

Golden 801

Chapter 801-802 Acupuncture (Part 1 & 2)

"Come on, brother, let's talk this out. It's just a needle prick, right? Come on..."

Seeing himself surrounded by enemies, with a golden eagle watching him from above, Ouyang Jun immediately backed down. After all, a needle prick in the hand wouldn't kill him, so the young master Ouyang readily extended his left hand.

To be honest, Zhuang Rui had really put a lot of effort into acupuncture during this period. Although he hadn't needled anyone yet, he had memorized the acupoints on people's arms by heart. Right now, his eyes were fixed on Ouyang Jun's wrist.

"Fourth Brother, straighten your palm. You'll know how comfortable it feels when the needle goes in..."

Zhuang Rui's words made Ouyang Jun's lips twitch involuntarily. He reluctantly opened his left palm and said, "Are you even capable? Don't end up paralyzed in all four limbs, and then you'll have to raise my son?"

"Don't talk nonsense, but Xiao Rui, this... can it really be inserted?"

Although Xu, the famous star, wanted to teach her husband a lesson, she was a little frightened when she saw Zhuang Ruizhen preparing to take action.

It is said that Zhuang Rui used a plum blossom needle, which was made of aluminum alloy and consisted of two sections connected by a spiral thread. The front section was thinner and 12cm long, while the back section was thicker and 10cm long. The needle head was 6cm long. These silver needles, which were more than ten centimeters long, were not only unsettling to be used on the body, but also gave people a creepy feeling just by looking at them.

"It's alright, sister-in-law. Fourth Brother has thick skin and plenty of blood. A little bleeding from a prick is nothing..."

Zhuang Rui chuckled, giving Ouyang Jun goosebumps all over. He shouted, "You brat, I don't care, after the acupuncture, I want to pick out those gold ornaments you made for my son first..."

Having conducted a live experiment, he should at least reap some benefits. The gold ornaments that Ouyang Jun mentioned were longevity locks and similar items made by Zhuang Rui using gold bricks from the basement. They were originally intended for Ouyang Jun's child and his unborn twins.

"Fine, take your pick..."

Zhuang Rui sighed inwardly. "I've gone to so much trouble to help you guys heal and treat your illnesses, and not only am I being a Good Samaritan, but I'm also going to have to pay you out of my own pocket."

Zhuang Rui placed a towel on the table and placed Ouyang Jun's wrist on it. To be honest, he was also a little nervous. Although he had medical students give him acupuncture before, this was the first time he had given acupuncture to someone else.

Zhuang Rui chose to insert acupuncture at Yanggu point, located on the ulnar side of the wrist, in the depression between the styloid process of the ulna and the triquetrum. This location is relatively easy to find and is not a critical point, so there is no risk of injury no matter how you insert the needle.

Stimulating the Yanggu acupoint with acupuncture can improve eyesight, calm the mind, and promote blood circulation. It is best used for pregnant women. Zhuang Rui is using Ouyang Jun as a test subject so that he can use it on his own daughter-in-law later.

After checking it several times and touching it with his hand for a while, Zhuang Rui finally determined the location of the Yanggu acupoint. He then pinched the silver needle with his right thumb and forefinger and aimed the needle tip at the Yanggu acupoint.

"Ouch, take it easy, kid..."

Ouyang Jun suddenly let out a scream, which startled Zhuang Rui.

"Hey Fourth Brother, we haven't even started drilling yet, what are you yelling about?"

Zhuang Rui's words made the onlookers burst into laughter, and the previously tense atmosphere became relaxed.

Ouyang Jun scratched his head somewhat sheepishly, struck a battle-ready pose, and said, "Hurry up, kid, are you any good?"

"good!"

Zhuang Rui agreed verbally, and began rubbing his right thumb and forefinger together, causing the silver needle to pierce into Ouyang Jun's skin.

"Does it hurt?" Zhuang Rui asked, seeing that the needle tip had gone down about a centimeter.

"Huh? You're already getting it? It doesn't hurt, just a little itchy. I have to say, you're something else..."

Ouyang Jun was stunned for a moment, then looked at his wrist. To be honest, he didn't feel any pain, just a little numbness and itchiness.

Acupuncture point insertion can be traced back to ancient times. Back then, people would sometimes experience unexpected pain relief when their bodies were accidentally struck by sharp objects like stones or thorns while working.

Ancient people began to consciously use sharp stones to pierce certain parts of their bodies or to deliberately puncture their bodies to cause bleeding in order to relieve pain. In various historical records, it has been mentioned many times that the original tool for acupuncture was a stone needle, called Bian stone.

As long as the acupuncture points are needled correctly, there is generally no pain, unless the person's technique is too clumsy. Although it was Zhuang Rui's first time giving someone acupuncture, he learned it quite well and didn't make Ouyang Jun suffer.

"How do you feel now? Do you feel any coolness?"

When using the needling technique to puncture the Yanggu acupoint, the needle can only penetrate half an inch, or about one centimeter. After inserting it, Zhuang Rui stopped, and a silver needle was placed upright on Ouyang Jun's wrist.

"No, it just feels a little swollen..." Ouyang Jun replied.

"And now?"

Zhuang Rui slapped his forehead, realizing he had been so focused on inserting the needles that he had forgotten about the spiritual energy. He quickly let a wisp of spiritual energy escape from his eyes and seep into Ouyang Jun's skin through the silver needles.

"Oh, it feels cool and refreshing, so comfortable!"

As the spiritual energy entered his body, Ouyang Jun's eyes narrowed. Although the amount was small, it gave him a feeling of ethereal bliss. However, the feeling disappeared in just a few minutes.

"Hey...hey, I said, it's gone, but it's starting to swell again..."

After the spiritual energy disappeared, Ouyang Jun complained unhappily. The feeling he had just experienced was so comfortable, as if many impurities and grime had been expelled from his body, leaving him feeling refreshed.

"Alright, mission accomplished!"

After estimating that the spiritual energy had mostly dissipated on Ouyang Jun, Zhuang Rui removed the silver needle from his wrist.

Zhuang Rui was very satisfied with the experiment. If he wanted to increase the amount of spiritual energy used, he would only need to twist the silver needles.

However, Zhuang Rui would still control the dosage. After all, it would be too miraculous if it were effective in one go. Given Ouyang Jun's status, it would be easy for him to contact top acupuncturists in the country. Zhuang Rui didn't want to make things worse.

"Brother, give me another injection, just one more. I didn't feel anything before..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui preparing to put away the silver needles, Ouyang Jun panicked and grabbed Zhuang Rui, extending his left wrist. This action left the people on the side dumbfounded. Was it really that amazing?

These days, everyone wants to do everything, but nothing is more important than giving injections or taking medicine. Nobody wants to do that. But today, Comrade Ouyang Jun defied everyone's expectations and insisted that Zhuang Rui give him another injection.

"Honey, are you alright?"

When Xu Qing saw Ouyang Jun's appearance, she couldn't help but reach out her hand to check if Ouyang Jun had a fever. Wasn't he just being a slut, begging someone to stick needles into him?

"What are you doing? Zhuang Rui's kung fu is excellent. You don't believe me? Try it. Pah, pah, you'd better not try..."

Ouyang Jun has always been outspoken, and what he just said made Xu Qing blush. In modern terms, that skill... carries a slightly deeper meaning.

"Alright, Fourth Brother, please step aside, let me give my sister-in-law an acupuncture..."

Zhuang Rui shoved Ouyang Jun away. He had a good idea. This spiritual energy of his was priceless. If it weren't for the fact that they were family, would Zhuang Rui have gone to such great lengths to learn acupuncture?

After giving birth, Xu Qing tried acupuncture for weight loss in order to return to the big screen. She wasn't afraid at all and simply placed her wrists on the table.

"Wow, it really is! It feels so cool and comfortable..."

That soothing, cool sensation made even the superstar groan softly. Like Ouyang Jun, just a few minutes later, the superstar even had the urge to have Zhuang Rui give him another injection.

"Really? Let me try it too..."

"I'll go first, I'll go first..."

"You're all so mean, you don't give way to Nannan at all..."

Seeing Xu Qing's reaction, the courtyard erupted in excitement. Apart from a few elders like Ouyang Wan, everyone stretched out their arms, and even the little girl who was usually terrified of injections joined in the fun.

"Sweetie, aren't you afraid of getting a shot?"

Zhuang Rui smiled and picked up the little one. He didn't need to use silver needles to infuse spiritual energy into Nannan, because he could help her comb her body every day when she took a nap at noon.

Of all the people in the courtyard, apart from the White Lion and his gang, Nannan has probably received the most spiritual energy treatments.

"No... I'm not afraid, I'm afraid of needles..."

Seeing the silver needles in Zhuang Rui's hand, the little guy still backed down, his childish appearance drawing laughter from the courtyard.

Zhuang Rui suppressed a laugh and said, "Give it to Mom first..."

Upon hearing this, Ouyang Wan also extended her wrist. However, when the wisp of spiritual energy seeped into her skin, she asked in surprise, "Huh, Xiao Rui, this feels similar to the medicine you applied to my back when I injured it last time?"

"Of course, your son is a miracle doctor, his medical skills are naturally more miraculous than the Tibetan medicine bestowed by the Living Buddha..."

Zhuang Rui put on a smug look, but Ouyang Wan didn't think much of it. She also assumed that the cool sensation came from the silver needles. No one had such a vivid imagination to guess that Zhuang Rui had imbued the silver needles with spiritual energy.

"This feels so good..."

"Yes, Brother Zhuang, you need an injection every day..."

"Xiao Rui, after that injection, my shoulder feels so much better..."

After Zhuang Rui had given acupuncture to everyone in the courtyard, his mother-in-law rubbed her shoulder with an incredulous expression. Fang Yi had suffered from frozen shoulder for many years and would feel soreness every autumn and winter. She didn't expect that after the acupuncture, she didn't feel much pain.

"Hehe, Mom, that's just psychological, it's not that magical..."

Zhuang Rui chuckled and replied that if it weren't for the rule that a young son-in-law can't go into his mother-in-law's room, he would have cured Fang Yi's illness long ago.

"Xiao Rui, it really works! This acupuncture is much better than massage or medicine. Help Mom with acupuncture more often..."

Fang Yi stretched her shoulders again and felt much more relaxed. She accepted it as a placebo effect.

“Mother-in-law, please don’t praise him. This child doesn’t study his proper schoolwork; instead, he insists on learning acupuncture. He’s not doing anything worthwhile...”

It is a Chinese tradition that no matter how outstanding their children are, parents will still give them a few words of advice. Of course, Ouyang Wan said this with a smile on her face.

"Mom, you're a teacher, and acupuncture is part of our country's traditional culture. My master's thesis is about ancient gold and silver needles unearthed from tombs, to demonstrate the development of medicine at that time..."

Zhuang Rui wasn't lying. He discovered from archaeological documents at Peking University's School of Cultural Heritage that gold and silver needles used for acupuncture had been unearthed in many ancient tombs.

For example, several gold needles specifically used for acupuncture were unearthed in the Mawangdui tombs. In the Han tombs in Mancheng, Hebei, not only were gold and silver needles of different styles unearthed, but there was also a piece of jade carving from the early Warring States period called "Xingqi Yupei Ming" (Inscription on the Jade Pendant for Circulating Qi).

Including later unearthed commentaries such as "Suwen" and "Lingshu," which together form the "Huangdi Neijing," these works immediately became the most authoritative books on acupuncture in ancient China. All subsequent writings on acupuncture theory are derived from these two books.

The emergence of these items demonstrates that acupuncture held an absolutely dominant position in ancient Chinese medicine. From emperors and generals to ordinary people, everyone relied on traditional Chinese medicine acupuncture to treat and regulate their health when they fell ill.

Unfortunately, the nine volumes and eighty-one chapters of the Ling Shu have all been lost or damaged in later generations. What we can see now are mostly annotations by famous doctors throughout history, but no original text has been unearthed.

