Zhuang Rui teased Zheng Hua, picked up the prayer wheel, and gently swayed it from side to side in his hand.

Prayer wheels are the most common ritual implements in Tibetan Buddhism. Inside the prayer wheel are Tibetan scriptures or mantras, and rotating it clockwise is equivalent to reciting them.

In this place, you can see believers everywhere, regardless of age or gender, all holding a prayer wheel and turning it continuously. This is because many Tibetans, especially the elderly, cannot recite scriptures fluently, so they use prayer wheels instead of chanting.

Zheng Hua's prayer wheel is very finely crafted. The scriptures inside are carved on the inner wall of the prayer wheel, not made by rolling up paper and putting it into the wheel. Moreover, turquoise is inlaid on the surface of the prayer wheel, making it look like a nice object.

After examining it for a while, Zhuang Rui returned the prayer wheel to Zheng Hua, saying, "This thing is alright. It should have come from a temple and is worth a thousand or eight hundred. But it's not a Living Buddha's ritual implement, otherwise it wouldn't be so cheap. Keep it safe and play with it..."

"Really? Hey, I bought it for 500 yuan. I'll take it back to Grandpa..." Zheng Hua laughed happily after hearing Zhuang Rui's words.

"After we finish eating, I'll go and find a prayer wheel too..."

Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered that Qin Xuanbing was also a Buddhist. She couldn't wear the dzi bead, so getting her a good prayer wheel would be a good idea. If he could get some Buddhist artifacts, that would be even better.

Generally, items that have been blessed and consecrated by eminent monks can be called Buddhist artifacts. Of course, Buddhist artifacts are also divided into three grades: superior, middle, and inferior, depending on the time of the blessing by the monk. For example, Zhuang Rui's string of dzi beads is considered a priceless treasure by Buddhists.

Folklore says that Buddhist artifacts can ward off evil and bring good fortune. Zhuang Rui didn't believe it at first, but after seeing the power of vows at the Jokhang Temple today, he was somewhat swayed. The comfort that the power of vows brought to the soul was something Zhuang Rui had already experienced.

"Alright, brother, I absolutely trust your taste. You'll have to pick out a few for me later..."

Upon hearing that Zhuang Rui was going to buy something, Zheng Hua's eyes lit up immediately. He had attended the opening ceremony of Zhuang Rui's museum and was well aware of Zhuang Rui's status in the domestic antique world. He knew that Zhuang Rui had definitely earned the museum through his own abilities.

Zhuang Rui smiled and agreed. His steak rice arrived just then. Without even greeting Zheng Hua, Zhuang Rui wolfed down his food. After finishing a large piece of steak, he finally felt a little better. People living in high-altitude areas are prone to hunger.

"Mr. Zhuang, the bill has been paid..."

Just as Zhuang Rui was about to pay the bill, Section Chief Zhang returned with the invoice. He was in charge of hospitality now, and he couldn't let the guests pay for their own meals.

"Brother Zhuang, let's go. Let's hurry up and browse around some more. I just saw a shop that looks like it's run by a foreign girl. Let's go check it out..."

Zheng Hua was already impatient. After tidying up the things she had bought on the table, she pulled Zhuang Rui and walked out, saying, "Tomorrow I'm going to see the Panchen Lama with Grandpa. Maybe I can get an initiation from the Panchen Lama. I need to prepare some nice khatas..."

"Brother Zheng, when the Panchen Lama bestows blessings, why would you need to present a khata?"

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, recalling how he had foolishly tried to give a hada (a ceremonial scarf) to the Living Buddha to wear around his neck last year.

"Huh? It really is a shop run by foreigners..."

Led by Zheng Hua, the group soon arrived at a shop selling various handicrafts.

Chapter 724-725 Buddhist Implements (Part Two)

Barkhor Street is a must-visit for all tourists coming to Lhasa. It's incredibly bustling, and naturally, every inch of space here is extremely valuable.

The craft shop that Zheng Hua brought Zhuang Rui and the others to was not very big, only about ten square meters. The goods displayed inside were all common Tibetan crafts. The only unique thing was that the owner was a foreigner.

To be precise, the owner here is a foreign woman, not very old, with a fair face and a few freckles, wearing a braid, and she is bargaining with the customers in English and with gestures.

"Brother Zheng, there probably won't be any old items here. Let's go to some shops run by locals instead..."

Zhuang Rui glanced at the goods displayed at the shop entrance. The bundles of hadas (ceremonial scarves) and items such as Thangka paintings and small Tibetan knives were clearly made using modern techniques and were not particularly interesting.

Of the customers browsing in the shop, eight or nine out of ten were drawn in by the proprietress.

"Hello, everyone, please come in..."

When the foreign girl saw Zhuang Rui and his group standing at the door, she quickly came out to greet them. Although her Chinese wasn't very fluent, her enthusiasm was genuine.

As the saying goes, one shouldn't hit a smiling face. This foreign girl was so enthusiastic, it would be too much of a breach of Chinese hospitality to just turn around and leave. Zhuang Rui and the others could only go into the store, thinking they would take a look around before leaving.

Although Gegu Lama and Section Chief Zhang did not go in, the place was not big to begin with, and Zhuang Rui and his two companions still felt a bit crowded after entering. There were people queuing up at the door to pay, and an eighteen or nineteen-year-old Tibetan girl was collecting payments.

However, as soon as the white lion entered the store, it startled the tourists from other places, who all scrambled to the sides, thus making room for Zhuang Rui and his group.

"Let's go inside and take a look..."

Zhuang Rui noticed that there were quite a few old-looking items on the innermost shelf, so he quickly called out to Zheng Hua and went over there.

"Hmm, the stuff here is pretty good..."

Zhuang Rui picked up a Tibetan silver ornament, a look of surprise on his face.

"Brother Zhuang, what's wrong? Didn't you say this place is full of modern handicrafts?"

Following behind Zhuang Rui, Zheng Hua asked, and also pretended to take a string of Tibetan silver necklaces from the shelf to look at them.

Zhuang Rui shook his head and said, "It's different, Brother Zheng. Go and try to get some information out of the shop owner. Ask her where these things came from..."

Zhuang Rui hadn't looked at the other items yet, but the thirty or forty pieces of Tibetan silver jewelry displayed here were genuine old Tibetan silver, at least a hundred years old, and could be considered antiques.

"Okay, I'll go ask..."

Zheng Hua walked straight to the door and started chatting with the foreign girl in English.

Zhuang Rui turned to Peng Fei and said, "Peng Fei, these are nice things, all old Tibetan silver. Pick some for your wife to take with her..."

In the words of Tibetans, Tibetan silver is actually just white copper, with very little silver content. Old Tibetan silver generally contains 30% silver and 70% copper, while modern imitations simply remove the 30% silver and are made entirely of white copper.

The origin of Tibetan silver ornaments is that before liberation, Tibet was very poor and backward, and silver was scarce. To avoid alkaline corrosion, silver was added to other metals, and over time it became a craft.

Pure silver jewelry is more exquisite, and the stones it is set with are mostly genuine turquoise, red coral, etc. The quality of the stones is better, and its brightness is also stronger than that of Tibetan silver. In comparison, Tibetan silver appears more rustic and primitive.

Modern sterling silver jewelry is more expensive than Tibetan silver jewelry. However, antique Tibetan silver jewelry is extremely precious and rare, and can rarely be found on the market.

The jewelry that Zhuang Rui looked at all had a faint white spiritual aura, which meant that these Tibetan silver ornaments were made according to traditional techniques and had a certain collectible value.

"Brother, I've found out..."

As Zhuang Rui was browsing through the Tibetan silver jewelry, Zheng Hua squeezed back in and said, "That foreign girl is British. She loves Tibet, so after visiting here, she didn't want to go back and opened this shop..."

"Brother Zheng, I didn't tell you to go pick up girls, why are you telling me this?"

Zhuang Rui interrupted Zheng Hua, both amused and exasperated. This foreign girl's nationality was none of Zhuang Rui's concern.

However, Zhuang Rui found it difficult to understand the personalities of these foreigners. They would come to a strange place, feel good about it, and then not want to leave. This was very different from the Chinese people's reluctance to leave their homeland. At least Zhuang Rui would never do such a thing.

A little embarrassed by Zhuang Rui's words, Zheng Hua laughed and replied, "Brother, you underestimate my standards! If we're going to find someone, they'll at least be from the British royal family..."

Zheng Hua wasn't exaggerating. Given the Zheng family's influence in Hong Kong and the UK, finding some distant princess with royal blood wasn't impossible.

"Alright, stop showing off, tell me where these things came from..."

Zheng Hua didn't have the arrogance of those "gentlemen" in Beijing. He had interacted with Zhuang Rui a few times, and the two had a pretty good relationship, so Zhuang Rui spoke to him rather casually.

"Uh, everything on this shelf was collected by that foreign girl from Tibetan herders and monasteries. She often goes back to the pastoral areas and interacts with those Tibetans..."

Zheng Hua's words put Zhuang Rui at ease. No wonder there were so many old objects. When Zhuang Rui chatted with Renqing Cuomu before, he heard him mention that Tibetan girls would bring many colorful gold, silver, and jade ornaments as part of their dowry when they got married.

This practice has been passed down through generations, resulting in many Tibetan households having items such as jewelry made of Tibetan silver.

"Hey Lei, what do you want to buy? Something cheap!"

Zhuang Rui was talking to Zheng Hua when the foreign proprietress walked over at some point. She wasn't afraid of the white lion beside Zhuang Rui and took the initiative to greet him.

"Let's use English..."

Seeing that the proprietress was struggling to speak Chinese, Zhuang Rui said in English, "I really like all these things. How much does it cost in total?"

"You want them all?" the foreign girl exclaimed in surprise.

You should know that there were thirty or forty pieces of Tibetan silver jewelry on that shelf alone, plus a few Thangkas, turquoise, and ashtrays made of yak bone, totaling about sixty or seventy pieces of handicrafts.

"Yes, all of them..."

Zhuang Rui nodded. It's still quite difficult to buy genuine Tibetan handicrafts these days. Most of the handicrafts displayed on the other shelves are from Yiwu, Zhejiang. There are plenty of such things at the small commodity wholesale market on Beijing East Road in Lhasa.

Seeing so many old handicrafts, Zhuang Rui naturally had to buy them all, even if it meant taking them back as gifts. Besides, the people living in his courtyard house now could consume more than half of them.

"Oh, you're so generous, I need to do the calculations..."

Overjoyed, the foreign proprietress ran to the door, grabbed the calculator, and muttered calculations to herself while glancing at the items on the shelf every now and then.

Actually, all of this was just for show for Zhuang Rui and the others. Last month, the proprietress went to the homes of Tibetan herders to collect these items, spending a total of over nine thousand RMB. Now, the proprietress is considering whether to add a zero to the nine thousand or sell them to Zhuang Rui and the others at several times the price.

"Yes, it's 80,000 yuan in total, in RMB, of course."

After some consideration, the proprietress gave a price: these jewelry pieces and handicrafts were about 500 yuan each. However, not many people were buying them; she'd had them for over a month and had only sold a few items.

Now that Zhuang Rui wants to buy it all, the proprietress simply doubled the retail price and offered this price. Who says foreigners can't do business?

"Oh no, beautiful lady, you don't look Jewish. This price is too high..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head. Normally, these Tibetan silver jewelry pieces would cost only three or four hundred yuan each, and the rest of the handicrafts would also be priced between several hundred yuan. Seventy or eighty items would only be worth thirty to fifty thousand yuan at most. This foreign girl was asking for an exorbitant amount.

"Forty thousand, that's the most I can offer..."

Zhuang Rui held up four fingers. Although he was rich, he wasn't a fool. These days, only a idiot would flaunt his wealth by throwing money around.

