

## Golden 88

### Chapter Eighty-Eight: The Grassland Black Market (Part Three)

"Ten thousand RMB?"

Zhuang Rui raised his head and gave the woman, dressed in a flamboyant manner, a proper look. Actually, she should be called a girl; she looked to be about eighteen or nineteen years old, with a truly attractive figure, curvaceous and shapely. If she removed the few ounces of powder on her face, she could easily be considered a beautiful young woman.

"Ten thousand yuan, okay..." Zhuang Rui said slowly.

"Really? Brother Ma, he agreed. Hurry up and give me the money..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's agreement, the woman shouted excitedly, but was interrupted by Zhuang Rui as soon as she started speaking.

"Ten thousand yuan, and I'll sell you a dog hair..."

He maintained his unhurried tone, but the meaning behind his words caused everyone in the tent, except for the three fat men who turned pale with shock, to burst into laughter. Even the two old men couldn't help but chuckle, stroking their beards. Liu Chuan even squatted down on the ground laughing.

"You... Brother Ma, I won't stand for this! He's bullying me..."

The glamorous woman had initially been about to pounce on Zhuang Rui with her claws outstretched, but upon seeing Zhuang Rui sitting there calmly and Zhou Rui beside him with a cold glint in his eyes, she immediately stopped and turned to throw herself into the arms of the fat boss, crying and complaining.

In fact, Zhuang Rui is a fairly tolerant person and would not usually embarrass others like this. However, this fat man was indeed a bit arrogant today, and this girl was too shameless. There are plenty of women like this, and Zhuang Rui couldn't possibly manage them all. But since this woman insisted on

buying the little white lion, Zhuang Rui would no longer be polite to her. His tongue can be deadly when it gets venomous.

The fat boss was helpless against Zhuang Rui and the others. In this desolate place, no matter how rich he was, he was powerless. Taking action would obviously lead to losses. The fat man understood the situation and actually held back. After promising the woman a lot of benefits, the tent finally quieted down.

"What this gentleman said isn't entirely wrong; ten thousand yuan is indeed only enough to buy a dog's hair.

To everyone's surprise, Lang Jie, who had been sitting on the sidelines watching the fight, actually said something that shocked everyone present.

"Boss Langjie, I'm here to auction things, not to be bullied. You've gone a bit too far."

Upon hearing this, the fat man couldn't sit still. He didn't dare to provoke Zhuang Rui, but he knew Lang Jie's background well. Even if they broke off relations, Lang Jie wouldn't dare to do anything to him.

The people around him didn't say anything. They all knew that Lang Jie was a very shrewd and calculating person. To be able to run such a large black market, he must be a very shrewd and tactful person who would not easily offend anyone. The reason he said those words must have had his reasons.

In an instant, everyone's eyes in the tent were focused on Lang Jie, and even the woman wearing sunglasses looked away from the computer screen.

Sure enough, Lang Jie looked at the little white lion in Zhuang Rui's arms and said, "Boss Ma, please don't be angry yet. Let me finish what I have to say. If I'm not mistaken, what this gentleman is holding should be a purebred Tibetan Mastiff. Hehe, this kind of Tibetan Mastiff is very rare. When one does appear, it is mostly a hybrid and not purebred. But this little Tibetan Mastiff has a pure and shiny coat, bright eyes, a thick neck, and flat shoulders. Although it is still young, it is definitely a purebred Tibetan Mastiff. Bosses, you should all trust my eyes, right?"

When Lang Jie said this, everyone except Zhuang Rui and the other two, who already knew about the white lion's origins, stared in shock at the little guy in Zhuang Rui's arms.

These people are all well-known figures once they leave this tent. Even the fat man, though uncouth, owns several large mines in Shanxi and other places. With the coal resources booming in recent years, his net worth has soared. In terms of economic strength alone, few people present can probably compare to him.

Langjie's words surprised these wealthy and powerful people because they knew the price of a purebred Tibetan Mastiff. If it were just about money, it wouldn't have caused them to lose their composure. The key was that this was something money couldn't buy.

There was a person in the circle who once offered ten million to buy a purebred Tibetan Mastiff puppy, but several years have passed and he still hasn't succeeded. I'm afraid that even if he offered 20 million now, he would agree without hesitation. Moreover, that person is quite influential, and if someone could really bring him such a Tibetan Mastiff puppy, he would definitely have a smooth life for the rest of his days.

Of course, given the status of those present, there was no need for them to curry favor with that person. However, the appearance of a purebred Tibetan Mastiff, even more precious than breeds like Iron-Clad Gold, was enough to tempt them. While spending 10,000 yuan on a dog's fur might be an exaggeration, it wasn't far off.

"Boss Langjie, you certainly have a good eye! Haha, I admire you, I admire you..."

Zhuang Rui had no intention of hiding the white lion's identity. He genuinely admired this seemingly unremarkable middle-aged man. Liu Chuan had been playing with cats and dogs for so many years, and Zhou Rui had stayed in Tibet for so long and had also raised Tibetan mastiffs, yet neither of them could tell the difference. But Lang Jie had only glanced at him a few times and was able to make such an accurate judgment. Zhuang Rui respected him for that insight alone.