Zhuang Rui is currently studying archaeological theory. He plans to wait until he starts his internship to see if he can find the complete nine volumes of the Ling Shu from the unearthed tombs, which would fill a gap in Chinese acupuncture.

"Xiao Rui, try getting your grandparents a few acupuncture treatments later and see if it has any effect..."

Although he had been treated by Zhuang Rui several times with remarkable results, Grandpa Ouyang was nearing the end of his life, and Zhuang Rui didn't have the opportunity to regularly take care of the two elders' health, so Grandpa Ouyang's spirits hadn't been very good lately.

As the saying goes, "hibernation is a time of hibernation," and every winter is a hurdle for the elderly, especially for people of Mr. Ouyang's age, whose numbers are decreasing every year. The young Red Guards of yesteryear are now very old.

Although Ouyang Zhenshan has entered the central government, the backbone of the Ouyang family is still the old man. As long as he is there, he can make many people with ill intentions hide their thoughts. This effect is similar to nuclear deterrence.

So as the weather got colder, the old man's health became the top priority for the Ouyang family. With his mother-in-law taking care of his daughter-in-law, Ouyang Wan would also visit the old man for a few days from time to time. However, it was obvious that the old man's energy and spirit were not as good as in the spring and summer.

After disinfecting the silver needles, Zhuang Rui put them away and asked, "Mom, will the doctors agree to give Grandpa acupuncture?"

The people living on Yuquan Mountain were at least vice-national level leaders before their retirement. The country attaches far more importance to them than to the giant panda, a national treasure. Each of them has a specific medical expert team to ensure their health, and these experts are not ordinary people either.

The medical staff living on Yuquan Mountain are all top figures in their respective fields, including many experts in traditional Chinese medicine and acupuncture. Zhuang Rui's "acupuncture skills" that only involve one acupoint are laughable.

Moreover, given the old man's status, even changing a type of medicine would require layers of reporting and approval, let alone having an outsider give him acupuncture. The old man is not like the people in the courtyard, where Zhuang Rui can just take a needle and prick him at will.

Zhuang Rui asked this question with the intention of playing hard to get. Otherwise, if he rushed to treat the old man's illness and the effect was so good, it would definitely arouse the suspicion of the doctors. It was most appropriate for his mother to bring it up.

Sure enough, after hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Ouyang Wan hesitated for a moment. However, having personally experienced the effects of acupuncture, she thought for a while and then said, "Tomorrow is the weekend, you shouldn't have any classes, right? Come with me to see your grandfather, and we can discuss it with Dr. Dou then..."

The next day, it wasn't just Zhuang Rui and his mother who went to Yuquan Mountain. Qin Xuanbing, who was heavily pregnant, also came along. Ouyang Jun even brought his wife and son. The elderly like children, so bringing them along was to entertain the elderly.

"Oh my, this child is so handsome..."

Upon seeing Ouyang Jun's child, the old lady's eyes narrowed with laughter. She leaned over the cradle and started playing with the baby, pushing the old man, who was eager to see his great-grandson, aside.

"Old woman, move aside, let me see..." The old man got impatient and simply stretched out his arm to push her.

The old lady protested, saying, "What are you looking at? You look so fierce. Don't scare the child..."

"What are you talking about? I'm not going to eat people..."

The old man unreasonably pushed his wife away. His wrinkled face looked at the little one in the cradle, and his large hand even touched the little one's crotch a couple of times, but the little one kicked him away.

"Ya ya..."

The little guy can't speak yet, but he clenched his little fists and was very dissatisfied with the old man who was playing with his little brother.

"Good lad, you dare kick me? You've got guts!"

The old man burst into laughter, completely bewildered by the chaotic family hierarchy. After playing with the child for a while, he turned and saw Ouyang Jun, his face hardening as he scolded, "You brat, even as a father you're still so useless..."

When the old man saw Ouyang Jun, he still didn't have a good look on his face. This kid was too useless. He sent him to the army back then, but he actually deserted. If this were on the battlefield, the old man might have just shot him dead.

The usually sharp-tongued young master Ouyang was as obedient as a good boy in front of Ouyang Gang, keeping his head down and not daring to breathe loudly until the old man had finished scolding him. Only then did he slink away to his grandmother.

"Grandpa, your voice is still so loud..."

Zhuang Rui approached the old man with a grin. In the Ouyang family, he was the only one who dared to speak to the old man like that, without any hesitation.

"Of course..."

The old man proudly raised his head; his loud voice indicated he had a strong voice, and among his still-living old friends, none were as physically fit as him.

"Hehe, anyone who didn't know better would think you're hard of hearing..."

Zhuang Rui knew that his grandfather had a bit of a childlike temper, so he couldn't help but tease him, which made the old man so angry that he almost fainted.

"How can this child talk like that..."

Ouyang Wan couldn't stand it anymore, so she tapped Zhuang Rui on the head and said, "Dad, Xiao Rui has been learning acupuncture recently. He tried it on us yesterday, and the effect was pretty good. How about I give you a needle to try?"

"Acupuncture? That's something passed down from our ancestors, very good, very good..."

The old man looked at Zhuang Rui with curiosity. He only knew that his grandson was involved in those crude antique paintings that were too rough to even wipe one's bottom with. He didn't expect him to be learning this kind of thing. However, the old man just nodded and said okay, but did not agree to let Zhuang Rui give him acupuncture.

"Dad, you should try it, it feels really good..."

Seeing that the old man remained noncommittal, Ouyang Wan couldn't help but offer a word of advice: the feeling of spiritual energy entering the body really makes one feel like they're floating on air, and their mind becomes clearer than usual.

"I don't use that. Xiao Dou has given me acupuncture before, and I don't feel anything..."

The old man waved his hand, explaining that he used to rely on physical massage and acupuncture to exercise his leg muscles when he couldn't get out of bed, so he was quite familiar with acupuncture.

Seeing that the old man refused to give in, Zhuang Rui grinned mischievously and said, "Mom, forget it. Grandpa's afraid of pain. He might cry from the needle..."

"Fuck your mother's stench... stench..."

As Ouyang Gang uttered the curse, he realized that Zhuang Rui's mother was none other than his own daughter, but he couldn't bring himself to say it.

The old man joined the army when he was around ten years old. During the war years, he fought in countless battles, large and small, and was wounded countless times. Now, to make matters worse, he was accused of being afraid of pain, which enraged him.

"Xiao Rui, you can't be so rude. How can you talk to your grandfather like that?"

Ouyang Wan quickly scolded Zhuang Rui, saying that the old man was very competitive and that if this had happened when he was young, he would have reached for the waistband and snatched it.

"Then why don't you dare let me give you acupuncture..." Zhuang Rui muttered unconvinced, his voice not loud, but just loud enough for the old man to hear.

"Bullshit! What am I afraid of? I'll stab you then!"

There's a saying that old people are like children, meaning that as people get older, their personalities become like those of children. The old man was just like that. He sat down in his recliner and started rolling up his trouser legs. In his memory, acupuncture was always done on the legs.

"Commander, what are you doing?"

The special nurse had just seen the leader talking to his daughter and grandson, so he was a bit far away. However, when he saw the old man suddenly become emotional, he rushed over, just in time to see the old man rolling up his trousers.

"This brat actually said I'm afraid of pain. Back in my day..."

Taking advantage of the opportunity, the old man gave Zhuang Rui and the others another lesson in war education. He even lifted his shirt to show Zhuang Rui the scar on his stomach, clearly displeased with Zhuang Rui's words.

"Sir, this won't do. Your health is being taken care of by the expert team. This...this..."

Zhuang Rui was performing acupuncture on the old man, which was against the rules, and the highly experienced special nurse immediately felt very embarrassed.

Chapter 803 Acupuncture (Part 3)

"No, absolutely not, sir. We are responsible for your health. If you feel unwell anywhere and would like acupuncture, I can give you a few needles myself, that's no problem..."

Upon hearing the news, Dr. Dou immediately rejected Zhuang Rui's idea. These elderly people, nearing the end of their lives, were the Republic's most precious asset, and could not be allowed to suffer even the slightest mishap.

These leaders usually report even minor illnesses like colds and flu to higher levels. How could Dr. Dou possibly let Zhuang Rui, who has no acupuncture background, rashly give the old man acupuncture?

If Dr. Dou really agrees, she'll probably be isolated and investigated the next day, and might even be labeled a dangerous element lurking around the leader.

"Dr. Dou, it's not a big deal to let Xiao Rui give his grandfather an injection, is it? It's just a prick in his hand..."

Having witnessed her son's miraculous abilities, Ouyang Wan interjected, saying that in the year or so she had been at ***, she had become very familiar with the doctors who cared for her parents.

"Sigh, Sister Ouyang, every acupoint on a person's body is interconnected, and you can't just stick needles in randomly. If something happens to the chief, no one can bear the responsibility..."

Upon hearing Ouyang Wan's words, Dr. Dou sighed. He hadn't expected that Ouyang Wan, who was always reasonable, would actually speak up for Zhuang Rui.

In Dr. Dou's opinion, this was nothing more than Zhuang Rui showing off the little bit he learned at school to his maternal grandfather, probably just trying to please the old man and be more favored in the family.

To be honest, Dr. Dou really looked down on Zhuang Rui. Using this method to curry favor with the elderly is something that younger generations might not value, but doctors like them would never dare to joke about the health of the elderly; it's their duty.

However, what Dr. Dou didn't know was that Zhuang Rui's immense wealth wasn't dependent on the Ouyang family's influence at all; it was all earned by himself, and within just two short years.

If we're talking about who benefited, the Ouyang family probably benefited from Zhuang Rui's influence. If Zhuang Rui hadn't cured the old man's illness last year, Ouyang Zhenshan probably wouldn't have been able to take over smoothly, and the Ouyang family might not have achieved their current glory.

"It should be fine, right? Xiao Rui gave us all acupuncture before, and it felt really good..."

Ouyang Wan didn't know anything about traditional Chinese medicine and acupuncture, but she had personally experienced the effects of Zhuang Rui's acupuncture. Even if it couldn't relieve her father's pain, it wouldn't do any harm.

While Ouyang Wan and Dr. Dou were talking, Zhuang Rui remained silent. Intervening would only backfire.

If Dr. Dou can be persuaded by Zhuang Rui, that would be best. If not, he can simply come to Yuquan Mountain to stay for a few days in the future and help the elderly with their health during their midday nap.

"No, we have to be responsible for the leader's safety and health. Even if I agree, the expert group won't agree..."

Dr. Dou shook his head repeatedly. He and his colleagues were already busy enough all day long, and he didn't expect these family members to cause trouble. This made the dutiful Dr. Dou feel very depressed.

"Grandpa is afraid of pain, but Nannan isn't. Grandpa is so embarrassed..."

While Ouyang Wan was negotiating with Dr. Dou, the little girl came over and, incredibly boldly, started drawing on her face with her finger, embarrassing Old Master Ouyang.

"Nonsense... Why would I be afraid of pain, you little brat? Say it again and I'll spank you..."

As the saying goes, children speak without restraint. What the little girl said was exactly what she was thinking, which was unbearable for the old man who had always prided himself on being strong-willed.

"Xiao Dou, it's alright. A needle won't kill you. Back when Xu Laohu joined the suicide squad, he was shot in the head and managed to dig the bullet out himself. Am I any less capable than him?"

Actually, Old Master Ouyang is no match for that Tiger Xu. That guy was one of the top generals in the early days of the People's Republic. He became a monk at Shaolin Temple as a child, joined the revolution as a youth, and was known for his fiery temper. Even when he was a division commander, he still led a suicide squad with a broadsword. He was a truly legendary figure in the military.

Although both were founding generals, Ouyang Gang was no less accomplished in military achievements than the other, but he was less renowned in popular legend and reputation. This was the reason why the old man always felt resentful and liked to compare him with Xu Laohu whenever something happened.

"Sir, you're making me make a mistake..."

