

## Golden 791

### Chapter 791 Investment Environment

It's important to know that throughout the history of Chinese porcelain, each dynasty imitated the exquisite porcelain of the previous dynasty. However, due to the continuous wars a century ago, many formulas were lost to history. 08kJ.

Without the secret recipes for porcelain blanks, pigment formulations, and firing temperatures, even with modern ingenuity, it would be impossible to replicate genuine antique porcelain.

It's not just ceramics; there are many things from ancient times that modern people, due to limitations in materials and craftsmanship, cannot replicate.

The wooden horse and ox cart invented by Zhuge Liang in legend has been unearthed in some large tombs of the Later Shu Kingdom during the Three Kingdoms period. Although they have long been decayed, modern people are still helpless to replicate their manufacturing process after research.

Yamaki's family in the island nation started out in the ceramics business. He himself is a China expert and knows more about the history of Chinese ceramics than many Chinese people do. If he could get his hands on the firing formula for Cizhou ware, Yamaki was confident that he could replicate it.

"formula?"

Mayor Cen glanced at Shanmu suspiciously, hummed in agreement, but did not explicitly express his consent.

Mayor Cen also has rich experience in political struggles. Although securing investment funds is very important, as it concerns his political capital, diplomatic disputes are no small matter. If this formula were to lead to any political issues in the future, he would be in a passive position.

"Mr. Cen, please rest assured, the formula I requested is simply to recreate the splendor of Cizhou ware from that era; it has no other purpose..."

Yamaki is a China expert who studied in China in his early years. However, it was difficult for his family's traditional business to enter China, so they only entered China after exploring other fields. Yamaki is well aware of the thoughts of these Chinese officials.

"Mr. Cen, my family has been in the ceramics business for many years. I simply want to bring your country's Song Dynasty Cizhou official kiln porcelain back to the world; I have no ulterior motives whatsoever..."

To show my sincerity, I've decided to increase my investment in your city by another fifty million US dollars. Furthermore, we can sign an agreement first; once we obtain the porcelain firing formula, the funds will be in place immediately, and we can begin construction of the factory in your city..."

Yamaki knew that empty words wouldn't be enough to impress the Chinese official before him; he needed to demonstrate real substance. Therefore, he added another \$50 million to the original agreement.

Shanmu wasn't stupid. Due to resource scarcity, the country placed great emphasis on environmental protection. Since ceramic firing was somewhat polluting, their family's mainstay industry was becoming increasingly difficult to sustain, which is why they set their sights on Shijiazhuang.

Yamaki had already planned to move his family business to China, using the relatively low labor and land costs to produce products, and then sell them back to China. The additional investment of 50 million was already a done deal; bringing it out now was just to strengthen his position.

"Okay, I'll try to persuade Mr. Xu..."

After hearing Shanmu's words, Mayor Cen pondered for a while before finally speaking. Although he didn't agree immediately, it was clear that he was moved by the additional fifty million US dollars.

Mayor Cen was well aware of the projects that Shanmu wanted to invest in. However, compared to the huge returns that 150 million US dollars could bring him, those environmental problems were insignificant. China is so big, what does it matter if a few small places are polluted?

"Mr. Yamaki, please wait a moment..."

As Mayor Cen and Shanmu were having a friendly and enthusiastic discussion about Shijiazhuang's investment environment, two police motorcycles led the way, and three cars lined up and pulled up in front of the ceramics factory.

"Mayor Cen, you came down to inspect the work, why didn't you inform us beforehand..."

A man in his forties, fair-skinned and plump, got out of the first car and went straight to Mayor Cen. From a distance, he extended both hands and shook hands with Mayor Cen's weak, feeble right hand.

Although Secretary Liu only called County Chief Kong here, the inspection of the work by the leaders immediately alarmed the three sets of leadership, and everyone rushed here. The first person to shake hands with Mayor Cen was the top leader of the county.

Those who followed behind, feeling they had some status, all shook hands with Mayor Cen. Mayor Cen showed no impatience, maintaining a friendly demeanor while retaining the authority of a leader, his timing was impeccable.

"Xiao Liu, why don't you explain the situation to \*\*\* Lu and County Chief Kong..."

Having just been rebuffed inside, Mayor Cen didn't want to bring it up again, so he simply got back into his car and started discussing investment matters with Shanmu again. His secretary was also a deputy director, so it was perfect for him to talk to these two high-ranking officials.

"Lu, County Chief Kong, the investment environment in your county is really terrible..."

Secretary Liu was also harboring a lot of resentment. His first words almost gave the two officials in front of him a heart attack. Although Mayor Cen was relatively low in the city government, he was still a 37 or 38-year-old director-level cadre, and he still had a certain amount of influence over them.

"Brother Liu, what's the matter? Tell me, and on behalf of the county committee, I'll say that we'll do our best to resolve it..."

Lu\*\*\* already regrets coming here. Government affairs should be handled by the county head; why is he getting involved?

"This is what happened..."

Secretary Liu embellished the story and recounted what had just happened.

Of course, the embarrassing things for the leaders were omitted. What was said most often was that Xu Guoqing was out of touch with reality, failed to respond to Mayor Cen's call for economic development, and only cared about his own family and not the greater good, etc.

"Old Kong, economic development is a matter for the government. Look at this..."

Lu, a seasoned veteran, was obliged to greet Mayor Cen on a superficial basis, but when it came to actual work, he shirked responsibility and pretended to be clueless.

"This matter... is really difficult to handle, Secretary Liu. I think we should arrange it now. Let's first... and then... we will definitely do a good job of what the leader asked us to do."

It was indeed County Chief Kong's responsibility to attract investment. After hearing Secretary Liu's words, he was both surprised and delighted. He was surprised because this Xu Guoqing was a bit difficult to deal with, but delighted because, judging from what Secretary Liu had just said, it seemed that some of the investment of more than 100 million US dollars could also end up in his county.

Normally, the county attracts at most tens of millions of RMB in investment per year, but this is over 100 million US dollars! Even if we only give a fraction of that, it can help the county complete its annual investment attraction target. This is like a windfall! If we do a good job, we might be able to take another step forward.

When it comes to scheming against people, probably no one on Earth is more capable than these navigators of the bureaucracy. In just a few minutes, County Magistrate Kong had drafted a plan.

"County Chief Kong, you don't need to tell me these things. You can handle them yourself. This is a major matter concerning attracting investment, and Mayor Cen is waiting to see the results..."

Secretary Liu felt more comfortable dealing with people within the system; it made conversations much smoother. Unlike that reckless guy from earlier, who actually dared to lay a hand on him.

"Zhuang Rui, since you're younger than me, I'll call you Brother Zhuang. Come in and take a look, see how these porcelain blanks that are still one step away from completion are doing?"

Not to mention that County Magistrate Kong was out strategizing and deploying troops, Xu Guoqing had almost forgotten what had just happened and pulled Zhuang Rui aside, wanting him to evaluate his work.

"Then I'll call you Brother Xu too..."

Zhuang Rui also wanted to see the painting and production techniques of those porcelain blanks, so he nodded in agreement.

"Hey you two, do you still have the mood to watch those things?"

Yu Zhengjun, who was watching the two of them calmly, suddenly became so anxious that he jumped up and down. Although Mayor Cen hadn't said anything, even a fool could see that this matter was definitely not over.

Xu Guoqing was taken aback for a moment, then asked, "Then why? Isn't it too early to eat?"

"My brother, can you be normal for once? Do you know who you just offended? That's the mayor, he's in charge of millions of people. Do you think you'll get away with offending him?"

Boss Yu was actually more concerned about whether this matter would involve him. He had secretly gone out to take a look and it seemed that Mayor Cen's car was still parked outside. This scared him so much that he almost ran away by climbing over the wall in the backyard.

Xu Guoqing was unconvinced and twisted his neck, saying, "I neither steal nor rob, what can he do to me?"

"Yes, no matter how powerful the mayor is, he can't do anything to a law-abiding person, can he?"

Zhuang Rui also smiled and said that although he was also very disdainful of the mayor's behavior in front of the police, just as Xu Guoqing said, he hadn't broken any laws. No matter how powerful the mayor was, he couldn't just kidnap him and send him to the police station, could he?

"Hey, you two, what... what..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Yu Zhengjun almost burst into tears. These two were being too presumptuous. They had plenty of ways to manipulate an ordinary citizen like him. Even someone with a modest fortune like himself couldn't withstand their antics.

"Mr. Li, why don't you try to persuade this man..."

Helpless, Boss Yu looked at Li Dali. He didn't know Zhuang Rui's background and only thought that Zhuang Rui was a big businessman. These days, having money is not as good as having power. When a dragon from out of town comes to the local area, he will also be controlled.

"Hehe, Lao Yu, no need to rush. President Zhuang is right. Brother Guoqing hasn't broken the law, so no one can do anything to him..."

Li Dali had remained silent until now, but he was now strongly supporting Zhuang Rui. Although he was also not very clear about Zhuang Rui's background, he had received a business card at the clubhouse in the suburbs of Beijing. The title on the card was that of a newly appointed vice governor of Hebei Province.

If even a vice governor can only move between Building No. 3 of the clubhouse in the suburbs of Beijing, one can only imagine what kind of people live in the other two small buildings.

Chapter 792 The Price of High-Quality Imitation Porcelain

So, although Li Dali also made a living within Hebei Province, he wasn't particularly nervous; in fact, he was quite excited. He was even hoping things would escalate further so he could test Zhuang Rui's connections.

In Li Dali's opinion, no matter how powerful the local officials are, they have to be humble and respectful when they go to the capital.

Putting aside everything else, even those section-level cadres in the capital's insignificant departments and bureaus, when they go to the provinces, it's called inspecting work. Even if the local people are of higher rank, they have to smile and accompany them. In ancient times, this would be called an imperial envoy!

"Sigh, Lao Xu, you've really gotten me into trouble. They can't do anything about you, but they might turn around and get back at me..."

Yu Zhengjun put on a long face, thought for a moment, and said, "Old Xu, I think you should go out and hide for a while, and come back when things calm down. Anyway, you don't have the funds to continue your research now..."

"I haven't done anything wrong, why should I hide? Besides... besides... I don't even have any money left to go out..."

Xu Guoqing blushed slightly. He originally had tens of thousands of yuan, but his wife had taken it all back to her parents' home. He only had a few hundred yuan left, barely enough for food. The factory had been in arrears on electricity bills for three or four months, and Xu Guoqing had no money to pay them.

Xu Guoqing's words stunned everyone. They hadn't expected that Xu Guoqing had fallen into such dire straits. If he went out to hide for three to five months, he could have earned ten or eight thousand yuan, but they didn't expect that he couldn't even come up with that much money.

Zhuang Rui glanced at Li Dali and said, "Mr. Li, the money for the porcelain can be given to Engineer Xu now..."

The set of eight sancai (three-color glazed pottery) female figurines that Zhuang Rui bought some time ago is in the box that Peng Fei has. At that time, Zhuang Rui gave Li Dali 500,000 yuan, and this money is naturally going to Xu Guoqing.

Although he wanted to ask Xu Guoqing to leave, Zhuang Rui still disdained taking advantage of someone in distress.

"Right, right, I completely forgot about that. Lao Yu, President Zhuang bought four pieces of porcelain made by Mr. Xu, for a total of 500,000..."

"Why are you looking at me? If Mr. Zhuang says it's worth this much, then it's worth this much. You're not new to the antique business. Can modern imitations really be compared to genuine articles?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Li Dali quickly took out a check from his bag. However, he didn't give the money directly to Xu Guoqing, but instead handed it to Yu Zhengjun, because he had obtained those Tang tri-colored pottery pieces from Yu Zhengjun.

However, Li Dali didn't know that Yu Zhengjun's reaction to his words wasn't that he thought the money was too little, but rather that it was too much. In Yu Zhengjun's opinion, modern imitation porcelain was worth at most three to five thousand yuan.

"Mr. Zhuang, you see, this is so embarrassing..."

Yu Zhengjun took the check and quickly handed it to Xu Guoqing, his face flushed slightly. He had originally planned to use these items to lure some rich men, but he hadn't expected Zhuang Rui to offer such a high price after identifying the genuine item.

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, waved his hand, and said, "Boss Yu, Xu Gong's craftsmanship is worth this much money. Although these Tang tri-color pottery pieces were not made in the Tang Dynasty, they still have extremely high artistic value and appreciation value. Moreover, the cost must have been quite high, right?"

"I don't know about that, but I guess it's not worth much money?"

Although Yu Zhengjun knew that Xu Guoqing had spent a lot of money to reproduce these ancient ceramics, he did not know the exact amount.

