

Golden 761

Chapter 761-762 Returning Home

Beneath the setting sun, a snow leopard stands atop a high mountain, its graceful, wild form etched into the memories of many.

As the car drove away, the lone figure gradually disappeared from everyone's sight. Only in the sky remained a pair of golden eagles, following the car as it traveled.

However, after the sun set, the two golden eagles let out clear calls to bid farewell to Zhuang Rui.

Looking out at the vast, dark grassland, Zhuang Rui's excited yet melancholic mood slowly returned to normal. This trip to the snow-capped mountains had purified Zhuang Rui's heart considerably, and reduced many of his obsessions.

At least he didn't force the snow leopard away based on his own preferences, but rationally let the big cat stay on the snowy mountain.

"Hey, Zhang Qian, it's me. It's nothing. I've been in the mountains for the past few days and just came out today..."

"I'm fine, Brother Zhuang, he's fine too, he's doing great. He should be able to go back the day after tomorrow. Let's talk about it when we get home. Oh, I see, I'll tell him right away..."

Peng Fei turned on his phone while driving. There was no signal at all in the mountains these past few days, so Zhuang Rui and Peng Fei had both turned their phones off to save battery.

As soon as Peng Fei turned on his phone, his wife called. He and Zhang Qian had already obtained their marriage certificate, and their wedding photos were taken with Zhuang Rui. However, Peng Fei's wife wasn't pregnant, so there was no need to rush. They planned to hold the wedding when the weather cooled down.

"Brother Zhuang, please turn on the phone quickly! Your wife and Aunt Zhuang are so worried! Hurry, hurry..."

Actually, even without Peng Fei saying it, Zhuang Rui took out his phone when he saw him making a call. When he was in the mountains, with so many animals around, Zhuang Rui didn't miss home much. But now that he's left the mountains, he really misses his wife.

"Chirp chirp... Chirp chirp..."

Seeing the phone in Zhuang Rui's hand, the little guy jumped out of his backpack, pecking at the metal phone with his sharp beak, his eyes full of curiosity.

"Hehe, go play with White Lion. White Lion, Xue'er, you mustn't bully Golden Feather..."

Zhuang Rui smiled, picked up the little guy, and placed him on the white lion sitting in the back seat. The white lion was used to riding in a car, but Xue'er wasn't, so Zhuang Rui would probably have to use his spiritual energy to soothe it.

Mentioning Xue'er reminded Zhuang Rui of the little creature on the snow mountain, and his heart ached. He hoped that when he came back next time, the snow leopard would have found its mate and given birth to a litter of cubs.

However, Zhuang Rui's thoughts were quickly drawn to his phone. As soon as he turned it on, thirty or forty messages came in, and the phone screen was flashing, indicating that messages were coming in.

"Brother, are you having too much fun to remember home? Come back soon, I have good news for you..." This was a message from Huangfu Yun.

"Boss Zhuang, if you don't like our little shop, could you at least give me a phone number..." This was Zhao Hanxuan's tone in Xuanrui Zhai.

In addition, there were messages from Qin Xuanbing. The first few were fairly normal, but the later messages sounded a bit anxious, probably because Zhuang Rui hadn't contacted her for several days.

"Beep beep, beep beep..."

Just as Zhuang Rui was browsing through the messages, a new message came in. Zhuang Rui glanced at the name and saw it was from Ouyang Jun, so he casually clicked on it.

"You brat, I'm a dad now, and you haven't even shown your face or been able to reach me by phone. Do you want a beating?"

Looking at Ouyang Jun's information, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh. Among the Ouyang brothers, Ouyang Lei was a bit older and they didn't have much in common. The other two were working in other places and they didn't interact much. If he had to say who he was closest to, it would be Ouyang Jun.

"Congratulations! I'll be back soon, let's meet in person!"

Zhuang Rui smiled and sent a message to Ouyang Jun. Just as he pressed send, his phone rang. This time it was a phone call, not a message.

"Xuanbing, I was just thinking of calling you..."

Zhuang Rui picked up his phone, pressed the answer button, and listened to his wife's voice on the phone, feeling a little like he was in another world.

These past few days of living in isolation on the snowy mountain have made Zhuang Rui feel a little uncomfortable.

"Honey, why haven't you called back in days? Are you okay? Did you bring enough clothes?"

Qin Xuanbing initially intended to blame Zhuang Rui, but the words turned into concern. She had been to *** before and knew that the climate there was extremely harsh.

"Enough...enough, honey. When I go back this time, I'll bring you a little thing you've never seen before..."

Hearing Qin Xuanbing's words, Zhuang Rui felt a surge of warmth in his heart. He wished he could rush back to his hometown right now, to enjoy the warmth of home and the care of his family.

"Chirp, chirp..."

Seemingly sensing that Zhuang Rui had mentioned him, Little Golden Feather jumped off the white lion, flapped its featherless wings, and returned to Zhuang Rui. Hearing the voice coming from the phone, it curiously circled around the phone, making childish noises.

"What's that noise?" Qin Xuanbing heard it on the other end of the phone.

Zhuang Rui patted Jin Yu's little head and laughed, "Hehe, you'll know when we get back, I won't tell you now..."

"Uh, Zhuang Rui, Mom wants to talk to you..."

Just as Qin Xuanbing was about to ask further questions, she saw that her mother-in-law seemed to want to talk to Zhuang Rui, so she quickly handed her the phone over.

"Zhuang Rui, don't you care about this family at all? Don't you care about your wife and children?!"

Ouyang Wan's voice made Zhuang Rui break out in a cold sweat. His mother rarely lost her temper, but when she did, it was a thunderous rage.

"Mom, it was my fault, you're right to criticize me..."

But this is work, you know. The place I went to didn't even have electricity, and I haven't showered for almost a week..."

Zhuang Rui knew his mother's temper, so he first admitted his mistake and then emphasized the difficulties. He said that he was already so old, and surely she wouldn't make him write a self-criticism like she did when he was a child.

"Xiao Rui, you're going to be a father soon, you need to be more sensible. Alright, when you get back you need to apologize to Xuan Bing, she hasn't even called to check on you in so long..."

When Ouyang Wan heard that the conditions in the place her son was going to were very harsh, she immediately felt sorry for him. What she had just said was actually meant for her daughter-in-law, because she was afraid that Qin Xuanbing might harbor some resentment because Zhuang Rui was not by her side while she was pregnant.

"Of course, of course, I will go back and apologize to you with a thorn on my back..."

After hanging up his mother's phone, Zhuang Rui was covered in a cold sweat. He had always been afraid of his mother getting angry. Recalling the family affection among the Golden Eagles, Zhuang Rui's longing for home suddenly became unusually strong.

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui looked at Peng Fei, who was driving, and said, "Peng Fei, call He Shuang and Ding Hao right away and tell them to fly to Chengdu. By the way, how long will it take us to get back to Chengdu from here tonight?"

"It'll probably take at least a day or two, right? This road isn't easy to travel..."

Peng Fei took a look at the electronic map and, to his surprise, the off-road vehicle that the *** District government provided for Zhuang Rui was quite good. Not only was the body reinforced with steel plates, but it also had some advanced features.

"It's going to take this long?"

Zhuang Rui had actually traveled this route before, but now that he missed his family, he felt a bit stronger. After thinking for a moment, he said, "Call He Shuang and tell them to get ready. We'll fly to Chengdu tomorrow morning, and we'll leave tonight..."

As Zhuang Rui was speaking, his phone rang again. He gestured for Peng Fei to call He Shuang, and then answered the phone himself.

"You brat, finally the machine's on! Damn it, my son's born, and you, his uncle, aren't even here? Tell me how I'm going to punish you? Is this a son or an ancestor? You won't even let me speak..."

When Ouyang Jun first spoke, his voice was very loud, but Zhuang Rui seemed to hear a reprimand. Ouyang Jun immediately lowered his voice, looking as aggrieved as a wronged little wife.

After Xu Qing gave birth, Ouyang Zhenwu knew his son wouldn't be able to take care of the baby, and he wasn't comfortable hiring a nanny, so he simply let the couple stay at Zhuang Rui's house.

Ouyang Zhenwu and Ouyang Wan are siblings, so there's no need for formalities. That's why Ouyang Jun knew that Zhuang Rui's phone could be reached.

However, this caused Ouyang Jun a lot of trouble, as the little guy would disturb Ouyang Gongzi several times every night, preventing him from getting a full night's sleep.

"Hehe, Fourth Brother, congratulations! How many days has our nephew been born? Don't worry, I'll definitely have a big gift for him when I get back, but you'll have to wait a few days..."

Zhuang Rui laughed when he heard this. He could tell that Ouyang Jun's complaints actually revealed more of a sense of happiness and contentment.

"Why do we have to wait a few days? Don't you have a private jet? You can be back tomorrow."

Ouyang Jun was somewhat puzzled. During this time, he had been staying at Zhuang Rui's house, and apart from him and Hao Long, who was guarding the door, the whole courtyard was full of old women. There wasn't even anyone to drink with, which made Ouyang Jun feel very bored.

"I would like to go back tomorrow, but the plane is private and the airport is public..." Zhuang Rui explained that he needed to transfer flights in Sichuan.

After a moment of silence on the other end of the phone, Ouyang Jun's voice finally came through: "Oh, wait a minute, let me ask you if there's a military airport near Zogang..."

"Alright, there's a military airport a few dozen kilometers from Zogang. Give me the pilot's phone number, and I'll make the arrangements..."

Just two or three minutes later, Ouyang Jun called back. This guy was also getting impatient. Zhuang Rui was a man of few words but had a good drinking habit, and Ouyang Jun loved to drag him along for drinks and chats.

"Peng Fei, is that He Shuang's phone? Give it to me..."

After Zhuang Rui gave He Shuang's phone number to Ouyang Jun, he saw Peng Fei still on the phone, so he quickly took over and told He Shuang to follow Ouyang Jun's instructions before hanging up.

"Alright, go back to the guesthouse, take a shower, get some sleep, and go home tomorrow..."

These past few days in the mountains, Zhuang Rui's hair was a mess, his clothes were as dirty as a beggar's, and he was practically covered in high-altitude redness. If he went back home like this, probably very few people would recognize him.

With Ouyang Jun's arrangements, Zhuang Rui didn't need to worry too much. After returning to the guesthouse in the county, he first took a shower before contacting Ouyang Jun to find out the location of the airport.

Although Ouyang Jun was unreliable in his speech, he was quite reliable in his work. He even gave Zhuang Rui the phone numbers of the airport ground staff and the people he needed to contact, so that he could go to the location to make the necessary arrangements.

It's important to know that military airfields can't be found on maps, and ordinary people can't get in; they're national military secrets.

The next morning, Zhuang Rui drove his SUV to the airport, where he was greeted by a senior colonel. After exchanging a few pleasantries, the colonel led them to the tarmac, where Zhuang Rui's Silver Eagle was already parked on the runway.

"Captain Li, thank you so much. Please contact me if you have the chance to visit *** again..."

Zhuang Rui was in a hurry to get home, so he didn't say much. After bidding farewell to the captain of the flight squadron, he boarded the plane with Bai Shi and Xue'er.

The white lion was fine, but Xue'er was clearly not used to seeing an airplane. Only after Zhuang Rui comforted her did she hesitantly board it.

As for Little Golden Feather, it was quite excited, perched on Zhuang Rui's shoulder, looking around and occasionally letting out tender chirps.

Whether it was due to the nourishing effect of Zhuang Rui's spiritual energy or not, the fledgling eagle, which would normally need more than twenty days to grow feathers, already had a few brownish-yellow feathers on its tail and back. However, overall, it still looked like a fluffy little creature.

However, Jin Yu's claws and beak were much stronger than when he first met Zhuang Rui. When it grabbed Zhuang Rui's shoulder, it could tear Zhuang Rui's clothes with just a little force, and the muscles on his shoulder could feel the sharpness of the claws.

Fortunately, Zhuang Rui was wearing inexpensive camouflage clothing. If Qin Xuanbing had bought him those outfits, Zhuang Rui would have been heartbroken. Even if you have money, you shouldn't waste clothes that cost tens of thousands of yuan.