Upon hearing the old man's words, Dr. Dou couldn't help but smile wryly. He had worked here for over ten years and was very familiar with the personalities of these elderly people. Each of them was decisive and ruthless, and once the leaders spoke, he knew he couldn't stop them.

"What mistake? My grandson treated me, what kind of mistake is that?"

Ouyang Gang widened his eyes, then looked at the little girl beside him and said, "Girl, I'm not afraid at all. I'm not afraid even if a big knife cuts my neck. What's a scar the size of a bowl?"

Well, this old man and the real child are really going at it, and everyone in the courtyard can't help but laugh. Even Ouyang Jun, who is terrified of the old man, is hiding in a corner and chuckling.

"Grandpa is amazing! Grandpa is so great!"

The little girl gave a thumbs up. To the uninitiated, it seemed like she was just a child at heart. But Zhuang Rui knew that this was a deal he made with the little girl in exchange for a box of chocolate-flavored Häagen-Dazs.

"Of course, back in my day, your great-grandfather..."

The old man had heard countless kind words in his life, but none of them felt as comforting as the praise from his great-granddaughter. He couldn't help but start reminiscing again.

"But Grandpa, you haven't given me the acupuncture yet. You're still not as good as Nannan..."

Fearing that the old man might not be able to stop and would continue his two-hour-long tale of past suffering, Zhuang Rui quickly gave Nannan a wink, and the little girl immediately cut off the old man's words.

"Uh, get the needle, kid, hurry up and give me the needle, it's not a big deal..."

The old man was embarrassed by what the little girl said and kept beckoning to Zhuang Rui. Right now, even if Zhuang Rui took a knife and cut a piece of flesh off him, the old man could probably grit his teeth and bear it. But to be looked down upon by a little girl, who could stand it?

Zhuang Rui did not answer, but instead looked at Dr. Dou.

"What are you looking at Xiao Dou for? Hurry up..."

When the old man saw that Zhuang Rui didn't speak, he became anxious. His expression was like that of a child who was desperate to prove himself when no one believed him, which made Dr. Dou both amused and exasperated.

"Ahem, how about this, Xiao Zhuang, which acupoints do you want me to needle? Needle me first, and once I feel it's okay, then I'll needle the commander, alright?"

Knowing that no one could persuade the old man when he was in a bad mood, Dr. Dou decided to try the acupuncture himself first. If Zhuang Rui's skills were poor and he pricked himself until he bled, then Zhuang Rui would probably be too embarrassed to give the old man acupuncture again.

Almost all the members of the expert team arrived at Ouyang Gang's courtyard. A doctor wearing glasses spoke up first, "Dr. Dou, let me do it. I've studied acupuncture with Instructor Zhou..."

Zhuang Rui was surprised to find that there were Dean Zhou's students here. However, judging from their expressions, they probably all thought he was just there to attract attention. So Zhuang Rui kept quiet and waited for them to finish their discussion before he started giving acupuncture. Facts speak louder than words.

"No need, I can do it..."

Dr. Dou waved his hand and said, "To put it simply, acupuncture is about promoting blood circulation and clearing the meridians. It treats corresponding symptoms by stimulating acupoints. Even if the skill level is not high, at most it will only cause bleeding. As long as you don't prick vital acupoints, there generally won't be any major problems."

However, the leader was too old to withstand the ordeal, which is why Dr. Dou disagreed with Zhuang Rui's decision to give him acupuncture. Dr. Dou didn't care about getting a few needles herself.

"Xiao Zhuang, come on, should we prick the acupoints on your back or your legs?"

As Dr. Dou spoke, he took off his white coat. He didn't believe that Zhuang Rui would dare to insert needles into important acupoints on the head and face after attending a few acupuncture classes.

"Dr. Dou, I've only learned one acupuncture point, the Yanggu point. This point can stimulate the nerves and has the functions of improving eyesight and calming the mind. My grandfather often suffers from tinnitus, so maybe it will help..."

Zhuang Rui's words surprised Dr. Dou. What the young man said made sense, and his medical reasoning was quite logical. It seemed he had put in some effort.

Moreover, Zhuang Rui mentioned wanting to treat the old man's deafness and tinnitus. Regardless of his acupuncture skills, it was a filial act from a younger generation, not something he intended to do to attract attention.

Thinking of this, Dr. Dou's expression softened. He walked to the stone bench in the middle of the courtyard, sat down, pulled open the fabric on his wrist, and said, "Alright, let's needle the Yanggu acupoint then. Xiao Zhuang, come on..."

When they saw that Zhuang Rui was about to get acupuncture, everyone gathered around the stone table, and even the old lady who was playing with her great-grandson came over.

However, the old lady wasn't very confident in her grandson. Looking at the silver needles in Zhuang Rui's acupuncture kit, she said, "My dear grandson, don't stick them all in, these needles aren't short..."

The old lady's words made Dr. Dou, who was sitting steadily in the chair, shiver involuntarily. This was no joke; if a silver needle more than ten centimeters long were inserted, wouldn't it pierce through the wrist?

Stealing a glance at Zhuang Rui, Dr. Dou was also a little scared. These days, it's not that you don't know anything, it's that you're the kind of person who's all talk and no action.

"Grandma, how could that be? It only went in about a centimeter at most. You're underestimating me..."

Zhuang Rui smiled and opened his acupuncture kit. He took out a plum blossom needle and then used an alcohol burner the size of a toothpick box that he had brought with him to heat the needle tip. He then wiped it clean with gauze soaked in medical alcohol before aiming it at the Yanggu acupoint on Dr. Dou's wrist and beginning to insert the needle.

To be honest, Zhuang Rui's actions restored the rosy color to Dr. Dou's face, which had been a bit pale. Regardless of Zhuang Rui's skill level, the disinfection measures before acupuncture were absolutely impeccable.

Chapter 804 Miraculous

This book is first published on Taiwan Novel Network, the top choice for reading Taiwanese novels. Visit twknan.com to read anytime, anywhere, and enjoy a reading experience with error-free and orderly chapters.

"Xiao Zhuang, it seems you've really put in a lot of effort..."

Seeing how skillfully Zhuang Rui had prepared, Dr. Dou felt relieved. She figured a simple acupuncture at the Yanggu acupoint wouldn't cause any problems. Even if Zhuang Rui's skill was poor, it would only result in a little bleeding; the old lady's worst fears about a different outcome were unlikely.

"I studied with a PhD in acupuncture at medical school. Haha, I'm just showing off my limited skills in front of all you experts, but I'm sure it won't have any adverse effect on Grandpa's health..."

Zhuang Rui looked up and smiled faintly. He knew what these doctors were thinking. What he was doing was a bit inappropriate. If something went wrong, the doctor would be the one who would suffer. If it worked, it would, to some extent, cost them their livelihood.

However, Zhuang Rui was telling the truth. He did know a doctoral student at the medical school who was researching the use of silver needles with different magnetic properties to compare the effectiveness of acupuncture.

However, that guy was a bit eccentric, and his research direction was not recognized by his supervisor and classmates. So when he saw that Zhuang Rui recognized his research, he immediately regarded Zhuang Rui as a confidant. In less than two months, the two became very close.

That guy handed over his research notes and clinical records to Zhuang Rui. Otherwise, Zhuang Rui wouldn't have had the idea of giving his relative acupuncture. After all, it's a bit hard to explain why the same needle could produce different effects.

"Come on, don't be afraid, acupuncture requires a lot of practice..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Dr. Dou offered him encouragement. He admired the young man even more, realizing that Zhuang Rui was quite different from the spoiled brat he had initially imagined.

"good....."

Zhuang Rui nodded in response and then focused his attention on Dr. Dou's wrist. He used his thumb and forefinger to apply slight pressure and insert the silver needle into the Yanggu acupoint, which he had already located.

When the silver needle had penetrated about one centimeter into the skin, Zhuang Rui stopped and asked, "Dr. Dou, how do you feel?"

"Hmm, a little sore and numb. You've found the acupoints well, no deviations..."

Dr. Dou chuckled upon hearing this. This young man was quite amusing, actually asking questions like a doctor. However, Zhuang Rui's acupuncture technique was still a bit clumsy; he used a little too much force when twisting the needle.

However, Dr. Dou did not say these words. Compared to someone who was learning acupuncture on his own out of hobby, Zhuang Rui had already done very well. In terms of acupuncture technique, Zhuang Rui was even better than some newly graduated TCM students who had just started their internships.

"Dr. Dou, how are you feeling now?"

Zhuang Rui held the silver needle between his two fingers and gently twisted it. However, the silver needle did not penetrate deeply; it only moved within the acupoint. While twisting the silver needle, Zhuang Rui separated a wisp of spiritual energy, which entered the Yanggu acupoint along the silver needle.

Fearing that Dr. Dou might sense something too obvious, Zhuang Rui released a very thin wisp of spiritual energy, much weaker than the energy he used on his own family, almost imperceptible.

"Huh? It feels a bit cool, hmm, very comfortable. The Yanggu acupoint has this effect?"

Just as the spiritual energy entered his body, Dr. Dou's eyes suddenly lit up. He vaguely sensed a cool sensation coming from his Yanggu acupoint, like placing an ice cube on his hand in the hot summer, which made all the soreness and numbness disappear.

Moreover, as Zhuang Rui manipulated the silver needles, Dr. Dou felt his pores open all over his body, experiencing a comfortable sensation as if he were soaking in a hot spring, expelling toxins from his body.

However, this time was extremely short, disappearing without a trace after only a dozen seconds, making Dr. Dou even wonder if it was just his imagination.

Zhuang Rui didn't want to reveal his abilities, so before Dr. Dou could react, he reached out and pulled out the silver needles.

"Cough cough... Xiao Zhuang, could you... give me another acupuncture?"

Dr. Dou's words stunned the other doctors nearby. They had assumed the medical team leader would find some excuse to prevent Zhuang Rui from giving the leader acupuncture, but Dr. Dou had unexpectedly uttered those words, and there was even a hint of pleading in her voice.

"Okay, but let's switch hands..." Zhuang Rui nodded in agreement; he had already prepared his answer.

"well....."

Dr. Dou quickly extended his left hand, wanting to savor the feeling again to see if it was just his imagination.

"Here it comes again..."

Dr. Dou was very focused this time. He found that after the needle was inserted, there was no cooling sensation, but when Zhuang Rui started to twist the silver needle with two fingers, that sensation reappeared.

This time, Dr. Dou felt it even more deeply. When that cool sensation appeared on the skin of her wrist, she felt like she was floating on air, her mind was very clear, and her ears seemed to have become more sensitive.

However, as Zhuang Rui removed the silver needles, the feeling quickly disappeared. After all, Dr. Dou had been eating grains for forty or fifty years and this was the first time he had received a very small amount of spiritual energy to transform his body, so the effect wouldn't be that significant.

Even Zhuang Rui didn't know that stimulating acupoints with spiritual energy was more effective than simply infusing spiritual energy into a person's body. The Yanggu acupoint was associated with deafness and tinnitus, so acupuncture with spiritual energy could indeed produce subtle changes in the body.

"Dr. Dou, how is it?"

Zhuang Rui put away the silver needles for the second time, deliberately looking at Dr. Dou with an expectant expression.

"It's hard to say, but when you were fiddling with the silver needles, I felt very comfortable and my mind was clear. According to acupuncture theory, this is indeed the effect that can be produced by stimulating the Yanggu acupoint. But isn't this effect a bit too obvious?"

Dr. Dou squinted, seemingly still processing the sensation from just now, a look of disbelief still on his face. He had been practicing medicine for decades and had seen countless doctors and patients, but what happened to him today was truly incomprehensible to him.

Anyone with a basic understanding of Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) knows that TCM is based on the theory of Yin-Yang and the Five Elements, and views the human body as a unified whole of Qi, form, and spirit. It explores the cause, nature, and location of diseases through the four diagnostic methods of observation, auscultation, inquiry, and palpation.

After the pathology is diagnosed, a variety of treatments are generally used, such as traditional Chinese medicine, acupuncture, massage, cupping, qigong, and diet therapy, to restore the body to a state of yin-yang balance and recovery.