In Yu Zhengjun's opinion, Gaoyi itself is a place that produces porcelain clay, and the clay is free. With ready-made kilns, firing these things doesn't cost much at all.

Furthermore, Xu Guoqing's wife used to enjoy investing in stocks, so some of Xu Guoqing's friends assumed she had lost all their money in the stock market. No one suspected that the money was actually spent by Xu Guoqing on making porcelain.

Xu Guoqing gently shook the check for 500,000 RMB in his hand, making a rustling sound, and casually said, "If we start firing it, it should be enough for two months..."

"Damn, that's a huge expense! Old Xu, how many items can you burn out of this 500,000?" Xu Guoqing's words startled Yu Zhengjun, who was standing next to him, and his eyes widened in surprise.

Xu Guoqing raised his head, seemingly calculating something, and after a while said, "If all goes well, we should be able to fire two or three pieces of Cizhou ware porcelain. If we're unlucky, we might only be able to fire one at most..."

"Wh...what?"

Yu Zhengjun was completely dumbfounded, almost muttering to himself, "Five hundred thousand RMB, and you can only fire two or three pieces of porcelain?"

"Yes, just preparing those ancient glazes would probably cost a lot of money. Although I have mastered the firing formula for Cizhou ware porcelain, I have never fired any actual pieces. Moreover, I still have to experiment with the firing temperature. If I can produce one piece out of ten firings, I'd be considered lucky..."

The biggest challenge in using modern techniques to fire antique-style porcelain lies in the formula and glaze. The formula can be restored through various clues and a large number of experiments, but ancient glazes are extremely precious due to their unique conditions.

The ancient glaze used by Xu Guoqing was entirely formulated by himself. He collected various colored minerals from across the country at high prices, ground them into powder, fired them at high temperatures, and then mixed the colors and ingredients. It was a completely ancient process and contained no modern chemical elements.

"Old Xu, so... so the cost of the Tang tri-color pottery you made before was also this high?"

Yu Zhengjun's voice was already trembling slightly. You see, he had taken quite a few Tang tri-colored pottery items from Xu Guoqing, which he had given away as worthless things.

"No, not at all..." Xu Guoqing's words relieved Yu Zhengjun.

"However, the initial research on the formula and glaze cost several million. The cost decreased relatively later, but because so many pieces were wasted, each finished piece would probably cost tens of thousands of yuan..."

Because of the unrepeatable nature of certain conditions, no two handmade replicas of antique porcelain are exactly alike. The sancai (three-color glazed) ceramics that left Xu Guoqing's hands were all exquisite pieces; the inferior ones had long been smashed by him.

In fact, over the past ten years, Xu Guoqing has only produced fifty or sixty high-quality replicas of Tang tri-color pottery, which means he only successfully produced three to five pieces a year.

Xu Guoqing was obsessed with researching how to restore the ancient ceramic firing process. He didn't care much about the finished products, and since he had money at the time, he generously gave away a lot of things.

Apart from the thirty-two items that Xu Guoqing brought out this time, the rest were items that his friends liked and took away on a whim, including Boss Yu.

Now that he was almost at his wit's end, Xu Guoqing took out his thirty-odd sancai (three-color glazed pottery) figurines, which he was most satisfied with, to sell. However, he really didn't understand the value of these things.

However, Xu Guoqing wasn't too surprised when Zhuang Rui pulled out a check for 500,000 yuan. After all, he had spent countless amounts of 500,000 yuan to make these things.

"God, why didn't you say so sooner? Damn it, I'm going to take them all back..."

Upon hearing Xu Guoqing's words, Yu Zhengjun was practically furious. He never imagined that the things Xu Guoqing had casually placed around his house actually cost tens of thousands of yuan each.

"Old Yu, forget it. What kind of person would ask for something back after giving it away?"

Xu Guoqing waved his hand dismissively and said that his family had become wealthy in the early 1980s. Back then, Xu Guoqing became obsessed with the restoration of ancient ceramics. Since his grandfather was good at making money, he could afford to spend it too, which led him to develop the temperament of a young master.

"By the way, Brother Zhuang, do you still buy Tang tri-color pottery? If so, you can order what kind of item you want and what size, and I'll fire it for you. Don't worry, I'll only add a little bit of labor cost to the cost price..."

Perhaps spurred by the hardship of being broke during this period, Xu Guoqing is now facing a survival crisis and is even thinking about starting a business. However, he is too honest and tells Zhuang Rui all his thoughts.

If Xu Guoqing had thought of this earlier, even if the ceramics factory had to shut down, he could have made a very comfortable living by restoring and imitating antique porcelain. Of course, it's not too late now.

"I won't accept Tang tri-color pottery, but I'm quite interested in this Cizhou ware porcelain. Let's discuss it privately sometime..."

Zhuang Rui only got halfway through his sentence; what interested him more was selling all these high-quality replicas of porcelain to brothels.

Outsiders may not know how much people admire Cizhou ware, but Zhuang Rui is well aware of it. If it is indeed verified as a piece of Southern Song Dynasty official kiln Cizhou ware, then the price of one piece would definitely be several million or even tens of millions of RMB.

Naturally, the fewer people who know about something like this, the better. With Li Dali and Yu Zhengjun present, Zhuang Rui was unwilling to say much, because if this scheme were to succeed and get out, Zhuang Rui's reputation in the international art market would be ruined.

However, Zhuang Rui had no qualms about harming the Japanese; the key was whether Xu Guoqing's Cizhou ware firing skills were up to par.

"President Zhuang, I've already introduced you to the person, and there's nothing more for us to do here. Why don't you chat with Mr. Xu some more, while Lao Yu and I go discuss some other matters?"

Having been in the martial arts world for so long, Li Dali naturally sensed that Zhuang Rui was up to something and didn't want them to hear. He quickly pulled Yu Zhengjun, who was still calculating how many porcelain pieces he had given away, and headed towards the door.

"Which of you wants Xu Guoqing?"

As soon as Li Dali and Yu Zhengjun stepped into the courtyard, a group of people in uniforms rushed in, including police officers, officials from the industry and commerce bureau, and tax authorities, and immediately forced the two back into the room.

Chapter 793 Joint Law Enforcement

Xu Guoqing's overgrown yard wasn't small, but quite a few people poured in—twenty or thirty in total. Upon entering, seeing Zhuang Rui and the others who were seeing Li Dali and Yu Zhengjun out, a middle-aged, overweight man in a police uniform asked, "Who is Xu Guoqing? Which one is Xu Guoqing?"

"Chief Zhao, what's going on? Why is it like this?"

Yu Zhengjun was practically a local bigwig in this county. He knew most of the people there, and yesterday he'd even shared drinks with two of them, followed by a sauna. The man Yu Zhengjun was asking about was the head of the city's police station, someone he'd been with yesterday.

Yu Zhengjun chuckled, but he knew perfectly well what was going on. This retaliation had come so quickly. He hadn't expected that the mayor would cause such a big commotion in less than an hour.

In fact, Yu Zhengjun underestimated Mayor Cen. If it were just a matter of being offended by Xu Guoqing's words, Mayor Cen would not have made such a scene. But this is a major matter concerning investment promotion, so Mayor Cen had no choice but to use his power to suppress people.

"Old Yu? What are you doing here?"

Director Zhao was also surprised to see Yu Zhengjun, but he immediately straightened his face and said, "Joint enforcement by the Industry and Commerce Bureau, Tax Bureau, and Land Administration Bureau. Xu Guoqing, come out here for a moment..."

This was a task personally assigned by the county bureau leaders, and the county magistrate's car was parked at the factory gate. Director Zhao dared not reminisce with Yu Zhengjun at this moment, but privately he still gave Yu Zhengjun a wink, signaling him to wait a while before talking.

"I am Xu Guoqing, what do you want?"

Xu Guoqing stepped forward. He wasn't stupid; on the contrary, someone who could achieve such great success in ceramic restoration and reproduction was much smarter than the average person. He just hadn't put his mind to business. Now, seeing this scene, Xu Guoqing knew it was the work of those officials from earlier.

"Your factory is involved in illegal construction and unlicensed operation. Please assist them in conducting an investigation..."

After seeing Yu Zhengjun, Director Zhao's expression softened. He immediately passed Xu Guoqing to several other departments, since Xu Guoqing hadn't committed murder or arson, and wasn't currently under his jurisdiction.

Although Yu Zhengjun was not well-known outside, he was a real local bigwig in this small county town, with a net worth of nearly ten million. He had a good relationship with both himself and the bureau chief, so Director Zhao still had to give him some face.

As for Zhuang Rui, Peng Fei, Li Dali, and others, they were automatically filtered out by Director Zhao.

Although he saw that the car had a \*\*\* license plate when it came in, he didn't pay much attention to it. Shijiazhuang is not far from \*\*\*, and cars with \*\*\* license plates are often seen.

"Xu Guoqing, we are from the Industry and Commerce Bureau. According to regulations, we need to check your business license. Please take it out..."

Because of its proximity to the provincial capital, this small county needs to emphasize civilized law enforcement, and as County Chief Kong just instructed, it must be based on law, reason, and evidence.

"Business license? Wait a minute, please come in and have a seat, I'll go get it..."

Xu Guoqing led the group to an administrative office near the workshop entrance and went to look for the business license. His wife used to handle these matters, and Xu Guoqing only remembered roughly where it was kept.

"Old Zhao, what's going on?"

Yu Zhengjun didn't go into the office; he stopped Director Zhao at the door.

"Mr. Yu, are you friends with the owner of this place?"

Director Zhao asked a question, and after seeing Yu Zhengjun nod, he glanced around and said, "This is no small matter. It was ordered by County Chief Kong. I'm afraid it can't be resolved peacefully. Mr. Yu, you shouldn't get involved. You should leave quickly..."

Director Zhao, being somewhat loyal, gave Yu Zhengjun a heads-up. He glanced at Zhuang Rui, Peng Fei, and Li Dali beside him, then lowered his voice further, saying, "Those are your friends, right? Take them and leave quickly, this matter has reached the highest levels..."

What are the police for? Protecting the people's safety, right? How can they catch criminals without a sharp eye? Of course, a good eye can be applied in many ways.

Director Zhao has a good eye; he recognized the car that the municipal government was taking pictures of at the factory gate at a glance. Moreover, judging from the license plate number, it must belong to a city leader. For Director Zhao, who is only a deputy section chief, a city leader is already a very important leader.

"Hey, Mayor Cen can't just force someone to do that, can he?"

Yu Zhengjun, who travels frequently between Northeast and West China, has a strong sense of brotherhood. Upon hearing Director Zhao's words, he couldn't help but shout. He had heard of forcing women into prostitution, but it was truly rare to hear someone so eager to send another person abroad.

"What do you mean, \*\*\*?"

Director Zhao paused for a moment, then said, "Our task is to investigate Xu Guoqing's tax evasion and unlicensed business operations. What does that have to do with going to \*\*\*?"

"You didn't know? Mayor Cen just came and asked Lao Xu to go to \*\*\* for an academic exchange, but Lao Xu kicked him out, and then you guys came..."

Yu Zhengjun and Director Zhao had a very close relationship, so he quickly explained the whole story.

"Hey, Mr. Yu, is there something wrong with your friend? You're offering him millions of dollars a year, and he won't go? Isn't he just asking for trouble?"

After hearing Yu Zhengjun's words, Director Zhao's eyes widened as if he had heard a fairy tale, his face full of disbelief, and he couldn't help but swear.

"That's right, Old Xu's been making porcelain all day and he's gone mad..."

Yu Zhengjun also complained, "Three million US dollars in research funding a year? If it were me, I could easily squeeze out two million and pocket it, and I could earn my current wealth in a year."

"Director Zhao, may I ask if your superiors have given any instructions on how to handle this matter?"

Zhuang Rui heard everything clearly. Judging from the background, it seemed they wanted to lock Xu Guoqing up in jail for a few days to sober up, which was something Zhuang Rui couldn't tolerate.

"General Manager Yu, who are they?" Director Zhao glanced at Zhuang Rui warily, then turned his gaze to Yu Zhengjun.

"Old Zhao, let me introduce you. This is General Manager Zhuang, a big boss from \*\*\*. This is General Manager Li, the owner of Shijiazhuang Guangda Auction House. His business is also very large. They are all my good friends..." Yu Zhengjun quickly introduced Zhuang Rui and the others to Director Zhao.

"Oh, it's Mr. Li. My apologies, my apologies..."

