

Golden 80

Chapter Eighty Conflict (Part Two)

Seeing Lei Lei raise the price, the middle-aged man immediately called out another price.

"2000 yuan!"

Lei Lei, not to be outdone, shouted loudly. At this point, she no longer cared about the real price of the Thangka. As the saying goes, "Man fights for a breath, Buddha fights for a stick of incense." Lei Lei already had a fiery temper, and being publicly humiliated was something she couldn't swallow.

"Yes, we'll contribute 2000. If you don't have the money, don't pretend to be rich."

Bai Mengyao, having somehow heard the word "rich guy," joined in the commotion. A few thousand yuan was really nothing to these girls.

"I'll offer 2,500. Don't try to show off just because you have a little money. When it comes to showing off your wealth, you're far behind."

The middle-aged man hesitated for a moment, then called out another price, looking at Lei Lei and the others with a defiant expression.

Zhuang Rui was initially quite angry, but he always felt that something was wrong, though he couldn't quite put his finger on it. While Lei Lei and the middle-aged man were bidding against each other, Zhuang Rui took a step back, almost shrinking back into the crowd, and began to observe.

Upon seeing this, Zhuang Rui understood that this was also a charade. Although the middle-aged man was dressed as a Han Chinese and spoke fluent Mandarin, like a tourist, the faint blush on his face indicated that he must have lived in Tibet for a long time.

Before each price increase, he would steal a glance at the stall owner, and only when the stall owner nodded slightly would he make his offer. He would also use words to provoke Lei Lei and the others. It has to be said that he was very successful; at the very least, Lei Lei was furious.

Although the method was crude, it was very effective. They probably came up with this idea after seeing Lei Lei and the others shopping so much without even negotiating the prices. These women had never been to a market like this before and didn't know how to bargain, so they fell into the trap.

Qin Xuanbing, Lei Lei, and Bai Mengyao, who have worked in the business world, may still have some sense of vigilance, but in this kind of environment, being verbally attacked and laughed at by onlookers, they lose their composure. If Liu Chuan were here, he would probably see through this charade at a glance.

"I'll pay 4,000 yuan, boss. Don't bother talking to these girls anymore. Here's the money. Hurry up and wrap up the stuff for me."

The price had now been raised to 4,000 RMB, and the middle-aged man pulled out a wad of RMB from his pocket, patted it in his hand, and urged the stall owner to put the Thangka away for him.

"I....."

"Lei Lei, a gentleman doesn't take what others cherish. We don't want this."

Before Lei Lei could even utter the word "I," Zhuang Rui interrupted her. Seeing Zhuang Rui wink at her, Lei Lei paused for a moment and didn't continue shouting. She was just too angry, but she wasn't brainless. After hearing what Zhuang Rui said, she came to her senses a little.

These women were incredibly clever. After Zhuang Rui's explanation and considering what had just happened, they immediately understood the whole story. Bai Mengyao wasn't angry anymore and said with a smile, "This uncle is so rich! We won't argue with you anymore. You can buy that thing."

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man and the stall owner were dumbfounded. It was obvious that the cooked duck had flown away, and the culprit was naturally Zhuang Rui, who had interfered.

"Boy, what you just said means you're calling me a villain?"

The middle-aged man was humiliated when his act was exposed. Zhuang Rui had ruined a deal worth several thousand yuan, which made him even more furious. He stopped mentioning the purchase of the Thangka and instead began to berate Zhuang Rui.

"Alright, sir, some things are better left unsaid. You can continue with your stall, we'll continue buying our stuff. Goodbye!

Zhuang Rui was too lazy to deal with these local bullies, so he gave a curt reply and turned to call Lei Lei and the others back to the hotel. It was already midday, and not only was he hungry, but the little white lion was also listless and kept scratching itself with its paws in his arms.

"Kid, don't even think about leaving until you explain yourself clearly."

The middle-aged man grabbed Zhuang Rui's shoulder, which happened to be Zhuang Rui's injured left arm. Zhuang Rui winced in pain and slapped the man's hand away with his right hand.

At this moment, Zhuang Rui also lost his temper. He had ruined his performance, and yet the other party dared to be so unreasonable. He turned around, glared at him, and said, "What do you want? Why don't we go to the police station and settle this?"

"Han people are beating people! Han people are beating people!"

The stall owner suddenly shouted, and several of his accomplices who were already huddled in the crowd also emerged and surrounded Zhuang Rui.

"Make them pay back the money, don't buy what we agreed on, and don't let them leave."

The stall owner jumped around shouting, and although the onlookers knew the ins and outs of the matter, most of them were tourists from out of town, and no one wanted to cause trouble. For a moment, only the stall owner's voice could be heard.