"Forty thousand? Oh no, that's not enough to buy these things..."

British girls, who tend to be more Jewish, are clearly adept at bargaining with Chinese people, especially when the other party can understand English.

"Clang!"

Just as Zhuang Rui was preparing to show this foreign girl how well Chinese men haggle, something suddenly fell off the shelf and hit the ground with a crisp sound.

"Uh, you guys continue, I'm just flipping through..."

Peng Fei bent down and picked it up. It was placed among several old hadas (ceremonial scarves). While he was handling the hadas, he accidentally knocked it to the ground.

The proprietress clearly didn't notice that Zhuang Rui's gaze was already drawn to the items in Peng Fei's hands, and she continued to chatter on, "Sir, the things here are all genuine handicrafts, different from what's sold elsewhere. You know, in England, these things would be much more expensive..."

"Fifty thousand, all of it. Any more than that, I'll go to the Tibetan families myself to collect it..."

Zhuang Rui withdrew his gaze, held up a hand, his eyes very firm, even though he knew that even if this foreign girl wanted 100,000, he would obediently hand over the money.

"Okay, deal!"

The foreign proprietress clearly understood the ways of doing business in China and knew when to stop. After exchanging glances with Zhuang Rui, she readily agreed.

"This bag is a gift for you. Please come back again when you have time..."

The foreign proprietress understood the importance of giving customers small perks to cultivate repeat business. After Zhuang Rui swiped his card to pay, she handed him a canvas travel bag.

"Thank you..."

Zhuang Rui took the bag and walked to the shelf, casually tossing it to Peng Fei, saying, "Pack everything up, Brother Zheng. Pick anything you like, you can take it back as a gift. Hmm, this is an exception..."

As he spoke, Zhuang Rui took the object that Peng Fei had just picked up from his hand and stared at it intently, as if afraid that something might have been broken from the fall.

"Brother Zhuang, this prayer wheel must be very valuable, right?"

After seeing Zhuang Rui's actions, Zheng Hua seemed to understand something and moved closer to Zhuang Rui, examining the prayer wheel in Zhuang Rui's hand.

That's right, what just fell to the ground was a small handheld prayer wheel. The wheel was brass-colored, and the wooden handle below looked dark with a slight purplish sheen. It was covered in dust and looked like it hadn't been used for a long time.

"Hehe, it's not a question of whether it's valuable or not; you can't buy it even if you have money. This prayer wheel still needs to be verified, but it should be at least over a thousand years old..."

Zhuang Rui looked at the prayer wheel with only seven short verses on it, and his eyes shone with an unusual light.

Just now, when the prayer wheel fell to the ground and was picked up by Peng Fei, Zhuang Rui inadvertently saw that the prayer wheel actually contained abundant power of aspiration.

Moreover, these vows are completely different from the vows generated by the chanting of sutras by lamas. They are condensed and do not disperse in the prayer wheel, and their color is purple-gold. When Zhuang Rui's spiritual energy comes into contact with these vows, he immediately feels a sense of emptiness and peace in his heart.

"This Buddhist artifact must have been used by some eminent monk, or perhaps even by one of those legendary figures..."

Zhuang Rui was overjoyed. He handed the prayer wheel to Qin Xuanbing, believing that the power of the prayer within would benefit his wife and their unborn child, whose gender was unknown, at the very least bringing peace to their hearts.

"Brother Zhuang, I heard that the more scriptures on a prayer wheel, the better, right? This one only has a few sentences on it."

Zheng Hua went closer to examine it for a while and raised his question: apart from being a bit more exquisitely made, this thing didn't seem to have anything special about it.

Moreover, there were only seven lines of scripture on it, with seven characters in each line. Zheng Hua had seen dozens or even hundreds of times more scriptures on other prayer wheels than on this one, so he was somewhat dismissive of it.

"Brother Zheng, this thing is extraordinary..."

Zhuang Rui laughed triumphantly, like a child who had finally gotten the toy he had been longing for.

"Peng Fei, give me the bottled water..."

Zhuang Rui asked Peng Fei for a bottle of mineral water, then took out a pair of glasses from his handbag. These were sunglasses that Qin Xuanbing had specially bought for Zhuang Rui in case he was exposed to excessive ultraviolet radiation in Tibet.

Zhuang Rui took out the eyeglass cloth from the eyeglass case, poured some water on it, and then wiped the slightly dark wheel of the prayer wheel.

"Why...why has it changed color?"

As the color that Zhuang Rui revealed after wiping the prayer wheel appeared, everyone around him was astonished. Even Peng Fei, who was stuffing things into his bag, stopped and stared blankly at the prayer wheel.

The prayer wheel, which was originally yellowish and dull in color, shone with a golden luster after Zhuang Rui wiped it. The sunlight outside shone through the glass window onto the prayer wheel, making it shine brightly and dazzlingly.

"This isn't brass, it's gold!" Peng Fei said in a deep voice.

Peng Fei, who had once moved several tons of gold with Zhuang Rui, recognized at a glance that the prayer wheel was made of gold.

"gold?!"

Zheng Hua exclaimed in surprise. He was a knowledgeable man, and he didn't think much of such a small amount of gold. However, the significance behind it was enormous. In Tibet, what kind of status would someone have to be able to use gold to make prayer wheels?

"That's right, it's gold! Hehe, we've struck gold!"

Zhuang Rui smiled and nodded. After wiping the wooden handle clean, he said, "Not only is the prayer wheel made of gold, but the handle is also made of fine sandalwood. This prayer wheel is very likely a relic from the Sui and Tang dynasties..." (According to personal research, sandalwood did exist in the Tang Dynasty. Uh, unofficial history, unofficial history.)

Before Zhuang Rui finished speaking, a collective gasp filled the shop. If this prayer wheel really was from the Sui and Tang dynasties, it might even have been used by the Buddha.

It is worth noting that many of the monks who entered Tibet during the Sui and Tang dynasties are said to have attained Buddhahood, and many Buddhist figures on thangkas are based on these monks.

"Brother, sell this to me! I'll offer ten million Hong Kong dollars, no... I'll offer twenty million!"

Zheng Hua knew Zhuang Rui's expertise in antique appraisal. Since he had said it in public, the prayer wheel was most likely an item from the Sui and Tang dynasties. He immediately offered a price.

Zheng Hua himself is not a follower of Tibetan Buddhism, but his grandfather is. The old man was a devout Buddhist, and his family had dozens of Buddhist artifacts that had been blessed by living Buddhas and high-ranking monks.

As far as Zheng Hua knew, his family had spent at least 100 million yuan on incense money over the years. He figured his grandfather would be happy if he spent 20 million yuan to buy this item.

"Oh my god, that thing is gold?!"

Before Zhuang Rui could reply, the foreign landlady's exclamation immediately drew everyone's attention.

It's not that the proprietress was slow to realize it; it's just that she doesn't understand Chinese, and the cashier girl just told her.

"This already belongs to me..."

Zhuang Rui waved the prayer wheel in his hand at the proprietress. If it weren't for the fact that he wasn't wearing much clothing in the summer, Zhuang Rui would have loved to put it in his pocket.

"Yes, of course, it's already yours..."

Although the proprietress didn't understand what "losing out" meant (selling something at a loss, selling something worth hundreds of thousands or even more for a few thousand, and the buyer "getting a bargain"), she knew that this one prayer wheel alone probably brought her more than the 50,000 yuan she had received, so she looked a little disappointed.

"Peng Fei, hurry up..."

Seeing that Peng Fei was also engrossed in examining the prayer wheel, Zhuang Rui quickly gave him a light kick. This was no ordinary object; it was best to take it back and put it away as soon as possible.

"Master Zhuang, could you let me see your prayer wheel?"

Hearing that Zhuang Rui had found a prayer wheel in the shop, Gegu Lama and Section Chief Zhang, who were originally sunbathing outside, rushed into the shop. Gegu even reached out to Zhuang Rui to ask for it, wanting to see the prayer wheel.

"Yes, that's perfect. Master Gegu, could you please take a look at what scripture is written on this?"

Zhuang Rui had just looked at the inscriptions on the prayer wheel, but they seemed to be more complex than oracle bone script and inscriptions. It was just in time for Ge Gu to come in, so he was asked to identify them. If he knew what the scriptures were, he could check the records and perhaps find out the origin of the prayer wheel.

"Mr. Zhuang, I'm sorry, I don't recognize the characters either. This should be Sanskrit from ancient India, not Tibetan..."

Gegu Lama took the prayer wheel and studied it carefully for a while. Somewhat ashamed, he returned the prayer wheel to Zhuang Rui. He had not attended a Buddhist academy and was not very proficient in Buddhist texts, but he seemed to have seen similar texts in some scriptures.

After returning the prayer wheel to Zhuang Rui, Gegu's eyes remained fixed on it as he said, "Layman Zhuang, I can sense that this prayer wheel is a treasure of Buddhism. I can ask the senior lama in the temple to help you interpret these scriptures..."

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this and said, "Hehe, thank you, Master Gegu, but no need. I'll take this prayer wheel back and study it slowly. My teacher is a scholar of writing..."

Are you kidding me? Of course I know this thing is a Buddhist treasure, but if you take it back to your Jokhang Temple, then I'm afraid I'll be out of a job.

In Zhuang Rui's view, this object was like a Buddhist relic. If someone got it, would they really want to keep it for themselves? If that were the case, all the monks in the world would probably fight him to the death.

"Mr. Zhuang, I can get the high lama to help you answer your question right away..."

Gegu Lama was still not giving up. Although he was just a law enforcement lama, he could tell that the golden prayer wheel was definitely a Buddhist ritual implement.

"Uh, really, it's not necessary, Peng Fei. Can't you hurry up? I'm tired, I need to go back and rest..."

Zhuang Rui stuffed the prayer wheel into his handbag, but found that the handbag wasn't big enough. He immediately reminded Peng Fei to hurry up and get out of there, or they might get cornered by the lamas if they stayed any longer.

"Excuse me, layperson, could you please show me the prayer wheel you're holding?"

Suddenly, a clear voice rang out from behind Gegu. Because Gegu Lama was tall, he completely blocked the person behind him, and Zhuang Rui could only tell that the person speaking should be young.

"Okay, come and get it..."

As long as he doesn't go to the Jokhang Temple, Zhuang Rui has nothing to fear. In broad daylight in this shop, who would dare to rob him?

"Thanks!"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, a short, young lama who looked only seventeen or eighteen years old stepped out from behind Gegu Lama.

The young lama approached Zhuang Rui, first putting his hands together in prayer and bowing to him before accepting the prayer wheel.

Chapter 726 Never Leave or Forsake

The afternoon sun shone through the glass window, illuminating the young lama. His yellow robes seemed to be enveloped in a golden glow, making the not-so-tall lama appear holy and solemn in everyone's eyes.

Because of the backlighting, Zhuang Rui couldn't see the lama's face clearly, but he should be about the same age as Basang. Zhuang Rui didn't quite believe that he could recognize Sanskrit. You know, monks who can still understand ancient Sanskrit scriptures are all highly respected monks with profound Buddhist knowledge.

Zhuang Rui didn't notice that when the young lama walked up to him, the Gegu lama who was standing next to him seemed to be frozen in place, his whole body stiffening.

Another thing is that this shop, which used to be doing well, suddenly stopped having any customers. Only Zhuang Rui and his few friends were left in the shop.

Zhuang Rui's attention was focused on the golden prayer wheel, so he didn't notice anything amiss, but Peng Fei did.

Peng Fei glanced discreetly at the shop entrance and noticed several tall lamas and two or three people dressed in dark clothes talking to Section Chief Zhang from the Religious Affairs Bureau.