Director Zhao wasn't very interested in Zhuang Rui. So what if he was a big boss? You can't just turn the money in a big boss's pocket into your own. However, Director Zhao had heard a lot about Li Dali and knew that this guy in front of him had a lot of influence in Shijiazhuang and the Beijing-Tianjin area. His wariness lessened considerably.

When Zhuang Rui saw that Director Zhao did not answer his question, he knew that he did not have much influence in front of these people, so he gave Li Dali a wink.

After seeing Zhuang Rui's meaningful look, Li Dali asked, "Director Zhao, I'm also friends with Boss Xu. Do you think... we can resolve this matter peacefully?"

"Sigh, Mr. Li, you've asked for my permission, so I should give you face. But this was arranged by County Chief Kong, and I'm just a nobody; I don't have the ability..."

Director Zhao is a shrewd and tactful person who is unwilling to offend anyone. Whether or not Xu Guoqing is arrested has nothing to do with him.

"However, I think I just heard County Chief Kong say something like, 'As long as Xu Guoqing can hand over the kiln and the formula, the county can treat it as a scientific research achievement and not pursue his illegal activities...'"

Director Zhao's purpose in coming here was merely to serve as a deterrent and to arrest people if negotiations failed. He was too low-ranking to speak directly with the county magistrate. Director Zhao overheard this conversation when County Magistrate Kong was instructing Director Wu of the Industry and Commerce Bureau.

"What? Damn it, shameless!"

Upon hearing Director Zhao's words, Zhuang Rui immediately cursed. It turned out that Mayor Cen was so shameless for the sake of political achievements that he actually helped the traitors to demand Xu Guoqing's formula for imitating ancient porcelain. Morally speaking, how was this any different from the traitors?

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment and then said, "Director Zhao, you can hold off on this for a while, about half an hour will do. I'll thank you later..."

After saying this, Zhuang Rui took out his phone and walked to a secluded spot.

"Hey, I don't have that right..."

"Director Zhao, listening to General Manager Zhuang is the right thing to do. You'll benefit from it later..."

Before Director Zhao could finish speaking, Li Dali interrupted him. Unlike Yu Zhengjun, who was hesitant and indecisive, Li Dali guessed that Zhuang Rui's background was unfathomable from the moment he saw Zhuang Rui at the club, where he could easily instruct the club manager to process membership cards.

"Xu Guoqing, your factory's business license was issued in 1982 and is valid for 20 years. According to relevant regulations, if you fail to participate in the annual inspection for two consecutive years, your business license will be revoked..."

According to our records, you haven't had your vehicle inspected since 2000. Failing to submit the required inspection documents within the stipulated timeframe is punishable by a fine of 20,000 yuan..."

Xu Guoqing hurriedly found the business license and took it to his office, only to be met with those words from earlier.

"Um... I don't know, I need to call and ask..."

Xu Guoqing had never managed anything in the factory before, so he had no idea about annual inspections or deadlines. He was completely bewildered by what Director Wu had said.

Not to mention Xu Guoqing was on the phone with his wife who had gone back to her parents' home, Zhuang Rui was outside, also lowering his voice and talking to Ouyang Jun on the phone. The main reason was that Zhuang Rui couldn't think of anyone else besides Ouyang Jun to handle this matter.

"Why are you making such a fuss? \*\*\* isn't big enough for you to mess around with? You even went to Hebei Province to cause trouble. I don't have that kind of power..." Ouyang Jun grumbled on the phone.

"Fourth Brother, those Japanese devils are plundering our country's cultural assets..." Zhuang Rui said.

"Then go find my dad. What's the use of coming to me?" Ouyang Jun replied.

"That's true, alright, Fourth Brother, then there's nothing more for you..."

Zhuang Rui thought to himself that this matter was under his uncle's jurisdiction, so he hung up Ouyang Jun's call and dialed the number.

Chapter 794-795 The Situation (Part 1 & 2)

"Xiao Rui, why did you suddenly decide to call your uncle? Is something wrong?"

When Ouyang Zhenwu heard Zhuang Rui's voice coming through the receiver, he couldn't help but feel a little strange. In his memory, this nephew had never called him before.

"Uncle, there's something I need your help with..."

Hearing an argument coming from an office not far away, Zhuang Rui took a few more steps towards the overgrown wall.

"Hehe, this is quite a rare thing, Xiao Rui. Tell me what it is?"

When Ouyang Zhenwu heard Zhuang Rui asking him for help again, he couldn't help but laugh. Although his nephew was young, he was very sensible. Even when he opened the museum last time, he had never taken the initiative to ask him for help. This was the first time he had asked him so openly.

Just then, Secretary Wang knocked on the door and came in, saying, "Minister, there are a few minutes left..."

"Let them discuss it first and come up with a plan. I'll be there later..."

Ouyang Zhenwu waved his hand. It was rare for his little nephew to call and ask for a favor for the first time. As long as it didn't violate his principles, he, as the uncle, had to do it for his nephew. Besides, Ouyang Zhenwu had been finding his home too quiet lately and had been going to Zhuang Rui's courtyard house for meals from time to time.

Moreover, Ouyang Zhenwu was also a little curious about what Zhuang Rui couldn't resolve that made him need to ask these old guys for help.

Ouyang Zhenwu knew that Zhuang Rui had asked the Ouyang family for favors before, but those were minor matters, and he hadn't paid much attention to them. This time, however, Zhuang Rui went directly to his father instead of his son, which surprised Ouyang Zhenwu.

"Yes, I'll inform them right away..."

Secretary Wang glanced at the phone next to Minister Ouyang's ear, turned and walked out of the office. However, he was wondering which member of Ouyang's family had called. He knew that the phone was for Ouyang Zhenwu's family use only, and no outsider would know the number.

"Uncle, is something wrong?" Zhuang Rui heard the voice coming from the other end of the phone.

Ouyang Zhenwu said, "It's alright, go ahead and tell me, but make it short..."

"Uncle, it's like this, I met a highly skilled expert in ancient ceramic reproduction, and I came to Hebei Province today to visit him, but I never expected..."

Zhuang Rui recounted the whole story, especially how Yamaki Taro used investment to coerce Xu Guoqing into going to \*\*\*, and the arrival of the joint law enforcement team.

"Uncle, you're in charge of the cultural department. Xu Guoqing's skills in restoring and replicating ancient ceramics are absolutely master-level in China. If that Shanmu really invites him to the US, it will be a great loss to our country's ceramic culture..."

Fearing that Ouyang Zhenwu might not know Xu Guoqing's value, Zhuang Rui went on to explain the difficulties of restoring and replicating ancient ceramics, praising Xu Guoqing to the skies.

"You just said that the county magistrate instructed the development of the firing formula for Cizhou kiln official porcelain, is that right?"

Ouyang Zhenwu's question hit the nail on the head: with the recipe, whether or not someone goes is no longer the most important thing. After a few more experiments, I believe that person will be able to fire it successfully.

"Yes, it seems someone just said that once they get the formula, they won't pursue the issue of Xu Guoqing's business license..." Zhuang Rui nodded in response, he had also thought of this point.

"Alright, I know about this. Don't say anything more. Let me ask about the situation first..."

"Hey, Uncle, this guy's about to be taken away. You can't just ignore him. Xu Gong is a traditional craftsman, and he's under your command..."

Although Zhuang Rui wasn't involved in officialdom, he usually gave perfunctory answers to questions like "What's going on?" So when he heard Ouyang Zhenwu's words, he immediately became anxious.

"You're usually a pretty steady guy, what's the rush? Take them away, what's the big deal? Let them return them the same way they took them!"

Ouyang Zhenwu laughed upon hearing this. The intense confidence in his words made Zhuang Rui realize that his uncle was actually a top figure in the Communist Party back in the day, a true-blue Communist. His tone was far more arrogant than Ouyang Jun's.

"Uncle is right, then I'll leave this matter to you..." Hearing Ouyang Zhenwu's words, Zhuang Rui finally felt relieved and hung up the phone.

"Comrade Qi Zhengguo? This is Ouyang Zhenwu. I have something I'd like to ask you..."

Ouyang Zhenwu smiled and shook his head, then picked up the phone and dialed the number. The person he called was the Secretary of the Hebei Provincial Party Committee.

Ouyang Zhenwu didn't mention Zhuang Rui's matter, only saying that the ministry had discovered an expert in the restoration and reproduction of ancient porcelain who had suffered some unfair treatment in Gao County.

Ouyang Zhenwu didn't mention any unfair treatment, but after emphasizing the importance of this expert to cultural preservation, he hung up the phone.

People of their rank and position don't need to speak very directly. Ouyang Zhenwu has already expressed his meaning: if that \*\*\* official doesn't want to antagonize the Ouyang family, he will definitely handle this matter seriously.

Qi Zhengguo is 55 years old this year and can be considered a young and promising provincial party secretary. Although he is not close to the Ouyang family, he has no animosity with them. He was somewhat surprised and uncertain when he suddenly received this call from Ouyang Zhenwu.

Qi Zhengguo would never believe that an expert would have Ouyang Zhenwu call him personally. There must be something he didn't know about this matter. However, since Ouyang Zhenwu had called, he was determined to get involved.

Qi Zhengguo and Ouyang Zhenwu are considered to be of equal rank, and as a regional governor, Qi Zhengguo actually wields more power than Ouyang Zhenwu. However, in terms of family background, Qi Zhengguo is far inferior, while Ouyang's family has a core member on the Standing Committee.

"Old Xia, this is Qi Zhengguo. Investigate Xu Guoqing from Gao County, Shijiazhuang, and that businessman Shanmu who intends to invest in Shijiazhuang. See what's going on..."

After thinking for a while, Qi Zhengguo made a phone call to the director of the general office, adding as a final instruction: "Be quick. Also, find out who else is involved in this matter..."

A leader's word is enough to make subordinates run themselves ragged, let alone when it's a direct instruction from the immediate superior. Director Xia dared not be negligent, and the office immediately became busy as phone calls were made and various reports were compiled onto Director Xia's desk.

When it comes to getting serious, the government's efficiency is exceptionally high. In just half an hour, the whole story was clear, and even Zhuang Rui's name was found out and placed on Qi \*\*\*'s desk.

"So that's how it was..."

Upon seeing Zhuang Rui's name, Qi \*\*\* laughed. The people below didn't know about Ouyang Jun's recent troubles, but people at their level were very clear that the only grandson of the old man of the Ouyang family was named Zhuang Rui.

"Investing in a ceramics factory in Shijiazhuang?"

Qi frowned and said to Director Xia, who was standing respectfully to the side, "Old Xia, the central government has repeatedly emphasized that foreign-invested enterprises that pollute the environment must be strictly vetted and thoroughly reviewed. What's going on? We can't just prioritize the economy over the environment. A hundred years from now, people will be pointing fingers at us and cursing us..."

"Yes, yes, what Qi\*\*\* said is right, I will pass on this instruction immediately..." Director Xia nodded repeatedly, but he didn't actually understand what had happened.

"Furthermore, this Xu Guoqing can replicate Cizhou ware porcelain, which is a cultural highlight of our province. Comrades like him deserve respect..."

Qi \*\*\* naturally wanted his subordinates to know what was going on, so he continued, "Go to Gao County personally and handle this matter properly. Things aren't like they were sixty years ago..."

"Yes, I'll be right there. Does Qi\*\*\* have any other instructions?"

Upon hearing Qi's words, Director Xia immediately understood what was going on. It turned out this Xu Guoqing had such powerful connections? He'd gone straight to the boss.

The boss's last words also explained the solution. The implication of those words was that things are not like they were 60 years ago, and the Japanese devils should not be allowed to run rampant in China.

"Go ahead, by the way, there's a young man named Zhuang Rui over there, he's quite polite..." Qi waved his hand, dismissing Director Xia.

As the head of a province, Qi Zhengguo had to consider all aspects of the issues. He had to give face to Ouyang Zhenwu, but he couldn't disrupt the general trend of economic development.

Therefore, Qi \*\*\* only talked about environmental issues. Even if companies that harm the environment invest a lot, our province will not welcome them. With the saying "Don't let future generations criticize you," Qi \*\*\* has already firmly established his position and is no longer afraid of some people using economic development as an excuse.

Of course, while over 100 million US dollars is a large sum of money in Mayor Cen's eyes and a political achievement to be proud of, it is not enough to catch Qi's eye. Losing this investment of over 100 million US dollars but maintaining good relations with the Ouyang family is certainly worthwhile.

"Zhuang Rui, young man? Who is that?"

When Director Xia walked out of the office, the name was all he could think about. However, he didn't dare to delay and immediately called the mayor of Shijiazhuang City. He then hurriedly left the provincial party committee with his secretary.