"Mr. Zhuang, this... we've got another Tibetan Mastiff?"

To save cabin space, Zhuang Rui did not allow Liu Li and Tian Ya to ride with him. However, the two captains, He Shuang and Ding Hao, who were standing at the cabin door to greet Zhuang Rui, were also surprised when they saw the snow mastiff.

Although Xue'er's size cannot compare with the white lion, it is much larger than an ordinary Tibetan mastiff, and its coat color is extremely pure. Zhuang Rui also gave her a bath yesterday, and she looks much better than the white lion.

As the white lion grew up, it became less cute and more fierce compared to when it was a puppy. Compared to the white lion, Xue'er's body lines were more slender and graceful, making it much cuter. If you remove the fierce nature of Tibetan mastiffs, Xue'er is more like a pet dog.

"Hehe, Xue'er, this is your Brother He, and that's Brother Ding. Go, smell them..."

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the snow mastiff walked up to He Shuang and Ding Hao, sniffed them, and seemed to remember the two of them.

Zhuang Rui's words left He Shuang and Ding Hao completely bewildered. How did they suddenly have a dog sister? It's usually women who like pets; this was the first time they'd ever met a man who loved pets as much as Zhuang Rui.

Fortunately, Zhuang Rui only plays with large dogs. If he were to carry a Pekingese dog in his arms every day, the two of them would really start to wonder if Zhuang Rui had lost his mind.

Although they saw a chicken perched on Zhuang Rui's shoulder, He Shuang and Ding Hao dared not ask any more questions. They were afraid that if they said another word, they might end up with some chicken nephew.

"Chirp chirp... Chirp chirp..."

After the plane took off, Little Golden Feather became visibly excited, jumping back and forth between Zhuang Rui's body and the white lion's. The white lion and Xue'er were already familiar with the little guy and didn't mind, letting it do whatever it wanted.

"You'll be able to fly like this someday too..."

Zhuang Rui grabbed Jin Yu and made it look out the window. At this moment, a very strange idea popped into Zhuang Rui's mind. The white lion had been nourished by spiritual energy since it was a cub, and its size was three or four times larger than that of an ordinary Tibetan Mastiff.

The eaglet is the same; it has followed me since it was a baby and I have used up a lot of its spiritual energy. I wonder what it will look like when it grows up.

"Who knows, maybe people will be able to sit on the eagle's back someday..."

Deeply influenced by Jin Yong's novels, Zhuang Rui squinted and began to daydream. With the energetic little golden feather flying east and west, time passed quickly, and a few hours later, the plane landed at the Capital Airport.

Hao Long drove to the airport to pick up Zhuang Rui, but Hao Long did not expect that Zhuang Rui would bring back another Tibetan Mastiff, which was not much smaller than the White Lion. Even with the Grand Cherokee, there was no room for Xue'er after the White Lion was squeezed in.

Poor Peng Fei had no choice but to take a taxi home from outside the airport with the flight crew.

"Mom, honey, I'm home!"

Entering the backyard from the garage, Zhuang Rui felt incredibly comfortable looking at the familiar yard. He opened his arms and hugged his family members who were waiting at the gate.

"Get out of here, you have no manners. Xuanbing is pregnant, she can't take this kind of abuse from you..." Ouyang Wan pushed her son away.

"Hehe, Mom, I just missed you guys so much."

Zhuang Rui smiled and hugged his mother tightly. He didn't know why, but since returning home, Zhuang Rui's heart had been filled with joy, and he always wanted to laugh. Perhaps this was the charm of home.

"Wife, is our child behaving well?"

After letting go of his mother, Zhuang Rui went to Qin Xuanbing's side and gently hugged her.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Put your things down, let's go to the Central Court to talk. We're about to have lunch. By the way, is this the Xue'er you were talking about?"

Qin Xuanbing gave Zhuang Rui a charming sidelong glance, but her attention was immediately drawn to Xue'er behind the white lion. Xue'er, with her smooth white hair, was obviously much more popular than the white lion.

However, Xue'er was clearly not used to this unfamiliar environment. The wildness she had developed in the snow mountain had not disappeared. She stayed close to the white lion and bared her teeth at anyone who approached her.

"Xue'er, come, let's get acquainted. This is your future mistress, uh, this is the mistress's mother, who is also my mother..."

While Zhuang Rui used his spiritual energy to comb through Xue'er's body, he hugged its neck and brought it in front of Qin Xuanbing and his mother, letting them smell it one by one.

For dogs, especially Tibetan Mastiffs, only familiar scents can make them relax; otherwise, they are prone to attacking due to tension.

"White Lion, go, take Xue'er to your room to rest..."

Seeing that Xue'er seemed a little down, Zhuang Rui knew it was because she had just come from the frigid snow-capped mountains to the hot summer. He knew she would be fine after a while.

In the backyard of this courtyard house, the white lion occupies a large three-room house all to himself, where the temperature is always below 16 degrees Celsius, which is not much different from the environment in which Xue'er lives.

"You brat, so you finally know how to come home? Come on, let's go see your nephew..."

The noise from the backyard startled Ouyang Jun, who rushed over and tugged at Zhuang Rui's clothes. Now that he's a father, he loves to show off his son.

"Chirp chirp... Chirp chirp..."

Perhaps feeling neglected for a long time, the little golden feather that Zhuang Rui put in the backpack couldn't help but cry out, pecking at the backpack with its sharp beak and fidgeting with its two little paws.

Helpless, Zhuang Rui could only open his backpack and put the little guy on the ground. As expected of the descendant of the King of the Sky, Jin Yu was not afraid of seeing so many people. He tilted his little head and looked at everyone one by one.

"Hey, little brother, I wronged you! Hey, not bad, you're my good brother. You even thought of buying black-boned chicken to make soup for your sister-in-law while you were out. Not bad, I'll make sure your sister-in-law praises you later..."

Ouyang Jun smiled as soon as he saw the golden feather. These past few days, Xu Qing had been in confinement after giving birth, and she wouldn't eat this or that, and she was tired of drinking chicken soup. But this black-boned chicken that his brother brought from *** would surely satisfy his wife. Even if it was just for Zhuang Rui's sake, she would probably drink a few more sips.

Actually, Ouyang Jun didn't really care how much Xu Qing ate, but nutritional supplementation was related to breastfeeding. If she ate well, she would absorb more nutrients, produce more milk, and the baby would be full.

Moreover, Comrade Ouyang Jun lacked maternal love since childhood, and now she still occasionally swallows her pride and tries to steal milk from her own son.

Ouyang Jun was talking excitedly, but he didn't see that his brother's face was so black that you could scrape off a layer of ash.

For this little guy, Zhuang Rui truly risked his life, even causing the white lion to be seriously injured. In the end, he used a powerful spiritual weapon to make peace with the pair of golden eagles and obtain the little golden feather. Ouyang Jun actually wanted to stew it and drink the soup, which almost made Zhuang Rui go berserk.

These past few days, the clever little guy has been quite amusing, and he has developed a deep affection for Zhuang Rui. Zhuang Rui would rather stew himself than let Ouyang Jun lay a finger on Jin Yu.

Just as Ouyang Jun rolled up his sleeves to grab the chicken, he heard Zhuang Rui shout, "Fourth Brother, if you stew it, I'll turn against you!"

"What? It's just a chicken. I don't even care about other people's brothers, oh dear!"

Ouyang Jun had already squatted down and reached out his hand to Jin Yu. After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, he turned his head and started teasing. However, in the blink of an eye, Ouyang Jun felt a numbness in his hand, followed by a sharp pain.

Looking back, Ouyang Jun discovered three deep bloodstains on the back of his right hand. Blood gushed out immediately, and in the blink of an eye, Ouyang Jun's entire right hand, along with his clothes, was covered in blood.

"I'm saying, this black-boned chicken knows Eagle Claw Kung Fu now?"

Looking at the wound on the back of his hand, Ouyang Jun was completely dumbfounded, and for some reason, he blurted out such a sentence.

Chapter 763 Spirituality

"Xiaojun, you silly boy, how could you be so careless? You got scratched by a chicken! Quick, hurry back to the hospital, I'll go get some medicine..."

Seeing the blood on her nephew's hand, Ouyang Wan panicked, muttering to herself as she headed towards the central courtyard.

"Mom, I have medicine here, and it's a really good medicine specifically for external injuries, so you don't have to go..."

Zhuang Rui was completely stunned by his mother and Ouyang Jun's words, his face showing a look of bewilderment. This was clearly a golden eagle, a national first-class protected animal, how could they call it a black-boned chicken? What kind of eyesight do they have?

"Jin Yu, come up here..."

Zhuang Rui reached out to the little guy on the ground. Upon seeing it, Zhuang Rui's stance wavered. To be honest, apart from lacking a rooster's comb on its head, Jin Yu really did look like a black-boned chicken.

Its body is covered in snow-white down. Although some parts have grown feathers, it is still white overall. Its golden beak and claws have not yet shed their skin. It looks like a small-sized Silkie chicken.

"What are you spacing out for? Why aren't you giving your brother the medicine?"

When Ouyang Wan saw her son put the black-boned chicken on his shoulder and then stare blankly, she couldn't help but urge him on, saying that even an aunt like her feels sorry for her nephew.

"Oh, right away..."

Zhuang Rui was awakened by his mother's words. He patted Jin Yu's head and said, "Don't peck or scratch people, be good..."

This kid is really something else. He's only a little over a month old, yet he managed to scratch a person's hand like this. Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered the wound on the white lion's back and felt a chill run down his spine. When this little guy grows up, he'll probably wreak havoc on all the pets in the entire city.

"Ouch, take it easy, kid! What kind of medicine is this? It hurts so much!"

"Just bear with it, the pain will subside soon. Yunnan Baiyao, a time-honored brand..."

Zhuang Rui pulled out the half-used bottle of Yunnan Baiyao and sprayed it on Ouyang Jun's wound. He then took out gauze from his bag and bandaged Ouyang Jun's wound. These were essential personal items in the military, but Zhuang Rui was too lazy to take them out of his bag, so he brought them back with him.

Fortunately, Jin Yu was too young and didn't sever any meridians or blood vessels. Otherwise, he would definitely have needed to go to the hospital. Of course, with Zhuang Rui around, even a serious injury would be reduced to a minor one.

"Hey, this medicine is really good, it feels cool and the pain is gone..."

Sure enough, after Zhuang Rui infused a trace of spiritual energy into Ouyang Jun's hand, the pain immediately lessened, allowing Ouyang Jun to relax comfortably.

This was only because Zhuang Rui controlled the amount of spiritual energy used, which only stopped the bleeding from the wound. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been impossible for Ouyang Jun's wound to heal immediately.

"Alright, Fourth Brother, you're a father now, and you're still so careless..."

After Zhuang Rui finished bandaging Ouyang Jun, he couldn't help but tease him.

"By the way, where's that chicken? Damn it, I'm going to kill it today. Back in the day, your fourth brother was a tough guy in Beijing, and I've never suffered like this before. Hey, what... what's going on?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Ouyang Jun immediately jumped up, eager to settle scores with Jin Yu. However, when he looked up and saw Jin Yu standing on Zhuang Rui's shoulder, he was dumbfounded. Could this chicken possibly be acrobatic?

"Alright, Fourth Brother, don't bother arguing with a feathered beast..."

Zhuang Rui chuckled and tried to smooth things over, continuing, "This isn't a chicken, it's a golden eagle, one of the largest birds of prey, a Class I protected animal in China. If you eat it, the animal protection association will definitely be coming after you tomorrow..."

"Gold... gold what?" Zhuang Rui spoke quickly, and Ouyang Jun didn't hear him clearly.

"Hey, let me put it this way, have you seen The Return of the Condor Heroes?" Zhuang Rui asked with a smile.

"I've seen it. My wife even had a role in that movie..." Ouyang Jun was a little confused. If he hadn't stopped her, Xu Qing would have played Little Dragon Girl, which involved passionate scenes.

Zhuang Rui then asked, "Do you know who the main character is?"