After gazing at the prayer wheel for a long time, the young lama raised his head, looked directly at Zhuang Rui, and said, "I recognize the characters on this..."

After the young lama raised his head, Zhuang Rui could clearly see his face. Just as he had expected, the young lama's green mustache showed his age. However, what surprised Zhuang Rui was the young lama's eyes.

When Zhuang Rui's eyes met those of the young lama, a strange feeling suddenly arose in his heart.

The young lama's eyes were exceptionally pure, like the azure sky and the deep blue sea, crystal clear and untouched by the dust of the world, like a newborn baby, untouched by any worldly pollution.

But within those serene and pure eyes, there seemed to be a sense of vicissitude, a profound understanding of the world's ways, a transcendence of life and death, as if one had lived through thousands of years.

Zhuang Rui didn't know how these two feelings could be combined so perfectly. The seemingly contradictory feelings of vicissitude and innocence appeared simultaneously in this young lama, yet Zhuang Rui felt it was very natural and not at all abrupt.

Zhuang Rui seemed to have seen that look somewhere before, but he couldn't remember where.

For some reason, Zhuang Rui felt a sense of respect for the young lama. After exchanging glances with him for a moment, he clasped his hands together and respectfully said, "Please enlighten me, Master..."

"The words on this are in ancient Sanskrit, probably from ancient India around 1000 AD. They read: 'In the northwest corner of the Pure Land of Oddiyana, on the lotus stem seat, a rare and supremely accomplished one, known as Padmasambhava, surrounded by a retinue of dakinis, I follow you in my practice, and pray for your blessing. Guru Padmasambhava Hum.' These seven lines are the prayer and practice mantra of Guru Padmasambhava..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui's puzzled look, the young lama smiled and said, "Let me explain it to you. The first of these seven lines refers to the birthplace of Guru Rinpoche."

The second sentence describes the manner of Padmasambhava's birth.

The third sentence describes the rare merits of Guru Rinpoche.

The fourth line speaks of the extraordinary power of Guru Rinpoche's holy name.

The fifth line refers to the retinue of Guru Rinpoche.

The sixth line expresses the practitioner's faith in Guru Rinpoche.

The seventh line is about Guru Rinpoche's blessing and granting of accomplishment.

The eighth line is inscribed with a mantra.

This is a very important Buddhist artifact. I wonder if this layperson would be willing to let it return to Buddhism and receive the blessings of their faith and vows?

As the young lama explained the scriptures, not only Zhuang Rui, but everyone else in the shop felt a sense of peace and tranquility, while the noise of the street outside seemed very far away.

Zhuang Rui's experience differed somewhat from others. He had just released his spiritual energy to observe the young lama, and to his surprise, his usually invincible spiritual energy stalled when it was about ten centimeters away from the lama.

It seemed as if there was an invisible energy shield around the young lama, blocking the spiritual energy. Not only could the spiritual energy not touch the lama's body, but it couldn't even touch the clothes on the young lama's body.

After the young lama spoke, Zhuang Rui withdrew his spiritual energy and replied, "I'm sorry, Master. I came to Lhasa for two reasons. First, to pray to the Living Buddha so that we can find the reincarnated child as soon as possible. Second, I want to seek a Buddhist artifact to pray for my unborn children. I want to bring this artifact to my wife so that my child can be born and grow up safely..."

For some reason, Zhuang Rui lost his usual sharp tongue in front of this young lama; every word he spoke reflected his true thoughts.

While speaking, Zhuang Rui had a feeling that even if he was lying, the young lama could sense his true feelings, so he simply told the truth. Although his thinking was somewhat narrow-minded, it was indeed the absolute truth.

"Um?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the young lama frowned slightly. He hadn't expected that his request would be rejected by the person in front of him, which made him take a closer look at Zhuang Rui.

"I see, hehe, no wonder, no wonder. The divine beast is by your side, layman. You are a person with great affinity for Buddhism. This prayer wheel can be left to you..."

After glancing at Zhuang Rui, the young lama noticed the white lion beside him. After a moment's thought, a smile appeared on his face, and the solemn atmosphere in the shop softened with that smile.

"Hehe, the Living Buddha once said I had a connection to Buddhism, and that the white lion was the guardian deity of the Great Snow Mountain..."

Zhuang Rui laughed when he heard this. He could sense that after the young lama said those words, the Gegu lama standing not far from him seemed to take a deep breath, as if he had been holding his breath.

"By the way, I seem to have seen that look in Qiangba Luozhu's eyes before..."

When the Living Buddha was mentioned, a scene suddenly popped into Zhuang Rui's mind: when he met the Living Buddha last year, the Living Buddha's eyes seemed to be pure and untouched by any dust, which was very similar to those of this young lama.

"Waaaaah..."

When the white lion heard the lama mention him, it let out a low growl and walked toward the young lama.

The two lamas behind the young lama, including the Gegu lama beside him, all changed their expressions when they saw the white lion trying to approach the young lama. They flashed and blocked the young lama's way.

"It's alright, please move aside, it'll be fine..."

Although the young lama's voice was slightly immature, it revealed an invisible authority. Gegu and the other two lamas did not speak, but obediently moved aside.

"I know, so the little guy Teacher Qiangba Luozhu mentioned was you..."

A look of surprise appeared on the young lama's face. He bent down slightly, placed his right hand on the white lion's forehead, and chanted scriptures. The white lion seemed to enjoy it, its eyes slightly narrowed, and it moved closer to the young lama affectionately.

After about a minute, the young lama withdrew his hand, looked at the white lion, and uttered a string of Tibetan characters.

Zhuang Rui didn't understand the little lama's words, so he nudged Section Chief Zhang, who had just walked up to him, and asked, "Section Chief Zhang, what is he saying?"

Zhang Ke was startled by Zhuang Rui's actions. He glanced around to make sure no one was paying attention, then lowered his voice and said, "Those two sentences mean: Are you willing to come back with me? You shouldn't have been in this mortal world in the first place..."

"Damn, this little lama is just like the Living Buddha from back then! He asks White Lion if he's willing to go with him as soon as they meet, without even asking his master if he agrees. Does he think his buddy is just for show?"

Upon hearing Section Chief Zhang's words, Zhuang Rui felt immediately displeased. Having spent nearly two years with the white lion, Zhuang Rui had long regarded it as his family.

Perhaps when the white lion was young, Zhuang Rui might have been able to hand it over to the Living Buddha, but now, no one can take the white lion away.

"It belongs to the snow-capped mountains, it belongs to the vast grasslands..."

As if knowing what Zhuang Rui was thinking, the little lama raised his head and said something indifferently, silencing Zhuang Rui.

"Master, let the White Lion make the choice himself..."

Zhuang Rui knew, of course, that the white lion would be happier living on this high-altitude snow mountain, but Zhuang Rui really couldn't bear to part with it. He had raised the white lion from a tiny creature the size of his palm to this size, and Zhuang Rui's feelings for the white lion were like those for his unborn child.

"Waaah..."

The white lion seemed to understand their conversation and affectionately rubbed its large head against the little lama's body, causing the little lama to immediately smile.

However, just as Zhuang Rui's expression changed drastically and his heart ached, the white lion let out a low growl, seemingly communicating with the little lama, before returning to Zhuang Rui's side and quietly lying down.

"Good buddy..."

At this moment, Zhuang Rui knew that the white lion had not abandoned him. Just like more than a year ago, when the Living Buddha first asked it to make a choice, the white lion chose him again, never abandoning him!

At that moment, Zhuang Rui's eyes welled up with tears. Just as he crouched down and hugged the white lion's neck, hot tears streamed down his cheeks.

Zhuang Rui buried his head deeply in the white lion's neck. He could almost feel the white lion's pulse beating. At this moment, words seemed to be less important. Both Zhuang Rui and the white lion could feel the deep affection between them.

No one disturbed the man and the Tibetan Mastiff, and the shop became incredibly quiet. Everyone could feel the harmony between Zhuang Rui and the white lion, and no one wanted to ruin this touching scene.

When Zhuang Rui looked up, he realized that the young lama and the guards at the door had quietly left sometime earlier.

Chapter 727 Discussion

"Hey bro, what were you guys doing just now? I couldn't understand a word you were saying, but I felt like crying."

Seeing Zhuang Rui raise his head, his face streaked with tears, Zheng Hua also felt a lump in his throat. The bond between humans and animals is often more genuine and pure.

Has that person left?

Zhuang Rui took out a tissue to wipe away the tears on his face and stood up. He could feel that he had no privacy left in front of that young lama, and even the secret in his eyes seemed to have been seen through.

Zhuang Rui had never felt this way before, even in front of the Living Buddha Qiangba Luozhu. This means that the young lama's Buddhist practice might be even more profound than that of the Living Buddha.

"They're all gone. Everyone's gone. Section Chief Zhang said he'll be back soon..."

Zheng Hua didn't feel the same way as Zhuang Rui, but as someone who managed a company with tens of thousands of employees, he also felt a little reserved in front of that young lama, though he was too embarrassed to say it.

"Where is Gegu Lama? Has he left too?"

Zhuang Rui looked around. Although he had a general idea of the young lama's identity, he still wanted to find someone to confirm it.

Zheng Hua nodded and said, "Yeah, he left with that person too. Brother, shall we still go for a stroll?"

"Alright, go back and rest. You feel really tired today, and you still have to receive the Panchen Lama's empowerment and blessing tomorrow. You should get some rest..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head. He hadn't expected to run into that person in such a small shop. He felt uneasy and decided to head back as soon as possible, otherwise who knew what might happen next.

This isn't ***, this is someone else's territory. If that person tries to force White Lion to stay, there's nothing we can do.

Having almost lost White Lion, Zhuang Rui was unwilling to stay here any longer. Without waiting for Section Chief Zhang to return, he took White Lion and Peng Fei out of Barkhor Street and hailed a taxi.

Zheng Hua lived in the same villa area as Zhuang Rui, but he wasn't in the mood to stroll around anymore, so he simply called a car with Zhuang Rui to go back to the villa.

"Section Chief Zhang, I'll head back now. The driver knows the way, and Mr. Zheng is with me. It's alright, it's alright, you don't need to come any further. I'm a little tired and need to rest..."

When they were halfway there, Zhuang Rui received a call from Section Chief Zhang. He could tell that Section Chief Zhang seemed to want to say something, but it wasn't convenient to ask in the car. After chatting for a few minutes, Zhuang Rui hung up the phone.

Upon returning to the villa area, Zhuang Rui was greeted by staff who opened the door for him, while Zheng Hua returned to the villa that had been arranged for him. He had bought so much stuff on Barkhor Street that his hands could barely hold it all.

Even after entering the room, Zhuang Rui still felt a little unreal. He only felt much more at ease after having the white lion sit at his feet.

Only now did Zhuang Rui realize how important the white lion was to him, and how loyal it was. Zhuang Rui believed that the high-altitude life here was what the white lion longed for, but for his sake, the white lion remained loyal and willing to endure the dry climate.

Peng Fei could tell that Zhuang Rui wasn't in a good mood, so he went back to his room and had a long phone call with his wife. Zhuang Rui didn't turn on the light, and after some time, the phone rang and woke him up.

"Hey bro, you didn't turn on the lights over there. Are you inside?"

The call was from Zheng Hua. The more he thought about it, the more something seemed off. The young lama's aura was far too powerful. After discussing it with Grandpa Zheng, Zheng Hua decided to sound out Zhuang Rui and ask him who that person was. According to Grandpa Zheng's analysis, Zhuang Rui must know.

"Yes, Brother Zheng, please come..."

Zhuang Rui knew what Zheng Hua was thinking, but he was just guessing. There was no harm in talking to Zheng Hua about it, since he would be meeting that person tomorrow and would have an answer soon.