"Pay up! Pay my ass! You want to hit me? Fine, I'll hit you back."

Zhuang Rui's nature is always "I won't offend others unless they offend me," but if you push him too far, he will never hold back when he takes action.

Just now, the middle-aged man had pulled at his wound, and now seeing the stall owner so arrogant, he couldn't hold back any longer. He jumped up and kicked the stall owner across the stall. The stall owner's voice was quite loud, but he was a bit short, less than 1.7 meters tall. He was kicked backward by Zhuang Rui, who was over 1.8 meters tall.

The people surrounding Zhuang Rui were stunned. They hadn't expected that this seemingly quiet young man with glasses would have such a fiery temper. They had originally intended to extort some money, but now it seemed that things were going to get out of hand.

"What are you standing there for? Start hitting him! If anything goes wrong, I'll take responsibility."

The short stall owner, kicked by Zhuang Rui, took a while to get up. When he saw his accomplices surrounding Zhuang Rui but not making a move, he got angry and rushed over while shouting. This guy was also a thug. He grabbed a Tibetan knife from his stall, drew it, and slashed at Zhuang Rui.

Zhuang Rui was surrounded by those people, with a crowd behind him, and there was nowhere to retreat. Just as the knife was about to strike him, a pair of calloused hands reached out and firmly grabbed the stall owner's wrist.

"You fucking..."

This stall owner was used to running rampant in the market. Most tourists didn't want to cause trouble, so they would just swallow their anger when they were ripped off, which fostered his bad habits. When the knife that was about to strike Zhuang Rui was stopped by someone, he immediately started cursing at the person who had come up with the words. However, as soon as he saw the clothes on the person's body, he swallowed the rest of his words and reluctantly put away the Tibetan knife.

Zhuang Rui saw a tall, red-robed lama appear before him. Upon seeing the lama, the few people who had been jeering earlier secretly slipped into the crowd.

"It's the Gegu Lama from Jokhang Temple who's here. These people don't dare to be arrogant anymore. They should be taught a lesson."

Among the onlookers, some who recognized the lama began to discuss him, their faces showing respect. The stall owner stood quietly to the side, not daring to say a word.

"This is a sacred pilgrimage route; you must not cause trouble here. Don't you know that?"

Gegu Lama, also known as Iron Staff Lama, is in charge of punishments in the monastery and is known for his impartiality. Although there are police stations to enforce the law in modern society, the status of lamas in Tibet remains supreme for these Tibetans. As soon as this Gegu Lama spoke, the surroundings fell silent, and no one dared to discuss it anymore.

"This master first deceived us into buying things, and then threatened to injure us with a knife. I swear in the name of the Living Buddha that everything I said is true."

Zhuang Rui pointed at the stall owner and said to the lama in front of him, "I know that anything involving religion can become very troublesome if not handled properly."

"oh?"

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Gegu Lama was already somewhat convinced. If he hadn't intervened in time, the young man in front of him would have been injured. Furthermore, he saw the white lion in Zhuang Rui's arms. Tibetans love dogs and treat them as family members, and lamas are no exception. Many monasteries keep Tibetan mastiffs. Seeing the white lion, Gegu believed Zhuang Rui's words even more.

Seeing the growing crowd blocking the path of the pilgrims, Gegu Lama frowned and said to Zhuang Rui and the stall owner, "Come back to Jokhang Temple with me and explain things clearly."

After Gegu Lama finished speaking, he walked forward along the prayer wheel path, not worried at all that the two people wouldn't follow.

"Xuanbing, Leilei, Yaoyao, you guys go back to the hotel first. I'm going with the master. I was just thinking of visiting the Jokhang Temple, so we can save on the entrance fee this time."

Zhuang Rui handed over the many bags of various sizes hanging on his body to a few girls. There was no point in them following him; it would be better to go back to the hotel and inform Liu Chuan and the others. Presumably, Zhou Rui, who was very familiar with Tibet, would have a solution. Besides, he hadn't done anything wrong.

Although Qin Xuanbing and the other girls were young, they were all worldly-wise. Qin Xuanbing's family even supported a Tibetan Living Buddha, so they knew that they were all kind-hearted and would not make things difficult for Zhuang Rui. However, instead of returning to the hotel, they took out their phones and called Liu Chuan.

Zhuang Rui followed behind Gegu Lama, standing among a group of Tibetan Buddhist believers. He watched them chanting scriptures as they walked clockwise along the prayer wheel path. Although he couldn't understand their scriptures, Zhuang Rui still felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

"Come with me."

After reaching the end of the pilgrimage route, Gegu Lama waved to Zhuang Rui, ignoring the Tibetan stall owner who was still packing up his stall, and led Zhuang Rui into the Jokhang Temple through a side door.