"Who doesn't know that, Yang Guo? Are you making fun of your brother? Let me tell you, when I was reading this book, you were still playing in the mud..."

Ouyang Jun was getting annoyed. Why all this nonsense? It's just some kind of protected animal! I haven't tried it before, maybe the soup made from it will produce more milk.

"Alright, good to know. Divine Eagle, remember this, the one standing on your brother's shoulder is the descendant of that divine eagle..." Zhuang Rui couldn't help but burst into laughter when he saw Ouyang Jun's exasperated appearance.

"You, you mean this thing, is... is an eagle?"

Ouyang Jun realized that people don't call them "eagles"; they usually say "hawks" or "kite." In fact, hawks and kites are both small birds of prey, generally weighing around two or three kilograms.

Only eagles and vultures are large in size. The world's largest vultures and golden eagles can have wingspans of about seven or eight meters and weigh more than twenty kilograms.

It's important to know that a golden eagle's talons can grab prey that weighs nearly 10 times its own weight. This is an incredibly powerful statistic, and the saying that it can tear apart tigers and leopards is not unfounded.

When Zhuang Rui said that the little guy was an eagle, not only did Ouyang Jun not believe it, but everyone in the courtyard showed a look of astonishment. In their minds, eagles should be soaring through the sky and flying high. How could it be like this?

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Little Golden Feather raised its head high and looked around arrogantly, as if no one else was there. Judging from its demeanor, it did resemble an eagle somewhat.

"Hey, Fourth Brother, I already said it's not an eagle, it's a golden eagle. They're both birds of prey, but different species. Compared to it, an eagle is miles inferior..."

Zhuang Rui felt it was necessary to explain things clearly to Ouyang Jun, otherwise this older brother might secretly do something underhanded that day, just as he said, stew him into soup.

Zhuang Rui knew that Ouyang Jun had specially sent people to Hebei to set up nets to catch a rare type of skylark.

"Will he grow up to be like the ones described in books? The kind where people can sit on his back?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Ouyang Jun became interested. Raising eagles and playing with dogs is something every man enjoys, and Ouyang Jun's eyes were now full of affection.

"If you're not afraid of falling, I have no problem sitting on it..."

Zhuang Rui chuckled and continued, "Let me tell you, this golden eagle's mother almost killed the white lion. The two of them fought to a standstill..."

Zhuang Rui's words made Ouyang Jun shrink back. He knew how powerful the White Lion was. Not long ago, his club, which hadn't yet made its move, had held a Tibetan Mastiff competition.

In Ouyang Jun's circle, everyone is rich and powerful, and the Tibetan mastiffs they bring are all of very pure blood. Ordinary Tibetan mastiffs simply wouldn't be presentable on that occasion.

At the time, the dozens of Tibetan mastiffs were all vying for dominance, and the scene was chaotic. But after the white lion went over, they immediately quieted down. None of the dozens of Tibetan mastiffs dared to bark at the white lion, and they were as obedient as lapdogs.

"Damn, its parents are amazing, but it didn't..."

Ouyang Jun was about to say something to save face, but looking at his right hand, he swallowed his words. This little guy is already so amazing even before he's grown up; it goes without saying that he'll be even more amazing when he's older.

Zhuang Rui smiled and ignored Ouyang Jun, turning to his mother and saying, "Mom, do you have any fresh beef or mutton at home? Cut some for the little guy..."

Despite its small size, Jin Yu has a big appetite, eating about half a pound of beef and mutton at every meal. Zhuang Rui doesn't know how it digests such a big stomach.

"Yes, yes, I'll go cut it for you..."

Upon hearing that the creature was an eagle, Ouyang Wan was surprised but also quite pleased. In her mind, an eagle was just a bird, and with such a large yard, it would be good to have more birds.

However, Ouyang Wan was unaware that eagles are the natural enemies of birds. In the future, in the small park around Zhuang Rui's courtyard, there would often be incidents of birds disappearing while being walked in the morning. Many birds hanging in the trees would disappear without a trace, leaving only a few feathers at most.

If Zhuang Rui hadn't given Xiao Jinyu a serious reprimand, *** City would probably have become a no-fly zone for birds. Of course, that's another story.

...

"Jin Yu, in this house, first, you're not allowed to peck people; second, you're not allowed to grab people. Remember that..."

After sitting down in the restaurant in the central courtyard, Zhuang Rui began to instruct Xiao Jinyu. There were several children living in this courtyard, especially the mischievous Nannan. He warned her not to tease Jinyu and get scratched by it.

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the little guy tilted his head and looked around. His eyes, which had become slightly sharp, scanned everyone's faces before finally nodding at Zhuang Rui.

"Uncle, Uncle, I want to play with the little eagle..."

Nannan couldn't hold back any longer, and now she didn't even want to eat, snuggling into Zhuang Rui's arms and acting coquettishly.

"That won't do, didn't you see how hard you grabbed your Uncle Ouyang's hand..."

Ouyang Wan, who was carrying a bowl of meat strips into the restaurant, was startled when she heard her granddaughter's words.

"Mom, it's alright. Let Jinyu and Nannan go play. Nannan, remember, Jinyu is still young, so you must take good care of him..."

Zhuang Rui took the bowl from Ouyang Wan's hands and handed it to Nannan. He also wanted to see if Xiao Jinyu had understood what he had just said.

"Why do you always talk so mysteriously? Can it even understand what you're saying?"

Ouyang Wan glared at her son with dissatisfaction. He had treated the white lion the same way before, and now it was even more outrageous. He was actually talking to the little eagle in human language. Was the eagle really that smart?

"Oh, oh, Sister Yaya, come and feed the little eagle with me..."

The little girl didn't care about anything else; as long as she had something to play with, she was happy and shouted excitedly.

When Zhuang Rui placed the little golden feather in front of her, Nannan immediately squatted down, took out a piece of meat, and placed it near the golden feather's beak.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, wondering if the little guy would swat at Nannan again.

The truth shocked everyone: after swallowing the shredded meat, Little Golden Feather actually rubbed its sharp beak against Nannan's hand, as if to show friendliness, displaying remarkable intelligence.

Chapter 764-765 Twins

"It's an eagle, not a chicken!"

Ouyang Jun's glaring words drew disdainful glances. While the little fellow initially resembled a black-boned chicken, closer inspection revealed golden eyes and a sharp beak that hinted at a fledgling eagle.

After finishing the shredded meat in its bowl, Little Golden Feather showed no respect to Nannan, turning around and running away. It grabbed Zhuang Rui's trouser leg and flapped its featherless wings, actually climbing onto Zhuang Rui's shoulder as if walking on flat ground. However, its camouflage trousers were torn to shreds.

"From now on, I won't be able to wear proper clothes at home anymore..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head in frustration. Perhaps it was the golden eagle's proud nature, but the little guy always wanted to stand on high places. It only liked to look down and not up, so Zhuang Rui's shoulder became its best place to perch.

This is also the difference between an eagle and a chicken. A chicken only knows how to peck at its food with its head down, while the eagle's goal is the blue sky above its head, and it always thinks about soaring into the sky.

However, Zhuang Rui's words drew scorn from a group of people. They were probably quite envious of how affectionate the little golden eagle was with him.

"You're such a smooth talker, why don't you give me this golden eagle?"

If Ouyang Jun weren't afraid of getting another hit on his hand, he would have loved to grab the little guy and put him on his shoulder—that would have been so cool!

Zhuang Rui replied with a smile, "As long as Jin Yu is willing to follow you, I have no objection. Fourth Brother, do you know what 'a good bird chooses a good tree to perch on' means?"

Looking at the little thing, Ouyang Jun finally said dejectedly, "Forget it, I don't want my left hand to be bandaged up too..."

"Hey, Jin Yu, don't get so excited..."

Zhuang Rui suddenly felt a stinging pain in his shoulder. It turned out that the little thing had been looking around and had been using too much force with its claws.

Zhuang Rui placed the little golden eagle on his arm and pried open one of its claws. He then discovered that the little creature's claws had become very sharp, about seven or eight millimeters long. If it were to dig into flesh and pull it out, it could definitely tear off a piece of flesh.

"Mom, do you think you can find some materials to make something like a nail cover to put on Little Golden Feather's toes and claws?"

After thinking for a while, Zhuang Rui decided to attach something to the fledgling eagle's toes and claws.

Although Jin Yu is very obedient and won't attack people on its own initiative, there's always a chance something might happen. In the summer, people wear less clothing, and if those sharp claws touch flesh, it will definitely draw blood.

Ouyang Wan glanced at the little golden feather's paws, nodded, and agreed, saying, "Okay, I'll figure something out. Alright, you guys eat first, I'll go get Xu Qing a bowl of chicken soup..."

"Hehe, Auntie, thank you so much..."

Ouyang Jun thanked Zhuang's mother with a sullen face. This was the main reason why he was willing to stay here. At least his aunt took much better care of his wife than he did.

After dinner, Peng Fei returned home. Zhuang Rui showed everyone the DV footage they had shot on the snow mountain. The extraordinary sight of the golden eagle couple and the adorable charm of the snow leopard moved the women to tears.

"Zhuang Rui, why didn't you bring that leopard back?"

Summer is hot, and people usually take a nap at noon. Zhuang Rui and Qin Xuanbing returned to their room, took a shower, and then lay down on the bed with their wives in their arms.

Having been away for almost a month, Zhuang Rui hadn't felt so relaxed lying in his own bed in a long time.

"Snow leopards don't belong here. They can't stand this weather alone. They can't be kept in an air-conditioned room every day, can they? What's the point of them coming here?"

Qin Xuanbing's words reminded Zhuang Rui of the little creature on the snow mountain. He wondered how it was doing now, and whether it thought of him when it roamed freely on the snow mountain.

"Yes, honey, you did the right thing..."

Seeing that Zhuang Rui seemed a little sad, Qin Xuanbing quickly changed the subject, saying, "You've been gone for almost a month now, and I feel like the little guy is moving..."

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, put his ear to the screen, and said, "Really? Let me hear it..."

Qin Xuanbing was almost three months pregnant, and her belly was slightly protruding. Zhuang Rui initially pretended to listen, but after a short while, his hands became restless.

"No, oh dear, it really won't work..."

"It's okay, just be gentle, the doctor already said so..."

After a burst of playful noise, heavy, suppressed breathing filled the room, and it took a long time for it to subside.

...

Zhuang Rui slept for about an hour and a half before getting up. Seeing his wife's blushing and satisfied expression, he couldn't help but gently kiss Qin Xuanbing on the cheek before getting up and going to the outer room.

"Xue'er, are you getting used to it?"

When we arrived at the white lion's private room, the two Tibetan mastiffs were lying there resting with their eyes closed, while the little eaglet was full of energy, darting around the room and never settling down for a moment.

"Waaah..."

The Tibetan Mastiff let out a low growl. It had only been there a short time and was not yet used to it. However, with the white lion by its side and Zhuang Rui's spiritual energy to nourish it, Xue'er did not reject this kind of life. After all, Tibetan Mastiffs were beasts that could be tamed.

"Alright, after the sun goes down, let the white lion take you to tour your territory..."

The hot weather in mainland China does have an impact on Tibetan mastiffs. Even white lions often shed their fur in the summer. Therefore, in the summer, white lions only patrol the courtyard in the early morning and late evening.

"Hehe, when I have time, I'll take you to the countryside. There are quite a few mountains around
***..."

Seeing the snow mastiff's appearance, Zhuang Rui smiled and used his spiritual energy to tidy up the snow mastiff's body, then opened the iron door leading to the basement and went downstairs.

He deliberately left the room at the basement entrance for White Lion to live in, so that, apart from very familiar people, no outsider could possibly get past White Lion.

The basement lights are sound-activated. As soon as Zhuang Rui went downstairs, the lights in the room turned on. In two corners of the room, two dehumidifiers were working to keep the basement dry at all times.

There aren't many items left here now; Zhuang Rui has moved most of them to the museum. Sharing is worse than keeping it to yourself, and Zhuang Rui has fulfilled a small wish of his: to open those things that carry historical memories to more people.

