

Golden 87

Chapter 87 The Grassland Black Market (Part Two)

The tent set up on the grass was quite large, covering about 40 to 50 square meters. It used an inner-support, outer-cover method: first, an inner tent was erected using a frame, then the waterproof outer tent was draped over it and secured. Ground pegs were driven into the ground around the perimeter for reinforcement. This method of setting up the tent is convenient, and dismantling it is also very easy; seven or eight people can pack it up at the four corners in just a few minutes.

Besides a few tables, chairs, and people, there was only a kettle of boiling water in the tent. There was nothing else, not even a trace of an artifact. Moreover, it seemed that not everyone had arrived yet, and the black market auction showed no signs of starting. Zhuang Rui sat there, bored, and began to look around at the people in the tent.

There are now eleven people sitting in the tent, nine men and two women. The man sitting about seven or eight meters to Zhuang Rui's right is a middle-aged man who is about forty years old. He is extremely fat, and his belly is so big that it is hard to compliment. He looks like a ball of flesh stuck in the chair. If he stood up, he probably wouldn't be able to see his penis or toes when he looked down.

Next to the fat boss sat a girl old enough to be his daughter. She was wearing a fur jacket, and underneath it seemed to be only a low-cut tank top. Her face was heavily made up, and she was extremely seductive. Everyone in the tent could smell the perfume on her. The girl was almost lying on the middle-aged man. Zhuang Rui, who was facing her, could see the two soft mounds of flesh on her chest that were squeezed and deformed without even looking up.

Behind the fat boss stood a young man in his early twenties, with a strong build, carrying a briefcase. As soon as Zhuang Rui and the others entered the tent, the man's eyes were fixed on Zhou Rui. He was probably the fat boss's bodyguard or something similar.

Sitting to Zhuang Rui's left were two elderly men around sixty years old. Both were rather thin, but remarkably spry, with sharp eyes that gave them a keen look, somewhat like seasoned antique dealers. They were carrying bags, indicating that this place only accepted cash. The fat man seemed quite displeased with the two elderly men, giving them a disdainful "humph" as they looked at them.

The remaining six people were also divided into three circles. They all seemed to have come in pairs, and they were sitting rather far apart, talking in hushed tones. In addition to the glamorous woman, there

was another woman in the room, wearing large black-rimmed sunglasses, so her face could not be seen clearly. Judging from her skin, she should not be very old. This woman had a laptop on her lap and was looking at the computer screen and talking to a man next to her. Judging from the man's attitude, he seemed to be this woman's follower.

The other men were all dressed in a very tasteful manner, and seemed to be quite wealthy. However, none of them talked to each other, and they even subconsciously avoided each other's gazes. None of them looked around like Zhuang Rui did.

Only in the right corner of the tent stood two people, dressed the same as those outside. These two remained silent, their eyes filled with vigilance as they watched the people inside the tent.

While Zhuang Rui was rather reserved in observing the people inside the tent, Liu Chuan was staring at them with a blatant, undisguised gaze. Adding to this, his face was full of menacing features, and the way he looked at people seemed to harbor ill intentions. As a result, within a few minutes, the three or four people sitting around Liu Chuan stood up and moved their plastic chairs with backs further away from him.

The fat man, however, didn't seem to care about Liu Chuan's gaze at all. He smirked and exchanged a glance with Liu Chuan before continuing to flirt with the beautiful woman beside him. He was probably relying on his bodyguards and didn't take Liu Chuan seriously. These days, as long as you have money, there's nothing you can't handle and no one you can't deal with.

"Brother Ma, you really have a high alcohol tolerance. You drank me so much yesterday that I couldn't drink anymore. This is Neptune Gold (to prevent GG). Drinking a little after drinking is good for your health. No, no, don't move, let me feed you."

A seductive woman's voice rang out from inside the tent. She pulled out a bottle of Neptune Gold health supplement and, using an affected tone, tried to feed it to the fat man. The fat man, falling for it, smiled so broadly his eyes narrowed into slits, drinking the supplement while his large hands roamed over the seductive woman's plump buttocks.

"Pah!"

One of the two old men couldn't hold back any longer. He spat on the ground and shouted, "Lang Jie, have you lost your mind? What kind of people have you invited? They're completely clueless!"

The old man had a bad temper. When he spoke, he glared at Zhuang Rui and the others, leaving them somewhat confused. They hadn't provoked him at all.

Hearing the old man's shout, the middle-aged man who had led Liu Chuan and the others in quickly lifted the curtain and came in, saying, "Boss Xie, what's wrong that made you so angry?"

None of Zhuang Rui and his group realized that this middle-aged man was actually Tibetan. They had all initially thought he was Han Chinese because he didn't have the typical Tibetan ruddy complexion. Furthermore, he spoke fluent Mandarin with a Beijing accent, suggesting he was someone of importance.