Unlike Western medicine, traditional Chinese medicine does not have the harmful effects of chemical drugs on the body. However, it takes longer to see results than Western medicine. Generally, it takes multiple treatments to improve the condition. In Dr. Dou's experience, he had never heard of anyone like Zhuang Rui who could feel the effects after just one acupuncture.

Of course, the qigong healing practices that were rumored in the 1990s were eventually proven to be fraudulent charlatans. As for the guy who thought he had some real knowledge, he went to the United States to become a cult leader.

"May I see your needles?"

After thinking for a long time, Dr. Dou still couldn't figure it out. Although the theory of traditional Chinese medicine and acupuncture emphasizes the harmony of Yin and Yang and the Five Elements to make the body's Qi flow smoothly, it is all done gradually and imperceptibly. How could it be something that people can feel directly?

So, Dr. Dou, who was completely baffled, focused his attention on the silver needles used by Zhuang Rui in acupuncture.

"Huh? What is this place?"

After receiving the silver needle from Zhuang Rui, Dr. Dou noticed a round, dark-colored metal particle about 1.5 centimeters from the needle tip. The particle had a very smooth surface.

To be precise, this should be called a filiform needle, which is specifically used to insert into muscles to stimulate acupoints.

"Dr. Dou, this was developed by that doctor. He believes that the Western theory of magnetic fields makes a lot of sense. Everyone's body has a corresponding magnetic field intensity. He wants to integrate traditional Chinese medicine acupuncture with magnetic phenomena..."

As for these needles of mine, they were all custom-made according to his ideas. That little bead is a magnetic metal. Perhaps what you felt just now, Dr. Dou, was the magnetic field at work?

Most of what Zhuang Rui said was true. Lying to these people was pointless, because the truth would be known simply by asking the doctor.

Sure enough, after hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Dr. Dou immediately asked, "What's that PhD's name? Which university does he attend?"

"Uh... his name is He Gang, from Peking University School of Medicine..."

Zhuang Rui provided all the information he was entitled to. He wasn't afraid of Dr. Dou checking it out. After all, traditional Chinese medicine had been studied for thousands of years, and no one dared to claim that they had thoroughly researched it.

Moreover, Dr. He also incorporated Western theories of magnetic fields, so even if they found the experiment to be unreliable, they could use the effects of magnetic fields to deflect blame.

There is no definitive conclusion in the West regarding the study of the human body's magnetic field. The wavelength of the magnetic field is different at different times. Zhuang Rui could easily say that perhaps the acupuncture he was doing just happened to coincide with the wavelength of the human body's magnetic field.

After leaving, Dr. Dou reported the matter and immediately contacted Dr. He, transferring him out of Peking University and into a military research institute, allocating substantial funds to help Dr. He improve his research.

However, a few years later, although Dr. He's research confirmed that magnetic fields could indeed affect or enhance the effects of acupuncture treatment, its efficacy was not as significant as Zhuang Rui's.

However, by that time, Zhuang Rui had stopped going around soliciting people for acupuncture, so Dr. Dou could only keep his questions to himself. Of course, that's another story.

"Xiao Dou, are you all right now? Let this kid give me acupuncture. Humph, this little brat dares to say I'm afraid of pain. Grandpa will give you a demonstration right now..."

While Zhuang Rui was giving Dr. Dou acupuncture, the little girl kept glancing at her grandfather, which greatly hurt the old man's pride. After seeing that Dr. Dou had acknowledged Zhuang Rui's medical skills, she immediately rolled up her sleeves and placed her wrists on the stone table.

Chapter 805 Seeing Through

Several doctors nearby, seeing that Zhuang Rui had disinfected the silver needles and was preparing to insert them into the leader's acupuncture needles, surrounded Dr. Dou and asked, "Dr. Dou, is this alright?"

Although Dr. Dou was the head of this health expert group, everyone would bear responsibility if something went wrong, so the other doctors were still a little uneasy.

"It's alright, Xiao Zhuang's acupuncture is very effective, there won't be any problems. Okay, you guys keep an eye on things, I need to report to the leadership. This method of combining acupuncture with magnetic field applications might really work..."

After explaining a few words to his colleagues, Dr. Dou left in a hurry. He was busy writing a report to include Dr. He's research in the relevant key subjects.

"Grandpa, how are you? Does it hurt?"

Zhuang Rui inserted the needle quickly. With a flick of his two fingers, the silver needle pierced into the old man's Yanggu acupoint. Then, wisps of spiritual energy seeped into the skin of Ouyang Gang's wrist through the silver needle.

Unlike when he gave Dr. Dou acupuncture earlier, the old man's bodily functions had deteriorated significantly, so Zhuang Rui used a much larger amount of spiritual energy. It was a rare opportunity to openly and honestly cleanse the old man's body, so Zhuang Rui did not hold back the spiritual energy he used.

"It hurts? Ah... are you done?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the old man paused for a moment. Looking at his wrist, he saw a gleaming silver needle sticking out. He said, "You're done with this if you don't feel anything? No, give me another one!"

Zhuang Rui laughed when he heard this. Does this old man have to draw blood to show his heroic spirit?

"Okay, then let's give one more injection..."

Zhuang Rui nodded in agreement, then had the old man switch hands and give him another acupuncture treatment, followed by a massage of his body with spiritual energy.

After the two injections, although the old man's white hair did not turn black, his complexion was noticeably more energetic than before.

"Commander, are you alright? Do you feel anything unusual?"

After Zhuang Ruiqi removed the needles, a group of doctors immediately surrounded the old man, bombarding him with questions.

Zhuang Rui smiled, ran over and pulled his grandmother, who was playing with her great-grandson, and insisted on giving her an acupuncture needle as well. Only then did he put the tools away. At noon, Ouyang Wan and the nanny cooked lunch together. The four generations of the family ate happily.

"Xiao Rui, come here. Help me walk a bit, and bring all your acupuncture gear..."

After lunch, the elderly couple were supposed to take a nap, as was their custom. However, after putting down his bowl, the old man greeted Zhuang Rui, waved for the caregivers to leave, and gestured for Zhuang Rui to help him.

"Grandpa, what's up? My acupuncture skills are pretty good, aren't they?"

Zhuang Rui stepped forward and took his grandfather's arm, helping the old man slowly walk into the yard. His acupuncture kit was in a backpack, and although he didn't understand the old man's intention, Zhuang Rui still carried the bag on his back.

"Go out, go for a walk. When you're old, you'll just stay cooped up in this yard all day, like a bird..."

The old man didn't answer Zhuang Rui's question. He muttered a few words to himself and pointed outside the yard. He hadn't been feeling well for the past few months, but today he was in good spirits and wanted to go out for a walk.

"Grandpa, why don't you come stay with me for a few months?"

Zhuang Rui really wanted his grandfather to pass away. His maternal grandfather was almost 94 years old. According to folk beliefs, 83 and 94 years old are both hurdles. If he could pass these hurdles, he could live to be a hundred years old. Otherwise, he might reach the end of his life.

"I'm not going. My old bones are too weak to walk much, and going out would cause a huge commotion. I don't want to cause trouble for the organization..."

The old man shook his head. People of his generation spent the first half of their lives fighting on the battlefield, almost always surviving against all odds. Although they enjoyed a more comfortable life in their later years, these elderly people never forgot the hardships of the founding of the Republic and rarely made any demands on the country.

The old man pointed to a stone table and chairs on the path outside the courtyard and said, "Let's sit over there..."

Seeing that the leader was about to sit down, the special nurse who had been following at a distance quickly ran over and placed a soft cushion he was carrying on the stone bench. The old man waved his hand and said, "Little Liu, you don't need to follow me, stand a little further away..."

Although the old man's tone was gentle, there was an unyielding authority in it. The nurse, Liu, had received confidentiality training and knew what she could and could not hear, so she immediately walked away after the old man finished speaking.

"Grandpa, what's wrong with you?"

Zhuang Rui was puzzled when he saw his grandfather suddenly become serious. The old man's face suddenly tightened, and there was a murderous aura in it, as if he had become the powerful and commanding general on the battlefield more than half a century ago.

"Xiao Rui, Grandpa has a question for you, and you must answer it honestly..."

The old man's eyes, which were originally slightly cloudy, became exceptionally sharp at this moment, staring intently at Zhuang Rui.

"Grandpa, I've always been very honest..."

Although he often made eye contact with Jin Yu, Zhuang Rui felt that the old man's eyes seemed to be able to see through him, and he felt inexplicably nervous. He couldn't help but take out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

"Don't try anything funny, listen to Grandpa's questions..."

The old man glared at Zhuang Rui and said, "Xiao Rui, I know that when you were giving Grandpa acupuncture just now, the real skill wasn't in the needles, but in your own body, wasn't it?"

Although the old man is old, he is not senile. He once served as the chief of staff, commanding a million soldiers. He was a man who would not tolerate any dissent.

Just now, Zhuang Rui was too concerned about the old man's health and used a lot of spiritual energy. As a result, Ouyang Gang felt that he seemed to be decades younger. Even though he was originally deaf, he could hear what others were saying very clearly without hearing aids.

Although the old man was a materialist who had killed countless people in his life and never believed in ghosts or gods, the refreshing feeling he had when Zhuang Rui gave him acupuncture just now seemed to be something he had experienced in a dream last year. Combined with the fact that his body had inexplicably improved at that time, he began to question Zhuang Rui.

The old man lived in the countryside when he was young, then spent half his life in the military, and experienced the reconstruction of New China. He has seen all kinds of things, including many talented and extraordinary people. Their existence is justified. The older he gets, the broader his mind becomes.

The old man now suspects that his grandson possesses abilities beyond the comprehension of ordinary people; otherwise, the sudden improvement in his and his wife's health would seem rather strange.

"Kung Fu? On me? Grandpa, what are you saying? I don't understand."

Although Zhuang Rui was shocked, he showed a bewildered expression on his face, looking at the old man with a very calm look in his eyes. However, if someone were to put their ear to Zhuang Rui's chest at this moment, they would definitely be able to hear the "thump-thump" of his heartbeat.

In truth, Zhuang Rui was in a state of utter shock. His heart was practically leaping out of his throat. Since gaining his superpowers, Zhuang Rui had never revealed a single secret about them to anyone. He never expected that his elderly grandfather would see through his disguise.

The old man looked at Zhuang Rui with amusement and said, "Don't understand? Heh, still pretending with your grandpa? Have you practiced some kind of qigong? Can you project your true qi outwards?"

In fact, Ouyang Gang had set a trap for Zhuang Rui. He deliberately made it sound like qigong, hoping Zhuang Rui would admit it himself. Then he would explain the differences between qigong and other qigong, and see if Zhuang Rui would fall for it.

"Qigong? I don't know how, Grandpa. You don't read martial arts novels, do you?"

Zhuang Rui still pretended to be confused. It wasn't that he didn't want to admit it, but if he admitted that he knew qigong, what if the old man made him do something like breaking bricks on his head? Wouldn't that be asking for trouble?

"Still not admitting it? I'm telling you, last year your grandmother and I suddenly got better. You didn't do that, did you? Otherwise, how could it be such a coincidence that my health improved right after you came?"

The old man connected the dots, determined not to give up until he got to the bottom of it.

"Grandpa, that's because you and Grandma are very lucky. They're happy to see my mom. What does it have to do with me?"

By the way, Grandpa, let me tell you, in ancient times, if some unmarried men fell ill, they would say that a new wife would come into the house to "bring good luck." I guess that's what happened between you and Grandma...

Under the old man's two rounds of interrogation, Zhuang Rui gradually calmed down. Anyway, the old man was just guessing. As long as he denied it to the death, what could the old man do but have him arrested and tortured?

So Zhuang Rui started spouting nonsense, leaving the old man dumbfounded. He was cured of his illness, so how did he end up talking about ancient men getting sick and then getting married?

"You...you're just making this up..."