The most numerous items in the basement now are gold bricks. White incandescent lights shine on the neatly stacked pile of gold bricks, emitting a dazzling golden light.

He rummaged through a shelf against the wall, put a jewelry box in his pocket, thought for a moment, then picked up a gold brick before leaving the basement.

The items in the jewelry box were for Ouyang Jun's child, while Zhuang Rui planned to have Manager Wu of "Qin Ruilin" melt down the gold brick and use it to make some longevity locks for 100-day and 1-year celebrations.

This is just for good luck. Ouyang Jun's child can use it, and his own child can use it when he is born. It's a way of preparing in advance.

When they went out, the little golden eagle clung to Zhuang Rui without a care in the world. The white lion couple didn't even bother to play with it, which made the little guy very restless.

"Zhuang Rui, is this a fledgling eagle? It's so cute..."

Xu Qing was still in her postpartum confinement period and was told not to be exposed to the wind, so she had been eating separately in the room during this time, which is why she didn't see Xiao Jinyu at noon.

"Hehe, go say hello to your sister-in-law..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and placed the golden eagle in front of Xu Qing. The little golden eagle chirped a few times at Xu Qing, and then ran to Zhuang Rui, who was standing next to the stroller.

Ouyang Jun and Xu Qing's child was less than a week old. The wrinkles on his face hadn't yet smoothed out, making him look like a little old man, but his eyes were already open, staring intently at Zhuang Rui.

"Yes, Fourth Brother, this is a gift for my nephew. Could you find a good rope and string them together for him to wear?"

Zhuang Rui took out the jewelry box and handed it to Ouyang Jun; this gift was quite substantial.

"You've got a conscience, kid. Hmm, this jade isn't bad..."

After Ouyang Jun opened the jewelry box, he saw a jade-green Guanyin statue inside and made a pretentious comment, even though he knew absolutely nothing about jade.

"What do you know about good and bad? Let me see it..."

Xu Qing rolled her eyes at her husband, took Zhuang Rui's gift, examined it under the light, and then a look of surprise appeared on her face. She said, "Xiao Rui, thank you so much. This jade is very rare..."

After giving birth, Xu Qing gained a lot of weight. To avoid being photographed by paparazzi, she hasn't left the house since a month before the baby was born. However, having given birth to another grandson for the Ouyang family, Xu Qing is quite confident and occasionally dares to scold Ouyang Jun.

Upon hearing his wife's words, Ouyang Jun replied dismissively, "Is it that expensive? There's nothing to thank me for, we're all family..."

Xu Qing, being somewhat knowledgeable, rolled her eyes at her husband and said, "This is imperial green jadeite, you can't buy it even if you have money. This Guanyin statue alone would cost at least three or four million..."

"Hehe, sister-in-law, don't talk to that boorish man, he wouldn't understand..."

Zhuang Rui laughed. He was afraid that he had given all the imperial green jade he had won at the auction to Old Master Gu, and only made six pendants in total.

There are three pieces each of Guanyin and Buddha. As the saying goes, men wear Guanyin and women wear Buddha. Zhuang Rui originally prepared these for his unborn child.

As for the price, Xu Qing was underestimating it. Imperial green jadeite has become extremely rare in recent years, and with the soaring price of jadeite, many high-end jadeites have been bought up by private individuals under the guise of investment. The rarer and more exquisite the jadeite, the more sought after it becomes in the market.

If Zhuang Rui had put this pendant up for auction, it would have started at three or four million, and it would have sold for seven or eight million, which would have been normal.

"It's just a piece of jade, that's all he does..."

Ouyang Jun pursed his lips, leaned closer to Zhuang Rui, looked at his son kicking his arms and legs in the stroller, and said, "What do you think? Doesn't my son look like me?"

"Like you? Fourth Brother, you'd better pray this little guy doesn't turn out like you, or he won't be able to find a partner in the future..."

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, but Ouyang Jun's forehead veins throbbed as he heard Zhuang Rui's words. Wasn't this just insulting his father in front of his son?

"Get lost, you never say anything nice..."

Ouyang Jun glared at Zhuang Rui with annoyance, but it didn't scare Zhuang Rui. Instead, it made the little guy cry loudly.

"Heh, you're a terrible father..."

Zhuang Rui stretched out his finger and put it to the little guy's mouth. The little guy naturally opened his mouth and sucked, and the crying stopped immediately.

"Go away, your hands are so dirty, it's so unhygienic..."

Ouyang Jun was furious and pulled Zhuang Rui's hand away. He forgot that when he was a child, he would roll on the ground and eat whatever he could find.

"Alright, the child is probably hungry. Sister-in-law, I'll take my leave now. Please get some rest..."

After leaving a trace of spiritual energy on the little guy, Zhuang Rui took his leave. Although he, like people all over the country, was eager to see what it was like for a big star to raise a baby, Zhuang Rui believed that Ouyang Jun would not give him that opportunity.

Back in ***, Zhuang Rui didn't have any free time. He had to visit the "Xuanrui Zhai" and "Qin Ruilin" jewelry stores in Panjiayuan.

Qin Xuanbing has been resting at home during this period and hasn't visited Qin Ruilin for a long time.

Summer is the summer vacation for students, which is not the best season for tourism, but the number of tourists is always the highest of the year. Having just returned from the sparsely populated plateau to this bustling city, Zhuang Rui felt a little unreal.

Under Zhao Hanxuan's management, "Xuanrui Zhai" business flourished, and with Zhuang Rui's connections, it was becoming the best shop in Panjiayuan for selling stationery.

When the museum opened recently, Zhuang Rui made a point of promoting Xuanruizhai's handmade seals to collectors from all over the country. Naturally, Master Ge's craftsmanship became a living advertisement for Xuanruizhai.

In the past month or so, not only have players in the art world flocked to his shop seeking his seal, but people from all over the country who love calligraphy and painting have also been lining up at his door. Now, Master Ge has become a "big shot," and if you want to get his seal, you have to make an appointment two months in advance.

Among those who came to request seals were many officials from various regions who "enjoyed calligraphy." Given the national emphasis on anti-corruption and integrity, these knowledgeable, cultured, and capable officials naturally responded.

As a result, the practice of leaders writing inscriptions for companies has greatly increased. Even low-level government departments like calligraphy associations have seen a surge in popularity. Why not just get a membership, write a few strokes of the brush, and pocket the fee?

Zhuang Rui was both amused and exasperated by Zhao Hanxuan's explanation, but there was nothing he could do about it. Even if he managed to plug the loophole, those highly intelligent leaders would still find other ways to do things.

After more than half a year of operation, Zhao Hanxuan's mindset has changed. With an annual salary of several hundred thousand yuan, he can live quite well in ***, and he doesn't need to worry about the success or failure of the business. Zhao Hanxuan has also given up the idea of starting a new business. This is the thing that makes Zhuang Rui the happiest.

Zhuang Rui didn't need to worry about Qin Ruilin's side either. Manager Wu had been in the jewelry industry for two or three decades and knew all the tricks of the trade.

With the support of the Hong Kong flagship store and the unique jadeite jewelry from Zhuang Rui, Qin Ruilin is undoubtedly the first jewelry store chosen by mid-to-high-end customers when purchasing jewelry in the jadeite market of Taiwan.

However, there are not many mid-to-high-end jadeite jewelry pieces left in the store. Zhuang Rui also needs to take some time to go back to Pengcheng to cut another batch of jadeite. The end of the year is approaching and it will be another peak sales season.

"Boss, aren't you being a bit too biased? It's been three days since you came to ***, and you're only now thinking of coming to our museum?"

Zhuang Rui sat in the curator's office, which hadn't been opened since the second day of its opening, and listened with a smile to Huangfu Yun's complaints.

Also present was another deputy director, Zheng Chengxiang, who used to be a researcher at the Capital Museum and held the title of professor. He is now in charge of the museum's internal management.

Zhuang Rui is holding an office meeting today. He just called the CFO, and Yun Man will be coming over soon.

Zhuang Rui glanced at Huangfu Yun and said jokingly, "Alright, with you in charge of the museum, I feel much more at ease. By the way, Brother Huangfu, when did we get a CFO's office here? I remember Yunman's office was at the jewelry store."

"Our museum is a top performer right now, so of course the finance department should be based here..."

Huangfu Yun's words were so righteous and awe-inspiring that Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh. He had already heard from Qin Xuanbing that Yun Man and Huangfu Yun were living together and discussing marriage.

Huangfu Yun's words made Zhuang Rui burst out laughing. Deputy Curator Zheng, who was older, sat beside them and watched the two bicker with a smile.

"Alright, Brother Huangfu, just send me an invitation when you and President Yun get married..."

Zhuang Rui's words made Huangfu Yun's old face turn red for once. Yun Man, who had just pushed open the office door, was even more blushing and hesitated whether to go out and come back in later.

"Mr. Yun, you're joking, please come in..."

When Zhuang Rui saw Yun Man, his attitude became more serious. Yun Man, who came from Hong Kong, was very familiar with Qin Xuanbing, and Zhuang Rui also showed her enough respect.

"President Zhuang, I'd like to give you a report on the museum's income and expenditure over the past month, as well as the financial reports from Qin Ruilin and Xuan Ruizhai..."

After Yunman entered the room, she sat on the sofa in front of Zhuang Rui, looking straight ahead. Huangfu Yun was quite lucky with Yunman; wearing a short skirt suit, Yunman had a curvaceous figure that could easily arouse a man's lust.

"Hmm, you now have over 90 million in working capital?"

Zhuang Rui looked at the report and was surprised. When he left Beijing, he only had a little over 20 million yuan, which he left to Huangfu Yun to bid on some museum collections. He didn't expect that he would have so much more money in just over a month.

"Yes, this includes Qin Ruilin's profits over the past six months, as well as the profits from your various businesses in Pengcheng..."

After hearing Yunman's explanation, Zhuang Rui realized that Qin Ruilin had made more than 50 million yuan in profit in just over six months, and that Pengcheng's several businesses, though seemingly insignificant, also made several million yuan in profit every month.

However, the most profitable one was actually the museum that Zhuang Rui originally thought would lose money. After deducting all expenses, the museum's net profit reached 12 million RMB in just one month.

If you showed the financial statements of Zhuang Rui's museum to the owners of the more than 300 private museums in China, I guarantee they would be tempted to jump off buildings.

It's important to understand that many private museums in China are still struggling to survive. Zhuang Rui's museum can generate such revenue solely from ticket sales, something those people wouldn't even dare to dream of.

"Give fifty million to Director Huangfu, and after deducting necessary expenses, deposit the rest into my account..."

After learning about his assets, Zhuang Rui said to Huangfu Yun, "Brother Huangfu, this 50 million is for acquiring antiques over the next six months. You and Director Zheng will decide which antiques to acquire. If you're unsure about anything, come back to me..."

Zhuang Rui had complete faith in Huangfu Yun's character, and the other deputy curator was also quite well-known in the brothel world. Zhuang Rui wasn't afraid that the two of them would collude to swindle him out of his money.

After managing his various businesses, Zhuang Rui truly stayed home for over half a month, spending the entire time with Qin Xuanbing, only occasionally making phone calls to Huangfu Yun, Zhao Hanxuan, and others.

In the first week of August, Qin Haoran and his wife came from Hong Kong and, together with Zhuang Rui's family, held a wedding banquet for Zhuang Rui and Qin Xuanbing in a very small setting.

Although not many people attended Zhuang Rui's wedding banquet, it was a very high-profile affair, as even Old Master Ouyang was present, which was considered a great honor for the Qin family.

Time flew by and it was already the end of August. Qin Xuanbing's belly was already very noticeable. She was only four months pregnant, but her belly looked about the same size as some women who were six or seven months pregnant.

"Dr. Liu, are you... are you telling the truth?"

At the hospital that Ouyang Jun had introduced, Zhuang Rui was looking at a female doctor in her forties with a look of ecstatic joy. This Dr. Liu was a well-known obstetrician and gynecologist in China and also Xu Qing's chief physician.