"Director Wu, I... I haven't started construction or business for the past few years, so you can't say I've violated any regulations..."

Xu Guoqing was stunned when he heard what Director Wu said. His factory had been shut down since 2000, so why did he still have to pay for the annual inspection and even be fined?

"Xu Guoqing, your business license has expired. If you don't continue operating, it needs to be cancelled. However, your factory sign is still hanging there, which means that the factory is still in operation. A fine of 20,000 yuan is too lenient..."

Compared to those leaders who hold positions without performing their duties, Director Wu of the Industry and Commerce Bureau is quite proficient in his job.

"Hanging up a sign counts as operating a business? I haven't made a single sale, so how can this be considered?"

Xu Guoqing hadn't expected this explanation. He never bothered with the factory's affairs, let alone the factory sign at the gate. That thing had been hanging there for 20 years, and no one had ever said anything about it.

"This isn't something you can decide, Xu Guoqing. Today is a joint enforcement operation. We're not only here to address the issue of your expired business license, but Director Zhang also suspects you of tax evasion..."

Through this conversation, Director Wu realized that this Xu Guoqing was a bit naive and out of touch with reality. If it weren't for the many leaders waiting for the results at the factory gate, Director Wu wouldn't have bothered arguing with Xu Guoqing. He would have preferred to play a couple of rounds of mahjong instead.

"You're framing me! I've stopped doing business, so why would I be paying taxes?"

Xu Guoqing shouted loudly. He had just called his wife and learned that the factory had not had any income since 2000, so how could it still have to pay taxes?

"I know, I know you were sent by Mayor Cen. Let me tell you, don't think you're so great just because you're officials. I'm not afraid of you. That Mayor Cen is a scoundrel..."

Xu Guoqing suddenly realized that all of this was just an excuse to force him to work as a prostitute and make porcelain for the prostitute. Xu Guoqing was a man of principle, and he immediately started cursing.

"What...what are you saying? This is utterly absurd..."

Upon hearing Xu Guoqing's insults towards Mayor Cen, Director Wu's face turned deathly pale. He turned around and shouted at Chief Zhao, "Old Zhao, take him back, take him back to your station, and lock him up properly... no, let him realize his mistake..."

Director Wu originally wanted to detain Xu Guoqing for a few days, but then he remembered that the leaders outside were waiting for the formula, and this couldn't be delayed.

"Huh? What happened? What happened?"

Director Zhao was chatting and smoking with Boss Yu outside the door when he suddenly heard a commotion inside and rushed into the room.

Director Wu pointed at Xu Guoqing and said, "Old Zhao, arrest...arrest him..."

Xu Guoqing's voice was so loud that it could have been heard outside the gate. If the leaders had heard it, he would definitely have been given the impression of being incompetent.

"What right do you have to arrest people?"

"What right do you have to arrest me?"

Two voices rang out at the same time; Zhuang Rui had just finished making a call when this happened.

"What are you doing? Don't interfere with our official duties, Chief Zhao, throw this person out..."

Director Wu was surprised by this unexpected turn of events and glared at Zhuang Rui. He still needed the formula from Xu Guoqing and didn't dare to press him too hard. He only mentioned arresting people to scare Xu Guoqing before bringing up the formula again.

But Director Wu had no reservations about Zhuang Rui, this young man who had suddenly appeared.

"Brother, this...this is not something you can get involved in. You should leave first..."

Director Zhao looked at Zhuang Rui. He knew that this young man was brought by Li Dali, so he did not speak ill of him.

"Director Zhao, President Zhuang is my friend. I also want to ask, what right do you have to arrest people..." If Li Dali doesn't support Zhuang Rui now, when will he?

"This...this, Lao Yu, don't put me in a difficult position!" Director Zhao was a little embarrassed.

"Chief Zhao, you're a decent person. Don't get involved in this. Besides, this is a private factory. You can all leave now. If you want to arrest someone, bring an arrest warrant. If you want a fine, issue a summons. Alright, all of you, get out..."

Zhuang Rui suddenly stood up and delivered a speech that overshadowed the others, leaving the dozen or so people in the room dumbfounded. This guy was fierce; he actually dared to kick these law enforcement officers out.

"Old Zhao, you seem like a decent guy, but you shouldn't get involved in this. If you insist on sticking your neck out, you might even lose your police uniform. That guy... he's someone from Beijing..."

Just as Chief Zhao was about to order his officers to arrest Zhuang Rui after being angered by his words, Li Dali pulled him back and whispered something in his ear, which immediately calmed Chief Zhao down. It turned out that he had misjudged the young man; he was no ordinary person.

Shijiazhuang is not far from Beijing, only a two or three-hour drive away. Director Zhao had heard a lot about the exploits of the sons of officials in Beijing. After hearing what General Manager Li said, he immediately shrank back. He did not believe that Mayor Cen could fight against the sons of officials from Beijing.

"Chief Zhao, quickly get this irrelevant person out of here!"

Director Wu was almost driven mad by Zhuang Rui. He originally wanted to scare Xu Guoqing first, and then naturally bring up the matter of the ancient porcelain formula, but Zhuang Rui ruined everything.

Director Zhao was no longer willing to get involved in this matter, so he put on a troubled expression and said, "Director Wu, this... without an arrest warrant, we really can't arrest anyone..."

"What?!"

Director Wu was stunned for a moment upon hearing this, almost doubting that he had misheard. How many times had the police arrested people with arrest warrants? They always issued warrants after the arrest was completed. Was Old Zhao trying to shirk responsibility?

"You... Old Zhao, you, Little Li, you guys, push this man out..."

Unable to get Director Zhao to do anything, Director Wu simply had his men take matters into their own hands. This matter was personally instructed by County Magistrate Kong, and Mayor Cen from the city was also involved. In Director Wu's eyes, they were his allies.

Ouch!

"Ouch, that hurts so much..."

"Don't move, Chief Zhao, I'm acting in self-defense..."

Just as the staff from the Industry and Commerce Bureau were about to pull Zhuang Rui away, Peng Fei objected. In no time, several people fell to the ground. After taking them down, Peng Fei smiled and explained to Director Zhao, looking completely unconcerned.

"You are simply lawless! Director Zhao, if you don't take action, I will report this directly to County Chief Kong..." Director Wu has been in politics for over twenty years, and this is the first time he has seen such a situation. It is about to overturn his worldview.

"Director Wu, let's report to our superiors first. These people aren't nobody incompetent..."

Director Zhao leaned close to Director Wu and whispered something in his ear.

"You think you're right to hit someone? Fine, if you don't care, I'll go talk to County Magistrate Kong..."

Director Wu was so angry that he couldn't hear a word of reason. Since Chief Zhao refused to use police force, he was helpless. After the people who had fallen to the ground got up, he stormed out of the factory.

"Hey Lao Yu, we're old friends, don't get me into trouble!"

Seeing that Director Wu had gone to file a false complaint, Director Zhao was also very uneasy. He hurriedly followed him out, but before leaving, he still asked Yu Zhengjun a question.

"What are you afraid of, Lao Zhao? If you don't wear this uniform in the future, I'll work for you in Shijiazhuang. I guarantee you won't be treated badly..." Before Yu Zhengjun could speak, Li Dali patted his chest from behind.

To be honest, after hearing Li Dali's words, Director Zhao felt much calmer. He knew who Li Dali was; he was a big boss with a net worth of over 100 million yuan. If he really didn't want to be a policeman anymore, following him would be a good option.

"What? Assaulting public officials? What are our police officers doing? Why don't they arrest them?"

Director Wu's words immediately enraged County Chief Kong. His carefully arranged team had proven to be utterly ineffective, with a dozen or so people being driven out by just two or three individuals. He had lost face in front of the city leaders.

"County Magistrate Kong...they said it was self-defense..."

Director Zhao couldn't avoid it any longer. He stammered, "Don't be fooled by how brave he is inside; he's still intimidated by this local official."

"Good-for-nothing, how come the police force has someone like you?"

County Chief Kong was furious. He couldn't lash out at Director Zhao in front of Mayor Cen, so he pulled out his phone, dialed a number, and shouted, "Wang Guotao, you have 10 minutes to bring the riot police to the xxx factory right now..."

After hearing the county magistrate's phone call, Director Zhao shrank back even further. Seeing that no one was paying attention to him, he slipped out of the crowd to call Director Wang. If he didn't inform Director Wang about this, he would definitely be in trouble later.

"What did you say?"

Director Wang, who had already assembled his team, was immediately in a panic when he received a call from Director Zhao. It turned out that the person the county magistrate wanted to arrest was very likely a son of a high-ranking official from the capital. Wasn't this putting himself in a very difficult position?

"It seems the county magistrate is unaware of this? No, we must inform County Magistrate Kong..."

Director Wang quickly turned the phone back to County Head Kong. This is called reporting according to rank; you can't overstep your bounds. Only when the director reports to the bureau chief does the bureau chief have the right to communicate with the county head.

"What?"

Upon hearing Director Wang's words, County Chief Kong's mouth dropped open in astonishment. When he glanced at Mayor Cen in the car, he was instantly enraged. "Damn it, so you think you can't afford to mess with someone and you're making me stand up for you?"

"Okay, Director Wang, just have the riot police come over. You don't need to come. That's fine..."

Although County Magistrate Kong's official rank wasn't high, he was someone with some connections. After hanging up with Director Wang, he immediately made a phone call, trying to distance himself from the situation.

"Mayor Cen, I'm so sorry, but there's an urgent matter in the county that requires my immediate attention. This is Captain Xiao from the riot police brigade; you can give him any orders directly..."

After County Chief Kong finished his call, the riot police arrived. His words were actually instructed to be spoken by the person on the phone.

"What...what's going on?"

Mayor Cen was somewhat dumbfounded when he saw the joint law enforcement team all leave in a flash, leaving him with more than twenty fully armed police officers.

Chapter 796 The Situation (Part 3)

Mayor Cen was truly bewildered. His original intention was for the county officials to handle the matter, but unexpectedly, things had come full circle, returning to the starting point where he still had to deal with it himself.

"Mayor Cen, the riot police are on standby here. Please give instructions..."

Captain Xiao stood at attention, shouting for instructions from his superiors, but in his mind he was thinking about what the director had said. When he came, the director had told him that he was just going through the motions. What exactly did that mean?

Captain Xiao was Director Wang's confidant. Although the mayor was much higher in rank than a county bureau chief, Captain Xiao would still carry out the bureau chief's instructions without question.

"Don't go in, wait here..."

Mayor Cen had a vague feeling that something was wrong. Just now, he had inexplicably received a call from the mayor, who asked where he was. Mayor Cen didn't think much of it and said that he was leading a group of guests on an inspection tour. Could it be that someone was setting a trap for him?

Recalling how hastily County Chief Kong had left earlier, Mayor Cen felt even more uneasy. Looking at the riot police captain, he said, "Captain Xiao, we don't need you here anymore. Withdraw your men..."

"Yes!" Captain Xiao, who didn't want to get involved in this mess, quickly agreed.

However, before these fully armed police officers could get into their vehicles, sirens sounded in the distance. Two police cars led the way, and a car with a provincial government license plate stopped at the entrance of the ceramics factory.

"Mayor Xue...?"

Upon seeing the person who got out of the car first, Mayor Cen's eyes widened. That was the mayor of the city, far superior to his own deputy mayor, who wasn't even a member of the Standing Committee.

Mayor Cen dared not believe that Mayor Xue was there to compete with him for the more than 100 million US dollars in achievements.

But what surprised Mayor Cen was yet to come. After Mayor Xue got out of the car, he immediately moved to the other side of the car, opened the door, and the person who got out next made Mayor Cen break out in a cold sweat.

Mayor Cen couldn't possibly be unfamiliar with Director Xia of the Provincial Party Committee Office. This was the big boss's chief steward. When the big boss appeared on television, the person in the background was usually Director Xia. In a sense, Director Xia represented Xiao \*\*\*.

Although Mayor Cen and they were roughly the same in terms of administrative rank, Mayor Cen knew that he, a vice mayor who hadn't even made it to the Standing Committee of the Municipal Party Committee, was incomparable to them at all.

Mayor Cen braced himself and went to greet them, saying, "Mayor Xue, Director Xia, what brings you two here?"

Director Xia ignored Mayor Cen and disregarded his outstretched hand. Instead, he looked at Mayor Xue and asked, "Is this the ceramics factory that Xu Guoqing owns?"

"Yes, that should be it..."

Mayor Xue glanced at the fully armed police officers, his face turning somewhat grim. He whispered to Mayor Cen, "Xiao Cen, what are you doing? What's with these police officers?"