"I thought you went out to eat?" A few minutes later, Zheng Hua knocked on the door of Zhuang Rui's villa.

"It's almost 9 o'clock now?"

After hearing Zheng Hua's words, Zhuang Rui glanced at his handwriting, realizing he had been sitting in the living room for four or five hours.

"Peng Fei, Peng Fei..."

"Brother Zhuang, what's up?" Peng Fei poked his head out from the room on the second floor. He looked like he had just taken a nap, with sleepy eyes.

"Aren't you hungry, kid? Go and get someone to bring some food. Oh, and bring plenty of fresh beef and mutton; White Lion hasn't eaten yet..."

Zhuang Rui knew there weren't many restaurants near the villa, and the meals for the residents were all taken care of by a specialist, so there was no worry about not being able to eat late. The reason he asked Peng Fei to ask for food was that Zhuang Rui was afraid the beef and mutton they gave him wouldn't be fresh enough.

"I'm actually a little hungry..."

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Peng Fei pulled his head back in. Two or three minutes later, he came out and said to the white lion, "Come on, come with me. Order whatever you want to eat..."

The white lion shook its head dismissively, but still stood up and walked out with Peng Fei. In Zhuang Rui's courtyard, apart from Qin Xuanbing and Ouyang Wannan, only Peng Fei could earn its attention.

"Brother, I have a question for you..."

After seeing Bai Shi and Peng Fei leave, Zheng Hua took out a pack of cigarettes, handed one to Zhuang Rui, and lit it for him, saying, "That little lama we met this afternoon, uh, the one who identified the prayer wheel for you, what's his background?"

Zhuang Rui was still caught up in the excitement of almost losing the White Lion, but Zheng Hua clearly saw that when the little lama walked out of the shop, there were at least a dozen people surrounding him. Such a level of protection is rare even among Hong Kong's super-rich.

"That lama?" Zhuang Rui dared not add the word "little" before it.

"Yes, it's him. Why do I always feel so awkward around him?"

When Zheng Hua said this, he felt a little aggrieved. He was now considered a key member of the Zheng family, but the pressure he felt in front of that little lama seemed to be even greater than the aura emanating from his own grandfather.

Zheng Hua couldn't figure out whether he was too fragile or that the person was very important. He was afraid that if he didn't explain it clearly, he would be traumatized.

"I don't know who that person is, but I'm guessing that he's the one we're meeting tomorrow..."

Although he was pretty sure he knew the answer, Zhuang Rui didn't say anything definitive. Perhaps there were other reincarnated high monks in this place.

"You...you...you mean...the Panchen Lama?"

Although Zheng Hua is not a follower of Tibetan Buddhism, under the influence of his grandfather, he regards the Panchen Lama as a god-like figure. After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, this guy was so excited that he couldn't even utter a complete sentence.

"Aren't other people that old?"

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, and the mood that had been suppressed all afternoon began to ease. When Zheng Hua heard about the Panchen Lama, he used the exact same term as he had used before to describe the spiritual leader of the Communist Party of China.

"Damn it, I'm going to tell Grandpa..."

The usually gentle and refined Young Master Zheng suddenly jumped up from the sofa and swore, making Zhuang Rui laugh. It seems that swearing is a good way to vent when people are excited or angry, and it works all over the world.

"Brother Zheng, don't worry, what if it's not?"

Zhuang Rui had barely finished speaking when Zheng Hua had already run to the door, but after opening it, he bumped into someone outside.

"Mr. Zheng, what are you doing here? I was just thinking of visiting you later to pay my respects to Mr. Zheng..." Yang Kaiwen's voice came from outside the door.

"Director Yang, come in and let's talk. You're so busy today, how come you still have time to come here..."

Zhuang Rui walked to the door and invited Yang Kaiwen in. Zheng Hua, seemingly lost in thought, didn't go back and followed him in as well.

"Let me see if Brother Zhuang needs anything..."

After entering the room, Yang Kaiwen looked around, but his eyes finally landed on the prayer wheel that Zhuang Rui had placed on the sofa.

"Director Yang, don't even think about it. This is for my wife, even 'that guy' didn't take it..."

Zhuang Rui followed Yang Kaiwen's gaze and saw the prayer wheel, and quickly grabbed it in his hand.

Instead of placing this thing in the Jokhang Temple or the Potala Palace for people to admire and worship, it would be better to give it to Qin Xuanbing for practical use. At least the pure vow power inside can calm her mind and promote a healthy pregnancy, right?

"Ahem, Brother Zhuang, how can you say that? It's as if I came here just to ask you for something. Don't worry, since 'that person' said it's yours, no one else will dare to ask for it..."

When Yang Kaiwen saw Zhuang Rui's actions, he couldn't help but smile wryly. He had been extremely busy all day, and he never expected that the person from the Potala Palace would actually take a few people to stroll around Barkhor Street. This was a very rare occurrence.

Even more coincidentally, Zhuang Rui actually ran into him. According to Section Chief Zhang, "that person" asked Zhuang Rui for something twice, but Zhuang Rui refused both times.

Fortunately, "that person" was no ordinary person and didn't get angry. Otherwise, if Yang Kaiwen had asked Zhuang Rui for something through him, he would have been at a loss, as he couldn't afford to offend either of them.

"Director Yang, I wonder if the 'that person' you're referring to is the current Panchen Lama?"

After listening for a while, Zheng Hua finally asked the question. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to sleep peacefully if he didn't find out the answer today.

"Yes, that's the 11th Panchen Lama. You'll see him again tomorrow..."

After confirming Zheng Hua's words, Yang Kaiwen looked at Zhuang Rui and said somewhat apologetically, "Brother Zhuang, if that person makes any more requests of you tomorrow, you might as well consider agreeing to them first. If there are any difficulties, we can discuss them here..."

"Discuss? How can we discuss it? We definitely can't give up the white lion, and I bought that prayer wheel with my own money. Do you think you can conjure up another white lion?"

Zhuang Rui shook his head and didn't say anything; there was no room for discussion on this matter.

Chapter 728 Lotus Position

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There's absolutely no room for negotiation on this. He wouldn't object to Zhuang Rui donating a few million in incense money, but he would absolutely not hand over the white lion or the prayer wheel that might be helpful to his family's health.

Zhuang Rui hadn't really studied the prayer wheel since he got it, but as Yang Kaiwen spoke, he started playing with it in his hand, slowly shaking it.

"Huh? You can do that?"

Zhuang Rui could observe with his spiritual energy that, during the rotation of the prayer wheel, the purple-gold power of the prayer wheel was slowly seeping into his skin along the sandalwood handle.

"Isn't this the same as the spiritual energy I see?"

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment, then stopped paying attention to what Director Yang was rambling on about and focused all his attention on the prayer wheel.

Upon closer observation, Zhuang Rui discovered that as the power of aspiration seeped out from the prayer wheel, the rotating prayer wheel also seemed to be slowly generating its own power of aspiration, keeping the power of aspiration within the prayer wheel in a balanced state.

“My darling, this is my darling...”

Zhuang Rui was overjoyed when he discovered this. This thing wasn't just for his wife; his mother could use it too. Although the amount of spiritual energy entering the body was small, long-term use would definitely prolong life.

Modern people generally believe that ghosts, gods, immortals, and Buddhas exist if you believe in them, and do not exist if you do not. This principle applies to prayer wheels as well. People who do not believe will not use prayer wheels to chant scriptures all day long, and naturally they will not receive the benefits produced by the prayer wheels.

Zhuang Rui was originally troubled about how to draw out the spiritual energy from the prayer wheel. Unexpectedly, he found that simply turning the prayer wheel was enough, and it could even replenish itself automatically. It truly lived up to its reputation as a Buddhist artifact used by the Lotus Master in the past.

"Hey bro, what's wrong? Are you possessed?"

Just as Zhuang Rui was immersed in his surprise, he suddenly felt a heavy pat on his shoulder, which startled him awake.

"What's wrong, Brother Zheng? You startled me. I was examining this prayer wheel..."

Zhuang Rui gave Zheng Hua an annoyed look and then said, "Director Yang, Brother Zheng, do you know the origin of this prayer wheel?"

"have no idea....."

Zheng Hua and Yang Kaiwen shook their heads at the same time. Although Zheng Hua had heard the Panchen Lama mention prayer wheels in the shop, he couldn't understand what it meant at all. Those Buddhist scriptures were as difficult to understand as heavenly books to him.

"Hey, why are you keeping me in suspense? Just tell me already..."

Just as Zhuang Rui was organizing his thoughts, Zheng Hua urged him on. To be honest, both Zheng Hua and Yang Kaiwen were very curious that this thing could catch the Panchen Lama's eye.

You know, what kind of Buddhist artifacts and treasures doesn't the Potala Palace have? The fact that the owner of the Potala Palace would ask Zhuang Rui for this item shows that this golden prayer wheel is a highly valued Buddhist artifact, even within the Potala Palace.

"None of you know, and I don't know either..."

Zhuang Rui spread his hands and joked, just as Zheng Hua was about to pounce, he said with a smile, "This thing should be a Buddhist artifact used by Padmasambhava, who entered Buddhism around the 8th century..."

Seeing the bewildered expressions on their faces, Zhuang Rui explained, "Padmasambhava was from Uddiyana in ancient India, which is now Afghanistan. He was an important figure in establishing the early propagation of Tibetan Buddhism, the founder of the Nyingma school of Tibetan Buddhism, and one of the earliest people to introduce Buddhism to Tibet..."

Legend has it that Padmasambhava is the manifestation of the body, speech, and mind of Amitabha Buddha, Avalokiteshvara Bodhisattva, and Shakyamuni Buddha. He is a true Buddha, so I don't need to elaborate on the value of the things he used, do I?

"This...this is comparable to the Buddha's relics..."

Yang Kaiwen and Zheng Hua were stunned, and after a long while, they finally managed to utter this sentence.

"It can't compare to Buddha's relics, but it's much better than ordinary Buddhist ritual implements. Even if this isn't a personal ritual implement used by Guru Rinpoche, it has been blessed by eminent monks and is far more valuable than my dzi bead bracelet..."

Zhuang Rui played with the prayer wheel with great affection. Although his dzi bead bracelet was good for his health, it also had many drawbacks. He couldn't let outsiders touch it casually, and he had to take it off and put it aside whenever he and his wife were about to have sex.

Although both are Buddhist ritual implements, the dzi bead bracelet does not contain any aspiration power, and it is several levels inferior to this prayer wheel.

After a moment of stunned silence, Zheng Hua snapped out of it and excitedly said to Zhuang Rui, "Brother Zhuang, you absolutely have to sell this to me! Name your price..."

Upon hearing Zheng Hua's words, Zhuang Rui replied without hesitation, "Don't even think about it, Brother Zheng. Xuanbing is also a Buddhist; I want to leave this to her..."

"How about I offer HK\$100 million?"

Zheng Hua wasn't giving up, but after offering a price and seeing Zhuang Rui's disdainful look, he said dejectedly, "You're not short of money, so you definitely won't sell it. But brother, if my grandfather finds out you have this, he'll definitely come after you..."

"The Panchen Lama asked for it, and I didn't even give him face. Your old man won't do it either..."

Zhuang Rui simply took out his phone and called He Shuang directly, asking him to fly to Lhasa overnight and bring the prayer wheel back. Zhuang Rui didn't trust shipping or courier services to handle this thing; if it got lost, he would have nowhere to turn.

"Fine, you're ruthless..."

Zheng Hua was stunned by Zhuang Rui's actions. This guy was ruthless. He actually sent a private plane to make a trip for this prayer wheel. You know, the cost of a private plane taking off for an hour is around 100,000 yuan.