Since the best time to check the baby's gender is after the 20th week of pregnancy, Zhuang Rui brought Qin Xuanbing to the hospital for an ultrasound examination a few days before the start of school.

However, what the doctor just said almost made Zhuang Rui's brain freeze with joy. The reason he questioned Dr. Liu was simply because he wanted to hear the doctor's diagnosis again with his own ears.

"It's true, Mr. Zhuang. Congratulations! Your wife is pregnant with twins, a boy and a girl..."

Dr. Liu, who has been an obstetrician and gynecologist for over twenty years, has only seen two cases of twins (one boy and one girl). She can imagine Zhuang Rui's surprise and delight.

It's important to know that the probability of having twins (male and female) is extremely low, less than one in a thousand.

"Haha, honey, now we have a son and a daughter..."

Zhuang Rui was so excited that he wanted to wrap Qin Xuanbing up and spin her around. But after he stretched out his hands, he realized it was inappropriate. He was so excited that he didn't know what to do with his hands.

Chapter 766 News

By the end of August, the weather in *** City had cooled down. In Zhuang Rui's courtyard house, various flowers were in full bloom, filling the air with their fragrance, creating a scene reminiscent of spring.

Although the sandstorms in *** were a bit strong, they didn't affect Zhuang Rui's little courtyard. Even Ouyang Zhenwu, who held an important position, would occasionally come here to stay for a couple of days.

Ouyang Zhenwu moved a deck chair under the tree to cool off, played with his adorable grandson, and watched the golden eagles flying all over the garden. He was very envious of his nephew and said that he would come here to live permanently after he retired.

This book is being published for the first time, providing you with a reading experience free of errors and disordered chapters.

Old Master Gu, who had just returned from ***, was also invited by Zhuang Rui to stay for a few days. He became chess friends with Ouyang Zhenwu, and the two could often be seen sitting under a tree drinking tea and playing chess. Of course, the servant who poured the tea was Zhuang Rui.

"That kid's gone mad. Ever since he came back, his mouth has been grinning from ear to ear. Look at how happy he is. So what if he had twins..."

Ouyang Jun sat in the pavilion by the pond, holding his one-month-old son, watching Zhuang Rui wander around the yard with his phone in his hand, a look of disdain on his face.

"Wife, how about... we have a few more? We can't let this kid outdo us..."

Ouyang Jun handed the child to Xu Qing, but his right hand was still restless, giving his wife's bulging breasts a hard squeeze.

"You...you don't even know where you are..."

The big star was both angry and amused by her rogue husband, hoping that her son wouldn't grow up to be like his father, otherwise he would ruin countless women.

"Hey, Liu Chuan, let me tell you, my wife is pregnant with twins, a boy and a girl! Huh? Get lost, you uncultured bastard! Twins are a boy and a girl..."

"Boss, hehe, do you know what my wife's pregnant with? Get lost, your wife's the one carrying a monster! My wife's carrying twins, aren't you jealous? I'm not going to talk to you anymore, I'm going to call the third brother..."

"Third Brother, my wife is pregnant! What? What does her pregnancy have to do with you? Nonsense, you're going to be an uncle! Let me tell you, my wife is pregnant with..."

After returning from the hospital, Zhuang Rui clearly entered a state of excitement.

After settling his wife in and sharing the good news with his mother and everyone else, Zhuang Rui started wandering around the yard with his phone in hand. He couldn't sit still any longer; only by walking around could he release his excitement.

"Ouch!"

The little golden eagle flapped its wings and flew down from the big locust tree, landing on Zhuang Rui's shoulder. As if sensing Zhuang Rui's mood, the little guy was also very excited, pecking at Zhuang Rui's hair with its sharp beak.

Little Golden Feather is now over two months old. Its weight has increased from just over half a pound at the beginning to more than four pounds now, making it much larger than most adult small falcons.

The white down on Jin Yu's head has now turned a light golden yellow, and his gaze carries a hint of the demeanor of a king of the sky.

The original "chirp chirp" sound has now turned into a "yah yah" sound, but the sound is sharper and more penetrating, somewhat similar to the white lion's low growl.

About two weeks ago, Little Golden Feather grew tail feathers, a total of six, and all the down on its back disappeared, replaced by brown and gray-white feathers. Although they were relatively short, they could faintly reveal a metallic luster.

The little guy's beak has become even more curved. It had been constantly rubbing against hard objects for a while, as if it had shed a layer of skin. Now, its curved, sharp beak looks quite like that of an adult golden eagle.

Similarly, Jin Yu's claws also underwent a molt, becoming even sharper. Even without exerting force, as long as it grabs Zhuang Rui, his clothes are definitely in danger.

Fortunately, Ouyang Wan made a few finger cots and put them on its paws. Although the little guy felt very uncomfortable for the first few days, he gradually got used to it with Zhuang Rui's comforting words.

As for flying, the little golden eagle encountered no obstacles. Zhuang Rui had originally read in a book that a bird's first flight required some kind of forced experience, ideally by being thrown off a mountain.

Zhuang Rui originally planned to drive Jin Yu to the Great Wall, then find the highest beacon tower and throw him off.

Who knew that this little guy, who was always jumping and hopping around, somehow learned to fly without any instruction. One day, after splashing down from the artificial hill in the pond, he learned to fly.

After learning to fly, the little golden eagle refused to live with the white lion.

Zhuang Rui hired a craftsman to build an extremely modern bird's nest for the little creature in the branches of the big locust tree in the central courtyard. It was like a small house with a roof, and it was almost as if they had installed an air conditioner for it.

Now Zhuang Rui's courtyard house has become the golden eagle's domain. It even snatched away and hid many of the old master's chess pieces, hiding them in the big locust tree in the middle courtyard.

Although Little Golden Feather is mischievous, it is very perceptive and never hurts anyone. Both children and adults love it.

Especially Ouyang Wan, sometimes if she didn't want to go to the backyard to call her son, she would just call out to Jin Yu, and the little guy would immediately fly to the backyard and summon Zhuang Rui.

Moreover, since Jin Yu moved into the courtyard house, all the rats that used to live there have disappeared. Zhuang Rui once said with a smile that the eagle's cry is definitely more effective than the cat's meow.

The only downside is that the pigeons in the front yard can no longer be kept. Although Jin Yu listens to Zhuang Rui and doesn't go out to harm other people's things, it wipes out all of its own pigeons in just a few days.

"Hehe, Jin Yu, your sister-in-law is about to give you two younger brothers and sisters, aren't you happy?"

Zhuang Rui was bursting with excitement and had nowhere to vent it. When he saw Jin Yu land on his shoulder, he quickly grabbed it and started rubbing the little guy's feathers vigorously.

In his excitement, Zhuang Rui started talking nonsense. If the golden eagle called Qin Xuanbing "sister-in-law," then Zhuang Rui's child would be his nephew. Isn't that complete utter rubbish?

"Duh..."

Jin Yu cried out in dissatisfaction, but its body was held by Zhuang Rui, and it couldn't fly away even if it wanted to. It could only use its cries to express its dissatisfaction.

"Alright, Xiao Rui, let go of Jin Yu. Mom knows you're happy, and Mom is happy too..."

Looking at her son, Ouyang Wan felt very gratified. Since her husband's death, Ouyang Wan had devoted all her energy to her children. Zhuang Rui having children meant that her husband's bloodline had been continued.

"Hehe, Mom, I'm just happy. Go play by yourself..."

Zhuang Rui released the golden eagle, and the little guy flapped its wings and flew to Ouyang Wan's shoulder, barking angrily at Zhuang Rui a few times.

Little Golden Feather is somewhat different from White Lion. Although White Lion listened to Ouyang Wan and others since it was a child, it was only loyal to Zhuang Rui and always ignored others.

But the little golden eagle was different. It was very good at pleasing people and would often fly over people's heads to do their hair. Even Ouyang Jun's one-month-old son would smile non-stop whenever he saw the little golden eagle.

"Hey, you've got a temper now, watch out or there won't be any extra food today..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and pointed at Jin Yu. The little guy immediately shrank his neck, looking pitiful. The extra meal Zhuang Rui mentioned was not food, but rather using spiritual energy to cleanse its body.

Once, when Zhuang Rui was chatting with Huangfu Yun, he heard him say that the reason why birds can talk is because birds have large mouths and fleshy, soft, short and round tongues, which are somewhat similar to humans. Huangfu Yun suggested that Zhuang Rui train them more, and maybe this intelligent little golden eagle could also start talking.

Zhuang Rui checked online and found that it was true. He often used his spiritual energy to massage the little golden eagle's head and throat, but it had been more than a month and there was no effect.

"Alright, you play with Xiao Jinyu, Mom's going to make some soup for Xuanbing..."

Ouyang Wan gave her son some instructions, then got up and went to the kitchen. The little golden eagle flew to Zhuang Rui's shoulder and used its sharp beak to give him a hairstyle in a flattering way.

"Go, bring me the phone..."

The phone that Zhuang Rui had just placed on the stone table suddenly rang. Before Zhuang Rui could finish giving instructions, the little guy flew over, grabbed the phone with its claws, flapped its wings vigorously, and handed the phone to Zhuang Rui.

"Good job, go have some fun..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and infused a trace of spiritual energy into the little golden feather before pressing the answer button.

"Brother, I have good news for you..."

Huangfu Yun's voice came through the phone.

"Good news? I haven't called you yet, have I?"

Zhuang Rui was a little confused. It seemed that he hadn't told Huangfu Yun that his wife was pregnant with twins yet.

"What? Let me tell you, a batch of Tang tri-colored pottery was recently unearthed in Hebei. The quality is quite good, and after several experts' appraisal, it is undoubtedly genuine Tang tri-colored pottery. I wanted to ask you what you think, whether you want to buy it..."

What's missing in Zhuang Rui's museum now, in the ceramics exhibition hall, is Han and Tang dynasty ceramics, especially Tang tri-color pottery, which is extremely rare.

Zhuang Rui recently tasked Huangfu Yun with acquiring more Han and Tang dynasty porcelain from various auction houses and private collectors.

However, such rare items are few and far between. Only those in good condition can be opened to the public as museum collections. Huangfu Yun searched for a long time but couldn't get his hands on a single one. Recently, he received news that someone in Hebei wanted to sell it, so he immediately notified Zhuang Rui.

"Who are they?"

Zhuang Rui frowned. Tang tri-color pottery was already rare, and most of it came from Shaanxi and Henan. If it was said to have been unearthed in Hebei, Zhuang Rui immediately became suspicious.

Moreover, porcelain is fragile. Even if it is obtained by tomb raiding, usually only a few complete pieces can be found in a large tomb. The word Huangfuyun used refers to a batch, which Zhuang Rui is not very optimistic about.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Huangfu Yun, on the other end of the phone, quickly replied, "It's organized by the largest black market boss in Hebei and the Beijing-Tianjin area, so it's highly credible..."

Chapter 767 Truth or Falsehood (Part 1)

Beijing is a melting pot of all sorts of people, and the black market is diverse. Some people have a smattering of antiques, producing dubious items to fool newcomers. 68s.

Just like the black market Zhuang Rui attended last time, the boss had some connections, and besides, he was only selling fake antiques. Even if he got caught, he wasn't afraid. He was a complete "mastermind," always moving from place to place, fooling whoever he could.

However, there are also well-organized legitimate black markets. These black market owners have close ties with many well-known collectors and tomb raiding gangs across the country. They care a lot about

their reputation, and many items are appraised by experts beforehand. You can often find some pretty good stuff there.

Most of the bronze artifacts collected by collectors in China today come from these black markets, and some of them are nationally protected cultural relics.

These people know how to conduct business within certain circles and rarely smuggle their goods out of the country. This way, they attract less attention, and since they also have powerful connections, the police tend to turn a blind eye to them. Otherwise, they would have been taken down long ago in the capital.

The black market that Huangfuyun mentioned is exactly like this. It has existed in the Beijing-Tianjin area for many years and has a good reputation. Moreover, the information was obtained from industry insiders, so Huangfuyun, who was eager to replenish the Han and Tang ceramics in the museum, immediately took it to heart.

"Brother Huangfu, let's talk at home. It's hard to explain over the phone..."