On the way here, Director Xia had already mentioned something to Mayor Xue: this ceramic artist named Xu Guoqing was highly valued by the boss, but upon arrival, he discovered the police surrounding the factory. If this reached Qi \*\*\*'s ears, Mayor Xue would also bear leadership responsibility.

"Mayor Xue, I... I had no choice. Mr. Yamaki insisted on inviting Mr. Xu to \*\*\* to exchange ideas on ceramic art; otherwise, he wouldn't be willing to invest that \$150 million..."

Mayor Cen felt a little wronged. "I did all this for the economic development of the city or the province. But in these two people's eyes, it's as if I've made a huge mistake."

"Economic development cannot come at the expense of the environment or the interests of the people. Mayor Cen, let's not let people a hundred years from now criticize us behind our backs..."

Director Xia copied Qi's words verbatim, and after finishing, he walked into the ceramics factory with his hands behind his back, the factory gates wide open.

There were just too many people here today. The wolfhound at the factory gate was terrified and hid in its den with its tail between its legs. No one bothered to stop Director Xia.

"Xiao Cen, Director Xia's idea is also my idea. We can't just look at the problem from the perspective of economic indicators. People's livelihood is also very important. It's easy to destroy the environment, but it's very difficult to rebuild it..."

Mayor Xue glanced at Yamaki Taro in the car, said a few words to Mayor Cen in a low voice, and then followed Director Xia to the factory.

"What... what the hell is going on?"

Mayor Cen stood blankly in front of the car, somewhat at a loss. Just a few days ago, when the mayor's office meeting was held, Mayor Xue told his deputies to take bigger steps and focus on economic development. How could the wind have changed so much in just two days?

That's 150 million US dollars! If you convert it to RMB, it's over 1 billion. Even in other economically developed provinces, that's a huge investment. Judging from Mayor Xue and Director Xia's intentions, this investment was rejected outright.

For Mayor Cen, whether or not the investment was made wasn't important; what mattered was that this hard-won political achievement had slipped away, leaving him extremely resentful. If he didn't get to the bottom of it, Mayor Cen wouldn't be able to sleep well tonight.

"Mr. Cen, what exactly is going on? I feel that your side doesn't seem to value this investment very much?"

Yamaki Taro had vaguely overheard a few words of their conversation, but although he was an expert on China, he still couldn't fully understand the subtle way Chinese officials expressed themselves.

"I don't know, Mr. Yamaki, let's go inside and take a look..."

Mayor Cen wanted to try again. Of course, vigorously developing the economy would harm the interests of some people, but as long as the compensation work was done well, wouldn't that be enough?

Mayor Cen was unaware that immediately after Qi finished his speech on the importance of environmental protection, all the heavily polluting projects in the province, such as paper mills, were put on hold.

Of course, Zhuang Rui had no idea that his phone call had caused an entire province's economic center to shift. If the investors knew that this was all Zhuang Rui's doing, they would probably drown him in their spittle.

"Mr. Xu, Cizhou ware is the most important cultural heritage of Hebei Province, representing the advanced ceramic technology of Hebei in ancient times. Your ability to restore it is a significant contribution to the cultural development of Hebei Province..."

On his way here, Director Xia had brushed up on what Cizhou kiln culture was all about. Now, holding Xu Guoqing's hand, he spoke quite eloquently. However, Director Xia's eyes were darting back and forth between Peng Fei and Zhuang Rui.

As instructed by the boss, we should be polite to the young man surnamed Zhuang, but there are two young men in the room, and Director Xia can't figure out who Zhuang Rui is.

"Director Xia, those people who came just now didn't say that..."

Xu Guoqing curled his lip, just in time to see Mayor Cen walking in, and continued, "Just now, someone tried to steal the Cizhou kiln firing technique from the enemy..."

Mayor Cen heard this as soon as he entered the door, and his face immediately turned red. He did not expect that this person would point at a monk and curse him as a bald monk, without giving him, the mayor, any face at all.

"Mr. Xu, I don't need your firing techniques. I hope you can go to \*\*\*. I can provide you with the world's most advanced ceramic laboratory, a hundred times better than the conditions here..."

Yamaki followed Mayor Cen in and heard Xu Guoqing's words. The Japanese man stepped forward and bowed ninety degrees again, but what he said made everyone in the room frown.

"Does Mr. Yamaki mean that the conditions in our country are no longer suitable?" Zhuang Rui asked.

"That's right. I can say with certainty that your country's experimental conditions are far inferior to ours..."

Yamaki was also a little annoyed. Since he came to China, officials from all over the country had been vying to invite him. They were not exactly obsequious, but they were close. However, when those two officials arrived just now, they didn't even glance at him, which hurt Yamaki's pride.

"oh?"

Zhuang Rui raised an eyebrow and said, "As far as I know, your country has been researching Cizhou ware official porcelain for decades, right? Since you have the best laboratory in the world, why haven't you achieved any research results so far? Are your researchers too stupid, or is what you said, Mr. Shanmu, untrue?"

"You idiot! You're not allowed to insult our Great \*\*\* Empire!"

Yamaki Taro, who had been looking respectful, suddenly turned fierce upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, as if he were about to fight Zhuang Rui to the death.

"Damn it, he's a militarist, that son of a bitch..."

After cursing, Zhuang Rui looked at Mayor Cen and said, "You're going to bring this kind of rubbish to invest in China? Aren't you afraid your ancestors will crawl out of their graves and curse you?"

Mayor Cen had never heard such words before. His lips trembled as Zhuang Rui spoke, his face turning ashen, but he couldn't utter a single word in rebuttal. He wished an earthquake would strike right now, cracking open so he could crawl into it.

"Baka! I challenge you to a duel..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's insult, Shanmu angrily charged towards him, but before he could get close, Peng Fei blocked him. Peng Fei gently pressed down on Shanmu's ribs with his right hand, and with a great force, pushed Shanmu backward.

"Mr. Cen, I am extremely dissatisfied with your country's investment environment. All previous investment agreements are hereby nullified..."

After being blocked by Peng Fei, Shanmu realized the situation. If a fight really broke out, even Mayor Cen probably wouldn't help him. After saying a few polite words, Shanmu didn't want to stay there any longer and walked out.

"Damn it, this so-called 'Great Nation,' damn it! If my grandfather saw this little brat, he'd chop him up with a knife..."

After Yamaki Taro left, Zhuang Rui was still somewhat indignant. Zhuang Rui, who rarely swore, felt really suffocated if he didn't curse a few times.

Zhuang Rui suddenly had a crooked idea. He nudged Yu Zhengjun next to him with his elbow and whispered, "Old Yu, how about we get a few people to cause that little brat a car accident?"

According to Zhuang Rui's thinking, since there's one less businessman, the little devil will at most say a few words, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs will handle this matter. It's all just diplomatic rhetoric anyway, and he would have left long ago.

"No, I wouldn't dare..."

Yu Zhengjun almost jumped up from Zhuang Rui's words. This guy seemed so quiet, how could he be so terrifying when he went crazy? He could kill someone directly.

Although Zhuang Rui spoke softly, the room was not large, and everyone in the room heard what he said. Mayor Cen now understood that this man surnamed Zhuang was not a kind person.

People who dare to say such things in front of government officials are either brain-deprived from childhood or have powerful backgrounds and are not afraid of being punished. Looking at Zhuang Rui, he doesn't seem like an epileptic patient at all.

Seeing that Zhuang Rui still looked a bit resentful, Peng Fei leaned close to Zhuang Rui's ear and whispered, "Brother Zhuang, I just gave that guy a little stab, a hidden injury. If that old bastard still hasn't noticed in half a month, it'll be enough to kill him..."

Peng Fei's move is similar to the "pulse-cutting" technique in traditional Chinese medicine. It sounds mysterious, but it's actually like driving a nail into a place where blood and qi are abundant in the internal organs. If there's too much blood stasis over time, it becomes very difficult to treat. However, this technique is very insidious, and it's the first time Peng Fei has used it.

"Okay, serves you right, haha, Peng Fei, when you get married, I'll give you a big red envelope..."

Upon hearing Peng Fei's words, Zhuang Rui felt incredibly relieved. The frustration he had felt all afternoon was completely dispelled by his laughter.

Peng Fei's voice was much softer than Zhuang Rui's. Director Xia and the others didn't know what Zhuang Rui was laughing about, but they were all wondering if this audacious young man would actually become a prostitute later.

"Mayor Xue, Director Xia, this... I must apologize for this. I only focused on economic development and neglected environmental and livelihood issues, and I also failed to consider Mr. Xu Guoqing's thoughts. Mayor Xue, I must apologize to you..."

Mayor Cen realized that Director Xia's trip was most likely orchestrated by that young man. He knew that if the provincial party committee's top steward was personally handling the matter, he could forget about turning the tables.

Mayor Cen is a decisive man. He immediately changed his mind and overturned his previous proposal. He had a serious expression on his face and actually made a self-criticism in front of Zhuang Rui. This guy is definitely a man who can bend and stretch.

"You must be Zhuang Rui, Mr. Zhuang?"

Director Xia ignored Mayor Cen and walked towards Zhuang Rui. When she was still three or four meters away from Zhuang Rui, she stretched out her two hands. Mayor Cen could see clearly that it was two hands!

Not only Mayor Cen's eyes widened in shock, but Mayor Xue was also quite surprised. These two were mayors of the provincial capital and had frequent contact with Director Xia, so they were well aware of how arrogant Director Xia usually was.

You have to understand that in this small corner of Hebei Province, the number of people who can get Director Xia to lend a hand can be counted on one hand.

Chapter 797-798 Discussion

As the provincial party committee's chief steward, Director Xia's words and actions, to some extent, represent Qi Yuxiang. And in China, those whom Qi Yuxiang, a powerful regional official, would extend his hands in greeting are probably few and far between, aside from retired old men.

Given Zhuang Rui's age, and considering the car with a Beijing license plate at the entrance, everyone present, except for Yu Zhengjun who was still a bit confused, knew perfectly well that this young man was definitely no ordinary person.

Mayor Xue's expression was thoughtful. He was thinking about how to get closer to Zhuang Rui. He knew that if he wanted to advance further in his position, he would need an appointment from the Organization Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, which was not something that the province could decide on its own.

Mayor Cen was deathly pale. Although he hadn't acted rudely earlier, the appearance of the joint enforcement team made it obvious to anyone that it was related to him. Coupled with Zhuang Rui's blunt reprimand, Mayor Cen realized that he had really messed with someone.

As for the owner of this place, Xu Guoqing, he was completely unaware of what had happened and still believed that good would prevail over evil and that justice would prevail in the world.

"I am Zhuang Rui, and you are..."

You can't hit a smiling face, right? Zhuang Rui guessed that the person in front of him must be someone his uncle had found. Seeing that Mayor Cen didn't dare to say a word in front of him, Zhuang Rui knew that this person must be someone of high status.

"My surname is Xia, and my name is Xia Yanbing. I work for the Provincial Party Committee. This time, I'm here on the instructions of Qi \*\*\* to visit folk artist Mr. Xu Guoqing..."

Although Xia Yanbing claimed he came to see Xu Guoqing, he kept his hands clasped with Zhuang Rui's. The matter was already resolved, so why would he care about Xu Guoqing? His real goal was to find an opportunity to find out about Zhuang Rui's background.

Although Qi did not explicitly state Zhuang Rui's identity, the fact that he specifically instructed him to make this trip shows the importance he attaches to Zhuang Rui or his background. For Qi to do this, the person must have a background at the vice-state level or above. If it were someone of the same level, Qi would not have made such a big fuss.

Therefore, although Xia Yanbing didn't say much, she had already explained the ins and outs of the matter clearly, and pointed out that it was Qi \*\*\* who had instructed her to handle it, giving Zhuang Rui's background enough face.

"Good heavens, Qi\*\*\*..."

Upon hearing Director Xia's words, Yu Zhengjun's mouth dropped open in astonishment, and he quickly covered his mouth with his hand.

Let alone Qi\*\*\*, even Director Xia was someone Yu Zhengjun considered unattainable. He never expected that his attitude towards Zhuang Rui would be so kind... no, "respectful" would be a more appropriate word.

"Old Yu, you've listened to me, haven't you..."

Li Dali gently nudged Yu Zhengjun from behind with his arm. In fact, Li Dali's mind was also in turmoil. He made his living in Hebei Province, and he was shocked to see this scene. Zhuang Rui was a man who, once he made a move, caused a huge upheaval.

"That's right, that's right, Mr. Li, I'll make the arrangements tonight. I'll make sure Mr. Zhuang is well taken care of..."