The old man was so angry that his beard stood on end, but seeing Zhuang Rui's calm demeanor, he turned around and smiled, saying, "Alright, as expected of my grandson Ouyang Gang, you won't bend even when Mount Tai is pressing down on you. If this were during wartime, you would be a tough guy!"

Seeing that Zhuang Rui wouldn't budge, the old man stopped pressing him. Just as Zhuang Rui had thought, he had no evidence, and if he continued to press him, Zhuang Rui probably wouldn't use this ability in front of him again.

"If we have nothing to hide, we naturally won't bend over..."

Zhuang Rui puffed out his chest, but instead of a cigarette, he took out a cigarette from the pack in his hand and lit it with trembling hands.

The pressure the old man put on him was immense; at the beginning, Zhuang Rui almost revealed the secret.

"Alright, you know, I know, heaven knows, earth knows. Don't pretend in front of me anymore. Let's go, go give Old Song acupuncture. If he doesn't want to, just say he's afraid of pain!"

The old man's words made Zhuang Rui break out in a cold sweat again. It turned out that the trick he and Nannan had been playing had been seen through long ago.

Chapter 806 Keep a Low Profile

Old Master Ouyang had lived for nearly a century, and there were very few things in this world he couldn't see through. He had long since seen through Zhuang Rui's little tricks, but since Zhuang Rui was unwilling to talk about it, he decided to play dumb for good.

"Damn it, old age makes you wise, that saying is absolutely true..."

Zhuang Rui wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and took a deep drag on his cigarette. He hadn't expected that the old man, who usually seemed so confused, would be so shrewd.

The old man saw right through all the tricks I was playing. I thought I had the situation under control, but little did I know that the old man was just teasing me.

Zhuang Rui didn't even consider that any of these people who had survived countless brushes with death and fire were simple? Their first half of life was dedicated to revolution, and their second half to survival. Didn't that require extraordinary courage and wisdom?

"Come on, what kind of cigarettes do you smoke? I have a few cartons left, you can take them with you when you go back..."

Like the chief designer, the old man quit smoking without hesitation, but he still craved alcohol and liked to sneak a sip whenever he had free time. He's been caught by the nurses countless times for this.

After helping the old man to his feet, the old man glanced at Zhuang Rui and said, "Old Song has spent his whole life doing undercover work; he has a very sharp eye. You'd better keep a low profile, or he might expose you..."

Although Ouyang Gang wasn't entirely clear about Zhuang Rui's abilities, the fact that Zhuang Rui had pulled him back from the brink of death last year meant that his capabilities were definitely not to be underestimated.

The old man had spent half his life indulging in prostitution, and he knew very well that if this matter were to be publicized, it would definitely cause a huge uproar, and even he himself would not be able to protect him.

You have to understand, which of the leaders still in power doesn't want to live to a ripe old age? No matter how influential Ouyang Gang is, he can't guard against those open and covert attacks. Putting aside everything else, Zhuang Rui will definitely be in serious trouble by then.

So the old man simply pretended not to know, content with just receiving some favors from himself and a few old comrades. He even gave Zhuang Rui a special reminder not to make it too obvious.

"Grandpa, maybe... we shouldn't go and give Grandpa Song acupuncture, it might not be effective then..."

Zhuang Rui felt a chill run down his spine after hearing what the old man said. In front of these old guys, his little bit of cunning was really no match for them, which made Zhuang Rui want to back down.

No matter what, the old man in front of him was his maternal grandfather, and he would never harm him. But it was hard to say about that Grandpa Song. If he didn't keep his mouth shut, then he could forget about living a carefree life.

"Go on, there aren't many of us old folks left. Your explanation of the magnetic field and acupuncture theory was quite good. Go explain it to Old Song later..."

The old man waved his hand, interrupting Zhuang Rui. He believed that with Zhuang Rui's ability to keep even Dr. Dou from noticing, dealing with Old Song shouldn't be a problem. Besides, he and General Song had been friends for over half a century; he couldn't just stand by and watch his old friend pass away, could he?

Ouyang Gang understood perfectly. Last year, Zhuang Rui visited Old Song in the afternoon, and the old man was able to get out of bed that night. Connecting this to what had happened to him and his wife, if Ouyang Gang still didn't understand, then he had truly wasted his 90-year-old life.

"Just be careful. Your grandfather has wronged your mother and your siblings in the past, but as long as you don't make a scene, no one in this land can touch you..."

As the old man spoke, a cold glint flashed in his eyes, and his back straightened considerably, as if the sounds of gunfire from more than half a century ago were echoing in his ears again.

"Grandpa, let's not talk about the past..."

Zhuang Rui supported the old man's arm, and he could hear the deep paternal love in the old man's words.

This old man, strong throughout his life, had never shown weakness even when recognizing his daughter. Yet, at this moment, he spoke his heart to Zhuang Rui, instantly warming Zhuang Rui's heart.

...

After his condition improved, General Song moved back to Yuquan Mountain to live. He would occasionally play chess with Ouyang Gang. However, the weather has turned cold recently, and the old man's condition has relapsed. He hasn't left his small building for almost a month.

"You old man, trying to show off your good health, huh?"

Ouyang Gang, accompanied by Zhuang Rui, traveled without hindrance and arrived directly at Old Master Song's bedside. The old man, unwilling to lose face in front of his old friend, struggled to sit up with the help of his grandson, Song Jun.

"I can eat five steamed buns in one meal, so my body is naturally better than yours. What, you're not happy about it?"

To Zhuang Rui's surprise, the two old men started arguing as soon as they met, deliberately choosing words to upset each other.

"Hey bro, what brings you here? Ignore those two, they're always like this the moment they see you..."

While the two old men were catching up, Song Jun, who had been guarding Old Master Song's side all this time, pulled Zhuang Rui aside.

Zhuang Rui looked helpless and said, "Hey, I recently started learning acupuncture from a PhD, and I showed off in front of the old man. Well... the old man dragged me over here to give Grandpa Song acupuncture..."

"That won't do, brother. I'm completely convinced of your expertise in appraising antiques, but as for healing injuries and curing illnesses, you'd better forget about it..."

Song Jun was startled by Zhuang Rui's words. Although his grandfather had been unwell recently, he was much better than when he received a critical condition notice last year. He should be able to get through this winter without any major problems. He just didn't want Zhuang Rui to cause any more trouble.

"Brother Song, this needle is inserted into the wrist. It's very simple, and it combines acupuncture with magnetic field theory. It has some effect, and it's harmless to the human body. Why don't you let Grandpa Song try it..."

Zhuang Rui set the tone first, so that he wouldn't be unable to explain the effects later. If he wanted to find the root cause, he should look for it in Dr. He's research!

"No, this is absolutely not allowed..."

Brother Song shook his head like a rattle drum. The reason why the Song family can still maintain this status is entirely because of the existence of Old Master Song.

It's fair to say that if Old Master Song lost a few extra hairs in the morning, it would cause them a great deal of anxiety, let alone Zhuang Rui, an outsider to this field, giving the old man acupuncture.

"Why can't I? If this old guy can do it, of course I can too!"

Zhuang boy, come here... Grandpa Song is just going to let you do a few acupuncture. Your old man is always bragging about how brave he was in battle. I wasn't just a figurehead back in the day; I fought just as many fierce battles as he did..."

Old Master Song was a well-known scholar-general in the army. He had attended a private school and gone to university, well... he didn't finish university, but in the army at that time, he was definitely considered a great intellectual.

The old man was usually very refined and witty, but whenever he met Ouyang Gang, it was like a clash of titans, with a barrage of profanities.

"Grandpa Ouyang..."

Song Jun didn't dare to advise his old man, but instead looked at Ouyang Gang, the man he had brought. Song Jun's call of "Grandpa" was full of resentment.

"Get out of my way, kid. I've already had two needles inserted. Is your grandpa more precious than me?"

Ouyang Gang waved his hand at Song Jun with annoyance. He could now understand Zhuang Rui's feelings. It was really annoying to always be stopped when doing good deeds.

During the lunch break, the special nurse wasn't around. After seeing Grandpa Song nod, Zhuang Rui quickly lit the alcohol lamp, disinfected the silver needles in his hand, and then had Grandpa Song place his hand on the bed before inserting the needles into the Yanggu acupoint on his wrist.

Although Song Jun wanted to stop them, he had no say in front of the two old men. He could only make a phone call to his old man and then stand aside and watch helplessly.

This time, Zhuang Rui learned from his mistake and only used a tiny bit more spiritual energy than he used on Dr. Dou. In Shanghai dialect, that's a small amount. He believed that given the declining organ function of the old man, there wouldn't be any noticeable reaction.

However, Zhuang Rui did not notice that just as he put away the silver needles, the old man Song, whose eyes were originally dim, revealed a strange look in his eyes. He raised his head and glanced at Ouyang Gang. When he saw his old friend shake his head slightly, the old man Song returned to his original state.

Zhuang Rui didn't know that the more his physical functions deteriorated, the more obvious the effects of spiritual energy would be. For example, when Zhuang Rui cleansed his body, the pleasure he felt was far less intense than before, which was the reason why impurities in his body had decreased.

"Hmm, not bad. Xiao Jun, why don't you go out and chat with the Zhuang kid? I'll talk to the old man..."

After Ouyang Gang gave him a meaningful look, Old Master Song sent Zhuang Rui and his grandson out, leaving only the two old men in the room.

No one knows what the two talked about in the room, but after returning, the old man ordered Zhuang Rui to come to Yuquan Mountain once a week to give him and Old Master Song acupuncture.

Zhuang Rui originally wanted to help the elderly improve their health, so naturally he had no reason to refuse. The two old men kept the circle of people receiving Zhuang Rui's treatment very small, and for the time being, it was just the few old guys enjoying this treatment.

Dr. He, who was not well-liked at Peking University School of Medicine, was suddenly transferred to a military hospital research institute by a special order. He was also given a large sum of money and was given full authority to lead a research project on acupuncture and magnetic field theory.

Dr. He, who was originally just an ordinary citizen, was given the rank of lieutenant colonel as soon as he arrived. Not only was he provided with a house and a car, but he was also given a police officer by his side.

This incident shocked many master's and doctoral students at Peking University, and many of them changed their research topics, choosing to study obscure or niche subjects.

One master's student even suggested to his supervisor that he wanted to study the physiological differences between aliens and humans. Of course, the student was immediately kicked out of the room by his supervisor with a broom. "Can you find an alien to show us?"

Chapter 807 Unprecedented Wealth

After receiving acupuncture treatment from Zhuang Rui, the two elderly gentlemen at Yuquan Mountain showed significant improvement in their health. However, they kept a low profile, and no one outside knew about it. They even intentionally or unintentionally concealed this from their own healthcare providers.

As winter approached, the old locust tree in Zhuang Rui's courtyard became bare. However, some cold-resistant tree species that Zhuang Rui had spent a lot of money to transplant remained lush and green, so the courtyard did not appear desolate.

The white lion and the snow mastiff have been acting rather suspiciously lately. They can often be seen near the rockery in the park, doing things that are inappropriate for children.

December is the estrus season for female Tibetan Mastiffs, and whether or not puppies will be born next year depends on this month.

Zhuang Rui also took this very seriously, fearing that Li Sao and the others might not be able to buy fresh mutton. He specifically instructed Peng Fei to go to the West Goods Market every two days to buy a live sheep, ensuring that Bai Shi and his wife could eat the freshest food every day.

That little guy, Jin Yu, perhaps due to the nourishment of Zhuang Rui's spiritual energy, has grown to be almost as big as the two adult golden eagles in just six or seven months. When standing on the ground, it is already over a meter tall, which makes little Jin Yu quite uncomfortable, because it can no longer stand on Zhuang Rui's shoulder.

Compared to the golden eagle's lifespan of ten years, Little Golden Feather is now truly an infant. Therefore, although it is not small, Zhuang Rui doesn't need to worry about finding it a mate. This matter should be discussed at least four or five years later.

"Zhuang Rui, are you really not going to the Myanmar jade auction in January?"