After understanding the situation, Zhuang Rui remained silent for a while. If those ceramics were genuine, Zhuang Rui would also like to eat them. However, based on Zhuang Rui's experience, they were most likely fakes. But without seeing the items, he dared not make a conclusion.

"Hey, hey, what are you doing? Go and cause trouble for Peng Fei..."

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui glanced at the pond below the pavilion and immediately exclaimed. He had spotted a punk-style youth in the pond's reflection, his hair all standing on end—another masterpiece from the little golden eagle.

"Looks like I'll have to wear a hat from now on..."

Zhuang Rui, both amused and exasperated, grabbed Little Golden Feather, bent down, and submerged half of its body in the water, saying, "If you misbehave again, I'll give you a bath..."

"Ouch!"

Little Golden Feather flapped its wings hard on the water's surface, splashing water that actually washed Zhuang Rui's face. The clever little creature flew to the artificial hill in the pond and chirped proudly at Zhuang Rui.

The little golden eagle's feathers are now a mix of white and reddish-brown. When water falls onto its wings, it immediately runs down the feathers without leaving a single drop.

Golden eagle feathers are extremely valuable and command high prices on the international market. A single tail feather from an adult golden eagle can often sell for thousands of dollars, which is the main reason why many people hunt golden eagles.

...

"Brother, you're really unfair! You stay in this paradise all day enjoying yourself while your brother has to work his butt off outside. I strongly demand a raise..."

This was Huangfu Yun's first visit to Zhuang Rui's courtyard house in the past two months. From the moment he entered the main gate, his mouth was agape. Compared to the air-conditioned offices of the museum, this garden with its birdsong and fragrant flowers was simply like a fairyland.

Uh... birdsong naturally refers to the call of the golden eagle. In this yard, only one bird can exist; the other birds attracted by the lush greenery all become food for the golden eagle.

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this and said, "Alright, Brother Huangfu, I'll give you a million more every year, but you won't get that garden house anymore..."

In the residential complex developed by Ouyang Jun, there are dozens of duplex garden apartments, each with an area of about 300 square meters, and the asking price is about 10 million yuan or more.

As a major shareholder of the real estate company, Zhuang Rui owns five such garden apartments, one of which he plans to give to Huangfu Yun and Yun Man as a wedding gift. 000000.0000

"Well, I still want the house, you evil capitalists..."

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Huangfu Yun stopped mentioning the salary increase. One million a year would take ten years to afford that house. Who knows how much that house will cost in ten years?

"Drink tea, drink tea. It's a Pu'er tea that someone gave me. It lowers blood lipids, warms the stomach, helps with weight loss, and even beautifies the skin..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and poured Huangfu Yun a cup of tea. He had been cooped up at home lately, so he had learned to brew tea. Every day, he would sit under the shade of a tree with his wife and mother, brew a pot of tea, and play with Ouyang Jun's little guy. It was truly a life like that of a god.

Pu'er tea has become popular lately, and Ouyang Zhenwu would occasionally bring back a few tea cakes, which Zhuang Rui would embezzle. Since it was said to have weight-loss benefits, Xu Da Mingxing would force Ouyang Jun to brew her several pots of tea every day.

Why does this tea taste so bitter?

Pu'er tea has only become popular among the people in recent years. Huangfu Yun took a sip of the red tea soup and couldn't help but frown.

"Hehe, this is a tribute item, something we couldn't get our hands on before. You should be grateful to have it now..."

After exchanging a few words with Huangfu Yun, Zhuang Rui asked, "Tell me about that matter. How many items does the other party have, and what price are they asking for?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui mention official business, Huangfu Yun's expression turned serious. He said, "This information came from a member of our website, who has a very high level of credibility. Moreover, Teacher Tian has inspected this batch of porcelain and is inclined to believe it to be genuine. However, the amount involved is quite large, so you should make the final decision..."

The Teacher Tian that Huangfuyun mentioned is Tian Fan, Jin Pangzi's colleague. He is also a researcher at the Palace Museum, with profound knowledge of ceramics. He also participated in the folk treasure appraisal event held in Jinan with Zhuang Rui.

Tian Fan, a well-known ceramics appraisal expert in China and one of the experts in the appraisal expert group of Zhuang Rui's website, has been in frequent contact with Huangfu Yun recently. He only gave this news after hearing that Huangfu Yun was interested in acquiring Han and Tang porcelain, so the credibility of the information is quite high.

The membership system proposed by Zhuang Rui has been very successful. In just over a month, more than 20 items have been sold among members. All of them have been appraised by experts organized by Teacher Ma, and no one has bought a fake. Collectors and experts from all over the country have given the website very high praise.

Huangfu Yun also used the website to obtain a lot of information about the collection and made several private transactions, adding a few good pieces to the Dingguang Museum's collection.

"How many items are there in total? And what price did the other party offer?" The black market is called the black market because some items cannot be sold in the open, and the trading methods are flexible and varied.

Zhuang Rui knew that black markets like this could be used for private transactions, and it wasn't necessary to hold an auction.

The antique trade is a murky place; even those who have been in it for decades dare not say that everything they buy is genuine.

Therefore, for many items auctioned on the black market, the organizers only receive a brokerage fee to help certain individuals sell their goods. Contrary to outsiders' assumptions, the items on the black market are not provided by the organizers after they have been bought out.

"These are photos. There are a total of thirty-two Tang tri-color pottery artifacts, including tri-color horses, camels, female figures, musician figurines, pillows, and other items, covering almost all the tri-color pottery styles that have been unearthed..."

As Huangfu Yun spoke, he took out a thick stack of photos from his bag and handed them to Zhuang Rui, saying, "These three-color glazed horses and camels in good condition are worth at least 500,000 each, while the other party offered 6 million for that set of eight painted pottery figurines of court ladies..."

The total price of this batch of tricolor ceramics exceeded 20 million RMB. Although Huangfu Yun had plenty of funds, he did not dare to buy it rashly and had to consult Zhuang Rui first.

"If it's true, it's not from a new pit; it must have been unearthed some time ago..."

Zhuang Rui looked through the photos. The figurines were all dressed in brightly colored clothes. The maids had full, round faces and their hair was styled in various buns. The figures were vivid, lifelike, and colorful, full of life. The photos were taken clearly from various angles, and the traces of excavation were not obvious.

However, since the Tang Dynasty, artists of all dynasties have been very fond of Tang tri-color pottery, and there are many exquisite pieces collected by the people. In the eighteen imperial tombs in Guanzhong alone, more than 10,000 tri-color pottery pieces have been stolen over the past thousand years.

Zhuang Rui dared not assert that the objects in the photos were fake. Tang Sancai (Tang tri-color pottery) has always been known for its gorgeous colors, and judging from these photos alone, the shapes and colors are completely consistent with the characteristics of Tang Sancai.

Are these items up for auction? Can I take a look first?

Zhuang Rui was quite tempted when he saw the photos. If these items were genuine, they would fill the gap in the museum's collection of Tang tri-color ceramics. The cost of 20 million yuan was not excessive.

However, the entertainment industry is a murky place, and even insiders often get their hands dirty. Zhuang Rui only trusts his own eyes; he won't agree to a deal without seeing the actual item.

"These items aren't up for auction; they're being sold by the black market boss on behalf of a friend. You can inspect them first, but they might not be as complete as this..."

Huangfu Yun knew that his young boss had a very sharp eye. Since he had known Zhuang Rui, he had never seen Zhuang Rui make a mistake in the antique business. In the world of antiques, Boss Zhuang had never been cheated.

Huangfu Yun's purpose in coming here was precisely to have Zhuang Rui come out of seclusion and appraise this batch of items.

"Okay, then go ahead and contact them. By the way, don't make it more than three days. I'm about to get back to studying hard and making progress every day, so don't let it interfere with my studies..."

Zhuang Rui was telling the truth. In just a few days, he would be going to Peking University to register. He had been away from campus for several years, and Zhuang Rui was still a little excited about returning to the ivory tower.

Chapter 768 Truth or Falsehood (Part Two)

"Hey, Jin Yu, out there causing trouble for other people's birds again?"

As soon as Zhuang Rui opened his bedroom door after getting up, he noticed that the little golden eagle that had flown to him had some blood on its claws. Every night before bed, Zhuang Rui would remove its toe caps, and the little creature often took the opportunity to go out and cause trouble.

Recently, not only have his own pigeons been having a run of bad luck, but even the sky above this courtyard has been mostly deserted. Zhuang Rui hasn't heard the sound of pigeon whistles for almost a month now.

One day, sisters Ouyang Wan, Zhang Ma, and Li Sao went to the park and overheard many people talking about a little eagle that had been stealing birds and harming many people's pets. They were discussing setting a trap to catch the little eagle.

Upon returning home and hearing this, Zhuang Rui immediately began to teach the little golden eagle a lesson. Although the little creature nodded and agreed repeatedly, it still frequently ran out during the evenings and early mornings, though it didn't go to the small park much anymore.

Zhuang Rui didn't want to stifle the golden eagle's nature too much. Anyway, air rifles had been confiscated, and few people in the city used them to shoot birds. Besides, the golden eagle never ate food fed by others, so Zhuang Rui just let it be. It was fine as long as it stayed at home during the day.

"Wait, don't rush..."

Seeing the little golden eagle flapping its wings and about to land on his shoulder, Zhuang Rui quickly waved his hand to stop it. He took a piece of leather from the doorway, placed it on his shoulder, and said, "Come on up..."

This is a leather pad that Ouyang Wan specially made for her son. It's not very wide, just wide enough to rest on his shoulder and withstand the little golden eagle's claws. Even if the pad is scratched through, it won't hurt Zhuang Rui's skin.

In addition, Ouyang Wan made an arm guard for Zhuang Rui, which was made of canvas and thin wire. However, Zhuang Rui thought it was too ugly and never used it. He was thinking about finding a skilled old craftsman to make a pair of eagle training tools for him.

What was Laoyu (Old ***) like before? It was the stronghold of the Eight Banners. After entering the pass, the Eight Banners descendants, with nothing to do all day, spent their time walking dogs and training falcons, which led to the rise of this industry.

In the past, there were people who specially made tools for hawk training, from wristbands and shoulder covers for hawk training to chains and bells. They were all specially made, not only for practicality but also for aesthetics. Otherwise, those young masters from over a hundred years ago would not have been able to bear the embarrassment of going out with a rag on their arm.

However, that era is now a long time ago. Apart from the grasslands, it's impossible to find people who play with eagles in the city anymore. Zhuang Rui doesn't know if he can still find the craftsmen who used to make tools for training eagles.

"Ya ya..."

Little Golden Feather behaved in a very human-like way. First, it pecked at its own claws with its sharp beak, and then it actually squatted down, trying to use its tail feathers to cover the bloodstains on its claws. Its sneaky appearance made Zhuang Rui laugh.

"You think you're so smart!"

Zhuang Rui patted the little guy on the head, then turned to Qin Xuanbing, who had just left, and said, "Honey, I'm only going and coming back the same day, not going for several days. You should go back to your room and rest..."

Zhuang Rui and Huangfu Yun had arranged to inspect the goods today. When Huangfu Yun heard that Zhuang Rui wanted to see the goods, he drove all the way from Hebei. The location was chosen by Zhuang Rui.

The other party is also a prominent figure in the industry, and given Zhuang Rui's large and powerful family, they are not afraid of him playing any tricks.

After thinking for a moment, Zhuang Rui decided to meet at Ouyang Jun's clubhouse. He planned to bring Jin Yu there so that the little guy could enjoy the fun of flying.

"I'm going to eat in the front yard. You're just being vain. It's better if you don't come here when you're out..."

Qin Xuanbing rolled her eyes at Zhuang Rui, annoyed. She wondered where he found so many books claiming that pregnancy wouldn't affect fertility, and he would bother her every few days.

Qin Xuanbing's belly was already quite large. Zhuang Rui carefully helped his wife to the central courtyard. After they ate something and fed Jin Yu, he drove away from the courtyard with the two Tibetan mastiffs and the little golden eagle.