Yu Zhengjun nodded repeatedly, thinking to himself whether he should ask his college student mistress to find a few of her classmates to fill in for him, since Zhuang Rui probably preferred someone younger and more innocent.

"Hehe, I'm afraid this situation won't be yours, brother..."

Li Dali chuckled and gestured towards the two people shaking hands. If Zhuang Rui didn't leave, it would definitely be Director Xia who made the arrangements; Yu Zhengjun was simply not up to the task.

"Oh, thank you so much, Ms. Qi, and thank you, Director Xia, for taking the time out of your busy schedule to handle this matter..."

Zhuang Rui had no idea who Qi\*\*\* was. But guessing, his uncle must have considerable influence; Qi\*\*\* was most likely the top dog in Hebei Province. So, Mayor Cen's admission of defeat was perfectly reasonable.

"Mr. Zhuang, Mr. Xu Guoqing has been wronged by what happened today. I would like to invite you and Mr. Xu to dinner tonight, and I hope you two can do me the honor..."

Even bosses need to give face to people like him, so he definitely needs to serve him well. Besides, Xia Yanbing has been the head housekeeper for five or six years, and next year a vice governor will be appointed, so he still has a good chance of being promoted.

While Qi \*\*\* certainly needs to nominate someone for such a matter, the decision-making power still rests with the central government. As the old saying goes, having connections in the court makes it easier to get an official position. Director Xia also wants to get to know more people, in case they can help him someday.

"night?"

Zhuang Rui glanced at his watch; it was already past 5 p.m. Looking at the sky outside, the sun was about to set. He had come here to talk to Xu Guoqing about something, but he hadn't expected to encounter such a scene, and they hadn't been able to discuss anything of real importance.

"Looks like I won't be able to go back to \*\*\* again today..."

Zhuang Rui sighed inwardly. "One is often caught in the web of affairs," he thought. What he thought could be accomplished in a day was bound to go wrong. He nodded and said, "Alright, then I'll trouble Director Xia tonight..."

Zhuang Rui's uncle had used his connections to give him face, and Zhuang Rui didn't want to refuse. After all, everyone should help each other out, so he had no choice but to agree. However, when he saw Mayor Cen standing to the side, Zhuang Rui's anger flared up.

"Director Xia, although attracting investment is a key focus for all provinces right now, some people's motives aren't entirely pure. They're helping \*\*\* people to obtain the formula for traditional Chinese porcelain. This behavior is almost the same as \*\*\*'s..."

As Zhuang Rui spoke, his eyes were fixed on Mayor Cen. These slap in the face made Mayor Cen's old face turn pale and uncertain. He looked at Mayor Xue for help, knowing that he had no right to speak in front of Director Xia.

"President Zhuang, this is a mistake on our part. Although the city has repeatedly emphasized that economic development cannot neglect the construction of civilization, some comrades have still done something heartbreaking. Rest assured, we will definitely learn from this incident, and we will also criticize Mayor Cen's behavior..."

Mayor Xue's words completely disappointed Mayor Cen. He had been hoping that Mayor Xue would lend him a hand, but instead of helping, Mayor Xue kicked him in the back, which made Mayor Cen almost despair.

Mayor Cen was still somewhat unwilling and said, "Mayor Xue... Mayor Xue, this is about focusing on economic development, but... but..."

"Stop talking, Mayor Cen. You should go back now and do a thorough self-criticism, recognizing the mistakes you made in your work..."

Mayor Xue interrupted Mayor Cen, not letting him continue. "What a joke! Although I said that everything should be centered on economic development, I didn't ask you to cooperate with the Japanese and get their formulas."

Mayor Cen, seeing that things had come to this point, was filled with resentment, but there was no point in staying any longer. He lowered his head and hurriedly left with his arrogant chief secretary, Liu. He had some connections and wondered if he could salvage the situation, at least to prevent his administrative rank from dropping.

"Mr. Xu, Mr. Yu, Mr. Li, let's go, Director Xia is treating, let's go have dinner together..."

Seeing that the troublesome person was gone, and with Peng Fei saying that Yamaki, the little devil, was about to die, Zhuang Rui was in a great mood.

"Me...we're going too?"

The highest-ranking official Yu Zhengjun had ever met in his life was a county magistrate. He never expected to be able to dine with provincial and municipal leaders today, and he was a little incredulous.

"Of course we'll go together. Oh, by the way, let me introduce you. This is General Manager Li, this is General Manager Yu, and Mayor Xue, you're their local official..."

Zhuang Rui pulled the bewildered Yu Zhengjun aside and introduced him to Mayor Xue. As for Director Xia, he was from the provincial level, so no further explanation was given.

Yu Zhengjun and Li Dali were both worldly people, so they naturally knew what to do. They immediately handed over their business cards, and the other side, out of respect for Zhuang Rui, treated them with gentle words, creating a scene of officials and the people getting along well.

"Brother Zhuang... Brother Zhuang, shall I skip this trip?"

Although Xu Guoqing was a dullard, he wasn't stupid. He could tell that Zhuang Rui had helped him. However, at this moment, his mind was still focused on the Cizhou kilns that hadn't been fired yet, and he wasn't very interested in eating.

"Mr. Xu, you absolutely must go. Our city has produced a contemporary art master like you; that's a remarkable achievement and deserves proper publicity. Also, you can make any requests you may have in the future..."

Before Zhuang Rui could answer, Mayor Xue grabbed Xu Guoqing. He had heard Director Xia explain the whole story on the way here. If Xu Guoqing could really replicate the Cizhou ancient porcelain, it would be an opportunity for Shijiazhuang to enhance its urban cultural brand.

"No, no, I'm not worthy of such praise. How could I possibly be considered a master?"

Upon hearing Mayor Xue's words, Xu Guoqing shook his head and waved his hands repeatedly, his face turning bright red. His research on the restoration and reproduction of ancient ceramics was entirely out of interest. Even Xu Guoqing himself was unaware that his ancient ceramic reproduction skills were unmatched in the country.

"Mr. Xu, you should go. Firing porcelain isn't something that can be done in a day or two. I have some things I want to discuss with you tonight. Let's stay in Shijiazhuang together then..."

When Zhuang Rui saw Xu Guoqing decline, he offered a word of advice. Seeing that Xu Guoqing could imitate the official kiln porcelain of the ancient Cizhou kiln, Zhuang Rui had many thoughts in his mind.

The journey from Gao County to Shijiazhuang City is only about half an hour. The group ate in Shijiazhuang City at a guesthouse of the provincial party committee. Although it was not ostentatious, the dishes were exquisite, allowing Zhuang Rui to experience authentic Hebei cuisine.

"Mr. Zhuang, the room is ready. Please call me if you need anything..."

After the meal, Director Xia handed several room cards to Zhuang Rui. He was now quite impressed with this young man, wondering how he had managed to get information out of Zhuang Rui during the meal.

If it were Zhuang Rui from two years ago, Director Xia would probably have found out everything about him in just a few words.

However, Zhuang Rui is now quite the expert. Throughout the meal, he spoke with impeccable discretion, and Director Xia, after much effort, still couldn't figure out who was behind him.

"Thank you, thank you so much, Director Xia. This is my personal phone number. Please be sure to contact me if you ever go to \*\*\*..."

As Director Xia was leaving, Zhuang Rui handed him a business card, which turned out to be a photo of him at the Dingguang Museum.

Upon seeing the business card, Director Xia seemed to recall something. It seemed that a few months ago, the relevant department had mentioned this museum in a document, but Director Xia had forgotten the specifics.

"President Zhuang's business card is a must, he won't be stingy with it, will he..."

Seeing that Zhuang Rui didn't offer him his business card, Mayor Xue shamelessly asked for it directly.

During dinner, Mr. Li mentioned the club in the suburbs of Beijing several times, seemingly to boast about himself, and implied that the club belonged to Zhuang Rui. Mayor Xue was intrigued by this, otherwise, given his status, he would never have asked for a business card.

"Not at all, Mayor Xue, you're too kind..."

Zhuang Rui hadn't really intended to give it to him, but if he didn't, it would be like being slapped in the face in public. So Zhuang Rui quickly handed over one, inwardly smiling bitterly.

So this is how favors are formed. If these two need to go to \*\*\* in the future, they might have to call me. I got a free meal from them today and have gained their favor, which I will definitely have to repay later.

When officials use government funds to curry favor, they have to pay out of their own pockets.

Zhuang Rui couldn't help but admire Ouyang Jun. While others were begging government officials, Ouyang Jun had simply used a club to integrate these resources, making those officials rush to give him money. The situation was completely reversed.

After Mayor Xue and Director Xia took their leave, Zhuang Rui finally breathed a sigh of relief. Talking to these old foxes was exhausting. Every word was full of hidden meanings, and one wrong move could reveal his true intentions. Zhuang Rui didn't want outsiders to think that he was flaunting the Ouyang family's name.

"Mr. Xu, let's go to the room to talk..."

Zhuang Rui pulled Xu Guoqing toward the room, but Li Dali stopped them, "President Zhuang, since you're in Shijiazhuang, shouldn't I at least show you some hospitality? I've already arranged all the activities for tonight..."

Li Dali still has some influence in Shijiazhuang. During a break from eating, he went out to make a phone call and booked a nightclub. He also invited a few nice female students from the Shijiazhuang Art School, planning to give Zhuang Rui a good time that night.

"Alright, Mr. Li, Mr. Xu and I have some important business to discuss. I appreciate the token of my appreciation, but you two can go and have some fun..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head. He wasn't very interested in those entertainment venues, and judging from the way Li Dali was talking, it was probably a bit erotic. His wife was pregnant, and Zhuang Rui didn't want to do anything like having an affair.

"Mr. Zhuang, this won't do..."

"Mr. Li, no need to say anything more. You all have a good time. I have things to do tomorrow. I'm heading back to \*\*\* first thing tomorrow morning after we've finished talking today..."

Zhuang Rui waved his hand to interrupt Li Dali. Seeing that Zhuang Rui insisted, Li Dali could only leave with Yu Zhengjun in a huff. The arranged program ended up benefiting that kid Yu Zhengjun.

"Peng Fei, you should go back and rest..."

Director Xia booked three rooms for Zhuang Rui. After letting Peng Fei do his own thing, Zhuang Rui took Xu Guoqing to his room.

"Brother Zhuang, I really have to thank you for this..."

Xu Guoqing wasn't a blockhead; he knew that if it weren't for Zhuang Rui today, he might have been stuck in the bureau for several days, and the formulas for firing Tang Sancai and Cizhou ware would probably have fallen into the hands of that bastard.

"Xu Gong, let's not talk about these things. I have great respect for you for being able to replicate Tang Sancai and Cizhou official kiln pottery based solely on your interest. Those so-called masters who are researchers and receive national salaries are far inferior to you..."

Zhuang Rui got up and poured Xu Guoqing a cup of tea. Although the guesthouse was not particularly eye-catching, Zhuang Rui noticed that the tea leaves on the table were actually top-grade pre-rain tea, which cost thousands of yuan per ounce. This showed that the people they usually entertained were all of very high status.

"President Zhuang, the firing formula for Tang Sancai (Tang tri-color glazed pottery) is already quite mature. However, Cizhou ware porcelain is still in the experimental stage. Although the initial shaping and painting have been completed, the firing temperature has not been fully mastered. I'm afraid a lot of experiments are still needed..."

Xu Guoqing corrected Zhuang Rui's statement. He had determined the clay and glaze for the porcelain based on a large number of Cizhou kiln fragments that his father had collected in the past. It took him several years of experimentation to complete the preliminary work of making the blanks. However, just when he was about to start firing, he did not expect that he had already gone bankrupt.

"Mr. Zhuang, do you still want some Tang tri-colored pottery? I can make some for you when I have time. The technique is quite mature, and it doesn't cost too much..."

Xu Guoqing was genuinely grateful to Zhuang Rui. He had been trying to guess Zhuang Rui's thoughts. Since Zhuang Rui had come to visit him after seeing the Tang tri-color pottery he had made, Xu Guoqing guessed that Zhuang Rui still wanted tri-color pottery figurines.

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment and said, "I would like to have Tang Sancai, but Lao Li still needs dozens of pieces, so it's not urgent. I want Cizhou porcelain now. I wonder how long it will take you to fire it, Xu Gong?"

The price of Tang Sancai (Tang tri-color pottery) on the international market, especially for high-quality Sancai figurines, is much higher than that on the domestic market. Many foreign collectors like to collect Tang Sancai. Zhuang Rui wants to release a batch to make some money from foreigners first.