Old Xie was quite arrogant when he called for people earlier, but after Lang Jie came in, his attitude softened a bit. He said, "It's been almost four hours since eight o'clock. It used to start as soon as we arrived. What's wrong today? If it's not working out, let's come back another time."

It's said that people become shrewd with age, and their tempers and sharp edges are almost smoothed out. But this old man's temper seems to be even worse than Liu Chuan's. However, today's incident was indeed the fault of the black market organizers. As soon as Old Man Xie said this, everyone around him echoed his sentiments, and the tent became lively for a moment.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please be quiet. I did invite you all here today because I have some nice antique items, but a few guests haven't arrived yet, which has taken up your time. So how about this, the final price of all items in today's auction will be reduced by five percent. Consider this my apology to you all. What do you all think?"

Upon realizing he had angered the crowd, Langjie quickly clasped his hands in a fist salute and bowed to everyone around him. Moreover, he was decisive enough to immediately come up with a way to quell their anger. You see, the price of an item here ranges from several thousand to tens or hundreds of thousands of RMB. If we take 100,000 RMB as an example, five percent is five thousand RMB. This concession was enough to show his sincerity.

"Boss Langjie, I came here because I heard you have some good stuff. Money doesn't matter, just bring out the stuff quickly. We don't care about that 5%."

After hearing Lang Jie's words, no one made a sound. Only the fat boss spoke up, waving his thick, carrot-like fingers with an imposing air.

"Hahaha....."

Liu Chuan finally couldn't help but laugh. This fat guy was a real jerk. His words not only offended everyone in the tent, but also meant he was telling the seller, "We're rich, so when you're going to rip us off, go ahead and do it."

Seeing everyone in the tent looking at him with smiles, even the fat man, if he was stupid, knew they were laughing at him. He immediately opened his eyes and glared at Liu Chuan. Liu Chuan wasn't buying it, so he spat at the fat man's feet and glared back defiantly.

The fat man struggled to stand up, holding onto the armrests on both sides of the chair. But halfway up, he saw that there were three of them, all young and strong. He realized that he, as a bodyguard, might not be able to defeat them, so he sat back down, saying, "We are cultured people. We won't lower ourselves to the level of some country bumpkin who has never seen the world."

Seeing that the two groups seemed about to fight, Langjie didn't try to stop them. To him, the more they disliked each other, the better. When the auction started, someone would naturally act impulsively.

"Yeah, those people were so rude. Brother Ma, you're so magnanimous, don't take it to heart. Hey, Brother Ma, look at that puppy in that person's arms, it's so cute! You said you'd buy me one, but you still haven't. I'm lonely when I'm all alone, Brother Ma..."

The glamorous woman was good at coaxing people; she calmed the fat boss down with just a few words. But when her eyes fell on the little white lion in Zhuang Rui's arms, she was immediately captivated. She started to coax the fat boss in a drawn-out tone, which gave everyone goosebumps.

"Alright, alright, it's just a dog. Go ask him to buy it, any price is fine, we're not short of money."

The fat man knew he wasn't very likable, so instead of going to Zhuang Rui to buy a dog himself, he asked the woman who was clinging to him to do it.

As for the little white lion's appearance, it was quite impressive. After being treated by Zhuang Rui's spiritual energy, its long, snow-white fur lay smoothly against its body. Anyone who didn't know the details would mistake it for a pet dog.

"Really, Brother Ma, you're so great! *smack*"

The glamorous woman loudly left a lip print on the fat man's face, stood up, and swayed her hips as she walked towards Zhuang Rui and the others.

"Hey, you, I'm talking to you. Keep your distance, just stand there. I can't stand this smell."

When the glamorous woman was still four or five meters away from Zhuang Rui, Liu Chuan spoke up. Although the woman was good-looking and had a good figure, the perfume she wore was really overpowering.

"Oh, I'm not looking for you, I'm looking for that guy."

The glamorous woman wasn't buying Liu Chuan's act at all. She approached Zhuang Rui, reeking of a nauseating perfume.

Zhuang Rui wrinkled his nose slightly, looked at the woman with displeasure, and said, "I'm not selling this dog. Do whatever you want with it."

"Brother, you see, I really like small animals. Just name your price, Brother Ma won't even haggle. Just let me have it, okay?"

"Not for sale!" Zhuang Rui was too lazy to waste words with this woman and coldly spat out two words.

"Ten thousand RMB, how about that, bro? That's not a low price, is it?"

As the glamorous woman spoke, she glanced at the fat man. Seeing that he showed no displeasure, she then looked at Zhuang Rui and leaned her body closer to him. If she weren't afraid of upsetting the fat man, she probably would have pressed her two soft breasts against Zhuang Rui's face.