...

Zhuang Rui originally intended to bring Peng Fei along, but the passenger seat was currently occupied by the little golden eagle, and since they were inspecting goods on their own territory, Zhuang Rui didn't let Peng Fei come along.

"It's time to get a new car..."

The Grand Cherokee, which originally could comfortably seat four or five people, now has almost no room left after the addition of the White Lion couple. Zhuang Rui is already considering whether to buy a stretched Hummer. He doesn't care about anything else, he's just attracted by the Hummer's huge interior space.

"Don't fly too far..."

After looking around in the car for a while, the little thing flew out of the sunroof at an intersection while Zhuang Rui was waiting for the traffic light.

Zhuang Rui wasn't too worried about this. With the golden eagle's eyesight, it could easily find its place in the traffic.

"Look, honey, a bird flew out of that car..."

"Is that a bird? That's called an eagle, okay? Holy crap, people these days are really rich, they're even raising eagles..."

When the light turned green, several minutes after Zhuang Rui's car had already driven off, the people in the car behind them were still discussing the eagle that had flown out of the car in front. Zhuang Rui's husband, who had been feeling quite proud of himself while driving his own car, was deeply shocked and didn't even notice when the light turned green.

Fortunately, there aren't many street photography DV cameras these days, otherwise Little Golden Feather would definitely be famous.

Ouyang Jun's clubhouse was still dozens of kilometers away from ***. After leaving the bustling city, Zhuang Rui gradually increased his speed, but as soon as he looked up, he could still see the little golden eagle in front of his car.

More than an hour later, Zhuang Rui's car drove into the club. In the parking lot, he saw that Huangfu Yun's car was already parked there, and there was also a Buick minivan next to it. The license plate was not ***, so it should be the black market boss from Hebei.

"President Zhuang, this is President Li..."

Zhuang Rui parked his car and walked to the entrance of Building No. 1. Huangfu Yun and three others came to greet him. The person walking behind Huangfu Yun, Mr. Li, was in his forties. He was not tall, but he was very strong. His muscles made his suit look like a tight-fitting garment.

The two men following behind were probably Mr. Li's henchmen. Each of them was carrying a black leather suitcase that was about one meter long and wide, and they followed closely behind Mr. Li.

"Mr. Li, I'm so sorry, there was a traffic jam on the way, I'm a little late..."

Zhuang Rui shook hands with President Li. Although he didn't like dealing with people who had connections in both the legitimate and underworld circles, it was unavoidable in the antique business. After shaking hands, Zhuang Rui turned to look at Huangfu Yun and asked, "Why don't you invite President Li to come inside?"

Zhuang Rui had no idea that Building No. 1 was not open to the public. Although he had called the security guards beforehand, they wouldn't let him in without seeing him. Huangfu Yun was only able to get in because Zhuang Rui had informed him of his license plate number beforehand.

"Oh, Mr. Zhuang, it was me who was waiting for you here..."

Mr. Li was a shrewd and perceptive person. He could tell from the security guard's words that Director Huangfu was not a regular customer here. So, before Huangfu Yun could reply, he immediately answered, which eased Huangfu Yun's embarrassment.

In fact, Mr. Li was already quite shocked when he received the notification yesterday that the meeting would be at this club. This club was rumored to be incredibly prestigious, and although Mr. Li had considerable influence in the Beijing-Tianjin area, he had never been there before. This made him feel even more awe towards Zhuang Rui's identity.

Moreover, the two snow-white Tibetan mastiffs behind Zhuang Rui are not something that ordinary people can afford to play with. Putting aside everything else, the money spent on meat alone each month would probably be tens of thousands of yuan.

"Ouch!"

A clear, crisp cry rang out, and Jin Yu swooped down from the sky. When she was about ten meters away from Zhuang Rui, she suddenly turned around, flapped her wings lightly, and used the air resistance to gently land on Zhuang Rui's shoulder.

Everyone looked up when they heard the eagle's cry and witnessed this spectacular scene. Even Huangfu Yun, who had seen the Golden Feather before, was stunned. The way it was done was just too cool!

"Mr. Zhuang, this...this is your pet?"

As the golden eagle swooped down, the two well-trained security guards who were originally standing at the entrance of Building No. 1 rushed towards Zhuang Rui. They knew Zhuang Rui's identity; if he were scratched by this eagle in the club, they would lose their jobs.

Only when they ran up to Zhuang Rui did the two men in black suits realize that the golden eagle had landed on Zhuang Rui's shoulder. Anyone could tell that this extraordinary little creature belonged to Zhuang Rui.

"Yes, tell him over the walkie-talkie that the little guy can play here, and please make sure no one shoots him..."

Zhuang Rui nodded. He knew that there were guns in Ouyang Jun's clubhouse. If he didn't confess, someone with an itchy hand might use Jin Yu to practice shooting.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the security guard immediately spoke into the walkie-talkie. Zhuang Rui, however, smiled wryly and looked at his shoulder. His suit, worth tens of thousands of yuan, was ruined again. There's a price to pay for showing off.

"Excuse me, this little guy is too naughty, Mr. Li, please come in..."

After letting the little golden feather fly off to play, Zhuang Rui called President Li and the others to walk towards Building No. 1.

"Mr. Zhuang, the contents of their boxes have been inspected..."

A security guard caught up with Zhuang Rui and whispered in his ear that this was also their duty. Getting into Building No. 1 wasn't something money could buy, and they were also worried that outsiders might bring in some unsafe items.

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment before realizing that it wasn't that Huangfu Yun wouldn't take President Li in; it turned out they were being stopped by security.

Nodding imperceptibly, Zhuang Rui slowed his pace, and when he was almost side-by-side with Huangfu Yun, he whispered, "Brother Huangfu, I'm sorry, I'll have someone bring you a VIP card later..."

Chapter 769-770: True or False (Parts 3 & 4)

A year or so ago, Zhuang Rui probably wouldn't have thought about considering Huangfu Yun's feelings. Even now, Zhuang Rui lacks experience in corporate management and the ability to assign and direct subordinates to specific tasks.

Zhuang Rui didn't believe it, and he knew he wasn't the kind of person described in books who could command the attention of heroes from all directions with a single command. All he could do was respect his employees, make them feel their own value, and let them enjoy the process of creating wealth.

Whether it was Huangfu Yun, Zhao Hanxuan, or even Manager Wu of Qin Ruilin, Zhuang Rui gave them a great deal of authority. In non-major decisions, Zhuang Rui would not interfere at all and basically did not meddle in the daily management of the various industries.

In a sense, Zhuang Rui is not an outstanding manager, but he is definitely a very competent leader. At the very least, the professional managers in every industry under his command are working hard to make money for Zhuang Rui because they are receiving sufficient respect and satisfactory compensation.

"Thank you, Mr. Zhuang..."

Huangfu Yun was deeply moved to see that Zhuang Rui had noticed the detail of being turned away earlier. In this day and age, how many bosses still care about the feelings of their employees?

At this moment, Huangfu Yun felt genuine respect for Zhuang Rui, the young boss who was several years younger than him.

"Hehe, brother, when did you become so polite..."

Zhuang Rui gently patted Huangfu Yun's shoulder, then turned to President Li and said, "President Li, please forgive the poor hospitality..."

"Not at all, Mr. Zhuang, you're too kind..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, President Li was somewhat flattered. In terms of status in the antique industry, this young man in front of him had once organized a nationwide gathering of collectors and enthusiasts. In terms of wealth, he had invested hundreds of millions in just one museum.

As for social status, Mr. Li is far superior. He used to only admire this place, never dreaming that he could enter it himself.

Mr. Li had already made up his mind that he would make this deal happen even if he had to pay out of his own pocket. He was willing to give these items to Zhuang Rui, because in Mr. Li's opinion, spending 20 million to get to know Zhuang Rui was well worth it.

The luxurious yet stylish decor of Building No. 1 left Mr. Li breathless, prompting him to think about renovating his own apartment to improve his taste.

Zhuang Rui had a private room booked and invited President Li and the others to sit inside.

After the group sat down, two pretty waitresses came in, asked about the guests' needs, served drinks, and then left. It was still morning, but they would have to wait until evening to see the celebrities.

"Mr. Li, thank you so much for coming to Beijing in person. Let's skip the formalities and take a look at the goods..."

Zhuang Rui got straight to the point, saying that when it came to appraising antiques, he was more focused on enjoying the process itself, so he didn't directly use his spiritual energy to examine the two men's suitcases.

"Of course, of course..."

Mr. Li nodded hurriedly, gestured for the two men to bring the suitcase to the table, and said, "This was sent by an old friend of mine who is quite close to me. He was also entrusted by someone to sell it..."

It is said that these items were passed down from a wealthy salt merchant family in Jiangnan during the early Qing Dynasty. They had been stored in the basement for a long time, and were only brought to light recently when the house was renovated. Mr. Zhuang, please take a look..."

"Oh? Let's take a good look at this..." Zhuang Rui nodded slightly.

Hearing that it was left behind by salt merchants from the Qing Dynasty, its origins became clear. You see, during the Qing Dynasty, the salt merchants of Jiangnan, the Huizhou merchants of Anhui, and the money shop owners of Shanxi were all incredibly wealthy capitalists.

Moreover, these companies are all monopolistic, holding a position similar to that of the banking and telecommunications industries today. They all operate on a "take it or leave it" basis, with virtually no competition.

The ancient tradition of scholars, farmers, artisans, and merchants changed at this time. These merchants held extremely high status, and could even interfere with the appointment and removal of officials, or shake up national policies and control the lifeline of the country.

Having money naturally leads to a desire to appear cultured. Moreover, salt merchants, living in the prosperous Jiangnan region, all put on a show of refinement to avoid being seen as uncultured. Everything they used in their homes and hung on their walls had a specific history and origin.

If the emperor was the greatest ruler of the country back then, and the imperial palace was the largest museum, then the homes of these merchants and officials could also be considered small museums. Didn't you see how the gold and silver treasures confiscated from the national treasury when Cao Da Guanren's home was raided were counted by the cartload?

So if these items are indeed remnants from the basement of the old house, then having dozens of them is plausible.

Just as Zhuang Rui was about to examine the items, a question suddenly occurred to him: "Wait a minute, if these things are family heirlooms, why aren't they being auctioned off?"

Although Article 5 of the Civil Code clearly stipulates that all cultural relics remaining underground, in inland waters and territorial seas within the territory of the People's Republic of China belong to the state, these items were unearthed from the basement of the old house and should belong to this family. They were not items obtained by digging up graves.

"Hey, Mr. Zhuang, this house has been around for over a hundred years and has had countless residents. Where can we find the original owner of these ceramics? If we report it, it will definitely be nationalized..."

Mr. Li is in this line of work, and as the saying goes, you have to love what you do. He not only knows the laws on the protection of cultural relics in China by heart, but he also has a deep understanding of

the relevant laws on archaeology abroad. This comparison and explanation made Zhuang Rui very interested.

When it comes to the protection of cultural relics in our country, the laws are quite strict. All underground objects belong to the state. However, in practice, they are often ineffective.

For example, if one day you suddenly feel like it, grab a pickaxe and a shovel, rush to the edge of a field and start digging, and even if you dig up a silver coin, a gold ingot, or a jade ruyi, sorry, that has to be handed over to the state.

Of course, no one is stupid enough to hand over the money. The saying that circulates in society these days, "If you want to get rich, dig up graves and become a millionaire overnight," refers to those who dig up things and put them into their own pockets.

As long as you can get away with it once and not get caught, you can turn your life around, turn your country bumpkin into someone, build a house, buy a car, keep mistresses, and even have affairs with other women. With such huge benefits, who wouldn't be envious?

Therefore, tomb raiding is rampant in China, and Chinese people are digging knowingly and deliberately, even defying the law. They feel that if they can't be caught, they haven't dug in vain. If the law is not enforced effectively, they will dig to death. Tomb raiding has formed an industry chain.

However, the situation is different abroad. Archaeological excavations can be carried out by the government, private foundations, and private archaeological companies after applying for permission.