However, the number of porcelain pieces released must not be too large; at most, only two or three pieces can be released at a time, and the locations must be scattered, with one piece from Germany and one from France, so as not to arouse suspicion from international auction houses.

Therefore, the dozens of pieces in Li Dali's hands were enough for Zhuang Rui to work on for a while. More importantly, those porcelain pieces had been artificially aged, which saved Zhuang Rui a step, otherwise it would have been quite troublesome.

The process of aging porcelain is quite complicated. The most primitive method is to first use cowhide to wipe away the surface shine. This process can take anywhere from a few weeks to two months.

Then, put the porcelain into water with tea and alkali and boil it for 5-6 hours to remove the "glare" on the surface. There are some tricks to this. High-temperature porcelain is usually polished with hydrofluoric acid and water, while low-temperature porcelain is polished with potassium permanganate, a small amount of acid, and water.

Finally, apply shoe polish to the porcelain and bury it in the soil. The surface of the porcelain will absorb the soil, thus creating an antique look.

Although this method is time-consuming, the resulting aging effect is much better than simply polishing the porcelain with fine sandpaper to make it shiny. Furthermore, the patina effect after mud immersion is far superior to that of quick aging methods.

There are many other methods to make porcelain look old, such as abrasion, glaze peeling, popping air bubbles, removing fire marks and coloring, and creating patina. I will briefly mention them here, but I won't go into the professional details.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's question, Xu Guoqing thought for a moment and then said, "To restore Cizhou porcelain, it would probably take at least half a year, and, moreover..."

"XCMG, please speak frankly, it's alright..."

Zhuang Rui noticed that Xu Guoqing was very straightforward, and it seemed that he had some unspeakable secret.

Xu Guoqing scratched his head sheepishly and said, "Brother Zhuang, I've been too focused on my own hobbies and interests before, and haven't paid enough attention to my family. My wife was so upset that she went back to her parents' house. I... I was thinking of giving my wife 300,000 of the 500,000 you gave me, but the remaining 200,000 probably won't be enough to cover the costs of experimenting with Cizhou ware porcelain..."

After today's incident, Xu Guoqing realized that his family hadn't earned a single penny since 2000, and that his wife and children had been suffering alongside him all along, which is why he said those words.

"So how much more funding do you need?" Zhuang Rui asked.

"It's hard to say. Porcelain clay isn't valuable, but glaze is very expensive. Also, in the beginning, there will be a lot of scrap. If everything goes smoothly, five or six hundred thousand should be enough. But if things get stuck, I'm afraid two or three million won't be enough to solve the problem..."

Xu Guoqing lost his tens of millions of dollars in this way. Looking back now, he feels like he's in a dream. He was so poor that he could hardly afford to eat, so how could he still have such a great interest in porcelain?

However, if Xu Guoqing were to return to that laboratory now, he would probably still bury himself in it and ignore everything else.

Zhuang Rui unconsciously tapped the glass coffee table with the middle finger of his right hand, lost in thought. Xu Guoqing, unaware of Zhuang Rui's thoughts, remained silent, and the room fell into a moment of quiet.

After about ten minutes, Zhuang Rui spoke up: "How about this, Mr. Xu, I have an idea. What do you think? There's no need for your factory to stay open. I'll invest in converting it into a laboratory specializing in the restoration of ancient ceramics. What do you think?"

"It's fine, but buddy, this lab is a money-burning business. I like it, that's fine, but all your money is going to go down the drain..."

When Zhuang Rui wanted to invest, Xu Guoqing naturally had no objection. Wouldn't that be the other party giving him money to play with? However, Xu Guoqing was quite honest and made sure to say the unpleasant things upfront.

"You can't say that, Mr. Xu. I can take these porcelain pieces you make as genuine articles to the international auction market. I won't lie to you, as long as we can successfully auction off three or five pieces, we can recoup our costs..."

Zhuang Rui spoke the words he had been pondering for a long time, and then fixed his eyes on Xu Guoqing.

Chapter 799 Jianghu Techniques

Xu Guoqing was taken aback by Zhuang Rui's words, a troubled look appearing on his face. He murmured, "This... isn't this a lie?"

Xu Guoqing is very confident in his skills; the Tang tri-color pottery he produces is absolutely indistinguishable from the real thing.

Moreover, Xu Guoqing also knew some methods of aging antique porcelain, and knew that once his porcelain had been aged, it would be very difficult to detect its authenticity unless instruments were used.

However, Xu Guoqing also had his own bottom line, which was that he could not use his skills to cheat others. This was the main reason why he had only given away and not sold the porcelain he had made for more than ten years. Zhuang Rui's words made him somewhat resistant.

"Yes, it was a lie, but I lied to foreigners..."

Zhuang Rui's expression was very frank. He had seen a lot of deceit and treachery in the antique trade. However, as the saying goes, even thieves have their code of honor. What Zhuang Rui could do was to deceive those foreigners who deliberately inflated the prices of Chinese antiques.

"Xu Gong, you don't seem to know much about the antique market, do you?"

Seeing that Xu Guoqing still looked uneasy, Zhuang Rui continued, "More than a hundred years ago, foreigners used guns and cannons to plunder Chinese artworks."

And now? These foreign devils are using a trick, exploiting the patriotism of the Chinese people, and using the antiques they plundered in the past to swindle a large amount of wealth belonging to the Chinese. I do this with a clear conscience..."

Just last month at a London auction, a piece of blue and white porcelain that was supposed to depict Guiguzi descending the mountain was transformed into a large Yuan dynasty blue and white jar with a figure on it. It was sold to an anonymous buyer for over ten million pounds, which translates to over 200 million RMB.

This has sparked a surge in international auctions of Chinese art. Over the past month, wealthy Chinese have made numerous bids, acquiring many precious Chinese artifacts, but the price they have paid is unimaginably high.

Zhuang Rui had discussed these matters with Uncle De over the phone. Uncle De, who had been involved in the underworld since childhood, saw through the trickery at a glance and bluntly stated that this was a scheme orchestrated by the international auction house, which explained Zhuang Rui's earlier comment about the rolling beads on the plate.

"Rolling balls in a dish? What does that mean?"

Zhuang Rui forgot that the Master Xu in front of him was not even a professional in the antique trade, let alone someone who had made his way in the world of antiques. Naturally, he would not know the meaning of the rolling beads in the plate.

"Hehe, these are some of the martial arts techniques from the eight major martial arts schools before liberation. Let me tell you about them..."

Zhuang Rui was fortunate enough to have Uncle De as his master, so he had some knowledge of the ways of the martial arts world. The so-called "pearl rolling in a plate" literally means "pearl," which is precious. →

The word "滚" is equivalent to "炒" (speculate/hype). "滚珠" (rolling bead) refers to packaging and promoting a precious bead to inflate its market value to far exceed the value of the object itself, somewhat like how the entertainment industry promotes newcomers.

Of course, the items being hyped here are all precious antiques with a history of thousands of years.

The phrase "in the market" mentioned earlier refers to the fact that these precious antiques are actually controlled by speculators.

No matter how much these things are hyped up, how high the prices are, or what kind of tricks they can be played out, it's all under their control. It's like taking a handful of pearls and throwing them into a high-mouthed plate. No matter how you shake them, the pearls will just roll around in the plate. This is called "rolling pearls in a plate".

When a certain hyped-up item has already reached an astronomical price, those who control the item will start releasing it on the international market to extract money from buyers. Although this practice was originally popular in the underworld, the big players in foreign auction houses have mastered it to perfection.

International speculators were behind the auctions held in London, Tokyo, and Berlin in the past two months, including the one Zhuang Rui attended in Paris, France.

Although Zhuang Rui ruined the auction in Paris, France, several other international auctions truly ignited interest in Chinese antique porcelain.

First, there's Yuan blue and white porcelain. While it's being hyped up, many so-called historical research experts abroad have concluded that there are no more than 300 pieces of Yuan blue and white porcelain in the world, and most of them are in foreign museums.

This news triggered a buying frenzy among many self-proclaimed nationalists and businessmen who boasted strong national pride, patriotism, and pointless vanity. As a result, the international auction market was flooded with Chinese artworks, and various special auctions sprang up one after another.

Uncle De once roughly estimated that in just two or three months, those international speculators who had large amounts of Chinese antiques had taken away at least two billion US dollars from the Chinese, and this was just the beginning.

The wealthy often gamble on gambling to save face. Once this trend starts, more people will likely get involved. Of course, some of them genuinely want to contribute to the return of national treasures, but their actions, to some extent, embolden international speculators.

According to Uncle De's estimate, this craze will last at least another two or three years before it subsides. At that time, the prices of these antiques will drop significantly, and those so-called "experts" will be able to rationally view antique speculation and investment.

"XCMG, these foreigners are using this method to plunder the wealth that belongs to the Chinese people. However, Tang Sancai has always been highly regarded by foreign collectors in the international market, and domestic collectors don't care much about it."

That's why I had the idea of taking your work to international auctions. Foreign speculators can take money out of our pockets, so why can't we give them a taste of their own medicine?

After explaining his reasons, Zhuang Rui looked at Xu Guoqing sincerely. He wouldn't do it without Xu Guoqing's consent, as it would be disrespectful to the owner of the work.

To be honest, Zhuang Rui is not short of money, and he didn't have this idea for money. It's just that those foreigners went too far.

To give an example, the behavior of foreigners is like robbing you of your belongings and then making you buy them back at several times or even ten times the price. It's simply robbery. Even the pirates in the Caribbean weren't this ruthless!

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Xu Guoqing fell silent. He hadn't expected that such bizarre things could happen in the antique trade and international auction houses. Xu Guoqing was just someone who imitated antique porcelain out of personal hobby. These things left him somewhat confused.

"What if these things end up being bought by people in China?" Xu Guoqing suddenly asked.

Zhuang Rui curled his lip upon hearing this and said, "Brother Xu, it's better for us to make this money than for foreigners to take it all. Besides, I'll invest a large portion of this money in your laboratory. If you can replicate the porcelain from the five major official kilns of the Song Dynasty, then I can break the scheme of those speculators and prevent them from speculating on Chinese porcelain again..."

The reason Zhuang Rui didn't say that all the funds he received would be used for Xu Guoqing's laboratory is because he also needs to cover costs, and since Zhuang Rui is bearing all the risks, he should at least set aside some money to subsidize the museum.

"Alright, as long as it can swindle those foreign devils, I'll do it. Brother Zhuang, you only bought eight sancai (three-color glazed pottery) figurines, there are still more than 20 left. I'll have Lao Yu give them all to you later, so you don't need to worry about the cost..."

After thinking it over for a long time, Xu Guoqing finally nodded heavily and agreed to Zhuang Rui's approach. As long as it didn't harm his own people, what did it matter to him whether the foreigners lived or died?

"good!"

Zhuang Rui was overjoyed upon hearing this. "Brother Xu, keep that 500,000 for your wife and children. I'll also invest another 10 million RMB in your lab so you can continue your research on Cizhou porcelain. If you succeed, then we'll let those little devils taste the power of 'Made in China'!"

People in \*\*\* highly regard Cizhou ware porcelain. If he could successfully fire it, Zhuang Rui was confident that he could make a fortune in \*\*\* and cheat young people without any guilt.

Zhuang Rui's words made the usually taciturn Xu Guoqing burst into laughter, venting all the anger he had suffered at the hands of the Japanese today.

"By the way, Brother Xu, just say I invested in the lab, and no one will ask any questions."

However, the matter of selling these porcelains abroad must be kept secret between you and me. Absolutely no third person can know, not even your sister-in-law or children, because it involves..."

Zhuang Rui spoke very seriously. He was taking a great risk by selling fake antiques abroad, and the chances of being discovered were also very high.

Because if you accidentally break a piece of porcelain, you can tell the difference between old and new porcelain from the broken edge. Although the possibility is small, it is not impossible. If someone notices it, they will definitely trace it back to the country.

Zhuang Rui's family is well-defended and he is not afraid of retaliation from those people, but Xu Guoqing is not so safe. If someone were to take their anger out on him, it would be tantamount to harming him.

The reason Zhuang Rui didn't tell Li Dali and Yu Zhengjun about this was because, although these two had many connections, they came into contact with all sorts of people, and their mouths might not be able to keep secrets. Zhuang Rui didn't want to have two ticking time bombs around him.

As for how to get these items to overseas auction houses, Zhuang Rui already had a plan. He planned to use his private plane to transport the items intended for overseas auctions to Myanmar, and then let Hu Rong handle them.

As is well known, since the Han and Tang dynasties, Myanmar has been a tributary state of China. Many artifacts were transferred there. Items obtained from Myanmar and sold at overseas auctions are considered more credible, just as people in the past believed that antiques from abroad must be genuine.