With his grandfather's health improving, Song Jun had some free time. He would often wander over to Zhuang Rui's courtyard house for a drink. He and Ouyang Jun had known each other since childhood, so he felt quite at ease at Zhuang Rui's place.

With the Myanmar gamble auction about to begin again, Song Jun has been frequently visiting Zhuang Rui these past few days, trying to persuade him to go to Myanmar again. He really wants to experience that feeling of winning big once more.

Sitting in the courtyard was Fatty Ma. This guy had recently come to *** to discuss business and was staying at a hotel not far from Zhuang Rui's courtyard house. It was just a few minutes' walk to Zhuang Rui's house. He and Song Jun had just had lunch at Zhuang Rui's place.

"I'm not going. Haven't you seen my wife's belly? She's due in early February. How can I possibly leave?"

Zhuang Rui shook his head. It was already the end of December, and in two more months, his twins would be born. Besides teaching every day, Zhuang Rui stayed at home with his wife and couldn't even manage his business. How could he possibly go to Burma with Song Jun?

On another note, Zhuang Rui doesn't need to go through the public auction to get jadeite now. Hu Rong has opened a smuggling route on the border between Mandela and Yunnan, and has already sent raw stones into the country several times.

These raw stones smuggled from Myanmar were not only enough to support Qin Ruilin's jadeite jewelry production, but also greatly benefited the Qin family in Hong Kong, who purchased a lot of good materials from Zhuang Rui at low prices, which was much more cost-effective than participating in public auctions.

This also meant that Zhuang Rui didn't touch the rough stones he had acquired last time, including that top-quality yellow jadeite. The dozen or so rough stones are now hidden in Zhuang Rui's basement. It can be said that any one of these stones would cause a frenzy in the industry if taken out.

With the increasing scarcity of Myanmar's jade resources, the price of jade in the international market has continued to rise over the past year, especially for high-end, top-quality jade, which is practically priceless and can only be seen occasionally at auctions.

The mid-to-high-end jadeite jewelry sold at Qin Ruilin Jewelry Store in Beijing has become the top choice for jadeite enthusiasts, and its sales share in Beijing is expanding day by day, even surpassing that of the long-established Zhou Taifu Jewelry.

"If you're not going, and Lao Ma is busy with investments, I'm not going either..."

Song Jun knew his own limitations. Although he made a fortune at the Myanmar jade auction last time, that was all thanks to Zhuang Rui. If he had to choose the rough stones himself, he'd probably lose everything and have to go home in his underwear.

Fortunately, Song Jun gambled on stones for the thrill, and he wasn't short of money. As the old man's health improved, it was naturally very beneficial for someone like him who made his fortune through official means.

"Let's forget about gambling on stones. It's fine to play around with that occasionally, but if you get addicted, you'll run into problems..." Fatty Ma said with a smile. Zhuang Rui hadn't seen him for several months, and the guy had gotten even bigger, sitting there like a mountain of flesh.

Since befriending Song Jun, Fatty Ma has benefited greatly, and his wealth has skyrocketed. During the nationwide coal resource consolidation last year, many small coal mines were shut down for rectification, but he took the opportunity to acquire many coal companies, and his business has grown bigger and bigger.

Recently, Ma Huateng (Jack Ma) negotiated a cooperation project with foreign countries, involving more than 3 billion US dollars, or more than 20 billion RMB, which even alarmed the Ministry of Natural Resources.

Because the uranium mine that Fatty Ma wanted to invest in was a uranium mine in South Africa, which is a national strategic reserve mineral, it was highly valued. For nearly a month, Fatty Ma had been busy with this matter.

"I'm just playing around, I'm not going to get addicted. But you fatso, stop ruining those young girls..."

Upon hearing Fatty Ma's words, Song Jun curled his lip in disdain, turned to Zhuang Rui, and said, "By the way, are you interested in Old Ma's business? It's a sure-fire way to make money..."

Ma Pangzi's business was facilitated by the Song army; otherwise, he wouldn't have had a chance to invest in uranium mines abroad. There would have been plenty of people vying for it.

However, it's hard to say whether taking on this business will be a blessing or a curse for Fatty Ma, because although uranium is abundant in the Earth's crust, much more so than mercury, bismuth, and silver, it is difficult to extract. On average, only about 5 grams of uranium can be extracted from each ton of crustal material.

Moreover, uranium ore is a radioactive and dangerous mineral, and the initial investment required for its mining is very large.

In this way, even if Fatty Ma had billions in assets, it would be far from enough. If it weren't for the funds injected privately by the government and the Song family, Fatty Ma would never have been able to take on this deal.

However, even with government intervention, Fatty Ma still has a significant funding gap. He knows that Zhuang Rui has some spare cash, which is why he brought Song Jun along as an intermediary.

What Fatty Ma didn't know was that even if he didn't approach Song Jun, Song Jun would still talk to Zhuang Rui about this matter, because the old man in the family had spoken up, and Zhuang Rui was to

have a stake in this business. Although Song Jun didn't understand the old man's meaning, he wouldn't dare to go against his grandfather's words.

"Brother Ma, how much does your business cost?"

Zhuang Rui has a lot of spare cash on hand recently, because most of the houses developed by Ouyang Jun have been sold, and Zhuang Rui's dividends based on his shares amount to as much as 1.2 billion.

In addition, the two dividends from the Myanmar jade mine this year amounted to more than 600 million RMB, and Zhuang Rui also received a dividend of more than 200 million RMB from the *** jade mine.

Even without considering the profits from Qin Ruilin, the museum, and Pengcheng's businesses, Zhuang Rui now has over 2 billion RMB in hand, all of which is readily available cash.

Don't be fooled by the billionaires on the Forbes list who have billions of dollars in assets. If you asked them to come up with two billion dollars in cash right now, probably none of them could.

Back then, that super-rich man in Hong Kong with a net worth of tens of billions of dollars went through tremendous effort to raise one billion in cash in order to save his son. Therefore, Zhuang Rui can definitely be considered one of the top hidden billionaires in China now.

Zhuang Rui hadn't figured out how to spend the money, but after hearing what Fatty Ma said, he was somewhat tempted. Money in hand is dead; only by investing it can it generate profits.

However, Zhuang Rui was relatively unfamiliar with the field of rare minerals and did not dare to agree rashly. He first asked about the situation.

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Fatty Ma gave a wry smile and said, "I originally thought that 10 billion RMB would be enough, but after the experts went to South Africa to investigate, they found that the uranium content of that deposit is extremely high, probably ranking among the top five in the world. Therefore, the investment will need to be increased, probably to between 20 and 30 billion RMB..."

Zhuang Rui gasped upon hearing this. He had thought he had a lot of money, but it turned out he couldn't even reach one-tenth of the investment for this project. It seemed he was still too "poor".

Seeing Zhuang Rui hesitate, Song Jun said, "Brother, this is a rare opportunity. Many people are scrambling to invest in this business, but I haven't agreed to any of them. If you don't want to talk to others, give Ouyang Jun a call and see what that kid thinks."

Song Jun's words actually elevated his own status considerably. This business was not something he could decide on the share distribution; it involved many conflicts of interest, and only the old man's words mattered.

This kind of thing is inherently related to the government, and the Song family's business is mostly in the resource sector. To do this kind of business, you can't do without the Song family's support. To put it bluntly, Fatty Ma is just an agent put forward by the government and the Song family.

Of course, not just anyone can be an agent, because if the uranium mine can be put into production smoothly, it will be an enormous fortune. Otherwise, would Fatty Ma have mortgaged all his coal mining assets to the bank and borrowed 5 billion yuan?

Zhuang Rui lowered his head and pondered for a moment before saying, "Brother Song, Brother Ma, I need to think about this. I'll give you an answer in a couple of days..."

With an investment of billions, Zhuang Rui dared not act rashly. The jade mine in Myanmar had reached the end of its development phase, and future output would be very low. The real estate project had also ended and was no longer profitable. Apart from the Myanmar jade mine, Zhuang Rui would not have any more large sums of money coming in.

Therefore, Zhuang Rui wanted to carefully consider before deciding whether to invest in this business.

Chapter 808 The Father-in-Law's Request

After seeing off Fatty Ma and Song Jun, Zhuang Rui sat back down in the courtyard and fell into deep thought.

Given his relationship with the Song family, this investment should be a sure thing, but Zhuang Rui still needs to think carefully before investing over 2 billion yuan at once.

"Huh? Whose call is it?"

Suddenly, Zhuang Rui's phone rang. He picked it up and saw that there was no caller ID.

"Hello, who is this?" Zhuang Rui answered the phone.

"Is this Zhuang Rui? The commander wants to speak with you on the phone..."

An unfamiliar voice came from the other end of the phone. After Zhuang Rui answered, the phone seemed to be handed to someone else.

"Xiao Rui, it's your uncle..."

Ouyang Zhenshan's authoritative voice came through the phone.

"Uncle? You...you have time to call me? What's up?"

Upon hearing that it was Ouyang Zhenshan, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but stand up with his phone in hand. Perhaps it was because they hadn't had much contact? Compared to the patriarch of the Ouyang family, Zhuang Rui was more intimidated by this current head of the Ouyang family.

Although his uncle would come to the courtyard house for a meal every seven or eight days, he had never called Zhuang Rui in private, which made Zhuang Rui feel a little flattered.

"Well, nothing much. Did that kid from the Song family come to see you?"

"Yes, we just saw Brother Song off, Uncle. What's wrong?"

Zhuang Rui was somewhat confused and a little angry. After hearing his uncle's words, he felt like he was being watched.

Ouyang Zhenshan didn't care what Zhuang Rui was thinking at the moment, and said on the phone, "You can agree to what he told you. If you don't have enough money, go ask Xiao Jun for it..."

"Wait, Uncle, what's going on?"

Zhuang Rui became more and more confused as he listened. Was it just a business deal? Although the investment was not small, a sum of more than two billion US dollars probably wouldn't warrant the attention of a member of the Standing Committee of the Political Bureau of the CPC Central Committee, would it?

"Just do as the old man instructed. Remember, you need to give 10%..."

Ouyang Zhenshan didn't say much. After explaining the situation, he hung up the phone. He had a meeting to attend soon and didn't have time to explain to Zhuang Rui.

To be honest, Ouyang Zhenshan was quite disapproving of his father's decision. Although he loved his younger sister dearly, he did not want his nephew to be involved in investments that concerned the country's strategic reserves.

Although this way of making money is quick, it also attracts a lot of attention. If Zhuang Rui wants to make money, there are plenty of projects in China. Perhaps he won't earn as much, but it should be enough for him to live on for a lifetime.

Ouyang Zhenshan didn't know that even if Zhuang Rui did nothing all day and ate lobster and abalone every day, he would still have enough money to last several lifetimes. For Zhuang Rui now, making money was more about pursuing a sense of personal achievement.

The reason Zhuang Rui was involved in this investment was not actually Ouyang's idea; it was just a way for Song's patriarch to give Zhuang Rui a return.

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

After hearing his uncle's words, Zhuang Rui understood a bit. It turned out that the two old men had come up with this whole thing. Perhaps they felt a little embarrassed about receiving such a favor from the younger generation.

After figuring out the whole story, Zhuang Rui felt relieved. Since it was Old Master Song who was giving him money, there was no reason not to accept it. Given how domineering those old guys were, he probably wouldn't be able to refuse it even if he did.

Zhuang Rui took out his phone, ready to call the Song family, but after thinking about it, he put the phone away. He figured he could reply to Song Jun tomorrow.

...

Just as Zhuang Rui stood up to go back to see his wife, Peng Fei led a person through the corridor of the central courtyard, startling Zhuang Rui.

"Dad? Why didn't you tell me you were coming..."

The person Peng Fei accompanied in was none other than Zhuang Rui's father-in-law, Qin Haoran, whom Zhuang Rui hurriedly went to greet.

"It was a last-minute decision. I happened to have something to discuss with you, so I came over..."