It's not unacceptable for someone to become an amateur archaeologist when they feel like it, to find a piece of land, apply for permission, and dig around with a hoe whenever they have free time.

There's a story in the UK about a man who was almost 70 years old. One day, he suddenly became a professional archaeologist and treated it as his job, digging three days a week for six hours each day.

After digging for two years, the old man unearthed artifacts worth a total of £500,000. His biggest income from artifacts came from selling 250 ancient Roman coins to the British Museum for £100,000.

In addition, many of the major artifacts discovered in Egypt in the early years, such as the Valley of the Kings and the tombs of the pharaohs, were found and excavated by amateur archaeologists or even treasure hunters.

This is not to say that this approach is being promoted, but the regulation of private or corporate archaeology is very strict in foreign countries.

Abroad, all archaeological activities such as excavation and marine salvage must adhere to the primary principle of protecting cultural relics and require the payment of a certain fee. If you find nothing or the items you find are not worth the money you paid, then you are considered to be losing money.

In summary, while foreign countries have laws to follow, China has laws that are difficult to enforce. The more you forbid digging, the more enthusiastically people dig, and there's no oversight whatsoever. They resort to any means necessary, even violence. After all, China has a history of five thousand years, and there's plenty to dig up. (I've digressed, but it's good to know this stuff. I discussed this issue in depth with a friend before, and he was so eager to buy an entrenching tool and a Luoyang shovel and go tomb raiding abroad... no, I mean, to do some archaeology.)

"Mr. Li, let me take a look at the things first..."

After chatting with General Manager Li for a while, Zhuang Rui turned his attention to this batch of Tang tri-color ceramics. In the box next to him was a set of eight tri-color female figurines, their colors very eye-catching.

The eight sancai (three-color glazed pottery) figurines of court ladies are each about 30 centimeters tall. Their faces are different, and they are posed in different ways. They have high buns and wide sleeves, stand tall and graceful, and are leisurely and elegant. The figures are full and highlight the Tang Dynasty's aesthetic view that plumpness is beautiful.

Moreover, the clothing worn by the figures is very low-cut, with waves swaying in the chest, extremely open and daring. It is likely that later generations regarded these three-color glazed pottery pieces of ladies as objects for women to play with in their boudoirs.

"Excellent, truly excellent! The objects are round and full in shape, with mottled patterns and varied colors. This is the best set of Tang tri-color pottery I have ever seen..."

After playing with it for more than ten minutes, Zhuang Rui reluctantly put the tricolor pottery figurine in his hand into the leather suitcase lined with soft cloth.

"Mr. Zhuang, if you like it, just keep it for now and play with it. We can settle the money later..."

Although he knew the Tang tri-colored pottery was genuine, Mr. Li still showed a hint of joy on his face upon receiving Zhuang Rui's praise.

"Hehe, Mr. Li, I appreciate your kind offer, but while these items are nice, they are modern handicrafts. They are still a thousand years or so different from genuine Tang tri-colored pottery..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head, and his words seemed to strike President Li like a bolt from the blue.

"Mr. Zhuang... this... this can't be a joke, can it? These items were personally authenticated by Professor Tian from the Palace Museum, and they are undoubtedly Tang Sancai (Tang tri-colored pottery), not modern imitations..."

After a moment of stunned silence, President Li immediately stood up, clearly unable to accept Zhuang Rui's statement.

"Mr. Li, modern handicrafts can also be quite valuable. Take these in front of us, for example. Although they were made by modern people, in terms of craftsmanship, they are no less than those of the master craftsmen from over a thousand years ago, and may even be better. Apart from the fact that they cannot be compared in terms of age, their artistic value is no less than that of genuine Tang tri-color pottery..."

Zhuang Rui didn't pay attention to what President Li said. His words seemed more like he was talking to himself, and his eyes were fixed on the items, revealing his undisguised fondness.

Seeing Zhuang Rui's confident demeanor, President Li's heart began to pound. Could it really be a lie?

"Wait a minute, damn it, this is ridiculous..."

Mr. Li suddenly recalled the times when he used to give gifts and make offerings to people. The faces of those people were so similar to Zhuang Rui's at this moment. They all spoke of precious antiques worth thousands of gold coins as worthless, and accepted them as if they were doing him a great favor.

Mr. Li's full name is Li Dali. In the 1980s, he was a hothead who only knew how to be strong and competitive. However, after he angered his father to death in a fight, he began to reform and started a small business.

Back then, as long as you were willing to lose face and do business, there were very few who couldn't make money. Mr. Li started by setting up a street stall, then accidentally came into contact with the antique business and started doing black market trading. Over the past twenty years, he has become a well-known figure in the area.

However, in this line of work, you're always walking along the riverbank with shoes on, and you never know when you'll get your feet wet. So, a large portion of the money Li Dali has earned over the years has been spent on building relationships. He knows more about the ins and outs of officialdom than he does about the antique trade.

If Mr. Li were to return to the 1980s, he would definitely abandon business for government service. Based on his understanding of the officialdom, he could at least rise to the level of a provincial-level leader within twenty years.

Mr. Li was surprised that Zhuang Rui, at such a young age, was able to pull off such tricks just as well as those seasoned veterans in officialdom. While admiring him, Li Dali also sighed inwardly at the decline of morality in the world.

"Mr. Zhuang, you're right. These people are so good at counterfeiting these days. Luckily you saw through it, otherwise, if I had shown it out, I don't know how many people would have cursed me..."

After figuring this out, President Li immediately put on a smiling face, which surprised Zhuang Rui for a moment.

"Mr. Li, you've also noticed the fake parts?"

Zhuang Rui was somewhat puzzled. These Tang tri-color figurines were almost flawless. It was probably impossible to find a single flaw except through carbon-14 dating. If he hadn't examined them with his spiritual energy, he wouldn't have been able to tell the difference between the real and fake.

"Of course, if you say it's fake, then it's fake..."

Mr. Li's smile was somewhat forced. Damn it, something worth tens of millions of dollars could be turned into a lie in the blink of an eye with just a few words from the other party. How could he be happy about that?

"Didn't you figure it out yourself?"

Zhuang Rui was a little confused. What do you mean by saying that if I say it's fake, then it's fake? This is experience I've accumulated by looking at thousands of items. Of course, this isn't about having a sharp eye, but rather the insight to look for.

"Hehe, Mr. Zhuang, since these things are all fake, you might as well keep them and play with them. I'm too lazy to take them back..."

Ignoring Zhuang Rui's words, President Li directly handed over the items, thinking to himself, "Can we stop discussing whether they're real or fake? This topic is making my heart ache."

Huangfu Yun, who was watching closely, quietly nudged Zhuang Rui's arm from behind.

"Hey? Mr. Li, what are you thinking?"

After being reminded by Huangfu Yun, Zhuang Rui realized what was going on. Looking at the dismissive expression on Li Dali's face, Zhuang Rui understood that this Boss Li actually thought he was trying to extort money from him.

"No, Mr. Zhuang, since this thing is fake, it's not worth much. You can keep it for fun; consider it a way of making friends..."

Mr. Li realized that his expression just now wasn't very pleasant, so he quickly put on what he thought was a very sincere smile. ***Since you've already done it, what's there to be afraid of? Don't end up giving away the gift and not getting any credit in return.

"Hey, Mr. Li, these items are really modern replicas..."

Zhuang Rui was speechless. He should have known better than to choose Ouyang Jun's club. It made the other party think he was some kind of bastard. Zhuang Rui had only received one gift in his life, back in school, when a female classmate asked him to pass it on to someone else.

"Yes...yes, everyone in the industry knows that President Zhuang has a good eye for talent..." Li Dali nodded in agreement.

"Alright, let me take another look at this tricolor horse..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head helplessly and took out a Tang tri-colored horse from another leather suitcase. This object was quite large, about 40 centimeters high and about 70 centimeters long, making it a large piece of Tang tri-colored pottery.

Just by talking, Zhuang Rui really couldn't find any flaws in those female figurines. He couldn't very well tell this Mr. Li that these ceramics had no spirit, could he?

Zhuang Rui immediately wanted to examine the tricolor horse to see if there were any fake parts that he could point out.

This tricolor horse is rather plump, with a large rump and a wide neck. It is depicted in a running posture, which, compared to the Tang dynasty horses which are mostly still, strongly reflects the characteristics of horses from the Western Regions.

Different cultural backgrounds can be revealed through subtle features, demonstrating the exquisite craftsmanship of artisans.

However, although there are no flaws in the shape, color, and artistic style of this Tang tri-color pottery piece, in Zhuang Rui's eyes it is still a fake, a modern imitation.

Zhuang Rui frowned slightly. He had said earlier that it was fake, and if he couldn't produce evidence, it would definitely make Teacher Tian look bad if word got out. However, apart from conducting carbon-14 testing, Zhuang Rui really didn't have any other good options.

Could it be?

Zhuang Rui suddenly remembered something: the tricolor horse he had seen in the black market in *** and the tricolor camel that he had broken during a folk appraisal in Jinan. Both were flawless and difficult to distinguish from the real thing.

However, both of them have one thing in common: a small character "许" is printed on their inner walls. For some reason, Zhuang Rui felt that these items and the other two might have been made by the same person.

After having this idea in mind, Zhuang Rui moved off the sofa and squatted down next to the tricolor horse, carefully examining it with his spiritual energy. To outsiders, it would look like Zhuang Rui was appraising an object.

"Damn, it really is! Who is this guy? He's amazing..."

Zhuang Rui's intuition was correct. Sure enough, there was a character "Xu" on the front hoof of the tricolor horse, attached to the hollow inner wall of the hoof, almost identical to the tricolor horse in the grassland black market.

Having found the character "许", Zhuang Rui felt relieved and picked up the female figurines again to examine them.

Sure enough, the character "Xu" also appears in the female figurine, but this time it's not on her feet, but behind her plump buttocks. It seems that the master craftsman who made these objects had a rather perverse sense of humor.

"Mr. Li, you've been in this industry for quite a while and have seen a lot. Do you know anyone surnamed Xu?"

After discovering the origins of these tricolor porcelain pieces, Zhuang Rui's interest in the character "Xu" grew significantly.

It should be noted that even if these Tang tri-color pottery pieces are fake, they are still modern handicrafts with extremely high artistic value. The production process is very sophisticated and intricate. If Zhuang Rui were to price them, each piece would cost no less than 100,000 RMB.

It's clear that all of these items were made by the same person. Zhuang Rui was curious about who this person was and why they could produce so many counterfeit Tang tri-color pottery pieces.

"Is your surname Xu or Xu? Why do you ask, Mr. Zhuang? I know a lot of people with the surname Xu (or Xu)..."

Li Dali was a little confused. Why was he asking this out of the blue?

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment and said, "Uh, the person I'm talking about is a master porcelain maker. His surname should be Yan Wuxu. Is there such a person in the industry?"

"You...you mean, this thing was made by that person?"

Li Dali finally understood what Zhuang Rui meant. It turned out that the other party wasn't trying to extort him, but genuinely thought the item was fake.

"Yes, Mr. Li, this is the third time I've seen this kind of Tang tri-color pottery. Last year, when I participated in a folk treasure appraisal in Jinan, there was a tri-color camel. It was flawless in terms of appearance and firing technique, but inside the camel, there was a simplified Chinese character '许' (Xu).

Therefore, I suspect that these things, and that Tang tri-colored camel, were created by the same person...

Although the incident of Zhuang Rui smashing the Tang tri-colored camel was rumored in the industry, it was not broadcast on television, so many people did not know about it, including the President Li in front of us.

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Li Dali thought about it seriously for a while, and then said thoughtfully, "I do know someone like that. I heard that his skill in imitating ceramics from various dynasties is extremely high, but his fees are also outrageously high. He's from Hebei, but his surname isn't Xu, it's Xu..."

"Oh, Mr. Li, could you tell me about his situation..."

"I've never met that person, but a friend knows him. He says he's in his forties, owns a ceramics factory, and is a local celebrity..."

Li Dali had only heard rumors and didn't know the person himself. After talking for a long time, Zhuang Rui still couldn't be sure if it was him.