Zhuang Rui's attitude also dissuaded Zheng Hua from coveting the prayer wheel. He had originally planned to tell the old man when he got back, but now he decided to keep it to himself. Otherwise, if the old man knew but couldn't have it, wouldn't he get sick from holding it in?

As they were talking, the living room door was pushed open from the outside, and Peng Fei and a waiter pushing a cart stood outside. It was Zhuang Rui's dinner that had been delivered.

"Zhuang Rui, the Panchen Lama will be giving the initiation ceremony tomorrow morning at 10:00 AM. I'll have someone pick you up then..."

Seeing this, Yang Kaiwen and Zheng Hua had no choice but to say goodbye. They realized that once this thing was in Zhuang Rui's hands, no one could get it back. As for money, he didn't lack any; as for feelings, who could have a deeper relationship with Zhuang Rui and his wife?

After dinner, Zhuang Rui took the white lion for a walk around the villa. It was clear that what would cause altitude sickness in an ordinary person was quite easy for the white lion to handle. Zhuang Rui could hear the joy in the low growls the white lion made.

"White Lion, would you like to stay in ***?"

Zhuang Rui sat on the lawn in front of the villa, put his arm around the white lion's neck, and asked softly. 08L.L.

Upon seeing the white lion, Zhuang Rui hesitated. Although reluctant to part with it, he could see that the white lion had become much more active since arriving in ***.

"Waaaaah..."

The white lion let out a deep growl and shook its head vigorously, its long fur tickling Zhuang Rui's face.

"Alright, then come with me. I can live to be a hundred, and I'll make sure you live to be a hundred too..."

Zhuang Rui patted the white lion's head happily and used his spiritual energy to groom its body. The white lion closed its eyes comfortably, and the man and the dog looked harmonious under the moonlight.

The next morning, Zhuang Rui received a call from He Shuang, who told him that he and Ding Hao were already at Lhasa Airport.

"Old He, this thing must be handed to my wife personally..."

Zhuang Rui called a car from the villa area management office and drove straight to the airport. He carefully handed the prayer wheel, which was placed in a cardboard box, to He Shuang.

He had already told Qin Xuanbing on the phone yesterday that she was very happy to hear that Zhuang Rui had found a ritual artifact once used by Buddha. If she weren't pregnant, she probably would have rushed to the temple herself.

"Mr. Zhuang, don't worry, I'll send this over as soon as I get back to ***..."

Having arrived in Lhasa overnight, He Shuang had no complaints. In fact, Zhuang Rui had given them very good treatment. If they were flying commercial airlines, not only would the salary be lower, but they wouldn't have as much free time. You know, in almost half a year, they hadn't even flown for a month in total.

"Okay, thank you both. I don't think I'll be back so soon, I'll call you again later..."

Zhuang Rui glanced at his watch; it was almost nine o'clock. He figured that by the time he arrived at the Potala Palace, it would be close enough for him to receive the Panchen Lama's initiation.

Although it wasn't his first time visiting the Potala Palace, Zhuang Rui was still somewhat shocked by the vast square in front of him. As an important part of the Potala Palace, this is also the world's highest urban square.

The tourists in the square, along with those who came to worship, created a unique scene.

"Mr. Zhuang, let's go inside..."

Section Chief Zhang from the Religious Affairs Bureau was already waiting here. Behind him stood Basang, a young lama from the Jokhang Temple, who was also part of the search team and was there to receive the Panchen Lama's blessing.

"Let's go..."

Zhuang Rui nodded, and led Bai Shi and Peng Fei, following Section Chief Zhang into the Potala Palace.

Although built later than the Jokhang Temple, this ancient Tibetan royal palace is more famous. It is filled with a solemn atmosphere, and tourists visit the open sections under the guidance of tour guides.

Zhuang Rui and his companions, led by a middle-aged lama, headed directly towards the rear hall of the Potala Palace. Zhuang Rui lost count of how many corridors and palaces they passed through, walking for more than ten minutes before the middle-aged lama finally stopped after they had passed through a maze-like corridor.

Before Zhuang Rui and the others was a room that looked quite ordinary, not even as luxurious as the ones in front.

"It must be very uncomfortable for the Panchen Lama to stay here every day..."

Just getting in and out would probably take more than half an hour. If Zhuang Rui were to live here, he definitely wouldn't be used to it. Besides, having traveled to so many places, Zhuang Rui hasn't seen a single TV series or anything like that. He has absolutely no entertainment.

In fact, Zhuang Rui did not know much about the life of the Panchen Lama. In addition to studying Buddhist scriptures every morning, the 11th Panchen Lama Erdeni also needed to study English, and in the afternoon, he could study computers in his palace.

From lunch until 4 p.m., the 11th Panchen Lama spends most of his time learning about computers or reading various books, including books on Tibetan Buddhism, popular science books, magazines, and newspapers.

The concept of reincarnation in Tibetan Buddhism does not mean that one inherits all the knowledge from the previous life. One must learn and accumulate knowledge step by step in order to become a true Panchen Lama.

"Please wait a moment, everyone..."

Upon arriving at the door of that room, Zhuang Rui and his group were stopped by two lamas.

"Mr. Zhuang, you and your group can go in. I'll wait for you here..."

Section Chief Zhang had been here before and knew the rules. He turned around and gave Zhuang Rui a few instructions. Since Peng Fei was also going to join the search team with Zhuang Rui, he could go in with him.

Zhuang Rui pointed to the white lion and said to the attendant lama blocking the way, "Can it go in?"

"Of course, it's our ***..."

"As long as we can get in, let's go..."

Zhuang Rui interrupted the lama somewhat rudely, saying, "Stop talking to me about those mythical beasts and such. Even if you call it Erlang Shen's Howling Celestial Dog, in my eyes, it's still a white lion."

The attendant lama was clearly not fully accomplished in his spiritual practice. He glared at Zhuang Rui before pushing open the half-closed door behind him, allowing Zhuang Rui and the others to enter.

This is a room that is about 40 to 50 square meters in size. The walls around the room are covered with various Buddha images and thangkas. On the Tibetan cabinet near the door, there are stacks of neatly wrapped scriptures.

Besides Zhuang Rui and the others who had just entered, and the Panchen Lama sitting cross-legged on the thickly cushioned meditation bed, there were several other people standing in the room. Two attendant lamas stood on either side of the Panchen Lama, and then there was Director Yang Kaiwen.

Behind the Panchen Lama hangs a thangka depicting a fierce-looking Vajra, holding a vajra, with disheveled hair and wide-open eyes, looking extremely menacing.

"Isn't this just trying to scare people..."

Looking at the Thangka, Zhuang Rui muttered something under his breath. However, he didn't know that the Panchen Lama's residence was not in the Potala Palace, but in Tashilhunpo Monastery in Shigatse.

Tashilhunpo Monastery is located west of Shigatse City. It was founded by Gendun Drup, a disciple of Tsongkhapa, and is one of the four major monasteries of the Gelug school of Tibetan Buddhism. It has been the residence of the Panchen Lamas and its historical status is second only to the Potala Palace, where Zhuang Rui is currently located.

It was only because Jampa Lodro was the teacher of the 11th Panchen Lama that he came here to participate in this ceremony and bestow blessings upon the members of the search team.

"This is our second time meeting..."

To Zhuang Rui's surprise, as soon as he entered the room, the 11th Panchen Lama greeted him and even seemed to wink at him.

"Yes, I didn't know it was you yesterday, please don't take offense..."

Zhuang Rui clasped his hands together and bowed to the great living Buddha of the Gelug school of Tibetan Buddhism. Today, he finally got a clear look at the Panchen Lama's face.

Erdeni looked to be about the same age as he was actually, with a slightly youthful and immature face, a thin mustache, and wore a bright yellow lama robe with a pointed lama hat on his head.

"I feel that the teacher should have been reincarnated in the north. You are someone with a great affinity for Buddhism, and I hope you can find the teacher's reincarnation..."

Erdeni was going to bless many people by touching their heads today. He didn't say much to Zhuang Rui, but after saying a few words, he asked Zhuang Rui to come closer.

"Um... is it okay if I don't kneel?"

On the ground in front of the 11th Panchen Lama was a prayer cushion, presumably for believers to kneel and worship.

However, when Zhuang Rui knelt before the Living Buddha Qiangba Luozhu, the old Living Buddha was old enough that Zhuang Rui had no psychological barrier. Now, asking him to kneel before a fifteen or sixteen-year-old child, Zhuang Rui really couldn't bring himself to do it.

"rude!"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the attendant lamas standing on both sides were immediately filled with anger. The Great Living Buddha personally bestowed initiation and blessing, something that countless believers would dream of, yet this person was unwilling.

The young Panchen Lama was not angry. He waved his hand and said with a smile, "You are not kneeling before me, you are kneeling before Buddha..."

"Can I sit on a futon like you?"

Zhuang Rui was still a little unwilling. In all his life, apart from kneeling to his mother and that old living Buddha, he had never even knelt to his maternal grandfather. He was really embarrassed.

"Like me? Heh, if you can do that, of course you can..."

Upon hearing this, the Panchen Lama laughed and pulled up the lama robe covering his legs, revealing them.

"What's so difficult about that..."

Zhuang Rui pursed his lips, walked to the futon in front of the bed, put his right foot behind his left foot, and sat down.

After sitting down on the cushion, Zhuang Rui stretched out his hands, placed his right foot on his left thigh and his left foot on his right thigh, like tying a bow, with his legs crossed, soles of his feet facing upwards, and his upper body straight, just like the Panchen Lama sitting on the bed.

Zhuang Rui's display of skill not only stunned Yang Kaiwen standing to the side, but also left the two attendant lamas staring at him in disbelief. This was no ordinary task.

This practice is called the lotus position, a method of attaining enlightenment in Buddhism. It is the most representative of the various sitting postures in Buddhism, and few people, except for those who are practicing, can sit as naturally as Zhuang Rui.

The Panchen Lama was somewhat surprised to see Zhuang Rui sit down so easily and asked, "Have you practiced yoga?"

"No....."

Zhuang Rui shook his head and said, "Didn't you say I have an affinity with Buddhism? If I can't even handle this little thing, what kind of affinity do I have?"

Zhuang Rui is a typical example of someone who takes advantage of others and then acts innocent. His body has been repeatedly processed by spiritual energy, which has made his ligaments very flexible, allowing him to sit down. If it were Zhuang Rui from a year ago, let alone sitting in the lotus position, he would have struggled to even do a split.

The Panchen Lama shook his head and said nothing more. He extended his right hand and touched Zhuang Ruitian's head, chanting incantations as he began to bless him.

After a little over a minute, the Panchen Lama removed his hand, took a snow-white hada (ceremonial scarf) from the lama beside him with his left hand, and hung it around Zhuang Rui's neck.

Chapter 729 Buddhist Supernatural Powers

After the High Living Buddha bestowed blessings, Zhuang Rui stood up and walked to the side. Next in line was Peng Fei.

Is that so?

Peng Fei was a man who disrespected ghosts and gods, and heaven and earth. He was always incredibly audacious. He walked to the prayer mat and sat down cross-legged, in the exact same posture as Zhuang Rui had just done. Zhuang Rui almost burst out laughing when he saw this.

"Uh, the Great Living Buddha, he's a Party member..."

Since neither of the two people had shown much respect to the Living Buddha, Yang Kaiwen felt a little embarrassed and quickly offered an explanation. As for Peng Fei's file, he had already reviewed it. Searching for the reincarnation of the Living Buddha Qiangba Lozhu was a very important matter, and not just anyone could participate.

The young Living Buddha laughed and said, "It's alright, all wishes are equally beautiful, he is also a person with a karmic connection to Buddhism..."

"Pfft..."