Qin Haoran looked like he had just gotten off the plane, and he arrived empty-handed with no luggage.

"Could it be that you're missing your mother-in-law?"

Zhuang Rui mentally made up a story about his father-in-law: Fang Yi had come from Hong Kong when Qin Xuanbing was five months pregnant and had been staying with Zhuang Rui, taking care of Qin Xuanbing together with Ouyang Wan.

So Zhuang Rui felt that his father-in-law's visit might be because he missed his mother-in-law. After all, middle-aged people also need a fulfilling sex life.

At this moment, Ouyang Wan and the others who were originally in the house also saw Qin Haoran and hurriedly came out to greet him. Qin Xuanbing, who was heavily pregnant, came to the central courtyard, which made things lively again.

It seems Qin Haoran really has something to do. Zhuang Rui originally thought his father-in-law would go to rest first and spend some time with his mother-in-law, but unexpectedly, after meeting his mother-in-law, Qin Haoran pulled him to the side room in the backyard.

However, Fang Yi and Qin Xuanbing were also sitting on the side, while Ouyang Wan deliberately stepped aside, as she could tell that Qin Haoran seemed to have something to say to his son.

"Dad, couldn't you have just called if there was anything? Why did you have to come all the way here in person?"

Zhuang Rui poured his father-in-law a cup of hot tea. December in the city was already bitterly cold, and Qin Haoran was clearly not used to the weather here. After sitting down, he even breathed on his hands to warm them.

"I just happened to come and see Bing'er, and I also wanted to tell you something..."

Qin Haoran took a sip of tea and continued, "Originally, I didn't want you to go because Bing'er is pregnant, but the third son just had an accident, and your mother is useless. Your mother is a woman, and it's not good for her to show her face in public. The old man hasn't been involved in company management for many years, so I really have to make you come here..."

Hearing his father-in-law's words, Zhuang Rui seemed to have something he needed to handle, so he quickly said, "Dad, what is it? Just tell me..."

It's only natural to help your father-in-law when someone else has married their daughter to you.

Fang Yi seemed unaware of Qin Haoran's purpose beforehand, but after hearing his words, she seemed to understand and interrupted Zhuang Rui, saying, "Haoran, can't we let *** go? Look at Xuanbing's belly, she'll be due in two months at most. How can she manage without Xiao Rui by her side?"

"No matter how useless he is, he's still your own brother. If you don't let him do anything, he might start to have resentment..."

Qin Haoran sighed and said, "Sigh, *** went to Macau a while ago and lost nearly 100 million Hong Kong dollars. Dad grounded him. Even if that hadn't happened, I wouldn't feel comfortable letting him go. Who knows if he'd take the money and gamble it away again?"

Zhuang Rui listened in astonishment. This Qin family bastard was really a spendthrift. He lost a hundred million in one go. No wonder his father-in-law would rather go to the brothel to find him than let his own brother do the work.

"That's right. This year, the mainland abolished the import tax on diamonds, so many domestic diamond merchants went directly to South Africa to purchase diamonds. Because they offered slightly higher prices, our share, which originally belonged to us, has now been significantly reduced..."

After listening to Qin Haoran's explanation, Zhuang Rui understood. It turned out that after the mainland abolished the diamond tax, those businessmen who were originally affiliated with Hong Kong companies set up their own businesses and directly contacted those international diamond suppliers.

Chinese businessmen have a bad habit of overcharging each other, and international diamond suppliers naturally supply whoever offers the highest price.

Diamonds are produced in only a few places each year, and the quantity produced is also limited. As a result, the opening up of diamond import and export in China has caused great trouble for the diamond supply of many long-established jewelry companies in Hong Kong.

It's important to know that diamonds sell slightly better than jade and gemstone jewelry in jewelry stores, especially in recent years in China where the exchange of diamond rings is a must for weddings, influenced by foreign trends.

This foreign custom has directly eliminated the older generation's tradition of wearing gold jewelry when getting married, making young people, whether rich or poor, always buy two diamond rings when they get married.

As a result, the annual sales of diamond jewelry in China alone reached as much as 50 billion RMB, accounting for more than 40% of the total sales of jewelry stores.

Therefore, if Qin's Jewelry is unable to purchase enough diamonds for a year next year, it will lose a significant portion of its market share in this area. While this may not be a fatal blow to Qin's Jewelry, it will still severely damage its vitality.

As for the Qin family, although they have made some gains in business over the past year or so, and have gained a foothold in the domestic jade and gemstone market thanks to Zhuang Rui, some problems have arisen within the Qin family itself.

Qin Haoran has two brothers. He is the eldest and the current head of the Qin family. The other two brothers work in the family business, but he is a complete playboy who only knows how to gamble and play with women.

Especially recently, Qin *** went to Macau to gamble, gambled for five days and five nights, lost 100 million Hong Kong dollars, and was eventually detained by the casino. It was Qin Haoran who personally delivered money to redeem him.

After Qin returned to Hong Kong, the old man was so angry that he broke Qin's leg with his cane. He was completely unreliable when it came to getting Qin to do anything.

The third son of the Qin family is quite capable; he manages half of the family business. However, the third uncle of the Qin family, who is only *** years older than Zhuang Rui, loves cars the most. Two months ago, he was involved in a car accident while racing and suffered multiple fractures all over his body. He is still lying in the hospital bed.

Therefore, in the past few months, Qin Haoran has not only been busy with his own affairs, but also had to take over the work that Qin Laosan was originally in charge of. He has been extremely busy. Otherwise, he would definitely have gone to the diamond selection event.

"Dad, you want me to go to South Africa to purchase diamonds for Qin's Jewelry?"

After listening to Qin Haoran's words, Zhuang Rui asked, "He is indeed an expert in jade, but he is not very knowledgeable about diamonds."

Chapter 809 South Africa (Part 1)

"Xiao Rui, starting next week, there will be a rough diamond auction in South Africa that will last for about a month. I'd like you to represent Qin's Jewelry at the auction.

Of course, you don't need to stay there for a month; if all goes well, you can be back in a week..."

Qin Haoran felt a little embarrassed. His daughter was heavily pregnant, and as her father-in-law, he should have let his son-in-law spend more time with her, rather than ordering him around.

However, Qin Haoran really had no other choice. The funds needed to purchase diamonds this time were even greater than the expenses incurred at the jade auction at the beginning of the year.

For this diamond purchase, Qin Haoran prepared a full two hundred million euros. This money had to be entrusted to a trustworthy person, and after much thought, it seemed that Zhuang Rui was the most suitable candidate.

"Haoran, how about I go?"

Fang Yi said from the side that women are generally more vulnerable when they are pregnant, and she wanted Zhuang Rui to stay at home with their daughter.

"You used to be in charge of finances; business matters are best left to men to handle..."

Qin Haoran shook his head, rejecting his wife's suggestion. Besides, Zhuang Rui staying at home was not as good as his mother taking care of him.

"Dad, then I'll go..."

The round trip would take a little over a week, which wouldn't cause too much disruption. Zhuang Rui thought for a moment and said, "I'll ask for leave from school tomorrow, and I can leave in three to five days..."

After Zhuang Rui finished speaking, he looked at his wife. Although Qin Xuanbing did not want her husband to leave her at this time, her father had come to ask for her in person, so she had nothing to say.

"Okay, I'll transfer the money to a Swiss bank. You can make the transfer directly when you make the transaction..." Qin Haoran breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that Zhuang Rui had agreed.

Qin Haoran had complete confidence in Zhuang Rui's abilities. For one thing, at the beginning of this year, without Zhuang Rui, Qin's Jewelry would definitely have suffered a crushing defeat at the Myanmar jewelry auction.

Zhuang Rui's grasp of timing and decisiveness at the public auction were something even Qin Haoran admired. This South African diamond trade fair was also being held through auction, and Qin Haoran believed that Zhuang Rui could handle the matter well.

...

Qin Haoran still had a lot of things to do in Hong Kong. After staying in *** for a day, he left in a hurry, leaving Zhuang Rui with a bank draft for 200 million euros.

The next day, Zhuang Rui went to the school to ask Professor Meng for leave. Professor Meng knew that Zhuang Rui had a lot of things to do outside, and since graduate students don't have many classes, he didn't say much at the time, but just told Zhuang Rui to be careful outside.

However, Professor Meng also told Zhuang Rui that theory must ultimately be combined with practice, and that he planned to have Zhuang Rui go with him to do some field archaeology work next spring.

Thinking that his child should have been born by then, and that he didn't need anyone to take care of him at home, Zhuang Rui agreed. After studying for a while, Zhuang Rui also became very interested in ancient tombs. Being able to reconstruct a dynasty from tombs was a very meaningful thing.

Zhuang Rui called Song Jun again, saying that he would talk about the uranium mine investment after he returned from South Africa. Unexpectedly, after making the call in the morning, the two brothers came to the courtyard together in the afternoon.

"Brother Song, Brother Ma, I'll count you two in that business deal you mentioned. But let me make this clear upfront: I'm just investing, not managing. I'll only collect dividends. Don't come to me with any problems..."

After receiving a call from his uncle yesterday, Zhuang Rui knew the purpose of their visit and directly stated his opinion.

Investing is fine, but Zhuang Rui doesn't want to get involved. He hasn't even paid attention to his own business, let alone the investments in Africa. If it weren't for wanting to put his two grandfathers at ease, Zhuang Rui would rather just keep the money in the bank and earn interest.

"You little brat, you know I'm looking for you?"

Song Jun was somewhat frustrated. It seemed like the best thing that others would beg for was happening to Zhuang Rui, as if he himself was begging Zhuang Rui to invest.

It's important to know that from the 1950s and 60s onwards, regardless of which country you were doing business in, the energy and arms trades were definitely the two most profitable businesses in the world.

Especially with oil and strategic energy reserves of various countries, anyone who has even a slight connection to these two things can sit back and wait to get rich. Don't you see how the sheikhs of those Arab countries are rolling in money?

The so-called world's richest people are nowhere near as rich as the sheikhs and princes of Arab countries, and the so-called Fortune 500 companies are not even in the same league as those arms companies.

However, some things are not suitable for the government to handle directly, so it is necessary to find an agent. This is true for the arms business and the energy business. Otherwise, with Ma's meager wealth, he would not be qualified to participate in this kind of game at all.

"Hehe, of course I don't understand. The capable should do more work..."

Zhuang Rui laughed when he heard this. These days, those who get paid don't do any work, while those who do work don't get much money. The old man who pulls a cart earns less in a month than the Song family spends on a single meal.

"This matter has been delayed for quite some time due to shareholding issues. Zhuang Rui, will your money arrive in the next couple of days?"

Song Jun never expected Zhuang Rui to be involved in the company. In his view, letting Zhuang Rui invest was a sign of an alliance between the old man and the Ouyang family, and it was more about political factors.

To Song Jun and his relatives, Zhuang Rui's treatment of the two elderly people was simply a display of filial piety. Apart from the people in Zhuang Rui's courtyard who had great confidence in his acupuncture skills, no one else knew the intricacies of the matter.

Ouyang Jun vaguely guessed something, but he didn't dare to say much, as this matter was too important. However, during this period, Ouyang Jun held his son every day and let Zhuang Rui give him acupuncture, which made the little guy open his hands to grab the silver needles whenever he saw them. Once, he even pricked his little hand.

"The money is available anytime, but shouldn't this be handled more carefully?"

Zhuang Rui knew that because of this business, a new joint-stock company needed to be registered to clarify the shares of their shareholders. In Zhuang Rui's opinion, such a thing would not be completed in less than three to five months.

"How can you call it hasty? This matter has been in the works for almost half a year, and we're just waiting for the capital injection and share allocation. Alright, there's no point in telling you all this."

"Here's the deal: Zhuang Rui, you contribute 2 billion, which will be your 10% stake. Old Ma will contribute 5 billion, which will be 12% of the shares. The government will take 51%, and the remaining 27% will be divided among the other three companies..."