"Sir, would you be willing to transfer ownership of your snow mastiff? I am personally very interested in it. Rest assured, if you transfer it to me, the price is absolutely negotiable, and I will not resell it."

There is no doubt that Tibetans love Tibetan mastiffs. Although Langjie does not live in Tibet often, the habits and preferences of Tibetans cannot be changed. After he accidentally recognized this Tibetan mastiff, he thought about how to make it his own.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Langjie, but you Tibetans treat Tibetan mastiffs like family. Similarly, I treat them like my own family. Would anyone sell their own family?"

As Zhuang Rui spoke, he picked up the little guy, and the white lion was very cooperative, affectionately licking Zhuang Rui's face. The interaction between the man and the dog gave everyone an indescribable sense of harmony.

Langjie, still somewhat unwilling to give up, continued, "I'm sorry, I misspoke. It's clear this gentleman really likes this Tibetan Mastiff, but do you know the current value of a purebred Tibetan Mastiff?"

"I heard someone offered 10 million, but I won't sell."

Zhuang Rui immediately cut off what Lang Jie was about to say. He was now worth several million, although he couldn't compare to the people in the tent. But Zhuang Rui hadn't even figured out how to use those few million yet.

Langjie fell silent. Although he had some assets, this business was not easy. He needed to take care of all sorts of people and offer them gifts. He might be able to buy the Tibetan Mastiff for 30 million or more, but that would definitely be a losing proposition.

"Young man, I really like your Tibetan Mastiff too. 10 million is too low a price. How about this, I'll give you 30 million, and you sell it to me, how about it?"

The fat man, disregarding Zhuang Rui's earlier offense, affectionately called him "little brother" and struggled to stand up from his chair, seemingly about to go over and be affectionate with Zhuang Rui.

Thirty million?!

Upon hearing the number, Zhuang Rui was immediately startled, and the thought of selling the little white lion really crossed his mind. However, at this moment, the old lama of the Jokhang Temple's words, which told Zhuang Rui to treat this mastiff king well, seemed to echo in his ears again, instantly shattering the greed in his heart.

“Mr. Langjie, we’re here to participate in an antique auction, not to sell my Tibetan Mastiff. If the auction isn’t going to continue soon, I think we can take our leave.”

Zhuang Rui didn't answer the fat man's offer. Instead, he looked at Lang Jie. To be honest, the price the fat man offered was too tempting. Thirty million! That's enough to buy dozens of Hummers just for the price outside the tent. Even Liu Chuan secretly nudged Zhuang Rui several times, urging him to agree. Zhuang Rui was afraid that his willpower wasn't strong enough, so he simply said goodbye.

"Yes, Langjie, why don't we reschedule for another day? There are so many of us, waiting here isn't going to solve anything."

After hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Old Man Xie also spoke up, saying that their actions were not legal to begin with. Although they knew Lang Jie had a good reputation, they couldn't guarantee that something unexpected might happen if the matter dragged on for too long.

“Hey young man, I really want to buy your Tibetan Mastiff. Whether you sell it or not, just say so. If 30 million isn’t enough, then 40 million is fine. Money is no object.”

Seeing that Zhuang Rui completely ignored him, the fat man felt he was losing face and offered Zhuang Rui another price. To be honest, although he had a net worth of over a billion, it was still a bit difficult for him to come up with forty million in cash.

"Not for sale."

Zhuang Rui gave a curt reply with two words, stood up, picked up the little white lion, and walked out. Although Zhuang Rui often saw scenes in Hong Kong and Taiwan dramas where the female lead rejected the pursuit of a billionaire and married a poor boy, it wasn't until this moment that he realized just how great the temptation was when millions of dollars were placed in front of you and you could take them at will. This kind of temptation cannot be described in words. All those scenes on TV are nonsense.

Just as Zhuang Rui lifted the tent flap, several braking sounds came from outside. Lang Jie, who had been anxiously trying to persuade everyone to stay, also breathed a sigh of relief. Clearly, the last guest of the day had arrived.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the auction is about to begin."

Lang Jie wiped the cold sweat from his brow and shouted loudly. After hearing his words, everyone quieted down. After all, they hadn't achieved their goal of coming here today, and no one wanted to leave empty-handed. Zhuang Rui, holding the little guy, also retreated.

As soon as Lang Jie finished speaking, three men walked in. Everyone knew that it was these men's lateness that caused the auction to be postponed, and they all looked at them with unfriendly expressions.

"Synchronization, Synchronization..."

A short man entered and bowed to the people in the tent, saying "I'm sorry" in Japanese.

"Langjie, have you forgotten the rules of our line of work?!"

Old Xie suddenly stood up and shouted at Lang Jie. If you asked Old Xie if he was being a little pretentious when he was angry last time, this time he was really furious.