Upon hearing the Living Buddha's words, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but turn his head and burst out laughing. He couldn't believe that Peng Fei, who had taken countless lives, was also someone with a connection to Buddhism. Zhuang Rui would never believe it.

"Put down the butcher's knife and become a Buddha on the spot. Moreover, Buddhism also speaks of Vajra wrath, and there is also greed, anger, and ignorance. The principle is the same..."

The Living Buddha's words surprised Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei at the same time. No one should have told this young Panchen Lama about Peng Fei's background. Could it be that he really figured it out?

Peng Fei also put aside his contempt and waited for the Panchen Lama to touch his head and bestow blessings upon him before standing up and respectfully bowing to the Panchen Lama.

Next to receive the initiation was the young lama Basang. He was much more devout than Zhuang Rui and the others. He respectfully bowed to the Living Buddha, then put his hands together and knelt on the prayer mat in front of the Living Buddha to receive Bodhi's blessing.

After the three of them had finished bestowing blessings, Yang Kaiwen said to the Panchen Lama, "Erdene Living Buddha, we'll take our leave now. We still need to make some preparations..."

The search for reincarnated children is conducted in extreme secrecy, for fear of interference from foreign forces. The list of the search team is known only to a very few people, and meticulous arrangements are made.

There are five teams in total, each with only three to five people. They will be going into the pastoral areas of Tibet and the remote mountainous areas where herders live. The environment is extremely harsh, so they must make sufficient preparations beforehand.

As Zhuang Rui and the others were saying their goodbyes, the Panchen Lama suddenly said to Zhuang Rui, "Layman Zhuang, if you have time in the future, you can visit the new palace in Shigatse. Even Buddhists possess supernatural powers..."

"Thank you, Great Living Buddha. I will definitely go to hear your teachings when I have the opportunity..."

Zhuang Rui politely bowed to the Panchen Lama and left the room, but he didn't quite understand what he meant. What did Buddhist supernatural powers have to do with him?

After leaving the room, Zhuang Rui nudged the young lama Basang who was walking ahead and asked in a low voice, "Master Basang, what kind of supernatural powers did the Living Buddha talk about?"

"Layman Zhuang, you are a person with great affinity for Buddhism. You can just call me by my name..."

Basang, being rather honest, blushed deeply when Zhuang Rui addressed him as "Master." After correcting Zhuang Rui's form of address, Basang said, "The supernatural powers that the Great Living Buddha spoke of should be the five supernatural powers of Buddhism. However, we do not advocate cultivating supernatural powers, and the eminent monks of the past did not become great masters because of supernatural powers..."

Many eminent monks and great masters achieved their status as virtuous monks because their character, morality, and conduct surpassed those of ordinary people. This is the fundamental principle we should cultivate ourselves...

Basang seemed rather unimpressed by the talk of supernatural powers, his expression showing considerable disdain when the topic was brought up.

"What exactly are these five supernatural powers?"

Zhuang Rui felt that the 11th Panchen Lama's last words seemed to have some deeper meaning, so he couldn't help but ask further.

Basang glanced at Zhuang Rui. Although he didn't want to say it, he wasn't good at refusing people. After thinking for a moment, he said, "The Five Supernatural Powers can also be called the Five Eyes. It's a kind of skill in Buddhist practice, referring to the physical eye, the heavenly eye, the wisdom eye, the Dharma eye, and the Buddha eye..."

"What?! Five Eyes?!"

Zhuang Rui was shocked upon hearing this and involuntarily stopped in his tracks. He knew that he was where he was today because of these eyes, but he had never understood where the special ability in his eyes came from.

Hearing the young lama's words, Zhuang Rui felt as if a tidal wave was surging in his heart, and his face turned bright red with surprise and excitement.

"Brother Zhuang, what's wrong? Are you alright?"

Peng Fei, who was walking behind Zhuang Rui, almost bumped into Zhuang Rui. He was still thinking about what the Living Buddha had said earlier about putting down the butcher's knife and becoming a Buddha on the spot, and didn't pay attention to what Zhuang Rui and the little lama were talking about.

"It's alright, it's alright, Basang, we'll talk again later..."

Zhuang Rui realized he had lost his composure. Now was not a good time to talk about this. Since he already knew he would be assigned to the same search team as Basang, he took a deep breath and calmed himself down.

"Is one's own eye one of the five kinds of supernatural powers?"

Even after leaving the Potala Palace, Zhuang Rui remained somewhat absent-minded, his mind constantly preoccupied with this question.

Upon arriving at the square of the Potala Palace, Yang Kaiwen looked at Zhuang Rui and said, "Brother Zhuang, we're setting off tomorrow. Do you have any preparations or requests?"

Zhuang Rui shook his head and said, "I don't have any requirements, but I can only stay for about a week at most. After that, I have to go back to Beijing..."

If Qin Xuanbing hadn't said this trip would increase his merit and bless his unborn children, Zhuang Rui wouldn't have come at all. Besides, his family is currently preparing for his wedding with Qin Xuanbing.

Although the wedding was only for close relatives and was a simple affair, the Ouyang family, the Qin family from Hong Kong, and Hu Rong from Myanmar would definitely be attending. Roughly speaking, there would be several dozen people.

It would be too unreasonable for Zhuang Rui, the master, to be absent. So, a week later, Zhuang Rui had to go back. He couldn't leave all the things to his pregnant wife and elderly mother to handle.

Yang Kaiwen knew that for Zhuang Rui, given his status, to say such a thing was already a great favor to him, so he nodded and said, "Don't worry, brother, this search will take at least two or three years. It won't end so quickly. You can go back to Beijing a few days after we set off..."

The search for a reincarnated lama usually takes one or two years, but if it's slow, it could take six or seven years or even ten years. For example, the 11th Panchen Lama, whom they had just met, was searched for for a full six years. Yang Kaiwen did not believe that Zhuang Rui could find the reincarnation of the Living Buddha just by going out.

"Okay, come pick us up when we leave tomorrow..."

Zhuang Rui felt relieved and got into the car arranged by Yang Kaiwen, returning to the villa area.

At noon, the waiter brought over roasted meat with a unique Tibetan flavor. Even Bai Shi, who doesn't usually eat cooked food, ate a few pieces with great interest.

After finishing his meal, Zhuang Rui packed his luggage. There wasn't much in it, just a few clothes and some sunscreen that Qin Xuanbing had given him. She said that if Zhuang Rui didn't want his cheeks to turn red like big apples, he should use it every day.

As for the Tibetan silver jewelry and ashtrays made of yak bone that Zhuang Rui bought yesterday, he has already handed them over to He Shuang to take back to Beijing.

"Brother Zhuang, are you there?"

Zheng Hua's voice came from outside the door. This guy knew Zhuang Rui was in the room, but he still asked a question on purpose.

"Brother Zheng, weren't you going to receive the Living Buddha's blessing?"

Zhuang Rui casually stuffed a few pieces of clothing into his backpack and turned to look at Zheng Hua.

"Don't even mention it. The old man said he needed to take a bath and burn incense. I haven't eaten anything all morning, but you can smell the fragrance all over me..."

Upon entering, Zheng Hua stared blankly at the leftover roasted meat that Zhuang Rui and the others had finished eating. People in the high-altitude area are prone to hunger, and the old man wouldn't let them eat anything, which made Zheng Hua extremely hungry.

Zhuang Rui followed Zheng Hua's gaze and said with a mischievous grin, "Yeah, that's what the white lion ate, there's still a little left..."

"Damn it, stop making me angry. Alright, I came here to say goodbye. After meeting the Panchen Lama this afternoon, my grandfather and I will go straight back to Hong Kong..."

Zheng Hua sniffed the aroma of the roasted meat. This young master Zheng, who had always lived a life of luxury, never imagined that he would one day go hungry.

"Okay, have a safe trip, Brother Zheng. Come visit Beijing sometime, and I'll show you around..."

Zheng Hua has a good personality and doesn't have the spoiled habits of those rich kids. Zhuang Rui gets along with him quite well. Compared to the Bai siblings, whom he met first, Zheng Hua actually makes a better impression on him.

“Brother Zhuang, I know your wedding is in a few days. This is a gift from my father. Please accept it...”

Zheng Hua came to see Zhuang Rui today not only to say goodbye, but also because he had other business to attend to. As he spoke, Zheng Hua took out a heart-shaped jewelry box from his pocket.

“Brother Zheng, you can’t accept this. This wedding is just a family dinner; we didn’t plan any special arrangements, so we didn’t inform you. I can’t possibly accept this gift from the old man...”

Zhuang Rui was a little puzzled. Only his family knew about his marriage, so how did Zheng Hua find out?

Actually, it was Zhuang Rui's mother-in-law who intentionally or unintentionally leaked this information. Although the engagement ceremony was very grand, the Qin family would still let some word out about their daughter's marriage, even if they didn't hold a formal ceremony. So, people of some standing in Hong Kong knew about this.

"Brother, you know this was a gift from the old man, right? If you don't dare accept it, I don't dare take it back either. Alright, don't be so polite with me. Keep it. When I get married in the future, you can just pick out some nicer things to return to me..."

Zheng Hua smiled and handed the jewelry box to Zhuang Rui, who understood his grandfather's meaning perfectly.

Qin's Jewelry is now very powerful in mainland China. This is partly because Zhuang Rui helped them gamble on a lot of good materials, and partly because they have a connection with the Ouyang family. People who know this background generally give them some leeway.

The jewelry market in mainland China, worth tens of billions of yuan annually, is not something that Zheng's Jewelry alone can handle. Even without the Qin family, other companies would be competing in this market.

The Zheng family and the Qin family have always had a good relationship, so the Zheng family patriarch's act of giving Zhuang Rui a wedding gift was actually a gesture of goodwill towards the Qin family. If the Qin family patriarch is not confused, he will naturally understand the benefits of the

alliance between the two families, which would definitely allow them to occupy half of the mainland market.

Another point is that Zheng Hua is currently in charge of the mainland business. Cultivating a good relationship with Zhuang Rui, a newly rich man with a strong background, would be very beneficial for Zheng Hua's business expansion in the mainland.

"Alright, I'll accept it then. I'll personally thank the old man later..."

Seeing that Zheng Hua was sincere, Zhuang Rui stopped being coy. Just as Zheng Hua said, these things were just gifts, not favors. If they could be repaid with money, there was no need to worry about owing them. He could just find an opportunity to return them later.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Zheng Hua waved his hand and said, "No need, the old man is chanting scriptures right now. He'll go see the Living Buddha later. You don't need to go, brother..."

After chatting for a while, Zheng Hua checked his watch, said goodbye to Zhuang Rui, and left.

"Brother Zhuang, is this... a diamond? Why is it red?"

After Zhuang Rui saw Zheng Hua out of the villa and returned to his room, he saw Peng Fei holding the jewelry box he had placed on the table, looking quite surprised.

"Let me see it..."

Zhuang Rui was too embarrassed to look at the gift in front of Zheng Hua, and he didn't know what was in the box.

"Hmm, a red diamond, these are quite rare. The Zheng family really put a lot of thought into this..."

Inside that small jewelry box were two platinum and diamond rings set side by side. However, unlike the diamond rings commonly seen in jewelry stores, the diamonds on these two rings were pink.

Moreover, the names of Zhuang Rui and Qin Xuanbing were even engraved inside the diamond ring, showing that the Zheng family really put a lot of thought into preparing this gift.

Zhuang Rui had originally planned to choose his wedding rings after returning to Beijing, but unexpectedly, they were delivered to him. Given the value of these two red diamonds, they were quite suitable as wedding rings.

"Brother Zhuang, is this red diamond really valuable? I'll buy one for my wife sometime..."

Peng Fei is quite wealthy now; the money Zhuang Rui entrusted to his wife is several million.