Originally, Zhuang Rui's 10% stake also belonged to the Song family. For projects like this, the Song family should have held at least 20% of the shares. However, Old Master Song made the offer, which was equivalent to giving Zhuang Rui a 10% stake for free. Didn't you see that Fatty Ma only got 2% more shares than Zhuang Rui after putting up 5 billion yuan?

Of course, Fatty Ma had no complaints. He invested 5 billion, and in two or three years, the return would probably be 10 billion.

Fatty Ma was quite shrewd. With the Song family as his backing, he wasn't afraid of being devoured whole. Moreover, by attaching himself to this powerful family, Fatty Ma's business in China would go much more smoothly.

"Okay, Brother Song, you can arrange it. I'll have someone transfer the money tomorrow. I'm leaving the day after tomorrow. We can sign the equity agreement when I get back..."

Zhuang Rui nodded in agreement. He had no idea how much profit this 10% stake would bring him in the future. The amount of money made Fatty Ma uneasy, and in the end, he donated most of it before he could sleep soundly.

Song Jun was very efficient, or rather, the matter was delayed because of Zhuang Rui. Before Zhuang Rui left ***, Song Jun brought all kinds of documents to Zhuang Rui's house and signed them one by one. The company had already started operating, and various mining equipment was also loaded onto ships and shipped to Africa.

On the night before leaving ***, Zhuang Rui drove to Yuquan Mountain and had dinner with the two old men. Of course, the main purpose was to help them regulate their *** bodies.

Grandpa Song, who was originally unable to get out of bed, can now walk slowly with the help of a cane after this period of treatment. However, when Zhuang Rui performs acupuncture on them, he does so in secret from the doctors. The two old men, as expected of those who lived through the war years, have learned the rules of secrecy very well, and not a word of it has leaked out.

...

"Mr. Zhuang, why didn't you bring those two Tibetan mastiffs?"

When He Shuang saw that Zhuang Rui got out of the car without Bai Shi following behind, she couldn't help but feel a little strange. The last few times Zhuang Rui went out, he had always taken Bai Shi with him.

"It's inconvenient to take the white lion to the auction house, Lao He. Everything's arranged at home, right? If all goes smoothly, it'll take a week; otherwise, it might take half a month..."

Zhuang Rui was a bit stumped about this trip. December is the mating season for Tibetan mastiffs, so he definitely couldn't bring the white lion. He originally wanted to bring the golden feather instead.

But then Zhuang Rui thought again, South Africa isn't the countryside, and the security isn't very good. Many people have guns. What if Jin Yu gets shot? Zhuang Rui wouldn't know where to turn. In the end, he decided not to bring anyone, except Peng Fei.

"President Zhuang, everything is arranged. I've been idle for most of the year, so going on a mission won't be a problem..."

Hearing Zhuang Rui's words of concern, He Shuang was somewhat moved. With high pay, little work, and a kind boss, He Shuang was very satisfied with this job.

"Tianya, Liuli, your husband won't worry if you don't come home for half a month?"

After entering the cabin, Zhuang Rui joked with the two flight attendants, mentioning that Liu Li's husband had almost forced her to quit her job after hearing that his daughter-in-law's boss was young and handsome.

In the end, Zhuang Rui organized an event, inviting all the crew members to bring their families. Only after seeing Qin Xuanbing did the jealous husband's doubts dissipate.

Chapter 810 South Africa (Part Two)

The flight from *** to South Africa crosses the entire Indian Ocean. Since Zhuang Rui's private jet wasn't a top-of-the-line model, it stopped at the Maldives airport for refueling.

As the plane passed through the clouds, Zhuang Rui looked out the window and saw a vast expanse of blue, the boundless sea shimmering with captivating light under the sun.

Scattered in the azure sea are small green islands, surrounded by a ring of snow-white sand. Beyond the beach is another ring of light blue, and beyond that, a deep blue that looks like a gemstone.

The beautiful scenery left everyone on the plane speechless. The two flight attendants, ignoring their boss on the plane, crowded around the window to watch, occasionally letting out exclamations of amazement.

"The climate here is so much better..."

During a break from refueling, Zhuang Rui opened the cabin door and went down for some fresh air. The damp sea breeze felt wonderful on his skin. Compared to the biting cold of the desert, the average temperature here was above 28°C all year round, making for a pleasant climate.

With the improvement of living standards in China in recent years, many young people like to travel to the Maldives for their weddings. Zhuang Rui had considered the Maldives when he was taking wedding photos, but he was too busy at the time, so he chose Hainan instead.

"Hehe, Mr. Zhuang, the Maldives is a tourist paradise. This is our first time here too..."

"Yes, the sky is so blue, and the sea is so beautiful..."

The passengers disembarked, and the two flight attendants, Tianya and Liuli, wore expressions of pure delight, chattering excitedly. Clearly, the allure of the Maldives was irresistible to all young girls.

Zhuang Rui couldn't help but laugh upon hearing this. Flight attendants probably see the blue sky the most and hate the most. Why have I never heard them mention the blue sky before? It's purely psychological.

"Here's what we'll do: we'll add a perk for the crew from now on. They can take their families on one trip a year. You can make the arrangements yourselves. If you want to fly on this plane, then you and your families need to discuss it together. If you'd like to have some time alone as a couple, then I'll reimburse the expenses..."

Zhuang Rui is very generous to his employees. For one thing, the benefits at the Dingguang Museum are among the best in the city, no less than those of the staff at the Palace Museum.

Wu Zhao had recently approached Zhuang Rui, revealing that he wanted to work at Zhuang Rui's museum after graduating with his doctorate. Zhuang Rui immediately agreed, saying that he didn't lack money, but rather collections and professional talent.

"real?"

"Wow, long live the boss!"

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

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the two flight attendants were so happy they almost jumped for joy. Even the usually composed He Shuang and Ding Hao wore beaming smiles. Although their incomes would easily allow them to travel abroad, who wouldn't love a fancy flight?

"Alright, almost filled up the tank, let's get ready to go..."

Zhuang Rui touched his nose, thinking that those who were hailed as "Long live the Emperor" usually didn't end up in a good way, right?

...

After leaving the beautiful and pleasant Maldives, the plane flew for another seven or eight hours before finally landing at Johannesburg Airport in South Africa.

The temperature in Johannesburg was much higher than in ***, around 20°C. Sitting in the car, almost everyone he saw was black, and Zhuang Rui realized that he had arrived in Africa.

Because the Dutch launched colonial wars against South Africa from the 16th century until the British took over in the 19th century, this resource-rich country remained in a state of colony.

So although more than 80 percent of South Africa's population is black, and blacks are in power now, the country's lifeline is still controlled by whites. The owners of gold mines, diamond mines and other rare energy mines are mostly whites, while blacks can only work for capitalists as cheap labor.

Take Johannesburg, where Zhuang Rui is currently located, for example. Racial discrimination remains very serious. Soweto, 25 kilometers southwest of the city, is the most concentrated segregation area for black people in South Africa, where a horrific tragedy that shocked the world once occurred.

Before coming, Zhuang Rui also brushed up on his knowledge about South Africa. He knew that Johannesburg was the largest city and economic center of South Africa, as well as the world's largest gold-producing center, and was known as the "City of Gold".

One day in 1886, a white man named George Harrison was walking on a farm north of present-day Johannesburg when he tripped over a stone that had protruded from the ground. It turned out to be a gold nugget, which sparked a gold rush that drew prospectors from all over the world.

However, Harrison was an adventurer. Although he obtained a "Gold Mine Discoverer's Certificate" that allowed him to enjoy tax-free treatment, Harrison himself was penniless and had no funds to develop

the gold mine. In the end, he sold the ownership to someone else at a very low price, making him arguably the unluckiest gold mine owner in history.

Over the past century, Johannesburg has become the world's largest gold-producing city. Gold mining has driven Johannesburg's development, making it the most prosperous city in South Africa. Tall buildings of various shapes stand side by side, and a modern highway network covers the entire city.

The Johannesburg Stock Exchange, one of the world's top ten financial markets, is located in a bustling part of the city, with exceptionally active trading and modern shopping centers in elegant surroundings.

When Zhuang Rui arrived, night had already fallen. The entire city was brightly lit, and the neon lights on the buildings shone brightly, adding to the atmosphere of a modern metropolis.

Another specialty of South Africa, diamond trading, was naturally arranged in Johannesburg. Every year, in addition to gold merchants, the largest number of people who come here are diamond merchants from all over the world.

Zhuang Rui waited for He Shuang to complete the check-in procedures before leaving the airport with them. At the airport exit, a black man was waiting there holding a sign with the Chinese characters "Zhuang Rui" written on it.

"Dude, you speak Chinese?"

Zhuang Rui saw that the two characters on the sign were written in a vigorous and powerful style, even resembling calligraphy. He couldn't help but joke with the person who was picking him up at the airport. South Africa used to be a British colony, so language was not a problem for Zhuang Rui.

However, the black man's reply made Zhuang Rui both amused and exasperated, because he said that the "painting" he was holding up was something he had drawn for three whole hours based on a fax sheet given to him by the hotel.

"Alright, everyone get on the bus..."

Zhuang Rui waved to the people behind him. It was a minivan, just big enough to accommodate them all. The people in Hong Kong had been very thoughtful.

"Brother Zhuang, I heard that gold coins and diamonds are cheap here. After we finish our business during the day, shall we go out for a stroll tonight?" Before coming here, Peng Fei had promised his wife that he would bring back a big diamond as a gift for her.

"Okay, we want to go too..."

Women have always been powerless against sparkly things. Upon hearing Peng Fei's words, the two beautiful flight attendants cheered happily. Even He Shuang and Ding Hao, who were sitting in the back, were a little tempted. South African diamonds are world-famous.

"Forget it, if you want to buy things, wait until I'm done with my work during the day, and then we'll go together. Remember, you absolutely are not allowed to go out at night..."

Zhuang Rui, who had been laughing and joking with the others, suddenly turned serious. What a joke! Going out for a stroll in Johannesburg at night was practically suicide.

It's important to know that while Johannesburg is a city of wealth, it is also one of the most dangerous cities in the world with the highest crime rate. It has been estimated that a robbery or murder occurs in the city on average every few minutes.

South Africa's unemployment rate is as high as 40%, and the vast majority of the unemployed are unskilled and poorly educated black people. The deteriorating security situation has led to frequent robberies and is also creating an atmosphere conducive to racial conflict.

This forced the upper and middle classes, or large capitalist companies representing South Africa, to relocate to the northern suburbs, and urban functions continued to move to the outskirts.

In addition, foreign capital, fearing risks, also moved outwards, causing restaurants, clubs, nightclubs and other establishments in the city to close one after another. This once bustling and noisy golden city becomes an abandoned city at night, appearing unusually deserted.

Although the lights outside the car window were flashing, Zhuang Rui and the others could see that there were very few people walking on the side of the road, only groups of three or five black people whistling at the passing cars.

Qin's Jewelry originally had an office in Johannesburg. Although it was just one person, it was still a base. However, the unfortunate office manager was stabbed while out picking up girls at night. After recovering from his injury, he never dared to stay there again and would rather give up his job and return to Hong Kong.

Qin's Jewelry no longer has any staff in Johannesburg. Zhuang Rui is staying in hotels in Hong Kong that are easy to contact, but this is not a problem in today's world of advanced communication.

After hearing Zhuang Rui's explanation, everyone on the bus was speechless. The two flight attendants were so frightened that their faces turned pale. When they looked back at the brightly lit outside the bus, their eyes were filled with deep fear.

Actually, Zhuang Rui hadn't planned for the two girls to come to South Africa, but they felt bad about just taking money without doing any work, so they insisted on coming along.

The atmosphere inside the car became somewhat oppressive. About half an hour later, the car stopped in front of a hotel near Saunders Square.

"Oh no, a thief!"

No one noticed that a small figure was hiding in the shade of a flowerbed filled with tropical plants opposite the hotel entrance.

As Tianya, who was at the back of the group, got off the bus, that figure rushed towards her at lightning speed.