Given Hu Rong's influence and connections in Myanmar, he could easily find some intermediaries to take these items to major auction houses in Hong Kong or the UK and the US for auction. Zhuang Rui himself would never show his face during this process.

In this way, even if these things are identified as fake, they cannot be traced back to Zhuang Rui. With Hu Rong's methods, he can definitely wipe the whole thing clean.

However, Zhuang Rui still asked Xu Guoqing to keep it a secret. After all, foreigners' money is still money. If word got out, Zhuang Rui would lose all face in the international art market.

Those domestic drug dealers who buy counterfeit goods sold by Zhuang Rui will likely face dire consequences.

Zhuang Rui has elderly parents and young children to support, and he doesn't want to get into trouble, so he decided to make things clear from the beginning. If Xu Guoqing doesn't keep his mouth shut, he'd rather not do this kind of thing.

"Okay, I got it, I won't tell you even if you kill me..."

After realizing the importance of secrecy, Xu Guoqing jokingly quoted the classic line from the fat man in the movie "The Dream Factory".

Xu Guoqing is usually a quiet person. He only talks to his wife and doesn't communicate much with his son. Besides, his wife has no interest in these things, so it's pointless to talk to her.

"Yes, Mr. Xu, for this laboratory, you will contribute land as equity, holding 40% of the shares, and I will invest 10 million yuan, holding 60% of the shares. The output value of these instruments will be distributed according to this ratio."

"Well, also, you can take 100,000 yuan from this 10 million every month as your salary, Brother Xu, what do you think?"

Even close brothers need to keep clear accounts. Zhuang Rui is doing this by standardizing everything upfront to avoid future disputes and money issues. There are countless examples of couples turning against each other and brothers becoming enemies.

Xu Guoqing's dilapidated factory, apart from the land cost, could be sold as scrap. Zhuang Rui's offer of ten million yuan in cash for only sixty percent of the shares is already very generous.

"Alright, bro, without your money I'd be begging for food. You're the boss!"

Xu Guoqing has never had a concept of money, otherwise he wouldn't have squandered all of his more than ten million yuan fortune. Zhuang Rui gives him 200,000 yuan a month for living expenses, which Xu Guoqing is already quite satisfied with.

Zhuang Rui talked with Xu Guoqing until after 3 a.m., and after handwriting and drafting an agreement, he finally fell asleep. He slept very soundly and was not woken up by Peng Fei knocking on the door until after 11 a.m.

"Mayor Xue, what are you doing here? I was just about to call you to say goodbye. By the way, Peng Fei, where is Engineer Xu?"

After Zhuang Rui went out, he was surprised to find that the mayor of Shijiazhuang was also waiting outside. He wondered if civil servants didn't have to do any work.

Peng Fei replied, "Brother Zhuang, Engineer Xu said he's busy renovating the lab and has to go back first. He'll contact you by phone..."

"President Zhuang, I'm here to inform you about the outcome of yesterday's matter concerning XCMG..."

Mayor Xue knows many people in Beijing. After inquiring about Zhuang Rui's background yesterday, he convened a mayoral meeting early this morning. He wanted to give Zhuang Rui a satisfactory answer before he left.

Chapter 800 Testing the Waters

"Brother Zhuang, just changing the division of labor, isn't that too easy on that guy surnamed Cen?"

Peng Fei and Zhuang Rui had already left Shijiazhuang City in their car. They would be entering the capital in about half an hour. At noon, Mayor Xue stopped them and they had lunch with Director Xia, who arrived later, before finally leaving Shijiazhuang.

"For an official in his thirties, Peng Fei has already been relegated to the sidelines, and no one dared to use him again..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and shook his head. Peng Fei knew too little about what was going on in the military. He only saw the surface and didn't understand what a simple division of labor meant.

At lunch, Mayor Xue briefed Zhuang Rui on the outcome of yesterday's incident.

Given that Mayor Cen did some things that were detrimental to the image of Shijiazhuang in his investment promotion work, the investment promotion bureau under his jurisdiction was taken over by another vice mayor, and Mayor Cen, no longer in charge of investment promotion, was practically idle.

For Mayor Cen, who held a high position before he was even forty, this outcome meant the end of his official life, which was even more painful than losing his own life.

However, Mayor Cen knew he had offended someone he couldn't afford to offend, so he reluctantly admitted his mistake, made a self-criticism at the meeting, and reported it to the municipal party committee.

Those who got the big piece of the pie from the China Merchants Group were naturally very happy, while Mayor Cen quietly hid in a corner to rub his wounds. The turmoil caused by a small folk craftsman had come to an end.

During lunch, Mayor Xue, on behalf of the city, also expressed the city's commitment to vigorously support the revival of traditional cultural industries and to provide more preferential policies for folk artisans.

Zhuang Rui didn't say anything, but informed Mayor Xue that he and Xu Guoqing would jointly establish an ancient ceramics restoration laboratory, affiliated with the Dingguang Museum, on a non-profit basis, and hoped the city could resolve the procedural issues as soon as possible.

Mayor Xue readily agreed to such a small matter and promised to allocate funds annually for laboratory research projects. However, Zhuang Rui declined this offer, asking, "If the research yields results, who will be credited?"

Cizhou ware was produced from the Song Dynasty to the late Qing Dynasty, and it was widely circulated and had a great influence among the people.

However, because the Cizhou kiln produced official kilns for a very short period, only during the Southern Song Dynasty, research on this area is still lacking in China, and no physical artifacts have been unearthed. It is also a highly controversial topic in the Chinese academic community.

If Xu Guoqing could truly produce Cizhou official kiln porcelain, it would be a significant addition to the history of Chinese ceramics and of great importance.

Of course, Zhuang Rui also wanted to benefit from the museum's reputation by registering the laboratory under his own name. As the saying goes, "charity begins at home," and he wanted to use this opportunity to give the museum a boost.

After returning to \*\*\*, Zhuang Rui asked Huangfu Yun to recruit several students specializing in ancient ceramics restoration and send them to Gao County. The combination of these theorists and Xu Guoqing's unorthodox methods might accelerate the research process.

Meanwhile, Zhuang Rui contacted Hu Rong and invited him to Myanmar. After a day of secret talks, Hu Rong returned to Myanmar with more than twenty Tang tri-colored pottery figurines.

In the year or so that followed, one or two exquisitely crafted sancai (three-color glazed pottery) artifacts could be seen from time to time at international auctions, most of which originated from Southeast Asian countries.

After being authenticated by multiple international art appraisers, all of them were confirmed to be genuine. Due to their excellent condition, a Tang tri-color pottery craze swept the international auction market during this period, and most of the buyers were foreign art connoisseurs.

Aside from keeping the eight female figurines for himself, Zhuang Rui sold the remaining twenty-odd Tang tri-colored pottery pieces through Hu Rong's channels. In the end, he made a profit of nearly 200 million RMB. Of course, that's a story for another time. 69glibx.com

Zhuang Rui's museum is also doing very well, with a daily visitor flow of around 10,000 people. Although it is closed two days a week, it still brings Zhuang Rui nearly six to seven million yuan in revenue each month.

After operating for four or five years, and after deducting various expenses, the museum's net profit was about 25 million. Zhuang Rui didn't touch this money; he planned to use it to improve the museum and purchase its collection.

Hu Rong's recent visit brought Zhuang Rui a Swiss bank draft worth 50 million euros, which was also half a year's profit dividend from the jade mine. Zhuang Rui is not short of money now.

However, the difficulty of replicating Cizhou porcelain far exceeded Zhuang Rui's expectations, and after two or three months, there was not much progress.

The main problem now is that the firing temperature is not well controlled. It's either too high or too low, resulting in repeated failures of the furnace. Of the ten million RMB that Zhuang Rui invested, more than two million RMB has already been used up.

Zhuang Rui simply put the matter aside and began his studies seriously.

Kyoto University's Faculty of Museum and History offers two types of courses: large lectures and small lectures. Large lectures are held in large lecture halls, where students from all relevant majors, regardless of year, can audit the classes.

Small classes are more targeted, usually consisting of 30 to 40 students from the same grade. Even doctoral supervisors like Professor Meng occasionally teach a small class.

After several months of professional and systematic study, Zhuang Rui discovered that archaeology is more rigorous than antique appraisal, and it also requires students with related majors to have a certain level of reasoning and judgment ability.

Since everything inside a tomb is inanimate, to reconstruct the social landscape of ancient times through these inanimate objects, one needs to deduce from them.

Many professors like to bring up some excavated ancient tombs in class for discussion, so archaeology courses are not as boring as Zhuang Rui had imagined.

In addition, Zhuang Rui would often go to the medical school to audit courses on acupuncture, and he became very familiar with Zhang Meng and his group of students. He also spent more than 8,000 yuan to have a set of acupuncture tools specially made.

...

"Hey bro, are you serious? This... this thing can't possibly work."

In Zhuang Rui's courtyard house, Ouyang Jun looked at the gleaming silver needle in Zhuang Rui's hand with fear on his face. Zhuang Rui had just received these custom-made silver needles today and was so excited that he skipped class and drove straight home to do an experiment with Ouyang Jun.

Ouyang Jun had done acupuncture before and knew that under normal circumstances, it wouldn't kill people. However, since the person performing the acupuncture was Zhuang Rui, Ouyang Jun was unsure. There were many quack doctors these days, not to mention Zhuang Rui's half-baked skills; he couldn't even be considered a doctor.

"Yeah, Xiao Rui, you've only attended a few classes, is that really enough?"

Ouyang Wan also felt that Zhuang Rui's actions were a bit frivolous. Traditional Chinese medicine is profound and complex; how could one practice it after attending a few classes? Even students from traditional Chinese medicine hospitals probably wouldn't dare to give acupuncture to people rashly after graduation.

"Zhuang Rui, I think we should forget about it..." Qin Xuanbing, with her big pregnant belly, looked at the silver needle that was about ten centimeters long and was also a little scared.

Qin Xuanbing is over eight months pregnant. Because she is carrying twins, her belly is much larger than that of a typical pregnant woman. Zhuang Rui's mother-in-law, feeling sorry for her daughter, put aside her business last month and came to stay in \*\*\* from Hong Kong.

"Xiao Rui, Zha, didn't your fourth brother say he wasn't afraid before?"

The famous actress Xu sided with Zhuang Rui because Ouyang Jun hadn't been paying much attention to his grain tax these past few days, and she suspected her husband was cheating on her again. She seized this opportunity to sow discord between Ouyang Jun and Zhuang Rui.

Two months ago, Zhuang Rui joked with Ouyang Jun that he was learning acupuncture and would try it on Ouyang Jun. Ouyang Jun thought Zhuang Rui was just joking and readily agreed.

However, seeing that Zhuang Rui was serious, Ouyang Si Shao was a little dumbfounded.

"Hey bro, how about we try it on the white lion first?"

Ouyang Jun looked at the white lion lying next to Zhuang Rui with ill intent, but was immediately frightened by the white lion's low growl. After all, Zhuang Rui was channeling spiritual energy into the white lion, so why would he need needles?

"Fourth Brother, be a man! I'm only going to prick one acupoint on your hand this time, it's no big deal..."

Zhuang Rui curled his lip, and Bai Shi and Xue'er immediately stood up, flanking Ouyang Jun from the left and right. Jin Yu, who had been watching the commotion from the tree, also let out a "caw caw," seemingly ready to pounce at any moment.

The little golden eagle has grown very quickly in the past few months. Its wingspan has reached about two meters, and its height when standing upright is about 60 or 70 centimeters. With its dark golden feathers, it looks quite divine and already has some of the charm of its parents.

The bird's nest in the old locust tree in the yard had already been expanded once. This time, Zhuang Rui went all out and built the entrance to the bird's nest to be almost a meter in size, making the whole nest look like a small house.

As it grew older, Little Golden Feather became increasingly eloquent. It loved to imitate Zhuang Rui's actions. When it saw Zhuang Rui picking up and lifting Ouyang Jun's son, it did something that surprised everyone.

One day at noon, Xu Qing was pushing a stroller and sunbathing with her son in the yard when, in the blink of an eye, Little Golden Feather sneaked over, spread its two wings and folded them together, and actually picked up Ouyang Jun's few-month-old son.

Xu Qing was terrified at the time, and she cried and screamed, causing everyone in the yard to come out. However, when they saw that Jin Yu had not hurt Xiao Ouyang at all, they couldn't help but marvel.

Over time, the little guy started wanting the golden eagle to hug him whenever he saw it, even more so than when he saw his own father.