"Hehe, we can't buy this. Maybe we can go to South Africa sometime and see if we can find some red diamonds..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and shook his head. Red diamonds are extremely rare. A round red diamond was auctioned in New York in April 1987 for a price of \$880,000. In recent years, there has been no news of anyone auctioning red diamonds.

The red diamonds on these two rings together should be around one carat. Based on the market appreciation over the years, the value of the two rings is probably no less than one million and a half million US dollars.

"Alright, go and rest. I'm going to get some sleep too..."

Zhuang Rui stood up and returned to his room on the second floor. However, instead of going to sleep, he turned on his laptop. Zhuang Rui wanted to search on some online forums to find out what exactly the Five Supernatural Powers of Buddhism were.

Chapter 730-731 Five Eyes

"So many different interpretations?"

After connecting to the internet using the villa's broadband, Zhuang Rui typed in "Buddhist supernatural powers" and received many answers, the most common being clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, knowledge of past lives, supernatural speed, and a Taoist concept of the extinction of all defilements.

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After observing for a long time, Zhuang Rui shook his head. Even with the Heavenly Eye, the situation he saw was not quite the same as what he had read online. According to what he had read online, the Heavenly Eye could see the Heavenly Palace above and inspect the Underworld below, but he did not yet possess that ability.

On the other hand, Zhuang Rui didn't really believe in the existence of the Heavenly Palace and the Underworld. He had possessed supernatural abilities for so long, but he had never seen any ghosts or deities, which was completely unrelated to what was said online.

Back in the 1980s, Zhuang Rui often saw on television and in newspapers that so-called qigong masters could see through walls, but these were later proven to be fake qigong. As for his own experience, he had never heard of such a thing.

Zhuang Rui estimated that even if there were other people in the world who could see through walls like him, they wouldn't make a fuss about it. Only swindlers would use this to make money. People with real ability would probably make a fortune quietly. Who would be so bored as to go around bragging about it?

After searching for a long time, Zhuang Rui was dizzy and confused but hadn't gained anything, so he simply closed those web pages and logged into his own museum's website.

"Not bad..."

The website's homepage features an introduction to the museum, along with photos of artifacts from various exhibition halls. These precious cultural relics, taken from different angles, look exceptionally exquisite.

After browsing the login area, Zhuang Rui entered the ID "dg001" (the pinyin for "Dingguang"), which meant he was the first member.

"You've got a lot of good stuff!"

After logging in, Zhuang Rui discovered that over a hundred photos had already been uploaded to the *** section. Each photo had the uploader's ID and phone number, along with numerous comments, creating a lively atmosphere.

"Brother Huangfu, the website is doing great! Has anyone successfully completed a transaction?"

Zhuang Rui was delighted with the pictures; several items in them particularly appealed to him, so he simply took out his phone and called Huangfu Yun.

"Zhuang Rui, where have you been focusing your attention all day? You don't even care about your own museum, why are you so concerned about that website? I'm already exhausted from working on this..."

Upon hearing that it was Zhuang Rui calling, Huangfu Yun immediately began to complain. With Zhuang Rui away, all the big and small matters fell on his shoulders. If it weren't for another deputy curator in charge of managing the museum's daily operations, Huangfu Yun would have been overwhelmed long ago.

"Hehe, the capable should do more, Brother Huangfu, is everything alright at the museum?"

Zhuang Rui also felt that he had gone a bit too far. The museum had only been open for a few days, and he had already abandoned it. This museum was truly his property.

"The museum is fine, but I'm in trouble!"

Huangfu Yun said angrily, "I've been spending all these days at the auction house, I haven't even had time to date..."

There have been many auctions in *** recently, and several of the special sessions are quite good. After Zhuang Rui received the brochure, he highlighted a few items and asked Huangfu Yun to bid on them.

Huangfu Yun was extremely busy, dealing with travel agency staff and keeping an eye on auctions.

"Alright, stop complaining after getting a good deal, Brother Huangfu. When you went to the auction, Miss Yunman was definitely with you, right? I gave you a chance to use this opportunity for personal gain, and you're still complaining?"

Yunman is the financial director of several of Zhuang Rui's businesses, so she will definitely be attending the auction, which is why Zhuang Rui made that remark.

"Uh, Mr. Zhuang, what's the matter? Just say it..." Having been exposed by Zhuang Rui, Huangfu Yun immediately changed the subject.

"I saw a few nice items on the website. Take a look. You can talk to the members first and have them bring the items to *** for me. I'll be back in 10 days at the latest. If I see anything I like then, I can buy it..."

Zhuang Rui created this online platform to directly acquire antiques from collectors across the country. Now that he's seen a few good pieces, he's naturally not going to let them go.

"Okay, Mr. Zhuang, I understand. Give me the number and I'll contact them..."

When it came to serious matters, Huangfu Yun became serious. He clearly distinguished between friendship and work.

After Zhuang Rui told Huangfu Yun the numbers of the photos he had chosen, he casually asked, "Has there been any change in the number of visitors to the museum these past few days?"

The weather in July and August is very hot, which is the off-season for tourism. Zhuang Rui estimated that apart from the two days of opening, they would be lucky to get three to four thousand people a day on ordinary days.

"Not bad, we've had around 8,000 tourists these past few days. Once the weather cools down a bit, I expect it will be even more..."

The figures Huangfuyun gave were somewhat unexpected for Zhuang Rui. Eight thousand visitors would generate around 400,000 yuan in revenue. Even after deducting the travel agency's commission, there would probably still be 200,000 to 300,000 yuan left, which is much better than that of a typical state-owned museum.

"We settle accounts with travel agencies quickly, so they're willing to bring people here. Plus, the person Mr. Ouyang introduced also put in a good word with his staff. In terms of ticket revenue, our museum is unique in the whole country..."

Huangfu Yun's words cleared up Zhuang Rui's doubts. State-owned museums, which receive government funding and are state-run entities, tend to be quite arrogant, making it difficult for travel agencies to settle payments. They usually hold onto payments for at least one or two months.

In comparison, Zhuang Rui's museum has both connections and good interpersonal skills, so travel agencies are naturally more willing to send more people there; it's a mutually beneficial arrangement.

As for the source of tourists, that's not a problem at all. As the capital of a country with over a billion people, *** will always have visitors, regardless of the season.

"Well, Brother Huangfu, then I'll trouble you. I'll treat you to a drink later..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and hung up the phone. He was in a great mood because of the museum's business. He had originally thought that he would have to lose money to run the business, but the profit was actually not low. Even if he replenished the collection every year, he should be able to be self-sufficient.

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui slept for a while, but in his dreams he kept thinking about the Buddhist supernatural powers mentioned by the Panchen Lama. In the end, he even had a dream in which he became Sun Wukong with fiery eyes. Fortunately, he woke up in a fright the moment he was attacked by the Buddha.

Zhuang Rui opened his eyes and realized that his phone on the bedside table had been ringing incessantly. He answered it groggily and heard Qin Xuanbing's voice. He asked casually, "Xuanbing, what time is it?"

Qin Xuanbing was both amused and annoyed by Zhuang Rui's question, and retorted, "Are you sleeping? Have you had dinner yet? It's already past 7 o'clock..."

"Uh, I went to see the Panchen Lama this morning, took a nap this afternoon, and am going to eat now..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head vigorously, sat up, and laughed self-deprecatingly. He had been exposed to too much Buddhist stuff these past few days, and it had made his mind almost muddled.

Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered that He Shuang should have already answered *** by now, so he quickly asked, "By the way, did you receive the prayer wheel that I asked He Shuang to bring you?" This prayer wheel is priceless and cannot be damaged in the slightest.

"I received it. I was a bit irritable this afternoon, but after reciting some sutras with the prayer wheel, I felt much calmer. Thank you, honey..."

Qin Xuanbing was initially a little upset when she saw the things Zhuang Rui brought. No matter how many things there were, nothing was as good as having Zhuang Rui by her side. However, just as she said, reciting scriptures with that prayer wheel was indeed very effective.

"Hehe, it's good that it works. You have to be sincere when you chant the sutras. I'll be going back in a few days..."

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this. Faith is something that works if you believe in it; if you don't believe in it at all, even holding Buddhist artifacts won't help.

"Okay, come back soon, my mom and the others are coming tomorrow..."

"Definitely, at most ten days or so, maybe five or six days at the earliest..."

Zhuang Rui agreed confidently. Although his family had everything they needed and his mother and the others would definitely take good care of Qin Xuanbing, as a man, he still needed to be by his wife's side at this time.

After chatting with Qin Xuanbing for a while, Zhuang Rui finally hung up the phone at her urging, went downstairs to call Peng Fei, and went to the restaurant in the villa area for dinner.

This villa area is specifically for receiving government officials at the vice-provincial level or above. If he hadn't needed Zhuang Rui's help, he wouldn't have been arranged to stay here. Because of its relatively remote location, the restaurant offers 24-hour service.

After dinner, Zhuang Rui took the white lion for a walk, and then went to bed early. In the high-altitude area, it is easy to feel tired. Even though Zhuang Rui's physique is different from ordinary people, it still takes several days to adjust.

The next morning, three SUVs parked in front of Zhuang Rui's villa, where Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei were already waiting.

Upon seeing Yang Kaiwen get out of the last car, Zhuang Rui went up to him and joked, "Director Yang, what's this? Are you leading the team yourself?"

"I'd like to go, but I don't have the affinity for Buddhism..."

Yang Kaiwen laughed. The various activities before the search for the reincarnated child had left him feeling a bit exhausted. Fortunately, all the teams were about to set off, and things were finally coming to an end.

"Alright, Director Yang, I'll give you this Buddhist opportunity. Or would you like to make the trip?"

Zhuang Rui chuckled and joked with Yang Kaiwen, saying that even someone as bloodthirsty as Peng Fei could have a connection to Buddhism, so how could Yang Kaiwen, who was in daily contact with living Buddhas, possibly have picked up a little something too?

Yang Kaiwen glanced around, walked up to Zhuang Rui, and said, "Brother Zhuang, the places you're going to this time are Mangkang County and Zogang County, which are located at the junction of Yunnan, Tibet, and Sichuan provinces. After the investigations in these two counties are completed, you may be assigned to Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture..."

Zhuang Rui frowned upon hearing this and asked, "Director Yang, isn't Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture part of Yunnan? Why do we have to go there too?"

Zhuang Rui had heard of Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, which is under the jurisdiction of Yunnan Province. Famous tourist attractions like Shangri-La are located within the jurisdiction of Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture.

"Hey, the search for Living Buddhas isn't limited to ***; it's encompassing all areas inhabited by Tibetans..."

After explaining to Zhuang Rui, Yang Kaiwen leaned close to Zhuang Rui's ear and whispered, "Go to Zuogong County and stay there for a few days. If nothing happens, you can go back to ***..."

Zhuang Rui was somewhat helpless. He had driven all the way from Chengdu to Lhasa, and Mangkang and Zogang County were both close to Chengdu or Kunming. This journey was not easy.

"Come on, Brother Zhuang, let me introduce you. This is Jiacao. You can just call him Brother Jiacao. Jiacao is very familiar with the roads in ***. He's your driver and guide for this trip..."

This man is Suonan, a staff member of our district government, and also the leader of this search team. And Basang Lama needs no introduction, you all know him..."

Yang Kaiwen led Zhuang Rui to the front of the first car. After the people in the car got out, they introduced themselves to Zhuang Rui.

Gyatso was in his early thirties, a typical Tibetan, with a prominent ruddy complexion from the high altitude. He wore a traditional Tibetan robe, with one shoulder exposed.

The man was a bit older, probably around forty years old. He wore glasses and had a scholarly air about him. When Yang Kaiwen introduced him, he nodded to Zhuang Rui in a friendly manner.

"Greetings, Brother Gyatso. I hope you will take good care of me..."

Zhuang Rui greeted the group of people. He knew that Gyatso was a very common name in ***, meaning to have a broad mind like the ocean.

This time, Zhou Rui, who was familiar with ***, did not come along, so Jiacao played a very important role. Although Zhuang Rui had traveled the Tibet-Sichuan route once, if he were to go back on his own, he would be completely lost.

"Mr. Zhuang, it's not about taking care of you, I'm quite familiar with this route, I just need to make sure you don't get lost..."

Gyatso smiled and answered Zhuang Rui, speaking fluent Mandarin. Suonan smiled at Zhuang Rui but didn't say anything. The young lama, who respected Zhuang Rui the most, bowed respectfully to Zhuang Rui and Bai Shi.

"Director Yang, who's driving this car?"

Zhuang Rui noticed that the search team was very small. Apart from himself and Peng Fei, who were not permanent staff, there were only three people actually searching. It seemed that they didn't need two cars.

Yang Kaiwen smiled and said, "This car is full of supplies and gasoline. You and Xiao Peng can drive it for now. When you leave, drive it to a city with an airport, and I will arrange for my colleagues to receive it..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head and said, "Well, I guess I've even become a driver..."

"Don't be upset, look what this is..."

Yang Kaiwen opened the car door, lifted the back seat, and gestured for Zhuang Rui to look.

Zhuang Rui peeked under the seat and saw two Type 56 submachine guns and six magazines. He couldn't help but curl his lip and said, "They're just guns, aren't they?"

If this had happened a year or so ago, Zhuang Rui might have been interested, but now, he's really not that interested in guns. Putting everything else aside, if he just went to his own jade mine in Myanmar, let alone submachine guns, even if he wanted to play with rocket launchers, Hu Rong could probably satisfy his every whim.

"Hey, you've got quite the nerve. Oh, right, I almost forgot, you really don't care for this..."

When Yang Kaiwen thought of Zhuang Rui's mother's background, he immediately understood. With the Ouyang family's influence in the military, playing with a gun was really nothing.

"This is for your self-defense, so please don't take it out carelessly. Also, you must abide by wildlife laws and not shoot wild animals indiscriminately..."

When on official business in ***, a gun is essential, but Yang Kaiwen needs to make it clear to Zhuang Rui, otherwise if something goes wrong and Zhuang Rui runs away, Yang Kaiwen will be the one to take the blame.

"Alright, or, Director Yang, would you like to take us to Zogang?"

Zhuang Rui waved his hand at Yang Kaiwen, saying that with a gun that broken like that, he didn't even know if it would explode when used, yet Yang Kaiwen still had the nerve to tell him so much.

After opening the door of the second SUV, Zhuang Rui let Bai Shi get in and said, "Peng Fei, you stay in the first car, I'll drive this one. Master Basang, please ride with me, I have some things I'd like to ask you..."

Zhuang Rui didn't want to be a driver, but he wanted to find an opportunity to be alone with Basang and ask him about Buddhist supernatural powers. Basang had mentioned the Five Eyes Supernatural Power yesterday, but Zhuang Rui couldn't find it online.

"Hey, Brother Zhuang, what's wrong with you..." Yang Kaiwen winked at Zhuang Rui, whose words were somewhat presumptuous.

After Zhuang Rui finished speaking, he forgot that he was not the team leader. He quickly looked at the scholar-official and said, "Excuse me, Brother Suonan, I would like to ask Master Basang some questions about Buddhism. Do you think this arrangement is acceptable?"

"Okay, let's do it this way. If you get tired, just use the walkie-talkie in the car to call out, and I can take turns driving..." Suo Nan was easy to talk to and nodded in agreement with Zhuang Rui's plan.

...

After saying goodbye to Yang Kaiwen, the two SUVs headed out of Lhasa. The roads around Lhasa were in good condition and there were few vehicles, so they could drive at a higher speed.

The car ahead, driven by Gyatso, was going very fast. Zhuang Rui glanced at it and realized that it would take 140 miles per hour to catch up. He couldn't help but shake his head with a smile. If Gyatso were to drive in the mainland, he definitely wouldn't be used to it.

"Master Basang, are you alright? Would you like some water?"

Zhuang Rui noticed that Basang, who was sitting next to him, seemed a little uncomfortable. His originally dark and ruddy face was now somewhat pale. He quickly took his left hand off the gear shift and handed him a bottle of mineral water.

"It's alright, Layman Zhuang. You have a karmic connection with Buddhism, so please don't call me Master..."

Basang lowered the car window closest to him a little, and the breeze from outside made his complexion look much better.

"Okay, then I'll call you Basang..."

Zhuang Rui slowed down the car a little and said, "Basang, yesterday you said that Buddhism has the Five Eyes. Could you explain to me what kind of supernatural powers each of the Five Eyes possesses and how they are cultivated and formed?"

The spiritual energy that Zhuang Rui saw, from its emergence to its subsequent advancements, all occurred inexplicably. He couldn't grasp any pattern, so he wanted to see if there were any specific cultivation methods in Buddhism.

"Well... Layman Zhuang, Buddhism emphasizes the state of mind; supernatural powers are ultimately not the right path..."

The young lama seemed quite resistant to supernatural powers and offered some words of advice to Zhuang Rui.

"Hehe, Basang, I'm just curious, not trying to learn supernatural powers. Don't say I'm not a Buddhist, even among Buddhists, I doubt many can cultivate supernatural powers, right?"

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this. This little lama was really interesting; it was as if he could learn it just by hearing what the lama said.

Hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Basang smiled and said, "The Five Eyes are a kind of skill in Buddhist practice. It refers to the non-visual abilities that people develop through practice. They are respectively the Physical Eye, the Heavenly Eye, the Wisdom Eye, the Dharma Eye, and the Buddha Eye..."

Zhuang Rui's pupils contracted sharply, but he feigned nonchalance and asked, "Could you explain in more detail?"

Basang nodded and said, "Having superhuman vision means you can see both near and far, without any issues of nearsightedness or farsightedness. It's also extremely sensitive, and the degree of distance you can see varies depending on your skill level. Those with higher skill can see much farther than ordinary people..."

The Heavenly Eye, on the other hand, is a further development of the physical eye, resulting in non-visual abilities. This is the Heavenly Eye, which possesses the abilities of X-ray vision and remote viewing. This ability is generally manifested as the head acting like a fluorescent screen, allowing one to see very far, pass through obstacles, and see through the human body...

"What?! The Heavenly Eye can see through the human body, even when there are obstacles?"

Zhuang Rui cried out in disbelief. If what Basang said was true, wouldn't he have opened his Heavenly Eye?

Basang shook his head dismissively and said, "The Heavenly Eye is only considered a first or second-level skill among supernatural abilities. It only allows one to see, but seeing doesn't necessarily mean understanding..."

Fearing Zhuang Rui wouldn't understand, Basang quickly explained, "The Heavenly Eye is like seeing something; you only know what it looks like—is it square, pointed, or black? You can only describe its shape, but you can't define it..."

"And what about the All-Seeing Eye?" Zhuang Rui pressed.

"Upon reaching the Heavenly Eye, the next level of skill is the third level, namely the Wisdom Eye. The Wisdom Eye is further divided into four states: Multiple Eyes, Analyzing Eyes, Tracking Eyes, and Predictive Eyes."

The multi-eyed can see things from three-dimensional angles, and the analytical eye can analyze them, knowing at a glance what they are, what their name is, and what their meaning is.

The ability to trace the past and follow previous events means that in addition to seeing the present, one can also see residual information, shadows, and sounds from the past.

"Precognition allows one to foresee and predict the future. The development of anything has a certain direction and trend, and change begins with quantitative change, which leads to qualitative change. With the skill of 'precognition,' one can see the process of this quantitative change..."

"Wait, Basang, are these things passed down from Buddhist scriptures, or did you hear them from someone else?"

Zhuang Rui became increasingly confused as he listened. How did they even bring up quantitative and qualitative changes? This didn't sound like Buddhist teachings; it was more like they were using science to explain it.

Basang nodded and said, "This is what the teacher said during a lecture. I don't quite understand it either, but that's roughly the meaning in Chinese. I only told you since you asked, Mr. Zhuang..."

"Then let's talk about the other two supernatural abilities..."

Zhuang Rui thought the first two were unreliable, and the third one's analysis of things was somewhat related to the spiritual energy in his eyes, but the predictions and omens that followed had nothing to do with it.

"The Dharma Eye must possess two functions: the ability to see and the ability to use. The ability to see means having high energy, while the ability to use means being able to apply and correct things."

People with the skill of "seeing through the eyes" can see a steel wire break with focused concentration, and some can restore torn leaves, postcards, etc. This is not magic, but skill.

There's an old saying, "Heavenly secrets cannot be revealed." Most people don't understand this; only those who have reached a certain level of spiritual cultivation can grasp its meaning...

The Buddha's Eye of Light speaks of the Buddha's light shining everywhere, strict etiquette and justice, and universal salvation. It is a level higher than the Dharma Eye of Light. When one reaches the Buddha's Eye of Light, the radiance around them is extremely strong. When the Buddha's Eye of Light looks out, the Buddha's light shines everywhere, allowing many people to benefit at the same time.

At this level, one can automatically correct certain things and do good deeds for many people. However, it is difficult to reach the level of Buddha's Eye of Truth through cultivation alone; it is generally an ability brought by reincarnated high monks from their previous lives..."

When the young lama was explaining the Five Eyes, his face was solemn, and he had the air of a highly enlightened monk.

"Could it be that I was a monk in my past life?"

After listening to Basang explain all five supernatural powers, Zhuang Rui was somewhat stunned. According to Basang's understanding of the Buddha's Eye Power, the meaning of the Buddha's light shining everywhere is that it can eliminate diseases, which is similar to the function of the spiritual energy in his eyes.

The third ability, the ability to see clearly, is also related to the supernatural power of seeing. It's rare that I really have a connection with Buddhism, and that I was a reincarnation of Buddha in my past life.

Zhuang Rui's mind started to wander. The spiritual energy in his eyes had advanced several times, mostly in Buddhist holy sites. Could there be a connection between them?

"Master Zhuang, supernatural powers are for Buddhists to save all sentient beings and eliminate disasters. You can't just cultivate them casually..." Basang quickly reminded Zhuang Rui when he saw him standing there in a daze.

"Uh, how do you cultivate with this?" Zhuang Rui composed himself and focused his attention on the road.

"I don't know!" Basang answered simply.

"Fine, never mind..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head, deciding to stop thinking about it. Anyway, the changes in his eyes had brought him the health of his loved ones and so much wealth. Whether it was a Buddhist supernatural power or something else, it wasn't a bad thing. He had been getting a bit stuck in a rut lately.

He slammed on the gas pedal, and the SUV suddenly accelerated, catching up with the car in front of it at breakneck speed. This feeling of speed broadened Zhuang Rui's mind considerably.

Around 12 noon, the two cars had already left the Lhasa area. After finding a place to eat some of the dried meat they had brought with them, the group continued on their way.

Instead of taking the Sichuan-Tibet Highway, Gyatso led Zhuang Rui and others into the grasslands. According to him, this route would save at least two days of travel time.

"Brother Gyatso, why did you stop?"

After driving for more than two hours across the grassland, Zhuang Rui noticed that the vehicles ahead of him had slowly come to a stop.

Gyatso opened the car door, looked at the sky ahead, and said, "A storm is coming, we can't go any further. We can only continue when the storm stops..."

Zhuang Rui followed Jiacao's gaze in confusion. The sky was still very blue, and apart from a large floating cloud, there seemed to be no dark clouds looming overhead before a storm.